

THE DELINEATOR

MRS. WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY Editor

W. MARTIN JOHNSON Art Director

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FROM *the* EDITOR'S POINT *of* VIEW

THE DOOR

THERE are several million of you who turn the pages of THE DELINEATOR every month.

Back here in the fifteen-story Butterick Building there is a group of men and women who spend their lives making this magazine for you.

We are friends who speak across the spaces—we to you regularly, and with the best we have—you to us occasionally, through your letters.

We are beginning this year by bringing you into our editorial office. We want you to know something of the making of the magazine.

We receive every month thousands of letters. It is a large percentage for a magazine correspondence, but we want all of you to feel that it is your magazine—that we are here to serve you—that it means much to us to feel *in touch* with you.

Recently when one of the editors of THE DELINEATOR became ill, there were no friends except her associates on the magazine to visit her in the hospital. For ten years she had given all her waking hours to the readers of THE DELINEATOR. No one in the office had realized that when the day's work was done, this faithful servant of the people had gathered up her bag of letters asking for special and obscure information and had gone to the library for an evening's work. This service was not required of her. But the readers of THE DELINEATOR were her *friends*, and answering their questions was her lifework. As soon as her strength began to return, she begged for "her letters"—which means YOUR letters.

There is a fine *esprit de corps* in the writing and editing world. Here is another bit of family history:

Death entered the happy home of one of our editors and left it so desolate that for a while even the call of the millions who follow THE DELINEATOR could not bring back the capacity for work.

Out of the ranks of the great authors in America there stepped one who, leaving his novel-writing, said: "I'll take care of this." Manuscripts were read, bought and edited by one of America's most distinguished authors. It was a service to a fellow craftsman—and to the readers of THE DELINEATOR.

It is in this same spirit of comradeship and of mutual service that we come to you. It is in this spirit that we want you to come to us.

1923

IT IS the beginning of the New Year. It is time to "take account of stock." Elsewhere on this page we have brought you into our office—we have given you a bit of intimate family history. But it is not merely to tell you such things that we have asked you here: it is also that we may render an accounting of our stewardship for a year; that we may show you what we have taken into a million and more homes during 1922, and how far we have been guided by your wishes.

We gave you the autobiography of Mme. Marie Curie, the discoverer of radium, because it was the simple story of the bitter struggle and the triumph of one of the world's greatest women, and we believed that it would take cultural knowledge and inspiration to you. The letters that came to us following its publication fully justified our belief.

We asked a distinguished American woman, whose husband's service in the diplomatic corps had made her an international figure, to tell her story to the readers of THE DELINEATOR. She consented because she felt that it was her opportunity to share with more than a million women the lessons life had taught her. "The Log Cabin Lady" was one of the most fascinating and inspiring human records given to the English-speaking world last year.

Following its publication, YOU asked us to give you a department of etiquette. We secured Mrs. Robert G. Meade—head of the "Y" women in France, a national officer of the American Girl Scouts, prominent socially in New York and active in philanthropic work—to conduct such a department in THE DELINEATOR. We notice that men and women in our own office read these articles with keen interest, because they discuss not merely what to do, but the philosophy that underlies good manners.

THE DELINEATOR has always stood for child welfare. It was the leader in the child-adoption movement in this country; it found homes for thousands of motherless babies; it fought child labor; it conducted the Seventh Baby Campaign for the reduction of child mortality. In 1922 it persuaded the foremost child specialists in America to develop a child-welfare campaign—among them Dr. L. Emmett Holt, Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw and Dr. Ralph Lobenstine. Theirs is a comprehensive program. It began with prenatal care, and will discuss the problems of child care up to adolescence. Thousands of letters from YOU, you who are mothers and doctors and nurses and educators, testify to the value of this work.

And there is a famous schoolmaster in New York—Angelo Patri, principal of New York's model public school. THE DELINEATOR persuaded him to send a message to the parents who read this magazine. Books could be compiled from the letters which have come as a result of those articles.

When the Government officials announced last year that America was short a million homes, THE DELINEATOR began a home-building program. We asked Donn Barber, Fellow of the American Institute of Architects, to give the best of his long experience to the home-builders among you. This service included a series of articles and plans for small houses which will continue during the coming year.

But houses are not always homes. President Harding struck this note at a Better Homes exhibit in Ohio when he said that he hoped to see a nation-wide Better Homes campaign in 1922. THE DELINEATOR became the bureau of information for just this movement—and will continue to act as the bureau of information on Better Homes.

In 1922 we developed a home-makers' department under Martha Van Rensselaer of Cornell University. Miss Van Rensselaer concentrated on two big problems of the home-maker—reduction of labor and reduction of cost. By the application of scientific thought to home problems she has been able to put her finger on the wasted energy in the home and to cut housework in half. YOU have followed this work and have said it must continue.

In 1922 we developed a department of interior decorating. YOU asked us to do this. And you are showing your approval by your response to our offer of assistance in the furnishing of your homes.

There are many other departments. But we are near the end of our page and we must introduce you to a few of our fiction writers—whose mission is to bring you entertainment and inspiration.

We have been asked how we happened to publish "This Freedom." Way back in war years, when no one in this country was paying much attention to Mr. Hutchinson, the publisher of THE DELINEATOR put his finger on this great author. One of our other publications—*Everybody's Magazine*—published "If Winter Comes." That year the editor of THE DELINEATOR was in England. While discussing his future work with the editor, Mr. Hutchinson spoke of "This Freedom." He had studied the trend of the times and he felt that he had a message to give. Whatever Mr. Hutchinson had to say would be an honest and distinguished piece of work. THE DELINEATOR contracted for the novel. We gave it to you in 1922. And we gave you John Galsworthy, M. L. C. Pickthall, George Barr McCutcheon, Zona Gale, Ellis Parker Butler. We gave you articles by the Vice-President of the United States—by Irving Bacheller—by Joseph Conrad—by Herbert Hoover.

And we gave you our own best—all we had last year. And now we have another year. We have grown a little older and, we hope, wiser and kinder. And all that a large group of trained men and women have to give will go into THE DELINEATOR for 1923.

BETTER HOMES IN AMERICA

The following letter was received from Theodore Roosevelt, assistant Secretary of the Navy, by the Editor of THE DELINEATOR during the Better Homes In America campaign, which was successfully carried out last October in every State of the Union:

My Dear Mrs. Meloney:

I am delighted to hear of your campaign for better homes. It is a fitting work to be undertaken by THE DELINEATOR, for it is constructive, and THE DELINEATOR has always stood for constructive work.

When you come down to bed-rock, your campaign, which is not only for better homes, but to encourage people to own their homes, strikes pretty close to some of the underlying tenets of our American theory of a republic.

The best types of citizens are the men and women who have homes and children, because they are the ones that have a real interest in the country—they have a stake in it. They will work or pay the final sacrifice for the good of the nation, for to them the country is not merely a personal conception—it is the future of their own flesh and blood. I have four children. When important Governmental questions are up for decision, I find that I look at them not simply in terms of how they will affect *my* children; I ask myself whether this policy will make the country better when little Gracie and Teddy are grown up and have children of their own. What I do I am sure that other people with families do.

It is just these home-loving "family folks" you are helping most in this work of yours, and it is just this element on which our country largely depends for its continued advancement and development.

Believe me,

Very truly yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

A COMPLETE TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 86

Magic?—No, *Intelligence holds Beauty's Secret*

FOR the next while, we are going to tell you some simple but arresting truths about how cleanliness and beauty are related.

Let us start with the face.

A really healthy skin is always a *clean* skin and usually a beautiful skin.

Physicians who have studied the care of the skin say that simple cleanliness is the one most important aid to the health and beauty of your complexion.

And they dwell upon the importance of using pure, gentle soap, which is nothing *but* soap —that is, without extraneous or mysterious additions.

A word of caution, therefore:—if you buy a soap with the hope that it has magic beauty powers, you court disappointment. For promoting beauty, soap can do only one thing—clean safely!

One would say that was simple enough—to *clean safely*.

Yet before Ivory Soap, only a few people could enjoy the luxury of pure, mild, safe-cleaning soap. Now, of course, *everyone* can have it.

Safe-cleansing is the duty, the privilege and the destiny of Ivory Soap. In forty-four years no other claim has been made for it.

Ivory is always the same—always that white, mild, gentle soap which has protected hands and faces and refreshed bodies for nearly two generations. It contains no "mysteries," it offers no "magic."

When you buy Ivory, you are asked to buy only *pure soap*. Ivory helps to beautify, because it *cleans safely*.

PROCTER & GAMBLE



"My *dear* Alicia," says Mr. Jollyco in a very gentlemanly dudgeon, "why has this comic opera soap replaced the Ivory in my bathroom?" (We always know Mr. Jollyco is angry when he says "my bathroom" and is so frighteningly polite.)

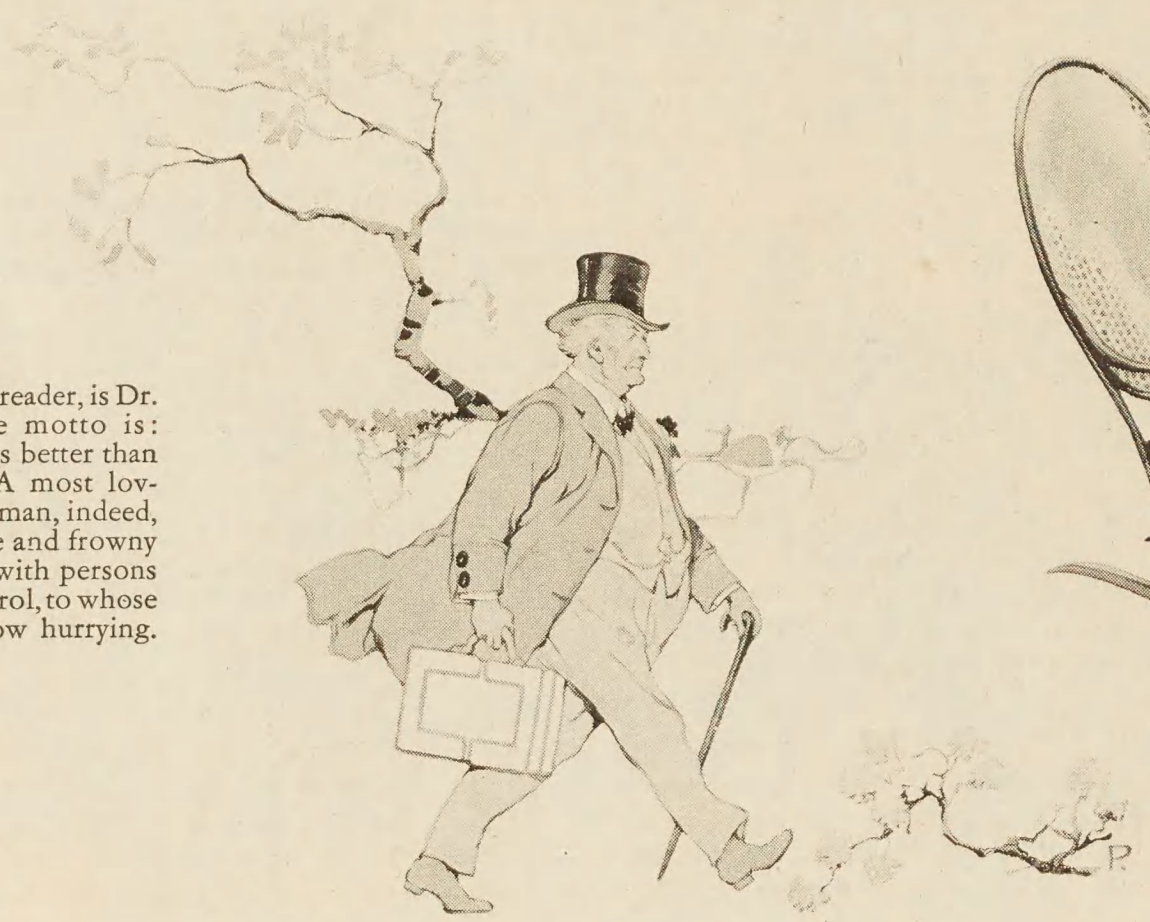
"I think, Henry," replies his wife without a flinch, "that that soap belongs to your daughter Sally, who has lately gone in for colored 'beauty soap.' The Ivory is just behind you."

Some day Mr. Jollyco is going to speak sternly to Sally about dyes in colored soap. But today he will feel so good after his lathery Ivory bath that he will forget it.

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100% PURE IT FLOATS

IVORY

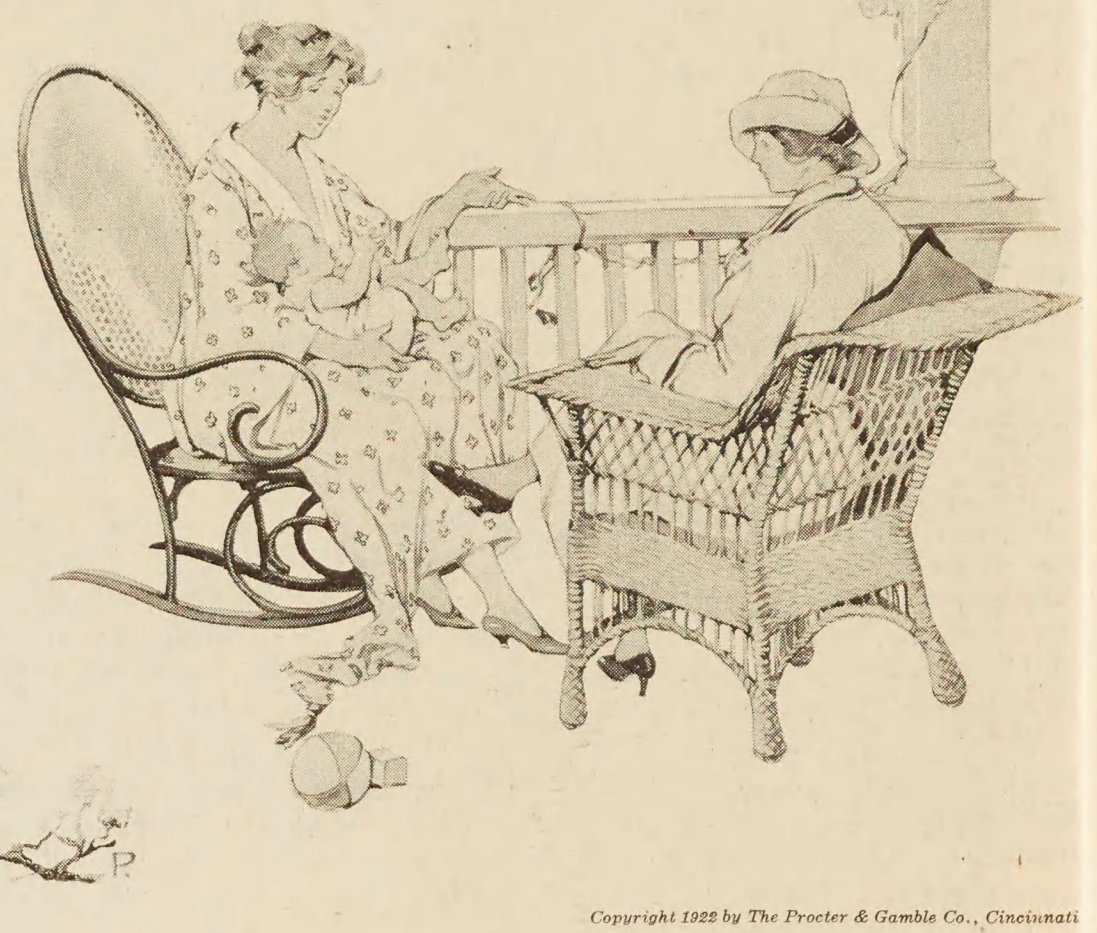


And here, dear reader, is Dr. Verity, whose motto is: "*Keeping* well is better than *getting* well." A most lovable old gentleman, indeed, but very severe and frowny when dealing with persons like Mrs. Folderol, to whose home he is now hurrying.

Here we see Mrs. Folderol—at home. What! *The* Mrs. Folderol, of Vanity Square? The very same! With her poor little rich baby that cries so much. Why does he cry? Listen as Mrs. F. talks with Mrs. Jollyco.

"Why, I can't see how the *soap* could hurt him—it's *so* expensive and pretty and smells heavenly!"

"But, my dear, his skin *shows* it. He's *chafed!* Haven't you any Ivory?" No, Mrs. F. has no Ivory, but she *will* have after Dr. Verity arrives.



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YOUR CHILD'S ALLOWANCE

Spending-money as an aid to character-building

By ANGELO PATRI

Author of "A Schoolmaster in the Great City"



"MY SON bothers me about giving him an allowance. He says he does not want to keep coming to me for a quarter for this and a dollar for that, but I tell him that he'll have to. He says he wants to feel that he has money in his pocket that will let him keep his end up. Why can't he come to me for what he wants? If it's right, I'll always give it to him. I don't believe in giving children an allowance. Makes them too independent of their parents. What do you say?"

The man who asked and answered his question was a successful business man whose only son could not spend a nickel for the simplest of his wants because he never had it to spend. Many times he had to watch his classmates start off on some interesting trip without him because he had not had the time to ask his father for money. He could never initiate any plan or party that called for the spending of money, however small the sum, and because he was a born leader this peculiar attitude of his father hurt him, hampered him and made him feel that his father was unjust and stingy.

Knowing this, I said: "I think that an allowance is the child's right and should be withheld only when there is no money to give him. I've noticed that under this condition, however, the child gets to work and earns some."

"I'd never let him go out to earn pocket-money. What for? I have plenty for him. He can always have it, but I want him to come to me for it. I want him to feel that he needs me and his mother. I want to keep him close to home. This allowance business gives children too much liberty and they don't know how to use it."

HE WAS one sort of parent. His neighbor was another; he had the opposite attitude. "I don't put my son on an allowance. Too stingy a way to treat him, I take it. I want him to have everything that money can buy. What's the money for? Spend it, I say. Spend it and have a good time when you're young." So he ladled out money to the lad, who soon was in a series of difficulties that a fourteen-year-old boy should have known nothing about.

"I give my children a sum of money to put in the bank every month," declared a third parent, "and they never spend a cent of it. Goes right into the bank. That teaches them thrift. I do all the spending for the family."

He did all the spending for the family and got all the experience and training out of it. Certainly the children got none. The greatest spendthrift that I ever met was one whose father saved, and made him save, every cent that came their way. The boy never bought anything for himself while his father lived. After his death the son spent every penny he could lay his hands upon and never spent one wisely. He didn't even know how to get a good time out of it—just wasted it.

Some parents give their children allowances without having any basis for the allowance. One child, perhaps the youngest and therefore the one needing it the least, gets more than any of the others. One father gave twice as much to the six-year-old boy as he did to the sixteen-year-old girl—"Because he is the baby." Often a loud complainer will get an increased allowance simply because he knows how to make sufficient fuss to call the attention of his parents to him frequently and unpleasantly, while another child of more modesty will be kept on the same sum he was allowed in the beginning.

I know few people who give their children an allowance based on the actual conditions, financial possibility, the social demands of the group in which they move, their needs and responsibilities. Yet that would be the sane method of doing the thing, the intelligent method.

The head of the household knows how much money can be set aside for the maintenance of each child. Some of that money the child can not spend for himself, not having the experience and training, but some of it he can spend under the direction and supervision of an older person. That amount becomes his allowance, and the sum should grow with his judgment and ability as well as with his years.

WHEN should the allowance begin? Just as soon as the child begins asking for money for his every-day needs, such as pencils and paper and car-fares and luncheon-money and club-dues. When he begins to feel the pressure of personal needs and expenses, it is time he be given the responsibilities that go with them. There should be a little margin over the actual needs, otherwise the educational value of the allowance is lost. It becomes just another narrow and repressive measure, a disciplinary measure—not an allowance in the sense we are discussing.

The real reason for an allowance is its character-building power. It strengthens a child where he is most likely to weaken because of his great lack of practical experience. One can not learn to be generous when one has nothing to give. One can not learn to take his share of the social burden if one can not pay his way. One can not learn the money value of things if one has never bought them and made mistakes and gained wisdom thereby. One can not keep one's self-respect if there is no opportunity to return the courtesies offered in the give and take of the life about one because there is no money with which to meet the debt. One can never learn to skimp oneself a little here and a little there in order to purchase a larger good by the sum of the sacrifices. Such are the experiences that make for character, though, and all children ought to have them first-hand, personally.

Of course, it will not do to give children money and allow them to use it without the oversight of some older person. When a child is given his first allowance, he should be given an account-book and taught how to use it. Then father or mother, or whoever is in charge, should go over the account every week-end—not in order that the child may be brought to task for his spending, but that he may be helped to a wiser spending. Point out where he spent too much and where he might have spent more. Sometimes saving money proves just as wasteful in the long run as spending it.

He will make mistakes. That is his teacher's opportunity. He gave too much for this cause; he was short on that one; he spent all he had for a fish-line—then he had no money for hooks. He will learn under direction to budget his allowance and live within it.

When he spends wisely, praise him and extend the field of his buying. Teach him to lay aside a little to go into the big bank each month. When he does this out of his own money, double his saving for him. Teach him that his responsibilities and powers will increase his judgment and common sense. Then he will be able to handle his own expenses and make few mistakes.

There should be no borrowing ahead on an allowance. The worst offenders in this respect began as little children whose allowance did not cover the whole field of their expenditures. Extra things like fishing-rods and radios and tennis-rackets were not covered by their allowance. They got into the habit of buying them and paying the cost by borrowing ahead. That destroys the educational value of the allowance.

Say outright: "I will buy all the extra things," or, "That costs too much for you now. You must wait for it," or, "You may try to save out of your allowance, and when you have enough you may buy it." To advance the money with the idea of deducting it afterward is to annul the basic principle of the allowance. If he wishes to earn the money for some unusual purchase, that is a fine idea. There is no better financial training than having to earn the money one spends.

A BOY decided that he wanted a canoe instead of the flat-bottomed boat he had been using for some years. His father would not advance the money. "If I earn the money, may I buy the canoe?" the boy asked.

"Of course. If you earn the money and wish to spend it that way, that is your affair," said his father.

Every spare hour he had he put in on the site of the new dam. The engineer gave him work. He shoveled sand and cement and broken stone; he planted little trees; he made willow cuttings and set them out—miles of them. Soon he began to feel that he was a factor in the working organization. When the time came for his vacation, he had earned more than enough for a canoe.

By all means let the child earn the money he spends. He gets more than the day's pay: he has learned the value of the money his father allowed him; he has learned its limitations and learned how to extend them; he has learned to value labor and its rewards; he will enter upon his earning years with a knowledge that is almost invaluable—the proper place and the use of money.

Rarely is money understood for what it is: a useful and rather troublesome tool that one must know how to use in order that he may carve out comfort and happiness for himself and his family. To hoard it or waste it is stupid. To value it for itself, to scamper a lifetime in pursuit of it, is pitiful. The best way is Stevenson's: "To earn a little, spend a little less." An allowance is the best way I know of accomplishing all the fine things that grow out of earning and spending in wise ways. Yes, I think every child should have an allowance.

WHAT HE WANTED

"The great thing is to know what you want—and then go for it"

By M. L. C. PICKTHALL

"THE great thing," said Grim Lawson, "is to know what you want—and then go for it."

He always knew what he wanted. He generally got it by the simple process of allowing nothing to hinder him in going for it. Nothing at all.

Consider what that may imply.

He wanted wealth. He got a very respectable share of it by being the first man in on the gold rush some years back at Elk Mountain. He had a partner then. He left the partner sick by the trail when the man broke down. He left him with some frozen pork and a handful of flour, while he himself pressed on and staked the first claims. He got the gold all right; the partner got pneumonia and a broken constitution. But no one ever reminded Lawson of this. It would not have been tactful. Grim was six-foot-three, and no man had yet found a limit to his strength.

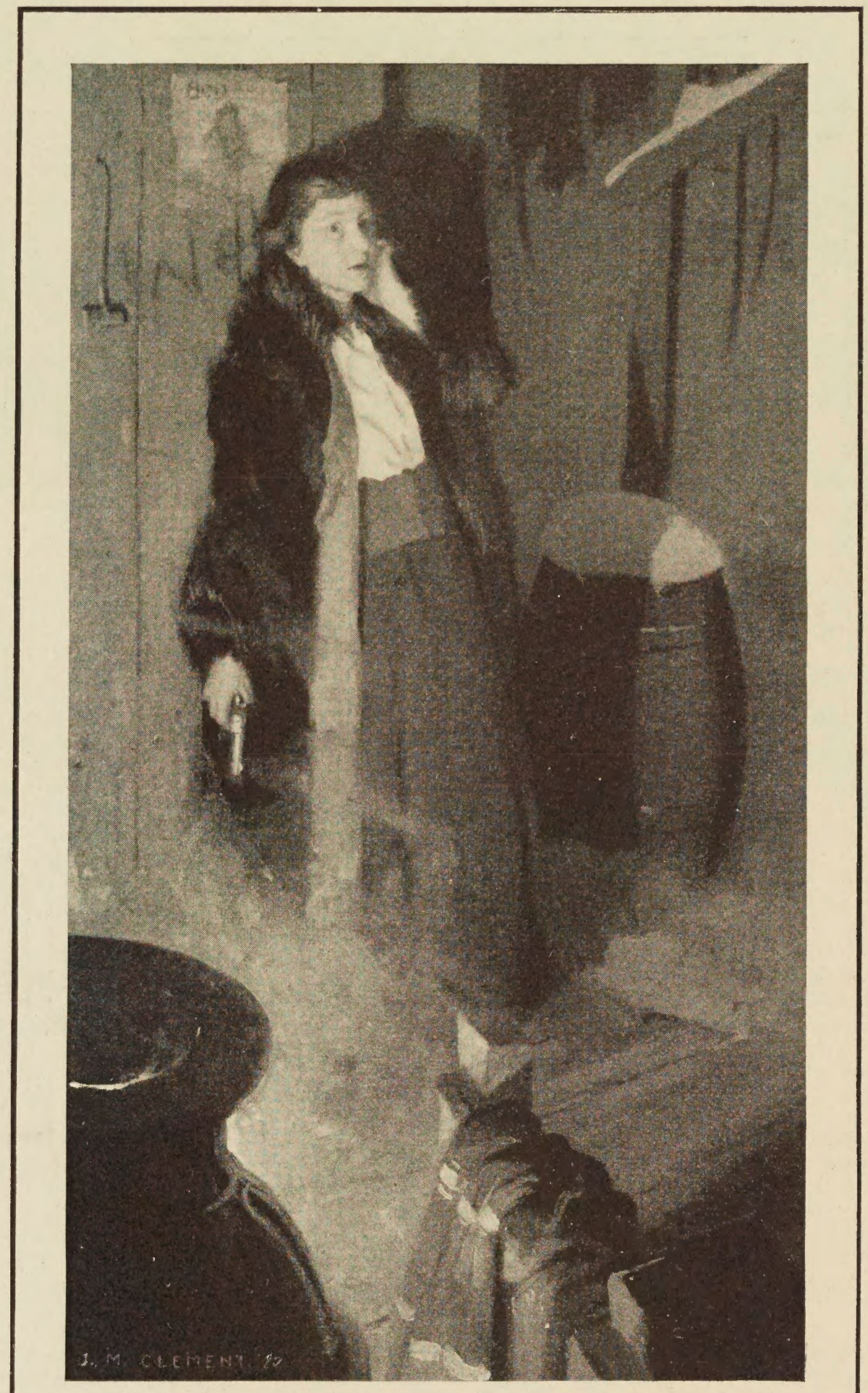
Then he wanted a local investment for his money. He looked round Smithers and Kamosuk. He thought Cliff's General Store offered a safe twenty per cent. He went to Cliff and said: "See here, I want to buy this store right away. How much?" But Cliff refused to sell.

"But I want it," said Grim simply.

Cliff said if Grim started any rough-housing round there he'd send to Smithers for the Elk Lake Patrol.

Grim Lawson only grinned and went out. There was no rough-housing. Grim had the morals of a coyote and the same sense of humor. He just said to customers, "I guess you'd better not buy anything at the store to-day." And they didn't.

THAT was all. For a week Grim camped outside the store, advising people not to buy their goods there. You can't arrest a man for giving advice. There must have been something human in Grim, for he allowed the children in to buy candy; or perhaps it was just his sense of humor. You can't keep a cash-and-no-delivery business going on candy-sticks. At the end of the week Cliff came out, hysterical, with a gun. Grim took the gun away, threw it into the creek and boxed Cliff's ears. Cliff, who was a little man and nervous, broke down and cried. The next day he sold the store to Grim and cleared out.



SHE STOOD FROZEN, BLINDED, CHOKED BY THAT LITTLE CRACK OF SOUND AND WEFT OF BLUE VAPOR

On this principle of always knowing what he wanted and going the shortest way to get it, Grim Lawson built up an interesting and profitable life.

It is difficult to say at what stage in his career he felt the need of a friend. More difficult yet to say why he should have chosen Lew Woods to fill that position.

Lew was entirely ordinary: a hard-working, not too intelligent, fairly good-tempered and fairly healthy specimen of the human race. He owned a two-roomed shanty on Mill Street, and all his spare time he spent on the shanty and in it. He was building a third room, sheathing the other two inside, painting, carpentering and making furniture. Grim's enormous presence flustered him. He was embarrassed that such a terrible celebrity as Grim Lawson should be sitting, evening after evening, on a soap-box in the corner of the kitchen, smoking and watching him as he worked. But he had no choice in the matter. Grim insisted on coming there and being friendly. And soon Lew Woods got used to him; finally developed a strange timid affection for the great man with the brilliant gray eyes under their tawny yellow brows.

Of course, every one in the town knew that Lew Woods was fixing to get married, and was interested. There were only about a dozen married white women in the whole community. They knew all about the lady. She lived back East, and she was nursing an old aunt who'd been good to her—she had no other relatives. When the old lady died, she was coming right straight up to join Lew, whatever time of year it was. And her name was Alice Dineen.

ONE day Grim said to Lew Woods: "She must be a pretty girl for you to work this way for her."

After a moment's hesitation, Woods showed him, in silence, a photograph.

Grim looked at it. His first thought was that she wasn't a pretty girl. He was just going to hand the picture back when something—the poise of the head on the rather massive throat, the fine eyes, the thick smooth hair—held him a moment longer. And in that moment the thing happened to him:

He wanted Lew Woods's girl.

He handed back the picture in silence. Lew was hurt by it at first; then he thought it was kind of nice that no one but himself should appreciate Alice.

Then Lew got a letter, and it went all round the town that the old lady was dead and Alice had started already to join Lew. A missionary was going to bring her as far as Carcajou, and there Lew was to meet her, and the missionary was to marry them, and Lew was to start home with his bride right away. There were three shacks and a waterfall at Carcajou—no place to spend a honeymoon.

It all fitted in very neatly, you see, like a puzzle.

Lew Woods made a calculation of the time it would take Alice to reach Carcajou after quitting the railway and the stage roads, and reckoned he had just three days in which to finish fixing the kitchen. He had been living in the kitchen after fixing the other rooms; now, to give himself more scope, he moved out into a tent.

IT WAS a bad move with the Winter coming on. It came early that year in a fierce snow. The tent fell on Lew and he was soaked to the skin before he would give up and consent to track moisture on the kitchen floor. Twenty-four hours later, nearly crazy with anxiety and rheumatic fever, he lay on his back in bed, where the doctor from the Smithers Mines said he'd be for a month, and feverishly talked his heart out to Grim Lawson.

The neatly fitting puzzle, you see, was likely to go to ruin for lack of the king piece—Lew's prompt appearance at Carcajou to claim his bride. There was no time to get word to the missionary. And the missionary wouldn't know what to do. It would be impossible for him to wait long at Carcajou, and equally impossible for him to take a lady all the way up to Fort Delusion, whither he was bound. The more he thought of the situation the higher Lew's temperature went. Alice's condition of mind would be pitiable when he didn't arrive. She wouldn't know what to do any more than the missionary. He cursed himself, the whole plan, the weather, and Grim Lawson for saying nothing; he was almost ready, poor fellow, to curse Alice for being in such a predicament.

Grim listened with no comment, but a tightening of his long lips, an odd, hungry tensing of his whole face. Then he said quietly, "What's the matter with me goin' and fetchin' her up here for you?"

"You!"

"Ain't it about the only thing to be done?"

It *was* about the only thing to be done. Both knew it. And Grim was Lew's friend, and a friend up there means one whom you trust with honor and life— "Unless you think I wouldn't act square," Grim finished.

That ended Lew's hesitation. His hand went out. "God bless you, Grim," he said hoarsely, "as we will. We ain't seen each other for six years. I know you'll act square. But you'll have to act quick."

It was arranged with little more talk, and then Grim went out to examine the weather.

Within the last week, Winter had come. The snow was deep already. The temperature measured some fifty degrees of frost. There had been two or three thaws since the first fall which had given the snow a surface as though it were old. There was no time to spare. Grim went to round up his dogs.

He said nothing to any one. When, the next day, he

pulled out of town behind a nine-dog team, with a sled heaped with furs, he himself magnificent in a sealskin parka fringed with ermine tails, not a man who saw him go knew where he was going, or why. The snow began to fall again. He vanished in it.

Out of lightly falling snow, turned into a fiery mist in the sunset, he appeared at Carcajou: huge, blooming, giantesque behind his racing dogs. All the missionary's dogs turned out of the drifts whither they had retired to welcome the newcomers with battle; and the tall woman who had been pacing up and down in front of the least populous of Carcajou's three residences stopped suddenly, her mitted hands pressing against her heart, staring into the vast wild glow. For a moment her gray eyes glowed also, and her fair skin. Then she went white, and her eyes darkened. The man who was coming to her out of the desolate glory was not Lew Woods.

She went into the shack and said quietly to the missionary, "I think you'd better come. There's a stranger here. Not—not Mr. Woods."

WHEN she and the missionary went out, Grim was pulling up his team. His dogs dropped in the snow. He beat off the others and strode up to the girl. As he approached her, he measured her. In three seconds he discovered three things:

She was older than he had thought. She was mistress of herself. And he wanted her more than he had ever wanted anything.

He said, with a directness that passed for frankness with those who didn't know him, "I'm Lew Woods's friend, Miss Dineen. I'm Grimshaw Lawson. And I'm a day late."

He *was* a day late. But there was no reason for it. He had, with his coyote cunning, kept his missionary chafing at Carcajou of set purpose.

She said quietly, "And Lewis?"

"He's sick. He took sick the day before he should have started for you. He got wet. He has rheumatic fever. He's not goin' to die, but he'll be in the house a month. When it happened, seemed like there was only one thing to do: for me to come down here and tell you."

There was a silence. Then the missionary said anxiously, "But what's Miss Dineen to do?"

Grim said reluctantly, "Well, I must say there seems only one thing for her to do."

The missionary was a tired man, short-sighted mentally and physically, aged with unsought responsibilities. He said rather sharply, "And what's that?"

Again Grim hesitated. It was the woman who said, in the same quiet way she had received news of Lew's illness, "You mean go back with you?"

"Yes," said Grim. "You could trust me to look after you."

"Impossible," said the missionary, the more irritable because of his own eagerness to be rid of the unsought responsibility of Alice Dineen.

ALICE said, "Why? I—I could be married to Lew up there. I could nurse him then. This gentleman's his friend. I'd sooner do that than anythin' else, even if there was a choice. But there isn't, is there?"

"Come inside," said the older man. "I must talk this over."

They talked it over—at least, the missionary and Grim did. Alice's mind was already made up. It was Grim's size that really determined the conscientious but overweighted man; there are some minds which persistently count honesty as the synonym of strength. The end of it was that the missionary formally handed Alice Dineen into the care of Grim Lawson. "And you are responsible for her before God," he said. Alice said, "I trust Lew's friend."

The next morning the missionary went off for Fort Delusion, his Innuit driver singing hymns and a fair day coming; and Grim Lawson turned northwest in the pale and bitter dawn, with Alice Dineen in the sled and every pulse and fiber of his violent being singing triumph.

It was at their first halt for food and rest that Grim, heaping her around with furs and very silent, asked her suddenly, "Why didn't you want to know if Lew had sent you a letter?"

"Wasn't he too sick to write one?"

"Yes, but I mean—somethin' to tell you you could trust me?"

Her face a pearly oval under her fur hood, she looked at Grim quietly. "I knew who you was," she told him. "Lew wrote of you once in a letter. He told me what you looked like. I knew you right away. I knew you was his friend. Wasn't that enough?"

"Well," said Grim slowly, "he sent you nothin' but—me."

He said nothing more. They went on to within three miles of Duck Lake. They camped then. Grim had brought a little tent for the girl, and a sleeping-bag of hair-seal. He packed snow around the tent; when she was inside, in the bag, he closed her in. He himself went off and lay down near the dogs. The vast march of the subarctic night went over him, and he lay and stared at the stars. He did not sleep at all. Something, vast as the night, unknown as the stars, was stirring in him. All the time, he wanted her. He wanted her more than he had ever conceived it possible to want anything. He did not suffer by imagining her as Lew's, because, since he himself wanted her, he simply couldn't imagine it. But something troubled him— When it was time, he woke her. He said nothing. He served her and cared for her very skilfully. They went on toward the Levels.

The Levels are practically tundra,. almost treeless. Beyond them, in a river valley, comes a huddle of bull-pine and bush, and here is a cabin built long ago for the convenience of travelers by that lonely way.

All day they raced toward the cabin under a sky so low and gray it was like a lid pressed down to meet the edges of the featureless white disk that was the earth. In spite of its space there was something stealthy and oppressed in the scene. Alice, drowsing among the furs, felt an obscure dismay and suspense. Once or twice she walked a while beside Lew's friend; but he would not talk much. They reached the cabin early, and he installed her in it and served her carefully. Then he left her. She was alone.

There was a rusty stove in the cabin. This Grim had lighted. It cracked and roared; acrid smoke escaped from the damp pine boughs Grim had brought for fuel. The walls of the wretched cabin cracked in the warmth. They sounded as if they writhed, straining inward from some tremendous pressure outside—some weight of silence and frost.

The silence, the strange sounds—both expressive of some enormous strain—weighed on the woman's nerves. She had never been afraid before. Now she was too uneasy to sleep. She had been dead tired an hour earlier, drowsed with cold, numbed with cramp. Now she was wide awake—listening; listening to the walls as they yielded, bulged inward, broke like a bubble.

IT WAS a fancy, a delusion born of weariness and the leaky stove's glimmer. She wrapped herself in the furs and tried to close her eyes. She couldn't. She stared at the walls. Now and then a malemiut howled outside. Once she heard Grim's voice. Then again silence, silence but for the crackling walls——

At last she could endure it no longer. She went to the door and flung it open on a gray dazzle of starlight on snow and the black shape of a couple of restless dogs and the black distorted pines. Then her gaze narrowed on another darkness. She stood very still.

Grim Lawson was standing just outside the door, his arms folded, his head bent forward. He looked as if he had been there a long time. His dark furs bore a fragile efflorescence of frost. In the shadow of his hood his face was invisible, but his eyes held Alice's. She was rigid, answering that steady gaze; while her heart seemed to toll, to beat with terrible solemn reverberations like the tongue of a bell.

He said at last, "I wondered when you'd feel it."

She said faintly, "What?"

"I wondered when you'd feel me wanting you."

Her being seemed to sway a little. She felt as if, when she opened the door, she had admitted some tide, some tremendous current which swept her from her standing-ground. She visioned herself something small

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SHE STOOD WITH HIM BESIDE THE SLED, AND HE, GAUNT AND BANDAGED IN HIS SEAL FUR AND BLOOD-STAINED ERMINE TAILS, LIFTED HIS ARM AND POINTED

THE BELL

"It's a long lane that has no turning"

By RICHARD PRYCE

MRS. BATSON tells this story: Laugh? she asks you. Laugh? Till the tears poured down your cheeks. Laugh! Well, if you hadn't laughed you must have cried. Laughter and tears! The one very near the other in her experience.

The story had its comic side all the same, as she had felt that *he* had the day when she had first opened the door to him and seen him standing on the steps with his back to her.

He had rung the bell and then apparently turned to consider the street. The street, he explained to her subsequently, mattered as much to him as the house itself. A long street. That, from his point of view, was what was so particularly in its favor—the longer the street the better, he said, and instanced Harley Street, where one of these days he meant to be found, himself, at three guineas at a time, and goodness-knew-what when he should be called in for consultations or second opinions. A long street, wouldn't you say, Harley Street? Then Wimpole Street. Think. Another long street. Welback Street; an appearance of length. Wigmore Street. Gloucester Place. All the streets, that is to say, which would first occur to you in connection with brass plates and great names; all long, weren't they? So there you were, and what did he tell you? Ebury Street was a long street. You couldn't, Mrs. Batson averred, rightly say that it wasn't. Ebury Street then; the very place for the venture—not, be it said, that the word venture was so much as breathed. The very place, let us say, without further committing ourselves.

MRS. BATSON, meanwhile, saw a tall, slender, attractive, hopeful young back, and addressed it.

The back swung round to show an equally attractive front.

"Oh, good morning. About this ground floor?"

"Yes, sir." About it!

"It's to let, I believe."

He could see that it was. The bill in the window said so. It told him and every one else who the agents were and that they would supply all particulars.

"Have you an order, sir?"

"An order?" Innocence itself.

"To view."

He had not. He had been passing. Should he go and get one? He would. He even made a semblance of starting. Where were the agents?

"A point I think we could stretch, sir."

"I thought perhaps you would," he said, smiling. A "face" you see, a "nerve." He hadn't had any intention of going to the agents for an order. Not he! He knew what he could do with that crooked smile of his. Yes, and he could do anything with it. No two features equal (by which Mrs. Batson perhaps intended to convey that one of the twinkling eyes with one of the mobile eyebrows was a little bit higher than the other). Yes, with that smile, all skill and cleverness apart—and he had both, mind you, and something, too, which inspired confidence—he could have done pretty well anything. But to be affected by its beguilements you had to see it, and how could you see it if you conspired amongst you—"you" representing not Ebury Street only, but all London—with one surprising consent never to enter the zone of its unsuspected activities!

ACCORDING to Mrs. Batson, the young man would have done well to stand at his window and smile—just let his smile be seen.

"If you'll please to step in, sir."

He stepped in. She opened one of two doors on the left of the passage and stood back for him to pass.

"There *are* three rooms?" he said as he entered.

The bill in the window had said three.

"The third is very small, sir. But you'll see."

"So long as there are three," he said. "One to wait in; old *Punches*, you know, on the table, and yesterday's *Times* and the *Queen* of the week before last. The second for me to see them in, one by one, when they've waited. The third, which can be as small as it likes, for my bedroom."

"A doctor, sir?"

"No objection to that?"

"On the landlord's part? No, sir. The advertisement in the *Daily Telegraph*—if you'd come on that—would have told you. It says: 'Suit professional man.' "

She was showing that she liked him: volunteering information which she could otherwise have kept to herself, showing distinctly that at least she was not making difficulties.

"Though naturally the thought of the bell occurs to me," she added.

They might both have laughed if they had known. Heavens, they might have laughed! The bell!

"You see, by rights, sir, I'm caretaker, living in the basement. I'm attendance, but in moderation. The rest of the house is separate—a *maisonnette*, they call it. Upper part used to be good enough when I was younger, but that's neither here nor there. Would you want much cooking?"

"Only my breakfast. I should get out probably for my luncheon and certainly for my dinner. Gas fires, I see. I could make my own tea. Practically there would only be my breakfast—a couple of slices of bacon, the usual sort of thing—and, well, of course, the bell——"

"I dare say we could come to an arrangement."

"You see," Mrs. Batson would admit, "I'd taken to him at once and I wanted him to come. I said *much* cooking, the Lord forgive me, more mechanically than anything else, for could I have foreseen— Well! *His* bit of cooking. His breakfast. Had I have known, I'd made me arrangements cover more than that, you may be sure, and been easy in me mind. Much cooking, indeed! I'd have undertaken his dinner and welcome and known then that he had one. Proud? As a Lucifer. When I began to guess and managed to insinuate more into his breakfast so that there should always be something over, I had me work out to prevent his suspecting. But only be degrees did I come to have an inkling at all of the state of the case. Grave from the first. How could you know that, though, when *he* wasn't!"

So Mrs. Batson from whom we got our data. She tells things in her own way. There is no hurrying her. She takes us back to the first day and we see John Denison standing where we left him in the middle of the front room while he conceded that there might be a certain amount of attendance connected with the bell, assuring her by implication that he personally would want little to speak of.

"I quite see," he said. "One is lucky to be able to get any furnished rooms which aren't, of course, like lodgings. Lodgings—furnished apartments—postulate attendance, don't they?"

BIG words—that was one of his ways. Mrs. Batson, who on the whole used biggish words herself, hadn't any idea what postulate might mean—some medical term no doubt—and said, "Just so, sir."

"I have some furniture," he was saying. "Been picking things up, you know, one at a time. Partly for fun and because I love old things if they're cheap, partly with an eye to the future."

He looked around the room and then at Mrs. Batson, who again said, "Just so, sir."

The house was at the unfashionable end of the street—one of the half-dozen early eighteenth-century houses that had not been pulled down in the 'forties and 'fifties of the nineteenth to be replaced by what was modern and, therefore, ugly. The ceilings were low. The walls were paneled—oak possibly, deal probably; you could not tell, for they were painted. But they were painted a flat white. The cornices were delightful and the substantial chair-rail proclaimed its date by its rounded ends. By good luck the original windows had survived, escaping by a miracle the "improvement" of plate glass.

"What London must have been like when it was all like this! Think of it! The sort of London that Hogarth found and drew. Wheatley later. You'll find it at its best in the 'Rake's Progress,' or 'Marriage à la Mode,' or the H— No, perhaps I'd better not—the progress of another sort of rake."

"The female rake, sir. I follow you—but respect your delicacy."

The crooked face crinkled to its smile.

"That's splendid," he said. "That's splendid, Mrs.—Mrs.——"

"Batson, sir. Widowed."

"Splendid, Mrs. Batson. We shall get on."

"I'm sure of that, sir."

("Happened to know them, you see, being fond of pictures. In the National Gallery they used to be, where I often go. Besides, every one knows the plates. Not but that I didn't feel a sort of natural pride *in* knowing them. Oh, I'm fairly intelligent, thank God, though I live in a basement. Comes of having been married to an educated man. Batson was a butler and I'd been in service myself and always in the best houses, where you learn what's what, if you're capable of learning. I was, I like to think, and still am, if, strictly speaking, it *can* be said of me that since Batson was taken I've come down in the world.")

"Jove, look at that!"

"That" was the fireplace, a hobbed grate. It had not occurred to Mrs. Batson till that moment how beautiful it was. She saw it now with his discriminating eyes.

She nodded.

"You're right, sir."

"AND to think that they took such things out and put in their Victorian abominations. Put in their disgusting marble mantelpieces, too. Untouched, this one. The simplicity. A mere ledge, but wide enough to hold what ought to go upon it.

"By Jove! if the rest's like this—or even if it isn't—this *is* the future I spoke of. Always, of course, supposing the rent—but don't tell me yet! Don't tell me even if you know, till I've seen the second room and the third little room. Remember, I don't care how small my bedroom is. There isn't—" He broke off.

"Sir?"

"No, there couldn't be. There isn't. Of course there isn't a bathroom?"

Mrs. Batson beamed.

It seemed there was. Amazingly. The last tenant had contrived to fit in a bath where there was a space for it under the landing to which the first flight of stairs led.

"Wonderful!" he said—"though it makes me dread the moment at which I shall ask if you know the rent." He warded off enlightenment on that point with another "*Don't* tell me" and an added "I beg of you."

"Now for the next room," he said, and she led the way.

Another low-ceilinged room; the same delightful sense of proportion. As the front room faced south, this room looked necessarily to the north, but, with its white walls and its glimpse from the windows of the green of one of London's many fig-trees in the tiny back garden, it was not uncheerful.

He nodded approvingly.

"Now the bedroom," he said.

The bedroom was a mere slip of a room. Originally it was probably a pantry; large enough, however, for modest requirements. It would hold a narrow bed, a chest of drawers, a dressing-table, and still allow you to turn round.

He inspected the contrived bathroom and admired its ingenuity. "Now for it," he said, and faced Mrs. Batson with apprehensive eyebrows but defiant eyes.

A comic, Mrs. Batson told herself, if ever there was one; a "tragic" was perhaps what she was to come to think when the weeks and the months went by and she was to come to her gradual comprehension of the true state of the case. A comic. His apprehension—the puckered eyebrows of some one opening a bottle of champagne or soda-water, or waiting for the imminent report of a pistol—said: "Put me out of my misery"; the defiance, "Do your worst. I've made up my mind."

WHICH he had, mark you. He meant to take those rooms—meant to from the moment he entered the house. And he didn't ought to have done so. Did—not—ought. Mrs. Batson was emphatic. Madness in the light of what she was presently to know—well, to gather—of the state of his finances; the dimensions, rather, of his capital.

"They're asking eighty, sir."

Not a large sum as sums go; in all probability it represented more than two-thirds of the actual rent of the house. Not a large sum if it did not, unfortunately, represent also pretty nearly two-thirds, say, of all that you had in the world. No wonder, perhaps, that the crooked, delightful face puckered further. Its owner was making some rapid calculations of a disturbing kind.

"Eighty," he said.

Mrs. Batson nodded. "That includes rates and taxes," she said.

"What would the gas come to?" In this old house there was no electric light.

She was able to tell him approximately.

"And my breakfast and attendance?"

Mrs. Batson made a calculation of her own. She named a modest sum.

"You could do it for that and not lose on me?"

"Yes, sir, I could do it for that—a plain breakfast: bacon that is, as you said, or a bloater; eggs when not too prohibitive; kidneys, perhaps, now and again, or sausages. I should get to know your tastes, sir. I'm a good manager. I'm also, as I think you would find, a very fair cook."

There was a ring at the bell.

"Excuse me, sir."

He heard her go to the door. He heard the sound but not the substance of a conversation. After a few moments she came back.

"A lady to look at the rooms," she said.

He gasped.

"We must expect that," she said, "though the board only went up yesterday and the advertisement wasn't in the paper till this morning."

"But—" He looked toward the door.

"No, sir. *She* hadn't an order!"

Dismay gave place to the smile that could carry everything before it.

"Also—" added Mrs. Batson, and paused.

"Also what?"

"I told her—God forgive me, sir—I told her——"

"Yes; told her?" he asked, urging her.

"That they were let," she said, and lowered her eyelids. So one sees that Mrs. Batson had a share in the responsibility. Undoubtedly a share, and that was what came of meddling. All the same he *had* made up his mind. He had made up his mind when he asked her the rent. Yes, and before he heard her answer. "I comforted myself with that when the time came for wanting comfort. I couldn't have prevented his taking the rooms, but what I had done clinched matters." She could not controvert that.

"I was pleased, I admit. I'd never, you see, taken to Mr. Lynton—that was the former tenant. In all the five years he was here—he was a dentist—I'd never got accustomed to that chair of his. An uncomfortable sort of thing to have in the room over your head, I always thought. No; I can't say I'd ever heard anything. 'Painless dentistry' they call it nowadays—though we know all about that. But the way that chair could tip up! I couldn't bear to go near it even to dust it. Got between me, so to speak, and me meals, to say nothing of the blue bowl with the trickle of water and that dreadful thing with the wheels that he worked with his foot. Never was so glad about anything as the day I saw them go out of the house to the furniture-van. But the young doctor—a different pair of shoes altogether."

The last Mrs. Batson saw of him that day was a wave of the hand through the window of the taxi which whisked him off to the agents. And there again! "Be rights," she said, "he didn't really ought to have had a taxi."

A WEEK later he moved in. A van was not needed to convey his furniture. Two journeys of a grocer's covered cart brought the bulk of his possessions from the rooms he had shared with a fellow student at Bart's, and what the cart could not hold on its second journey he brought himself in a cab. Very good things, though. She helped him to arrange them—as excited as he was, as they put them into their places. All was in readiness. She had seen to that. With the assistance of a charwoman she had scrubbed the rooms out, cleaned down the walls and beeswaxed the old floors. A pleasure to work with and for him. He knew exactly where each thing would go, and the place of each thing seemed to have been waiting for it.

He had just enough.

"To start with, anyway," he said from the step-ladder, hanging his curtains. "Lots of things I want. Oh, lots. And plenty of room here for them when I get them. But for the moment, these will serve. A piano, for instance, one of these days. I shall pick one up some day, you'll see. You can always get things for half nothing if you know where to look. That cabinet now. I'm proud of that. They knew how to make furniture when that was made."

When all was done, the rooms looked charming. "Great fun!" he put it. Everything, you see, Mrs. Batson said, was fun to him at first. Yes, and not at first only. Long after his heart must have begun to sink he showed not only a brave front, but an amused and twinkling front. He was of the stuff, she maintained, that heroes are made of. Give in? His sort don't give in. If it wasn't to-day, it would be to-morrow—his cheerful contention. And many days became to-morrows, and to-morrow—the day, that is, that he waited for—was always ahead of him, while the dead days that became yesterdays piled up.

THE wait began with the morning that the brass plate arrived and was fixed upon the railing beside the door. DR. DENISON in black square letters sunk in the shining metal. He was as pleased as *Punch* with that plate. Doctor. That brought it home to you, eh? Fully fledged at last. Qualified—certified—something to show to the world and to face life with. Mrs. Batson once more was as excited as he, and the keeping of that plate bright became her pleasure and her pride.

It had not been up half an hour before the bell rang.

There. It had begun!

She hurried up from her basement—smiling to herself as she saw him slip out of the front room, where the patients were to wait till they should be summoned (in their turns), into the back room, where he was to receive them. Presently, when the calls came and he should be out upon his rounds, there would, of course, be definite hours at which he would be "in." A slate and pencil hung on the back of the door in readiness for calls and appointments. Meanwhile, with only the short intervals in which he would snatch his meals at a modest restaurant he had found near by, he would be in all day.

Mrs. Batson reached the door and opened it. He was listening, she knew, behind the door of his consulting-room. That touched her even then and was to touch her still more when expectation was to become hope and hope the hope deferred that was to make *her* heart sick, if—and the wonder was here!—never his.

Some one asking for Mr. Lynton.

"Removed," she said—quite sharply for her!—"to 5 Chester Gardens, Pimlico. This is Doctor Denison's."

She shut the door as soon as might be.

That was the only time the bell rang that day. The *maisonnette* up-stairs had its separate bell, which rang often enough and was answered by the *maisonnette's* private servant. The bell did not ring at all the next day. The third day it rang twice: once, the gas-inspector to read the meter; the second time a "runaway" ring. Mrs. Batson looked up and down the street indignantly. But she was not alarmed yet, or even anxious.

In the evenings the bell did ring sometimes, but that heralded friends of his own who strewed the floor with cigaret ashes and the grate with cigaret stubs and matches, and filled the room with the sound of cheerful young voices and laughter. You couldn't be alarmed or anxious till you knew that there was cause for alarm or anxiety. But the days went by and no patients appeared.

SO THREE months passed. The Summer in which he had taken the rooms and moved in drew to Autumn. He had paid his second quarter's rent (she had posted the letter) and his first quarter's gas bill, but there were no signs yet that he was disturbed by what could only very generously be described as a slackness of business. He was always spick and span, always appeared to be cheerful. He kept regular hours; took exercise regularly; invariably was in to the minute at the hour at which he said when he went out, or written on the slate, that he would be back. What did he do with himself during the hours that he stayed in? Worked, she thought. He had his books—books with learned names and plates in them, diagrams, things that she, Mrs. Batson, couldn't have looked at if you'd paid her to do so. There was always something, she supposed, for a doctor, and especially a young doctor, to be learning. What with modern discoveries and one thing and the other, the older men, those with large practises anyway, must often be hard put to it to keep abreast of the times. A good deal of Doctor Denison's abundant leisure was, she had no doubt, spent in study.

But there must have been hours— He had not yet begun to pace the floor like the animals in their cages at the zoo, a sound she came to know and to dread. Waiting. Waiting. And the animals did that—horrible thought!—when they were waiting to be fed.

"We needn't have been afraid of the bell," he said one day.

"No, sir; the one thing of all I need *not* have named! I only wish it would give me a little more trouble. Not

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"THAT'S SPLENDID," HE SAID. "SPLENDID, MRS. BATSON. WE SHALL GET ON."

OLIVER OCTOBER

"I am the Master of my fate; I am the Captain of my soul"

In which, at last, Oliver comes face to face with his destiny

By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

Author of "Graustark," "Brewster's Millions," etc.

PART IV

THREE days after the return of Mrs. Sage to Rumley the sheriff of the county served papers on Oliver October. The prosecuting attorney had refused to lay the matter before the grand jury, as requested by Horace Gooch, but had grudgingly acceded to his demand that an official investigation be instituted and carried to a definite conclusion by the authorities.

"I want you to understand, Oliver," explained the sheriff, "that this is none of my doing. Gooch has obtained an order from the court calling for a search of the swamp and your premises, basing his affidavit on the suspicion that his brother-in-law came to his death by foul means and—er—so on. He doesn't charge anybody with the crime, as you will see by reading a copy of the order. You will have to submit to an examination, answer a lot of questions, and refrain from any interference whatsoever with the search that is to be conducted. I am authorized to begin the investigation at once and not to stop until old Gooch is thoroughly satisfied that a crime has not been committed. As I was saying a few minutes ago, he agrees to pay all the costs arising from this investigation in case nothing comes of it. On the other hand, if your father's body is found and there is any evidence of foul play, the county naturally is to assume all the costs. The court made him sign a bond to that effect—a regular indemnifying bond. The old man has hired two detectives from Chicago to come down here and take active charge of the work. I hope you won't have feelings toward me, Baxter. I am only doing my duty as ordered by the court."

"Not the slightest feeling in the world, Sheriff," said Oliver warmly. "I wish you would do me a favor, though: The next time you see my uncle, please remind him that my offer to give him five thousand dollars if he finds my poor father, dead or alive, still holds. You can start digging whenever you are ready. If any damage is done to the property, however, I shall be obliged to compel my uncle to pay for it. Don't forget to tell him that, will you?"

Fully a week passed before a move was made by the authorities. The newspapers devoted considerable space to the new angle in the unsolved Baxter mystery, but not one of them took the matter up editorially.



"LET US GO IN, DEAR," SHE PLEADED. "I—I HEAR SOMETHING AMONG THE WEEDS DOWN THERE. IT'S GRISLY, OLIVER—CREEPY!"

NOTWITHSTANDING the reticence of the press, the news spread like wildfire that Horace Gooch was actually charging his nephew with the murder of his father. The town of Rumley went wild with anger and indignation. And yet deep down in the soul of every one who cried out against Horace Gooch's malevolence lurked a strange uneasiness that could not be shaken off.

The excitement over the return of Mrs. Sage was short-lived on account of the new and startling turn in the Baxter mystery. Acute interest in the pastor's wife dwindled into a mild, almost innocuous form of curiosity. At best, she was a three-days' wonder.

Ladies of the congregation, after a dignified season of hesitation, called on her—that is to say, after forty-eight hours—and were told by the servant that Miss Judge was not at home. She would be at home only on Thursdays from three to six. Mrs. Serepta Grimes, being an old friend, was one of the first to call. And this is what she said to Oliver October that same evening:

"You ask me, did I see her? I did. I saw her sitting at a window up-stairs as I came up the walk. She didn't try to hide. She just sat there reading a book. I told the hired girl to say who it was and that I'd just as soon come up-stairs as not if she didn't feel like coming down. The girl said she wasn't home—and wouldn't be till Thursday. So I says, 'You go up and tell her it's me.' In a minute or two she came back and told me the bare-facedest lie I ever heard. She said Mrs. Sage wasn't at home. She said Mrs. Sage asked her to say would I please come on Thursday next and have tea with her. She said Thursday was her day. Well, do you know what I did. Oliver? I just said 'pooh' and walked right up the stairs and into her room. She got right up and kissed me five or six times and—well, that's about all, except I stayed so long I was afraid I'd be late for supper. She didn't talk of anything else but you, Oliver. She thinks you're the finest——"

He would be a wonderful child, a remarkable young man; he would lose his mother before he was ten; he would be at the head of great undertakings; he would lead men in war. He would be a statesman, rich, respected and admired—and he would swing from the gallows before the end of his thirtieth year. That was the "fortune" the Gipsy told for Oliver October Baxter on the night that he was born, and at thirty all of the prophecy, up to that last sentence, had been fulfilled. Then two startling things happened in Rumley: old Oliver disappeared, after a quarrel with his son, and Josephine Sage came home. She was the minister's wife, and Jane's mother—and she was a famous actress who had run away to go on the stage. Then Oliver was drawn into politics, against his skinflint uncle, Horace Gooch, despite the loud fears of Joseph Sikes and Silas Link, his oldest friends. That last prediction: "He would be a statesman——"

"DID you see Jane?" broke in Oliver.

"Certainly. Don't you want to hear what Josephine said about you?"

"No, I can't say that I do. By the way, 'Aunt' Serepta, there is something I've been waiting to ask you for quite a while. Do you think Jane is pretty?"

Mrs. Grimes pondered. "Do you mean, is she beautiful?"

"I suppose that's what I mean."

"What do you want to know for? I mean, what's the sense of asking me that question? You wouldn't believe me if I said she wasn't pretty, would you?"

"Well, I'd just like to know whether you agree with me or not."

"Yes, sir," said she, fixing him with an accusing eye; "I do agree with you—absolutely."

"The strange thing about it," he pursued defensively, "is that I never thought of her as being especially good-looking until recently. Funny, isn't it?"

"There are a lot of things we don't notice," said she, "until some one else pinches us. Then we open our eyes. I guess some one must have pinched you. It hurts more when a *man* pinches you—'specially a big strong fellow like Doc Lansing."

A pained expression came into Oliver's eyes. "The trouble is I've always looked upon her as a—well, as a sort of sister or something like that. How was I to know that she was pretty? A fellow never thinks of his sister as being pretty, does he?"

"I SUPPOSE not. But, on the other hand, he never loses his appetite and mopes and has the blues if his sister happens to take a fancy to a man who isn't her brother. That's what you've been doing for two or three weeks. If you had the least bit of gumption, you'd up and tell her you can't stand being a brother to her any longer and you'd like to be something else—if it isn't too late."

"But suppose she was to say it *is* too late?"

"That's a nice way for a soldier to talk," said Mrs. Grimes scathingly.

He saw very little of Jane during the days that followed Mrs. Sage's return. Her mother demanded much of her; she was constantly in attendance upon the pampered lady. Oliver chafed. He complained to

Jane on one of the rare occasions when they were alone together.

"Why, you're nothing but a lady's-maid, Jane. You've been home five days and I haven't had a chance to say ten words to you."

"She has always had some one to wait on her, Oliver," said Jane. "I don't mind. I am really very fond of her. And she is just beginning to care for me. At first, I think she was a little afraid of me. Besides, Oliver, I like doing things for her. She gets so much pleasure out of it and it makes father happy."

"But it doesn't make me happy," he grumbled. Then his face brightened. "Wasn't she great last night when she got started on Uncle Horace and—and all this hullaballoo he's stirring up?"

THE fourth day after his wife's return to Rumley, Mr. Sage blurted out the question that had lain captive in his mind for weeks.

"If it is a fair question, my dear, would you mind telling me just why you came back to me?"

She leaned back in her chair and studied the ceiling for a few minutes before answering.

"I may as well be honest about it, Herby," she said, changing her position to meet his perplexed gaze with one that was absolutely free from guile. "I came back because they were through with me over there. I was getting passé. They were beginning to cast me for old-woman and character parts. My musical-comedy days were over. I'm fifty-three, Herbert—between you and me, mind you—and just the right age to be a preacher's wife. So I made up my mind to retire. I used to have a hundred pounds a week. Good pay over there. I was offered twenty pounds a week for this season to tour the provinces in a revival of 'Peter Pan'—and that was the last straw. 'Peter Pan!' You notice, Herby, I didn't cable to ask if I could come home—I cabled that I was on the way. Now you know the secret of my home-coming. The time has come when I must submit to being buried alive, and I'd sooner be buried alive in Rumley than in London. It's greener here. Besides you are a human Rock of Ages, Herby. I'm going to cling to you like a barnacle. I haven't forgotten what lovers and sweethearts we were in the old days. I've been faithful to you, old dear. By the way, I've put up a little money—quite a sum, in fact—so you mustn't regard me as a charity patient. We'll pool our resources. And when the time comes for you to step down and out of the pulpit for the same reason that I chucked the stage, why, we'll have enough to live on for the rest of our days. It's an awful thing to say, but we'll both have to mend our ways if we want our grandchildren to love us."

He laid his arm over her shoulder and gently caressed her cheek.

"You are still pretty much of a pagan, Jo," was all that he said, but he was smiling.

"But you are jolly well pleased to have me back, aren't you?"

"More overjoyed than I can tell you."

"No doubts, no misgivings, no uneasiness over what I may do or say to shock the worshipers?"

"I have confidence in your ability as an actress, Josephine," he said. "I am sure you can play the part of a lady as well as anything else."

She flushed. "Score one," she said. Then she sprang to her feet, the old light of mischief in her wonderful eyes. "But, my God, Herby, what's going to happen when I spring all my spangles on the innocent public?"

"I shudder when I think of it," said he, lifting his eyes heavenward.

IT WAS the fourth week in September when the detectives arrived in Rumley.

The city editor of the *Despatch* interviewed Detective Malone, the chief operative in charge of what the newspaper man and others, including Oliver October, were jocosely inclined to classify as the "expedition."

"Where do you intend to begin excavating, Mr. Malone?" inquired the editor, note-book in hand. They were in the lobby of the Hubbard House. "And when?" he added.

Mr. Malone was very frank about it. "In China," said he. "We're going to work from the bottom up. If you'll go out to the swamp to-morrow or next day and put your ear to the ground, you'll hear men's voices, but you won't understand a word they say; they'll be speakin' Chinese. We've got thirty-five thousand coolies digging their way up from Shanghai, and according to schedule they ought to be here to-morrow."



"LOOK DOWN THERE—OH, MY LORD! IF IT SHOULD BE OLLIE IT WILL—IT WILL LOOK MIGHTY BAD FOR OLIVER OCTOBER!"

The editor eyed him in a cold, inimical manner. "Umph!" he grunted, flopping his note-book shut. "It's a good thing you've got your Chinese army, because you won't be able to get anybody to work for you in this town. That's how we feel about this business, Mr. Malone—rich and poor, high and low."

That afternoon the sheriff and the prosecuting attorney stopped electioneering long enough to pay a hasty visit to Rumley. They found Oliver waiting for them at his home.

"Of course, Mr. Baxter," said the prosecutor, "you have a right to refuse to answer every question I put to you. So far as I am concerned, I merely intend to examine you as I would examine any disinterested witness."

"I WILL answer any question you may choose to put to me, Mr. Johnson."

The sheriff interposed. "Better have your lawyer here, Baxter. I am obliged to warn you that anything you say may be used against you in case—er—in case——"

"I understand. In case I am charged with crime."

"Exactly," said the sheriff.

"You can refuse to answer on the ground that it may tend to incriminate you," explained the prosecutor.

"I have consulted a lawyer," said Oliver. "He advises me to help you in every way possible, Mr. Johnson. Go ahead; ask all the questions you like."

Half an hour later the sheriff looked at his watch and reminded his companion that they would be late for the meeting at Monrovia if they didn't start at once, and off they sped in haste. Detective Malone and his partner, who had joined the county officials at the Baxter house, remained behind.

"How long do you figure it will take you, Mr. Malone, to finish up the job?" inquired the young man.

Malone squinted at the tree-tops. "Our instructions are to work slowly and surely. It may take six or eight weeks."

"In other words, you are not expected to be through before election day."

"Unless we find what we are after before that time, Mr. Baxter," said the other. "It is a big job, as you can see for yourself. Like looking for a needle in a haystack, eh, Charlie?"

His partner nodded his head in silent assent.

"We'll go out and take a walk around the swamp to-morrow," said Malone. "If you've got the time to spare, Mr. Baxter, you might stroll out with us now to the place where you last saw your father. That will have to be our starting-point. Then I'll want to question your servants. It seems that he is supposed to have come home to change his clothes after he said good-by to you."

"HE DID not say good-by to me," corrected Oliver. "He didn't even say good night. Please get that straight, Mr. Malone. He was angry with me—and I do not deny that I was angry myself."

"Do you know a man named Peter Hines, Mr. Baxter?" asked Malone abruptly.

"Peter Hines? Certainly. He is a tenant of my father's. Lives in a shack up at the other end of the swamp. He has done odd jobs for us ever since I can remember. Wood-chopping, rail-splitting and all that. He also does most of the drinking for the estate," he concluded dryly.

"A souse, eh?"

"I've never known him to be completely sober—and I've never heard of him being completely drunk. He's that kind."

"Do you remember seeing him the night your father disappeared?"

"No."

"By the way, have you ever seen me before to-day?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Well," said Malone, with a twinkle in his eye, "I've been hanging around this burg since last Monday—five days in all. I've done quite a bit of sleuthing, as they say in the dime novels. I'm the fellow that sold your housekeeper, Mrs. Grimes, the beautiful illustrated set of Jane Austen's works day before yesterday. I also sold an unexpurgated set of the 'Arabian Nights' to Mr. Samuel Parr, the insurance agent. He tells me your father carried a fifteen-thousand-dollar life policy. I tried to sell a set of Dickens to the Reverend Mr. Sage, and succeeded in having a long talk with his daughter about the book entitled 'The Mystery of Edwin Drood.' That led up, quite naturally, to the mystery of Oliver Baxter. I've had dealings with Mr. Sikes and Mr. Link, Banker Lansing, John Philips and a number of other citizens, male and female." He laughed quietly. "I was in your store last Tuesday, but you were off on political business. Shall we stroll down to the swamp, Mr. Baxter, or would you rather wait a day or two? We're in no hurry, you see."

"THAT is obvious," said Oliver curtly. "I must notify you, Mr. Malone, that if you or any of your workmen slip into one of those pits of mire out there and never come up again, I am not to be held accountable. If you venture out beyond the safety zone you do so at your own risk."

"Right-o!" said Malone cheerily. They were well around the corner of the house on their way to the swamp road before he spoke again. "How many people have lost their lives out there?" he inquired.

"None, so far as I know."

"But there must have been any number of men who have ventured out there."

"What makes you think so? I don't know of a single soul who has had the courage—or the folly—to go anywhere near those sink-holes."

"Then, how do you know that those so-called bottomless holes exist?"

"I suppose it's a tradition," said Oliver. "I have

heard of animals sinking out of sight. My father has often told me of such things."

"Maybe he was just scaring you, so's you'd keep out of the swamp. You are a trained civil engineer, I understand."

"Yes."

"And you've never gone out there to satisfy yourself whether those pits are real or just something people like to talk about?"

"I've never been out beyond that row of posts you see over there," said Oliver, pointing. "You are at liberty to go as far out as you please, however."

"I shall," said Malone crisply. "Before I get through with this job, you will find, Mr. Baxter, that there isn't a spot in that slough out there that is more than six or eight feet deep. Now, just where was it that you and your father parted company that night? As I understand it, you and he sat for some time on that log over there. It was a clear night and the road was very dusty. There had been no rain in over three weeks. Am I right?"

Oliver stared at him in amazement. The other detective had turned down the slope and was striding off toward the nearest ditch.

"You seem to be pretty well posted," said he.

"Well, I am an inquisitive sort of cuss," drawled Malone. "And I'm not what you'd call an idle person."

"WHO told you we were sitting on that log? I don't remember ever having mentioned it. As a matter of fact, I'd forgotten it completely. We did sit there for ten or fifteen minutes. That was before we began to quarrel. Then we got up and walked on a little farther down the road. We stood arguing for nearly half an hour. I left him standing there. I went on to Mr. Sage's. But who told you we sat on the log?"

"If you don't mind, I'll not answer that question," said Malone.

"You asked me a while ago if I had seen Peter Hines that night. Was it Pete Hines?"

Malone hesitated. "Well, it was Pete Hines who is supposed to have seen you, Mr. Baxter, but it was not he who told me about it. I went out to see him yesterday, but his shack was boarded up and there was no sign of him anywhere. Now this may interest you. There was—and still is, as far as I know—a piece of pasteboard tacked on his front door, with these words printed on it in lead pencil:

BEWARE!

THIS HOUSE IS FULL OF SNAKES

That bears out your statement that he is never completely sober, Mr. Baxter. Now, you say this is the place where you parted that last night—here at the turn. You left him standing here, you say. In the middle of the road?"

"Yes."

"And you walked off in this direction. Did you look back?"

"I did not."

"Just kept right on—in the middle of the road, eh?"

"That's right."

Malone changed the subject abruptly. "That's a great fish-story they tell about the Gipsy prophesying you'd be hung before you were thirty. Of all the bunk I ever heard, that's the worst."

"If you will excuse me, Mr. Malone, I must be getting back to the house. It's nearly seven o'clock and I am expecting people for dinner," said Oliver a little coldly.

"I'm sorry I've detained you," said the detective apologetically. "I'll stroll back with you, if you don't mind."

"Where is your partner?" inquired Oliver, looking out over the swamp.

"Charlie? Oh, he'll be along directly. There he is, over near the wire fence. He is seeing about how long it would take a man to walk out to the edge of the mire and back," said Malone coolly.

Oliver looked at him sharply. "So that's the idea, eh?"

"We intend to conduct this investigation in an open and aboveboard manner, Mr. Baxter. Cards on the table, sir, all the way through. We're looking for a dead man, not a live one, if you see what I mean."

"And I shall be open and aboveboard with you, Mr. Malone," said Oliver, a trace of irony in his voice. "I hope, therefore, that you don't take it amiss if I suggest that the sensible thing for your man to do would be to make his calculations at night, when progress would naturally be a great deal slower and infinitely more hazardous. Besides, you ought to take into account the fact that this part of the swamp was not drained at the time my father disappeared."

"I've taken that into account—mud and everything," announced the detective, looking straight ahead. "I was about to say that it's going to take a good deal of tight squeezing, Mr. Baxter, to get you indicted, tried and executed inside the next thirty days. The time is pretty short, eh?" He laughed jovially.

Oliver turned on him. "I'll knock your damned head off, Malone, if you make any more cracks like that. Remember that, will you?" he cried hotly.

Malone was genuinely surprised.

"Yes," he said thickly, "I'll be sure to remember it."

Oliver apologized to Malone as they were on the point of separating in front of the house. They had traversed the hundred yards or more in silence.

MALONE held out his hand. "I've been spoken to a good bit rougher than that in my time, Mr. Baxter, and never turned a hair," he said good-naturedly. "There's no hard feeling on my part. Forget it."

A little later on, Oliver sat on his front porch waiting for his guests to arrive. Mrs. Grimes, in her snug-fitting black-silk dress, rocked impatiently in a chair near by. The guests were late.

"It's Josephine Sage," she observed crossly, breaking a long silence. Oliver was startled out of his reflections. "She's the one that's making 'em late. Mr. Sage was telling me the other day that actresses are always late to a party."

Continued on page 63

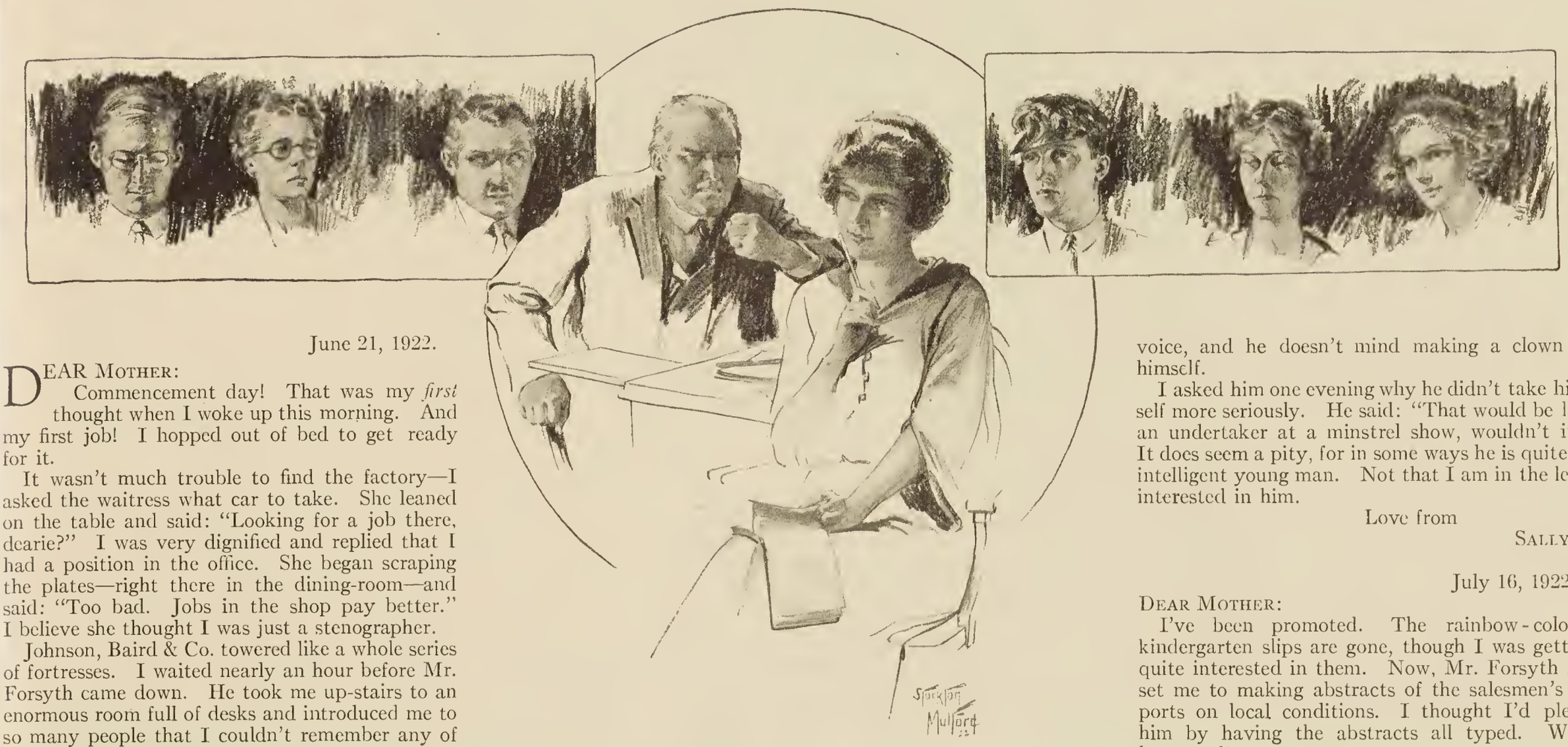


"NO, NO, NO!" SCREAMED JANE. "THE OTHER WAY! TO OLIVER'S! . . . I WILL JUMP OUT—I SWEAR TO HEAVEN I WILL!"

HER FIRST YEAR IN BUSINESS

A series of letters from Sally to her mother

By ZORA PUTNAM WILKINS



June 21, 1922.

DEAR MOTHER:

Commencement day! That was my *first* thought when I woke up this morning. And my first job! I hopped out of bed to get ready for it.

It wasn't much trouble to find the factory—I asked the waitress what car to take. She leaned on the table and said: "Looking for a job there, dearie?" I was very dignified and replied that I had a position in the office. She began scraping the plates—right there in the dining-room—and said: "Too bad. Jobs in the shop pay better." I believe she thought I was just a stenographer.

Johnson, Baird & Co. towered like a whole series of fortresses. I waited nearly an hour before Mr. Forsyth came down. He took me up-stairs to an enormous room full of desks and introduced me to so many people that I couldn't remember any of their names.

He gave me a desk among all the others, and said as he hurried away: "You can make requisition for what you need!" And then—everybody forgot me. I didn't have anything to do. And nobody paid any attention to me.

Oh yes: At noon a girl with short hair asked me if I wanted to go to the factory restaurant with her. But I said no, I'd rather not. When I found my way outdoors, there were only the most dreadful places to eat. I bought some bananas at a fruit-stand. It was horrid.

The afternoon was just as bad. If going to work is like this, I don't like it. Don't think I'm a baby, mother. I'm willing to work, but I haven't had a chance to.

Your newly employed

SALLY.

June 30, 1922.

DEAR MOTHER:

You ask how the work goes now I am started on it. I told you how I twiddled my fingers all the first day. The second day I twiddled a pencil. I drew circles and squares and designs for cross-stitch. The next morning, when I was just starting a new series of patterns, Mr. Forsyth suddenly perceived me. He was walking by my desk and tripped over my foot. Otherwise I might have remained unobserved for months. He looked hard at me and asked me somewhat snappily: "What are you doing?"

The longest worm has a turning and so I turned, and said: "Nothing—I certainly wish I *could* do something." "Can't you?" he asked, beginning to smile. "Nobody has given me anything *to* do." I thought that would be a poser. "Why didn't you ask? Did you think we hired you to make patterns for THE DELINEATOR?" He wasn't snappy any more, but I felt as if he were laughing at me.

He spoke to the little girl with cropped hair and told her to look out for me. She told me to sort out a big pile of cards by color. When I asked her what the idea was, she said: "To calculate the quotas for the different districts." The cards each had a date on them, a letter, a number and then something like 100 bbx 1035x. The prize guest in the idiots' home might just as well be sorting these things. I've been at it ever since.

Your

SALLY.

July 3, 1922.

DEAR MOTHER:

I've been having a most frightful time hunting for a room. Two or three nights of it made me begin to think there weren't any decent rooms in the world. Then I spoke to Miss Huber about it. She said: "Oh, you poor thing! What a time you must have had! The employment department keeps a list of rooms. Just tell them about what you want to pay and they will give you the names of some places they know are all right." Don't I do everything the hardest way, mother?

Now I've moved into a nice clean little room. Little is the word, for I can sit on the bed and reach all over the place. If I want to open my bureau-drawers, I have to move my solitary rocking-chair right up against the closet door; and if I want to open the closet door, I have to reverse. There are quite a lot of other boarders. I'll tell you about them some time.

Your now very experienced

SALLY.

July 12, 1922.

DEAR MOTHER:

You say I ought to mix better—well, now I'm in the mixing-bowl. Life in the close confines of a boarding-house certainly rubs us all together, and sometimes it rubs me the wrong way. This morning, for instance, after I had camped on the steps outside the bath-room door for fifteen minutes, out came that insufferable, pink-faced Mr. Molineux, who eyed my antique gray bathrobe and inquired: "Oh, were you waiting?" "Yes, for the chance to see you pass," I observed sweetly.

It was a mistake, all the same, for me to squelch him. At breakfast I heard him telling Miss Winthrop that I am very irritable, and Miss Winthrop replied that I was certainly very vulgar for a college woman. She is from Boston and exudes "culture" from every pore. When I first moved in, she fancied we could reminisce together about the Boston burying-grounds. She began gushing about the symphony and the chamber concerts, and didn't I think it a wonderful opportunity to live near the gates of Harvard.

It got on my nerves. So I told her I seldom went to the symphony—I preferred the "Follies" and George M. Cohan—and that the chaperon rules forbade our hanging around the Harvard gates. Since then she's looked on me as a barbarian. Now the two of them will form an anti-Sally club.

After dinner the boarders go to the parlor, and you are odd if you stay away—also they have a chance to talk about you! So I submit. You should—or rather you shouldn't—hear the applause which greets the songs of an assistant foreman from our factory. He has a good voice, and he doesn't mind making a clown of himself.

I asked him one evening why he didn't take himself more seriously. He said: "That would be like an undertaker at a minstrel show, wouldn't it?" It does seem a pity, for in some ways he is quite an intelligent young man. Not that I am in the least interested in him.

Love from

SALLY.

July 16, 1922.

DEAR MOTHER:

I've been promoted. The rainbow-colored kindergarten slips are gone, though I was getting quite interested in them. Now, Mr. Forsyth has set me to making abstracts of the salesmen's reports on local conditions. I thought I'd please him by having the abstracts all typed. What happened!

The head of the planning department rushed in with his necktie under one ear and waved a blue-print under Mr. Forsyth's nose as if he were flourishing a pistol. "Do I or don't I have any rights in that stenographic department?" he yelled. Mr. Forsyth asked what the matter was. "Matter!" he snorted. "Matter enough! Those specifications I had to have this morning have been side-tracked for some infernal short-stories composed by one of your amateur authors on last month's sales."

The whole room was full of eyes staring at me. I couldn't see anything—I wanted to cry. Well, Mr. Forsyth calmed down the planning head. Then he told me that my typing should go "through regular channels," and, furthermore, that the abstracts were on the wrong paper. So it all has to be done over again.

But I didn't cry—at least, not until I got home. Then the assistant foreman caught me. He came to borrow a match. I jumped up from the bed and fixed my hair before I opened the door. He didn't really look at me, after the first glance, but he said: "Fierce wind to-night, isn't there? I got a cinder in my eye and the place hurts yet." He was rather nice about it, and somehow I feel better.

Your blundering bawl-baby

SALLY.

July 26, 1922.

DEAR MOTHER:

Only think: Your Sally has become a popular hero—for the moment, at least. But that is always the case with popular heroes, isn't it? Anyhow, I'll agree with Pershing and Carpentier that it feels good while it lasts.

It happened this way: Yesterday was our company picnic. Of course, I didn't know we had one. Three days ago Miss Nystrom, Mr. Forsyth's stenographer, asked me if I were going. "What picnic?" I asked, like a big dummy. "*The* picnic!" she laughed. "Where have you been? Don't you read the bulletin-board?" Then I did remember seeing a big poster there, and when I came to look at the board I felt rather silly. It was as spotted as the chicken-pox with notices about the different kinds of sports, when the company trucks would start for the park, invitations to bring your family and your best girl, and all that sort of thing. It was a little late, but for once I perceived that this was the band-wagon and climbed on.

All the same, I felt like a hen beside the duck-pond when I arrived at the park yesterday morning. Most of the crowd gathered around the running-track, where the

men were having races. I walked over there and the first person I laid eyes on was Mr. Douglas. He is the assistant foreman who lives at my boarding-house. He seemed to be the "Pooh Bah" of the occasion.

Just as I came up a race had been ended, and Mr. Douglas began announcing: "Fifty-yard dash for women! Step up, all speedy ladies—" and a lot more nonsense, just like a circus-barker. He got his eyes on me and exclaimed: "Come, Miss Wallace. You look as if you could run! Put some speed into the sales department! We all know it's needed!" Every one began to laugh; and I left both foolish and provoked.

At the same time, mother, you know I *can* run. And I thought, "I'll show them!" I haven't taken first place at Wellesley field-day the last three years for nothing. Oh, but there was a long-legged girl from the taping department who nearly beat me! Only in the last few yards I made a tremendous spurt and crossed the line ahead of her.

Everybody began to cheer, and the office people were awfully pleased, and suddenly everybody seemed to know me, and I was friends with everybody. Mr. Forsyth said I must be the mascot of the department—"The clipper Wallace with the speedy sales." I haven't had such a good time since I left college.

When the picnic was almost over, Mr. Douglas appeared. He had been overseeing the men who served the ice-cream. He insisted that I owed him one dance because he had backed me as the champion sprinter when I was still a "dark-horse." Then we went off home together. He is really quite nice.

Love from
SALLY.

July 30, 1922.

DEAR MOTHER:

Something perfectly terrible has happened. I hardly know how to tell you. I have lost my job!

This morning Mr. Forsyth called me into his office and said: "We are sorry, Miss Wallace, but we shall have to let you go. The company is obliged to retrench very radically."

"Let me go!" I gasped. "You mean I'm discharged?"

"No, you're not discharged, because your work is satisfactory. But we simply can't afford to keep you. We have so few orders at present we can't pay a cent of unnecessary overhead. Of course, we have to let the latest comers go first. You are employed for the coming week, but I advise you to use the time in looking for a new position. I shall be very glad to recommend you. Here is your check and your lay-off slip from the employment office."

"What is that for?" I asked.

"It gives you precedence when work starts up We hope very soon—in the course of three or four months."

What can I do in all that time? I was thinking as I came out. Then, I felt so *ashamed*—I felt as if every one knew I was out of work. I didn't look at Miss Huber, but hurried out and got my hat and came away.

I hated to go home. "Why—they will know at my boarding-house," I thought. "Everybody will know I've lost my job." I tried to get in without any one seeing me, but that detestable Mr. Molineux was just coming out. He made an elaborate bow and remarked: "Why so early, Miss Wallace? 'She used to come at ten o'clock and now she comes at noon.'" I rushed past him to my room and buried my face in my pillow.

What shall I do, mother? SALLY.

TELEGRAM

7-30-22

Mrs A V Wallace
14 West 42nd St N Y C
Disregard letter all O K

Sally

July 30, 1922.

DEAR MOTHER:

Yes, I've lost my job, but I've found my nerve. That was why I sent the telegram. I wish you hadn't read the old letter. I was in a blue funk. But now I'm going to make good. You'll see that your Sally is no quitter.

You needn't send me any money—at least, not yet. Since I moved to the boarding-house—isn't it lucky I did?—I've saved some. It will keep me going for a month, if I'm careful. By that time I'll have another job—I must!

I won't pretend I got back my nerve without any help, though I wish I had. It was a major operation—like putting a backbone into a jellyfish. Mr. Douglas was the surgeon.

Just as I was dropping that epistolary wail into the letter-box he came hurrying up and stretched out his hand to stop me. "Don't!" he exclaimed. Then: "Sorry—I'm too late!"

He looked so friendly and concerned that right there I began to cry again, like a big baby.

"I know all about it—Miss Huber told me," he said. "But you aren't the girl to cry baby to your mother the first little difficulty you meet, are you?"

That was a new idea. I looked guiltily at the letter-box. "How did you know?" I asked.

"Oh, I was afraid of it—this is your first job. But it isn't like you," he went on. "Be a sport."

"Well, it's too late now!"

"Oh, no, it isn't! The Western Union is still operating."

"But what can I do?"

"Do! Get another job, of course."

We had sat down on one of the benches in the park.

"I don't know how," I said dubiously.

"Oh, yes, you do! Ask for it! And I'll help you. But you certainly don't want to run to mother now—not from what you've told me of your mother. She'll think she's raised a quitter. That was the reason I wouldn't work in dad's plant when I finished Tech. Rather go on my own."

I was so dumbfounded I forgot my troubles.

"Are you a Tech. man?"

"Oh, yes; didn't you know it? Been out two years. Getting the real stuff now."

Just fancy, mother—I thought he was a common workman! I'm one of those geese who doesn't know all wool except by the trade-mark.

GOD LOVED ME

They said "God loves you!" long ago,
When kissings fell as thick as snow,
And all my world was loving arms
And gentling tones and baby charms.
It seemed but right for God to do,
Beyond His clouds—to love me too;
And if His love stayed somewhat far,
To give me not one little star,
Nor send one cherub playmate down,
All feather wings and sparkle crown,
Why—there was love to keep and spare
Without His share—without His share.

But in this world that God has made,
He makes all loves to pass or fade;
And now all loving arms are slid
From me beneath some coffin-lid,
One little friendly angel touch
At praying time, would mean so much;
One little sigh of leaf or bird
From all God's world, to say He heard;
One comfort touch when I was sad . . .
Oh, I should be so humbly glad,
If just one moment God could bow
To love me now—to love me now!

MARGARET WIDDEMER

The end of it was that we rushed off together to the telegraph office and sent that wire to you.

Then I said: "Now, how am I to get a job?"

He looked at me reflectively. "Have you ever tried the city bath-house down by the lake?' 'he inquired.

"What's that got to do with a job?"

"Bet I can beat you swimming!"

"Well—I'll bet you can't!"

"There—you feel better already!" he laughed. "After a swim you can lick the world. Let's go!" Love from
SALLY.

August 1, 1922.

DEAR MOTHER:

This morning I intended to be up early and on the hunt for a job, but somehow I overslept and almost missed my breakfast. When I slipped into the dining-room, every one was gone but Miss Winthrop. When she saw me, she lifted her eyebrows, and inquired: "Aren't you late for work, Miss Wallace?"

I thought I might as well walk right up to the guns; so I blurted out: "I'm laid off!"

And right there I had the surprise of my young life. Instead of smiling sarcastically, as I had expected, Miss Winthrop looked positively distressed and exclaimed: "Oh, I'm so sorry! Is there anything I can do to help you?" She twiddled her coffee-spoon and flushed. "If—if a loan—I know how it is—sometimes very awkward. Don't hesitate to call on me."

I could have fallen off my chair. Of course I told her that it wasn't as bad as that. But look, mother, what a wall-eyed idiot I am! She must have had it in her all the time, and if it didn't come out it was my fault!

After that I felt as if some one had slipped me a million dollars as I left the house. And it's certainly lucky I did, or I should hardly have survived the experiences of this toilsome day. Wellesley College stock has sunk forty points in the market, as far as I am concerned. The next people I see I shall conceal my dark past if it's humanly possible. It's bad enough, it seems, to have no experience; but if to that is added a college education, you might as well jump off the dock. Not that I'm going to do that just yet—unless for a swim.

Mr. Douglas had taken a lot of names out of the telephone directory for me. The first place, they talked to me through a little hole in a window. A sour-faced old crab looked out at me and said: "No, no; we're not taking on any!"

I stood on tiptoe to get opposite the hole. "Any what?"

"Any girls in the paper-box department," he snapped.

"But I didn't want that kind of a job," I persisted. "I wanted a position in sales research."

"None of those fancy jobs here!" he sneered. "All we can do to pay the producers!"

At the other three places it was worse. When I tried to tell them what I'd studied, they all repeated: "Oh, just out of college!" and, with more or less—mostly less—politeness, they proceeded to get rid of me.

I'm dead—but I'm not buried. What was it you used to say, mother? "To-morrow is another day!" Here's to to-morrow! SALLY.

August 5, 1922.

DEAR MOTHER:

After my unsuccessful trip the other day, I held a consultation with my business manager, as Mr. Douglas calls himself. He made me tell him exactly what happened at each of the places where I applied for a position. Sometimes he laughed, when I didn't see anything funny; but when I got through he thought it over quite seriously.

Then he commented: "Your grit is good, but your method is rotten!"

"Why—what's the matter?" I was considerably taken aback.

"You think they talk too much about experience, but if that's the only thing that will teach you what you can do, what can you expect? It's a cinch they'll only pay money for you to *do* something—not to *know* something."

"Then I can't get a job," I said despondently.

"Don't jump at conclusions. When you've decided what you can do, make that your talking-point and you'll get a job!"

"I can look up things and I can write."

"Typewrite, do you mean?"

"I didn't, but I can," I replied. "Mother had me learn shorthand and typewriting two Summers ago."

"Jumping cats! Why didn't you say so?" shouted my business manager. "Hurrah for mother! You've as good as got a job."

"But I don't want to be a stenographer," I objected.

"You don't want to be a dependent, either, do you?" he exclaimed. "Don't want to be a stenographer! With your education it may lead to anything. You might as well say you don't want to go to New York because you have to take the train!"

So now I am to look for a job as a stenographer. Some come-down for Sally! But Mr. Douglas says you have to build a house from the basement, not from the roof.

From the sub-cellar,
SALLY.

August 11, 1922.

DEAR MOTHER:

More than ten days gone, and no job yet! I'm glad you got the telegram first, even if you do say it wouldn't have worried you anyway. You "know" I can get a job. Well, everybody seems to know it—but me. Mr. Douglas knows it—Mr. Forsyth knows it—Miss Huber knows it—Miss Nystrom knows it. As an abstract proposition, I know it; but I'd like to be shown.

Mr. Douglas says I don't believe in myself. "You'd get something, even without working experience, if you acted cocksure!" he declared. But how can I bet on myself if nobody else is ready to risk a cent on me?

When I asked that, Mr. Douglas exclaimed: Great idea! Turn it inside out and then it's a corker. Bet on yourself, and then others will dare to take a chance. The next place you apply, just when the fellow is wabbling, speak up and say you'll work a week for nothing! Then, if he isn't satisfied, you can clear out. If you can't show him in that time, you'd better! But you can!"

All right—I'll try that. But I'm surely tired of being
ONE of 5,000,000 unemployed.

SALLY.

Continued on page 76

SAWDUST

"That's all we are in the show game—just sawdust"

By COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER



DAZEDLY SHE WAS AWARE OF SMILING FACES OF WOMEN SHE HAD KNOWN IN THE DAYS OF HER DECEPTION, CROWDING FORWARD

Nita Moore was the star equestrienne of "The World's Greatest," but she was also a circus-orphan, and there was only one thing in the world she really wanted—a home. So when Runner Baine (whose wife had cared for her when she was a baby and who had left the circus to open a detective agency) told her he had found her real parents, she believed his story gladly. All her dreaming had come true. She was Janice Wentworth now, with a lovely old home in Larchboro, an adoring mother and father—and Philip. Runner Baine had warned her that small towns were narrow, and she must not let the Wentworths or Larchboro know of her circus connection. For a long time this was the only cloud on her happiness—then she discovered, through the gossip of the prying Mrs. Weaver, that she had been identified by the tiny scar at the edge of her hair, which she knew had been tattooed there by old Joe of the circus; and a little later Bill Rodman, advance man of the "World's Greatest," stopping in Larchboro, recognized her as Nita Moore

PART III—CONCLUSION

"YOU'RE evidently mistaken." It was all Janice could say. The man stared at her, then shook his head.

"Aw, now, Miss Nita——"

"I say that you're mistaken!" She spoke it frantically. "We don't want any bills on our barn. And unless you get away from here, I'll call the marshal!"

Then, the sarcastic laugh of the "daub-squarer" still echoing in her ears, she closed the door and hurried up the stairs. In her room, her cheeks hot, her hands clasped tight, she sat on the bed staring—at nothing. The circus was coming to Larchboro, ivading the little field of her fleeting happiness and that of three other persons, for Philip counted also now.

She thought of a hundred things she might have said. But the opportunity was gone—Bill Rodman had traveled on, carrying with him the knowledge that Nita of the equestrian ring was living in a big house in Larchboro, and denying her identity.

Suddenly she straightened with a faint hope. He had spoken of Joe! Joe who could tell her the truth, who might even assure her that she really was the daughter she had believed herself to be. But that, she knew, was only the vagary of a tortured mind. The question of the scar had been settled by a few adroit questions asked of old Tressie. Mrs. Weaver's story had been correct.

Nevertheless she felt she must see him. Quietly she slipped out of the house and, fear pounding within her, started on her quest. A lithographer, with his "hod" of bills, was making his way from store to store, a stranger as far as Janice was concerned. She approached him unreservedly.

"Is Joe Benton on the car?" she asked.

He pulled at his cap.

"OLD Tattoo Joe? No'm. He ain't makin' this town. Gone ahead with a brigade. We're a day behind schedule."

It was a disappointment. Wearily she turned toward home, pondering on the efficacy of a letter. But in that there was danger. Joe might not receive it; she could only wait—and suffer.

The time was past when her father and mother—she could call them nothing else—could receive the shock of learning that she was not their child without suffering its consequences. Constantly the picture was before her of the heartbreak in a home gone back to its old days of suffering. It couldn't be—it couldn't be! Those three words formed a constant, maddening refrain in the mind of Janice Wentworth. It couldn't be!

Before she had reached home she turned wearily back to seek Bill Rodman. It had come to her that confession would be the best policy, that his tongue must be stilled and——

But she sought in vain. A crew of "banner-tackers," swinging from the roof of a store-building and plastering the side with flaring announcements, was all that she could find. She turned homeward again, discouraged.

And fearful. What had happened during the time in which she had been gone? Suppose, angered at her treatment of him, Bill Rodman had come back. Suppose——

But everything was tranquil when she returned. Nothing, evidently, had happened to interfere with the security of her secret. However, Mrs. Weaver was there, and Mrs. Weaver nettled her.

"I believe I'll go over and sit awhile with Mrs. Parsons," the girl announced. The Parsons' home gave a good view of the street; Janice might watch without being observed, and know immediately if the man returned. But the afternoon passed without sight of him. Evening, when the three sat on the veranda, brought the whistle of the north-bound train and an additional chugging as the ancient engine struggled with an extra burden—the gold-and-white-and-red advance car of the World's Greatest circus, bearing away the bill-posting crew, and Bill Rodman. It brought a sense of great relief to Janice; with something of her old contentment she snuggled in her chair, relieved, reassured—then, as the minutes passed, looked down the street for a familiar form.

"I wonder where Philip is?" she asked. The Colonel jerked his stogy from between his lips with the air of a man suddenly remembering a forgotten message.

"My fault, honey," he apologized. "Slipped my mind entirely. Philip had to go out of town for a few days. He told me to tell you. Law case, I guess."

IT WAS his first absence, and the lack of him brought a sudden feeling of loneliness. For hers was the position, now, of an interloper, an embezzler of the affections of an old man and woman who trusted her, who saw in her the reward for years of waiting and of sorrow. And in this time she wanted Philip—wanted him because she loved him, because she had come to lean upon his quiet faith, his surety, his dependable sincerity.

Over at the end of the veranda the Colonel rocked and smoked, talking of the tobacco crop, the chance for better corn prices, and finally of the circus.

"They say it's a pretty good one," he announced. "Hasn't ever been here before."

"There you go, Ethelbert!" It was an admonition from Mrs. Wentworth, and Janice suddenly wondered whether circuses were a barred subject.

"Don't you ever go, mother?" she asked.

Mrs. Wentworth turned.

"Why, of course, dearest. But Ethelbert just seems possessed when he gets started—always wants to know where they come from and where they're going, what the people do, and everything."

JANICE, sitting there in the dark, suddenly found herself longing to tell him, eager to describe the whole wonderful system of organization, the busy advance agents, the hurrying bill-cars, the rushing twenty-four-hour man, the scenes of unloading, the mechanics of the great thing of canvas and steel— But she knew that her lips, on that subject, must remain sealed. Instead:

"Are you going this year?"

"I don't think so, dearest. There's always such a crowd."

"I suppose so." She said it with the slightest degree of heartache. That sentence brought to her anew a fact of which she was already too keenly cognizant: that she was an exile now from the land of her birth—that the circus must come and go without her even peeping at it, unless that peep be taken through the shutters of an up-stairs window as the parade went by. And it was *her* circus—the circus of her early training, of her stardom. Suddenly she halted in her reveries. The Colonel had risen.

"Guess I'll be trottin' along to bed."

Mrs. Wentworth followed him, kissing her daughter good night and leaving her alone on the veranda—alone with the darkness, the drifting fragrance of the garden—and her thoughts. Thoughts which reverted again and again to the circus: to the crowd at the pad-room entrance, to the lilting music of the band. She wondered if old Speck had found another dog—if he was still with the show. She wondered whether the crowds were coming as they used to come. She leaned back in her chair, her hands folded, her eyes half-closed, tears falling slowly. For she knew, in her heart of hearts, that love the circus as she might, she loved this more, this trinity of mother and father—and Philip.

IT WAS three days later.

She had been in the dining-room straightening the silver in its cases—a little self-imposed duty in which she took a delight, just as she delighted in any one of a hundred things she had taken unto herself since her advent into the House of Wentworth. Outside, in the kitchen, Tressie had been singing. Suddenly, however, she ceased, to burst forth into one of her irrepressible tirades.

"Dey yo' is, lookin' lak de las' minute o' Jedgment! Bettah wipe off dat 'spreshion 'fo' Miss Janice see yo'."

"I will, Tressie." The voice was the Colonel's.

" 'Notheh one o' them tillygrams stickin' out o' yo' pocket! Ah wish de dahn tilligraft comp'ny go bust!"

Janice hurried to the living-room and to apparent deep interest in a book. Her father came through the swinging-door, kissed her, voiced some little pleasantry, then turned for the stairway. His shoulders seemed stooped; a glimpse of his features showed them drawn and worn. Soon she heard him talking in low tones to her mother, above. Janice sought the kitchen.

"Tressie," she ordered, "tell me what's the matter with father? I—I heard you talking out here."

"Oh, Lan'—tain't nuffin!" The old mammy essayed a laugh.

"Don't talk that way, Tressie; I have a right to know."

Then it was that the old negro woman straightened, and jammed a fat finger toward the girl.

"Da's jes' what yo' got a right t' do, honey!" she burst forth suddenly. " 'Tain't right!"

"But what is it, Tressie?"

"Hit's dat mo'gage, da's what hit am! An' de ole in'trus what eat 'em up, eat 'em up, all de time! Minnit dey gits ahead, 'long come de intrus' agin! Da's what hit am!"

"Mortgage? You mean on the house?"

"Yassum. 'Bout ev' fo' months de Colonel have t' tillygraft t' his brotheh an' borry de money, an' 'n pay hit back, li'l at a time—eveh since——"

"How much is it, Tressie?"

"Lan', chile, hit's a mess o' money. Way pas' six thousan' dollehs. Dat's what de man cha'ge fo' findin' you."

Six thousand! For finding her! Runner Baine—his scheme! And he had lied to her, as he had lied to soft-hearted old Joe to inveigle him into making that tattoo-mark. Now it was clear to her—terribly, fiercely clear. Runner Baine had fleeced them, and disappeared. Through old Joe he had known of Nita's desire for a home. He had lied, falsified, stolen, forcing old Joe and even herself to become his accomplices in this despicable game to rob a gullible old man and woman! Hate surged through her. The wretched knowledge that she had been an innocent dupe in an abhorrent intrigue caught her and tormented her. White-faced, tense, she stood a moment irresolute, then——"

"Tressie," she ordered, "don't you ever dare tell father that you talked to me about this!"

"Lan', no, honey. He slice me up fo' toofpicks!"



Photo by Charlotte Fairchild

KATHLEEN NORRIS

The first book Kathleen Norris published went straight to the hearts of her public. "Mother," "The Heart of Rachael," "The Beloved Woman"—there are many more, and each one has established its author more securely in the front rank of American writers. Her latest novel, "Certain People of Importance," has been received by the critics with the warmest praise; it has been pronounced by one of them "The epic of American life." "The Secret of Margaret Yorke," which begins in the February DELINEATOR, is filled to the brim with romance and mystery and feeling. It is presented with that light, sure touch and that unfailing charm which we have all learned to expect from Kathleen Norris

But Janice already was on the way to her room, to write a hurried letter to the bank in Morgantown and enclose her savings pass-book. At least, she could do this. It meant the savings of her short lifetime—but it meant also a bit of ease for her conscience, and she almost ran to the post-office.

THE next day there was other conference with Tressie. Then, evading her mother, she haunted the express office, at last to receive a nod from the money window.

"We got it all right. If you'll just sign here, please."

Janice tucked the money package under her arm and hurried for the bank. There the task became more difficult, but someway she mastered it. At last:

"You see, it's a surprise for him," she told the wondering banker. "It's money I've borrowed—from some people I know who'll give me a long time to pay it back. I don't want him to know—because then he wouldn't let me do it. Can't you just hand him the mortgage, with a release and everything, together with all the interest money he's paid on it, and tell him that an old friend fixed it up for him for—for old times' sake?"

The banker smiled.

"I could do it all right. But he wouldn't believe it."

"He'd have to, if you wouldn't tell him differently!"

A strange relief in her heart, Janice came out of the big doors, started down the street, and then suddenly swerved. Men were working on the high building opposite her, tearing down banners of the circus and replacing them with new ones—which bore a different date.

THE billing which now flaunted itself high on the wall shouted the news in great block-letters that circus day was but a week off, instead of the three which had been announced before. Far down the street, bill-posters were at work. Janice sought the side streets. Bill-posters, as a rule, were beyond her realm of acquaintanceship, but she felt that she could take no chances. She had gone through one agony of fear—she wanted no more. So, by devious routings, she hurried for home and for the protection which the old house would give her.

But even there the circus followed her, as hustling boys "programmed" the streets, dropping on the veranda the colored sheets of pictorial display announcing the varied wonders of the coming aggregation. Janice examined the sheets with sudden interest. It was the same old show, almost to a person—with the exception of herself: Here were the Nelsons, the Mastin Family, the Yenchi Troupe, the Ben Aamer High-School Horses—one by one she named them over, familiar figures every one, her friends in other days. But now—now they must be looked upon as alien folks who must not be permitted to see her or hear of her. The old circus, her circus, had become an enemy which must be shunned! After a long time she moved out into the garden, there to toy with the flowers and to seek to put it all from her. In vain. The circus was coming—every billboard, every old shed flaunted the fact, every——

"Hello there, honey!" It was the shouted greeting of the Colonel, rounding into the yard, his arms wide to receive her as she ran to him. His eyes were clear and bright. The stoop had disappeared from his shoulders. High he lifted her against his breast, then set her down again, as though she were a child.

"Got good news for you, honey," he announced. "Got a telegram from Philip this mornin'. Be back in a few days."

"I'm so glad!" But Janice knew that this was not the sole cause of his exuberance. The end of a legal paper showed slightly above an inside pocket as the old man's Prince Albert flapped in the breeze. Janice knew it was the mortgage—and she watched with something almost akin to happiness as the Colonel rounded into the kitchen, boomed a greeting at the surprised Tressie, then went up-stairs in search of his white-haired sweetheart. That night, the threat of the circus, even the haunting ghost of her secret, seemed faint and far away. The veranda was itself again, with the Colonel and Mrs. Wentworth bickering as usual.

BUT it was only a slight respite. The days which followed brought the old menace, and the old, gnawling sense of concealment again. Philip returned, faithful as usual, brighter, more eager to please than ever—but it helped only slightly. It seemed she could not avoid the circus. In other times she would have been pleased with the efficient work of the hard-laboring billing crews; now, it meant only a constant reminder that she was a fraud, her every action a pretense, her every word a lie.

She strove to think of what she would do if some of her old friends, with their naive enthusiasm, should seek her out. And as she thought of it, she fought against the call that was surging within her to brave everything, to go back to the land where she could be herself again, to give up this false position in which she was fearful of her every move and return to the thing which would welcome her, for herself alone. Hard as the circus life might be, thankless as it was, with the inevitable penalty of being left behind at the end, it was far better than this. There, at least, while the youth was in her cheeks and the spring of lithe agility in her limbs, she would be a person to be envied—not the cowardly slave of her every fearful imagining. And even when the circus had gone onward, leaving her sapped and worthless in a lonely city, if she lived, or in a strange graveyard, if she died, there would be kind of her kind to remember her, to——

But it all died away with a sudden remembrance of her position. This was not a question of herself alone; the control of her destiny was out of her hands,

Continued on page 78

WHAT TO DO AT FIFTY

A thought-provoking letter—and some answers

MANY interesting letters come to the desk of the editor of a national magazine. Some of these are human documents. Many are cries for help. Mothers ask for guidance in the care of their children. Youth lays its hectic problems before disinterested minds. Old age comes with its helplessness or with a fine spirit of courage.

Occasionally a correspondent raises an ethical or intellectual question which challenges the best minds to thought.

Such a letter came to the editor of THE DELINEATOR a few months ago. The question involved was one which men and women from thirty years of age on might well pause to consider:

"I have always been a very earnest and conscientious worker; I feel that each person should try to make the world a little better place for his having lived therein. I have been saying for many years that I hoped to devote my whole time and energy, after I reached the age of fifty years, toward doing what I could to relieve the world of some of its misery, wretchedness and poverty; also, to do all in my power to lessen crime and to reduce, if I possibly could in any degree, some of the graft and crookedness in politics.

"I will appreciate any suggestions you might give me as to the organizations already formed along these lines with which I might affiliate or with which I might place my services in some capacity. I know you will gladly give me whatever information you can."

This letter was an intellectual and a spiritual challenge. Upon the wisdom of the answer might depend not merely the usefulness of one man, but the development of a finer ethical sense and a desire for real service in a great number of people.

We asked some of the most public-spirited men and women in the United States to give the best of their philosophy and experience in answer to the question raised in this man's letter.

We publish their replies below.

Human life is the most uncertain of all things in the universe. We may live a day or a hundred years. But most of us passing this way fail to fill the obligation really to make the world a better place for our having been in it.

There are, we believe, millions of men and women whose wholesome, honest lives accomplish good for the human race, although they have never *consciously* thought of repaying life.

Perhaps some of these, with a conscious determination to better the world, could not have accomplished more than their own honest work has done. But there are certainly millions of us, who, if we pause to consider our responsibility for raising civilization's standard a little higher because we have been privileged to live and love and serve, might help to make the next generation a little finer, a little closer to God.



HERBERT HOOVER

Herbert Hoover is only forty-eight, but he has crowded into those forty-eight years more experience than the rest of us could gain in several lifetimes. Mr. Hoover is Secretary of Commerce of the United States—there is no need to say more. His services to humanity during the war made his name a household word all over the world



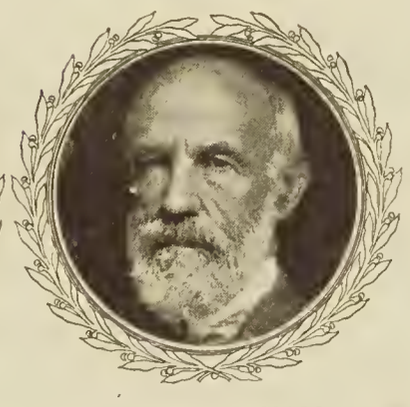
JOHN BARTON PAYNE

John Barton Payne is sixty-seven, and the story of his activities is so long that it can not all be included here. It is as chairman of the United States Shipping Board after the war, as Secretary of the Interior in the Cabinet of President Wilson, and present chairman of the American Red Cross organization that he is most familiar to us all



DON MARQUIS

Don Marquis is known and loved by lovers of real humor everywhere. He has written charming stories, and he has long conducted a column of real fun in the New York papers—until recently the "Sun-Dial" in the Evening Sun. He is at present forty-four, "colyumist" for the New York Tribune—and author of "The Old Soak"



G. STANLEY HALL

G. Stanley Hall is one of the most famous educators in the United States. His "Adolescence" appeared in 1904, "Youth—Its Education, Regimen and Hygiene," in 1907, and "Senescence, the Last Half of Life," in 1922. So Mr. Hall speaks with the authority of a man of seventy-six who has made a study of the whole cycle of human life



JULIA C. LATHROP

Julia C. Lathrop: "Humanitarian." Miss Lathrop has passed the fifty mark, and her record of unbroken public service surely qualifies her to speak. She has served on the Illinois State Board of Charities, she has been chief of the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor, and head of a dozen other philanthropic organizations



BOOTH TARKINGTON

Booth Tarkington at fifty-three is the dean of American letters. "The Gentleman from Indiana," "Penrod," "Seventeen," "Alice Adams," "The Magnificent Ambersons,"—it is a long and impressive list these are taken from. And twice in succession Mr. Tarkington has won the Pulitzer Prize for the best novel of the year

An Opportunity in Politics

THE greatest misery that can be relieved in the world is the misery that arises out of bad government, and if your correspondent and others similarly situated are willing to devote themselves to public service, they should go straight to the political side as being the only practical method by which these problems can be solved.

HERBERT HOOVER.

Welfare Begins at Home

I ASSUME that the gentleman who writes this letter is a successful man—that he has made good in some business or profession—otherwise, I suppose, he would not have the leisure to devote himself to reforming the world. Possibly he has accumulated money also, a great deal of money, and wishes to contribute money as well as personal effort to the Great Cause.

My advice to him is to take himself and his money right back into the business or profession in which he has spent the greater part of his fifty years, and labor for the remainder of his life to make that business or profession as nearly perfect as is humanly possible.

He knows that business. He has made a success of it. He has made it help him to a life of leisure at the age of fifty. If he deserts the thing he knows and goes out in a vague, well-intentioned way to reform the world, he may very possibly turn into a busybody and a meddler. A great many of these professed uplifters and reformers are just that, and do more harm in the world than they do good.

Let us suppose this gentleman has been a manufacturer. Very well, then, are there no abuses to be corrected in his line? Humanly and economically, is there nothing that cries out for a remedy? Are there no contacts with that political situation which he yearns to reform? Are the relations between employees and employer quite perfect? Are there no injustices, the removal of which will take out of the world a little bit of its misery and wretchedness and poverty and crime?

These questions are equally pertinent in their application to any business in the world.

The man who cleans up even a little bit of the business he is in has taken a lifetime contract for the biggest job there is in the world—a job that will take every ounce of his energy in a practical way and an idealistic way.

We have too many people now who think the uplift thing is a separate profession. Some of them are sincere enough—but they are for the most part wrong. The world will be cleaned up by each person cleaning up the little bit of it that he personally is responsible for, and no other way.

Go back to your business—and tend to it—and tend to no other person's business. That is the way to make a better place of the world.

DON MARQUIS.

A Problem for Research

SOME could serve best by money—but there are so many hundreds of cases that need it; others by writing, and yet others by working—but here, again, there are so many fields.

Thousands of young men just entering life are pestering all their friends with requests for advice as to where they shall settle, what they shall do—but has any one greatly succeeded by following other people's advice? No. Each must find his own career by a happy blend of inner impulse and outer opportunity. It could be well said that the chief and first vocation of man is to find his vocation. We recognize this more or less in the acquisitive callings, but it is just as true in the fields of altruistic service. Rockefeller's charities have been quadrupled in value because the fields of service he entered were so wisely chosen and the administration of his funds was so perfect. I am sure he has found wise giving about as arduous as getting was. I would therefore suggest that the gentleman you speak of spend a few years in diligent study of the various forms of service, organized and personal, and that when he has finished his research he give the rest of the world the benefit of his knowledge and tell us how he has decided and why.

G. STANLEY HALL.

Organizations Can Help

OF COURSE, advice is impossible, since no one knows the inner circumstances of another person's life, upon which decisions depend; but the following can do no harm at least:

Your correspondent says that he would like to reduce, if he possibly could, some of the graft and crookedness in politics. Perhaps one may venture to say that this must be done by a process of substitution. Graft and crookedness are the inevitable results of the neglect with which the majority of men of affairs treat political organization. A disinterested person who has the patience to study the game as carefully as many excellent citizens now study golf, and to give as many hours weekly to its practise, could do great service in the honest game of politics—provided always he has a sane confidence in democratic government and in the *possibility* of honest politics.

This, however, is preaching. I understand that your correspondent wants suggestions for organizations, and I judge from the note you enclose that he is interested in international issues. I believe he might be interested in such an organization as the Foreign Policy Association, whose purpose it is to increase the understanding in this country of the international questions which have arisen since the close of the war and to work toward sane world politics.

The National Civil Service Reform Association has an old-fashioned title, but its need of fresh, vigorous interest was never greater than now. I am sure that William Dudley Foulke, of Richmond, Indiana, who was one of

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SIMPLE INDOOR HOLIDAY DECORATIONS

Some new combinations of old favorites

What is more delightful during the holiday season than the fragrance of evergreens in the house? Simple arrangements of wreaths, garlands or bunches of pine, hemlock, laurel or holly play an important part in creating a festive atmosphere and help bring good will and holiday cheer



A simple doorway made bright and beautiful with sprays of holly, laurel and spruce, with a generous bunch of mistletoe directly in the center



Gracefully arranged wreaths of hemlock and sprays of holly make even bare wall-space look festive



For the Christmas table nothing could be more appropriate than a tiny Christmas tree surrounded by a wreath of holly



A single window displays a brilliant red wreath of immortelles trimmed with pine-cones, holly and oak leaves dipped in antique-gilt paint



A simple basket, filled with colorful grasses and brilliant leaves, will cheer an otherwise somber corner



A seemingly careless arrangement of swamp-berries, holly and laurel brings beauty and charm to table and picture



Bunches of holly in back of the mirror make a delightful contrast with the garland of pine, laurel and immortelles below





In selecting your Christmas tree see that it is well proportioned and carefully trimmed, then anything you put on it will only enhance its attractiveness for the children

THE HAPPY CHILD

SCIENTIFIC BABY CARE

The purpose of the series of articles under this title, of which the accompanying one is the seventh, is to place at the disposal of mothers the knowledge of America's foremost specialists in baby care and child welfare

PRECEDING ARTICLES

Prenatal care, the care of the baby at birth, the general care of the baby, maternal nursing, unsuccessful nursing and artificial feeding have been covered in preceding issues. Articles to come will have to do with equally important steps in the career of the Happy Child up through the formative years of early youth. The completed series will comprise the most up-to-date scientific information accessible to mothers

PAMPHLET REPRINTS

Some of the most helpful articles are available in pamphlet form. "The Expectant Mother and the New Baby," by Dr. Ralph Lobenstine, and "The General Care of the Baby," by Dr. L. Emmett Holt, will be sent to any parent on receipt of ten cents for each pamphlet. Address Child Health Department,
THE DELINEATOR



"THE WORLD IS MINE"

CONTRIBUTING EXPERTS

DR. L. EMMETT HOLT
Adviser in THE DELINEATOR'S *Child Health Campaign; Physician-in-Chief, Babies' Hospital, New York City, and President of the Child Health Organization*

DR. HENRY L. K. SHAW
Recently President, American Child Hygiene Association and Director Division of Child Welfare in the New York State Department of Health

DR. THOMAS W. SALMON
Medical Director, National Committee for Mental Hygiene

DR. RALPH LOBENSTINE
Chairman of the Medical Advisory Board of the Maternity Center Association of New York City; formerly Obstetrician to the New York Lying-in Hospital

DR. WILLIAM PALMER LUCAS
Professor of Diseases of Children, University of California; formerly Director of the Child Welfare Work of the American Red Cross in Europe

DR. OWEN LOVEJOY
General Secretary, National Child Labor Committee

FEEDING DURING THE FIRST YEAR

By DR. L. EMMETT HOLT

IN THE feeding of any single baby the questions to be decided are: first, the amount of food to be given in twenty-four hours; second, the proportions of the different ingredients — milk, sugar, etc.—which make up the total; third, the volume of the food, which includes besides the things mentioned the amount of water or other diluent which is added; fourth, the number of feedings into which the quantity allowed for the twenty-four hours is to be divided and the frequency with which the feedings are to be given.

The amount of food is not determined by the child's age alone, although this is one of the things to be considered. One can not say, for instance, that every baby four months old should have a certain amount of food. One baby at four months may weigh sixteen pounds, another at the same age, though not ill, may weigh only nine pounds. Evidently the large child needs more food than the small one. Two babies six months old may weigh exactly the same; one is a quiet, placid, good-natured child and sleeps a great deal; the other is very active, lively, energetic, of a nervous type. This active child works much harder and actually needs more food than the quiet one.

All these things mentioned—the age, the weight and the activity of the child—are reflected in his demand for food, his appetite. This natural desire, if not perverted by bad training or by food of an improper kind, is one of the best guides we have to how much food an infant or an older child actually needs.

In feeding a baby no part of the procedure requires more experience or better judgment than this of deciding how much to feed any given child. If too little is given, there is no proper gain in weight and the baby is fretful and unhappy, usually cries when the bottle is emptied and often also before the next feeding-time.

If too much food is regularly given, the baby either refuses some, or if he takes it all, he may vomit or be uncomfortable, colicky and sleepless with undigested bowel movements, and show here also no proper gain in weight.

SINCE the food now given is not the baby's natural food, it is even more important than in the case of nursing infants that we do not overfeed. There is constant danger of this, as the supply is practically unlimited and the feeling on the part of most mothers is that, if the baby is not gaining as fast as he should, the thing to do is to give him more food.

From what has been said, it is evident that it is very difficult to say beforehand exactly how much food a given baby should have. What is attempted in the following directions is to state what an average healthy baby of a certain age and weight requires and thrives best upon. This will serve as a beginning. The amount given to the particular child who is being fed will be determined later by watching the symptoms closely and increasing or decreasing the food according to the child's behavior.

The simplest formulas are those made from whole milk with the addition of sugar and plain water or barley-water as a diluent.

Formulas for Healthy Children for the Early Months

	I	II	III	IV	V	VI	VII
Milk (ounces)	3	3¼	3½	3¾	4	4¼	4½
Sugar (ounces)	½	½	½	½	½	½	½
Water (ounces)	7	6¾	6½	6¼	6	5¾	5½
Flour (even teaspoons)	0	0	0	0	½	½	½
Total ounces	10	10	10	10	10	10	10

The sugar is here estimated by weight; if cane (granulated) sugar is used, one level tablespoonful may be reckoned as half an ounce; if milk-sugar or malt-sugar, one round tablespoonful as half an ounce.

Formulas of the strength of No. I might be used for a new-born baby, the food being increased to II, III, etc. every few days, according to the baby's appetite and digestion. With an average child, No. VII would usually be reached by the end of the first month.

Later Formulas from Whole Milk for Healthy Infants

	VIII	IX	X	XI
Milk (ounces)	4¾	5	5½	6
Sugar (ounces)	½	½	½	⅓
Water (ounces)	5¼	5	4½	4
Flour (teaspoons)	1	1	1½	2
Total ounces	10	10	10	10

When a formula of the strength of No. VIII is reached, the increase should be made more slowly. Sometimes for a week, or even two or three weeks, a child will gain and be quite satisfied with the same food, a slight increase in the amount given being the only change necessary.

Stronger Formulas for Older Infants

	XII	XIII	XIV	XV
Milk (ounces)	6½	7	7½	8
Sugar (ounces)	⅓	¼	¼	¼
Water (ounces)	3½	3	2½	2
Flour (even tablespoons)	½	¾	1	1½
Total ounces	10	10	10	10

In all these three groups of formulas the method is the same of gradually increasing the proportion of milk and reducing the water, increasing the flour and reducing the sugar as the baby gets older. By the time No. XI is reached the food will evidently be four-fifths milk and one-fifth gruel of flour and water. With most children this will be reached by the tenth or eleventh month.

The steps of increase should always be very gradual, not greater than is indicated in the formulas given and sometimes even more slowly; but how rapidly a child will pass from one formula to the next stronger will depend upon a number of things: the weather (increasing more slowly in hot than in cold weather), activity, dentition and, most of all, the appetite.

IN ALL the formulas given the quantities needed to make up only ten ounces is mentioned. Of course, the baby will require much more than this. For twenty ounces one should use twice as much of each ingredient; for twenty-five ounces, two and a half times; for thirty ounces, three times as much, etc.

The flour used may be barley, rice or oat flour.

Where to begin at any age with a particular child is always a somewhat difficult question to decide. In every case the first formula tried is somewhat in the nature of an experiment, for one can not tell in advance how well a baby can digest cow's milk who has previously never taken it. A good general rule is to allow daily, for an average healthy baby over two months old, one and a half ounces of milk for each pound of weight. Thus, a baby weighing ten pounds would require fifteen ounces of milk daily; one of sixteen pounds, twenty-four ounces; one of twenty pounds, thirty ounces daily. These would represent average weights at about two months, six months and eleven months. But the weight is a much better guide than the age to the amount needed.

Formula Using Top-Milk—There are a good many strong children with good digestion who do much better when somewhat more fat is given than is present in formulas from whole milk. For such babies top-milk may be used. By top-milk is meant the upper layer removed from milk after standing. It is really thin cream. If milk purchased in quart bottles is used, the top-milk desired is obtained by *removing the upper half* when it has stood two hours after delivery. If the milk is obtained fresh from the cows, the top-milk may be removed after it has stood four or five hours in the bottles in which it is cooled. The first three or four ounces should be carefully dipped off with a spoon or small cream-dipper; the balance may be slowly poured off.

Since top-milk is richer than whole milk, less of it should be used in making up any of the formulas which

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WOMEN WHO HAVE WON

What woman has done, woman can do

A STENOGRAPHER ATHLETE

Revealing the stuff that champions are made of

"AT FIRST it was as much of a surprise to me as to any one else," is all that Adeline Gehrig, three times woman fencing champion of the United States and all-around champion athlete, will say of the success and honors which she has won.

"From my little-girl days my body has hungered for exercise as truly as any one's body ever hungered for food," she declared. "I have simply gone about satisfying this hunger, and see—these honors have just come to me."

When she was eleven years old, Adeline Gehrig started in a Newark after-school gymnasium class. Several years later, when her mother moved to New York, the daughter continued her athletics with the New York Turn-Verein Club, of which she is still a member. Two evenings every week she devotes to gymnasium work, and since 1916 she has spent an additional evening weekly in fencing.

Miss Gehrig feels that she owes her fencing championship largely to a happy chance and to the keen, kind-hearted old fencing master who urged her to take up the sport and who has coached her diligently and proudly to her successes. She had always thought of fencing as a sport for the leisure classes. She herself is a stenographer who since early in life has had to earn her own living. While in the gymnasium one evening five years ago, she spied a number of fencing-foils. She wanted to experience the feel of them in her hand. Like *Goldenlocks* in "The House of the Three Bears," she picked up first one, then another of the foils until she found one that was just right. Unconscious of the watchful eye of the fencing master, she lunged freely in play, until she heard a voice at her side: "If I'm not mistaken, you're the stuff that champions are made of!" At first she laughed, but when she found that the master was in earnest, she too became serious, and she began her fencing that very night.



Adeline Gehrig

In her first tournament, after only eight months of practise, Miss Gehrig was the runner-up and winner of the silver medal. During the following three years of the war there were no further tournaments, but in March, 1920, she became champion in the tournament on the strips of the New York Turn-Verein. Among her opponents were a number of experts of the New York Fencers' Club and out-of-town clubs. Each succeeding year Miss Gehrig has retained her title.

In Chicago last July Miss Gehrig won her title as champion all-round woman athlete at the American Athletic Union Tournament. Among five hundred contestants she scored highest in all athletics, esthetic dancing, running, jumping, standing broad-jump, basketball throw, and exercises on the horses and parallel bars.

Miss Gehrig speaks casually of her many medals and cups—these are only incidentals in her scheme of things. She feels that she has gotten much more out of her sports then she has ever put into them, but the things that she values are not honors, but health and the joy of living.

Miss Gehrig is a vivacious brunette, five feet six and one-half inches tall and weighs one hundred and fifty pounds. There is an exuberant spring in her steps, even after she has tramped miles, and a happy brightness in her eyes. She loves the out-of-doors and spends her vacations and week-ends tramping and camping. She is complete master of her body, and her every movement is grace itself.

Although she is proficient in all sports, fencing is her favorite. "Fencing gives me grace, confidence, speed, concentration and coordination," she will tell you. "It can do as much for any other woman. I would ask nothing else of it than that."

There is one symbol of her success of which Miss Gehrig is justly proud. It is a tiny hand-wrought gold pin, a replica of a fencing-foil. It was made for Miss Gehrig by her fencing master and given to her as a special tribute by this prophet who, the first day he watched her handle a foil, was not afraid to proclaim, "You're the stuff that champions are made of."

A CAREER OF SERVICE

The story of a success that came through self-sacrifice

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE gave to the world more than books and stories of idealism: He gave a daughter, Rose, and the idealism of the father's stories lives again in the life of his youngest daughter. For Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, daughter of this well-known American author, has dedicated her life, even the honored name she bore, to become a servant of the poor who are victims of incurable cancer. To-day she is known simply as Mother Alphonsa of the third order of St. Dominic, founder and Mother Superior of St. Rose's Home, New York, and of The Rosary, at Hawthorne, New York, the only free hospitals for incurable cancer.

To one or the other of these hospitals during the past twenty-six years thousands of friendless and penniless cancer victims have come to die. Among them were those who, because of the nature of their cruel malady, were no longer welcome at home and those who had faced the closed doors of all general hospitals and to whom special sanatorium treatment was prohibitive.

By the years of sacrifice, grace, service and dauntless courage of Mother Alphonsa, for the first time in months, sometimes in years, these sufferers have known the blessedness of expert care given sympathetically and ungrudgingly. In the cheerful sun-parlors of the hospitals, in the simple gardens, or in the beds, outcasts who were once alone in their terror find that life still holds some comfort and companionship.

Mother Alphonsa's hospitals are always full to overflowing. Every horror of cancer is represented here, yet it is horror magnificently ignored. Each patient quietly waits the end of his suffering. And it is only by virtue of one victim's release by death that another finds entrance. Three hundred and fifty-five died in St. Rose's Home last year, one for almost every day in the year, and as many more were welcomed in.

Some need only a few days' or a few weeks' sufferance; others remain for years. The old Irish woman of Catholic faith, the protestant Scotchman, who should have been in his prime, the little blind Jewish boy of four, and the young negress who sits straight up in her bed, waiting for the end, all receive the same tender care.

In the world of her youth Mother Alphonsa was a vivid personality, the charming wife of George Parson Lathrop, once editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*. She wrote for magazines, traveled and entertained. She was beloved, admired and sheltered. But even from her life, sickness and sadness could not be kept out. She lost a child, and she was frequently called to the bedside of four of her very dear friends who died of cancer.

After the death of her husband, when she was forty-four, she decided to cast her lot with those who taste the quintessence of human suffering. Because she had had glimpses of the mental and physical anguish which cancer inflicts upon those loved and cared for in comfort, she could visualize what torture must be endured by victims in tenements without care, money or hope.

So she took a course in the cancer ward of the Memorial Hospital, New York City, and then went down to the slums. She rented three small rooms, which she herself scrubbed and painted. She became one of the poor; she examined their sores, she dressed their wounds, comforted them and gave them relief.

For a year and a half, until another joined her in the work, her nursing day was from half-past five in the morning until eleven at night. Often she sat up until two o'clock writing appeals for funds, for that first modest hospital, as well as its two present successors, was founded only on faith in humanity's response to so gripping a cause. Sometimes her larder was almost empty, but she was never afraid of the morrow. When she spoke as the herald of the helpless poor and the dying, she felt that there was none who would not hear, and help.

Mother Alphonsa to-day is an old woman, past seventy, but her many years of service seem not to have registered as age. She can no longer stand the strain of constant nursing, but she still carries grandly the burdens of financing and directing her hospitals.

For herself she asks nothing but the strength to serve as long as life lasts. But for the thousands dying in America each year of incurable cancer she asks more hospitals like her own, where the doors are always open, so long as there is a bed, to the friendless and penniless of every color, race or creed. She asks, too, for others to take up the torch she soon must lay down, for nurses are needed in this ministry of extreme mercy. And she asks, finally, for gifts of dimes and dollars from all who are healthy and happy that she may help those destitute, in the shadow of a terrible death, who come to her for care.

SHE BUILDS HOUSES

How a wholesale home-maker pushed her way to the top

NINE years ago Elsie K. Lempke was a stenographer at eight dollars a week; to-day she is general manager of a million-dollar plant of The Aladdin Company, manufacturers of ready-cut houses, in Wilmington, North Carolina. In her plant she can build five thousand houses a year. Her yearly salary is ten thousand dollars. Miss Lempke's success is a tribute to her own will to succeed. She was born in Petoskey, Michigan, just twenty-nine years ago. At sixteen she was teaching in a country school to help pay her expenses through college. Upon her graduation she went into the Michigan office of The Aladdin Company as one of eighty stenographers.

Even during her first days with the company she was singled out for her unusual work. Other stenographers merely transcribed their employers' letters, she did more than that: She read the letter to which her dictation was an answer. She studied old files and was not satisfied until she understood every reference, or until she could tell what would be the answer to a letter before the answer was dictated to her. Furthermore, she read in her spare time every lumber-trade bulletin that came into the office. She watched market quotations, learned about the different grades of lumber, reasoned out price fluctuations and practised forecasting quotations.



Elsie K. Lempke

Tactfully and unobtrusively, as her employer offered her the opportunity, she relieved him of responsibilities and gave him the benefit of the information she had stored up in her memory. Soon she was answering all of the correspondence herself.

After a few months, when the president of the company needed a private secretary, Miss Lempke won the promotion over the roomful of other stenographers. With it she earned a salary of eighteen dollars a week. As secretary to the president she took advantage of every opportunity to learn the business, and more and more sales and executive matters were entrusted to her.

After five years, Miss Lempke's second promotion came. She was appointed assistant general manager of the Wilmington plant. Her next step up was as general salesmanager of the sales office in Tampa, and the most recent success came in January, 1922, when, after almost doubling the sales in her territory, she was made general manager of the Wilmington plant. In her new position Miss Lempke has already designed and built some of the most popular and best-selling houses her company has ever produced. All along the line of her achievements, this remarkable woman has met and passed many men and other women in her business who had chances equal to hers. But they hadn't her earnestness, her determination, her thirst for understanding or her goal to do everything a little better than any one else could or would do it. Now Miss Lempke can receive a carload of lumber at the back door of her plant, guide it through every machine, call every saw its right name, adjust every plane to the proper fraction of an inch and carry through every building process until the original lumber goes out the front door of the plant a complete house.

And with it all, this young woman who is doing a man-sized job is young, gracious, charming and unspoiled by business success. She is as truly a womanly woman as one who has never stepped over a business threshold.

DINING-ROOMS IN GOOD TASTE

Third article on the furnishing of a six-room house

By MRS. CHARLES BRADLEY SANDERS



THE FIRST REQUISITE IS THAT A DINING-ROOM BE CHEERFUL AND BRIGHT; THE SECOND THAT IT BE RESTFUL AND COMFORTABLY FURNISHED



PLATE-RAILS, WHICH ARE GENERALLY SO MUCH OVERCROWDED, SHOULD BE CONFINED TO DINING-ROOMS OF DUTCH OR THE PEASANT-COTTAGE TYPE

THE dining-room is the place in which we start our daily life, therefore much depends on its decoration and furnishing. The first requisite then is that the dining-room be cheerful and bright; the second, that it be restful and comfortably furnished. To achieve cheerfulness, the exposure of the room and the number of windows are important, while to make the room restful, the color scheme and the furnishings must be considered.

If possible, the dining-room should have an eastern exposure. This plan admits the morning sun at breakfast, which insures a bright and cheerful start for the day. Some houses are planned so that the dining-room occupies a wing, thus giving the sunlight at breakfast and the sunset at the dinner-hour—a plan well worth considering when building. If a house is fairly large, a broad porch off the dining-room should be considered, as in Summer it may be used instead of the dining-room indoors. In such a case, French doors should connect them, which would give more light than wooden doors. Bay windows, with window-seats beneath, or a cluster of casement windows, if the architecture of the house permits, may be planned for freely, as this is the room of all rooms in which one may use windows.



Photos by Mattie Hewett

A SQUARE DROP-LEAF TABLE AND INTERLACING LADDER-BACK CHAIRS COMBINE WELL IN THIS ROOM

ALL these requisites are applicable to any style room, but the color scheme and furnishings are important in making the room restful and decorative.

How the room is to be papered or furnished depends upon its size. A large room is suitable to landscape, period or figured wall-coverings, with period or formal furniture, while the smaller dining-room looks well in plain painted, tinted, or paneled walls, with cottage or breakfast-room type of furniture.

If oak furniture is desired for a dining-room, it should be of very simple, straight lines and finished with a stain and wax. Whether the dining-room furniture be of mahogany, walnut or oak, a dresser or sideboard, a serving-table, six chairs and a dining-table are the necessary requirements for a comfortable room. A china-closet is not an essential, as it is not considered good taste to display one's china and glass, any more than to show off one's linen or silver. However, a small corner cabinet of interesting design may contain a few pieces of rare china or pottery, thereby giving a note of color to a plain cream, ivory or gray painted room. Having a generously large, round, square or oblong dining-table adds dignity and comfort to a room. With these, chairs of the Adam, Sheraton, Heppelwhite or William and Mary type would be appropriate and in good taste. The long, narrow or refectory type of table is fast becoming used in rooms of similar proportion, and its popularity may be credited to the fact that it permits intimate cross-table conversation at a luncheon for two or a dinner-party of eight. This type of table lends itself to the use of Venetian glass, Italian pottery or peasant English ware. Filet lace and linen runners go well with this type of table, and either benches or chairs are correct so long as they are in keeping with the period or decoration of the table.

Dining-room rugs with a small all-over design or indefinite stripe in the Orientals, Wilton or chenille are far more appropriate and serviceable than a plain-colored carpet or rug. Plain colors become too easily spotted and marked.



PAINTED WALLS AND CASEMENT WINDOWS MAKE AN APPROPRIATE SETTING FOR THE PAINTED BREAKFAST-ROOM TYPE OF FURNITURE

THE walls of a dining-room should be fairly free from pictures, the exception being one or two engravings or an interesting subject in oil. These may be hung either over the sideboard, serving-table or fireplace. Often a mirror of antique gilt or wood is hung lengthwise over the sideboard or upright over a serving-table. This arrangement gives the idea of space and reflects the silver or glassware in the room. On the sideboard place a few pieces of good silver, which may include candlesticks or a silver service, or a low pottery bowl filled with fruit or flowers, with candlesticks to match. Some bits of red and yellow glass may be displayed to excellent advantage, but do not combine the display of silver, pottery and glass all at one time in any dining-room.

As blue is an excellent color to show off silver and glassware, many persons feel that they want blue dining-rooms. This is a mistake, however, as blue used in large quantities absorbs the light and makes a room gloomy. Blue draperies and china against cream walls make a happy combination and lend about the correct amount of blue to display silver or glassware. The plate-rail, which has been sorely overcrowded and put in dining-rooms regardless of the type of architecture, should be confined to rooms of Dutch influence or the peasant-cottage type of house, and have on it only a very few interesting and decorative articles, such as pewter, Delft or an interesting plate of French or English ware.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR THE HOME-MAKER



This Dresden-china lady covers with her decorated wire-mesh skirt a plate for cakes or fruit



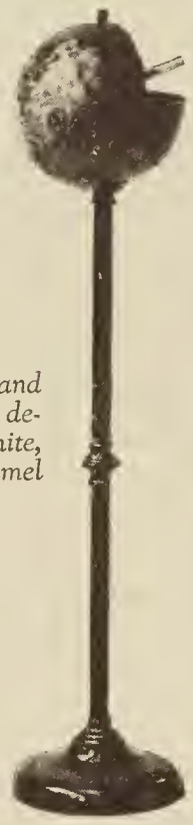


Fruit-plates in yellow, blue or green, with knives, make a welcome addition to the dining-room

In the center oval—Sturdy plaster elephants, finished in bronze, make trustworthy guardians for a few volumes on the table



Nothing could be more appropriate for a sideboard or serving-table than this gold-and-black carved-wood compote, with two interesting candlesticks to match



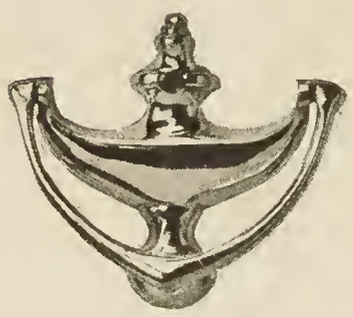
A novel ash-stand with painted floral design comes in white, black or gray enamel





This oil-painting, measuring sixteen by nineteen inches, with a pair of brass candelabra, makes an interesting composition for a living-room mantel



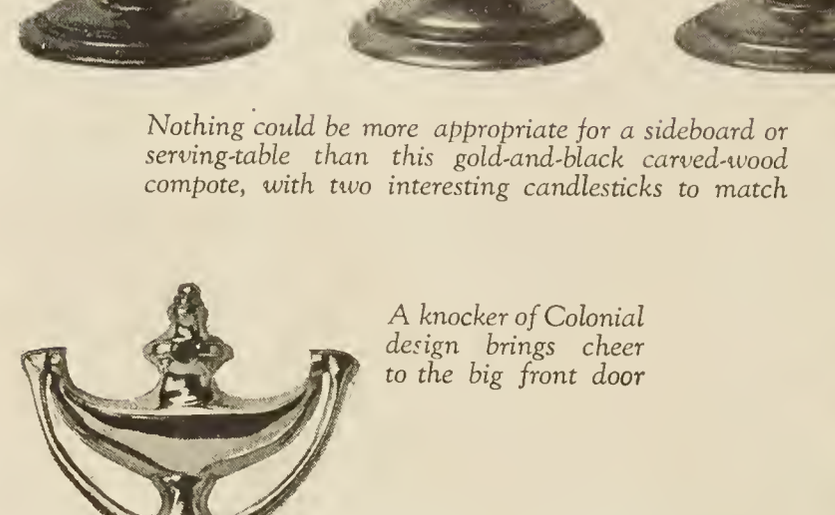


A knocker of Colonial design brings cheer to the big front door

This butterfly knocker would be suitable for the bedroom, living-room or dining-room door



A nest of three tables, in black or red lacquer, with glass tops, come reasonably priced and make useful additions to either dining-room or living-room furnishings



An old edition of a French book converted into a box would make a novel cigaret-box for a man, while red writing-paper in an interesting box would please a young lady



In blues and tans, this copy of an old French writing-tablet, in wood fiber, contains sheets of blotting-paper and harmonizes with the blue china inkwell and the yellow feather pen



Photographs by White Studio

A DELIGHTFUL PORTRAIT OF INA CLAIR NOW APPEARING IN "THE AWFUL TRUTH"

THE NEW IN NEW YORK

By Evelyn Dodge

NEW YORK is rapidly arriving at the time of its year when it lives its own life within doors. On the street the remnant of the flapper brigade which remains shorn and short-skirted takes its gay way through ice and slush in its new Russian boot arctics. They are smarter-looking and less ungainly than the unbuckled mousquetaire affairs of last Winter—what *Captain Traprock* would call "friendly arctics"—with a fur band of caracul at the top. Worn as the Ziegfield flapper wears them, with short coats of caracul, they are really extremely engaging.

No one has ever been able to make the Russian boot acceptable to women for it should be worn with a very short skirt. Women who walk wear the pump and light-colored gaiter; but indoors in the daytime one sees only the pump of fine patent leather with a steel buckle and a very thin cocoa-colored, or dark brown, beige or gray stocking.

MANY smartly dressed women seen recently at the Ritz at luncheon and tea are wearing turbans made of metal cloth, the crown plain and the brim of braided stuffed tubing made of the metallic cloth. The dull silver and aluminum are the most becoming, but one also sees them in dull gold and occasionally in the gold or silver shot with jade green or dark blue. The tubing is the same kind that is used for coat and cape collars, and it also makes a most attractive turban in satin or the crêpe silks.

Like so much of the modern millinery these hats identify themselves with no one season. They are quite as suitable for Spring as for Winter and in the metal cloths they are worn with restaurant dinner dresses as well as with afternoon frocks. Expensive little hats, of course, though not as spectacularly so as Sorel's million-franc crown of diamonds. They are easily made, for one can get the turban shapes, and they look extraordinarily smart worn with long decorative earrings of jet or jade, or with a black lace veil.

The would-be papal marchesa in that charming little musical comedy, "Orange Blossoms," wears a small turban with a long narrow veil of fine brown lace, which reaches to the hands at the sides. It makes an effective indoor hat but carries rather too much sail for the street.

THE Fifth Avenue shops are showing an endless variety of the new deep berthas. It is characteristic of American styles that they ignore the nuances and must be either one thing or the other with great definiteness. Either no collar at all or a bertha that reaches almost to the waistline is the present vogue in New York, applied with great enthusiasm but absolutely no sense of propriety. One sees in the subway collarless, sleeveless dresses sufficiently décolletté to be worn to the opera, and serge and jersey dresses worn with lace berthas only suitable for a silk or velvet afternoon gown.

BERTHAS are altogether delightful worn in the right way and with the right costume and are made of lace or of net trimmed with lace, though one also sees them, especially the shaped berthas, in Georgette or silk crêpe on dresses of the same material. The metallic laces are worn on velvet evening gowns, but the berthas of lace or the dress material are worn with day dresses. Sometimes the lace is stiff and heavy after the manner of the old Dutch portraits, but more frequently it is a fine net, Binche, chantilly or shadow lace, filet or Venise, varying from white through cream, ivory and blond to a deep ochre.

TALULLAH BANKHEAD AND ENID MARKEY WHO PLAYED TOGETHER RECENTLY IN "THE EXCITERS"

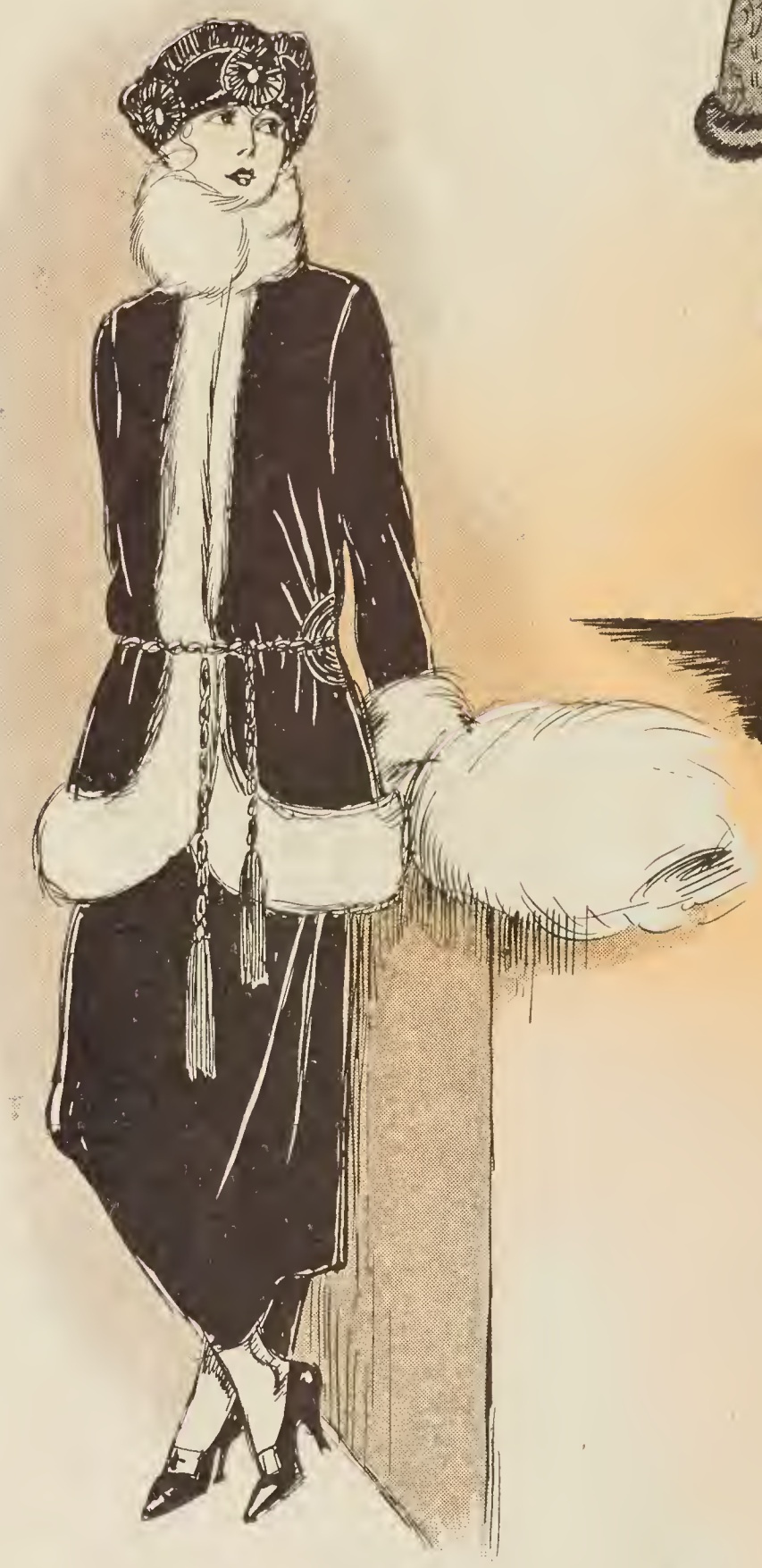


SOULIÉ'S CROQUIS, SENT FROM ESTABLISHMENT, SKETCH OF GREAT



Suits share in the revived elegance of French dress and even woolens weave themselves into a semblance of brocade. Madeleine et Madeleine use a figured cloth of cinnamon brown above a plain skirt of the same color

As exquisite as only a French couturier can make a tailored suit is Martial et Armand's costume of gray raillaine, with a collar of white rabbit. Stitched bands reverse the direction of the fine stripes but follow the straight lines of the skirt and jacket



The three-piece costume composes itself of a jacket or long coat and a dress, or a jacket and skirt, as in the case of "Enfant Prodigue," a suit of Liliane red velvet trimmed prodigally with white fox. By Beer



Box-plaited panels weave themselves into a checker-board pattern with the square embroidery on a charming afternoon dress of marroon-brown crêpe Marocain, with an original sleeve and collar. From Beer

A tunic of steel brocade posed over a black velvet slip and girdled with steel and velvet flowers is Martial et Armand's answer to Midwinter dinner invitations. The collar is of black velvet

THE DELINEATOR'S PARIS

THE PARISIAN IN GOWNS

FORMALITY



Rose moire embroidered with cherry-red glass beads and with a great rose at the hip answers to its highly proper and appropriate name of "L'heure Exquise." The godet ripples of the skirt come to the instep.
By Beer

"Phedre" is the dramatic name of a dinner dress made dramatic by the gorgeous color of its draperies, Indian red with a twisted girdle of red and gold. The drapery begins at the shoulder and is caught up at the low waistline. By Madeleine et Madeleine



A Cossack coat flares from what was once our waistline in a costume of gray kashavella, trimmed with fur and a braiding that sketches in a vest where none exists. Both the suit and the Russian head-dress hat are by Jeanne Lanvin



Once again the Parisian makes visits of ceremony and meets her afternoon engagements in costumes of great formality and elegance. For le beau monde, Doucet makes an afternoon tailleur of pink and gray velours de Smyrne trimmed with gray monkey

Doucet is one of "les grands maisons" that work always in the grand manner. His dress of black chiffon velvet drapes from the bust to the hem and the train of old-gold lace is held to the arm and shoulder by braces and bracelets of diamonds



Dress 4115





Evening dress 4183
Embroidery design
10941

Dress 4131



Dress 4185

Dress 4154
Embroidery design 10922



Dress 4136



Dress 4175

Other views and descriptions are on page 82

Dress 4132

Dress 4121

Dress 4134
Embroidery
design 10954

Dress 4142
Embroidery
design 10922

Dress 4099

Dress 4146
Embroidery design
10987

Dress 4150

Other views and descriptions of these costumes are on page 82

Dress 4138
Embroidery
design 10976

Dress 4156

Dress 4163

Dress 4149
Hat 3596

Suit 4169

Dress 4104
Monogram
design 10787

Dress 4120
Embroidery
design 10734

Dress 4141

Suit 4140

Dress
4143

Other views and descriptions are on page 83

Dress 4183

Dress 4168

Dress 4155

Dress 4158
Embroidery design 10111

Dress 4128
Embroidery design 10880

Dress 4086

Other views and descriptions are on page 84

Dress 4152
Embroidery design 10873

Dress 4162
Embroidery design 10928

Dress 4127

Dress 4095

Dress 4164

Dress 4089
Embroidery
design 10925

Dress 4160

Dress 4166

Dress 4144

Other views and descriptions of these costumes are on page 85

NEW DRESSES ACCOMODATE FULNESS BY DRAPERIES AND PRESERVE THE STRAIGHT EFFECT WITH PLAITS OR PANELS



Dress 4139
Embroidery design
10844

Dress 4202
Embroidery
design 10999

Dress 4199
Embroidery
design 10118

Dress 4201

Dress 4198

Dress 4200

Dress 4148
Monogram design
10787

Descriptions and other views of these garments are on page 85

DISTINCTIVE APPAREL FOR OUT-OF-DOORS AND TWO NEAT MORNING DRESSES

4130—4147—Such a blouse, box-plaited and opening down the front, worn with these knickers is a brave array for the victor. A reenforced seat makes the knickers useful for riding, motoring, general sports wear or hiking. For the blouse use crêpe de Chine, radium, wash satin, habutai, etc., and for the knickers, heather mixtures, tweeds, etc.

36 bust and 38 hip require 1⅞ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine and 1¼ yard 54-inch tweed.

The blouse is neat for ladies 32 to 44 bust; the knickers are trim for ladies 35 to 47½ hip, also for misses and girls 8 to 18 years.



4130

Blouse 4130
Knickers 4147



4147

4170—Housekeeping duties fly on wings if one wears the one-piece morning dress of the slip-over type, in chambray, gingham, Japanese crêpe, cotton prints, percale, etc. The vest can always be freshened, desirable when one wears it about the house or under a coat for marketing. The dress has a straight lower edge. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards of 32-inch gingham and ½ yard of 32-inch chambray.

The morning dress is practical for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4188—One-minute errands and unexpected morning calls are not to be dreaded if one wears a morning dress with a gay vest and trimmings. It slips on over the head and the straight skirt joins the waist at a low waistline. Use gingham, chambray, Japanese crêpe, cotton prints, percale, plain or figured sateen, etc. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards of 32-inch chambray and ⅝ yard 36-inch cretonne.

The morning dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



Morning dress 4170



Morning dress 4188

4011—3936—A very smart tailored suit of this type is a necessity for every well-rounded wardrobe. The coat may be 32 to 38 inches long at the back, and the two-piece skirt has a waistline which is 1¼ inch above normal. For the suit use wool-pile fabrics, camel's-hair suiting, Oxford suiting, soft twills, tricotine, serge, stripes, checks, etc. Lower edge of the skirt is 1½ yard.

36 bust and 38 hip require 3½ yards of 54-inch wool rep.

The suit is smart for ladies 32 to 48 bust and 35 to 55 hip.

3974—4016—A coat which blouses to form a belt effect on the hips, is often worn over a dress in twills, wool rep, etc. This one-piece blouse coat has a raglan sleeve and is becoming in wool pile fabrics, zibeline, matelassé, etc. The dress slips on over the head and the draped skirt joins a long body with a choice of body lining. Lower edge of dress 51½ inches.

36 bust requires for coat 2⅞ yards 40-inch matelassé, and for dress 1⅝ yard 40-inch silk crêpe for body and 2⅝ yards 40-inch silk crêpe.

The blouse coat is excellent for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses. The dress is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4133—A raglan coat, finished with a deep shawl collar of fur is destined for a lot of motor trips and general hack wear. This is a splendid type of coat for reversible material. It may be made in a shorter length. For it use materials like tweeds, mixtures, double-faced coatings, homespun, camel's hair, herring-bone, cheviots, polo cloth or checks. Lower edge of the coat 2 yards.

36 bust requires 3 yards of 54-inch homespun and ¾ yard of 54-inch contrasting material.

The coat is excellent for ladies 32 to 46 bust, also for misses.



Coat 4011
Skirt 3936



4011



3936



Blouse Coat 3974
Dress 4016



Coat 4133



4133



4016



3974



4170



4188

FASHION SOUNDS A NEW NOTE IN BLOUSES AND SKIRTS



Jacket blouse 4161
Skirt 4179
Embroidery design 10118

4161 — 4179 — 10118 — This smart jacket blouse may be worn as a jacket or a blouse over the two-piece straight skirt. It has a circular section set in each side seam and joins a camisole body. All-over embroidery in metallic threads is new. Work it in outline, running and satin stitch.

36 bust and 38 hip require 4⅞ yards 40-inch silk crêpe.

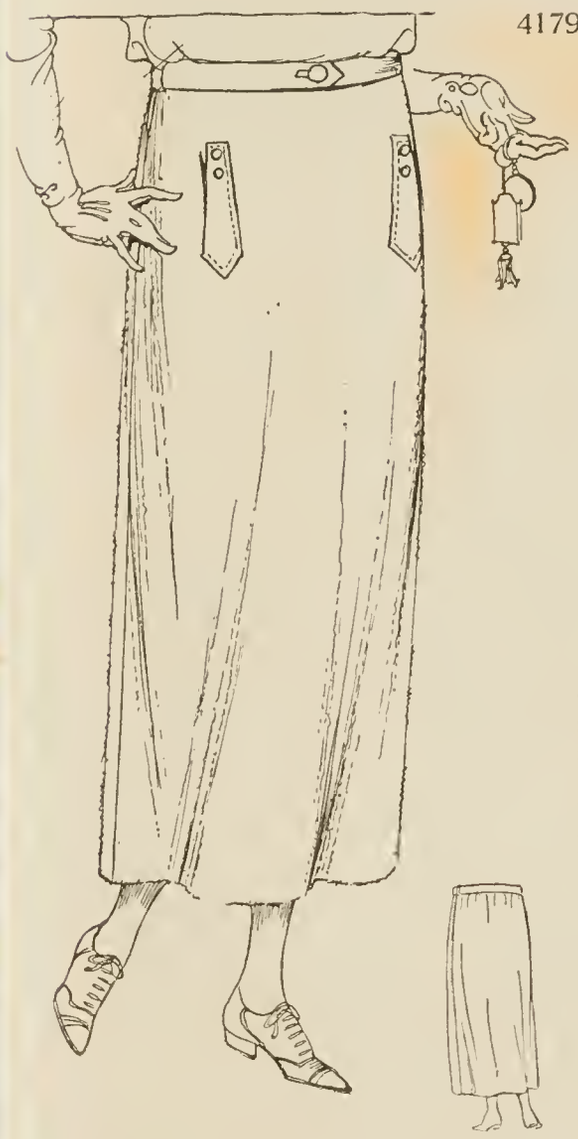
The jacket blouse and skirt are good style for ladies 32 to 44 bust and 35 to 45 hip.



4161



4179



Skirt 4182



4182



View A



View B

View C

4193—Berthas of lace, embroidered net, organdy or crêpe de Chine have a new-old charm and are worn with silk or velvet dresses, with bouffant or drooping circular skirts.

View A, medium size requires ⅝ yard 40-inch lace; View B, ⅝ yard 44-inch organdy; View C, ¾ yard 40-inch Georgette, and View D, ¾ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine.

The set of berthas is in small, medium and large sizes.



View D

Berthas 4193

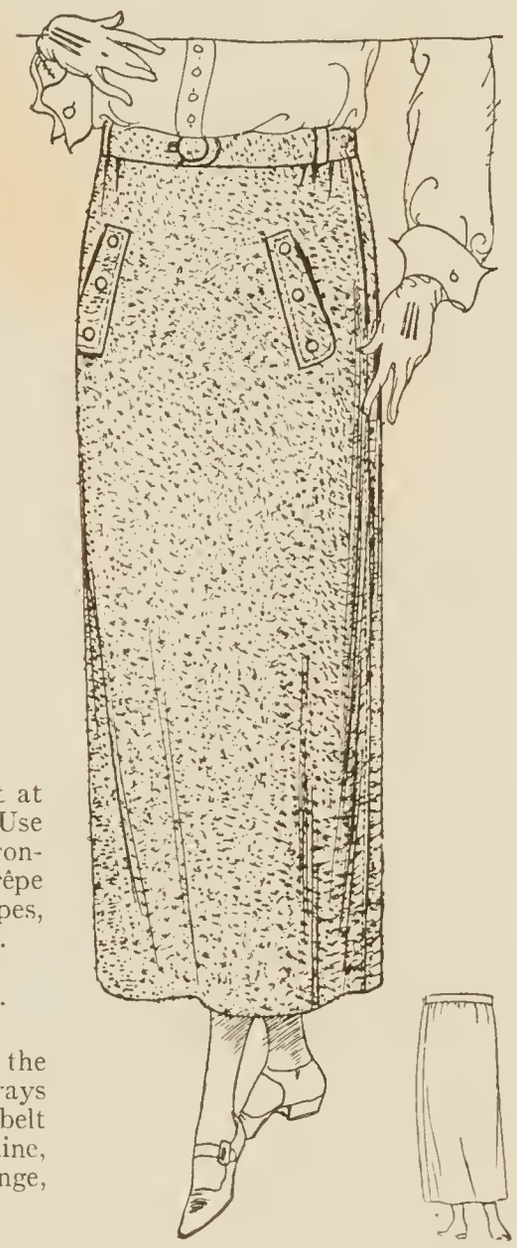


4181

4184



Dress 4181



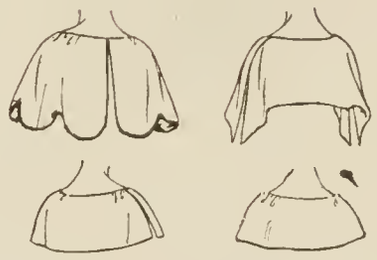
Skirt 4187



4187



Blouse 4184



4193



Blouse 4145

4145

4184—Frills for a blouse put a fresh front in a sweater or tailored suit. This blouse may have a shoulder yoke and is made in cotton voile, batiste, handkerchief linen, crêpe de Chine or Georgette. The frill may be of a transparent material or of plaited net, trimmed with lace.

36 bust requires 1⅞ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The blouse is attractive for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

4182—Vanity is justified when one wears a smart two-piece skirt like this. It has set-in pockets and a 1¼-inch inside belt. Make it of prunella, tweeds, homespun, wool eponge, serge, soft twills, tricotine, wool poplin, sports flannel, plaids, checks, stripes, etc.

38 hip requires 1¾ yard of 54-inch pile fabric. Lower edge measures 1¾ yard.

The skirt is good style for ladies 35 to 52 hip.

4145—A smart blouse with the new band effect at the hip happily selected a Russian closing. Use worsted jersey, embroidered all over in self or contrasting color such as brown on sand, etc., or crêpe de Chine, embroidered with silk floss, heavy crêpes, satin, crepe satin, matelassé, chiffon, velvet, etc.

36 bust requires 1¾ yard 36-inch matelassé.

The blouse is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4187—A two-piece skirt with a bit of fulness at the back is comfortable for general use and is always valued above par. This has a 1¼-inch inside belt and set-in pockets. Use wool poplin, tricotine, soft twills, serge, tweeds, homespun, wool eponge, prunella, velours, etc. Lower edge 55 inches.

38 hip requires 1⅛ yard 54-inch tweed.

The skirt is good style for ladies 35 to 47½ hip.

EMBROIDERIES LEAD OUT THE DRAPED OR PLAITED DRESS AND STRAIGHT SILHOUETTE

4139—10954—This new one-piece dress of the slip-over type in soft twills, tricotine, etc., has a distinctive style. It may have a casing arrangement of elastic at the low waistline or a body lining. The embroidery accentuates the good lines. Work in a combination of cross-stitch and beading. Lower edge 47 inches.

15 to 16 years or 32 bust requires 2 yards 54-inch wool rep.

The dress is smart for misses 15 to 18 years or 32 to 34 bust, also for ladies.

4171—For school or general wear a one-piece dress like this in serge, soft twills, tricotine or wool crêpe, linen, linen-finished cottons or pongee is a very useful addition to the junior wardrobe. The box plaits, the belt with a buckle and collars and cuffs are a delight.

8 years requires 1¾ yard of 54-inch serge.

The dress is quaint for girls 4 to 14 years.

Dress 4171

Dress 4139
Embroidery design
10954

4192—10847—Elegance and distinction come from the draped skirt joining the body at a low waistline. The dress has an armhole slightly deeper than normal and a long body lining. The embroidery is new. Work in satin, Kensington or outline stitch.

17 years requires 1⅜ yard 39-inch silk crêpe and 1¾ yard 40-inch duvetyn. Lower edge 43 inches.

The dress is attractive for misses 16 to 20, also small women.

4189—10973—A very French frock of the slip-over type has a straight skirt which joins a long body and a choice of body lining. Use wool crêpe, soft twill, etc. The trimming is gay. Work in satin-stitch, outline and beads, etc.

16 years requires 1⅛ yard 39-inch silk crêpe for body and 2⅛ yards 39-inch contrasting silk crêpe. Lower edge 1⅞ yard.

The dress is becoming to misses 16 to 20, also to small women.

Dress 4192
Embroidery
design 10847

Dress 4189 Embroidery design 10973

4106—Iceland sports are joyous occasions when one wears a handsome new coat of the raglan type. A deep fur collar is a solace in midwinter. Make this coat of heather mixtures, tweeds, cheviot, fleece, polo cloth, herring-bone, double-faced coatings, camel's-hair, homespun or checks.

12 years requires 1⅞ yard of 54-inch homespun and ⅝ yard of 44-inch contrasting material.

The coat is suitable for juniors and girls 6 to 15 years.

4178—The secrets of the mixing-bowl are not nearly so formidable if one wears a sack apron with patch pockets. It is a useful apron to slip on over one's best frock in emergencies or to use for school or play. If one prefers, it may have a shorter sleeve and omit the belt at the back. Make it of materials like gingham, chambray, seersucker, percale or sateen.

8 years requires 2⅛ yards of 32-inch gingham.

The apron is practical for girls and children 1 to 12 years.

Dress
4186

Coat 4106

4171

4139

4106

Apron 4178

4186

4192

4190

Dress 4190
Embroidery
design 10890

4178

4189

4186—A deep bertha and panels at the side are balm for those who would grow up more quickly! The hand-made girdle of braided fabric is a simple but arresting finish. This dress slips on over the head and has a straight skirt, and the loose panels join a long body. Make it of crêpe de Chine, taffeta, silk crêpes or crêpe satin.

13 years requires 3⅝ yards of 35-inch taffeta silk.

The dress is suitable for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

4190—10890—A slip-through girdle indicates the waistline on a dress which slips on over the head. It has a straight skirt which meets the body at a low waistline. Use a skirt of wool crêpe or serge with wool crêpe body, or a wool crêpe or velvet skirt with silk crêpe, etc. The motifs are an exquisite trimming. Work them in appliqué, outline or satin-stitch.

12 years requires 1 yard 39-inch silk crêpe for body and 1⅛ yard 39-inch silk crêpe.

The dress is excellent for juniors and girls 6 to 15 years.

SKIRTS DROOP AT THE SIDE, AND BERTHAS TOP CIRCULAR EFFECTS

4146—10987—Long sleeves may go far below the waistline on dresses this season. This one-piece dress slips on over the head and may have a body lining. Use silk crêpes, satin crêpes, charmeuse, crêpe de Chine, or Georgette. Beading is a scintillating trimming. Work the design in large and small beads or French knots and beads.

15 to 16 years or 32 bust requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch charmeuse. Lower edge measures 49½ inches.

The dress is graceful for misses 15 to 18 or 32 to 34 bust, also ladies.

Dress 4146
Embroidery design 10987

4146

4177—A collar gives a demure effect to the dress with a two-piece circular skirt which joins a long body. There may be a body lining. Make the dress of satin crêpe, charmeuse, or velvet with bertha of lace or embroidered net, etc.

17 years requires 3 yards 40-inch velvet and ½ yard 40-inch organdy. Lower edge as shown on figure 2⅜ yards.

The dress is attractive for misses 16 to 20.

4177

Dress 4177

4150—10981—Long sides give a circular effect to this one-piece dress on the slip-over order in soft twills, tricotine, serge, etc. It may have a body lining. The embroidery is placed effectively. Work the design in peasant embroidery. Lower edge 46 inches.

17 to 18 years or 34 bust requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch soft twill and ¾ yard 36-inch satin (including belt).

The dress is becoming to misses 15 to 18 years or 32 to 34 bust, also to ladies.

4180—Berthas have been adopted by every age, even the younger girls, and side circular draperies on a one-piece dress make them feel most important. The dress slips on over the head. It is very attractive made of crêpe de Chine, taffeta, silk crêpes, or crêpe satin.

12 years requires 2¾ yards 35-inch taffeta and ½ yard 40-inch lace.

The dress is becoming to juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

4180

Dress 4180

Dress 4150
Embroidery design 10981

4150

4081

Dress 4081
Embroidery design 10954

Dress 4172
Embroidery design 10899

4123—The evolution of the "flapper" has produced a charming creature, demure in her wide skirts and lace berthas. This dress has a two-piece circular skirt joining the body at a low waistline. It slips on over the head, closes under the left arm, and has a long body lining with marking for a camisole top. Use taffeta, gros de Londres, silk crêpes, or satin crêpes. Lower edge as shown on figure 4 yards.

16 years requires 4⅛ yards 35-inch taffeta and ½ yard 36-inch metal lace.

The dress is smart for misses 16 to 20 years.

4123

Dress 4123

4142

4142—Flying side panels are sometimes fur-tipped on a one-piece dress. It slips on over the head, with a casing arrangement of elastic, or a body lining. Use serge, tricotine, soft twills, silk crêpe, crêpe satin, etc.

17 to 18 years or 34 bust requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch crêpe satin. Lower edge 46 inches.

The dress is a good style for misses 15 to 18 years or 32 to 34 bust, also for ladies.

Dress 4142

4172

4172—10899—Skirts may drop ankle-length by reason of circular sections sewed into each side seam, on dresses of the slip-over type. This one has a low waistline where the body joins the two-piece, straight skirt, and a choice of a long body lining. Sleeve motifs are gay. Work in large and small beads or French knots and beads. Lower edge 50 inches.

16 years requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

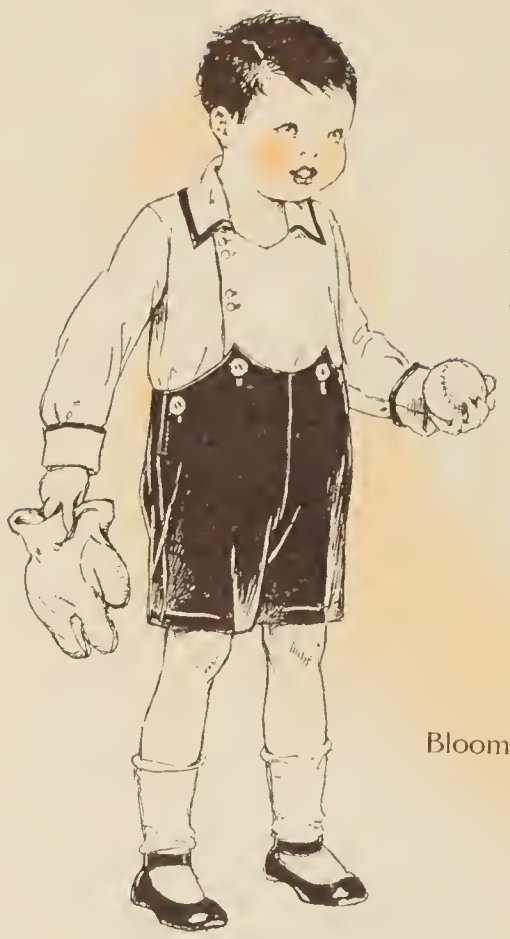
The dress is excellent for misses 16 to 20.

4081—10954—A panel front and back is becoming on this dress for small girls, in chambray, linen, linen-finished cottons, pongee, etc. One may use patterned or colored crêpe de Chine for the upper part and silk crêpe for the lower, etc. The embroidery adds color. Work it in a combination of cross-stitch and beading.

8 years requires 1⅜ yard of 42-inch wool crêpe.

The dress is attractive for girls 6 to 12.

ONE CAN PLAY THE GAME IN THESE COSTUMES FOR SPORTS OR WORK



Suit 4165

4165—Little men like baseball and trousers just like their older brothers. The straight trousers button on to the waist of this suit. Use crêpe de Chine, pongee or silk broadcloth for the waist with velvet and satin trousers, or poplin or madras for the waist with serge, shantung or silk poplin trousers, or one may use dimity with poplin or linen, etc.

4 years requires 1 yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine and ½ yard 40-inch velvet.

The suit is a good style for little boys 2 to 5 years.



Apron 4191

4191

4191—Every morning may be cheery if one wears this attractive apron with a Russian closing. Make it of chintz, flowered sateen, cotton prints, gingham, chambray, seersucker, madras, percale, cotton crêpe, unbleached muslin, trimmed in a bright color, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch percale and ⅜ yard 32-inch chambray. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

The apron is useful for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

2706—4137—Knickers have come to be almost a regulation costume for the American business man's game. The mackinaw may be made with a yoke and it has a convertible collar. The knickers have a choice of cuff or a band below the knee. For knickers use homespun, tweeds, etc.

38 breast and 32 waist require 3½ yards 44-inch plaid wool and 1½ yard 54-inch plain wool.

The mackinaw is warm for men 36 to 42 breast, and boys 2 to 16 years; the knickers are comfortable for men 32 to 46 waist.



Mackinaw 2706
Knickers 4137



4165

4151



4157

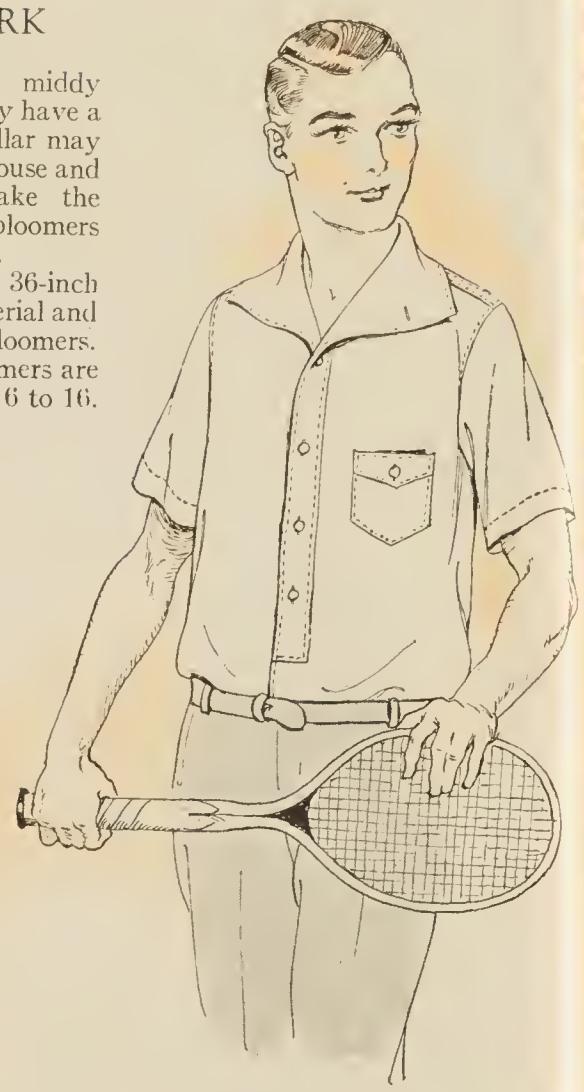


2706

4137

4153

4194



Outing shirt 4194

4194—If one is going down to Florida or out to California to escape these disagreeable months. sports are uppermost in his mind. Such an outing or sports shirt is comfortable for the game of tennis. It has the convertible collar and may have the long sleeve. Make it of cotton shirtings, madras, percale, khaki, pongee, and for boys, of galatea.

15½-inch neck measure requires 2⅞ yards of 32-inch madras.

The outing shirt is good looking for men or boys 12 to 18½ neck measure.

4153—The most comfortable substitute for petticoats are these bloomers—or such is the opinion of the active girl. A straight band draws in the gathers at the lower edge in a practical way. For these bloomers use serge or wash fabrics—gingham, chambray or pongee.

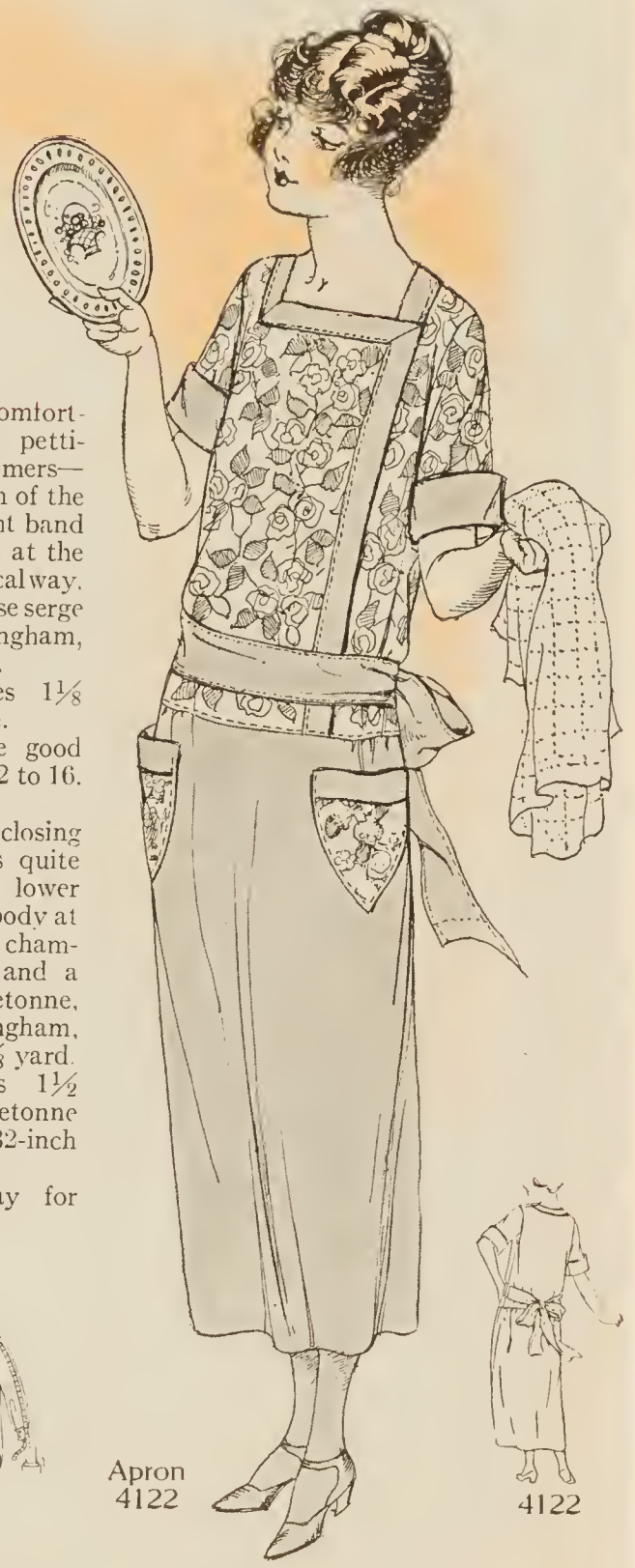
10 years requires 1⅛ yard of 44-inch serge.

The bloomers are good for juniors and girls 2 to 16.

4122—A Russian closing labels this apron as quite new. The straight lower part is joined to the body at a low waistline. Use chambray for the body and a skirt of chintz, cretonne, cotton prints or gingham, etc. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

36 bust requires 1½ yard of 32-inch cretonne and 2⅜ yards of 32-inch chambray.

The apron is gay for ladies 32 to 48 bust.



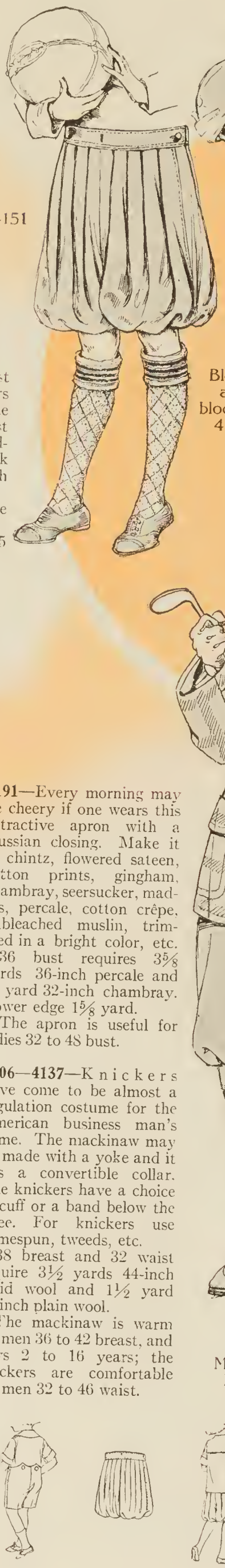
Apron 4122

4122

4157—For basket-ball this middy blouse is quite jaunty and may have a yoke, if one desires. The collar may be separate or joined to the blouse and the bloomers gathered. Make the blouse of white jean and the bloomers of navy-blue serge, khaki, etc.

13 years requires 1¾ yard 36-inch linen, ⅝ yard contrasting material and 1⅞ yard 36-inch serge for bloomers.

The middy blouse and bloomers are suitable for juniors and girls 6 to 16.



Blouse and bloomers 4157



Bloomers 4153

Bloomers 4151

4151—One is quite prepared for the rough and tumble of basket-ball in these plaited bloomers. Not only are they practical for the gymnasium, but for hiking or general sports wear. This pair has a gusset.

12 years requires 1¾ yard of 54-inch serge.

The bloomers are practical for girls and misses 6 to 18 years.

ESSENTIAL GARMENTS FOR THE FEMININE SIDE OF THE FAMILY



Dressing-sack 4173

Nightgown 4167
Embroidery design
10900

Chemise 4197
Embroidery design 10877

Combination 4195

Slip 4196
View B

4197—10877—One's wardrobe absorbs another envelope chemise so easily that one is never conscious of owning too many. The plain back of this chemise and a round neck are popular and the chemise can be trimmed with hand-made buds and leaves. Make it of nainsook, long-cloth, batiste, cotton voile, cotton crêpe, cross-bar, handkerchief linen, crêpe de Chine or wash satin. The appliqué trimming is distinctive. Work in appliqué, outline or chain-stitch.

36 bust requires 2 yards of 40-inch crêpe de Chine.

The chemise is useful for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

4195—Lace and rosebuds are the right appendages to a step-in combination chemise and drawers. It is very easily made and may be trimmed to one's individual taste. The neck may be round or pointed at the back, and the petaled edge is individual. Make the combination of nainsook, long-cloth, batiste, cotton voile, cotton crêpe, handkerchief linen, cross-bar, or if one wishes to make a more elaborate combination, use crêpe de Chine or wash satin.

36 bust requires 1¾ yard of 36-inch batiste.

The combination is dainty for ladies 32 to 48 bust.



Drawers 4176

4173—This dressing-sack is a firm exponent of the saying that no lady can dress in less than an hour, since one is tempted to make the process a long lingering one in such an attractive garment. Use challis, flannelet, French flannel, etc., and finish the collar and cuffs with fine frills.

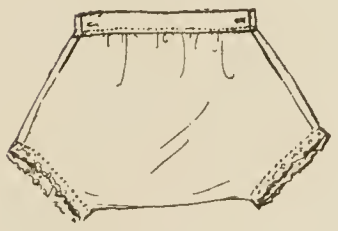
36 bust requires 3¼ yards of 27-inch figured challis for this dainty sack.

The dressing-sack is suitable for ladies 32 to 52 bust.

4176—One can not check the growth of either kittens or tiny girls, and mothers must be prepared to restock diminutive wardrobes often. These one-piece drawers are most suitable for nainsook trimmed with lace or embroidery, or cambric, muslin, Canton flannel trimmed with embroidery.

3 years requires ⅞ yard of 36-inch long-cloth.

The drawers are practical for children 1 to 5 years.



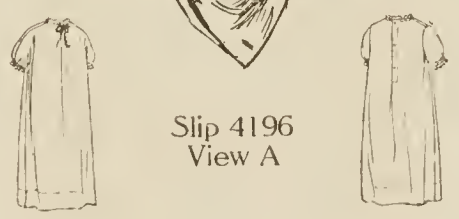
4176



4197



4173



Slip 4196
View A

4196

4196

4196—Slips are the first frocks a baby knows, for he is usually put into one for the day, and another at night. This slip may close at the front or the back and may be gathered or buttoned at the lower edge. Day slips are usually made of nainsook, lawn, batiste, cross-bar, dimity or fine cambric, and the nightgown or slip of cambric or flannel.

View A requires 1⅞ yard of 36-inch fine cambric. View B requires 1¾ yard of 36-inch fine cambric.

The slip or nightgown is dainty for infants and for children up to 2 years of age.

4167—10900—Modern fairy princesses who let down their hair every night should wear delicat eflowing robes just as those maidens of old. This nightgown has a round yoke and one-seam sleeves. Use nainsook, long-cloth, muslin, etc. The em roidery is dainty. Work in eyelets, satin-stitch, etc. Lower edge 2 yards.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards of 36-inch lawn.

The nightgown is becoming to ladies 32 to 48 bust.

Slip 4159
Embroidery
design
10704



4159—10704—Making up with one's oldest sister's beauty-aids is first inspired by a new slip which serves as a petticoat. Use nainsook, long-cloth or dimity trimmed with lace or embroidery. The wreath is a delicate embroidery. Work it in French knots.

8 years requires 1⅝ yard of 36-inch nainsook.

The slip is dainty for juniors and girls 6 to 15 years.



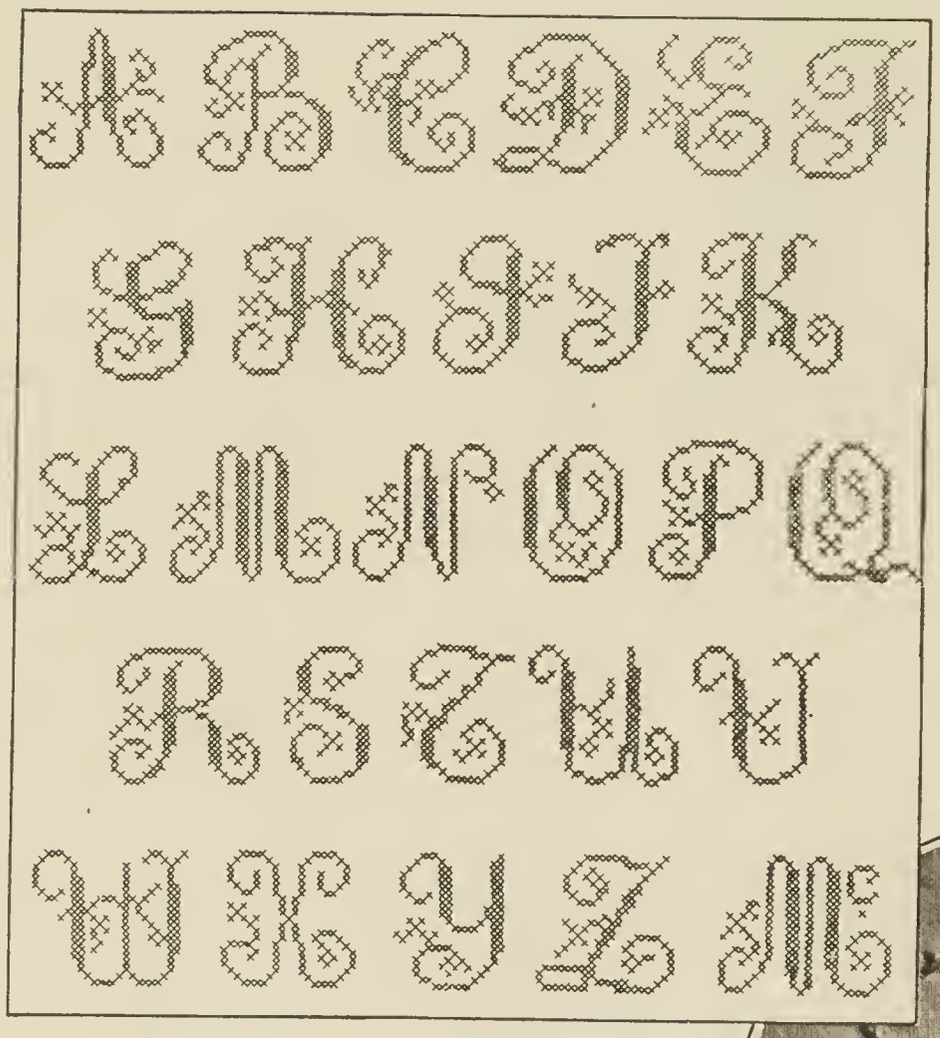
4167



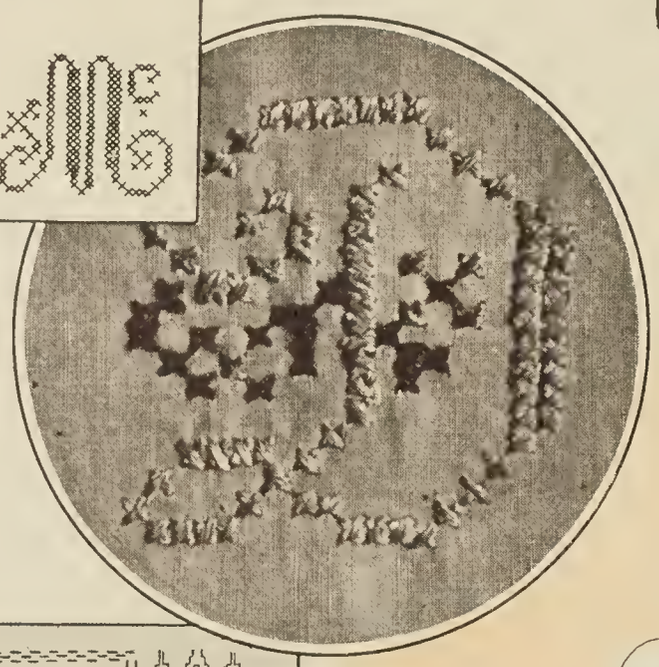
4195

4159

COLOR REIGNS TRIUMPHANT IN THE EMBROIDERIES OF A MID-WINTER SEASON

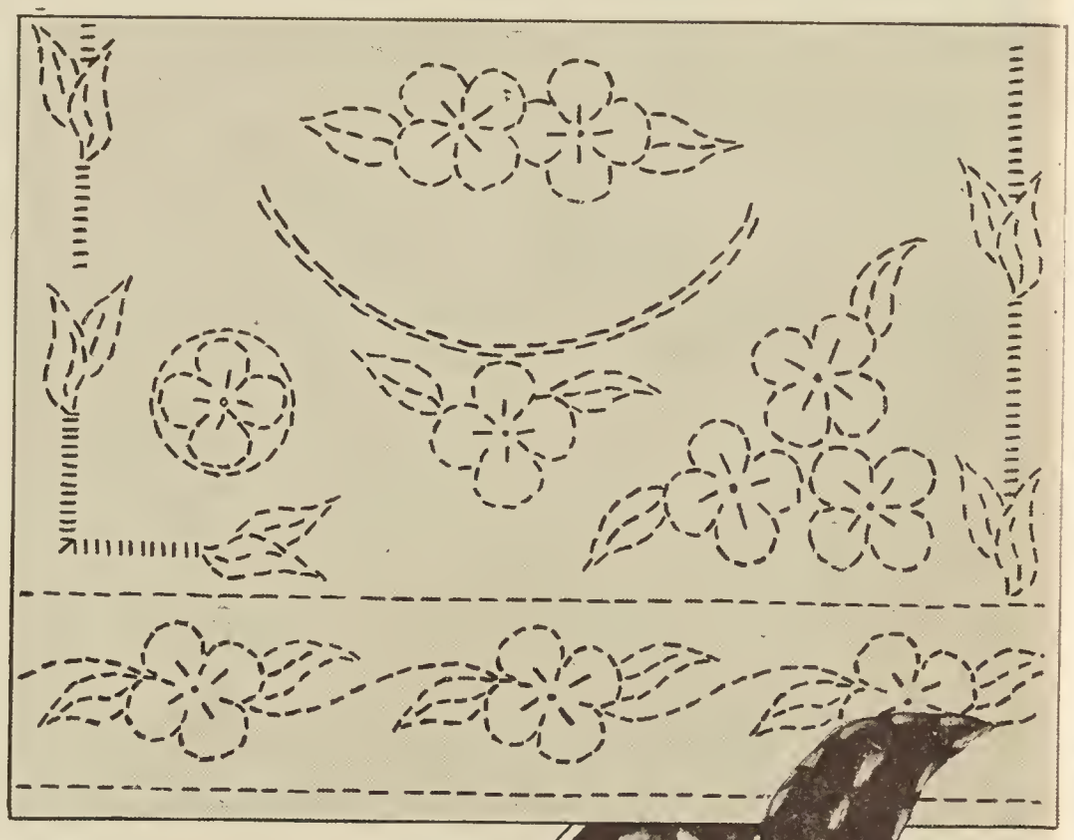


10117—It is quite the thing to mark all of one's linens; an initial or a monogram adds distinction and gives just the right personal touch to individual or household linens. Cross-stitch initials are the right initials this season. Any one of the letters is artistic in itself and a lovely adornment for towels or pillow-cases. If one is puzzled over the question of suitable gifts for the annual crop of brides-to-be, here is a happy suggestion. Both bath and hand towels are more valuable marked with initials. The design can be adapted to 4 complete alphabets 3⅜, 2, 1¼ and ⅜ of an inch high.

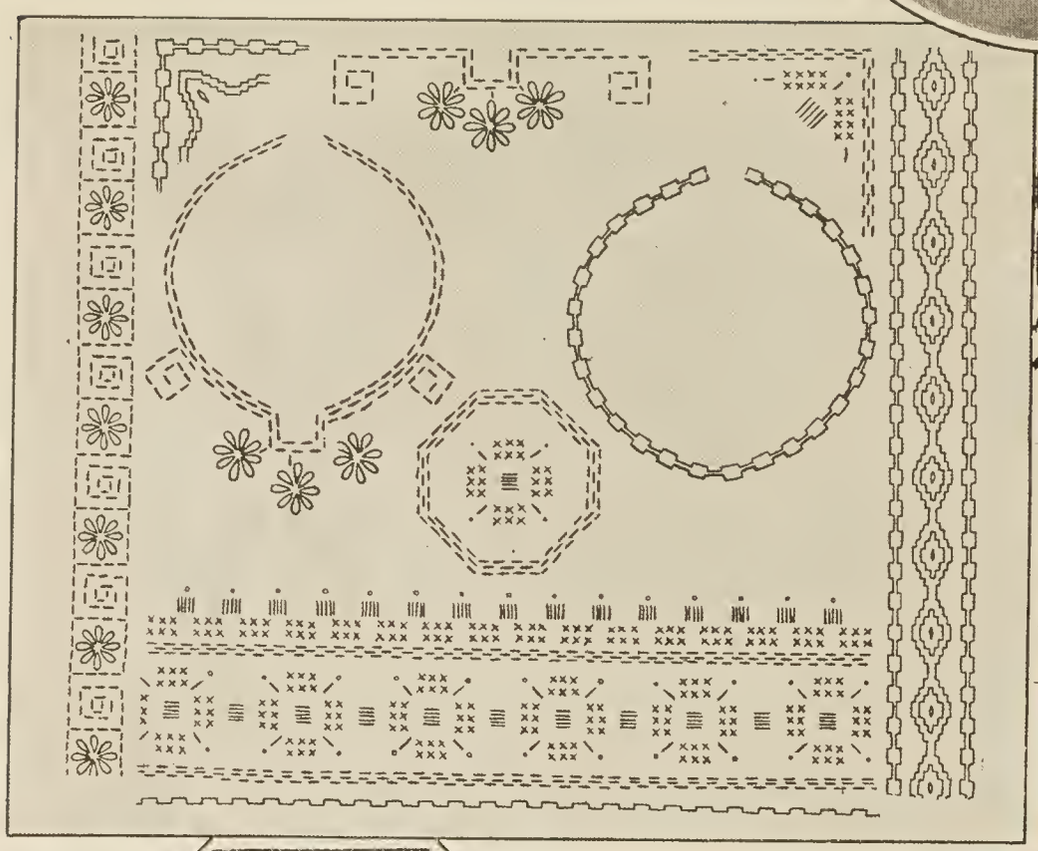


Embroidery design
10117

10119—Intelligent planning of one's costume includes forethought for the trimming. From such a wide variety of embroideries there is one, the *right* trimming touch for your new dress, and failure to give enough thought to its selection is oftentimes disastrous. The flower and leaf design on this page is distinctive on blouses, dresses, dress panels or hats of silk or duvetyn, vests, or children's clothes. Both the bandings and motifs should be worked in one-stitch embroidery. The design can be adapted to 7¼ yards of banding 3½ inches wide, 5⅛ yards of banding 1½ inch wide, 9 motifs 2⅞ inches in diameter, 6 motifs 8½ by 2½ inches, 6 motifs 6 by 2½ inches, 6 corners in 2 styles and 3 neck motifs.

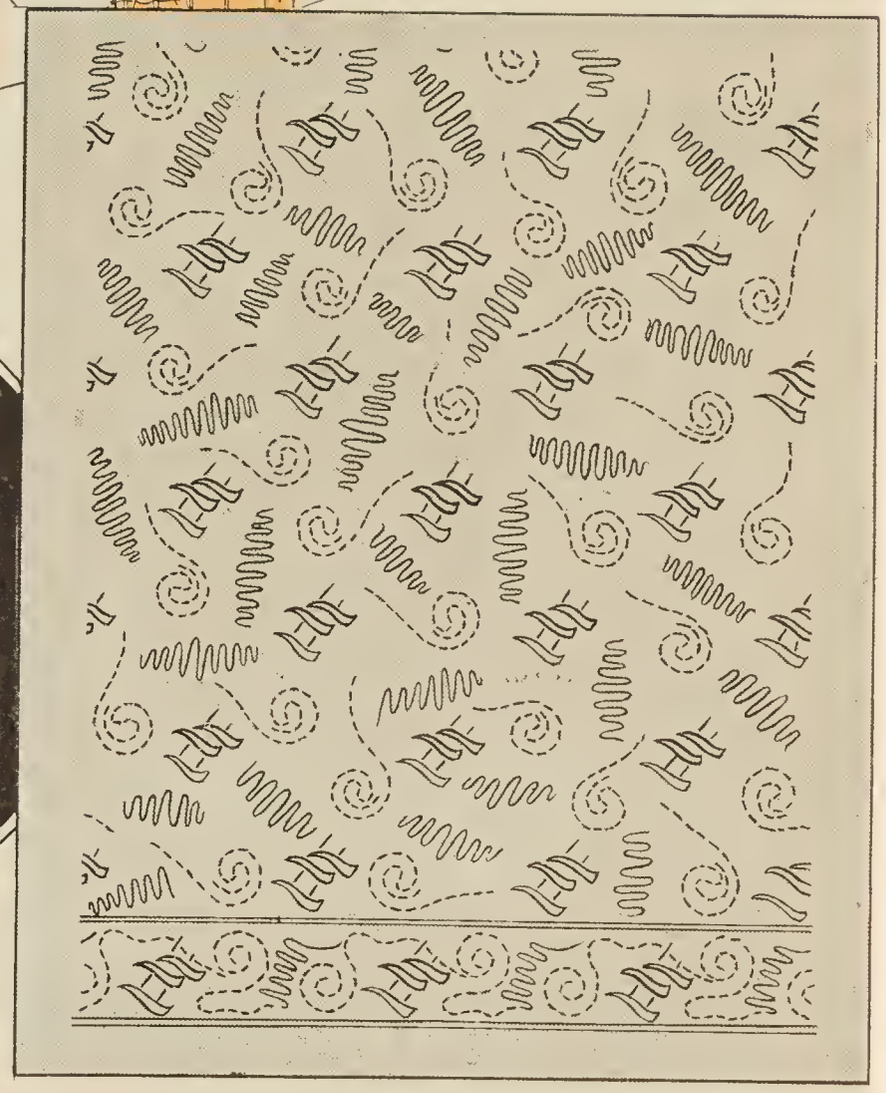


Embroidery design
10119



Embroidery design
10115





Embroidery design 10118

10115—Haven't you noticed that there are so many places this season where just a touch of bright color is essential? It often happens that you want to use only a bit of embroidery on your costume and this design contains three in one, and just what you can use of each embroidery. One may use these on children's clothes or one's own blouses, hats, etc., and many household linens are enlivened with this embroidery. The neck outlines are useful. The design should be worked in one-stitch, cross-stitch and lazy-daisy embroidery. The design can be adapted to 3¼ yards of banding 1¾ inch wide, 3⅜ yards of banding 2¼ inches wide, 1⅝ yard of banding 1⅜ inch wide, 1⅝ yard of banding 1⅛ inch wide, 7¼ yards of banding ⅛ inch wide, and 4 neck outlines in two assorted styles and 18 motifs in four assorted styles.

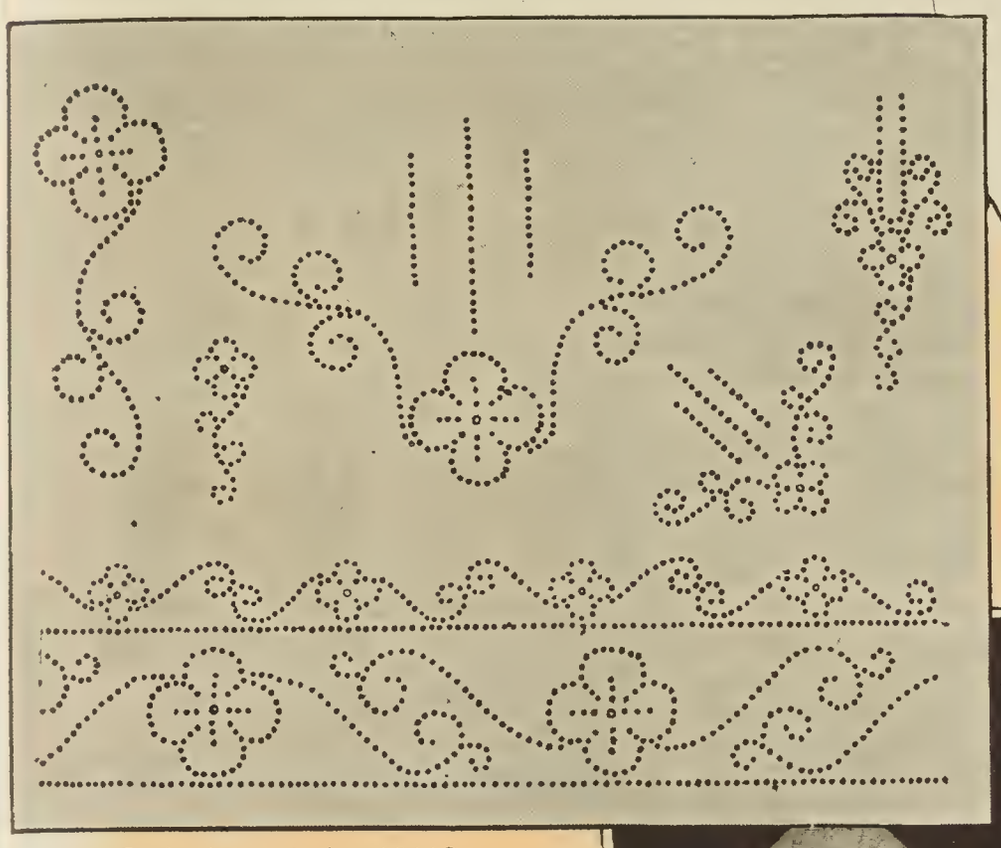
10118—Just what you've been looking for—a design for your new blouse jacket, to give it that crinkly effect so essential for the new type of blouse. This embroidery proves that the shortest distance between two points may be disposed of more effectively by other than the straight line! It is most picturesque in metallic threads—silver or antique gold on black, copper, silver or dull gold on fur brown, or dark brown on cocoa color. Such a design is equally suitable for other types of blouses, for dresses, skirts. panels, or even hats. This design should be done in a combination of outline, running-stitch and satin-stitch embroidery. The design can be adapted very easily to 1¾ yard of all-over banding 27¾ inches wide, and also to 1¾ yard of banding 3 inches wide.

HOUSEHOLDS LAUNCH UPON A NEW ERA WITH DECORATIVE EMBROIDERIES FOR LINENS, AND DRESSES ARE BEADED

10114—This is the month for every household to take an inventory. Are there any worn or bare spots to be disguised with fresh linens tastefully embroidered, any dark corners to be brightened with a vividly embroidered pillow? Bedrooms offer wonderful possibilities for rejuvenation. There are attractive scarfs and pincushions, boudoir pillows, and accessories, and most resplendent of all, the bedspread gorgeous with cross-stitch. This spread has a decorative border and a center motif which is most effective. There is a long motif which one may use for a pillow roll as long as the width of the bed. The design is adapted to 1 motif 16 by 21 inches to be used in the center of a single, a double, or a three-quarter bed, 1 motif 36 inches long and 8½ inches wide for use on a pillow roll, 4 corners 4½ inches square, and 3¾ yards of banding 2⅞ inches wide.

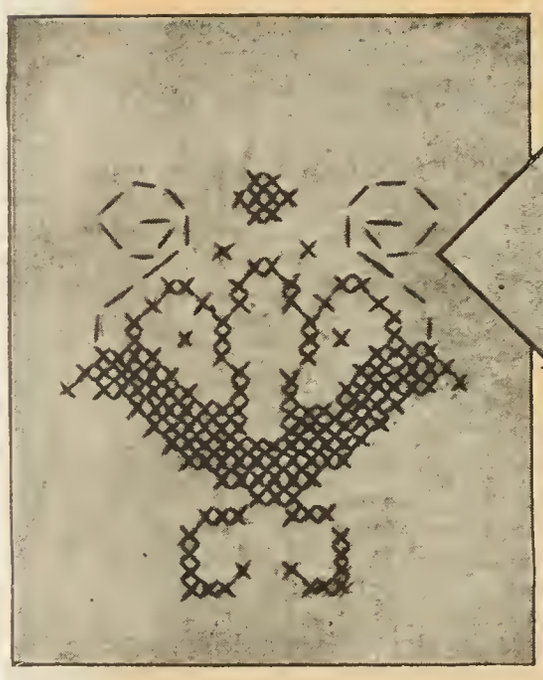


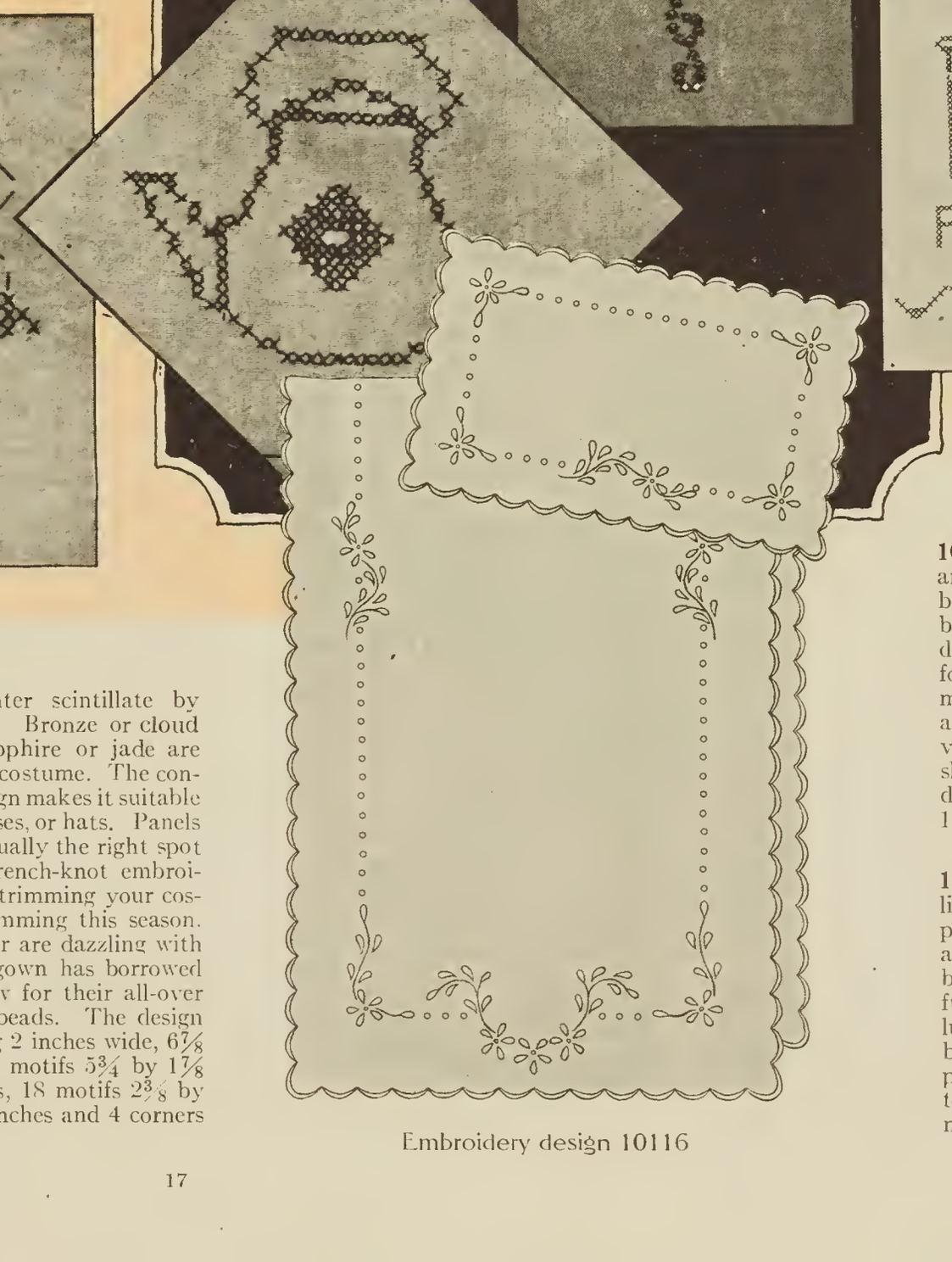
Embroidery design 10114



Embroidery design 10112

Embroidery design 10113





Embroidery design 10116

10113—Cross-stitch craft for kitchens includes these symbolic designs and homely titles. The out-worn idea that a thing to be useful must be necessarily ugly is well worth discarding, and even kitchens may be bright with embroidered shelving and decorated dish-towels. These designs are quick and easy to work, and therefore they are excellent gifts for brides-to-be. The word "Spoons" and the knife, fork, and spoon motif may be used for holders for one's silverware. "Celery," "Parsley" and "Lettuce" adorn little bags of unbleached muslin which hold these vegetables and go in the ice-box for cooling. Covers for the kitchen shelves are much more attractive when cups or plates in cross-stitch decorate the border. The design is adapted to 26 assorted motifs and 1⅞ yard of banding.

10116—In the old days if one had a sufficient number of large, square, linen tablecloths and generous size napkins, one's linen closet was complete. Now, one must have exquisite embroidered sets for the table, a scarf, doilies, and napkins the accepted size. This set worked in a combination of eyelets, satin stitch, French stemming, and scallops, is graceful for the luncheon-table. If you are planning any sort of an intimate luncheon you will want to make the table look its best. The bride-to-be would appreciate such a gift for her new home, and one's own linen press could conveniently add to itself such a set. The design is adapted to 1 scarf 42½ by 14½ inches, 6 plate doilies 12½ by 7¾ inches, and 6 motifs for napkins.

10112—Costumes for Mid-Winter scintillate by reason of their beaded splendors. Bronze or cloud beads, and beads of amber, sapphire or jade are jewels which enliven the modern costume. The conventional flower *motif* of this design makes it suitable for such a variety of frocks, blouses, or hats. Panels of dresses or wide sleeves are usually the right spot for bead motifs. Beading or French-knot embroidery is not only a quick way of trimming your costume, but it is a very good trimming this season. The evening dresses in particular are dazzling with iridescent beads; the all-white gown has borrowed some of the sparkle of the snow for their all-over embroidery of crystal or pearl beads. The design is adapted to 7 yards of banding 2 inches wide, 6⅞ yards of banding 1 inch wide, 8 motifs 5¾ by 1⅞ inches, 6 motifs 3 by 3½ inches, 18 motifs 2⅜ by ¾ inches, 2 motifs 4¼ by 1⅝ inches and 4 corners 7½ by 5⅜ inches.

LENGTHENING THE DAYS OF THE SHORT SKIRT

By Eleanor Chalmers

TO USE a stock-exchange expression, last year's styles have "gone short" in an utterly reprehensible fashion. There are few women and fewer girls who are not ruefully confronting the shortcomings of the flapper styles of a past season and wondering what they can do with suits and dresses that are still in perfect physical condition as far as they go, but they don't go far enough for the new fashions.

I have a few practical suggestions that will lengthen the skirts and dresses in thoroughly acceptable ways.

FIRST of all, for the one-piece dress of wool or crêpe, satin or velvet there is the long body from which you can drop the lower part to the new length. At the same time it eliminates the worn upper part of the dress and gives you practically a new frock. With wool or velvet you can use a body of satin, crêpe or Georgette; with crêpe, a body of Georgette or of crêpe in a contrasting color; with satin you can use Georgette.

One-piece dresses of either wool or silk can also be lengthened (if you can match the material) by trimming them with rows of braid or ribbon and piecing under the trimming. Butterick pattern 3631 is trimmed in this way and it makes a very pretty dress.

If you want a new style as well as a new skirt length, you can take a straight one-piece dress and insert circular sections at the side (Butterick pattern 4119), which gives you the smart skirt long at the sides. In using this pattern you can at the same time put in new sleeves, which will give you fresh sleeves if the old ones are worn, or long sleeves if the old sleeves are short. If your material is silk crêpe or satin and you can not match it, you can combine satin with crêpe silk or crêpe silk with satin. This is done frequently in new dresses when they are made of reversible material. If you have a straight skirt that you want to lengthen in the same way, you can do so, using



possible in the Butterick pattern 4179.

It is also possible to lengthen silk crêpe and satin dresses by adding fabric trimming of the lattice or ladder varieties. You can insert the trimming above the hem or facing in the same way it is used on Butterick patterns 3772 and 3852. If that does not make the dress long enough, you can also use it at the lower edge. (Butterick pattern 3661.) If you can not match the material to make the fabric trimming, you can use ribbon instead, matching the material as closely as possible in the ribbon. This trimming is always done in self-color.

If you want to use a contrasting material you can lengthen your dress with a trimming band, if the style permits it, similar to the trimming band used on Butterick pattern 3844 and trim the neck and sleeves in the same way. It makes a pretty dress.

LONG sash ends and panels will give the effect of greater length to one-piece dresses and they are very good style. Silk or satin one-piece evening dresses can be used as slips under longer dresses of lace. Or if you have one of the bouffant dresses of last year in taffeta you can use a longer skirt of lace directly over the silk skirt.

Suit skirts can be lengthened in two ways. You can make a long body camisole lining of China silk (Butterick pattern 4117) and drop the skirt from the lower edge of the lining, taking it off its inside belt. With this type of skirt you can wear over-the-belt blouses, jacket blouses, sweaters, etc.

Or you can take your skirt off its inside belt and use a casing and elastic or ribbon, wearing the skirt at the low waistline instead of just above the normal waistline. It will make several inches difference in its length. Many French skirts are made this way. It gives a skirt the low waistline and does not bring the dark skirt material up under a light transparent blouse. Such a skirt must be worn with over-the-skirt blouses.

WRITE TO ELEANOR CHALMERS WHENEVER YOU ARE IN DOUBT

Eleanor Chalmers will be glad to answer any question in connection with dressmaking or tailoring. State your difficulty as fully as you can and write to her, care of THE DELINEATOR, New York. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for her answer



DEAR MRS. CHALMERS: On some patterns I notice that quantities are given for material "with nap" and also for materials "without nap." Will you please tell me what is meant by "nap" and why you have to use more material if there is a nap?—A. W.

SOME materials like velvet, plush, broadcloth, etc. are made with a pile or nap which gives them an up and down. Materials like serges, twill, rep, etc. have no pile and therefore no up and down. With a pile fabric you can tell which is up and which is down by running your hand back and forth on the material. The nap will flatten under your hand and feel smooth when your hand runs down the material. When it runs up it will be against the nap which will feel rough.

It usually takes more material if there is a nap because it must run the same way in each piece, otherwise the color will not be the same in the different pieces for it looks lighter when the nap runs down than when it runs up.

In velvet, plush and similar fabrics the pile should run up in each piece so that it will fall out and give the full depth and richness of color to the material. In panne velvet, broadcloth, etc., the nap should run down in each piece. If it runs up it will roughen up and wear badly.

In cutting a kimono-sleeve garment the nap will run different ways at the front and back. Use the best effect for the front for it is more conspicuous than the back and receives closer scrutiny.

The Deltor shows the correct and most economical way to cut material with a nap when a nap material is suited to the style.

MY DEAR MRS. CHALMERS: Will you tell me what is the newest style for fur neck-pieces and muffs? The Butterick saleswoman told me that there are no new patterns for furs but I think she must be mistaken. Butterick always has the new styles. F. G.

NO, THE saleswoman was right. There are no new styles in neck-pieces, for practically the only fur piece that is worn by smartly dressed women is the animal scarf which is of course the shape of the animal. Muffs are being used very little. The French dressmakers have decided that they make the figure look heavier. Then too, so many capes and wraps are worn that wrap around the figure and the hands are too much occupied to carry muffs. Coat sleeves are wide and it is easy to keep the hands warm without a muff.



DEAR MRS. CHALMERS: I bought a pattern for a very smart-looking wrap-around coat dress but it is a great deal too large for me. When I wrap it around close to my waistline the edges of the front come around to the side seams. I was measured before I bought the pattern so I know I have the right size. Is the pattern imperfect?—J. D. S.

COAT dresses are not worn drawn close to the figure. The silhouette should be straight and easy. Try lapping the fronts according to the Deltor instructions. Nothing fits the figure at the waistline to-day, for the line of bust, waist and hip must be as straight as possible. If you draw your clothes into your normal waistline, your figure will have an old-fashioned high-waisted, large-hipped look. In the present fashions clothes hang easily from the shoulder and fit the hip without touching the waistline.

THERE IS ALWAYS AN EASIER WAY WITH THE DELTOR

BLOOD IN THE MOON

THE man who wrote "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned" had never run a modern department store. There is blood on the moon and every other sign of a killing when a woman feels that she has got the worst of a bargain. It seems to outrage her feelings beyond endurance, probably because in the eternal duel of shopping, women have come to pride themselves on their skill in always coming out a little ahead of the game.

Recently a woman burst in upon the general manager of a large store, thirsting for blood and ready to sue for damages. She had been cheated by an imperfect pattern and had ruined her material. No, she hadn't used the Deltor. She didn't need it. She knew everything about sewing. The pattern was wrong, her cloth was spoiled and her time wasted. The dress was examined and it was found that she had overlooked two V-shaped darts and had left them out altogether. A glance at the Deltor would have shown her just how to put them in. The customer left heartily ashamed and with the good grace to acknowledge it.



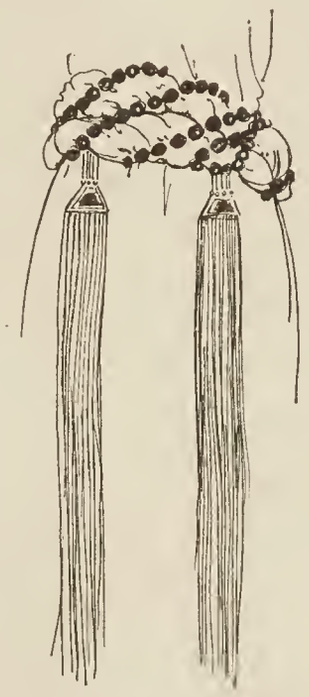
"But I'm not one of these women who are too old to learn," she said. "I may be hasty, but I'm not a has-been. I see now that the Deltor can help me and I'll always use it."

AFTER STORE HOURS

SHE picked out so many patterns that her friend who was waiting on her finally asked her in surprise:

"But, Jane, I thought you were working."

"I am," answered Jane. "But I do a lot of sewing now after store hours. It takes so little time with the Deltor and it seems so easy—I suppose because I don't have to study it out and wonder what I should do next and how to do it. Why, Sarah, that Deltor is such a help I make all my clothes and all Jane Junior's and sometimes I even sew for outsiders. I felt a little scared the first time I made a dress for a



woman, because, of course, I don't pretend to be a dressmaker. 'Get six yards of material,' she said to me; 'that's what I always get for a dress.'

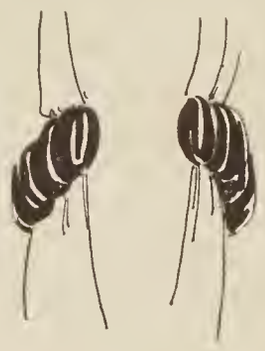
"Well, I only had to get three and three-eighths yards on account of the Deltor layouts. The woman thought I was a marvel and sent several of her friends to me. I've made quite a little on the side, thanks to the Deltor."

COALING NEWCASTLE

"YES, I used to be a dressmaker," said the customer, "and perhaps some dressmakers think they don't need the Deltor: but that's because they haven't tried it. I went to Saint Louis years ago to learn the trade and paid nearly five hundred dollars for my instructions, and it was worth it. I carried on a successful dressmaking business for several years and then gave it up to manage a specialty shop. When the Deltor came out, of course I thought I didn't need it for my own sewing. I was an expert. I heard a number of my customers praise it and finally I looked at it, just out of curiosity. I was amazed to find how dressmaking had changed in the few years I had been out of it. Most of my methods were absolutely out of date. Now I use the Deltor for everything I make. Each one gives me new ideas, as well as the modern way of working. I hadn't realized before that dressmaking is like mechanics in a way—it grows and changes all the time."

WHERE IT DOESN'T PAY TO CHANGE

"I COULD start a pattern department of my own—I have so many patterns at home," said a customer laughing. "You see I have three girls to sew for as well as myself and I never use a pattern twice. I could change them a little and use them again but I find it is cheaper to get a new pattern on account of its telling me how much material to buy. I save enough to pay for the pattern besides the help I get with the trimming."





Photograph from Underwood and Underwood

BLACK AND SILVER, SO UTTERLY LOVELY WITH EARRINGS OR HAT-PINS OF CRYSTAL, STEEL OR JET, REAPPEAR IN SPRING MILLINERY



Photograph from Trowbridge

Fold over fold of gaufre silver cloth bind the brows of a Parisian houri with a Persian turban which dispenses entirely with both hair and the hair-dresser. Turbans of this type are worn with semi-formal evening dress. From Hélène



Photograph from Underwood and Underwood

Of cart-wheel size but not cart-wheel proportions is a hat of white satin draped with silver. Its greatest width is from side to side, a millinery silhouette that has been the fashion for several seasons. From Torbier
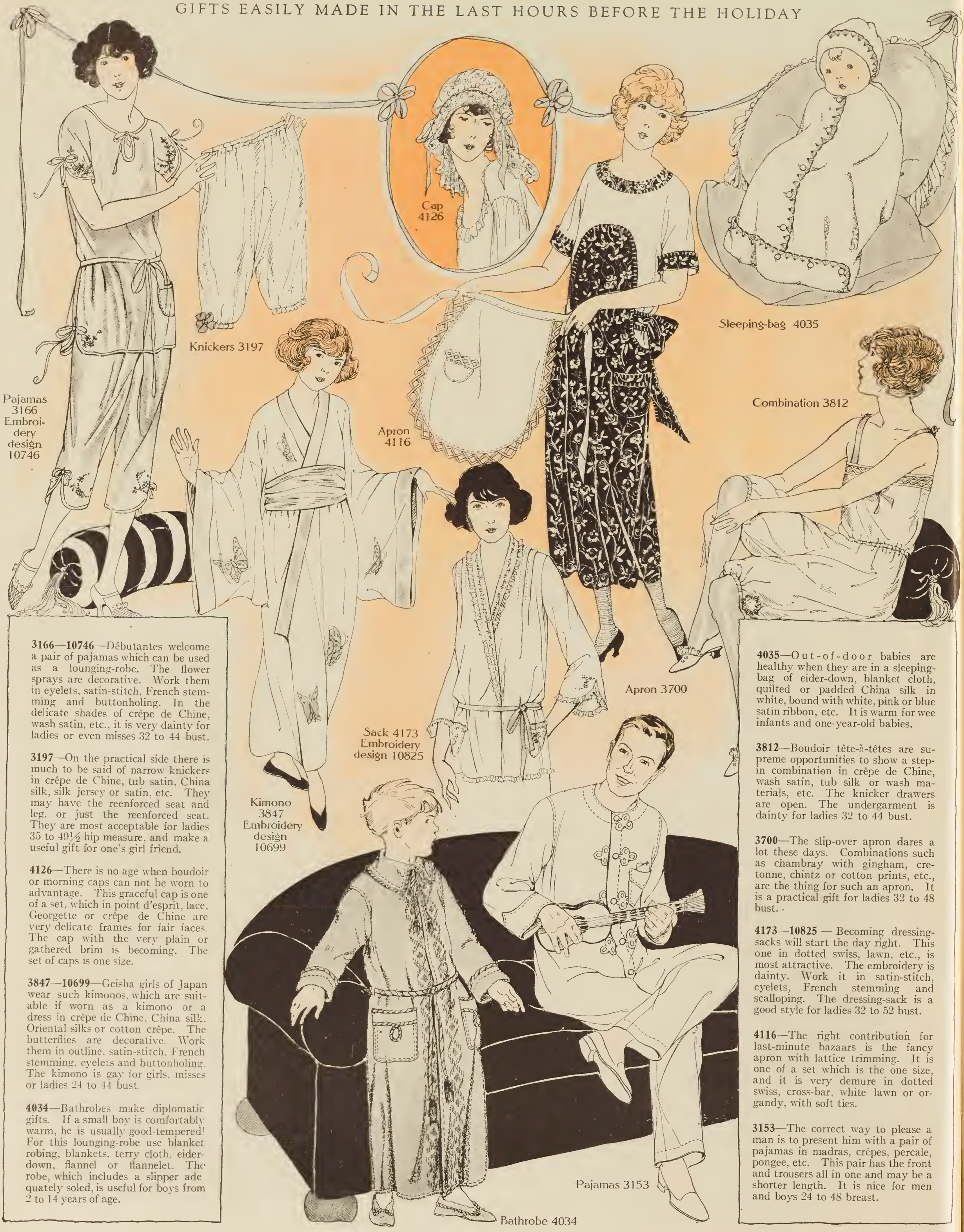


Photograph from Trowbridge

Crystal hatpins set in silver are the only ornaments on a small hat of Directoire shape made of hatter's plush. By Daulé Soeurs

The black beauty of hair and eyes, dead-white face and scarlet lips of a certain French type is well served by a small draped hat of lusterless felt trimmed with two dull jet acorns. From Agnès

GIFTS EASILY MADE IN THE LAST HOURS BEFORE THE HOLIDAY



3166—10746—Débutantes welcome a pair of pajamas which can be used as a lounging-robe. The flower sprays are decorative. Work them in eyelets, satin-stitch, French stemming and buttonholing. In the delicate shades of crêpe de Chine, wash satin, etc., it is very dainty for ladies or even misses 32 to 44 bust.

3197—On the practical side there is much to be said of narrow knickers in crêpe de Chine, tub satin, China silk, silk jersey or satin, etc. They may have the reenforced seat and leg, or just the reenforced seat. They are most acceptable for ladies 35 to 49½ hip measure, and make a useful gift for one's girl friend.

4126—There is no age when boudoir or morning caps can not be worn to advantage. This graceful cap is one of a set, which in point d'esprit, lace, Georgette or crêpe de Chine are very delicate frames for fair faces. The cap with the very plain or gathered brim is becoming. The set of caps is one size.

3847—10699—Geisha girls of Japan wear such kimonos, which are suitable if worn as a kimono or a dress in crêpe de Chine, China silk, Oriental silks or cotton crêpe. The butterflies are decorative. Work them in outline, satin-stitch, French stemming, eyelets and buttonholing. The kimono is gay for girls, misses or ladies 24 to 44 bust.

4034—Bathrobes make diplomatic gifts. If a small boy is comfortably warm, he is usually good-tempered! For this lounging-robe use blanket robing, blankets, terry cloth, eiderdown, flannel or flannelet. The robe, which includes a slipper ade quately soled, is useful for boys from 2 to 14 years of age.

4035—Out-of-door babies are healthy when they are in a sleeping-bag of eider-down, blanket cloth, quilted or padded China silk in white, bound with white, pink or blue satin ribbon, etc. It is warm for wee infants and one-year-old babies.

3812—Boudoir tête-à-têtes are supreme opportunities to show a step-in combination in crêpe de Chine, wash satin, tub silk or wash materials, etc. The knicker drawers are open. The undergarment is dainty for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3700—The slip-over apron dares a lot these days. Combinations such as chambray with gingham, cretonne, chintz or cotton prints, etc., are the thing for such an apron. It is a practical gift for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

4173—10825 — Becoming dressing-sacks will start the day right. This one in dotted swiss, lawn, etc., is most attractive. The embroidery is dainty. Work it in satin-stitch, eyelets, French stemming and scalloping. The dressing-sack is a good style for ladies 32 to 52 bust.

4116—The right contribution for last-minute bazaars is the fancy apron with lattice trimming. It is one of a set which is the one size, and it is very demure in dotted swiss, cross-bar, white lawn or organdy, with soft ties.

3153—The correct way to please a man is to present him with a pair of pajamas in madras, crêpes, percale, pongee, etc. This pair has the front and trousers all in one and may be a shorter length. It is nice for men and boys 24 to 48 breast.



THE LITTLE DELINEATOR

EDITOR—HARRIET IDE EAGER



DEAR CHILDREN:

Please don't think I'm scolding you, but there is a very important thing I must say again this month.

Do you remember that thousand dollars I told you THE DELINEATOR had spent for stamps? And do you remember I asked you, please, when you write to me or try for a contest to *send a stamped envelope addressed to yourself if you want an answer?* Well, some of you remember—

"I'm cold and I'm lonesome," the fire said,
"For both the children have gone to bed
"And left me in ashes and nearly dead."

The letter that helps your editor most, telling what you like best in THE LITTLE DELINEATOR this month, will win a big colored picture like the cover, painted by Mr. Graef and nicely framed.

"Ha! Ha! cracked two white little beds up-stairs.
"Our children are safe. They have said their prayers,
"And are keeping us warm from the cold night airs."

P. S.—If you want a special Happy New Year letter from your editor, send a stamped self-addressed envelope.

HARRIET IDE EAGER.

Good-by till next month. I love you every one.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS TO MAKE



THERE is more than one kind of Christmas fun. There is the fun of snuggling down into your warm bed at night and shutting your eyes and thinking about that wonderful Christmas day that's coming soon. You see the big pile of presents for you and you wonder whether the red box mother hid in the drawer so quickly when you came in to-day was a present for you and what it *could* be.

Then there is another kind of fun: the fun of saving your money and of planning the presents you'll give to all the people you love best. You try to find out what other people would like for Christmas without letting them know, and all the time you're laughing to yourself inside to think how surprised they're going to be. It's much more fun to make your gifts than just to buy them with money that mother or father give you; and people feel so much more pleased when you take the trouble to make them something.

Even if you are a very little child you can make a present for somebody. If you make three or four presents, you can ask mother to let you have a special secret drawer to keep them in and then you'll have the fun of wrapping them up in pretty paper and keeping them hidden.

And then on Christmas day you'll have the best fun of all—watching the pleasure of other people as they unwrap the presents you gave them.

MRS. HANDY ANDY

(Wife of Mr. Handy Andy, last month)

ISN'T she funny, with her bobbed hair and rosy cheeks? But she is very useful. Her face is painted on a wooden kitchen spoon in water-colors that will wash off afterward. Her back is a dish-mop tied to the spoon with a ribbon. The mop makes her hair. Her apron is a cheese-cloth dust-rag, her skirt is a strong floor-cloth and her shawl is a dish-cloth. Mother would be very pleased to find Mrs. Handy Andy in her stocking.

THE SUITCASE TRAY

FATHER or any grown person would like this tray to keep clothes from mussing in a suitcase.

Cut a piece of heavy pasteboard one inch smaller all around than the *inside* of the suitcase that belongs to the person who is to get the present. Cover this neatly with wall-paper or Christmas-holly paper and bind the edges with gummed paper. Then make two bands of elastic so they will go on without stretching. If a girl is making this, she can sew on two little ribbon bows to hide the joined places.

This is the kind of present that either a boy or a girl can make. It makes a nice gift for anybody.



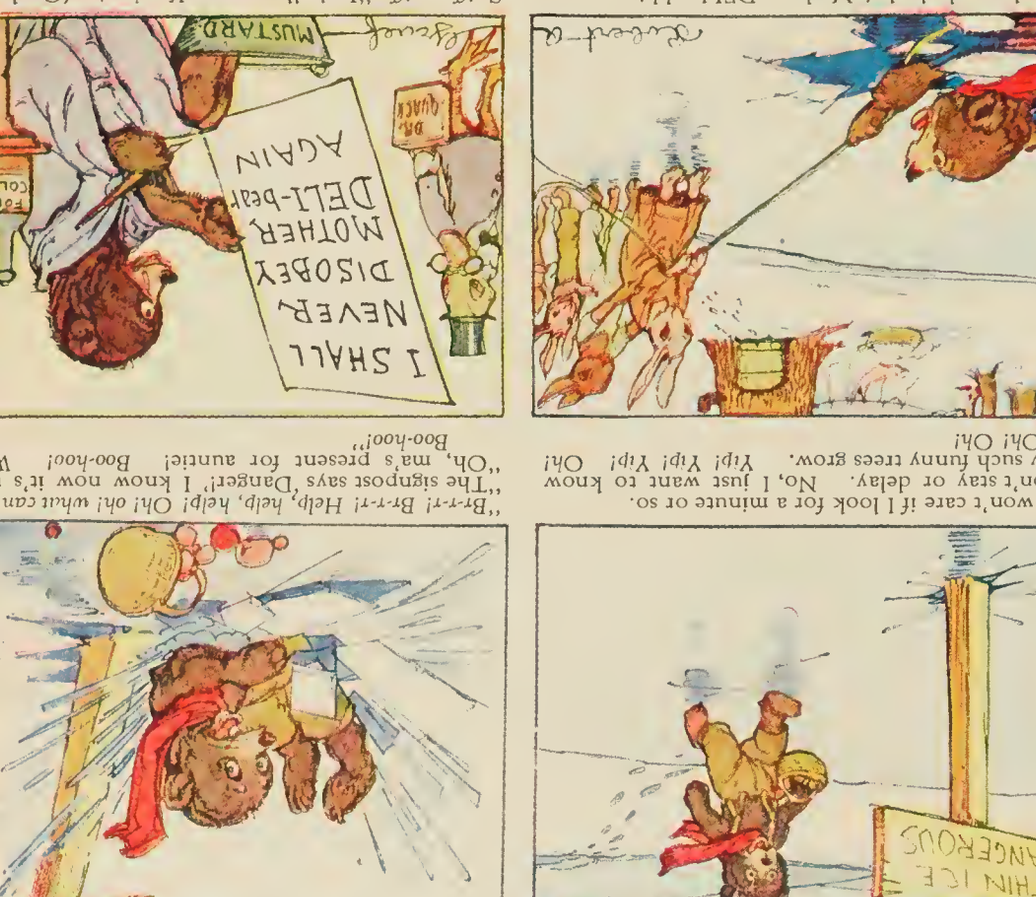


A SEWING MEASURE FOR MOTHER

A BOY or a girl can make this very useful sewing present for mother.

Perhaps you have noticed that when she is sewing she uses an old post-card or a piece of pasteboard with notches cut in it to measure hems and tucks and such things. This measure is much better: Cut a piece of wood four inches by two inches from a cigar-box. Sandpaper it very smooth. With your ruler, mark off inches, half-inches and quarter-inches carefully in India ink along one long side and one short side. On the other two sides make pointed notches with your penknife to mark the inches.

Mother or aunt or any lady who does much sewing will be very glad to get such a useful present.



THE MADONNA

PAINTED BY AN ITALIAN ARTIST NAMED SANDRO BOTTICELLI

MARY, the Madonna, is holding the Christ-child in her lap, while child angels stand about them. This lovely picture was painted by an Italian artist named Sandro Botticelli, who lived in Florence nearly five hundred years ago. When Botticelli was a boy, his father put him to work in a goldsmith's shop, where he learned to make ornaments in gold. That is probably why he painted the gold crown in this picture so well. After you have seen a few of Botticelli's pictures, you will know them whenever you see them, because the faces are so much alike.

In those days the greatest artists painted their most beautiful pictures to hang in churches. That is why most of the old paintings you see are about the Bible.

The queen of the Gollomalopps

It was the king's Go-Go. The king and Mary Anne climbed upon Go-Go's broad back and he galloped them off to the castle.

While they were riding along, the king told Mary Anne about the Gollomalopps: how they had been made out of blue moonbeams by a wise old wizard who made the trees and the rocks and the hills of Gollomalopp Land out of white sunbeams. By this time they had reached the king's castle. It was all of red-white-and-blue candies, and no matter how many you ate there were always just as many left. They got off the Go-Go and walked inside. Oh, how good it smelled!

"Notice my guard, Sontob," said the king, as they went in through the candy castle-gate. "He has a window in the middle of him so I can see what's on the other side of him without going around. Then his tail is made of peppermint candy, which he sucks on when he is hungry."

Then they went into the castle and met the queen, who was ever so happy to meet Mary Anne and made her promise to stay for a long visit.

"Why are you called Gollomalopps?" Mary Anne asked the queen before getting into her Gollomalopp bed that night.

"Because it sounds so much like lollypops. The wizard that made us never ate anything but lollypops," replied the queen.

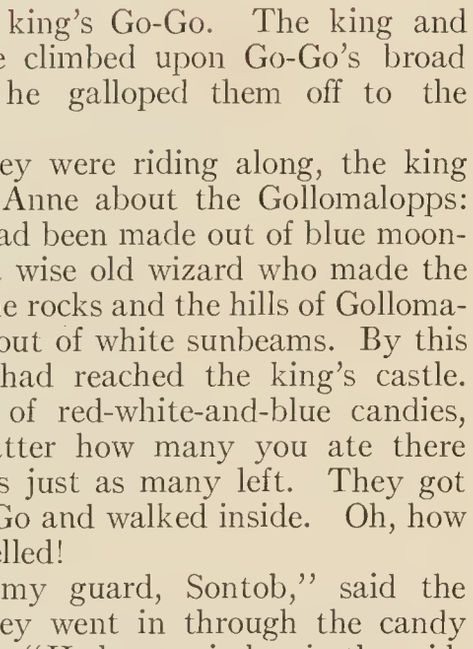
(Next month you will read about Mary Anne's adventures in the land of the Gollomalopps.)

SONTOB'S VERSE

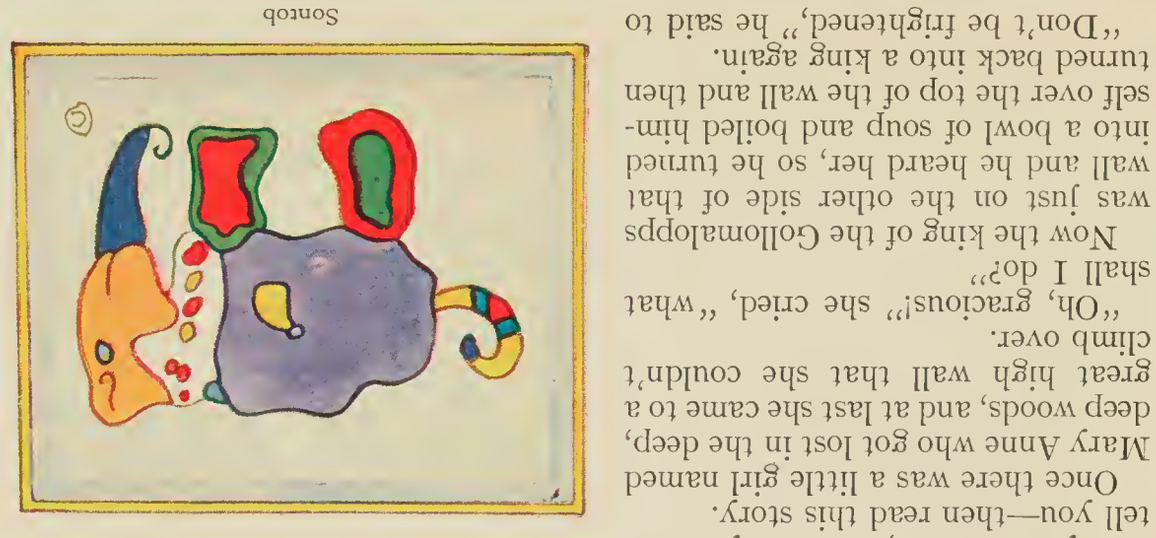
A window in my middle through which the king may see
Whatever may be standing on the other side of me.
My tail is pep'mint candy,
Which really is most handy,
Because I always have my lunch wherever I may be!

GO-GO'S VERSE

Oh, I'm the Go-Go strong as might,
The heaviest loads to me seem light—
But I have one fear,
Which is rain, my dear,
For it tickles me so that I laugh all night.



The brave and handsome king of the Gollomalopps



THE LAND OF THE GOLLOMALOPPS

BY GEORGE M. NEWELL

How the Gollomalopp Happened

WHEN Mr. Newell was sick in an army hospital he drew these Gollomalopp pictures to amuse himself. After he was well he made up the stories to amuse his child friends. So your editor asked him to let THE LITTLE DELINEATOR *have the Gollomalopps.*

DID you ever hear of the Gollomalopps? Well, if you ask your father and your mother and your aunt and your uncle and all your brothers and your sisters, and they can't tell you—then read this story.

Once there was a little girl named Mary Anne who got lost in the deep, deep woods, and at last she came to a great high wall that she couldn't climb over.

"Oh, gracious!" she cried, "what shall I do?"

Now the king of the Gollomalopps was just on the other side of that wall and he heard her, so he turned into a bowl of soup and boiled himself over the top of the wall and then turned back into a king again.

"Don't be frightened," he said to the surprised Mary Anne. "I will help you over this wall and then you'll be in the land of the Gollomalopps, and I'll take you to the castle where the queen and I live."

"Oh, goody lollypops!" shouted Mary Anne, clapping her hands; and with that the king sneezed very loud "*Kerchoo!*" and he sneezed himself and Mary Anne right over the wall into the Land of the Gollomalopps.

Here they found a strange animal who looked like a patch-work quilt.

Sontob

The DELI-bears of DELI-ville



"She won't care if I look for a minute or so. "I won't stay or delay. No, I just want to know "How such funny trees grow. Yip! Yip! Yip! Oh! Oh! Oh!

Ma DELI-bear said to her DELI-bear son: "Will you take this to Aunt DELI-goose? — now, please run! "Don't stop on the way—no, not even for fun."

But lucky— oh, lucky! Madame DELI-rabbit Was hanging out clothes as was always her habit, And her clothes-line—how glad DELI-bear was to grab it!



Sniff, sniff, "I shall never— *Kerchoo!* (Ouch, my throat!)—

"Disobey Mother DELI-bear," that's what he wrote. And how thankful he felt that he'd worn a fur coat!

"Br-r-r! Br-r-r! *Help, help, help! Oh! oh! what can I do?* "The signpost says 'Danger!' I know now it's true. "Oh, ma's present for auntie! *Boo-hoo! Woo-o! Boo-hoo!*"

So DELI-bear started, as good as could be, Till — "See!" puzzled he. "What a strange-looking tree!

"Mother said not to stop, but— Oh, I guess she——

THE HOME-MAKERS' DEPARTMENT



Edited by
MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER
Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

THE Better Homes in America campaign emphasized home reading as a means of refining home influences. Libraries displayed books and lists most desirable for the home as well as technical books on home-making. Home-makers whose attention was called to this feature of the Better Homes demonstration were challenged on the reading habits of the family. The character of the family depends much on the amount and kind of home reading. A bookless house is not one of the better homes. Interesting books have an element of life in them which lends a charm to a home with even scant decoration and furnishings.

Some housekeepers say that they have no inclination to read after the housework is done. Reading is a habit the same as any other activity, and its neglect makes it perfunctory and no longer a recreation. Waiting for time to read is not often a success. Find the book—not one that duty compels—start it even in the busiest times, read into an interesting chapter and the desire to finish it is irresistible. It soon is a part of the life and experience of the family.

The reading habit of the parents has a wholesome effect upon the children. The parents can not afford to go into the intellectual background and fall behind the young people who are at school and college. With some effort they may still offer intellectual comradeship.

The reading habit should be established for old age. It is monotonous, after one has passed the days of activity, to sit by the fireside and rock. The habit of reading established in early days gives to old age contentment.

A better home will, if possible, encourage reading aloud. A few minutes or an hour a day will in the course of the year add several books to the family experience. Those who respond to books and reading as a part of the Better Homes campaign may have established at least the beginning of a good family library with such encouraging accessories as a cozy nook, a good light, an easy-chair and a good book or magazine always ready to open.

Now and then we hear from women who have little to tempt them to read or to satisfy a desire once cultivated to read. A housekeeper who had not become used to any interruption to a monotonous grind wrote this letter: "I am glad you think we ought to read—to do something besides housework. But my greatest perplexity is to reconcile housework and books. Perhaps it takes too much reading to content me, but too much work makes me disagreeable and discouraged. When the work crowds the books too much, I put my books away in another room and try to forget all but the tasks. No amount of short-cuts can give all women a fair chance for recreation or mental improvement. I expect to long for far more than I shall ever have of either. Thank you for caring about what we read."

Martha Van Rensselaer









WE WILL BUY CHRISTMAS IDEAS

THERE is a rich mine of ideas for Christmas among readers who have never before written professionally. We want to give all our readers the benefit of these suggestions next year. Now, while the ideas are fresh in your mind, won't you write us about them, and, if possible, send photographs? We will pay well for all articles we can use. We want to know about the original gifts you have made or received and just how they were made, and about original cards, verses, decorations, community celebrations and services, surprises and pretty Christmas customs you have seen. Your letter may be as long as two thousand words or as short as you like. Letters will be judged primarily on the originality and practical value of the ideas in them. Letters will not be returned unless a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed.

NEW YEAR'S ON THE FOOD CALENDAR

RESOLVED THAT: Each member of the family shall have, willy-nilly, his just quota of milk in his diet.

All ingredients used in cooking shall be carefully measured to avoid waste, poor products and a possible indigestion.

Whole cereals shall often be the order for breakfast; and the fireless cooker shall prepare them. The children's school lunch shall be a well-planned meal.

Two vegetables besides potatoes shall be used in this family every day. Let him who has prejudices overcome them. Too much fried food is taboo in every-day diet.

Custard, soufflé and other egg mixtures shall always be set in a pan of hot water before baking. The result justifies the means.

Cheese is a wholesome protein food and shall be cooked and served to the general edification and benefit of the family.

If ice-cream is made and eaten at home, less ice-cream cones will be consumed between meals.

An iron pot for pot roasts and stews is a wise investment in savings on the meat bill.

Fruit three times a day is not too much.

A plum pudding, a fruit-cake, a glass of jelly or a jar of jam from this home shall make some one happy on New Year's day.

BEST COOK-BOOKS

A DELINEATOR reader recently wrote for a list of fifty best cook-books. We wondered if there were fifty best. We will send you a list of good books on home-making subjects, foods and nutrition, household management, housing, household decoration and furnishing, care and training of children, the textiles and clothing. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Editor of the Home-Makers' Department, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Publishing Company, New York City.

THE CHRISTMAS CHEST

PARENTS often make the mistake of keeping Christmas secrets too closely and doing too much of the pleasurable planning without letting the children in on it. Christmas day is over so soon that the more the anticipation can be enhanced the greater the joy.

Last year one mother inaugurated the Christmas chest in her family. She deposited in her cedar chest, carefully wrapped, the family presents as they were finished or as they arrived. The children were allowed to take out the packages, shake them, hold them to the light and speculate as much as their hearts desired.

The plan was a great success. The children thrilled over the mysterious outsides of their packages and spent happy hours trying to guess the contents. They did not abuse the privilege, for they enjoyed the anticipation. Even the youngest boy, age two and a half, trotted to the chest, picked out his package, shook it and then laid it carefully back, announcing: "That's my pleasant."

On Christmas morning the joy of opening the packages was intensified by the familiar outside appearance of each gift, and there were many shouts and giggles over the mistakes in guessing.

A CHOOSING PARTY

SMALL Christmas gifts are an essential of a children's holiday party, but it is often difficult to select gifts to please small guests when one does not know them very well.

One mother who was giving a small children's party called it a "Choosing Party," and let each child choose his own gift from the Christmas tree. The tree was hung with a number of small gifts from the ten-cent store—some for boys, some for girls and some neuter gender. There were several more gifts than the number of guests so that there need be no Hobson's choice.

She was amazed at the number of girls who chose supposedly masculine toys: spinning-tops and wind-up toys. The wise hostess will be prepared for this.

Each child was also allowed to take home a tree ornament for his own tree, choosing this in the same way. Instead of the usual Christmas orange, each guest chose between orange, mandarin, apple, banana and grapes. There were different place-cards at the table, with a few duplicates in reserve, and each child chose the one he thought prettiest and sat there. There was a choice of two kinds of ice-cream. For games, a list was suggested and the game which was chosen by most children was played first.

MOTHERS AND TEACHERS WORK TOGETHER

BACK and forth trot the thoughts of children, like busy shuttles weaving the weft of home into the warp of school. The beauty and strength of the little colorful fabric that we call the child's mind and body depend largely upon the cooperation of the woman in the home and the woman in the school. If the threads in John's pants part company, a patch appears on John's knee. If the threads of his experience fail to hang together, a patch appears on his health and happiness.

Home and school! How can they work together for the good of the child? The Child Health Organization of America proposes this plan for "health-minded" mothers and teachers: Through the Parent-Teacher Association, or individually, the mother confers with the teacher as to the essential health habits to be taught. Both should be sure that the habits taught in school can be practised at home.

The teacher's share in carrying out the plan is to make the health habits attractive through group psychology, through appeals to the child's imagination and through interesting facts.

The mother's share is to see that her children have a chance to practise those habits, for both desire and practise are necessary for habit formation. In the child's report on the home practise of health habits the teacher can check up on the effectiveness of her teaching. To make the plan ideal, teacher and mother should meet at regular intervals and compare notes. Perhaps the day will come when the mother reports to the teacher just as the teacher reports to the mother.

This is how the plan works: Mother allows Mary to choose her own supper for a week—thus Mary can put in practise what she has learned about food. Mary will make mistakes, of course, but the experience will do her more good than she can work harm to herself. Such radical departures from a wholesome diet as green apples and pickles can be deleted. Or, John is given the care of his own room, and mother observes his reaction to fresh air, as applied to his room, his bed, his clothes and himself.

An instance of cooperation between mother and teacher for the good of the child came to the Child Health Organization in a letter from a rural school-teacher in western Pennsylvania: James, age ten, wanted to give a party for his grade to celebrate his birthday. He had learned food values in school; he had been given practise in food selection at home. The refreshments that he chose for his party were milk and molasses cookies. The year before it had been candy and cake.

When sturdy limbs and happy faces are the prize, isn't it worth while for teachers and mothers to work together—one with precept and the other with practise—to make health habits automatic throughout life?

PRIZE-CONTEST ANNOUNCEMENT

ONE of the Contest Editor's earliest recollections is of a magical Christmas-eve carol service and the walk home afterward.

The church was dark save at the far end, where a great Christmas tree blazed with lights. The smell of evergreen mingled with the voices singing "Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem."

After the service, the little girl, uplifted, half dazed with childish wonder and reverence, went out into the night air. The sky was a deep, vivid color like blue ink, and many stars shone in it; the snow on the ground seemed a pale mysterious blue. Her father's hand, to which the child's red mitten clung, was the only earthly contact of which she was conscious. One large bright star shone above her. She was sure it was the Star of the East and would lead her, if she could follow, to the little Christ-child lying at that instant in a manger.

Such moments are worth months of ordinary experience. No one can have too many of these beautiful memories.

This month we are offering a prize of fifty dollars for the most helpful article of not more than five hundred words on "Our Carol Service." For any other articles that we can use we will pay space rates. Tell at what hour the service was held and just how the church was decorated, what carols were sung and all the details of the service. Tell whether it was a union service and how the public was notified that it would be held. If possible, send photographs of the decorations. All contributions must be mailed before midnight of January thirtieth. Contributions for this contest can not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped envelope.

Address: Contest Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Publishing Company, New York City.

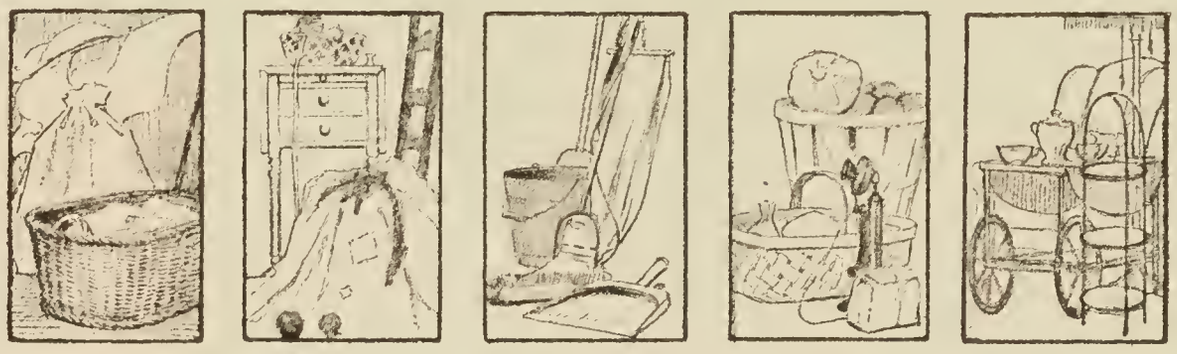
COMMUNITY-HOUSE CONTEST

THE response to our contest on "How We Got Our Community House" was so great and the competing articles are so good that instead of printing only the prize-winner we are going to devote a whole page to these helpful, inspiring little articles. Because of the greater space required, they will appear in the February instead of the January number.

SAVE A DOLLAR

For the woman who has time and money to spend but not to waste

Each suggestion has been tested and approved by the Home-Makers' Department



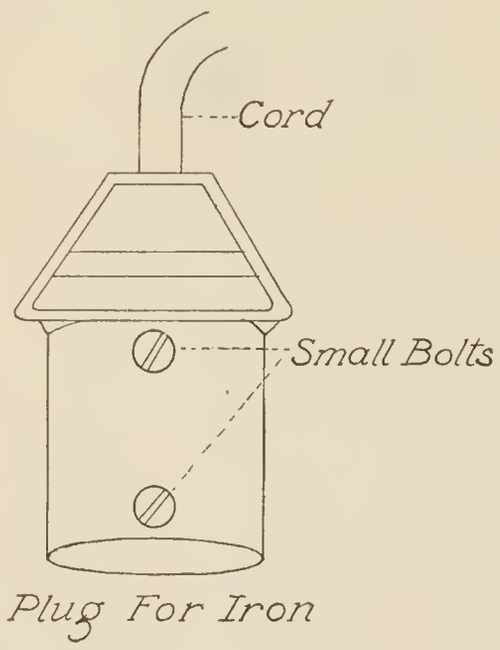
THE DELINEATOR will pay ten dollars each month for the best suggestion for saving the housekeeper's money, labor, food or fuel. We will pay five dollars for the other suggestions we use on this page. Items sent in December are not printed until four months later. When duplicate suggestions are received, we consider the first idea to reach us. Unavailable suggestions can not be returned. Payment for each item accepted is made on publication. Address your ideas to the Home-Makers' Department

OCTOBER PRIZE-WINNER

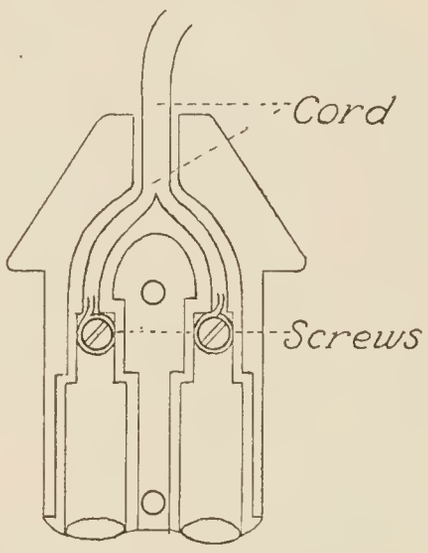
SAVING THE ELECTRIC-IRON REPAIR BILL

ANY woman can repair her own electric iron and thus save several repair bills in the course of a few years. The only tools necessary are a pair of wire-nippers, or old shears, and a small screw-driver.

When an iron gets out of order, it is in most cases due to a break of the wires in the cord or connecting-plug. The first thing to do is to disconnect the cord from both the electric socket and the iron. When this is done, spread a newspaper on a table to catch the muss. Examine the cord to find a place where the wires seem to be broken. The break may be indicated by a small burned spot on the cord, but in any case it is not hard to find. If the cord is in perfect condition, then the break must be in the plug which connects the cord with the iron. Unscrew the small bolts in this plug. It will fall apart in two pieces. Note carefully just how the wires are connected inside this cord, so you can put it together in the same way.



Plug For Iron



One-half Of Plug Showing Wire Connections

The cord is divided into two bunches of tiny wires, which are wrapped tightly around two small screws. Notice that the wrapping is removed from these wires where they are wrapped about the screws. Now find the break in the connecting wires. Cut the cord off at this place. Remove the wrapping from the cord back as far as necessary to replace it in the plug. Then each small bundle of wires must have its wrapping removed. Twist them to keep all the hair-like wires together and wrap neatly around the small screw (with experience, you will find it unnecessary to take these screws entirely out) and screw it down tightly to hold the wires securely. When both bundles of wires are so adjusted, fit these connections into one-half of the plug again and put the other half of the plug over them, being sure they are in just the right position. Screw the bolts into the plug and the work is finished. If it has been done carefully and neatly, your effort should be a success.—MRS. GERTRUDE J. PATTY, Brookings, S. Dak.

GIFTS OF SMALL COST

SAVE all pieces of cardboard such as come from the laundry with shirts. A number of these sheets of uniform size, punched on the left side with a paper-punch and bound together with tape or scraps of ribbon, make an excellent scrap-book. This may be filled with cut-out pictures that will delight a small child or one that is ill; or a full-page color picture, cut from a magazine and pasted on one sheet of the cardboard, may be cut into odd shapes with a penknife or a pair of sharp shears to make a child's puzzle. One or two of these puzzles may be the foundation for a gift box into which you put all of the pretty beads or buttons, bits of old jewelry, foreign coins, favors, unusual stamps, pins, seeds, pretty shells or any other odd knickknacks that will entertain a child who is confined to bed.—RUTH SWINGLE, Hazen, Nev.

INEXPENSIVE BEDROOM SLIPPERS

CHILDREN'S bedroom slippers, a welcome Christmas gift, may be made by braiding solid or contrasting color strips of woolen cloth, just as for a rag rug, and sewing them to soles made from old felt hats. Shape the slipper to fit the ankle, or else use a braided strap to fasten it on.—LULU G. GREENE, Mankato, Minn.

CLOSET POCKET

ANY woman who is cramped for closet-space will appreciate the gift of a closet pocket—the width of her closet door, and any desired length—made from pretty cretonne or denim. Bind the strip of cloth with braid and sew on it pockets of different sizes. Shoe pockets and a long narrow one for an umbrella will be most convenient. Put a crocheted ring on each corner to hang it up by.—ETHEL G. PETERSON, Portland, Oreg.

SAVE CHRISTMAS BOXES

IT IS often difficult and expensive to provide pretty holiday boxes for Christmas gifts. Instead of throwing away the boxes and ribbons from gifts received this Christmas, put them all into a box and store them away with the Christmas-tree decorations. Add to this box throughout the year attractive candy-boxes or other containers for which you may find use next year, and when Christmas comes again your problems of packing off gifts will all be solved.—OLGA ACHTENHAGEN, Mayville, Wis.

"MOTHER GOOSE" BOX

A MOTHER GOOSE box is a gift which will delight any child and provide a neat storage-space for toys and books which might otherwise be left lying about the house. A packing-box twenty-four inches wide, forty inches long and eleven inches high is convenient for this purpose. It should be set on casters so that it may be pushed under a davenport or into a corner when not in use. The outside may be covered with Mother Goose figured cretonne, or else neatly decorated with colored cut-out pictures or magazine covers and finished with a thin coat of varnish.—MRS. C. F. EWING, Wheaton, Minn.

A HOME-MADE FIRE-SCREEN

A FIRE-SCREEN that costs less than one-fifth of the cost of one bought ready made may be manufactured at home with little trouble. A yard of heavy screening thirty inches wide, eleven feet of heavy wire and some thread wire are all that is required for a small fire-screen. Bend the wire, rounding it evenly at the corners with a pair of pincers and joining it at the bottom by winding the lapped ends with a piece of the thread wire. Fasten the screen to the wire frame with thread wire by overcasting it; then bend back seven inches on each end for wings. Finish the screen with a coat of screen paint. One or two middle supports of the heavy wire may be put on the inside of the screen if desired.—MRS. H. S. WASSON, Tonawanda, N. Y.

SAVE OLD WHISK-BROOMS

OLD whisk-brooms, when the worn part is cut off squarely, make splendid sink-brushes.—FLORENCE TAFT EATON, Concord, Mass.

SAVE SALTY SOUP

WHEN soup is too salty, a piece of raw potato put into the pot for a few minutes will absorb some of the salt and make the soup palatable.—MRS. GLADYS M. MCKINNON, Alberta, Can.

SAVE KNIFE EDGES

STEEL knives should be scoured as often as used. This keeps them sharp as well as bright. Do not put them into the pan of water while washing them, but hold them in the hand. Wash and wipe them perfectly dry.—MARY F. SCOTT, Albany, N. Y.

SAVE ON LEMONS

ONE-THIRD more juice can be extracted from lemons if they are put in a hot oven or a stove for two or three minutes or submerged in hot water before using them.—BYRD OLDACRE, Cullman, Ala.

SAVE JELLY

SAVE all of the jelly from the bottom of the glass that no longer tempts the appetite. Put all these little bits together in a saucepan with a small amount of water and melt. Mold the jelly in a jelly-glass and it will be as appetizing as fresh jelly.—MRS. MERRILL B. METCALF, Greenfield, Ill.

SAVE OLD FURS

OLD furs, with worn spots removed, will give a holiday touch to coats when used for collars and cuffs for little girls.

Cut the fur on the skin side with a sharp knife or razor-blade. To piece it, dampen the edges of the skin thoroughly, press back the fur from the seam and sew over and over, making a thin seam. Be careful to have the fur so that it strokes in the proper direction, and match all stripes. Do not use heavy thread—Number 50 cotton, doubled, is strong enough. Use short threads and be sure that the skin is thoroughly dampened. When the seam is finished and the fur dry, brush it up with a stiff brush.—MRS. I. K. LUND, Bisbee, N. Dak.

SAVE ON SANDWICH FILLINGS

LEFT-OVER food may often be used for tasty sandwich fillings. Cold roast lamb, put through a food-chopper, pounded to a paste, seasoned with salt and mayonnaise or with curry-powder and moistened with sweet cream, makes a delicious filling. Baked beans, put through a food-chopper, seasoned with chopped parsley, a few drops of celery extract, onion-juice and a little mustard, provide an unusual sandwich filling. Cream or cottage cheese, with finely chopped celery and sufficient cream to make a paste, is also a tempting filling. Olives and stuffed olives, pounded to a paste, with a few finely chopped pickles mixed with mayonnaise, are likewise delicious. Cheese and butter creamed together and seasoned is very good. Beet salad and sliced beets chopped fine and mixed with salad-dressing are excellent when laid on a lettuce leaf and used for sandwiches. Ground almonds, walnuts and seeded raisins, moistened with mayonnaise or with grape or other fruit juice, provide a most appetizing filling.—EMEROI STACEY, Portland, Oreg.



STORM OVERALLS

FATHER'S cast-off raincoat, reincarnated into a pair of storm overalls for "sonny boy," will prove a most cherished and useful Christmas gift. In snowy weather the storm overalls are slipped on over a sweater suit, and while the boy plays out-of-doors he is kept dry and warm and at the same time his sweater suit is protected.—MRS. O. S. SEARLES, Newport, Vt.

SAVE CAKE

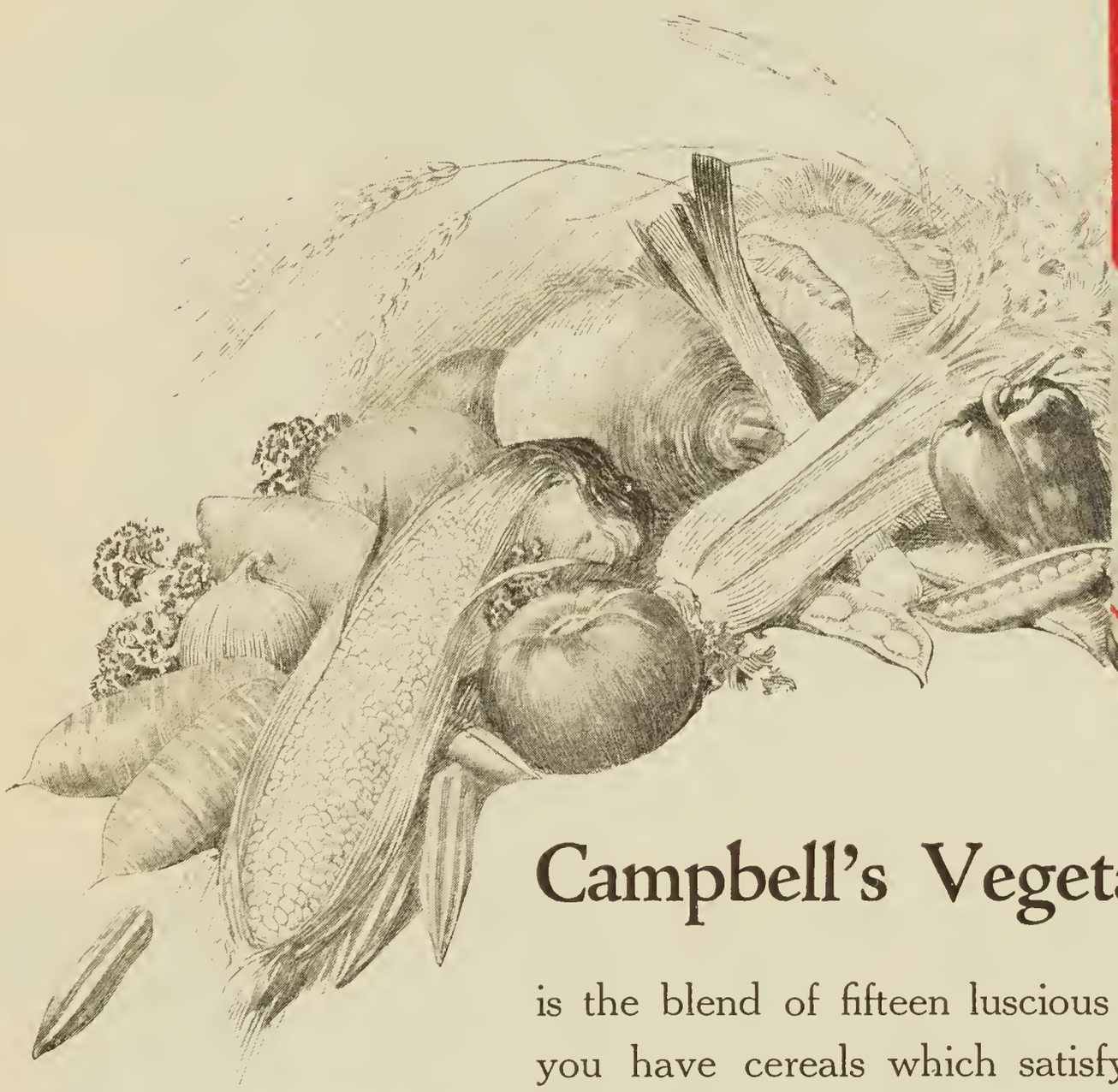
IF THE family tires of an iced cake before it is all gone, then icing only half of a cake at one time will result in a saving. Frost half of a fresh cake and put the other half, without icing, carefully away in waxed paper in an air-tight box. When the first half of the cake has been eaten, get out the second half and ice it with a different kind of icing. The family will be as enthusiastic about it as though it were a new cake. The little additional time required for this twice-frosted cake is more than compensated for in the economy resulting.—MRS. C. F. WALZ, Minneapolis, Minn.

SAVE EMBARRASSMENT AND INCONVENIENCE

IT IS always embarrassing to a housekeeper to find that certain household supplies are exhausted. This is especially true of such items as matches, soap, tooth-paste and toilet-paper. Hang a pad and pencil in a convenient place in the kitchen and have each member of the family list here supplies which he has noticed are getting low. This family cooperation relieves the housekeeper and the house is always kept well stocked.—CHARLOTTE S. FORD, Toledo, Ohio.

SOUP MAKES THE WHOLE MEAL TASTE BETTER

Taste the pride of the garden
in this delicious vegetable soup





Campbell's Vegetable Soup

is the blend of fifteen luscious vegetables. Here you have cereals which satisfy the hunger and strengthen the body—broth of fine beef which yields its delicious flavor and stimulates the appetite. There are thirty-two ingredients in all. Baby lima beans, tiny sugar-sweet peas, juicy-ripe tomatoes, Country Gentleman sweet-corn, gold-hued turnips, Chantenay carrots, white and sweet potatoes, crisp celery, chopped cabbage, alphabet macaroni, plump barley grains, French leeks, okra, and fresh parsley grown on our own farms the year round. Almost a meal in itself—a splendidly filling lunch—a dish of real, substantial food for dinner.



When snow is deep and drifts are steep,
I wear my biggest shoes.
But my best fun is when I'm done,
For Campbell's then I choose.

21 kinds 12 cents a can

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

CAKES THAT SAVED THE DAY

Some decorative holiday cakes and how to make them

All recipes have been tested and approved by the Home-Makers' Department

NECESSITY—that first necessity of a mother's heart, to make her children happy—inspired the invention of the toy-house cake. We were too poor that year to give the children a tree, nice presents or even many Christmas goodies. Yet the youngsters had implicit faith that their Christmas would be the kind of day that makes the fairy-tales of magic-lamps, wishing-tables, gingerbread houses and fairy godmothers seem perfectly possible. Of course, I could not let the small people waken to a bare holiday; so I made them a merry Christmas out of my love, ingenuity and groceries that we had on hand.

It was cakes that saved the day—pretty, magical-looking cakes that I devised. The toy-house cake shown on this page entranced the children as the centerpiece on the Christmas dinner table; little holly cakes wrapped in oil-paper were wonderful stocking presents. We never had a happier Christmas.

To-day, though glittering Christmas trees and expensive gifts are a commonplace to the children, they would feel cheated if I did not go to the kitchen myself a few days before Christmas and, despite the protests of my kind black Annie, make with my own hands these same Christmas cakes.

THE toy house is made of sponge-cake because it cuts without crumbling. I bake two square sponge-cakes of the same size. One of these squares, set in the center of a piece of cardboard about fifteen inches square, forms the base of the house. I cut away the sides of the other to form a pointed roof. This cake, which makes the outside of the attic part of the house, is then set on top of the other cake, with the bottom of the attic part exactly fitted on the top of the square part. I cut a little chimney out of another bit of cake and fasten it on the roof temporarily with a long hatpin with the head projecting well above the chimney-top. I then ice the little house, the chimney and the cardboard yard with a white icing to represent snow. The hatpin holding the chimney is removed as soon as the icing is dry. I make each window out of four little square lime-drops or butter-scotch candies stuck together with icing. Butter-scotch or milk chocolate that comes marked in small squares but is not cut into separate pieces make good windows, the panes of which do not need to be stuck together. The door is made of six squares instead of four. If you have trouble making windows and doors stick, let a little of the white icing on the house overhang the top of the windows as though the snow had hardened there.

Some small Noah's-ark trees or evergreen twigs set in the yard, with icing snow heaped on them, add a realistic touch. It is also attractive to make a small cobblestone walk to the house by sticking pebble-candies close together in the icing on the cardboard. The first year, when I did not have a Santa for the chimney, I fastened a wisp of gray tulle to it for smoke; this gave me the excuse that he had come and gone and left a fire and little presents inside. The presents in the cake that year were a nickel, a very little pencil from an old dance-card of mine and an agate I had when *I* was small. Other years I have used a dime, a whistle, a *very* little knife, a tiny porcelain figure from China wrapped in tin-foil and minute tools and toys. The Santa for the chimney can be found in any five-and-ten-cent store. Sometimes I have pasted in the windows tiny stickers in the shape of wreaths, the kind we put on Christmas letters.



This log house, as a centerpiece, delights small hearts. It is made of sponge-cake, white icing and candy squares

THIS centerpiece is pretty for any kind of holiday party, for grown-ups enjoy it as much as children. For a New-Year's party omit the Santa and stand in front of the door a small kewpie wearing a diagonal ribbon girdle reading: "1923, Happy New Year!"

Another pretty holiday cake is a large round one with white icing. Draw around a real holly leaf and from it cut a paper pattern. Get green citron, slice it carefully and with a pair of sharp scissors cut the leaves. Arrange them on the cake in clusters or to form a wreath. Make stems with chocolate icing squeezed through the point of a paper cone or a pastry-tube. Put small red candies near the stem for berries.

Individual oblong cakes with two or three of these holly leaves and berries are very pretty for Christmas dinner, for a holiday entertainment or, packed carefully in decorated tin boxes or in baskets, they make charming Christmas gifts.

Mistletoe may be simulated by cutting pointed leaves and using tiny white gumdrops or white sugar-candies for berries. The icing on the cakes should be maple, for white mistletoe berries do not show well against a white icing. These cakes, when mixed with the holly-decorated ones, are most attractive to serve at New-Year's tea.

More amateurish-looking, but pretty and festive, is a poinsettia cake. On a large round cake covered with white icing a poinsettia is drawn with red icing dropped through a paper funnel or a pastry-tube. Even a woman who has never before used a pastry-tube can make a simple poinsettia like the one shown in the photograph.

The icing is best colored by taking a bit of red vegetable coloring-matter on the point of a needle and with the needle mixing it into your white icing, continuing to add more until it is the color you want. In this way you avoid getting too much coloring-matter or beating the icing too stiff.

Another cake I have made is a Star of the East cake. Make a long oblong cake and ice it with maple or caramel to represent desert sand. Take three camels from a box of animal-crackers and dip them in very thin chocolate sugar icing. If the icing is too thick, the camels' facial expressions will be obscured—a loss which greatly detracts from their charm. Make tracks across the sand behind the camels, and in the corner of the top cake, which the camels are facing, put a silver-paper star.

COOKED WHITE ICING

1 cup sugar
1 egg-white
½ cup boiling water

MIX the sugar and water in a saucepan and stir over heat until the sugar is dissolved. Dip a clean pastry-brush or a swab (made by wrapping a bit of clean cheese-cloth around the tines of a fork) in cold water and remove all crystals from the sides of the saucepan. Cook the sirup without stirring until it forms a soft ball when a bit is dropped into ice-water. Remove at once from the fire and pour in a thin stream over the stiffly beaten egg-white, beating constantly so that the egg-white will cook evenly and not curdle. Continue the beating until the mixture is of the right consistency to spread.

SPONGE-CAKE

1 cup flour
¼ teaspoon salt
4 eggs
1 cup sugar
4 teaspoons lemon-juice

SIFT the flour, measure it, add the salt and sift it again. Separate the whites and yolks of the eggs and beat the yolks until they are thick and lemon color. Add the sugar gradually and beat again. Add the lemon-juice and mix thoroughly; then fold in the flour and stiffly beaten egg-whites, alternately. (Care should be taken not to beat the cake at this stage.) Bake in a floured tin in a moderate oven (about 350 degrees Fahrenheit) for about forty-five minutes. If a larger cake is desired, use six eggs and the juice of one-half lemon.

The following is a cheaper cake:

HOT-WATER SPONGE-CAKE

1 cup flour
1½ teaspoons baking-powder
¼ teaspoon salt
2 eggs
1 cup sugar
6 tablespoons hot water
½ tablespoon lemon-juice

PROCEED as for plain sponge-cake, sifting the flour twice and mixing as lightly as possible.

CHOCOLATE FROSTING

4 tablespoons melted chocolate
10 tablespoons powdered sugar
6 tablespoons boiling water

MIX the ingredients and cook over the fire until smooth and glossy. Use at once.

MAPLE-SUGAR FROSTING

½ pound maple-sugar
2 egg-whites
½ cup milk

SCRAPE the sugar into a saucepan. Mix with the milk and cook, stirring to prevent burning, until it forms a soft ball when a bit is dropped into cold water. Pour in a thin stream over the stiffly beaten egg-whites, beating constantly. Continue the beating until it begins to thicken—then spread at once on the cake.

CARAMEL ICING

2 cups brown sugar
⅔ cup milk or cream
2 teaspoons butter (may be omitted if cream is used)

MIX the ingredients and cook to the soft-ball stage. Beat the mixture until it is creamy.



Any one can make this cake. The poinsettia, though hardly realistic, looks festive



Citron and small red candies, or dots of red icing, decorate this cake with a tree



Holly leaves, easily cut from citron with a pair of sharp scissors, are very Christmassy



On the other side of this wrapper are printed simple directions for getting cleaner, whiter, more sanitary clothes. And with the utmost ease and safety.

Here's a health-insurance policy for you



Real Naptha! You can tell by the smell

Fels-Naptha is a wonderfully efficient laundry soap. It washes clothes so *completely* clean there isn't the slightest attraction left for germs. Not mere cleanliness, but *Fels-Naptha* Cleanliness!

Those little dirt-patches where germs feed and breed may be invisible to the naked eye, but the real naptha in Fels-Naptha finds and flushes them out. Its work done, the naptha vanishes, leaving the clothes clean, sweet and sanitary.

Use Fels-Naptha for your finery, as well as for the heavier, dirtier pieces. Remember, it "washes everything washable; cleans everything cleanable." And the results are agreeably surprising!

Fels-Naptha is *more* than soap. It is *more* than soap and naptha. It is the exclusive Fels-Naptha blend of *splendid* soap and *real* naptha in a way that brings out the best in these two great cleaners. Clothes are washed hygienically clean. That's why Fels-Naptha is "health insurance." Start using it today.

The original and genuine naptha soap, in the red-and-green wrapper. Buy it in the convenient, ten-bar carton.



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FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

CHRISTMAS CANDIES THAT MELT IN YOUR MOUTH

By Margaret Noble

All these recipes have been tested and approved by the Home-Makers' Department

GOOD candy-making is not a matter of luck. Careful attention to directions and a few simple precautions will enable you to make from the following recipes Christmas candies that will melt in your mouth.

With the proper addition of water and heat, cane-sugar (ordinary table sugar) completely dissolves and partly decomposes so that the graininess disappears. The presence of the ordinary sugar crystal or grain is fatal to good candy.

The successful use of cane-sugar in making fine velvety candy necessitates following certain precautions. In the first place, every crystal of the cane-sugar must be dissolved in water. To bring this about, the sugar and water mixture should be stirred until it reaches the boiling-point. If by this time all of the crystals are not dissolved, more water should be added and the mixture again stirred over the fire until there are no more crystals. One crystal left in the sirup is enough to start the formation of many more, so not only must all crystals be dissolved to begin with, but none must be allowed to form during the cooking process.

Crystals usually form on the sides of the pan from the spattering of the sirup. These crystals must be washed back repeatedly into the sirup, where they will redissolve. This should be done with a wet swab dipped in a bowl of cold water each time before using.

Stirring a hot sirup causes crystals to form; so after the sugar once dissolves and the sirup begins to boil, it should not be stirred again until it is nearly cool. Do not stir during the boiling, do not scrape the pan when the sirup is poured out, and do not beat the candy until it has cooled a little above lukewarm. A grainy candy means that some of these precautions have not been carried out or that the candy has been cooked too long. Cooking for too long a time drives out the excess moisture and allows the recrystallization of the cane-sugar.

A little acid in the form of cream of tartar may be added to the sugar sirup in order to insure a velvety candy. In fondant the proportion is usually one-eighth of a teaspoon of cream of tartar to two cups of sugar. The same proportion may be used in other soft candies to assure a smooth texture. The addition of a small amount of glucose also helps.

No special utensils are needed for candy-making, though a candy-thermometer and a marble slab are great helps. The slab enables the candy to be spread out and cooled rapidly and makes beating easy. Candy should be cooked in a deep saucepan in which the sirup will be several inches thick; a shallow pan allows too rapid evaporation. In the absence of a marble slab, a platter or a large enamel or heavy porcelain plate may be used for cooling sirup. A spatula or wooden spoon is needed for beating, and the wet swab for washing down the crystals.

It is very important to cook the candy sirup just the proper length of time. It must be cooked long enough to drive off enough water so that the candy will get thick with beating, but not long enough to drive off so much water as to enable the cane-sugar to recrystallize. If you use a thermometer, the proper moment to remove the sirup from the fire in making fondant candies is when the thermometer registers 115 degrees Centigrade or 238 degrees Fahrenheit.

If a thermometer is not used, the time to stop cooking may be recognized by the soft-ball test. Drop a little of the sirup into a bowl of very cold water, preferably ice-water. When it is time to remove the sirup from the fire, the tester in the water can be gathered up by the fingers and rolled between thumb and finger. The ball should not be sticky, but should be just firm enough to be rolled without flattening out.

STEPS IN MAKING FONDANT

FOR fondant, use 2 cups of sugar, ¾ cup of water and ⅛ teaspoon of cream of tartar.

1. Combine ingredients. Stir over the fire until the sugar is dissolved and boiling-point reached.
2. Cover the pan and let boil slowly for five minutes.
3. Remove the cover and wash down the crystals, keeping the sides of the pan always free from crystals.
4. Cook to the soft-ball stage (115 degrees Centigrade or 238 degrees Fahrenheit).
5. Pour on to a platter or marble slab. (Do not scrape the pan.)
6. Cool to forty degrees Centigrade (one hundred and four degrees Fahrenheit), or until the pan feels not more than comfortably warm to the hand. If there are any crystals present, they will show at this time as little clear crystals over the top or as a little white sugary spot in the fondant. Their presence shows that the fondant will sugar, and the thing to do is to pour the fondant back into a clean saucepan, add about one-third cup of water and start over again. No one need have a failure in fondant, as it can be recooked several times until it comes out right.
7. If the fondant is not sugary, work it back and forth with a spatula or wooden spoon. As it becomes thick, beat until it gets white and stiffens.
8. Knead a small amount at a time in the hands until all lumps are removed and it is creamy and soft. If the fondant on the edge of the platter has been worked in during the beating process, every bit of it can be worked into the mass. If the fondant seems hard and dry, a few drops of water on the hands while kneading will help to soften it.
9. Put the fondant into a bowl, cover with waxed paper and set aside twenty-four hours to mellow.
10. Flavor and shape into bonbons. The fondant will be softer the second day than the first. If it should still seem too firm, a little bit of butter may be kneaded in; this will help soften it and give it richness.



To wash back the crystals, use wet cheese-cloth wrapped around a knife or stick

Cardboard partitions, with dark candies at each end and lighter ones in the center, make an attractive arrangement in a flat box



This block-shaped box, decorated with an initial and cut-outs of crape paper, holds candy for a child

FLAVORING AND SHAPING BONBONS

VANILLA, lemon extract, orange extract, maple flavor, cinnamon and cloves, peppermint or wintergreen should be added to the fondant a very little at a time on the end of a toothpick and kneaded in thoroughly. Coloring must also be added in very small amounts. If the shapes are to be dipped, they must be made small enough to allow for the coating, then allowed to stand about one-half hour before they are dipped.

Chopped figs, nuts and grated coconut may be worked into the fondant.

DIPPING IN FONDANT

USE at least one cup of fondant, add lemon extract and yellow coloring, orange extract and orange coloring, or rose-water and pink coloring, and melt over hot water, beating until it melts. If it does not get thin enough to dip in, add a few drops of hot water. Remove from over the hot water, drop in one center upside down, toss until coated, remove by lifting up on a fork, carefully scrape the excess fondant off and invert on a waxed paper. Beat the fondant between each dipping. As it cools and thickens, add one or two drops of hot water and beat again over hot water.

DIPPING IN CHOCOLATE

USE either confectioners' dipping chocolate or the ordinary bitter chocolate. Never try to use less than one pound. Cut the chocolate in pieces, place in a double boiler and heat only until the water in the bottom part begins to boil. Remove the double boiler from the fire and stir until the chocolate is melted. Remove from the hot water, place in a pan of cold water and beat until entirely cold. Dip the centers as for fondant dipping, beating between each dipping.

CREAM MINTS

SOFT fondant is best for making mints. Place it in a small utensil over hot water. Add oil of peppermint or oil of wintergreen and pink or green coloring. Heat over hot water, stirring as it melts, and drop from a teaspoon on to waxed paper. If it is not thin enough to drop, add a teaspoon or two of hot water.

FUDGE

IN GENERAL the same precautions are followed for making fudge as for fondant. But since milk is used in the recipe, the candy has to be stirred occasionally while boiling to prevent its sticking to the bottom of the pan. Fudge should be removed from the fire when the ball is a bit softer than for fondant, as the chocolate makes the candy a little bit softer during this period but stiffer when it is cold. Fudge should be beaten just as long as possible and should not set until it is cool. If it begins to set while still warm, a little water may be added to keep it from getting too hard. If it is grainy, more water should be added and it should be cooked over again, observing all the precautions for keeping crystals from forming. Do not add nuts until just before it is turned out to harden. Good fudge has no suggestion of graininess.

VELVET FUDGE

3 cups sugar
1 cup milk
¼ cup glucose, or ¼ teaspoon cream of tartar
2 tablespoons butter
2 squares chocolate
1 teaspoon vanilla
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup nut-meats

PLACE sugar, milk and glucose in a deep saucepan over the fire. Stir constantly until it boils, then wipe the crystals from the sides of the pan. Add the chocolate and cook until it forms a soft ball when dropped into cold water or tests 115 degrees Centigrade (238 degrees Fahrenheit). Remove from fire, add salt, vanilla and butter. Do not stir. Set away to cool. When nearly cool, beat as long as possible. Add nuts and turn into buttered pans, or shape with the hands into balls to be dipped or rolled in nuts, or into a roll which may be rolled in finely chopped nuts and cut in slices when firm.

PANNOCHE

3 cups light-brown sugar
½ cup sweet cream or sour cream
⅓ cup water
½ teaspoon salt
¾ cup pecans

MIX the sugar, cream, water and salt. Stir over the fire until sugar is dissolved, and continue cooking, keeping the crystals washed down, until it reaches the soft-ball stage. Remove from the fire, partly cool and beat. Add nut-meats and turn into a buttered pan, or shape with the hands into a roll one and one-quarter inches in diameter. If necessary, moisten slightly with milk and roll in chopped pecans.

FRUIT CARAMELS

½ pound raisins
½ pound dates
½ pound figs
½ pound grated cocoanut
½ pound nut-meats
¼ pound candied citron
Juice of ½ lemon
Juice of ½ orange

STONE the dates. Put the raisins, dates, figs, coconut, nut-meats and citron through the food-chopper, add the lemon and orange-juice and mix thoroughly. Roll into balls three-quarter inch in diameter, or pack into a square-cornered can and cut into cubes. The balls or cubes may be rolled in granulated or powdered sugar.

Fruit caramels may be classed as soft candies, although they are uncooked candy. They are the very easiest candy to make and no beginner need hesitate to try them. They add variety to the Christmas box and are especially valuable because they are so wholesome.

PACK the Christmas candy-box firmly, each kind of candy in pieces of uniform size. Rings of candied orange and lemon peel, stuffed dates and salted nuts add color and variety. An old-fashioned bouquet, made of candies wrapped separately in waxed paper, then bunched together into a nosegay and edged with lace paper, is a happy addition to a box.

Keep Your System Regulated
Eat
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Dried Peaches and Figs



Sturdy Children

—are the result of proper feeding

The health and strength of your children depend on eating the right food. *Be sure* they get a well-balanced ration. Give them dried peaches and figs served in an attractive manner, for these fruits contain protein, vitamines and laxative properties not found in most foods, assuring a well-balanced ration and keeping the system working like a watch.

OTHER foods can be greatly improved by adding dried peaches and figs. Eaten as a sauce for breakfast or dessert, they provide more than usual nourishment and at the same time give you a dish that is delicious.

These are California's finest fruits, ripened on the trees under sunshine and blue skies, then picked and spread out in the open to dry. They are Nature's best fruits and natural foods, possessing properties that contribute to the health.

Housewives will find these fruits a great help in preparing their daily menus, for they can be used in hundreds of different ways in preparing dishes that everybody enjoys.

You'll Like These!

Here are fig products that will become instantly popular with you, after you once learn how good they are.

Try whole figs preserved in syrup—Fig Preserve—canned Fresh Figs—Fig Meat—and Fig Brownies. This gives you variety and each product possesses the same health giving properties that are contained in dried figs and peaches.

Children who suffer from malnutrition will thrive on figs. Adults who need to strengthen their vitality will find figs a wonderful help.

Peach Sauce

Made From Dried Peaches

Every breakfast should start with fruit of some kind, so the health authorities say. Eat the various seasonable fruits, but, when they are not obtainable, utilize dried peaches and figs, which health authorities will tell you contain even more beneficial properties than fresh fruits.

Stewed Figs

Made From Dried Figs

Every mother knows that figs are the greatest natural regulator, so serve Stewed Figs for breakfast. Stewed Figs are also a very welcome dessert at the dinner table, especially nice, clean California Figs with their wonderful flavor and appetite appeal.

Dried Figs are inexpensive, easy to prepare in sauces, and are very desirable in making Cakes, Pies, Salads, and other good things to eat.

Fresh Fig Pie

Made From Canned Fresh Figs at Your Bakery

Now you can have Fresh Fig Pie all the year around, for a new process has been discovered which makes possible the canning of figs as they are picked ripe from the trees. These figs are sold to bakers who use them in making Fresh Fig Pie.

This offers you a rare treat.

Fig Meat

A Nutrition Food

Fig Meat comes to you in attractive, sanitary cartons. It is made from crushed dried figs, and welcomed everywhere by health institutions which have learned that Fig Meat is the greatest food in the world for those who are in need of a food that will give them strength and stamina.

Preserved Whole Figs

From Fresh Figs

Probably the finest and most wholesome fruit in the world today is California Preserved Whole Figs.

They have long been considered a rare delicacy, but not until recently has it been possible to offer them in grocery stores at a price within reach of everybody. The world's finest figs are produced in California, and now a preserving process has been invented so that this wonderful fruit can be brought to the table of the American people.

Fig Preserve

Fig Preserve is made from crushed figs. Those who delight in jams and marmalades will find in Fig Preserve a rare delicacy indeed. The very best of California Figs are used in making this product, which will receive a hearty welcome in every household where it is introduced.

Fig Brownies

Children in particular will take a keen delight in eating "Fig Brownies." These are made from Fig Meat in convenient mouthfuls. They come in 5c cartons and also are sold in bulk at 2 for a penny. Pure figs slightly sugared; ideal for "between meals" eating to allay that hungry feeling.

SEND FOR
FREE RECIPES

A post card addressed to Dept. "B" will bring to you a booklet of both peach and fig recipes which will prove very interesting. Every home should have these recipes.

THEY'RE FREE!

Produced and Packed by the
CALIFORNIA PEACH AND FIG GROWERS
Over 8,500 Grower Members
MAIN OFFICE: FRESNO, CALIFORNIA



ELEVENTH-HOUR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Presents that may be bought for five dollars or less

By Hetty Lovejoy Sorden

THE eleventh hour for Christmas shopping is about to strike. Now, more than at any other time, must you shop with discrimination, for a gift purchase that is hastily picked from a crowded counter often hints of days too busy to include thought for friends. It is too late to make your own Christmas gifts, but until the twelfth hour actually strikes, and the shops are closed, there is still time for appropriate gift-shopping.

Don't trust now to the gift inspirations which come at other seasons of the year from a tour through the shops. Christmas shopping crowds make progress through the stores difficult, and amid the hustle and noise, inspirations are not always to be trusted. It is far better to make up your gift list at home and go into the stores ready to make definite purchases provided the articles conform to your standards of quality and price.

Books are excellent for eleventh-hour gifts. Provided you know which books you want, shopping for them is quick and easy. If you give books, however, it is most important to know the tastes of the persons for whom they are intended. For the man or woman interested in current fiction, a recent novel by a favorite contemporary author is sure to be appreciated. From the list of Fall and Winter books, the following may prove suggestive: "Robin," by Frances Hodgson Burnett; "Flowing Gold," by Rex Beach; "Mr. Prohack," by Arnold Bennett; "One of Ours," by Willa Cather; "The Country Beyond," by James Oliver Curwood; "The Vehement Flame," by Margaret Deland; "Charles Rex," by Ethel M. Dell; "Her Unwelcome Husband," by W. L. George; "One Man in His Time," by Ellen Glasgow; "This Freedom," by A. S. M. Hutchinson; "Mortal Coils," by Aldous Huxley; "Cappy Rix Retires," by Peter B. Kyne; "Babbitt," by Sinclair Lewis; "Triona," by William J. Locke; "Certain People of Importance," by Kathleen Norris; "Millions," by Ernest Poole; "The Breaking Point," by Mary Roberts Rinehart;



A desk appointment: Scissors and paper-knife in a leather case



Narcissus-bulbs in a bowl will carry the bloom of Christmas through several months

"Glimpses of the Moon," by Edith Wharton; "Secret Places of the Heart," by H. G. Wells.

For the sports lover, there are such books as "Present Day Golf," by Duncan and Darwin; "The Gist of Golf" and "How to Play Golf," by Harry Vardon; "First Steps to Golf," by G. S. Brown; "The Art of Lawn Tennis" and "It's All in the Game," by W. T. Tilden; "Common Sense in Chess," by Emanuel Lasker; and "Chess Compens," by Capablanca.

Among the helpful cook-books and home-making books are "The Boston Cooking-School Cook-Book," by Fanny Merritt Farmer; "The Fireless Cook-Book," by Margaret J. Mitchell, "Table Service," by Percy J. Allen; "The Efficient Kitchen," by Georgie Boynton Child; and "A Manual of Home-Making," edited by Martha Van Rensselaer, Flora Rose and Helen Canon. If you have a housekeeping friend who is very much interested in her home, it may prove an excellent idea to look through these books with the view of possibly giving her one for Christmas.

Recent books on politics include "An Introduction to World Politics," by Herbert Adams Gibbons; "The Rising Temper of the East," by Frazier Hunt; and "Behind the Mirrors," by the author of "The Mirrors of Washington." "Books and Characters" is a new volume of literary essays by Lytton Strachey, author of "Queen Victoria."

Large gift editions of new books and classics, generously illustrated in color by well-known artists, will delight any child. An edition of "Robinson Crusoe" is illustrated by N. C. Wyeth; Jessie Wilcox Smith has illustrated "Little Women" and "A Children's Book of Modern Stories," by A. M. and E. M. Skinner; Hope Dunlap is the illustrator for "The Little Lame Prince;" Maxfield Parrish for "Hawthorne's "The Wonder Book" and "Tanglewood Tales;" Arthur Rackham for "Irish Fairy Tales," by James Stephens. Other children's gift editions include "Adventures of a Brownie;" "Tale of Two Cities," by Dickens; "Back of the North Wind," by George Macdonald; "The Blue Fairy Book," by Andrew Lang, and "Master Skylark," by John Bennett.

"Silhouette Stories," by May Stranatham, has charming silhouette illustrations by Ethel C. Taylor. John Martin's "A Chubby Book," "About Annabel" and "John Martin's Big Book" are sure to please. Other suggestive titles are "The Boy Scout Year Book," "The House with the Twisting Passage," by Marion St. John Webb; "The Swiss Twins," by Lucy Fitch Perkins; "Wild Heart," by Emma Squier Lindsay; "The Chinese Kitten," by Edna A. Brown; and "Pinkie Pup," a Volland book, with which comes the stuffed pink-gingham pup himself. "Lamp-Light Tales," by Pauline C. Bouvé, and "Man-in-the-Moon Stories," by Josephine Laurence, are both collections of bedtime stories.

Shopping for toys for children is the one exception to the general rule of definitely listing the objects you want to purchase before you go to the stores. Most toy departments are rich with suggestions which even holiday shopping crowds can not conceal. But, even so, you should have a general idea of the type of toys you wish to buy—whether mechanical toys, puzzles, board and other quiet games, character dolls and animals, or one of the many other types.

There are hosts of dolls and animals made from many kinds of stuffed cloth, including velvet. Then there is Laddie Boy, the shaggy White House Airedale, who is a worthy successor to the Teddy Bear of an earlier Administration. These Laddie Boys come in small puppy sizes and full-grown dog sizes, all equally lovable.

There are tempting displays of doll furniture in odd pieces and sets for little girl home-makers. Toy laundry outfits include a wicker clothes-basket, tubs, a glass wash-board, a wringer, and clothes-line and pins. For small children there are rubber bath toys in interesting duck, fish and other deep-sea forms, inflated rubber animal toys and spelling and building blocks that are a real delight.

The best children's toys are those which teach the child to use his hands and mind in his play. Among the constructive toys for boys there is a toy-making outfit containing materials, tools and instructions for making wooden toys. There is a similar set for cardboard cut-outs. Another interesting constructive toy is a flower-builder set which contains separate stained-wood flower-petals, centers and stems to be fitted together by means of grooves and set to blooming on a trellis, in flower-pots or in window-boxes.

Any schoolchild will be proud of a school-bag made of light leather and shaped like a brief-case, with a front pocket for lunch, pencils or change. Then there are soap-bubble outfits sure to give long afternoons of pleasure. A small camera and films or a football would meet the approval of every boy, and many girls, too.

Aside from toys, there are any number of baby gifts a mother would be glad to have you give her baby. Among these may be mentioned fine talcum, a baby record-book, toilet sets, baby-shirts, sweater sets, a pretty cap, kid shoes, baby-pins, a nainsook dress or play-clothes.

Many interesting gifts of Chinese origin may be purchased in Chinese stores or often in department stores. Among these are dwarf garden scenes, Chinese plants, tea-sets, teapots, tinkling glass, wind-chimes, chinese gongs, preserved-ginger jars and incense-burners.



A useful gift for the smoker is a nickel stand containing a nest of ash-trays, a glass cigaret container and a match-box holder

GIFTS FOR THE HOME

- Fancy china plates
- Individual salts and spoons
- Silver sugar-tongs
- Tea or chocolate sets
- Salad bowl, spoon and fork
- Iced-tea glasses
- Tea-napkins
- Bowl of narcissus-bulbs
- Waxed fruits
- Box of colored candles
- Cape Cod fire-lighter
- Brass or bronze desk appointments
- Mixing bowls
- Bread or cake mixer
- Tapestry, velvet or leather table-strips
- Tea-trays
- Cut-glass rest for carving set
- Table-bell
- Percolator
- Chinese plants
- Dinner-napkins
- Bonbon baskets
- Cake or roll basket
- Bayberry candles
- Telephone index
- Phonograph records
- Velvet or silk pillows or pillow-tops
- Roaster
- One-burner bake-pot
- Electric iron
- Cake or pie closet
- Vacuum ice-cream freezer

GIFTS FOR WOMEN AND GIRLS

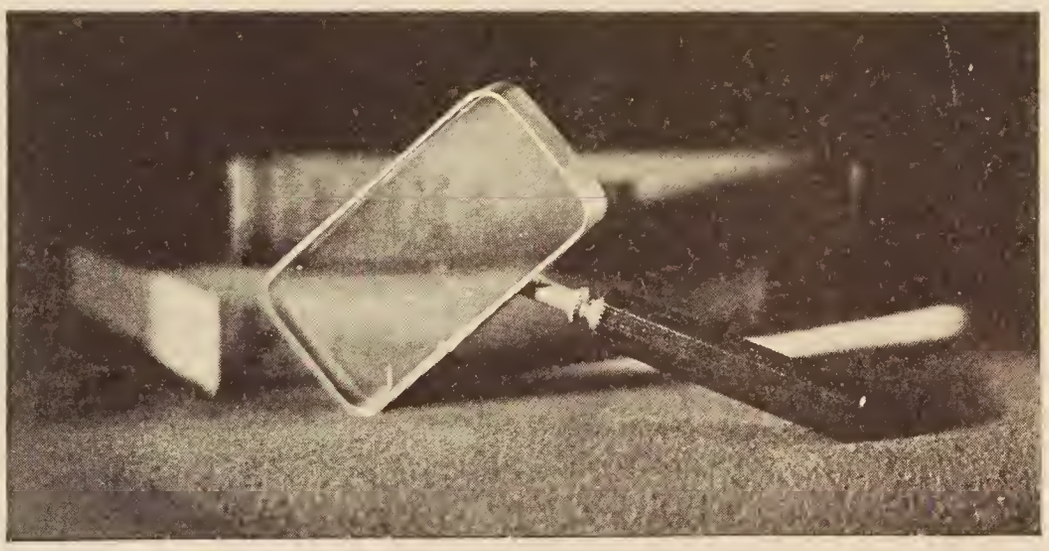
- Interlined note-paper
- Tortoise or silver bag-frames, with mirror
- Roped bead girdles
- Silk underwear, or material for one garment
- Slipper buckles
- Earrings
- Perfumizer
- Silver tea-strainer or tea-ball and stand
- Blouse or dress lengths
- Metal clasps for dress ornaments
- Sweet-grass baskets
- Shoe-trees trimmed with shirred ribbon
- Padded dress-hangers, silk covered
- Office box containing soap, powder, needles and thread
- Fine perfumes

GIFTS FOR MEN AND WOMEN

- Reading-glass
- Desk scales or shears
- Desk-stand, with two inkwells, pen-grooves and well for clips or pins
- Leather photograph-frame
- Chinese garden-scissors
- Stamp-box
- Desk thermometer
- Paper-knife
- Bronze paper-weights
- Good print framed photograph of yourself
- Garden mat and trowels
- Nests of ash-trays

GIFTS FOR MEN AND BOYS

- Leather collar-box
- Penknife with good steel blades
- Skates
- Cigaret-holder
- Metal pencil
- Belt or suspenders
- Muffler
- Men's manicure set
- Tool kit
- Skating cap
- Tennis racket and press
- Fountain pen



This oblong reading-glass covers the width of a page. The handle, fixed at an angle, makes it easy to move downward



Little Bright Red Boxes

Sticking Out of Stocking-Tops!

Boys and girls know what THEY are!

No mistake—it's CHRISTMAS . . . REALLY HERE! . . . for there are *little raisins to proclaim it* . . . little red boxes almost *calling out, "Merry Christmas"* to them before they're half way down the stairs.

See them go for them—*you know* they love them.

And they're both good and good *for* them, like *natural confections*—fine little *seedless* fruit-meats, Nature's own delicious healthful sweets, "just made" for Christmas time!

Now don't you go and forget them, because forty million kiddies are *looking* for these little boxes in their stockings Christmas morning, and you *must make good.*

Better get them now to be absolutely, *positively* SURE!

Better get *two dozen,* in a carton, to serve as little gifts to anyone who may drop in to see the tree.

Make some twenty other little people happy besides your own—for a dollar.

Let's go get them NOW.

Little Sun-Maids

Christmas Raisins

5c Everywhere

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE

Crushed or Grated









You don't know APPLE SAUCE *until you've tried* "PINEAPPLE SAUCE"

If you think apple sauce is good, just try "pineapple sauce"—another name for luscious, sun-ripened Hawaiian Pineapple in CRUSHED or GRATED form—served just as it comes from the can.

It has all the flavor and fragrance of the Sliced Pineapple, which you already know so well. It's identical in quality—grown on the same plantations in Hawaii—and packed in the same modern canneries when ripened to just the right sugar content by the tropical sun.

The children like it/

Try CRUSHED or GRATED Pineapple once, and you'll soon be using it often—by itself (as "Pineapple Sauce") and also to impart a delicious tropical fruit flavor to countless menu treats. Our new recipe booklet gives ninety-nine different suggestions for delicious and easily prepared pineapple desserts, salads, puddings, pies, tarts, frozen dainties and thirst-quenching drinks—and these ninety-nine by no means include all of the possible combinations.

For most of these recipes sliced pineapple would not be practical without extra preparation. CRUSHED or GRATED Pineapple, therefore, comes to the housewife as a simple means of widening the use of an old and sure favorite. With it you can add pineapple freshness and flavor to any meal in the day—any course in the meal.

your favorite fruit in convenient form

Although pineapple is a tropical fruit, winter is one of the best times to eat it. Food experts declare that it contains mineral salts which help to purify and tone up the system. In addition, of course (since foods we like best are best for us), its tempting fresh flavor aids digestion—especially during the winter months when fresh fruit is scarce.

Keep a supply on hand for emergencies. Buy it in convenient-sized cans—by the dozen. You will find it opens the way to a whole new list of tempting foods—unfailing in their appetite appeal—economical and easy to prepare.

a delicious breakfast fruit

With roast or fowl

ASSOCIATION OF HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE CANNERS
451 Montgomery Street
San Francisco, California

Or try it in dishes like these:

PINEAPPLE CREAM FILLING

Heat 1 cup water and 1 cup Crushed or Grated Hawaiian Pineapple. Mix ⅔ cup sugar and 2 tbsp. cornstarch; add the hot mixture and bring to the boiling point, stirring constantly. Cook in double boiler 30 minutes, pour onto 2 egg yolks and cook 3 minutes longer or until eggs thicken the mixture. Add 1 tsp. butter and 1 tbsp. lemon juice. Cool slightly and spread between layers of plain cake. Sprinkle top of cake thickly with powdered sugar.

PINEAPPLE MERINGUE PIE

Mix ½ cup sugar, ⅛ tsp. salt and 2 tbsp. cornstarch and slowly add 1½ cups hot milk. Cook in double boiler until thick and cornstarch is thoroughly cooked, (about 40 minutes.) Pour onto 2 egg yolks; return to double boiler and cook until the eggs thicken, (about 3 minutes.) Cool and add 1 cup well-drained Crushed or Grated Hawaiian Pineapple and ½ tsp. vanilla. Pour into a baked crust and cover with a meringue made of 2 stiffly beaten egg whites and 2 tbsp. powdered sugar. Brown quickly in a hot oven.



Send for this Free Book

Here is a notable contribution to cookery — the ninety-nine best ways of serving pineapple in salads, desserts, pies, punches, etc. Prepared by well-known domestic science experts, it is practical and reliable—and it's *free*. Sign and mail the coupon below for your copy today.

Department 22,
ASSOCIATION OF HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE CANNERS,
451 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Calif.

Please send me free of charge your new book, "Ninety-nine Tempting Pineapple Treats."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*Dealer's Name*_____

*Dealer's Address*_____

THE RENAISSANCE OF HOT BREAD

By Lucile Brewer and Alice Blinn

All these recipes have been tested and approved by the Home-Makers' Department

THERE is little danger of indigestion from hot breads if they are correctly prepared and eaten slowly.

For muffins and quick breads, first, sift the flour with the other dry ingredients; second, add the milk and beaten egg and beat thoroughly, adding the melted fat before finishing the beating; third, fill the well-greased pans two-thirds full of the mixture. Most muffins and quick breads require baking in a moderate oven (350 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit) from twenty to thirty minutes.

GRAHAM MUFFINS

1½ cups graham flour
½ cup white flour
4 teaspoons baking-powder
¾ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons sugar
1 cup milk
1 egg
3 tablespoons melted fat
(½ cup currants or raisins may be added, or ¼ cup candied orange-peel finely cut, or ¼ cup finely chopped English walnut-meats)

SIFT the dry ingredients together. Add the milk and beaten egg gradually, beat well and add the melted fat. Pour the mixture into greased muffin-pans and bake in a moderate oven (350 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit) for twenty minutes.

ROLLED-OATS MUFFINS

½ cup rolled oats
1 cup sour milk
1 egg
2 tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon soda
2 teaspoons baking-powder
1 cup flour
2 tablespoons fat

SOAK the rolled oats overnight in the sour milk. In the morning add the beaten egg and the dry ingredients sifted together; beat well, then add the melted fat. Pour the mixture into greased muffin-pans and bake it in a moderate oven (350 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit) for twenty-five minutes.

CORN-MEAL MUFFINS

1 cup corn-meal
½ cup flour
¼ teaspoon soda
4 teaspoons baking-powder
1 teaspoon salt
2 eggs, beaten
½ cup sour milk
2 tablespoons sugar
4 tablespoons melted fat

MIX the ingredients together and add the milk and beaten eggs gradually. Add the fat last and bake the muffins in greased tins in a moderate oven (350 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit) for thirty minutes.

BRAN MUFFINS

1 cup bran
½ cup wheat flour
4 teaspoons baking-powder
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon soda
2 eggs
1 teaspoon caramel
⅓ cup melted fat
¼ cup molasses
½ cup sour milk

SIFT the dry ingredients, except the bran; add the bran, the beaten egg, the milk and the molasses. Bake the muffins in a moderate oven (350 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit) for about thirty minutes.

BUTTER-CAKES

1 cup flour
2 teaspoons baking-powder
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup milk
1 egg
3 tablespoons melted fat

MIX the dry ingredients, add the milk, egg and fat, and beat well. This makes a stiff batter. Shape with a spoon into rounds. Bake on a medium-hot greased griddle. Brown on one side and turn, allowing ten minutes for each side. Remove from the griddle, split, butter, and serve.

SPOON BREAD

2 cups scalded milk
1½ cups corn-meal
2 eggs
1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons fat

SIFT the meal and the salt into the scalded milk. Cook for five minutes in a double boiler and add the fat. Allow it to cool. Add the yolks of the eggs and fold in the well-beaten whites. Turn into a well-greased baking-dish and bake in a moderate oven (350 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit) for thirty minutes. Serve it hot in the baking-dish.

BISCUIT MIXTURES

SUCCESS with baking-powder biscuits lies in having both the ingredients and utensils chilled before using, putting the mixture together quickly and with a light touch, and making a dough in which the ingredients are perfectly blended and firm enough to handle, yet soft. Too stiff biscuit dough gives a compact texture rather than the fluffy, flaky texture to be desired.

BAKING-POWDER BISCUIT

2 cups bread flour
6 teaspoons baking-powder
Cold milk or water to bind together (about one cup of liquid will be necessary)
1 teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons fat

SIFT the dry ingredients together and work in the fat with the tips of the fingers or with the blade of a knife. Add the cold liquid slowly, pouring it into the center of the mixture, and gradually mix in the flour from the edges of the bowl until the dough is of a soft consistency but stiff enough to handle. Turn the dough out on a lightly floured board. Pat and roll lightly from the center in a sheet one-half inch in thickness. Cut into rounds with a biscuit-cutter. Bake in a hot oven (400 to 450 degrees Fahrenheit) for ten or twelve minutes.

As a variation, sprinkle the sheet of dough with chopped nuts (English walnuts preferred). Fold the sheet over on itself and roll lightly to one-half inch in thickness. Shape with a biscuit-cutter, place on a slightly greased pan (do not allow biscuits to touch each other) and brush with melted butter. Cut large blanched almonds in strips and place the strips on top of each biscuit in the shape of a wheel. Bake in a hot oven (400 to 450 degrees Fahrenheit) for ten or twelve minutes.

Currants or chopped raisins may be added to the dough instead of the nuts.

CARAMEL NUT ROLLS

ROLL plain baking-powder biscuit dough into a sheet about one-fourth inch in thickness, brush over with melted butter, dredge generously with brown sugar and sprinkle with finely chopped English walnuts. Roll up like a jelly-roll, cut into rounds three-fourths inch thick and place on a greased tin. Brush the tops over with melted fat. Bake a little slower than for biscuits—about fifteen minutes. When baked, brush tops of rolls with beaten egg-yolk, using one-half cup of milk to each yolk, sprinkle with brown sugar and return to the oven to brown.



Braids of brioche bread are not difficult to make and are very attractive

COCONUT FOLDS

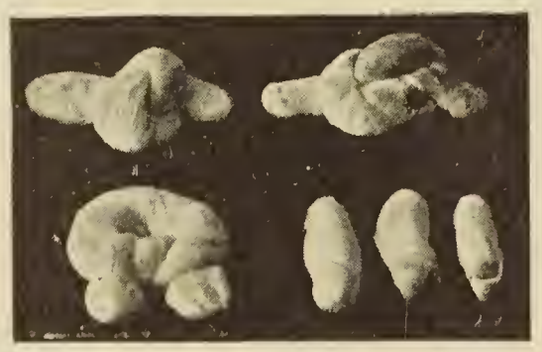
1 cup flour
2 tablespoons sugar
3 teaspoons baking-powder
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons fat
1 egg-yolk
Cold milk or water to form a soft dough

COMBINE the ingredients as for baking-powder biscuits, adding the yolk of egg with the milk. Roll the dough into a sheet about one-fourth inch thick. Brush with melted butter and sprinkle with coconut. Cut in strips one and one-half inches wide by three inches long and fold in thirds. Bake in a hot oven (400 to 450 degrees Fahrenheit) for fifteen minutes.

RICE-AND-CORN BREAD

1 cup corn-meal
2 teaspoons baking-powder
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup boiled rice
1 cup milk
1 egg
2 tablespoons melted fat

MIX the ingredients in the order in which they are given, sifting the dry ingredients together. Bake in a shallow pan in a moderate oven (350 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit) from twenty-five to thirty minutes.



Twisted strips of brioche dough make interesting braids and knots

STEAMED BROWN BREAD

1 cup corn-meal
1 cup Graham flour
1 cup whole-wheat flour
3 teaspoons baking-powder
2 cups sour milk
½ teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup dark molasses
¼ cup melted fat
¾ cup raisins

MIX the dry ingredients together and add the raisins. Mix well and add the molasses, milk and fat. Beat well and turn into a well-greased mold. Grease the cover and place it on the mold. Steam for three hours. Fill the mold not more than two-thirds.

GRAPENUT BREAD

2 cups flour
¼ cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons baking-powder
½ cup Grapenuts
1 cup sweet milk
1 egg
¼ cup fat

SIFT the dry ingredients and mix with the Grapenuts. Add egg, milk and melted fat. Mix well and turn into a greased individual bread-tin. Let rise for five minutes. Bake in a moderate oven (350 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit) for forty-five minutes to one hour, depending on depth of loaf.

YEAST-DOUGH MIXTURES

TO MAKE good rolls, brioche and other yeast-dough mixtures depends, first, upon using none but the best ingredients, particularly yeast and flour, and second, upon having ingredients and utensils warm enough to prevent any possibility of chilling. Milk instead of water may be used for rolls; however, the texture will be less fluffy although the food value will be somewhat increased. If milk is used, it should be scalded and allowed to cool. Fat should be softened. Too much flour must not be used with these yeast mixtures. The dough must be soft and only firm enough to handle.

In kneading the dough, sprinkle just enough flour on the board to prevent the mixture from sticking to it. Knead until the dough is smooth, elastic and does not stick to the hands. This particular stage may be recognized by the light way in which the dough springs from the touch and by the distinct squeak of the breaking of air-bubbles. When this point is reached, place the dough at once in a well-warmed, greased bowl, brush over the top with melted fat and cover the bowl with a cloth. Keep the dough at a uniformly warm temperature while rising. (Placing it in a pan of warm water is the quickest and easiest method of doing this, as additional hot water may be added as the water in the pan cools.) Allow the dough to rise only until it doubles in bulk. This is a simple measure of the time when the dough is ready for each succeeding stage process.

A modification of the customary rich brioche mixture makes it possible to have this delightful bread in the home. Brioche dough lends itself to any number of twists, turns and the other variations that give it attractive form. It is a delicious breakfast bread served with coffee and may be used for afternoon tea or as a dessert served hot with a rich fruit sauce or crushed fruit. No toast is as good as toasted brioche.

Brioche is excellent as a breakfast bread because it may be kept on ice several days and used as desired. If delicately browned, both rolls and brioche may be baked the day before using and reheated just before serving.

ROLLS

2 cups tepid water
1 cake compressed yeast
⅓ cup fat (any kind)
¼ cup sugar
Flour to make dough smooth
2 teaspoons salt
Yolks of 2 eggs

DISSOLVE the yeast in tepid water. Add the other ingredients and flour to make a soft dough, just stiff enough to handle. Knead until the dough does not stick to the hands. Put it into a greased bowl and brush over with fat. Let rise until it is double its original size. Fold under and let rise again. The third time, shape it into rolls. Brush each roll with melted fat and let rise until double in size. Bake in a medium hot oven (350 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit) for fifteen minutes.

FOR CLOVER-LEAF ROLLS—Break off small pieces of dough and press into small balls by folding the edges under until perfectly round. Roll each ball in melted fat (one-half butter and one-half fat) and place three balls in each section of greased muffin-pans.

FOR DOUBLE-DECK ROLLS—Roll the dough from the center with a light steady stroke, making a sheet a little less than one-half inch thick. Brush the sheet with melted fat and cut into disks with a small biscuit-cutter. Place two disks one on top of the other and lay them on a greased baking-sheet or in muffin-pans.

MODIFIED BRIOCHE

2 cups scalded milk
1 cake compressed yeast
⅓ cup sugar
½ cup fat
½ teaspoon lemon extract
1 teaspoon salt
1 whole egg
2 egg-yolks
5½ cups flour

COOL the scalded milk. When tepid, add the yeast-cake. Add the other ingredients in the order given. Beat well. Let rise six hours. With a wooden spoon, fold the mixture under and place in the ice-box overnight or until ready for use. Then shape into form desired, handling as quickly as possible, as the mixture softens as it stands. Let rise until double in bulk. Bake in a moderate oven (350 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit) for fifteen to twenty minutes, depending on size and form.

FOR BRAIDS—Dust a bread-board lightly with flour and roll brioche dough gently into a sheet about one-half inch thick. Cut the dough in strips one-half inch wide, leaving one end uncut. Place on greased baking-sheet and brush the cut edges with melted fat. Fold the strips over each other to form a braid. Pinch both ends of braid together, flatten, and press down on pan to prevent strips separating and losing shape.

TO MAKE BOW-KNOTS—Twist strips of brioche dough lightly and tie in a bow-knot. Bring the ends down and press to the pan.

COFFEE-CAKE

1 cup scalded milk
½ cup tepid water
1 teaspoon salt
⅓ cup brown sugar
¼ cup fat
1 yeast-cake
1 teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
¼ teaspoon allspice
½ cup raisins
3½ cups flour

COFFEE-CAKE mixtures may be either yeast batters or doughs. The batter is the simpler form to make.

Scald the milk. When tepid, mix with the other ingredients in the order given. Beat the mixture well and let it rise. When double in bulk, fold under and turn into a well-greased pan. Allow it to rise until again double in bulk. Bake in a moderate oven (350 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit) for one hour. Coffee-cake is excellent baked in a fireless cooker between two heated radiators.

SPEAK TO THE EARTH

By Celia Caroline Cole



There isn't one woman out of a hundred who couldn't be better looking, more charming, more lovable, if she would give a little thought to it. If you need advice, write to Celia Caroline Cole, Editor of the Beauty Department of THE DELINEATOR, whose mission in life is to help other women to be happier. Don't forget to enclose a stamp for her reply

"AND it shall teach thee," says the Best Book.

"But what?" we cry. What are we after? What do we want it to teach us? Here we all are stumbling around in a half-light, wondering what life is and what it's for. To some of us it feels like a good, stiff fight; to others of us like a long, anxious waiting in an anteroom.

But if you take any one of us and ask her quite privately what she wants out of life, she'll say love, and beautiful, deep, full living; and generous, sweet, instant giving; sure faith in God and in people; and beauty, beauty, beauty sifting in and streaming in until there isn't any ugliness left anywhere in the whole wide world—poverty or sin or hate or lust or ugly houses or money or shiny noses or scraggly hair or anything anywhere that doesn't just shimmer with beauty and light and the stuff that dreams are made of.

And then when you pull her down and say, "What do you mean by that?" she says, "Oh, I'd like everybody to be well and strong and good and free and as beautiful as possible."

And you say, "Oh, yes, that would be nice." And then you open the Bible to see what it has to say about it, and it answers first whack: "Speak to the earth, and it shall teach thee."

ORDER Poise. Self-confidence. Beauty. Why, of course!

Why do we prance around impatiently and tear ourselves with fear and worry that we'll miss something, afraid that we won't be in the right place at the right time? The sun and the moon and the stars and the seasons never act like that! And why do we wear ourselves into old age with the fear that we'll sooner or later be found at a banquet clad in rags? We never see the trees tearing around wringing their branches for fear they won't have any leaves when the time comes to have them. Not at all! They just blow along comfortably and naturally, perfectly sure that when June comes they'll be swaggering about in green as fine as the next one.

Order. Poise. Beautiful living and being. "Consider the lilies of the field—" And poppies. And sunsets. The same law for us as for the rest of the earth. The same Great Intelligence made us all.

It's midwinter. We're in the midst of the season—to some of us it's "the season," to others it's just Winter. But whether we dance and play, or work and live, we're at a time of year that has more wear and tear in it for us than Summer has.

Such heaps of almost-lovely American women are kept from their full beauty by a look of strain—hurry, nervousness, the driven look. Frittery, running-to-a-fire faces. What are they doing? Acting like ants.

Life is a swelling anthem, not a lot of clucks. Very well. Poise. When you're doing things nervously this Winter, stop. Flop into a chair or on your back on the floor or on a couch. Shake your wrists, lift each arm and drop it a dead weight. Then each leg. Then your head. Push your "tummy" up with your back; do it again, several times, until your back feels loose. Now flop your wrists again and your ankles until they relax. Then roll over on your face, arms and hands lying limply outstretched above your head. Now think a smile and feel it ripple up and release the eyes. A little fluff of marvelous color or gentle music is rolling up and down your spine.

You're wearing out over how much there is to do instead of how much you're doing. What's time? A myth! Forget all about it. Be! There's order. There's peace. There's eternity. Get into them.

The face is always the thing. It exposes more *you* than any part of you. We're going to judge you by that face, whether we want to know you or not, whether we feel God made you and knew why or whether He made you and we can't imagine why. Keep it soft and alive by keeping your emotions that way, your heart and soul. Life is one way God took to express beauty.

When you buy your clothes, study your type. Don't wear tailored things when you were meant to be a soft, swirly kind of a person. And don't wear ruffles when you were meant to wear knickerbockers. Study your eyes and your hair for your colors. And above everything, don't dim yourself—*you*—by your clothes. Enhance your face and you by them—that's what they're for. Clothes are just a frame, you're the picture. Only do put some imagination in the frame.

PROTECT your skin against dirt and weather by a foundation cream for your powder. If you're one of those people who will wash her face, in spite of all the proof in this world that water is bad for the face, at least don't wash it just before going out and don't put powder on without putting some softening cold-cream on first. Wipe it off, then put your powder on. If your skin is rather oily, get a drying foundation cream. If you have a dry skin, be careful about using any vanishing cream, only never get such an oily foundation cream that after you get out in the world all nicely powdered up the oil begins to creep through the powder. Each has to experiment for herself, but one thing is general: Winter needs a foundation cream under your powder.

And while we're talking about powders, please take as much care as to the kind of powder you use as you do about the brand of coffee you drink. Don't economize on powder. There are good ones that are not very expensive, but be *sure* that they're good. A cheap, impure powder is death to a good skin. And don't buy too heavy a powder. The artificial look may be rather chic on certain types—the manikin type, for instance—but it cheapens most of us hideously.

Don't look powdered; just look velvety and no shiny spots, and get the tint that is most like your skin. Don't try to change your color with powder; change it—if it's not good—with patting up your circulation, taking a few breathing exercises every day, sleeping with more windows open and regulating your diet. Bad color comes usually from neglected intestines.

INTESTINES are like most inventors—born lazy, or they get lazy as soon as they find out what the world is like. If these fibers can get any of their work done by other organs, they will make them do it and cease to operate naturally. The first step toward active intestines—which means bright eyes and clear color—is to stop taking drugs. This may seem an impossible thing to do, but if you want good clear skin and bright eyes and a body that's alive you'll have to do it—and see it through. This little matter of intestines is the fundamental of health and beauty. Increase the quantity of vegetables and fruit you're eating. Take a tablespoon or more of bran in the morning cereal, or if you don't eat cereal, take a dish of sliced bananas or stewed fruit and put it in that. Begin to drink water, like a fish—heaps and heaps; you can't possibly drink too much. Always three glasses on rising—pop out of bed and brush your teeth and before you dress, drink your water. Don't put on any kind of tight clothes until the bowels have been emptied. Have a fixed time for the operation and make a habit of it, giving a faithful trial of not longer than five minutes duration.

Here's a good exercise to take: Lie across your bed, face downward, reaching over until the body is at right angles and perpendicular to the floor, head down, hands lightly touching the floor. While hanging over the edge of the bed, breath deeply four or five full respirations. The purpose of this exercise is to bring gravity to the assistance of the intestinal activities.

To do the following exercise it will be necessary to have some one hold the feet down on the bed: Lie across bed as described, head down toward the floor, inhale, raise the body to a horizontal position, head as high as possible, thrust the hands vigorously forward at arm's length and back again to the shoulders. Do this four times, sink down to the first position and exhale.

Lie across bed as described, head down toward the floor. (Have some one hold the feet on the bed.) Inhale, raise the body to a horizontal position, head as high as possible, and do the breast stroke (thrusting arms forward full length, stretching hard; hold and count three; circle outward and come back to the shoulders) four times.

Another cause of bad color is nerves. You yourself know better than any one else what things make you nervous. Work out a little system of defense against them. Don't try to fight them—it is like whacking at darkness with a stick. Turn on a light, somewhere—open, let poise or your sense of humor or the thing that comes to you most naturally push out your nerves. Your whole personality is marred by nerves. You can walk right through life and really never get any joy out of it if you let your nerves run you.

It is a good thing to have some regular, and enjoyable, physical exercise during the Winter. Take up rhythmical dancing, if you can. You may think you are too tired or hurried to give time to it, but it will give you time, because it will give you poise and pleasure and the knowledge of how to live in tune with yourself and your surroundings. If you live in a place where there are no instructors, write us and we'll give you those movements that you can do alone.

Take ten minutes a day to the care of your skin. Always *pat* in your cold-cream—patting stimulates the circulation; rubbing loosens the skin and very often causes hair to grow.

It doesn't take very long to give your hair a hundred strokes a day, and it will repay you generously.

Walk to places whenever you can, with your chest up as if it were attached to the sky by invisible silver cords. Breathe so that every cell in your lungs is drinking oxygen.

THE reason English women have better skins than American women is that they never miss their daily walk. It isn't just the dampness of English air, though ten minutes rapid walk in a steady downpour will work a miracle with your complexion—it makes the blood circulate with vigor, and the cleansed, damp air is like a mask straight from heaven. But it isn't just the dampness, it's the regularity. She walks *every* day. Perhaps that's one reason she likes her tea so much, and we feel very sure it's the reason she can talk without self-consciousness about the immortality of the soul, while the American talks either as if she had a reporter at her elbow or as if it were a joke but she'd be game and be the "goat." The Englishwoman knows the value of outdoors and exercise. She finds poise and health there.

There's no possible excuse for anybody not being agreeable to look at. Really!

Read what those intelligent, hard-working, beauty-loving people, the beauty specialists, have for you. There isn't a single ugliness in the human being that they are not trying conscientiously to get rid of. Read what every beauty article in this magazine is trying to give you—a safe, sane, simple method of bringing yourself up to your best.

Take time to be!

What you do doesn't matter so much, but what you are matters frightfully. There isn't a position or a home or a man in the whole world that wouldn't dispense with a little dutiful service if they could have a bit of beauty and charm in its place.

Take time to be!

Everything else in the universe does!

Film on teeth costs countless women one of their chief attractions.



Make this delightful test and see how pretty teeth can be.

Pearls in the Mouth

Remove the film—see how they glisten then

There is now a new way to beautify the teeth. This offers you a pleasant ten-day test.

It is based on modern research, endorsed by modern authorities. Leading dentists now advise it almost the world over.

Without it, teeth are almost always coated more or less by film, and that coat is dingy. With it, millions of teeth are given beauty which is priceless to a woman.

Film clouds the teeth

Film when fresh is a viscous coat. You can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Later it becomes dingy, sometimes greatly stained. Film is the basis of tartar.

Film is what discolors, not the teeth. Thin coats of film may cloud the whitest surface. Then that dim coat seems to be the natural tooth color.

Film is the great tooth enemy. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Most tooth troubles are now traced to film. Very few escape them. Despite the tooth brush, all these troubles have been constantly increasing.

A difficult problem

Film has been a difficult problem. The tooth brush used in old ways does not end it. No ordinary tooth paste can effectively combat it.

So dental science has for years sought ways to fight that film. Two ways have now been found. Able authorities have subjected them to many careful tests. Now it is evident that these new methods mean a new dental era.

A new-day tooth paste has been created, based on modern research. And these two methods are embodied in it. The name of the tooth paste is Pepsodent. It enables everyone to daily combat film-coats wherever they appear.

Other new effects

Modern science has also learned how to combat starch deposits. They gum the teeth, get between the teeth, and often ferment and form acids.

It has learned how to neutralize mouth acids—the cause of tooth decay.

These new discoveries are embodied in Pepsodent. Thus every use brings these desired effects. It multiplies the salivary flow. That is Nature's great tooth-protecting agent.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits before they cause attacks.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids as they form.

Pepsodent gives these natural agents multiplied effect. It does this twice a day. Starch and acids are thus constantly combated.

Now in world-wide use

Authorities the world over now advocate these methods. Dentists everywhere advise them. As a result, careful people of some 40 races are now using Pepsodent.

To millions it is bringing whiter, cleaner, safer teeth. You see the results in glistening teeth wherever you look today. To countless children it brings new protection which will have life-long effects.

That is the product we urge you to try. Make this ten-day test. Then decide your future course by what you see and feel.

Cut out the coupon, else you may forget.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U. S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific tooth paste, made to comply with modern requirements. Endorsed by authorities and advised by leading dentists the world over. All druggists supply the large tubes.

The quick effects

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. You will quickly realize what this method means to you.

10-DAY TUBE FREE 765

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 462, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

.....

.....

.....

ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY



Now you yourself can make the kind of dress you always had to buy



Winter clothes—costlier, more formal, you can make them like a professional

"I never dare make anything but Summer things."

To-day hundreds of women, who used to say that, are wearing new Winter costumes that no one would believe they ever made themselves.

Winter dresses of serge, garbardine, Poiret twill and other expensive materials, little blouse-jacket costumes, even coats—you can make every one of them with the sure success of an expert.

The Deltor that comes with every new Butterick Pattern has made home sewing an entirely new thing. It gives you the economical cutting of an expert, the deft ways of putting together of a professional and the perfection of finish that is French.

You cut into the more expensive Winter materials, that used to frighten many women, knowing that you can not possibly spoil them, or waste a single costly inch. The Deltor cutting layouts are made by experts. You select the one for your size pattern in your view, laid on the width material you are using. The Deltor cutting layout, by meeting your exact needs, saves you from ¼ to 1⅜ yard on everything you make. You know that you are getting your dress out of less material than most patterns, with their ordinary general charts, would call for.

When you come to put your dress together you find that with the Deltor you handle Winter materials as easily and even more successfully than you ever did the familiar gingham or muslin. The Deltor putting-together pictures show you exactly how and when to do each thing. Your dress goes together so easily—you give it the more tailored lines Winter clothes demand with perfect success because the Deltor shows you how a professional would work.

When it comes to finishing your Winter costume, the Deltor shows you just how to give it those perfect, knowing touches that lend imported things such an air. You work with perfect confidence and when your dress is done it has the perfection of line and finish that costs so much to buy.

Get one of the new Butterick Patterns with the Deltor to-day. Use it—learn why it is considered the greatest aid to dress-making since the paper pattern itself. You will never again feel you must buy your Winter clothes.

Butterick—New York Paris—London.

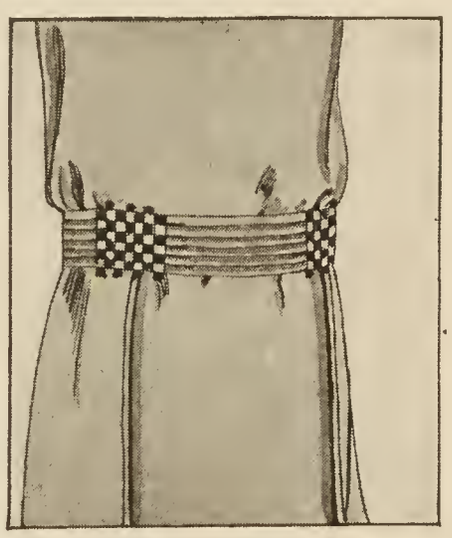




The new collars do the most delightful things. This one stops at the shoulder, creating a very girlish line.



Romantic Paris is wearing the deep cavalier collar! Here it is of silver lace, and the black satin crêpe gown has the circular skirt uneven of hem line, which will be part of every modish wardrobe this Winter. The new twisted girdle is of silver cloth with a silver rose.

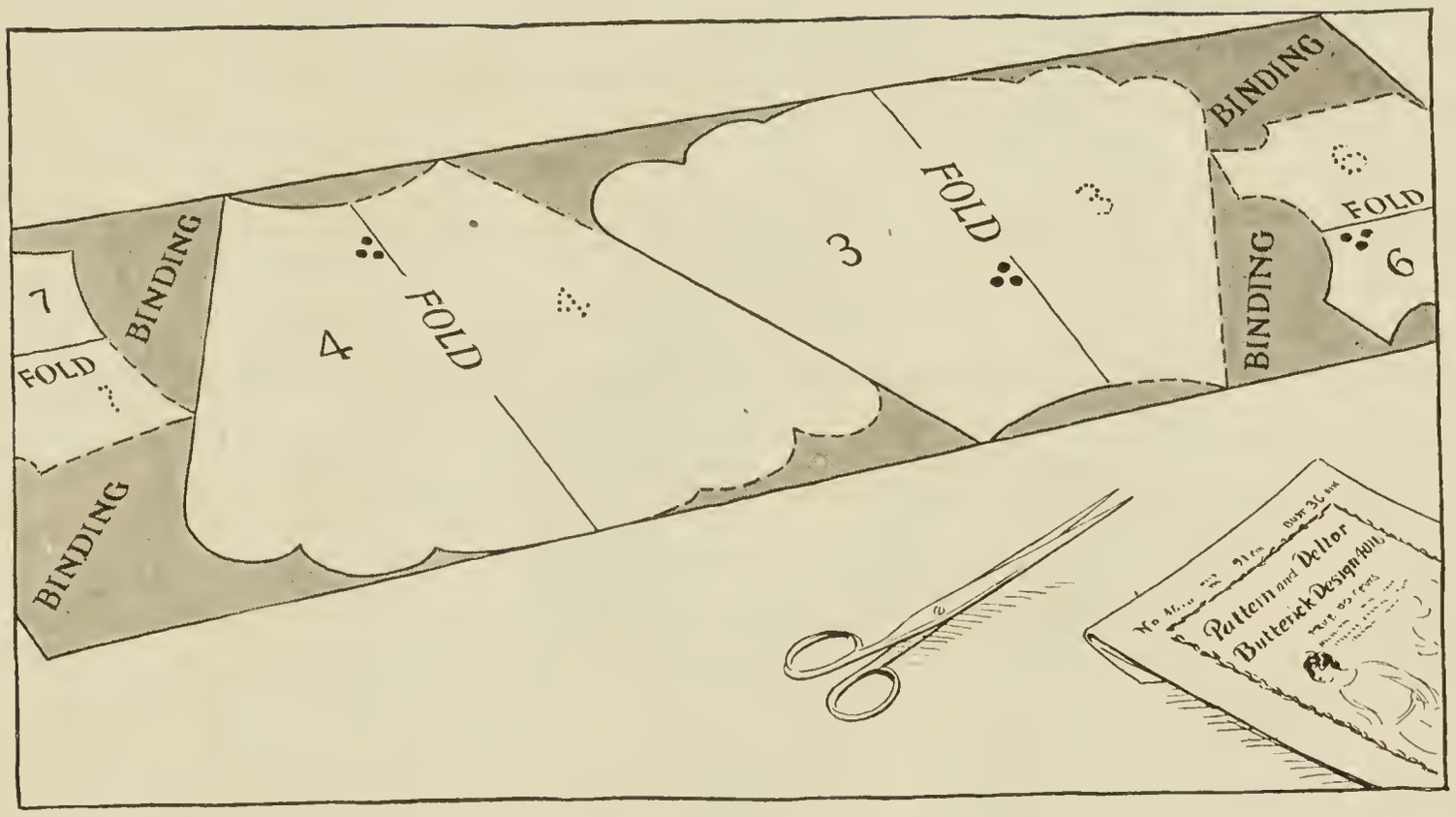


The girdle is a center of interest this season. Unusually decorative is this one interwoven into two checker-board effects at the hips

BUTTERICK PATTERNS





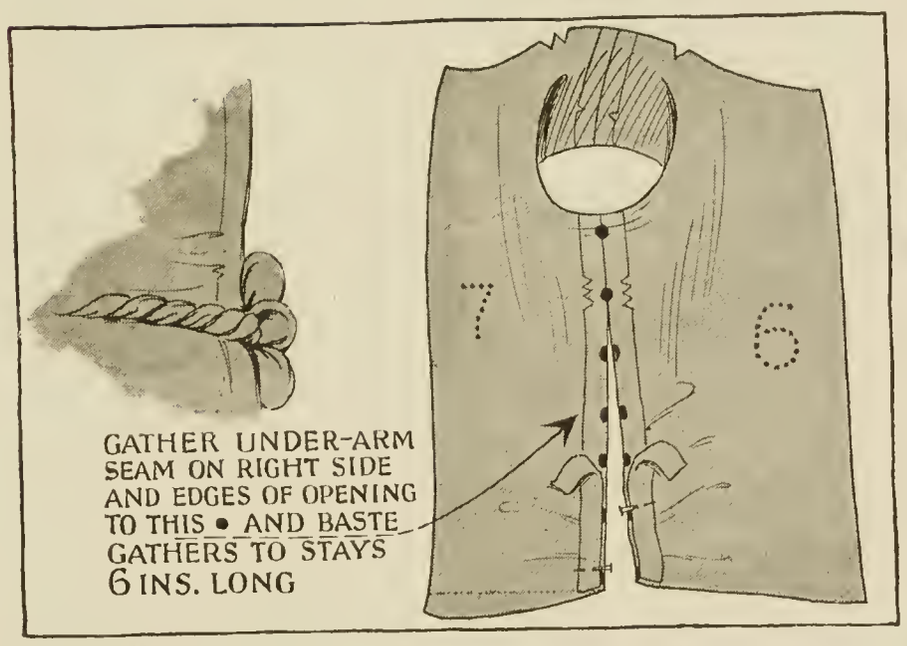


The Deltor saves you material on everything you make

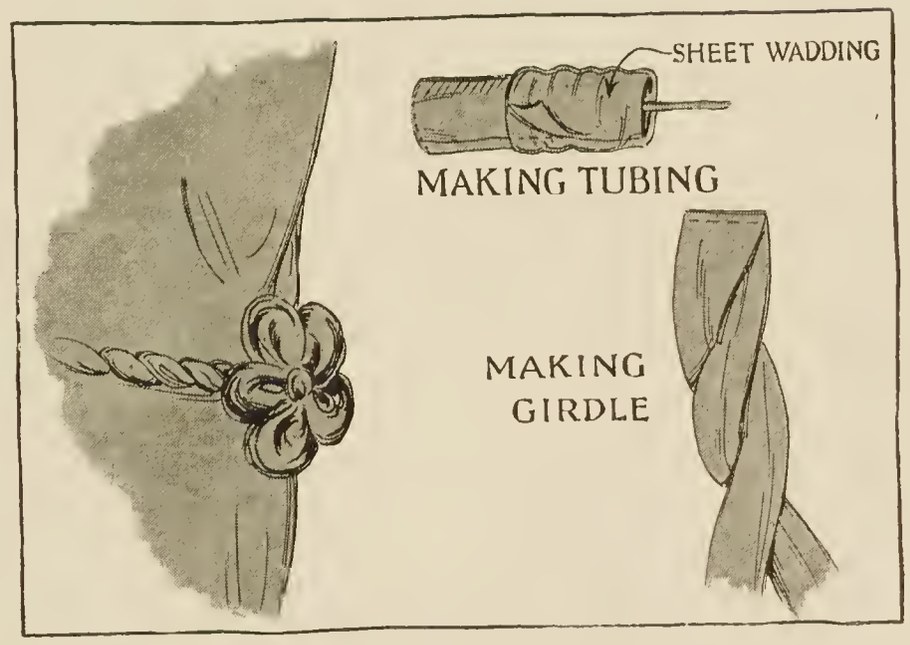
You save from ¼ to 1⅜ yard on every garment you make with the Deltor. A cutting layout that exactly meets your needs—your size pattern, your view, laid on the width material you are using—saves you material as no ordinary general chart could possibly do.

So Butterick Patterns invariably call for less material than you would otherwise buy.

One woman writes: "I was buying crêpe at $4.00 a yard for my daughter's dress. I thought I needed 3 yards but was advised to buy more. So I stepped around to the pattern department—the Butterick Pattern only called for 2⅝ yards! So I saved nearly $2.00."







You put together with the success of a professional

The Deltor putting-together pictures show you exactly how an expert would make the dress you are working on. Following them, even if you are inexperienced, you give your dress the style, the lines, the fit for which you used to pay big prices.

Here is one woman's experience: "My two girls had the prettiest dresses in their class and I did it with the Deltor, fabric flowers and all. *I never knew before that I could sew.*"

The Deltor gives you specific instructions on just that garment you are making—not just general instructions such as most patterns give. It is really a complete, illustrated dressmaking course for that particular garment.

The perfect finish that makes a dress look French

The beautiful way each detail is finished is characteristic of imported clothes. This is what the Deltor gives you. The exact way your dress would be finished, its new trimmings made in Paris, is right there for you in the Deltor. You can not make a mistake—you have an expert's judgment.

One woman writes: "I finished a Georgette blouse round the neck by picoting, only to have it all pull loose. Then I looked at the finishing directions in the Deltor and saw how this could have been avoided. I always use the Deltor now."

Whatever new finish your Butterick model calls for, you achieve with complete success if you follow the Deltor. You need never hesitate again because something is "too hard for you."



WITH THE DELTOR

GRACIOUSNESS IN WOMEN

By Elsie Cleveland Mead

THE DELINEATOR will be glad to answer any question on good manners. Address the Etiquette Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York City, and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for a reply

IT IS a mistake to expect that when a man and woman are together it is the man's part to perform all the little acts of courtesy and that the woman must simply be the recipient. The same code should guide the members of both sexes. A woman should not lack thoughtfulness even though accepting the homage due her. Who has not seen in a restaurant one or more men stand awkwardly clutching their napkins while a woman friend, in passing on her way in or out, stops to speak to a woman companion at the table with them? These conversations are often thoughtlessly and unnecessarily long and are never urgent enough to cause this very awkward interruption. A written note transmitted by the waiter should suffice.

Often men rlse to give a seat to a woman in a crowded car or hold open doors for her to enter. One often sees this courtesy accepted by the woman without even a nod of her head. This behavior would discourage the most punctilious of men. A quiet "Thank you" acknowledging all such courtesies bespeaks the well-bred woman.

THE hostess always rises to greet or bid farewell to her guests, be they men or women, but a woman guest need not rise when being introduced to a man, or woman either, unless this is done as a sign of deference to a distinguished or much older woman. There are, of course, times when to remain seated seems awkward; one's common sense should be the prompter then.

Many a poor tired man, just home from business, inwardly curses the rule of etiquette that requires him to stand while a friend of his wife stands and lingers over her departure. It is an art to say good-by gracefully. When one rises to go, one should go as expeditiously as possible.

It is the man's place to lead the way into a restaurant and to give all the orders to the waiter. The man should lead the way in all public places, presenting the tickets at the entrance of the theater as well as the stubs to the usher, and should follow first behind the usher to the seats, stepping aside there to allow the woman to take her place first. This rule applies to movies, football games and even in church. This custom is one of the remnants of chivalry, where the man is supposed to clear the way. It should not be lost in an unreasoning acceptance of the dictum "Ladies first."



Elsie Cleveland Mead

In this country a woman bows first; she also asks a man to call first. When young people are living at home, invitations are more appreciated when they come from the head of the household, though they can be transmitted through the young people. Parents should arrange, if possible, to be present and to enjoy the parties of young people. Parents should endeavor to make themselves a real asset. Younger children often are a real encumbrance at a grown-up young people's entertainment. For such occasions the children should be allowed to visit neighbors or should be put to bed early.

Some stilted and old-fashioned rules have decreed that a woman should never thank a man for any pleasure that he has offered her, on the assumption that her deigning to accept is thanks enough. That is absurd. If a man takes a girl to a play or to a dance, the courteous thing for her to do is to thank him.

The question is often asked just when a man should be allowed to pay for things when accompanying a woman. It is quite usual for a man to pay the carfare if he happens to accompany a woman friend in a trolley, but he should refrain from embarrassing a woman by offering to pay her railroad fare and other fairly expensive items when he is doing the service of buying them for her. If he advances the money, he should allow her to reimburse him without the tiresome and endless discussion which often takes place over so simple a matter as this. When a man invites a woman to lunch or dinner or issues any invitation, it is understood that he pays for it.

A QUANDARY has arisen these days on account of public dances. It would be a wise thing if such dance-parties could frankly be arranged on a "Dutch-treat" basis and not be the burden that they are on the chivalrous young man who feels obliged, despite a small salary, to assume this expense. The girl can always tactfully make her acceptance contingent on her paying her own way.

In this country, where there is so much free and easy camaraderie between the young people of opposite sexes and where, because of its great area, local customs often hold sway, some of the time-honored usages may not be very popular. However, there are two things that are regarded as bad form the world over: One is for a girl to accept expensive gifts from a man who is not a relative and to whom she is not engaged, and the other is the permitting of public affectionate demonstration, known these days as "petting."

The following questions have reached us:

Q. What kind of gifts may a girl accept from a man to whom she is not engaged and who is not a relative?

A. Books, candy and flowers are perhaps the most appropriate.

Q. How well should a woman know a man before she invites him to call?

A. A girl need not know a man very well, but she must be sure that he is trustworthy before she allows him this privilege. Of course, she must feel fairly sure that the young man wishes to call.

Q. How may this invitation be given?

A. She may say: "I hope that you will be able to come in to see us some time. I am usually home on Sunday afternoons." If a man fails to call when first asked, the invitation should never be repeated.

Q. May a man be invited to a young woman's house without having called first?

A. In these days of informality, parties are often arranged without expecting the young man to call first; but in the case of a young girl living at home, the first invitation to a man should be made by the mother.

Q. Should a girl write the first letter to a man?

A. If two young people decide to correspond, it is certainly the place of the man to write first.

Q. Just how can one manage to pay for the ticket when one goes on a "Dutch-treat" party?

A. If there are a number of people, one person should act as banker and should collect from each individual, but when there are just two, this must be just as frankly managed.

A NEW-YEAR'S HOLIDAY PARTY

By Mrs. Deane McKay

If you want to give a party, but not just this party, write to our Entertainment Department for suggestions. Give the average age and number of guests, the type of party and the amount of money you wish to spend on decorations and refreshments. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope

"A NEW-YEAR'S party I'm giving for fun on Saturday night. Please resolve to be one of the friends who are coming to play when the Old Year has packed his old troubles away.

"P. S. A guest is invited for each holiday of the year. Won't you and your escort please come as St. Valentine's day?

"Nine o'clock, January first. R. S. V. P."

At the top of the sheet carrying this invitation was painted the round face of a clock. A wish-bone, with the small end of the bone at the figure nine and the larger end between eleven and twelve, formed the hands of the clock. They indicated the hour of the party and carried the subtle suggestion of promptness. Each invitation told which holiday the guest was to represent.

SAINT PATRICK came in a green cambric suit and tall green hat. His partner wore a white tarlatan dress dotted with green cambric shamrocks. The May-day queen wore a soft white dress with a garland of flowers around her head and bodice. Her king was none other than the jolly brown elf, Puck.

Commencement day was represented by a man and girl in college cap and gown. July Fourth was Columbia in a red-white-and-blue dress; her escort was Uncle Sam. The Labor-day girl wore a faded dress and apron and the man wore old, flour-dusted working clothes.

The escort of the Hallowe'en witch wore a loosely fitting black costume of a cat. He jealously guarded his mistress and hissed, mewed and purred. Mother Goose was the Christmas-day delegate who accompanied Santa Claus.

The April-fool twins, a boy and girl of the same size, could not be told apart; they wore caps and false-faces and were dressed alike in green clown costumes. During the evening they played pranks on the other guests. A favorite one was to cut in upon other dancing couples. The girl twin silently led off the girl and the man twin allowed himself to be led off to dance with the other man. At the end of the dance the twins would cry "April fool!" and scamper back to each other to keep up the fun of the disguise.

The St. Valentine's-day girl wore a short white net dress with a number of little red pasteboard hearts pasted on the ends of strips of narrow red ribbon that hung from her waist to the hem of her skirt. Her partner, the knave of hearts, was dressed in a pierrot suit trimmed with hearts.

The hostess herself represented the New Year. Her dress was white, with red figures of the new year stitched on a white ribbon across her breast. Her partner was the Old Year, whose costume was traditionally complete, even to the long white beard.

AS THE holiday wreaths and greens were still fresh and plentiful in the house, there was no problem of decorating for this party. The only change in the living-room was the transformation of the Christmas tree into a wishing-tree. To the boughs already decorated with bright balls, tinsel and colored electric bulbs were hung lucky talismans cut from cardboard and gilded or painted black or in colors. There were a number of black cats, gilded wish-bones, white-rabbits' feet, horseshoes and other charms. In addition there were tiny envelopes suspended by a thread, each containing a little card prophesying some dearest wish that would come true. There were to be twenty new gowns for Marie, college next Fall for Annabel, a Prince Charming for Ruth, a racing-car for Bob and the girl of his dreams for Dick. These envelopes, on which were written the names of the guests, were taken from the wishing-tree soon after the guests arrived.

WHEN these wishes were removed, each guest was given a card upon which to write the dearest wish he could wish for himself. Each card was slipped into a blank envelope and the envelopes were shuffled and hung on to the wishing-tree. Later in the evening each guest chose one of these wishes and took it from the tree. Lucky was the man or girl who picked his own dearest wish, or some other wish that he desired fulfilled.

Dancing, the principal amusement of the evening, was varied with several games. The first game was "Turning Over a New Leaf," played in three parts. Part one called for generosity in speech. Each guest had to write a pretty compliment about the party and about every other guest present.

The second part called for generosity in deed. Each guest was supplied with a tally-card containing the names of all the other guests. Every one had to perform some little courtesy or give something to every one else. As X gave something to Y, Y checked his name off on X's tally-card. The game was to see who could finish these courtesies first and hand a fully checked card to the hostess. There was plenty of joyous confusion as some one of the guests brought a glass of water, or a bonbon, or straightened a tie for some one who was at the moment in the midst of doing his good deed for some one else. One of the April-fool twins let several of the men earn a good deed from him by changing his nickels into pennies and as a consequence he won the prize, a diary, by presenting each guest with a penny. The St. Valentine's-day girl won a second prize by snipping off enough of the hearts dangling from her belt to give every one a present of her heart.

THE third part of "Turning Over a New Leaf" was writing resolutions. Each contestant had to write a farcical resolution with no point either in the making or the breaking. The farce prize went to the man who resolved never to set foot on the moon and to the girl who resolved never to break the ice to go in swimming.

"Timely Topics" was the second contest. Each guest was given a pencil and a sheet of paper with the same story typed on it and told to underscore every word relating to time. Afterward the hostess read the story, indicating the words which should have been underscored, and each guest marked his omissions. A calendar prize was awarded the one with the fewest omissions. The key story follows, with all time words in italics.

Concluded on page 73

WHEN DISEASE ENTERS THE HOME

By Mary E. Bayley, R. N.

THERE are few women who are not at some time called upon to care for the sick.

At such a time you need all the poise you can command. Hopefulness, courage and cheerfulness on your part will inspire the sick with courage.

First make ready your hospital. Select a room on the sunny side of the house, as far away from noise as possible. The higher up the room the better will be the air and ventilation. The furnishings should be of a simple character. Heavy rugs, carpets and draperies have no place in the sick-room. The floor should be bare except for two or three rugs small enough to be taken outside the room and cleaned. Damp or oiled cloths should be used to wipe the furnishings, and small articles should be removed.

If possible, there should be a small room adjoining the sick-room where everything that may be disagreeably suggestive can be kept from view.

Since nervous excitement of any kind is bound to retard recovery, everything that makes for noise or petty excitement should be eliminated. This warning includes not only the banging of doors, but also loud talking, creaking shoes and visitors.

There is hardly anything that will have so much to do with the comfort of the sick as a well-selected bed. Whatever the frame, be sure there is a good spring and a firm mattress. A bed that sags into a hollow will be sure to cause discomfort. The mattress should always be protected by a piece of rubber sheeting or oilcloth. This will not only lessen the laundry work but will keep the mattress clean and dry.

The arrangement of the bed should be such that all sides will be freely accessible and yet allow the sunlight to fall pleasantly on the patient.

The making of a bed is an art in itself, but whatever your shortcomings, be sure of three things:

(1) See that the bottom sheet is free from wrinkles.

(2) If the draw-sheet, which covers the rubber sheeting, has a seam, see that this comes toward the foot of the bed.

(3) Be sure that a weight of bedclothing does not rest on the chest. If the blankets are too long, the surplus must be brought down to the foot of the bed.

A WRITTEN report should always be handed the doctor when he enters the room. Do not think anything too simple to report, for the things that seem simple may be the very things he wishes to know.

Temperature, pulse and respiration are the three vital signs, and whatever affects one usually affects the other. Make a record of these at stated intervals, usually every four hours when the patient is awake, unless otherwise ordered by the physician. The report should also contain a record of the excretions, the amount of food taken, length of time the patient has slept and the character of the sleep, together with any remarks of symptoms noted.

When medicine is ordered to be given before or after meals, this means one-half hour before or after. The medicine should be poured from the side opposite the label; the prescription number and the hour given should be noted on the record.

Do not report the temperature to the physician or discuss any of the symptoms in the patient's presence. If there is anything further to be said other than what is on the record, try to see the doctor before he enters the room or after the visit.

Turning and lifting the sick very often looms up as a stupendous task to both nurse and patient. If done properly, this need not be an ordeal for either. Changing the position should not be done by turning the entire body at once. First, roll the patient slightly toward you, always supporting the back by means of a pillow pressed closely against it, then place the hands under the hips and turn; the next step is to put one hand on each shoulder and lift the shoulders into position. This should be done gently and slowly.

When lifting the patient toward the head of the bed, the right hand should be placed obliquely well under the lower part of the back and the left just below the hips. The patient can sometimes render assistance by grasping the hands tightly over the nurse's shoulders.



Between the doctor's visits the welfare of the patient is so often in the hands of untrained relatives or friends that these few rules for the care of the sick and convalescent should be known in every household

If you have an absolutely helpless patient, get an assistant to help you. Place one arm under the middle of the back and the other under the neck; have the assistant place one arm under the lower part of the back and the other under the knees. Thus the weight will be divided and can be lifted easily.

When the patient is lying on the back, pressure along the spine can often be relieved by placing under the body on each side a small portion of a soft pillow. This has the effect of slightly raising the middle of the back from the bed.

OPEN wounds often cause more suffering and discomfort than the disease itself. During a long illness the vitality in the tissues and skin becomes lowered and circulation in some parts of the body is lessened. The tendency of even the slightest pressure on the wound is to make it worse, so the prevention of an abrasion of the skin becomes a serious consideration with the nurse. Do not wait for redness to occur. Change the body position frequently. Rub the parts exposed to pressure with equal parts of alcohol and water and keep them well powdered. Above all, keep the sheet perfectly dry and free from crums and wrinkles.

There are various cushions on the market for protecting the lower part of the spine when it becomes tender from pressure. But in the absence of any of these a piece of mackintosh doubled and sewed, lightly stuffed with horsehair formed into a circular ring and wrapped several times with a gauze bandage, will answer very well as a substitute. The small parts of the body, such as the heels and elbows, can be protected by small rings made from cotton batting held in place by several layers of bandage. A hole is left in the center which is placed directly under the tender spot. The surrounding parts rest on the ring.

During some diseases, such as peritonitis and some forms of pneumonia, it is very necessary that the patient be kept well up in bed. In many instances life has been saved solely by the diligence of the nurse in keeping the patient in the right posture.

When special apparatus is not at hand to make this easy of accomplishment, the home nurse can improvise supports. A knee support to prevent slipping can be made by rolling a blanket or a comforter tightly and putting this in a pillow-case. This can be kept in position by tying a strong muslin bandage around each end and attaching the ends of the bandage, drawn as tight as necessary, to the head of the bed. This support can sometimes be placed at the foot of the bed and the patient can often keep himself up by pressing against it.

Changing and arranging pillows may seem a little thing, but if improperly done it becomes a nerve-racking procedure.

The head of the patient should be lifted and supported in the hollow of the arm while the hand supports the back, then with her free hand the nurse should arrange the pillows, placing one well down under the shoulders to support the back and another overlapping this slightly to support the head. After this, place the patient's head and shoulders back against the pillows with an easy, gentle motion. Never shake a pillow up on the bed. Remove the upper one first and shake it away from the bed; after this has been replaced, the other pillows may be removed and shaken up, always leaving one pillow under the head.

An abundance of pillows spells comfort for the sick. Never try to get along with just two; from four to six will be required from time to time, especially during convalescence. A small pillow is a handy friend in the sick-room. There should be at least one little pillow to tuck in here and there.

No matter how pressing your duties may be, never lose sight of your personal appearance. Always be just as fresh and dainty as it is possible to be. To a sick person daintiness in a nurse is always refreshing.

Never let your patient realize it if you are rushed for time; it will be sure to tire her. Fatigue is the one thing that you wish to avoid, as this uses up the vitality which is needed in the fight against disease.

At night the nurse will need a large store of patience to draw upon. The vitality of the body reaches its lowest point between the hours of two and four in the morning. Between these hours watch for indication of chill. There may be need for an extra cover or a hot-water bag. If the patient is awake, a cup of hot broth or some hot milk will probably send her off to sleep again.

When the day begins, which is often very early for sick people, first take the temperature. Next bring some refreshing nourishment, a hot or cold drink, as may be indicated. Then begin to prepare breakfast, and in between times give the preliminary bath: wash the face and hands, brush the hair a little and look carefully after the mouth and teeth.

The proper preparation and serving of food is an important service for the sick. No matter how small the quantity or of what it consists, see that the nourishment is as daintily served as your ingenuity can make it and that it is of the right temperature. Lukewarm food is unpalatable. Avoid a crowded appearance of the tray or discord in color. Prop the patient up comfortably, protecting the shoulders by some light wrap, preferably one with sleeves.

IN ADDITION to preparing and daintily serving the food, very often the nurse has to exercise a little judicious management in order to create an appetite. She may do this by assisting the patient to the food, encouraging her to try a little more, or by diverting her attention to other things.

Considerable skill is required in feeding the helpless. A pretty feeding-cup with a spout or a glass tube bent at the angle desired will often solve the problem. With either of these the patient can take liquid nourishment without raising her head. The liquid may be taken as slowly or rapidly as desired, and there is no danger of spilling. When using the ordinary cup or glass, never fill more than half full. After placing a folded napkin under the chin, raise the patient's head slightly, firmly supporting it on your arm, exercising care not to tilt the head too far forward, as this will make swallowing difficult. Give plenty of time; an occasional stop must be made in order that the patient may swallow easily.

After breakfast begin to prepare for the cleansing bath and the toilet for the day. Before beginning the bath be sure you have on the spot everything that will be required, since it is very tiring and annoying to the sick to have the nurse stop in the midst of the bath to go for this or that article. Aside from the necessary linen, there should be a good-sized pitcher filled with hot water, another filled with cold water, a bath-blanket to go over the patient, a slop-jar for changing the water, a generous supply of towels, including one large bath-towel, a bath-basin and soap. Shut out all drafts, remove the bedclothes and place them neatly folded on a chair at the foot of the bed, leaving the patient covered with the bath-blanket. The nightgown is removed by drawing it up first around the shoulders, then over one shoulder, next the head and then the other shoulder. By all means keep your patient well covered throughout the bath; bathe one part at a time, leaving the rest of the body covered. Wash the face first, then, as you proceed (placing the bath-towel under each part), bathe the neck, chest, abdomen and arms. Let the hand rest in the basin as each arm is washed; next comes the back, and for this the patient should be turned on her side, facing the nurse. After the back has been bathed and while the patient is still on her side, the back should be well rubbed with alcohol. The lower extremities should be bathed last of all. Ask the patient to draw up her knees, then allow the bath-blanket to fall lightly between the knees. Place under the feet a small mackintosh covered by the bath-towel and carefully place on this the bath-basin about half filled with water in which the feet can rest.

DURING the bath the water should be kept comfortably warm by changing two or three times. The wash-cloth should be wrung out slightly and arranged over your hand so that the ends will not drip or drag over the patient's body. Wash the area first with soapy water, then rinse the soap out of the cloth and go over the same area. Dry each portion of the body thoroughly as you proceed. As soon as a towel becomes cold and damp, discard it and take another. The nightgown and at least one pillow and sheet should be changed every morning, but this does not necessarily mean that those removed should always be placed in the laundry; if they are clean, they will feel fresh and comfortable the following day.

After the bath the hair should be combed. If this is handled deftly, the dressing will be a pleasure to the sick rather than an ordeal. The hair should be divided in the back and the combing and brushing gently done. If it is long, begin at the ends and work upward. To prevent pulling, always grasp the hair with the left hand at some point between the comb and the head. Then draw over to the side and dress in two braids.

By the time the toilet is completed, the bed made and the room put in order, you will have progressed well on into the morning. It is then time not only to think about the nourishment that comes between breakfast and dinner, but there are the other meals to be planned.

If the weather is mild and it is possible to roll the bed out on a porch, by all means do so, protecting the patient by extra blankets and wraps and tucking the covers in snugly on all sides of the bed. If this is impossible, then ventilate the room several times during the day by opening wide the windows for three or four minutes. Protect the patient by extra covers and, if necessary, by placing a screen around the bed, but by all means change the air in the room frequently.

To prepare the patient for bed, the face and hands should be bathed in warm water, the teeth washed and the entire body rubbed gently with diluted alcohol. This should be done by placing over the patient a bath-blanket, then turning the covers back over the foot of the bed. The pillows should be freshened up and all wrinkles removed from the sheets. While preparing your patient for the night do not encourage much talking, as the mental effort often causes wakefulness. At the very last give a cup of warm milk or broth and arrange the windows so there will be thorough ventilation without blowing on the patient. This can be accomplished by placing a screen in front of the window over which a blanket is thrown. Then leave your patient to sleep. Sleep has powers to heal which nothing else can equal.

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MRS. JOSEPH CONRAD'S COOK-BOOK

By Jessie Conrad

This concluding instalment includes recipes for delicious soups which are favorites in the home of the great English author. Most of these soups can be economically made from left-over cold meats, bones and vegetables. These recipes have been tested and approved by the Home-Maker's Department

IF THE vegetables are used for flavoring only, they may remain in the soup all the time it is cooking; if they are intended to be served in the soup, they should be put in only in time to be cooked thoroughly.

Every kitchen should have on hand in a cupboard a bottle of mushroom catchup, one of Worcestershire sauce, one of canned-tomato sauce, some fresh lemons, vinegar, the best salad-oil, a packet of sweet herbs, beef-juice, nutmeg, cloves and other spices.

A little sugar added to clear the soup or stock will be found as effective as egg-shells.

In preserving stocks for soups, gravies, etc., care should be taken never to cover the receptacle containing them except with a perforated meat-cover.

Stock should not be kept for more than two days without being reboiled. A dash of cold water added when the stock is removed from the fire makes the solid particles settle and the fat rise.

Most of these soup recipes are made with left-over cold meat instead of buying meat especially to make the soup. In this way many things which would otherwise be wasted can be used up.

In these recipes add as much water as necessary to make the soup the thickness preferred by your family. Bean and cream soups should be as thick as cream.

BEEF TEA

TAKE one pound of lean leg of beef to make about a pint of good beef tea. Gash the meat several times across, taking care not to cut it through. Sprinkle with a half teaspoon of salt, put into a saucepan with one lump of sugar, add one and one-half pints of cold water and place in a steady oven to cook for two hours. Always put it into the oven as soon as it is prepared, as the salt otherwise would draw the juice out of the meat. Directly it is cooked, dash about one tablespoon of cold water into it and then put in a cold place for the fat to rise. With a sheet of white paper remove the fat which will have risen to the top. Heat the beef tea as it is required.

MUTTON BROTH

MUTTON broth may be made from either the short end of cutlet bones, the shank end of a leg of mutton or the scrag end of the neck. Remove the fat and place in a saucepan with a whole onion, a turnip cut into small pieces, a pinch of salt, one lump of sugar and, if no fresh parsley is obtainable, a pinch of mixed sweet herbs that have been rinsed in cold water. (If herbs are used, they must be added as soon as the broth boils; if fresh parsley is used, it should never be added till the broth is within ten minutes of being ready to serve.) More salt may be added if desired. Bring to a boil quickly and then put one-quarter cup of washed pearl barley into it and boil gently for three and one-half hours. Remove the meat and serve.

Some of the soup will boil away and it will be necessary to add a little hot water. This broth can be made with left-over cold potatoes instead of the barley, in which case the potatoes should be put through a colander.

CHICKEN BROTH

PUT the bones, giblets, feet and left-over meat of two cold chickens into a saucepan with one lump of sugar, a pinch of salt and one small onion (whole). Cover with cold water. Keep boiling gently for three hours, adding from time to time enough water to keep the saucepan about half full. Remove from the stove, strain through a colander and add half a cup of cold water to make the fat rise to the top.

LENTIL OR SPLIT-PEA SOUP

FOR pea soup, take the bone of a ham or the small bones of a piece of pickled pork and add about a quart of cold water and one onion. Have ready two large cups of split peas that have soaked for two hours. Boil steadily for three or four hours, stirring from time to time to prevent burning. Strain through a colander and serve with fried bread very hot. Proceed in the same way for lentil soup, only in this case the bones of either beef or veal may be used instead of ham bones.



Mrs. Joseph Conrad

WHITE-BEAN SOUP

HAVE ready one pint of haricot-beans boiled soft in water with a bit of baking-soda the size of a pea. Put them into a saucepan with left-overs of cold meat, beef, mutton or veal, one whole onion, one turnip, pepper and salt to taste and, if desired, a few cold potatoes. Boil gently about three hours, then pass the whole through a fine colander to strain the skins from the beans. Replace in a saucepan and bring to a boil; then serve very hot. Have ready some slices of stale bread about a half-inch thick, cut into dice. In a little beef or veal dripping sauté (fry) the bread till light brown and quite crisp. Strain off the fat and serve in a hot dish. This bread is good for either pea, lentil, haricot or potato soup.

CHICKEN SOUP

SEASON with salt and pepper left-overs of any cold roast or boiled fowls. Put this and one whole onion, half a rasher of very lean bacon and one lump of sugar into a saucepan. Add one quart of water or sufficient to cover the meat and bones and bring to a boil. Simmer two hours. Put half a level tablespoon of flour and two tablespoons of fresh butter into a bowl and work them into a perfectly smooth paste. Then pour the soup through a colander on to the paste, stirring all the time; add a little milk and, if possible, a little fresh cream. Replace the soup in the saucepan, put it back on the stove and stir till it boils, when it is ready to serve.

GAME SOUP

WASH a rabbit in a little water with a pinch of salt and then cut it up. Put it into a saucepan with from one quart to three pints of cold water, salt and pepper to taste, one lump of sugar, one Spanish onion (whole) or three or four Spring onions, one carrot, about one cup of soup beef and any left-over cold game. Simmer gently for three hours, strain and place in the saucepan again; bring to a boil, thicken with flour and butter mixed as for chicken soup and bring to a boil while stirring. Strain and serve. If not dark enough, add a teaspoon of beef-juice.

ASPARAGUS SOUP

MIX the left-overs of cold veal, the bottom ends of asparagus, one onion salt and pepper, one lump of sugar and two pints of cold water and simmer gently for three hours. Have ready, well mixed into a smooth paste, two tablespoons of flour with three tablespoons of sweet butter. Strain the boiling soup on to the paste, stir gently till perfectly smooth and add half a cup of cream and a little milk.

Care should be taken that the soup is not too thick or thin. Replace in the saucepan and stir gently over a clear fire till it boils. It is then ready to serve.

TOMATO SOUP

TO THE left-overs of cold chicken, beef or veal add two pounds of fresh tomatoes cut into slices or four cups of canned tomatoes, one onion, pepper and salt, and five lumps of sugar. Put all into a saucepan and simmer gently for two hours in about a quart of water. Have ready the same mixture of butter and flour as for asparagus soup, strain the tomato soup on to it, add a half cup of cream and a little milk, put back into the saucepan and stir till it boils. This should make about a quart of soup.

CLEAR OX-TAIL SOUP

SOAK a fresh ox-tail in cold water for two hours. Then cut at each joint, remove all the fat and put in a saucepan in three pints of cold water with a pinch of salt, two lumps of sugar and a teaspoon of mushroom catchup. Simmer for three hours; then add one sliced carrot and a finely cut onion. Simmer for another half-hour. Serve with the meat in it.

THICK OX-TAIL SOUP

PROCEED in the same manner as for the clear soup, adding a cup of strong beef stock. Add a whole onion and a carrot and a teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce. Simmer for three hours, remove from the fire, dash in a cup of cold water, and stand in a cool place. When cool, carefully remove all the fat and the vegetables. Bring the soup to a boil again and add a carrot cut into oblong pieces. Simmer for another half-hour, thicken with a little carefully mixed flour and water, and serve with the meat in it.

JULIENNE SOUP

PUT into a saucepan one pound of lean soup beef, not cut up, with one lump of sugar, an onion (whole), a little pepper and salt, and three pints of water. Simmer for two hours. Remove from stove and dash a cup of cold water into it to cause the fat to rise. Allow it to cool, remove the fat and strain the soup into another saucepan. Add one carrot, half a turnip cut into slices and then into tiny strips, and a few green peas. Canned peas may be used if fresh peas are not obtainable. Simmer for half an hour and serve the soup with the vegetables in it. This soup will be perfectly clear if the directions are followed carefully.

SOUP FROM ROAST-BEEF BONE

A BONE of roast beef will make good soup. First remove all of the fat, then put the bone into a deep saucepan with about one quart of water. Add one lump of sugar (to keep the soup clear), salt and pepper to taste, one carrot cut into narrow strips, and a little cut cabbage. Peel one onion, but do not cut it, and put it into the saucepan. (If the onion is sliced before it is put into the soup, it will make the soup cloudy.) Let the ingredients simmer for several hours, remove the bone and the onion, and serve the soup with the other vegetables in it.

THE END



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Pear, Cheese, and Walnut Salad

Canned pears; Neufchatel cheese; celery chopped fine; Diamond Walnuts, chopped fine; cream; salt; pepper and paprika.

Mix equal parts cheese, celery and Diamond Walnuts. Moisten with cream and season to taste. Roll into small balls. Place pear on lettuce leaf, serving half pear and three cheese balls to each plate. Mask with mayonnaise dressing.



Hermit Cookies

One cup butter (or substitute); 1½ cups brown sugar; 3 eggs; 1 cup chopped seedless raisins; 2 cups chopped Diamond Walnut meats; 2 scant cups flour; 1 teaspoon cinnamon; ½ teaspoon cloves; ½ teaspoon allspice; ½ teaspoon nutmeg; 1 level teaspoon salt; 1 teaspoon soda; ⅓ cup hot water.

Cream butter, add sugar, eggs well beaten, soda dissolved in hot water, flour sifted with spices and salt, nuts, and raisins. Drop from spoon on greased pan and bake in moderate oven.

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SUGGESTED FURNITURE AND ARRANGEMENT FOR
A NURSERY IN A BETTER HOME



OLIVER OCTOBER

Continued from page 10

He looked at his watch. "It's only half-past seven, 'Aunt' Serepta. They're only fifteen minutes late. I've been losing my temper again," he said gloomily. "Probably made an enemy of that detective, Malone."

"What difference does that make? He's not a voter in this county," said the old lady composedly.

"Did you know that Pete Hines has gone away?"

"I didn't even know he'd come back," said she.

"Come back? What do you mean?"

"He was away all last week. They say he's making corn whisky somewhere up in the hills back of Crow Center. At any rate, he's been peddling it around town for a couple of months."

"I thought it was gasoline he's been selling."

"Maybe that's why Abel Conroy calls it fire-water. Here they come. Goodness! The way that Parr boy drives! He ought to be locked up——"

But Oliver was at the bottom of the steps waiting for the automobile. It swung around the curve in the drive and came to an unbelievably gentle stop in precisely the right spot. Oliver reached out his hand and opened the front door of the car without changing his position so much as an inch.

"Perfect!" said Mrs. Sage, who sat beside the driver. "So sorry to be late," as Oliver ceremoniously handed her out of the car.

"IT WAS all Sammy's fault," cried Sammy's wife. "He poked along at only forty miles an hour."

"What is this I hear, Oliver?" said the minister as he stepped out of the car. "Is it true the detectives are here and expect to start this ridiculous search to-morrow?"

"They're here all right," replied Oliver. "One of them tried to sell you a set of Dickens the other day."

"What!" cried Jane, gripping Oliver's arm. "Was that man a detective?" She was startled.

"No less a person than Sherlock Hawkshaw Malone, the renowned sleuth," said Oliver, smiling.

"The—the beast!" she cried hotly. "Good heavens! That accounts for the interest he took in your father's disappearance. Oh, dear me, I—I wonder what I said to him!"

"You're not the only one he fooled, Jane."

Jane started to say something, but, instead, abruptly turned away and joined the other women on the porch. A queer little chill as of misgiving stole over her.

"Hey, Oliver!" called out Sammy from down the drive where he was parking the car. "Come here a minute, will you? Say," he went on, lowering his voice as Oliver came up, "I've just picked up something rich. Fellow came in day before yesterday and showed me a volume of the 'Arabian Nights,' absolutely unexpurgated, with some of the gosh-darnedest illustrations you ever——"

"I know. And you fell for it, didn't you?"

"*Sh!* Not so loud. My wife doesn't know a thing about it. I'll have to keep 'em at the office. In the safe. But say, who told you about it?"

"It's all over town," said Oliver mendaciously.

"Gee whiz!" gulped Sammy. "Impossible! It's a dead secret. He said he could be arrested for selling 'em——"

"Aha!" broke in Oliver. "That explains everything. The man who told me is a detective."

"Oh, for the Lord's sake!" whispered Sammy in great agitation. Then in a tone of relief: "Oh, but I'm all right. All I've got to do is to cancel the order. I wasn't to pay anything until— What's the joke?"

Then Oliver told him. Sammy leaned against the mud-guard and swore softly.

"Say, I wish I could remember what I said to that guy about—about your father. Lord, he had me talking a blue streak."

"Come on. They're waiting for us. I say, have you ever seen anything as gorgeous as Mrs. Sage is to-night?"

THE young men entered the sitting-room. Mrs. Sage was standing almost directly under the chandelier, talking to dumpy little Mrs. Grimes; the light from above fell upon her auburn crown, flooded her magnificent shoulders and arms, and then wavered timidly, almost helplessly, as it first came in contact with resplendent opposition. The actress was a head taller than Mrs. Grimes, who nevertheless bravely stood her ground and faced comparison with all the hardihood of the righteous.

"I can remember when there wasn't a dinner-jacket or a dress-suit in Rumley," said Josephine, as the two tall young men approached. "Do you mean to tell me, Oliver, that those blighters intend to begin digging up your place to-morrow?"

Oliver laughed. "I think we'll rather enjoy the excitement, 'Aunt' Josephine," he said. "Besides, now that I am in politics, I want to keep as much in the limelight as possible. I suppose they'll begin prying up the kitchen floor to-morrow, or digging trenches in the cellar, or tearing up the flower-beds."

She looked at him narrowly. "What utter rot! Do they expect to find your father buried in the cellar or under the kitchen floor?"

"They don't expect to find him at all," replied Oliver with unintentional shortness.

"There will be trouble," said Mrs. Grimes, the light of battle in her eye, "if they make a mess around this house."

" 'Aunt' Serepta will fix 'em," said Oliver, putting his arm around the little woman's shoulders. "Won't you, 'Auntie'?"

"She'll boil 'em in oil," said Sammy very gravely.

Oliver glanced over his shoulder at Jane. Their eyes met and their gaze held for some seconds. He detected the clouded, troubled look in hers and was suddenly conscious of what must have seemed to her a serious intensity in his own. Without a word, he left Mrs. Sage and went to Jane.

"Don't worry," he said to her in a low tone. "You couldn't have said anything to Malone that——"

"It isn't that," she interrupted nervously. "It is the feeling that we are all being spied upon." She hesitated a moment. "I remember one thing: He asked me what kind of a night it was."

"Well, there wasn't any harm in telling him, was there?" he chided. "That is, if you remembered."

"I do remember. He said that some one had told him it was a rainy, stormy night. I assured him he had been misinformed—that it hadn't rained for weeks. He—he seemed surprised."

"Well, what of that?"

HER wide-set gray eyes wavered. "I suppose it's the finding out that he was a detective and that he was pumping me," she explained.

"Anyhow, you are smiling again," he half-whispered, "and that makes me want to sing and dance for joy."

A faint wave of color spread to her cheek and brow, but she did not look away.

"Don't you think mother is perfectly wonderful, Oliver?"

He nodded. He felt that he could not trust his voice. He knew that he was in love—that he always had been in love with Jane, that he always would be in love with her.

And she? She was thinking of that dry, hot night when he came to see her after leaving his father, out of breath, his shoes covered with fresh black mud. There had been no rain for weeks. The roads were thick with dust. And Lansing, too, had noticed that his shoes were muddy. He had spoken to her about them; he had wondered where Oliver had been to get into mud up to his shoe-tops! And she herself had never ceased to wonder.

"Supper's ready," shouted Lizzie Meggs, the "help," from the center of the dining-room. Lizzie had a strong voice and she believed in using it—it saved her many a needless step. At table the conversation quite naturally dealt with the advent of the detectives and the task that had been set for them by the universally despised Mr. Gooch.

"It's all bally nonsense," said Mrs. Sage, at Oliver's right. "Your father will turn up one day and— Why, look at *me!* Didn't I turn up? Didn't I come back? Here am I as big as life, after twenty-three years, and with a grown-up daughter who absolutely refuses to tell me whom she is going to marry. I fancy I can make a fairly good guess, however."

"So can I," cried Mrs. Sammy. "Oh you Jane!"

Oliver swallowed hard. "How about it, Jane? Come on. 'Fess up. You're among friends."

Jane smiled mischievously. "I promise, Oliver, to tell you first of all. I sha'n't keep you in suspense any longer than I can help."

"Before you tell your own mother?" cried Josephine.

"Much as I love you, mother, dear, I feel that I must tell Oliver first. He is my oldest and best friend."

Oliver was strangely restless during dinner, and immediately after the company arose from the table he asked Jane to come with him for a little stroll in the open air.

"I want to speak to you," he urged. "Better throw something over your shoulders. The night air——"

"Ought you to go off and leave the others, Oliver?" she began, a queer little catch in her voice. "Muriel and Sammy——"

"Come along," he pleaded. "I *must* see you alone for a few minutes, Jane."

"I will get my wrap," she said, after a moment's hesitation.

"Why, you're shivering now, Janie," he whispered anxiously. "Are you cold?"

SHE did not reply. He followed her out upon the porch and down the steps. No word passed between them until they had turned the bend in the drive and were outside the radius of light from the windows. He was the first to speak.

"See here, Jane," he blurted out, "I'm—I'm terribly troubled and upset."

She laid her hand on his arm.

"Is it about—about the detective, Oliver?" she asked.

"No," he answered almost roughly. "It's about you, Jane. Are you going to be married?"

"Yes," she said, her voice low.

They walked on in silence for twenty paces or more, turning down the path that led to the swamp road.

"I—I was afraid so," he muttered. Then fiercely: "Whom are you going to marry?"

She sighed. "I am going to marry the first man who asks me," she replied, and, having cast the die, was instantly mistress of herself. "Have you any objections?" she asked almost mockingly.

If he heard the question, he paid no heed to it. She felt the muscles of his strong forearm grow taut, and she heard the quick intake of his breath. She waited. She began to hum a vagrant little air.

"Jane," he said gently and steadily, "if you were a man and in my place—I mean in my predicament—would you go so far as to ask the girl you love better than anything in all the world to marry you?"

"I don't know just what you mean."

"I mean, supposing they find my father out there in the swamp and there are indications that he met with foul play, and I stand the chance of being accused——"

"Don't be silly," she cried.

"Well—would you ask her?"

"There couldn't be any harm in asking her. She could refuse, you know."

"That's so. She could, couldn't she? I—I hadn't thought of that. Still, you said you were going to marry the first man who asks you."

"Yes, Oliver, I am—but, of course, I am expecting the man I love to ask me."

"There's the Gipsy's prophecy," he murmured thickly. "It—it may come true, Jane."

"It can not come true," she cried. "It can not, Oliver!"

"Still it is something to be considered," he said heavily and judicially. His hand closed over hers and gripped it tightly. "If you were in my place, wouldn't you hesitate about inviting her to—to become a widow."

"Oh, I love you, Oliver, when your voice sounds as if it had a laugh in it," she whispered.

Continued on page 67



Complete Relaxation—

so necessary at times—can best be had by permitting one's self to enjoy thorough comfort.

Nothing will aid you in attaining this like resting your tired feet in a pair of cozy, Capitol Felt Slippers.

They bring a comfort that only the finest of felt, careful workmanship and flexible leather soles, lined with a deep cushion of superfine lamb's wool can give you.

You will recognize the layer of soft wool as the same wool found on the famous Capitol Lamb's Wool Sole—known for generations as the ideal slipper sole by women who "knit their own."

The Capitol is a stylish slipper too—and comes in a number of modish models, with colors to match the negligées and house dresses you will wear with them.

Well-made Capitol Slipper for Father too—conservative, comfortable and good-looking. Bootees in attractive colors for the youngsters—that help form the desired habit of changing from damp, cold shoes.

You will find the Capitol Slipper on sale at shoe stores, department stores and general stores everywhere.

THE WILEY-BICKFORD-SWEET COMPANY

Worcester, Mass. Hartford, Conn.

Capitol
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Look for the trade-mark stamped on the sole of every genuine Capitol Felt Slipper. Also found on the Capitol Lamb's Wool Sole.

Capitol Slippers

For all the Family

BEAUTY, ENMESHED IN BRILLIANT STRANDS, HINTS OF HER EARS

For colored cords on any of the necklaces, cut strands of two or more colors of rope silk. Make each strand three times longer than the finished cord. Fasten one end of all strands to a door-knob. Stand in front of the door and twist the entire length of the strands tightly. When cord is tightly twisted, untie the end from door-knob and holding two ends together, stretch out center of cord. Hold the cut ends and release other end, allowing cord to twist together. Pull away uneven twists by stretching cord and smoothing it with your hands





A



Detail 1



B

HAVE women reverted to the primitive age? What with every lovely ear dangling vivid earrings and no costume complete without a barbaric string of beads, there is every appearance of it. Bead chains and earrings are quite inexpensive to make. For the cord on any of these chains use twisted rope silk and the bead drops may be as inexpensive as you choose. You can buy ten-cent earrings and remove the drop, substituting any one of these. To knot a bead on a cord, tie the knot the desired distance from the end, slipping bead down close to knot and then tie another knot to hold it in place.

For the blue glass bead necklace (see *b*) you need 2 skeins each of navy and medium-green embroidery twist, 4 round cloud beads, 4 oval beads 1 inch long, and 1 blue glass pendant 1¾ inch long. Make a 1-yard cord of each strand of silk (see directions above). String beads like illustration, hanging the blue pendant on the end. Then proceed to make a pendant as follows: paste a blue bead on the top of the earring; string 1 small round blue bead, 1 small cloud bead, 1 blue bugle bead, 1 small cloud, 4 bugle beads, 1 large cloud bead. Fasten to end of earring. Run thread back through large cloud bead. String 4 bugle beads, 1 cloud bead, 1 bugle bead, 1 cloud bead, 1 small bead. Turn. Skip the last bead and pass needle back through all but last bugle bead. String rest of beads following illustration.

FOR the twisted cord with bead tassel (see *c*) you need 2 skeins each of turquoise-and-yellow twisted embroidery floss, 1 round yellow-and-blue Venetian bead, 1 bunch each of blue and yellow small glass beads. Make a 1-yard cord of 2 strands of each color silk (see directions above). Knot ends together. Make a double knot 1 inch above ends. Thread a needle with white sewing silk and join to end of crochet ring. Slip a Venetian bead over end of ring. Slip needle and thread through ring. String 40 yellow beads on thread. Skip last bead. Run thread back through all beads and fasten to end of ring. Slip 40 blue beads on thread. Work in same manner as yellow beads. Make 8 strings of blue beads and 8 strings of yellow beads for tassel. For earrings, paste a yellow bead over the top of earring. Using double turquoise blue floss, string a Venetian bead, same as one used on necklace, at lower part of earring. Run thread through bead. Thread a needle with white sewing silk. Join to turquoise blue floss at bottom of large bead. String 23 tiny blue glass beads. Skip last bead and run needle back through all beads. Join to floss at base of large bead. String 23 tiny yellow glass beads. Make 3 strings of yellow beads and 7 strings of blue beads.

For the amber necklace (see *d*), you need 8 oval amber beads ¾ inch long, 2 amber pendants 2 inches long, and orchid and rust fine rope silk. Make a 1⅛-yard cord of 2 strands of each color silk. String beads on cord and hang a pendant from each end. Make a knot 1½ inch above each end. Pull a bead down close to each knot. Make another knot above bead to hold it in place. Knot 2 more beads, one 6 inches above one end and the other 4 inches above other end. Measure up 3¼ inches above last 2 beads. Fasten double beads (see illustration). Paste a yellow bead over the top of the earring. On the lower part, string small round amber bead, 15 small red beads, small amber oval bead ¼ inch long, 3 tiny red beads, 1 oval bead ½ inch long, 1 tiny red bead. Turn. Skip the last bead and run thread back through all beads and fasten thread securely.

For the sealing-wax bead necklace and earrings (see *e*) you need the following: 1 large stick each of white, red, and black sealing-wax, an alcohol lamp, a steel knitting-needle, a little over 1/16 inch in diameter, a knife, a glass of water, 2 skeins each of red and black silk embroidery twist. You will also need 2 brass rings 1¼ inch in diameter, screws taken from a 10-cent pair of earrings, detail 4, the rings from 2 gummed labels, detail 2, and a pair of pincers.

To make the 6 small beads, cut 12 pieces of white sealing-wax about ⅜ inch long each, using a heated knife. Heat the steel knitting-needle over alcohol lamp. Press 2 of the pieces of wax onto it so that they stick together with the needle in the center. Hold wax on needle over lamp until it softens, constantly turning needle. Before forming bead further, heat stick of black wax in flame and touch bead with it here and there. Hold bead in flame until you begin to see it assume a round shape. Dip it into the glass of water. Form it into a sphere with your fingers. When it is shaped, dip bead in water for a second, then, heating red stick of wax, put a band of this color around center of bead. Reheat the bead until red flows. Put it into water for 5 minutes. Take out and dry on paper napkin. Heat needle at both sides of bead, but *not* bead, until bead slides easily along needle when pushed with fingers. Do not heat too much or bead will melt. Slide beads back and forth along needle a few times to clean openings. If finger-prints get on beads, remove them by holding in flame an instant. To make the larger bead at end of chain, use twice the amount of white wax and proceed as before.

For the necklace, make a 1⅞-yard cord, using 2 strands of each color silk. Knot a bead 10 inches from one end of cord. Knot another bead 8 inches above end and another 6 inches above end. Knot beads the same on the opposite end of cord. Knot 2 strands together. 2 inches from ends string a large bead. Knot ends together. Finish with a 4-inch tassel made of 50 strands of red-and-black silk.



C





G

TO MAKE beads for the earrings, make a round bead. Dip it into water and then, while still soft, shape the bead (see illustration of earrings). Take 2 brass rings 13/16 inch in diameter (such as one can buy at any notion counter). Holding ring with pincers, heat over flame and then pass stick of black sealing-wax over entire surface. Melt over lamp until smooth. Apply white-and-red wax and melt over flame until they flow into black. Let ring harden. Take 2 rings from gummed labels and bend ends together like detail 3, having first slipped waxed ring between them into loop. Carefully heat ends to insert into drop, smoothing top around it to look well. Take care not to melt wax on large ring. Pass small ring through ring in top of drop and then through the ring fastened on earring. Close it with pincers.

FOR the jade bead and rose cord necklace (see *f*) you need 6 jade beads 1 inch in diameter, 4 skeins of rose silk embroidery twist. For the tassel cut card-board 4½ inches long and wind rose silk around it 50 times. Slip a thread of silk through strands at one end of tassel and tie tightly. This forms top of tassel. Slip off cardboard. Cut through strands at opposite end and wind silk around tassel ½ inch from tassel end. For the necklace, cut strands of rose silk 2½ yards long and make a twisted cord. Fold cord in half and make a loop 2 inches from center. (See 1 in detail.) Keep part of loop out of bead. Make a loop at center of cord and draw through bead in this loop. (See 2 in detail.) Run cord through first loop. (See 1.) Pull cord tight. Make a knot above first bead, 1 inch from last knot. Make another knot 1 inch from last knot. Make a knot. String a bead. Make a knot. String another bead in same manner as preceding bead. Finish with knot. Make knots 1 inch apart along entire length of cord. String beads and make knots along remaining side of cord same as opposite side. Chain ends of cord together.

Neck ribbons are a bright finish for white shirtwaists.

Detail 2

Detail 3

Detail 4

Concluded on page 66

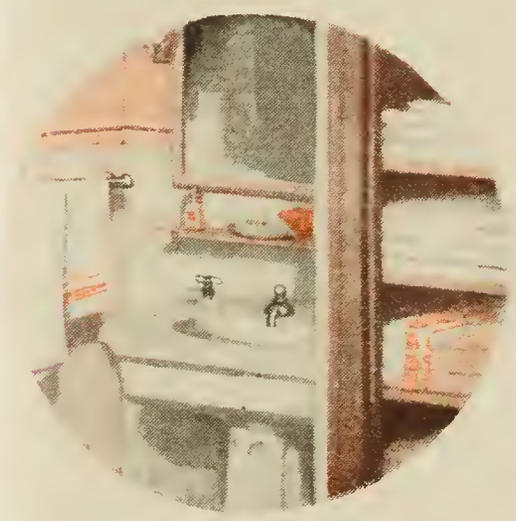




Maids' aprons and caps must be white and fresh. By washing them with P and G, keep them from becoming gray and old-looking. P and G washes them *clean-white* and quickly removes most stains.



Gritty powders or soaps that require hard rubbing soon wear the surface coat off beautiful painted furniture—especially on the edges. P and G has no grit, requires only light rubbing, and saves the surface. Acts *quickly,* too.



Bed linen and towels, soaped and soaked with P and G in lukewarm water, come out snow-white. P and G removes all traces of face-cream, oil from hair, and soot, without hard rubbing or boiling. Saves the fabrics.

When Homes are "on Inspection"

When signs of lax housekeeping in neighbors' homes reveal *themselves,* even the most charitable eyes can't help noticing: curtains dingy, painted woodwork soot-grimed, dishes and glassware streaked, bed-spreads yellowed.

You make allowances for the holiday activities, yet if P and G The White Naphtha Soap had been used in those homes, probably the results themselves would have bespoken fine housekeeping.

Possibly you have not quite realized the remarkable versatility of P and G. It is surprising.

P and G is a fine laundry soap, of course.

It keeps clothes, table linen and bed linen gleaming *white* by washing them *clean.* Many users don't even boil (but boil if you prefer).

P and G saves the time and labor of the laundress, as well as your clothes, because it requires *less hard rubbing.*

It will not yellow the clothes nor leave a laundry odor, because it *rinses out thoroughly.*

It does not fade colors, because it acts on the *dirt*—not on the dyes.

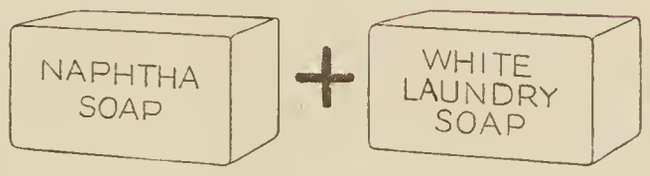
But—

The same quick and safe combination of naphtha soap and white soap that makes P and G so efficient for the *laundry,* gives it unique cleansing properties for *woodwork, table-ware, tile, enamel, linoleum*—without injury to the finest surface.

Because it is a *complete* soap, and a *unique* soap, P and G is the *largest selling laundry and household soap in America.* Your laundress will be glad to use it.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

Not merely a white laundry soap,
Not merely a naphtha soap,
But the best features of both, combined



Speed *and* Safety

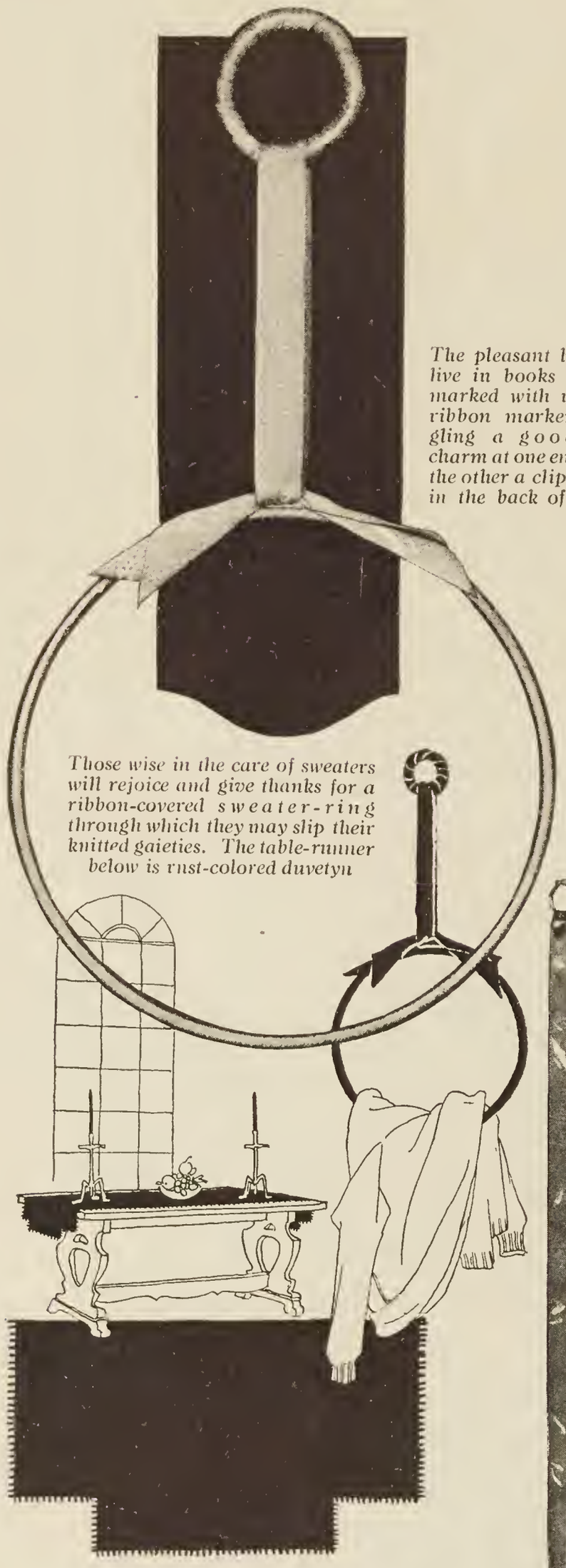


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LAST-MINUTE GIFT IMPROVISATIONS FOR THOSE WHO MAY BE CAUGHT UNAWARE ARE QUITE POSSIBLE TO MAKE IN HALF AN HOUR

WHO would miss the "last-minute" scramble before Christmas Eve? Christmas simply wouldn't be Christmas if one should find oneself so thoroughly and finally prepared that one must sit with folded hands waiting for it to creep up on one, instead of breathlessly rushing pell-mell into the holiday! There will be unexpected guests even in the best-ordered households, and these gifts, hung upon the Christmas tree, are guaranteed to make them feel a distinct part of the family circle.

The table-runner below should be dubbed "Big Reward for Little Effort," for it takes no more than half an hour to cut it out and have the edges hemstitched. The brilliant colors of



Those wise in the care of sweaters will rejoice and give thanks for a ribbon-covered sweater-ring through which they may slip their knitted gaieties. The table-runner below is rust-colored duvetyn

Embroidery design 10989

duvetyn, orange, king's blue, scarlet, ochre, brown, are most effective for the runner. To make this one, cut a piece of rust duvetyn 18 or 20 inches wide and from 1 to 2 yards long. Shape the ends corresponding to embroidery design 10989. Have the edges finished by machine-hemstitching. Cut in half to form picot edge.

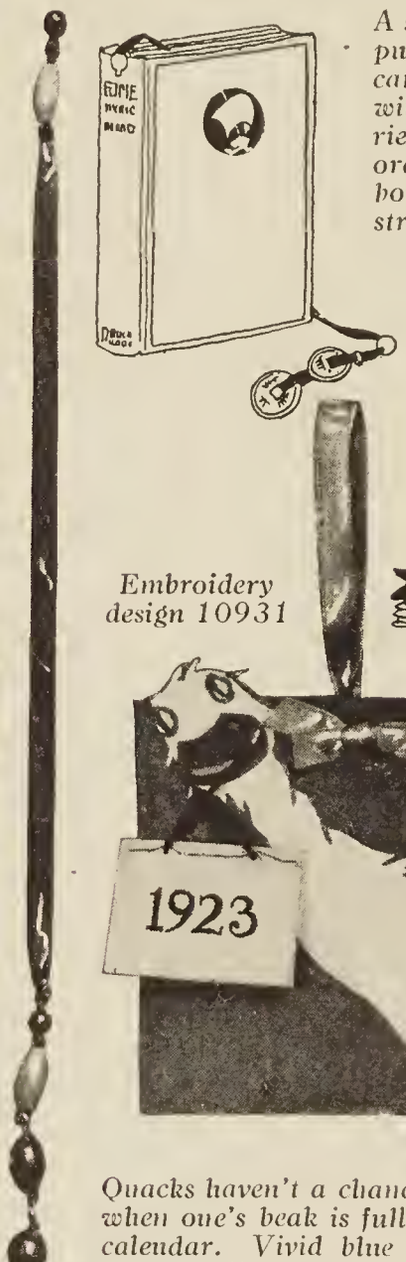
With the sweater deluge, most of us are confronted with a real problem. To our sorrow we hung that delicate old-blue favorite on a hanger; when next we took it out there were such ugly humps on each shoulder as to make us reflect ruefully that we looked more or less like that husky half-back in the big football game last Fall. And if you stuff a sweater in your top dresser-drawer you know what happens: it catches on the drawer edges or takes up more than its quota of room.

For such a sweater-ring you will need 4 yards of ribbon ⅝ of an inch wide, a round embroidery-hoop 7 inches in diameter, a small brass ring 1¾ inch in diameter. Wind the ribbon around hoop; then wind the ribbon around the ring. Cut a piece of ribbon 10 inches long. Slip ribbon through small ring and tack it to the ring. Sew the ends of the ribbon to the large hoop. Cut two pieces of ribbon 5 inches long. Cut the ends so that they will slant. Then measure 2½ inches from one end and sew both pieces of ribbon over ends of the ribbon which is sewed to the large hoop.

Book-marks like these allow one's ingenuity full play. One end of the ribbon is finished with a round paper-clip which will catch in the back of a loosely bound book and which can be transferred to a new book at will. To make any of these book-marks, cut the ribbon 15 inches long.

For the first book-mark (left to right) use blue-and-green double-faced ribbon and end it with a white carved bead ornament and a tiny good-luck elephant of ivory. Sew the paper clip to one end of the ribbon. Measure 9¾ inches from clip end, make a knot, and slip the bead on ribbon. Make a knot. Sew charm to the end of ribbon. For the second book-mark, a double-faced ribbon in dark blue and rust is effective. String a jade-green bead, then string two Chinese coins on the ribbon. Join the end up 2 inches with the rust color showing on the outside. Let one coin slip to the bottom of the loop and fasten the other coin 1½ inch above it. Tie a knot above the loop and draw the jade-green bead down close to the knot. Tie another knot above the bead. Beads in exotic colors and a black-and-cerise double-faced ribbon make the third book-mark. Cut the ribbon 15 inches long. Sew clip at one end. Measure 8¾ inches from clip end and make a knot. Slip a light-blue bead on ribbon and

The pleasant hours we live in books are well marked with unique ribbon markers, dangling a good-luck charm at one end and at the other a clip to catch in the back of a book



A silk flower powder-puff case slips into a card-case or tiny purse with ease. The lingerie clasps of interlaced orchid and blue ribbon keep shoulder-straps firm in their proper places

Embroidery design 10931

Quacks haven't a chance in a year when one's beak is full of a useful calendar. Vivid blue and yellow paints will contrast gaily against the wall or a desk

make 2 knots. Slip a plum-colored bead on ribbon and make a knot. Slip another light blue, make a knot, slip a dark blue and finish the book-mark with a knot.

For the fourth book-mark which you lay in a book you will need ½ yard of double-faced satin ribbon ¼ inch wide, in purple and gold or any other combination, 2 blue and 1 henna oval wooden beads, 1 round plum-colored wooden bead ½ inch in diameter, 2 tiny round green wooden beads, 1 round orange bead, and 1 skein of yellow embroidery silk. Make a knot at one end of ribbon and slip plum-colored bead next to knot. Make 2 knots and slip henna bead on ribbon. Make a knot and slip blue bead on ribbon. Make a knot. Slip orange bead on and make a knot. Measure 8½ inches from the last knot and make another knot. Slip blue bead on ribbon. Make a knot. With the yellow silk sew a green bead to each end of ribbon.

The little "Ducky-Drake" calendar is a happy augury for the New Year. For it you will need a small calendar, a piece of bristol-board 4 by 4¾ inches, 1 tube each of blue and orange water-colors, a medium-sized brush, ½ yard of blue satin ribbon ¼ inch wide, 1 skein of orange mercerized embroidery cotton. Paint the duck from embroidery design 10931 on the bristol-board. Paint the background around the duck in blue, painting the outline of the duck's body blue. Paint the feet, beak and centers of the eyes in orange. Outline, with blue, beak and eyes. Cut the bristol-board away around feet, tail and head. Make 2 holes ¾ inch apart in a small calendar. Run a 4-inch piece of floss through holes. Make 2 holes in beak and run floss of calendar through beak. Tie floss in back of bristol-board. Cut a 9-inch piece of ribbon. Make a hole at top of bristol-board. Draw ends of ribbon through hole on right side of calendar. Make a 1½-inch bow. Make a knot at base of loop of ribbon in back of bristol-board.

The trio of gifts below is distinctive. For the handkerchief slide you need ⅔ yard of ½-inch double-faced satin ribbon in orchid and blue, 1 skein each of yellow and jade-green embroidery floss. Cut a piece of ribbon 1½ inch long. Keeping the orchid side of ribbon face up, work a flower in jade-green floss by 18 lazy-daisy stitches. With yellow floss sew a French knot in center of flower. Join the ends of ribbon together with yellow floss. Work blanket-stitching along all the ends of ribbon. This forms a slide. Now cut another piece of ribbon the same size and work in the same manner for another slide. Cut a piece of ribbon 18 inches long with pale-blue side on top. Slip the 2 small slides on to one end of this long ribbon and slip through the slides so that by pulling ends the circle may be made larger or smaller.

The pansy powder-puff case is dainty. You will need 2 pieces of silk 2 inches square, and 1 skein of rose embroidery



Embroidery design 10948

For scented handkerchiefs a ribbon slide in orchid and blue double-faced satin ribbon is delicate. It is a slight but uncompromising container for kerchiefs and a gift one can use all the year round

floss. Work a small flower from the spray in embroidery design 10948 on one square of the silk. Cut along the outline of the design and embroider the center of flower with rose silk. Lay the remaining square of silk on top of embroidered piece. Cut along outline of flower and blanket-stitch both pieces of silk together with rose floss, leaving a 1½-inch opening. Blanket-stitch each side of opening.

Lingerie clasps are intimate gifts. You will need ¼ yard each of very narrow double-faced satin ribbon in orchid and blue, yellow and green, orchid and rose, and 2 snap fasteners. Cut 3 pieces of ribbon 4 inches long, one of each color. Fold ribbons in half lengthwise and braid ribbons together. Tack ends. Sew a snap and fastener at each end. Make another clasp in same manner.

Concluded from page 64

For the single ribbon (see *g*) you will need 1¼ yard of double-faced satin ribbon in two shades of brown, 2 bead drops, henna and lavender embroidery silk and a small brass ring. Hang a bead drop on each end of ribbon. With henna silk, embroider 2 inches on each end of ribbon in faggoting. Cover ring with silk cord and slip it over the folded end of ribbon to hold strands together. For the double ribbon (see *a*) proceed the same way, using dark blue and gray, and black and green ribbon. Work the faggoting in turquoise blue. Then hang blue beads on the end of the neck ribbon.



OLIVER OCTOBER

Continued from page 63

"In a month I will be thirty," he went on, his heart as light as air. "I might ask her to give me a thirty-day option, or something like that."

"You goose!"

He pressed her arm to his side. "I have never asked a girl to marry me, Jane. Never in all my life. Do you know why?"

She buried her face against his shoulder. A vast, overwhelming thrill raced through him. Her warm, supple body suddenly and mysteriously became that of another woman —a strange woman so unlike Jane that his senses swam with wonder. What magic was this? This was not Jane—not the Jane he had known forever! Something incredibly feminine, sensuous, intoxicating. His arms went about her and drew her close.

"God! Is—is this you, Jane?" he whispered. "Is it really you?"

She lifted her head. A little sob of joy broke on her lips. Gazing up into his eyes, bright even in the drakness, she murmured a bewildered question.

"Yes—you are some other girl," he replied, dazed by ecstasy. "You can't be Jane Sage. You don't feel like Jane Sage. You don't——"

She laughed softly. "Do you think you ought to be holding a strange girl in your arms—and do you think I could possibly allow you to do it if I were not Jane Sage?" A pause, then, faintly: "Oh, Oliver—dear Oliver!"

"You—you are sure there isn't any one else, Janie? I—I am not too late? Tell me."

"There never has been any one else, Oliver. It has always been you."

"I NEVER realized it, Jane—I never even thought of it till just a little while ago—but now I know that I have always loved you. That's why I've never asked any one else to—to marry me. I understand now why I couldn't possibly have asked any one else. All these years it has been you—and I never knew. It was settled long ago—ages ago, without my knowing it—that there was but one girl I could ever ask to be my wife—only one girl that I could ever really love."

Her arm stole up about his neck, she raised her chin.

He kissed her again rapturously. "You'll never know how miserable I have been these last few weeks—how horribly jealous I've been."

She stroked his cheeks—possessively. "I haven't been very happy myself," she sighed. "I—I wasn't quite sure you would ever give me the chance to say I loved you, Oliver; I wasn't sure you would ever ask me to be your wife."

"That reminds me," he cried boyishly. "Will you marry me, Miss Sage?"

"Of course I will! Didn't I say I would marry the first— What was that?"

As she uttered the exclamation under her breath, she drew away from him quickly, looking over her shoulder at the thick, shadowy underbrush that lined the road below them.

"I didn't hear anything," said he, turning with her. "It must have been my heart trying to burst out of its——"

"I heard some one—or something," she said in a voice of dismay. "Oh, Oliver, some one saw you kiss me, some one heard what we——"

"Suppose he did?" cried he jubilantly. "Why should we care? I'd like the whole world to know how happy—how absolutely happy—I am, Jane. When will you marry me, Jane? *When?*"

The woman in her replied. "I must have time to get some clothes——"

"You don't need any," he broke in. "I mean, any more than you have now. I'm not marrying your clothes, dear—I'm *marrying you. Sh!* Listen! There *is* some one over there in the brush. Damn his sneaking eyes! I'll——"

"Don't! Don't go down there!" she cried, clutching his arm. "You must not leave me alone. I'm—I'm afraid, Ollie."

"Let's walk down the road a little way, Jane," said he stubbornly. "Don't be afraid. I'll stick close beside you."

They ran down the little embankment into the road. She clung tightly to his arm, feeling strangely secure in the rigid strength of it—and proud of it, as well. The night was dark, the road among the trees darker still. After fifteen or twenty paces, Oliver pressed her arm warningly and stopped to listen. Ahead of them, some distance away, they heard footfalls—the slow, regular tread of a man walking in the road.

"I will not go a step farther," she whispered.

They stood still, listening. Suddenly the footfalls ceased.

"He knows we have stopped," said Oliver. "He's listening to see if we are following."

She was silent for a moment. "You remember what I said about being spied upon, Oliver. I feel it, I feel it all about me. You are being watched all the time, Oliver. Oh, how hateful, how unfair!"

HE PUT his arm around her. "Jane, dear, I am just beginning to understand. They really suspect me. They really think I may have had a hand in— Why, curse them, they——"

"Hush, Oliver!" she cried softly. "The very worst thing you can do is to fly into a rage over this silly——"

"Oh, my Lord!" he gasped, drawing back in sheer astonishment. "*You*, too, Jane? I've heard nothing for twenty years but— Hang it all, dear, I *want* to get mad! I want to rage like a lion and tear things to pieces."

"I know, I know," she interrupted gently. "But you mustn't, just the same. You must treat this thing as a—a sort of joke."

"It's pretty difficult to see anything humorous in being suspected of— Oh, I can't even say it! It's too awful—too unspeakable!"

"We'd better be going back to the house, Oliver," she began.

"See here, Jane, I've been thinking. It's wrong for me to ask you to marry me till all this mess is over. It's wrong for me to even ask you to consider yourself engaged to me. We must wait."

"Nobody believes you had anything to do with——"

"My dear girl, nobody knows *what* to believe," said he seriously. "That's the worst of it. My father is gone. I was, so far as any one knows, the last to see him. As you say, no one may believe that I had anything to do with it, but—*where is he?* That's the question they are all asking—and no one answers. He is somewhere, living or dead. That's sure. He may be out there in that swamp. If he *is* out there, no one will believe he committed suicide. If that had been his intention, why did he draw all that money out of the bank? A queer thing has just happened. You know Peter Hines, that queer old bird who has always lived in the cabin at the lower end of the swamp—you can see it from the road in the daytime? He has skipped out. Boarded up the door and windows——"

He started violently, the words dying on his lips. Off to the south, beyond the almost impenetrable wall of night, gleamed far-off lights in the windows of Peter Hines's shack.

"He must have returned," he said in an odd voice. "Those lights——"

"Let us go in, dear," she pleaded. "I—I hear something moving among the weeds down there. It's grisly, Oliver—creepy."

They were at the foot of the porch steps when he kissed her tenderly. "We must wait a little while, Janie, before telling them about—us. Till all this is cleared up and I——"

She faced him, her hands on his shoulders.

"I shall tell them to-night," she said resolutely. "To-morrow I shall tell everybody I know."

He laughed quietly. "Have your own way, dear. You always have had it where I am concerned."

THE ensuing three weeks were busy ones for Oliver. He was off electioneering by day and out speech-making by night. The opposition press, stirred to action by the harassed Mr. Gooch, printed frequent reports of the progress made by the authorities in their search for old Oliver Baxter.

Continued on page 68



The charm of your Complexion depends upon the care you give it.

PRACTICALLY everyone has a reasonably good skin. Barring digestive disorders which cause skin eruptions and can easily be remedied by proper dieting, the real cause for so-called "bad" skin is just neglect. This is not a pretty thought but a plain statement of fact. If you stop to consider the millions of atoms of dust and dirt with which you are thrown in contact in your everyday life, you can begin to see that a good deal of it probably works its way into the pores of your skin. If this is not cleaned out thoroughly at least once a day, particle collects upon particle and the result is clogged pores and muddy skin.

Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream is the best skin cleanser you can use. It will remove the dirt from the pores and give them a chance to breathe, thus starting the blood circulating properly. A very simple treatment which applies to all skins is worked out as follows:

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Dinner-Size

THIS new food, new to you who have not tried it, is known as Booth's "Food-Sardines," Dinner-Size.

Booth's are genuine sardines, but not the small, imported kind, packed in oil.

These are delicious double-size sardines, packed in appetizing sauces.

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Serve them ready prepared as they come from the tin; broiled on toast; in salad; fried in bread crumbs for breakfast; and in dozens of other appetizing ways. They are very convenient, too, for quick, easy luncheons, busy-day dinners and late-at-night lunches.

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BOOTH'S "Food-Sardines" are packed in three delicious sauces, tomato, mustard and spiced (vinegar and spices)—so they provide new surprises for each week.

Packed in immaculate plants, they are highest quality. So be sure of the brand. Note the Yellow Crescent on the oval tin.

Your grocer probably has Booth's. If by chance he hasn't, send us one dollar for an introductory shipment of four tins, charges prepaid.

Specify the sauces you want them packed in. Your money gladly refunded if you are not satisfied.

There are many excellent suggestions in our free book, "Booth's Food-Sardine Recipes." Send for your copy today.

Food-Sardines a la San Jose

In a small sauce pan melt one level tablespoonful of butter and a rounding tablespoonful of flour, mix to a paste and add strained tomatoes. Boil the mixture for two minutes. Mix Booth's Food-Sardines and bread crumbs (one cup) and chopped parsley, moisten in half a cup of the tomato sauce, put in a baking dish and cover the top with the remaining bread crumbs and dot with bits of butter. Bake for twenty minutes, browning top nicely. Serve with the remaining cup of the tomato sauce.

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OLIVER OCTOBER

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They made a sensation out of two or three minor discoveries—such as the finding of an old straw hat in one of the pools; the unearthing of a stout spade-handle at the edge of the swamp not far from where the old man and his son parted company; the turning-up among the weeds at the roadside of a small note-book which, despite months of exposure to rain, snow and sun was identified as the property of the missing man. It was Oliver October who unhesitatingly identified this note-book.

Strange to say, Peter Hines's cabin was still boarded up. The morning after Oliver and Jane observed the motionless lights across the swamp, the former motored over to the shack. He was amazed to find the door and the windows nailed up securely; there was nothing to indicate that they had been opened or tampered with during the night. He went to Malone with the puzzle. The detective promptly declared that neither he nor his partner had been down at the shack the night before and could offer no explanation. The cabin was watched every night for a week, but the lights did not reappear.

Oliver was astonished to find that no one in Rumley was surprised by the announcement that he and Jane were engaged to be married. Apparently the whole town knew about it weeks before he himself was aware of it!

Meanwhile, Malone and his gang of Italian laborers were leisurely conducting the quest. The chief operative was bored. He admitted that he was bored.

Mid-afternoon of a windy day in October—it was the nineteenth, to be exact—he sat in the shelter of the kitchen wing, his chair propped against the wall, reading a book. He yawned frequently and seemed to be having great difficulty in keeping his pipe going. From time to time he dozed.

HIS PARTNER, Charlie What's-his-name, was out in the swamp directing the efforts of eight or ten men who were sounding the scattered mud-holes with long poles or digging at random in sections where the earth was sufficiently solid to bear the weight of man or beast. These men were now far out beyond the wire fence, within a hundred yards or so of the pond.

Mr. Malone's rest was disturbed shortly before three o'clock by the arrival of Oliver October. The two had become quite good friends.

"Say, Malone, would you mind calling off these grave-diggers of yours for half an hour or so? I am expecting a committee here at three o'clock."

"Sure," said Malone. He got up slowly. "Hey!" he shouted over his shoulder. "Come out o' that! Knock off! As I've said before, Mr. Baxter, it's all damned foolishness digging up your place like this."

"Mrs. Grimes says the house is likely to fall down on our heads at any minute," said Oliver. "How is your lumbago, Malone?"

"Better. Mrs. Grimes almost succeeded in putting a mustard plaster on me yesterday. She had me gargling my throat last week."

Oliver walked to the corner. Joseph Sikes was sitting on the back steps, his aged back bent almost double, his chin resting on the mittened hands that gripped the head of his cane, his wrinkled face screwed up into a dogged scowl.

"Better step into the kitchen, 'Uncle' Joe, and ask Lizzie for a cup of hot coffee. Work's over for to-day."

"The devil it is," growled Mr. Sikes, without changing his position.

"Let him alone," said Malone good-naturedly. "He's hatching out some new trouble for me. Reminds me of a crabbed old hen setting on a basket of eggs. As for the other one—the chubby undertaker—he's down there in the swamp from morning till night, supervising the whole blamed job."

"They are the best friends I've got in the world, Malone," said Oliver earnestly.

"Well, we'll clear out so's you can have your committee meeting in peace," said the detective.

Two soiled Italians had crawled out from beneath the porch and were making off with their coats and dinner-pails in the direction of the barn.

"I have put it up to county headquarters, Malone," said Oliver in an emotionless tone, "as to whether I should stay in the race or withdraw."

"What do you mean withdraw?" asked the detective sharply.

"Well, it's only fair to give them a chance to put some one else on the ticket in my place if they feel——"

"Come off! It's too late. And you've got old Gooch licked to a standstill, so what the devil's got into you? We're not going to find your father's body, my boy."

"How do you know you are not going to find it?" was Oliver's surprising question.

MALONE stared. "What has made you change your tone like this, Baxter?"

"It's getting on my nerves, Malone—I don't mind saying so," said the young man, frowning. "At first I laughed at all this fuss, but lately I've been lying awake thinking that maybe we've been wrong all the time and that he *is* out there. By God, Malone, it—it turns the blood cold in my veins."

"I get you," said Malone sympathetically. "It does give a fellow the shivers. But now about this getting off the ticket. Don't you do anything of the sort, Baxter. Don't lay down. You've got this election sewed up—and, say, what if we do accidentally find your old man—what's that got to do with it?"

"Malone, I can feel it in the air that a great many people believe I know what became of him. People like to believe the worst. The Democratic speakers are mighty decent and so are the newspapers. They haven't uttered a word or printed one that isn't fair and square. But back in the minds of a lot of people is the thought that perhaps, after all, I did murder my father."

Mr. Sikes, who had shuffled around the corner, overheard the remark. He fairly barked:

"It don't make a particle of difference what they believe, provided nobody is able to find the '*corpus delicti*.' I don't want to hear you say another word about murder, young man—not another damned word. They've got to dig up your father's '*corpus delicti*' before— What in thunder are you laughing at, sir?"

Malone, to whom this question was addressed in Mr. Sikes's most aggressive manner, put his hand to his mouth, and, after a brief struggle, succeeded in replying with as straight a face as possible:

"I've been reading an awfully funny book, Mr. Sikes. It's about detectives."

Now, for the past two weeks, Mr. Sikes and other overripe citizens of Rumley had made frequent and profound allusions to the "*corpus delicti*." They didn't know what it was at first, but Mr. Link soon found out. He said it was French for "body." "*Corpus delicti*" sounded so well—after considerable practise—that most people preferred to use it instead of "remains"; besides, it wasn't quite so personal.

There is no telling what Mr. Sikes would have said to Mr. Malone about detectives in general if the delegation from Republican headquarters had arrived a minute or two later.

THE automobile came swinging up the drive on the tail of Mr. Malone's defensive explanation. Oliver hurried off to greet the occupants of the car, Mr. Sikes hobbling along in his wake. Malone refilled his pipe as he strode across the stable yard. In the lee of the barn he scorched his fingers. His gaze was fixed on the swamp. Far out in the "danger zone" a number of men were compactly grouped. A solitary figure was running toward the Baxter house, while from the main highway to the right of the slough a dozen or more scattered people were picking their way gingerly across the intervening space. The detective dropped the charred match and started briskly down to meet the runner. He was no longer bored. He was an alert, vital, keen-sensed hunter of men.

Mrs. Grimes appeared on the front porch as the three committeemen stepped out

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OLIVER OCTOBER

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of the car. She knew one of them, James Parsons, a lawyer.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Grimes," said he, coming up the steps. "Baxter here?"

"He's around back. I'll call——"

"Just a second. I'd like a word with you in private. Hello, here he is." There were handshakings, and then Parsons motioned with his head for Serepta to remain behind as the others entered the house. "Say, have you got any influence over him, Mrs. Grimes?"

"Not a bit," said Serepta. "What have you men decided he ought to do? Drop out?"

"We've decided—the whole central committee—that he'd be a damned fool to drop out of the race. Excuse my French."

"With pleasure. Now, let me give you a piece of advice." She looked over her shoulder to make sure that Oliver was out of hearing: "Don't plead with him. Act as mad as you know how. Tell him he'd be an ornery, low-lifed skunk if he left you in the lurch like that. Make it strong. He is really serious about withdrawing. You mustn't let him. You men got him into this race and it's your business to keep him in it. I guess you'd better go in. They're calling you."

Mr. Sikes ambled up as Parsons disappeared through the door. He stopped short in the gravel walk just below where Mrs. Grimes was standing. After an instant's hesitation, he drew nearer to the rail. He felt that it was necessary to lower his voice.

"We've only six more days to go, Serepty," he said.

"Yes. He will be thirty on the twenty-fifth. I hope you'll be satisfied, Joe Sikes."

He pondered gloomily. "Setting back there on the kitchen steps I got to thinkin' about the last time I was up here before old Ollie disappeared. I wonder if you remember what he said to me and Silas, setting right here on this porch."

"He said a lot of things, Joe."

"DO YOU remember him telling us he was getting so he hated to go to sleep at night in this house? Maybe he said he was afraid to go to sleep, but no matter. Do you remember?"

"I remember the poor old thing saying he couldn't go to sleep nights because he was afraid a mob would come up to the house and take Oliver October out and hang him for something he'd never done."

"I guess maybe that was it. And another thing. Didn't he say he wouldn't blame Oliver if he up and beat his brains out for letting that Gipsy queen lift the veil and cause all this worry?"

"What are you trying to get at, Joe Sikes?"

"Oh—nothin' particular. Only somehow I've got the queerest feelin' that something's going to happen, Serepty—and I—I just thought I'd warn you not to say anything about our talk that night, 'specially what he said about Oliver beatin' his brains out."

"Good gracious, man! Why should I say anything——"

"I mean," began Mr. Sikes solemnly, "if—if you was called as a witness—in court. That's what I mean. I mean," he repeated sternly, "that you and me and Silas never heard him say anything like that—then or any other time. Has Ollie set the day for the wedding?"

She came down from the porch and together they started for the rear of the house.

"No, he ain't," said she. "He's not the one to do the setting. It's none of his business. Jane has named the day, if that's what you want to know. It's to be the tenth of November."

"He's a lucky feller," said the old man. "Think of a feller being able to get married to as purty a girl as Jane and still not have any brothers-in-law."

"I wish you'd get tired talking about brothers-in-law all the time," she said severely. "Don't forget that you are a brother-in-law yourself, Joe Sikes. You are a brother-in-law to two men——"

"What are you trying to do, Serepty Grimes? Insult me? Make a mortal enemy out of me? For two cents I'd refuse to drink a mouthful of your coffee. And, what's more——"

"Look out yonder, Joe—in the swamp," she broke in, pointing through the fringe of trees. "There's a crowd——"

"Serepty!" he cried bleakly. "They—they found something out yonder. I feel it in my bones. The '*corpus delicti*.' I guess I won't have any coffee. I'll just mosey out there and see what's happened."

"Wait a minute. Isn't that Silas Link coming across the swamp?"

He groaned. "If it is, he'll never get here. He's too old and fat to be hurryin' like that. He'll drop dead. He's got a weak heart."

"Sit down, Joe," she said suddenly, after a quick look at his paling face.

"I GUESS maybe I'd better," he said weakly. "Just for a second or two. My legs seem sort of wobbly——"

"Don't sit down *yet*," she cried. "Wait till we get to the steps. You'll break a hip or something if you sit down——"

"Ain't your legs sort of weak——"

"No, they're not," she interrupted tartly. "Lean on me, Joe."

"I'll be dogged if I do!" he snorted vigorously. "What do you take me for? Lean on a woman! Blast your eyes, Serepty Grimes—how many more times are you going to insult me to-day? Let me tell you one thing more: I'm not going to set down as long as Silas Link is on his feet. I'm no quitter!" he bellowed, squaring his broad old shoulders.

They stood and waited. In due time Silas Link panted his way up the incline and came shuffling toward them. He stopped at the corner of the barn-yard, leaning against the fence to get his breath. Mr. Sikes stalked forward, followed by Mrs. Grimes.

"Well?" demanded the former.

"They—fished—up—a—carcass," puffed Mr. Link.

Absolute silence—except for the painful wheezing of the last speaker.

"Ollie's?" asked Mr. Sikes at last, and quickly hooked his arm through that of the tottering Mrs. Grimes.

"No telling. Unrecognizable. Been in the mire for a long time, according to my best judgment."

"Sure it's a—a human being? Male or female?"

"Didn't I tell you it had been in the mire a long time?"

"It must have had clothes on," put in Mrs. Grimes stoutly. "Wouldn't you know Ollie Baxter's clothes if you——"

Mr. Link hesitated. "That detective says the chances are that whoever did the killing stripped the body and burnt the clothes," he said slowly, weightily.

A longer silence than before. Mr. Link's listeners seemed turned to stone. Finally Mr. Sikes moistened his stiff lips.

"What do you mean, Silas, by—by killing?"

"THE top of the skull is smashed in—split wide open," announced the news-bearer in a hushed, sepulchral voice. Then, apparently eager to get it over with, he hurried on: "Couldn't have died a natural death. Somebody hit him over the head——"

"Say *it*," corrected Mr. Sikes. "You don't know whether it's a man or woman."

"—with a heavy instrument. Most likely an ax or a hatchet. Buried six or eight feet deep in a mudhole. They pulled up a hand first with one of them poles with a hook on it. Then they set to work scooping out the hole with shovels. Wasn't long before they got down where they could——"

"Don't tell any more—don't tell any more!" quaked Mrs. Grimes, covering her eyes.

"Lean on me, Serepty," said Mr. Sikes, who, if anything, was weaker than she.

"They've sent for the police and for my men," went on Mr. Link. "And they're telephoning for the sheriff and coroner and everybody else. Why, the news must be all over town by this time. Look at the automobiles rushing down that way—and people running on foot—and—oh, my lord, Joe! If it should turn out to be Ollie, it—it

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One reason why Southern cooks are famous

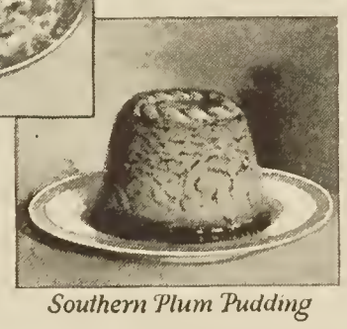
They know the art of supplying that nice balance of food elements so necessary to good dining

Next to its fame for hospitality, the "Old South" is noted for the excellence of its menus and the fine flavor of its foods.

In a large measure, this good name is due to the natural manner in which Southern cooks apply the "balanced ration" principle—one of the most important things to observe in meal planning. In other words, their cooking, like all good cooking, follows the underlying principle that one diet ingredient must supplement another—to bring about that nice contrast of elements so necessary to the fullest enjoyment of food.



Creole Apricot Salad



Southern Plum Pudding

Southern cooks find many ways to provide this essential variety. Each food has its own place in the menu. But some serve a much wider range of usefulness and fill a more imperative daily need than others.

Fruit is one of these. Experience has proved it to be one of the most important ingredients of diet. Its mineral matter is basic and necessary to offset—or balance—the acid character of heavy protein foods. Therein lies the charm and healthfulness of such Southern dishes as ham with halves of sliced pineapple browned in the roasting, of chicken with peaches—or apricots baked in hominy, Southern style.

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Try DEL MONTE fruits in the recipes below. And learn the hundreds of other ways to use them in serving better-balanced meals, by sending for a copy of "DEL MONTE Recipes of Flavor." It's free. Address Dept. D, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, Calif.

Del Monte



Recipes originated and tested by Partridge & Conklin. Put them in your cook book.

SOUTHERN PLUM PUDDING—Drain sirup from 1 can Del Monte Plums. Stone and cut in pieces. Mix 1 cup each of flour and corn meal, ½ teaspoon each soda and salt, add plums, ½ cup each milk and molasses, 1 egg and 3 tablespoons melted fat. Steam 2½ hours. Thicken and sweeten plum sirup and serve as sauce.

CURRIED RICE WITH PEACHES—Mix 2½ tablespoons flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon curry powder and ¼ cup cold water. Heat the sirup from 1 can Del Monte Peach Halves, add flour mixture and bring to boiling point, stirring constantly. Add 2 cups hot boiled rice, heap on platter and arrange peaches around it.

BALTIMORE GRIDDLE CAKES—Sift 1 cup flour, 2 tablespoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon nutmeg. Add 2 beaten eggs and 2 cups milk. Bake on hot griddle, making large cakes. Spread with drained Del Monte Crushed Pineapple and roll up. Serve with sirup from the pineapple, thickened and sweetened.

CREOLE APRICOT SALAD—Mix ½ cup each of stoned ripe olives cut in pieces and coarsely chopped peanuts with ½ cup mayonnaise. Arrange Del Monte Apricots on lettuce and heap centers with mixture.



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KROEHLER

Davenport Bed



OLIVER OCTOBER

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will look mighty bad for Oliver October!"

The news spread like wildfire. Before nightfall every one in Rumley knew that the body of old Oliver Baxter had been found and that he had been foully murdered.

With darkness came the inevitable gathering of excited, bewildered people in the downtown streets. They were talking of Oliver October's muddy shoes, of his strange behavior on the Lansing porch, of his unwillingness to allow the ditchers to go beyond a certain point in the swamp, of the rumor that Pete Hines had heard a violent quarrel between father and son, of the note-book found in the grass on the slope leading down into the slough, of the broken spade-handle, and of the singular and significant fact that the heavy metal portion of the spade had never been found.

Every group had its individual who professed to be able to explain away certain of these "discrepancies."

And then came the startling news that old man Baxter had gone to his safety-deposit box three days before his disappearance and had removed five one-thousand-dollar Liberty bonds! Rumor, pure and simple, yet accepted as fact by those who roamed the streets. A grave, unanswered question, too, had to do with the money so lavishly spent by young Oliver—several thousand dollars in cash. Where had it come from? His father had called him a loafer and had charged him with coming back to Rumley to be supported in idleness. If Oliver had come home from the war "dead broke," how was it that he had acquired several thousand dollars in cash? Ha! There wasn't much doubt as to where and how Oliver got his ready money! But to split his own father's head open with a spade, and throw him into a supposedly bottomless pit, and burn his clothes!

For now all those who thronged the streets were saying that Oliver October had murdered his father.

ACROSS the street from the Baxter Block, where Link's Undertaking Establishment was located, a morbid, motionless crowd eyed the doors guarded by two policemen. A single electric bulb at the rear of the main reception-room shed a feeble and rather ghastly light over the dim interior. Every one knew that back of the reception-hall was the stockroom, lined with caskets standing on end behind glass doors, and beyond that was the workroom where a grim and awful thing was lying—alone!

The street leading to the Baxter residence was alive with people. Inside the brightly lighted house a small company was assembled. It was not a cheerful company, nor yet a gloomy one. Acting on the advice of the delegation from Republican headquarters, Oliver reluctantly had canceled an engagement to address a mass-meeting at the county seat. While no actual charge had been made against him, perhaps, there was small reason to doubt that the grand jury, then in session, would bring an indictment against him, perhaps, on the morrow. The sheriff had returned to the county seat after cautioning Oliver to keep his head and await developments.

"It looks pretty bad for you, Baxter," he had said at the end of a long interview, "but there's only one thing for you to do: People don't want to believe you killed your father, and that's a big advantage. So it's up to you to stand your ground and face whatever comes. Don't talk, keep your trap closed. I called your uncle up on the telephone just before I came here this evening. He is coming over to-morrow morning to see if he can identify the body. Of course he can't. You seem to be dead sure that it isn't your father. So is Mr. Sikes and Undertaker Link. You all claim that your father was shorter by several inches and had lost several teeth. But your lawyer will look after all these points. Just sit tight, Baxter, and keep cool. Don't leave town. Understand?"

The company in Oliver's sitting-room included the redoubtable and venerable Messrs. Sikes and Link, Judge Shortridge, Mr. and Mrs. Sage and Jane, Doctor Lansing and Mrs. Grimes. Sammy Parr was expected. He was to bring in the news of the street.

Oliver, a trifle pale, but with a stubborn frown on his brow, listened calmly to the animated conversation that went on about him. He sat beside Jane on the sofa in the corner of the room. From time to time Mr. Sikes got up—with many a groan—and poked the blazing logs in the fireplace. He, too, was frowning. Mr. Link was cheerful.

"If the worst comes, Bill," said the latter, repeating himself for perhaps the third time, "we certainly can prove that there *is* insanity in the family. There's his uncle, old Horace Gooch. He's as crazy as a loon."

This was addressed familiarly to Judge William Shortridge, one-time justice of the peace and now the Baxter lawyer.

Mr. Sikes snorted. "Only by marriage, only by marriage," he growled. "Insanity by marriage is no defense."

"I should like to know," put in Mrs. Sage, "what possible motive Oliver could have had for killing his father."

"Oliver has not been accused of killing his father, madam," Judge Shortridge reminded her.

"BUT if he *did* kill him," announced Mr. Link earnestly—"now, mind you, I'm not even hinting that he did—but, the thing is, if he *did* do it, why, we can prove that he had the best motive in the world."

"In God's name," gasped the judge, startled out of his judicial composure, "what are you saying, Link? What motive could he have——"

"The best motive in the world, I claim," said Mr. Link emphatically. "Insanity."

"Don't you know that insanity is not a motive?" snapped the judge.

"As for Pete Hines saying he heard Oliver and his father quarreling that night," said Mrs. Grimes, who had been silent for a long time, "I wouldn't believe him on oath."

"Help yourself to another cigar, judge," said Oliver from the sofa.

"Any objections, ladies?" In turn, each lady shook her head. "I was about to say, my friends," with a fixed stare at Mr. Link, "that in case the grand jury finds a true bill against Oliver, I consider myself, as his counsel, quite capable of deciding what kind of a defense we shall put up—and it will not be insanity, Silas Link."

"Well, what *will* it be?" demanded Mr. Link.

"Patience," returned Judge Shortridge. "Will it make it any clearer to you if I state that all we have to do is to be patient while the State is trying to prove this absolutely unknown and absolutely unidentified carcass is that of Oliver Baxter? We'll make 'em prove that it is his skeleton. We'll make 'em prove to the day just how long it had been out there in the swamp. We'll be able to prove that Oliver October had in the neighborhood of fifteen thousand dollars on deposit in a Chicago bank and that he spent a lot of it hunting for his father. And, as I said before, we'll make 'em prove that old Oliver is dead. For all we know—or anybody else knows—that body may have been out there for ten or fifteen years. They can't, to save their lives, produce a medical expert who will swear positively it was out there only a year and four months. Isn't that a fact, Doc?"

"YES," replied young Lansing. "The processes of disintegration are so——"

"And this skeleton is said to be that of a fairly tall man," said Mr. Sage, "whereas, I should unhesitatingly say that Brother Baxter was not more than five feet six inches."

"I don't see how you can be so unmoved, so calm, Oliver, dear," whispered Jane in her lover's ear. "Just think what they are talking about—and as if you were not here at all."

He stroked her hand. "I've been thinking of something else, Jane."

"Of me, I suppose, and the silly notion you have of releasing me from my promise."

"I *do* release you, dear."

"I refuse to release *you*—so that's that, as mother says. I am ready and willing to have father marry us to-night, Oliver."

"We will have to wait, dear," he said rather wistfully.

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OLIVER OCTOBER

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Lizzie Meggs appeared at the sitting-room door.

"That's the third time the telephone has rung, Oliver," she announced. "Hadn't I better answer it?"

He shook his head. "No, Lizzie. Let 'em ring. It's probably the newspapers——"

"You'd better let her answer, Oliver," broke in Mrs. Grimes anxiously. "It may be some of your friends calling up to sympathize——"

"All my real friends are here, 'Aunt' Serepty—except Sammy. We can't be answering the telephone all night."

"This last one sounded like long-distance, Oliver," said Lizzie.

"HOW does long-distance sound, Lizzie?" he asked with a smile. "Never mind. You needn't answer. Let 'em ring. 'Orders is orders.' I told you half an hour ago not to take that receiver off the hook."

Mrs. Grimes followed the servant out of the room, closing the hall door after her.

The front door opened suddenly and in walked Sammy Parr. Both women uttered a startled exclamation.

"Excuse haste," he said, tossing his hat and gloves on a chair. "I'm back. Say, gee whiz, everybody in town is out on Clay Street, 'Aunt' Serepty. Lots of them down this way, strolling past——"

"What are people saying, Sammy?" she broke in, grasping his arm.

"Well," he began, after a moment's hesitation, "there's a good deal of talk—but let's go in where the others are."

Lizzie Meggs followed them into the sitting-room, nervously twisting her hard and capable fingers.

"Much excitement down-town, Sammy?" inquired Oliver.

"The streets are crowded. Not much excitement, however. Everybody seems to be sort of knocked silly."

"What are they saying?" demanded Judge Shortridge.

"Well, I hate to tell you, but as far as I can make out, judge, there seems to be a general feeling that—that Oliver did it," said Sammy, wiping his moist forehead with the back of a hand that shook slightly.

"Snap judgment," said the lawyer, after silence had reigned for a few seconds. "That is always the way with the ignorant and uninformed. Nothing to worry about, Oliver. They will be on your side to-morrow when they understand the situation a little better."

JOSEPHINE SAGE spread her hands in a gesture of contempt. "'What fools these mortals be,'" she declaimed theatrically.

"But we can not ignore public opinion," cried Jane miserably. "It is hard to fight public opinion. Oh, Oliver I am so—so worried."

"Public opinion changes overnight," said Mr. Sage. "The light of understanding——"

"The public!" broke in his wife scornfully. "What is the public? *I* can tell you, my friends: It is the most fickle thing in all this world. No matter how long, how faithfully you serve the public, it turns upon you in time, like the adder, and stings you to death. It feeds you with praise, it fattens you with applause, it clothes you in garments of gold, and then it strips you clean and leaves you to starve. You can't tell me anything about the blooming public!"

"Bravo!" cried the judge. "And let me add, Miss Judge, it's easy to put a ring through the public's nose and lead it around in circles."

"Yes, but the thing is," broke in Mr. Link, "they're accusing Oliver of murder. If they make up their minds he's guilty—well, it'll take a lot of evidence to convince 'em he ain't."

It was after eleven o'clock when Oliver's friends departed. He stood on the porch and watched them drive off in the two automobiles. A few persons had stopped at the bottom of the drive to see who was in the cars. The flaring headlights fell upon white, indistinct faces and then almost instantly left them in pitch darkness.

"I wish you had let Mr. Sage marry you and Jane to-night, Oliver," said Mrs. Grimes, at his side on the top step. "You have the license and everything, and it could all have been over in a few minutes. And Jane begged you so hard."

"I couldn't do it, 'Aunt' Serepta," he said dejectedly. "I don't know what is ahead of me. I may be in jail before I'm a day older." He gave her a wry, bitter smile as he put his arm over her shoulder and walked beside her into the house.

CLAY Street was almost deserted as Lansing and Sammy Parr drove through it after leaving the Baxter place. The Sages were in the former's car. In front of the hotel, Sammy, who was some distance ahead and who had dropped the two old men at Silas Link's home, slowed down and waited for Lansing to draw alongside.

"Say, Doc, it seems queer to me that there's practically nobody in the streets," he said. "An hour ago you couldn't get through here without blowing the horn every ten feet—women and children all over the place."

"It's after eleven, Sammy. I dare say the thrill has worn off and everybody's gone home to bed."

"Rumley is not an all-night town," remarked Mrs. Sage from the back seat. "It used to go to bed at nine o'clock. I dare say the movies keep them up later than prayer-meeting did in the old days."

"I don't mind saying to you all that there was a lot of ugly talk earlier in the evening," said Sammy uneasily. "A lot of nasty talk. I didn't tell Oliver, but I heard more than one man say he ought to be strung up."

"Oh, Sammy, do you think—" began Jane in a sudden agony of alarm.

"Nonsense!" cried the minister, instantly sensing her fear. "Such things don't happen in these days and in this part of the country."

"Well, anyhow, it looks mighty queer to me," said Sammy tactlessly, shaking his head. "I don't like this awful stillness. It isn't like this even on ordinary nights."

Jane clutched Lansing's arm and shook it violently.

"Doctor Lansing," she cried, "we must return to Oliver's house immediately. He will have to come over to our house. Better still, Sammy, you must drive him up to the city. To-night. At once. I am frightened. Something terrible is afoot. I know it. I feel it. Look! Why aren't the street-lamps in Maple Avenue lighted? It is as dark as——"

"By jing, Lansing!" exclaimed Sammy, starting up from his seat to peer over the wind-shield. "See that? Men running across Maple Avenue. 'Way up yonder where that arc light is at Fiddler Street. Three or four men. Didn't you see them?"

"We must beat it back to Oliver's," cried Lansing.

"Take the women home first," ordered Sammy, "and then come back. I'll go on ahead."

"Wait!" commanded Mr. Sage. "Drive on up Maple, Sammy. Follow those men. See what they are up to. They have headed for the swamp road. Lansing and I will follow you in a jiffy. Drive like the devil!" he shouted in ringing tones.

"NO, NO, no!" screamed Jane. "The other way! To Oliver's! I will not go home! I am going to him! Turn around—turn around! Do you hear me?"

"Where in God's name are the police?" cried Josephine.

"We can't take you back there," cried Lansing. "Hell may be to pay. It's no place for women, Jane. Sit still! I'll have you home in two minutes."

"I will jump out! I swear to heaven I will," she cried shrilly.

"Turn back!" commanded Jane's mother. "I am not afraid of them. Jane is not afraid. We can not desert Oliver if he is in danger. Please God, he may not be. Turn back, I say."

"Yes!" cried the minister. "We must go to Oliver—all of us!"

The two cars made reckless turns in the narrow street and were off like the wind.

Concluded in the February DELINEATOR



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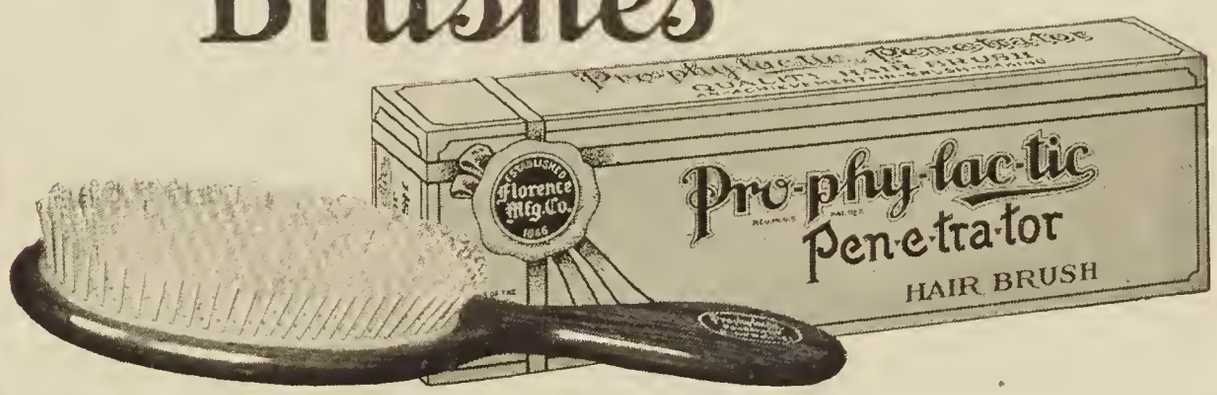
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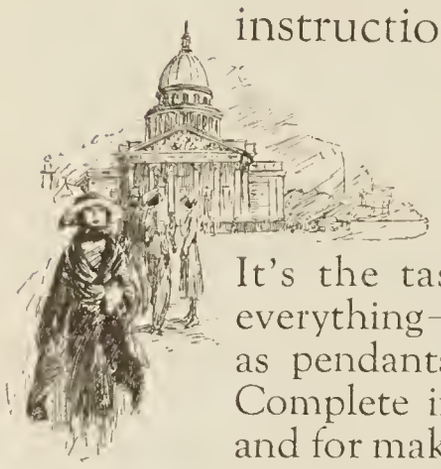




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WHAT HE WANTED

Continued from page 5

and futile, spinning round and drowning in that tide. She knew now what it was which had pressed on her, commanded her, strained against the cabin walls. It was this man's simple want of her. If his words were extravagant, judged by normal measures, she never dreamed of doubting them.

He was speaking again. And his very simplicity showed her how deep was her danger.

"I've thought of you for weeks. I wanted you the first minute Lew showed me your picture. I've gone on wantin' you ever since. I haven't wanted anythin' else. I never believed in this sort of stuff before. Now I know it's true. I love you."

He drew a deep breath, and the frost crystals glimmered on the black fur clothing his great chest. He did not move otherwise. And this motion, by its very simplicity, seemed to show her the deeps of his mind, like a tide-rip, and rocks of passion grinding together.

He went on: "I don't care for anythin' but you. You kind of filled up everythin' after I'd seen your picture. Now that I've seen you, it's worse. You're mine. I want you. I love you."

She said quietly, "And you're a villain to tell me so—now!" She put out her hand and supported herself by the side of the doorway for fear he should see how she reeled and trembled in the flood.

He put her words behind him, as it were, with the slightest toss of his head. "Alice. Alice Dineen." He repeated her name slowly, and she felt as if even her name had passed into his ownership. "You're mine, Alice. All my life I've known what I wanted. All my life I've gone for it straight. All my life I've got it. Now I want you. And I've got you."

"No. Never. I'm Lew Woods's—I'm Lew Woods's *wife*."

"Mine, Alice. I want you."

"You shall never have me. I'll never be yours."

He looked at her as if for the moment he saw her afresh, astonished that such weakness could deny him anything he wanted. He said, with his terrible heavy reiteration like stones falling on her: "I love you. I want you. I'll never take you to Lew."

"He's your friend. He trusts you. *I* trusted you."

He put that behind him too. He said, standing great and splendid in the shimmer of the stars: "Trust—I'd make you love me in an hour——"

THE night spun in slow rings of black and silver; steadied on that mighty black-and-silver figure; drifted again. She heard her own voice saying distantly, "In an hour and for an hour—maybe. Maybe you could make most women love you that much. But I love Lew in a life and for a life."

He went on as if she had not spoken. "Beyond here there's two trails: there's the trail to Kamosuk and Smithers; there's the trail to Rapidel. It's that last trail I'm takin' you. There's a priest at Rapidel. Maybe I'm a villain. But I'm no villain to you. I want you—proud like you are, and good. I'm goin' to take you to Rapidel, and we're goin' to be married there. That's all."

Her heart gave a sickening leap of pure terror. The deadly simpleness of the man made her own strength—and she had much of it—feel like foam floating against granite. But—"You fool!" she said, very low. "You fool! Do you think a man can be a villain only one way?"

He said in a minute: "What's that matter? You're mine and I'm goin' to take you to Rapidel."

"Never."

"Girl," he said almost gently, "you're beat. Quit fightin'. You put up a good one. But it's no good. The great thing is to know what you want—and then go for it. I want you, and I went for you. Now I got you."

With the words everything steadied for her, became minutely and crystallinely clear. The picture framed in the doorway—the white level, the warped trees, the prowling malemiuts, and that figure which expressed in some way every quality of the waste, its restless savagery, its unhuman patience—these things became a part of herself, an event which should never recede into the past, but be always burningly present, terribly of every moment. Grim stirred, his arms fell, he moved toward the door. His foot was on the crazy lintel when she pulled out a small revolver and shot him.

SHE stood frozen, blinded, choked, by that little crack of sound and weft of blue vapor. She must have lost consciousness a moment, for she had no recollection of seeing Grim drop. But there he was, sprawled in the opening of the door. His head was in the cabin. The light from the broken stove, gaping flames, showed her his fallen head, his hands clawing on the floor as he tried to rise. Outside, his feet scuffled rather ludicrously in the snow. She stared and stared. Outdoors a malemiut suddenly pointed a sharp nose to the sky and howled hungrily. The savage sound woke her to life. Moving with a jerky stiffness, she forced herself to approach and bend over Grim.

As she did so, he managed to raise himself a little on his hands. He lifted his face and stared up at her in a strange way. His long lips worked together. His eyes were wide and had a curious dazed expression. He said rapidly and distinctly: "Take the dogs. They'll run all right if you don't whip the brindled trace-dog. He'll mix you all up if you use the lash. Clod him with ice if he don't work. Go on till you come to a low hill with pines on top. The only one. Camp there. Do like you seen me do. Go on again till you come to a river. Turn south by the river. Go on till you see a pine with all its boughs off it. That's a lob-stick. Go on to the next. Follow the lob-sticks to a Swede's house. He'll take you on to Kamosuk. Me——"

His voice stopped dead as if it had run from a reservoir now empty. He made another effort to speak. Then, still staring at her in that dazed, unresentful way, he sagged forward on the floor again. The last vague thought in his brutal brain was for the safety of the woman he wanted more than anything else in the world, and now would never have.

WHEN Grim opened his eyes again, it was on darkness and great cold. Since he thought he was dead, the darkness hardly astonished him, though the cold certainly did. Then as life returned to him, with pain and trouble, he remembered where he was. He was lying in the cabin where Alice had shot him. She had saved herself as he had told her to, and left him to die, as was square. He did not complain. But he was sorry he had the dying business still to do. He moved a little, and there was a stir beside him, and a hand was laid on him——

She had not gone. She had not left him. She was there beside him.

Grim lay still as death, staring upward into the dark. Presently he said hoarsely, "Why didn't you go?"

There was a pause. Then Alice said gravely, "I was afraid of the dogs."

"That's a lie."

Again her unmoved voice replied, "I don't know how to drive a dog team."

"You wouldn't have had to drive 'em. Once you got 'em started your only trouble would have been to stop 'em. They can 'most smell home from here— And you ain't afraid of anythin'."

"Well—" he could fancy her gravely smiling—"I didn't quit you, anyway."

"Why? I *wanted* you to."

"I guess that was why."

This answer took some time penetrating through Grim's skull. He was silent. She went on: "The last thing—after I shot you—when you tried to tell me what to do—you sounded as if you was—sorry——"

"Well, I wasn't. Not for that. Was you sorry for shootin' me?"

"*No.*"

"The great thing is to know what you want, and— Say, you help me up. Mercy you got me in the neck and not in the leg."

She put her arms round him and helped him up. He had lost a good deal of blood, but with her help he could make shift to

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WHAT HE WANTED

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stand and walk swayingly. He asked, "How long since you laid me out?"

"It must be near morning. The stove's out. I couldn't find any more wood."

"No. And I can't cut any more. We got to go, or we'll both die. I must take you on."

"Yes."

He turned stiffly—she had bound his great bull-neck and he could not turn his head—swung his shoulders and looked down at her. His savage humor flared in his eyes. He said, "You ain't askin' me *where* I'll take you?"

She answered quietly, "No, I'm not asking."

They moved together out of the cabin. Beyond the Levels a late crimson dawn was spreading a finger-smear of sullen light; it showed low iron hills like a wall ahead, a wall in which were two breaks. Grim pointed.

"One of them cañons," he said, "takes us through to Kamosuk, the other's the gate to Rapidel. Do you know which is which?"

"No. I don't know this country at all. I don't know where one place is, nor another."

"And you ain't askin'?"

"No."

UNDER his direction she harnessed the dogs—they came and stood in the traces, scenting home across the miles—and made the sled ready. Now he must ride and she must walk, or cling behind him on the down grade while he with hoarse voice and slicking thong controlled the team. Twice and again she must stop—for food and rest, and then because she found Grim had fainted. The day was one of unmitigated toil for her; but she was strong. At the end of it the hill barrier was behind them and they camped on another plain. Grim looked at her when they camped. He said, "You know where we're headin' for?"

"No," she answered in her quiet voice. It was true. She had no sure knowledge whether they were going to Kamosuk or Rapidel. She was still utterly in Grim's power, though the little revolver still held five shots. She had no choice but to trust the man—or die of cold and exposure in the vast waste.

"And you ain't askin'?"

"I ain't askin'," she echoed him, and crept into the fur bag, and slept instantly. She did not know he heaped his own coverings over her as she slept, and crawled about the snow on his knees to keep the blood moving. He had taken them back before morning. He looked like death, but seemed stronger. He headed the team away from the slow dawn. The second day was a longer shadow of the first. At the end of it he asked her again, in the phrases which had come to be a sort of liturgy between them, "You don't know where I'm takin' you?"

"No."

"You ain't askin'?"

"No."

God knows what he would have done if she had asked, if she had shown terror, distrust, despair. Once he was light-headed and talked to himself between curses at the dogs; and she, walking beside, must learn what this great fighter was fighting, from what this conscienceless taker was refraining— If she knew fear and despair then, perhaps she also knew pardon.

And she never asked him. Not until on the morning of the fifth day he drew up the team on a ridge bristled with scrub, and showed her, not a mile away and below, the clustered shacks of Kamosuk.

She stood with him beside the sled. The dogs lay panting, wondering at this delay, their wild inscrutable eyes—so like Grim's—turned to him. And he, gaunt and bandaged in his seal fur and blood-stained ermine tails, lifted his arm and pointed. He said quietly, "That's Mill Street. And there—with the yeller front door—that's Lew's house. Keynes's is right next to it. Mis' Keynes is a nice lady. You can walk in in half an hour easy. You'll be all right now."

HE TOOK from the sled the few necessaries she had brought from Carcajou. Over them he laid the black-fox rug that had wrapped her many a day. "A gift to the bride," he said. "One of the boys can come and fetch them in."

She said in a strange voice, "Come here."

He stood in front of her. He asked her, "Why didn't you ask me where I was takin' you?"

"Because I knew."

They looked at each other steadily. Then Alice said, "Lew's waitin' for me down there— My dear Lew— And you was his friend. What will I tell him when you don't come back with me?"

"You'll have to tell him just the truth."

"He'll never forgive you."

Grim laughed, his wild eyes flickering. "What do I want with his forgiveness?" he said.

She said, "*What* do you want?"

A light, which was not that of fight nor greed nor fiercer laughter, shone a moment in Grim Lawson's splendid savage face. He took her hand clumsily. Clumsily he muttered, "I guess—I want—more than anythin' on earth—that the woman I love should think well o' me."

"Come here," said Alice again. Her face and her lips were white and cold as snow. And white and cold was Grim's face as she put her hands gently on each side of his head and drew him down to her and kissed him quietly on the forehead. "Now go," she said. "Good-by."

"Good-by."

Grim watched her a minute, walking wearily through the snow, down to where happy life and wholesome love waited her; then he swung his team and headed away for Rapidel. Alone.

But no one will ever know just how much of Alice Woods's heart he took with him.



A NEW-YEAR'S HOLIDAY PARTY

Concluded from page 58

TIMELY TOPICS

ON *MONDAY night* I called up Mary. I said, "Are you coming to my *New-Year's* party?" "*When?*" she asked. "On *Saturday night.*" "What will you do *then?*" "Oh, play games and make a regular *night* of it." "I'll let you know in *a little while, when* mother comes home. She went away *yesterday;* she should be back *now.* I'm expecting her *any minute.* What *time* will the party begin?" "At *nine o'clock, promptly.* Come *early.*" "Will you have refreshments?" "Yes; cheese and *date* sandwiches, *fall* nuts, wafers, such as *five-o'clock* teas, and ice-cream. Have you any *timely* suggestions?" "Not unless you want to have a regular dinner, with *Spring* lamb and *early June* peas and things of that sort." "No, I won't have *time* to bother with that—I'll be busy up to *the last second.* I want something I can prepare *quickly* and serve *at once.* Call me *as soon as* your mother comes home. Do come over *early* and help." "I'll be *on time,* but I'll see you *some time* before *then.* We've seen so little of each other *lately.* I'll call you this *evening.* Good-by."

Refreshments were: date-and-cheese sandwiches, served with hot chocolate and whipped cream, wafers, ice-cream, fruits and nuts.

If you decide to give a similar New-Year's party and wish to invite more guests than there are holidays, guests may also come as the different months or week-days.



How to Overcome Constipation Without Laxatives

Why doctors advise internal lubrication

IN THE OPINION of leading medical authorities, an almost incalculable amount of injury is done by the continued use of laxatives and cathartics.

These intestinal irritants, says one distinguished physician, provide temporary relief only, at the expense of permanent injury. It is the common opinion among medical authorities that laxatives and cathartics are an ineffective, even dangerous, method of treating constipation. Not only are these drugs found to be a means of prolonging and aggravating constipation, but they frequently start a habit which leads to many troublesome disorders.

No wonder that science has sought a newer, better way to overcome constipation. After years of study there has been found in *lubrication* a means as simple as Nature itself.

LUBRICATION

In perfect health a natural lubricant keeps the food waste soft. Thus it is easily eliminated. But when you are constipated there is not enough of Nature's lubricating liquid produced in the bowel to keep the food waste soft and moving. To find something to take the place of this natural lubricant, leading medical authorities conducted exhaustive research. They discovered that the gentle lubricant, Nujol, acts like this natural lubricant and thus replaces it. As Nujol is not a laxative, it cannot gripe. Moreover, by preventing straining, Nujol not only soothes the suffering of hemorrhoids (piles), but relieves the irritation, brings comfort and helps to remove them. Nujol is not a medicine in any sense of the word and, like pure water, it is harmless and pleasant to take. These facts have led to its adoption in leading hospitals throughout the world for the treatment of constipation and resulting ailments.

The lubricating action of Nujol has helped thousands of people to overcome constipation, and free themselves from laxatives and cathartics, thereby wonderfully increasing their capacity for usefulness, activity and enjoyment of life.

Test Nujol yourself. For sale by all druggists.

Mistol, *a new product, for Colds in head, Nasal Catarrh, Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Hoarseness and acute paroxysms of Asthma and Hay Fever. Made by the makers of Nujol.*

For Constipation

Nujol

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

A Lubricant—Not a Laxative

Guaranteed by Nujol Laboratories

Tested and Approved by the Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health which is Conducted by the Good Housekeeping Magazine

Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey).

FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

Nujol, Room 802-S, 44 Beaver Street, New York. For this coupon and 10 cents, stamps or coin, to cover packing and postage, please send me a trial bottle of Nujol and 24-page booklet, "Dangers of Constipation." (For booklet only, check here ☐ and send without money).

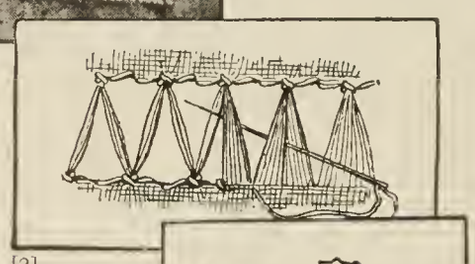
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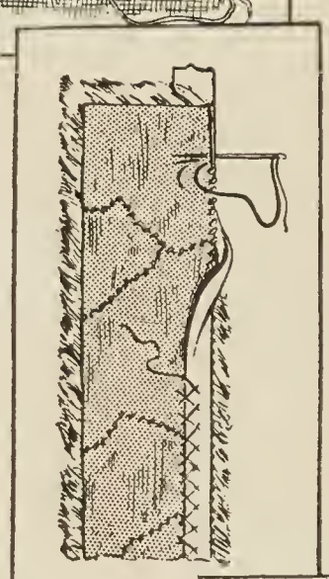
Make this New Years Resolution



[1]



[2]



[3]

To save money by making, mending and cleaning your own clothes. And any information you need, you will find in *The New Dressmaker.*

[1] *What sort of Buttonholes Do You Make?*

Few women know the right way to hold the goods, and how to round the ends in making a buttonhole. *The New Dressmaker* takes up all possible difficulties.

[2] *Trim Your Own Clothes*

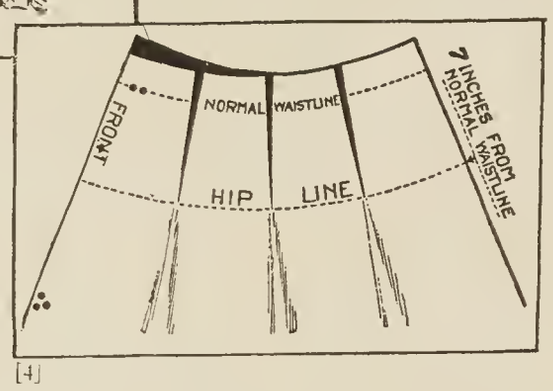
The New Dressmaker tells you all about the various trimming stitches and the illustrations show you exactly how to make them.

[3] *One of the Hardest Jobs—Sewing on Fur*

But by following the simple instructions given in *The New Dressmaker* you will be able to have fur-trimmed clothes that rival the garments in the smartest shops.

[4] *When You Adjust a Pattern to Fit You*

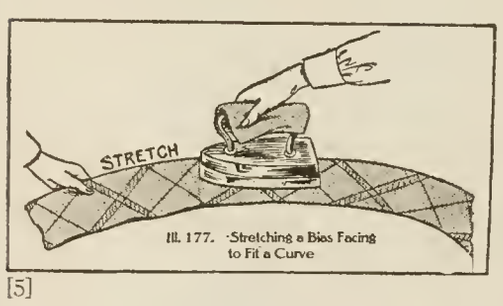
The New Dressmaker will tell you in words and pictures how to measure a pattern, how to increase the waistline, how to allow for prominent hips—in fact, everything you need to know.



[4]

[5] *Can You Face the Edge Properly?*

A poorly finished edge always stamps a dress as home-made. *The New Dressmaker* shows you how to stretch a bias facing, how to sew on extension facing—how to do all kinds of facings.



Ill. 177. Stretching a Bias Facing to Fit a Curve

[5]

There are more than 350 illustrations like these in the great woman's book

THE NEW DRESSMAKER

Clip this Coupon NOW!

You may return book if you are not satisfied and get your money back

MAIL TO-DAY!

Butterick Publishing Company
Butterick Building, New York
Dept. A

Please send me a copy of *The New Dressmaker* for which I will pay the postman $1.15 ($1.00 for the book—15c for postage) when it is delivered to me. My understanding is that I may return this book after 5 days and have my money refunded if I am not fully satisfied.

*Name*_____

*Street and No.*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

THE BELL

Continued from page 7

but what it won't. It'll begin one of these days and then there'll be no stopping it. Why it hasn't, I can't think. Some doctors—I m ignorant about these matters—but some doctors buy a practise, do they not,sir?"

"Or a partnership. Most doctors." He was sitting down to his breakfast. He helped himself absently to tea. She saw his first frown. "If they can afford it. If they can't, and if they've one grain of sense in their heads, they chuck the whole thing, cut their losses, buy a broom and look out for a nice muddy crossing."

Could you tell even then whether he was serious? He looked at her.

"*I* bought a brass plate," he said.

No, you couldn't—for his frown had disappeared and his face had crinkled to its smile.

"Ah, well, it's the weather, sir. Such a fine Summer and Autumn. Too healthy for illness. You wait till the colds and coughs begin, or, please God, a bit of influenza. They'll give you no rest then, you'll see. You won't have a moment for yourself."

She made a cheerful exit. But that day marked the beginning of her own anxiety. "If they can afford it." It mattered then—really mattered. You wouldn't have thought so. But had he let something out with the word "afford" and endorsed it with his half-humorous, "*I* bought a brass plate?" She had taken it for granted that he had means independent of what he might make by his profession. What if he had staked all?

The plate, as she polished it, took on a new significance. Never was brass kept more beautifully polished. But it made its shining announcement without avail. Had every one in the neighborhood his own special doctor? Was no one thereabouts taken ill so suddenly as to make the sending for the nearest a necessity? You would have thought, wouldn't you, that mere chance would have brought him patients? Mrs. Batson appealed to the door or the sky or the blank faces of the houses.

The days followed each other; the weeks. Not a patient, not the direct emissary of a patient, rang the bell.

HE SMOKED less—that was the first thing she noticed. He changed the brand of his cigarets next, but the significance of this escaped her. Presently he would let himself run out of cigarets. She could not miss the significance of that. He was feeling a pinch or preparing for one.

Winter began early that year. November fogs dulled the plate, but she fought them. His plate should shine though every other bit of brass in the street should be clouded. She did not content herself with polishing it in the morning, but, duster or chamois in hand, went to the door from time to time to give it an extra rub. It stood to her for the sole earnest of his existence. If its fires were dimmed, what was there to speak for him at all—Doctor Denison? Without it there was no Doctor Denison.

November became December, and even with it there seemed to be no Doctor Denison.

"Long lanes and turnings they speak of, sir, don't they?" She had ceased to tell him that Rome wasn't built in a day—that in six months the foundations of the first house were not laid. You plan, of course, before you build. He had planned. In his case it was, unfortunately, for others to build, and they would not build. Time then to change the metaphor. A lane however long must have a turning. That there was no gainsaying.

"I chose a long street, didn't I? Plenty of turnings out of Ebury Street."

What was in his mind? Was he giving her back her own words with a changed meaning?

"Just as many into it, sir, I think you'll find."

She had him there, and the satisfaction of seeing his face warm to her readiness. But she was not easy.

Christmas came and went. He spent the day with a friend; but no one called, so his unusual absence did not matter. Another quarter's rent had been sent to the landlord, another gas bill paid. He settled her own small account every Saturday. It was difficult to tell exactly how far things were growing serious, but—oh, but, but— If only there had been some one, some near relation of his, to whom she could have confided her anxieties. There was no one. His parents were dead. He heard from an aunt sometimes who lived at Cheltenham, and had connections in other parts of the country; none in London. She would have hesitated to discuss him with the light-hearted young men who came from time to time to see him in the evenings. She could only make her observations and draw her conclusions with an increasing uneasiness.

It was now that she began to have misgivings about those other meals of his—the meals which did not come within the scope of her arrangement with him. She had a dreadful conviction that he was cutting things to a very fine point. He went out as usual at midday and at the hour at which he was supposed to dine, but there was something in the way that he dispatched his breakfast that made her suspect it was the principal meal of the day. And he *was* looking thin—it was not her fancy that he was looking thin.

What was to be done? Nothing was to be done; nothing *could* be done except that insidious enlargement of the one meal over which she had control: more milk for the porridge which, professing now to have discovered that he did not get tired of it, she had introduced permanently into his morning bill of fare; fried bread and presently more fried bread with his bacon; eggs at a greater frequency. He should have at least one substantial meal. But she could not do much, for there were limits to the purchasing-power of the sum at her disposal, and already she was spending nearly the whole of it upon him.

ONE Saturday he was a few shillings short. He made up the deficiency on the Monday. But that day she noticed he had rearranged the pictures on his walls: the flower piece which had hung over the hearth in the front room was gone.

Things *were*, then, getting serious? It was a day or two after this that he had a communication from his bankers—she had seen the name of his bank on the envelope as she laid it beside his plate—which palpably disturbed him. He made a poor breakfast that morning. She contrived as she cleared away—leaving a tray behind her on the side-table—to forget the milk-jug, which was three-quarters full, and what he had left of some cold ham. He would be hungry presently, she had small doubt, but less doubt still that what had taken away his appetite for the moment was an intimation the bald significance of which was that very soon he would be without the means to appease it.

Grave to very grave indeed the state of the case now. Actually, perhaps (though this held small comfort), only *relatively* grave; for if he had abandoned the dear project for which he had made his young hopeful hopeless stake, he could, she had gathered from something he had once said to her, have got work in connection with the hospital. That, however, would have meant cutting his losses with a vengeance. Besides, give in? He wasn't going to give in till he was forced to give in. He was going to stick it, she knew that. The question was, how long—sticking it, sticking howsoever tenaciously to sticking it—he reasonably could hold out. She shook her fist sometimes at the long indifferent street, sometimes at the silent bell. Sometimes, when he paced the floor overhead, she put her fingers into her ears.

Rome had failed her, and the long lane—with luck and the tide, linked by the common idea of turning, thrown in. There remained but to hazard that it was darkest before dawn! The day would come when she would be constrained to give forlorn, wobegone, deprecating voice even to that.

It was a sin and a shame. Mrs. Batson confessed herself past all patience—downright angry. Him with his degree and his stethoscope (waiting for your ninety-nine), and his thermometer (ready to be shaken and put under your tongue), and his fountain pen for your prescriptions (x's and z's wasn't it, and things like double i's?)—and not a lung to be tested, or a temperature taken, or a prescription for pill or mixture or tonic to be dashed off and initialed, and deciphered—Heaven knows how—by your chemists. A sin and a shame. You were bent on breaking him, selling him up, starving him out. You looked like doing it, too—you looked horribly like doing it. There came the

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THE BELL

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dreadful day when it seemed as if you *had* done it.

He was going.

He had told her. The end had come. It was as she had guessed. He had put the whole of his slender capital into the venture of taking the rooms and setting up his plate, with the results that she had seen, and he was at the end of his resources. He had arranged with his bankers for an overdraft which would cover the next quarter's rent with a little more to go on with. But he must sublet, take up temporary work at the hospital and move into a cheaper neighborhood.

"Oh, sir!"

He nodded.

She began to speak, hesitated, broke off.

"Yes, Mrs. B.?"

Twinkling even then. They couldn't break him. They could starve him out, but they couldn't break him.

"If it's the bit for your breakfasts—that could wait, sir, and welcome. We'd manage somehow, you'd see. The shops all know me about here. They'd let things run on. And if you'd allow me, sir—excusing me for making so bold—I'm quite sure in me own mind I could manage your lunch and dinner for half what you pay for them outside."

("Not," Mrs. Batson admitted, "that I didn't know I should have been clever if I could have done that!")

No. Shook his head again. But he shook more than his head; shook her hand in both his and pushed her quickly out of the room.

("Silly or not," Mrs. Batson said—"and for all that it chanced to be the left—I prize that hand of mine more than the other.")

She went back to her kitchen and sank into a chair. The rooms he had made so nice and the beauty of which, like the beauty of the old hobbed grate, he had in a sense revealed to her—the things that he had picked up for a song and that he (and she too) was so proud of—the plate which she had polished and to the call of which not a soul had responded—his young slender back (she always reverted to that) as she had seen it on the steps the day she first opened the door to him—his crooked smile——

Through her musings she heard the closing of the front door. He had gone out. To the agents she supposed. That was the finish. For the rooms would be let in a week. She had no hope now. She was to lose her young gentleman. The darkest hour in truth and no promise of any dawn. The darkest hour the very darkest——

It was then that the bell rang.

LAUGH? Enough to make you laugh, wasn't it? They ignore him, they neglect him, they let him starve, they knock him down with their motors and then, if you please, sending for the nearest doctor; they bethink themselves of the plate which has stared them in the face for nine months and they send for *him*. His first patient himself! Talk of life's little ironies! It was the turning-point, all the same, for the story got into the papers. The headlines!

PHYSICIAN CALLED TO HEAL HIMSELF

YOUNG WEST END DOCTOR MEETS WITH ACCIDENT AND IS SENT FOR TO RENDER FIRST-AID TO HIMSELF

The advertisement! Strangers coming to inquire! Ladies in their limousines and their carriages! He was well in a week and smiling to some purpose. "Patients? Bell rings from morning to night!"



FEEDING DURING THE FIRST YEAR

Continued from page 17

have been given above. While there are some children who may take more, a good rule for the average child is to use about three-fourths as many ounces as one would of whole milk specified in the formulas.

Top-milk formulas should not be used for babies with feeble digestion and never for those who vomit frequently.

Quantity for One Feeding and Interval of Feeding—The variations here considered are quite as important as are those in the strength of the food. In the following schedule are given the size and number of feedings daily for an average healthy baby at the different ages:

First week give seven to fourteen ounces in twenty-four hours; divide into seven feedings; give one to two ounces for one feeding; feed every three hours during the day; one night feeding after 10 P.M.

Second and third weeks—Fourteen to twenty-four ounces in twenty-four hours; same number of feedings and same intervals as before.

Fourth to eighth week—Twenty-one to twenty-eight ounces in twenty-four hours; number of feedings and intervals the same.

Eighth to thirteenth week—Twenty-one to thirty ounces in twenty-four hours; omit the night feeding given after 10 P.M. Only six feedings in twenty-four hours.

Three to six months—Twenty-five to thirty-two ounces in twenty-four hours; divide into five feedings; feed every four hours; last feeding at 10 P.M.; nothing more till 6 A.M.

Six to nine months—Thirty to forty ounces in twenty-four hours; number of feedings and intervals same as before.

Nine to twelve months—Thirty to forty-two ounces; number of feedings and intervals same as before.

It will be observed that up to three months the quantities are pretty rapidly increased; after that, very slowly. The increase after three months is made chiefly in the strength of the food.

In increasing the quantity, as in increasing the strength of the food, the changes should be made gradually or digestion is likely to be upset. The increase should seldom be made oftener than three or four days.

The symptom on the part of the baby which calls for an increase is that he is evidently hungry: he cries before feeding-time and when the bottle is taken away, does not vomit, has good, well-digested stools but is not making the normal gain in weight. If, however, a baby is gaining regularly his six or eight ounces a week, it is well not to increase the food, even though he seems to be somewhat hungry. A baby of five or six months will often go for a month or more on the same food with no increase whatever.

In the schedule above given it will be noted that quite a wide range in the daily quantity of food allowed is given. Large babies with strong digestion will require the larger quantities; for small babies the smaller amounts will be sufficient. It is very rarely necessary to go either above or below the limits given.

FOR babies who vomit frequently, top-milk formulas should never be used. They frequently do better when part of the cream from the whole milk is skimmed off. They should be lifted for a few moments and placed over the nurse's shoulder to enable them to bring up any gas or air which they have swallowed, then placed in their cribs and kept very quiet after feeding. They should not be fed oftener than once in four hours.

Little babies whose bowels are inclined to be loose or to move too often should take less sugar than is allowed in these formulas; those who are older should not take cereal so early and only in smaller amounts.

Babies who are habitually constipated may have a somewhat larger amount of sugar than is allowed in any of the formulas and also more fruit-juice.

Making Up the Food—It is always better to make up the entire food for the day at one time. The barley-water is made for young babies the strength of one-half tablespoonful

Concluded on page 76

Safe-Keeping Your Teeth by the Colgate Method

5 Good Rules for Good Teeth—Good Health



1—"Wash," Don't *Scour* Your Teeth (you wouldn't scour piano keys)

"*Wash*" your teeth thoroughly. Don't scour them. Washing cleans safely. "Scouring" cleans harmfully. Scouring scratches the enamel, the enamel protects the teeth, and you can't grow new enamel! Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream contains no harsh grit. It cleanses and polishes by washing without scouring.



2—After Each Meal

"*Wash*" your teeth after *each* meal. When you eat, particles of food lodge between and around the teeth. Remove them promptly before they ferment in the high temperature of the mouth. Fermenting food causes cavities in the teeth. A clean tooth doesn't decay. "*Wash*" your teeth regularly, carefully, and thoroughly. Wash them just before going to bed.



3—Use a Safe Dentifrice

Use a safe dental cream. Powerful drugs in a dentifrice injure the mouth and throat. Avoid any dentifrice so strong that it cannot be used safely several times a day. Select an established, tried-and-tested dentifrice with a reputation for merit. You can use Colgate's during a long life without in the slightest degree injuring the enamel of the teeth.



4—Rub the Gums (*Gingival massage*)

As advised by many dentists, after you use the tooth brush, finish the cleansing by rubbing both upper and lower gums with the tip of the forefinger covered with Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. That massage helps to keep the gums firm and healthy.



5—See your dentist twice a year

Some people try to doctor themselves, but even they don't attempt to be their own dentist. See your dentist *regularly, twice a year* at least.

COLGATE'S

Cleans Teeth the Right Way

"Washes" and Polishes—
Doesn't Scratch or Scour



Colgate's cleans teeth thoroughly—no safe dentifrice does more. A LARGE *tube costs 25c—why pay more?*

Truth in advertising implies honesty in manufacture

Kunderd Gladioli



1923 Thrills

Joyous New Kunderd Gladioli, Ruffled and Plain Petal types. *Catalog*, beautifully illustrated in colors, free upon request. It includes my personal cultural notes.

A. E. KUNDERD
Box 49, Goshen, Ind., U.S.A.
The Originator of The Ruffled Gladiolus

TASTE Wesson Oil critically—use it—compare its goodness, its wholesomeness and its convenience. Then carefully compare its cost with any other shortening you could use, and its economy in use.

LIEBIG

COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF BEEF

mixed with milk is a splendid body-building food for children, invalids, nursing mothers and old people.

FOR BREAKFAST

SKINNER'S

FRIED EGG NOODLES

Look for this shield on all Sheets and Pillow Cases

PEQUOT SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Test of Time

PEQUOT Sheets and Pillow Cases stand the test of wear. They not only look well but they wear a very long time.

These sheets and pillow cases have been used by generation after generation of good housekeepers. They are made in only one weight and one quality, but in all sizes necessary for every kind of bed.

Pequot Sheets and Pillow Cases are always to be identified by the well-known Pequot Shield. They are sold by most good dealers. They are attractively priced.

Pequot Sheeting and Pillow Tubing may be purchased by the yard, and can always be identified by the ticket reproduced below.

Made by
Naumkeag Steam Cotton Company
Salem, Massachusetts

Parker, Wilder & Company
Selling Agents
Boston and New York

PEQUOT WIDE COTTONS

This label on all piece goods



FEEDING DURING THE FIRST YEAR

Concluded from page 75

of barley-flour to one pint of water and boiled for twenty minutes, straining if lumpy. The sugar is dissolved in boiled water. This, with the milk, is then mixed with the barley-water in a pitcher and the whole divided into as many feedings as the baby is to take during the twenty-four hours, each feeding being put into a separate bottle. The bottles are then stoppered with cotton and put immediately upon ice, or they are Pasteurized or sterilized and then cooled.

At feeding-time the milk is warmed by placing the bottle in a tall pitcher containing water somewhat warmer than the hand will bear. The length of time required to heat the milk to blood-heat for the baby will, of course, depend upon the amount of water in the pitcher. In a pint of water the milk will usually be warmed in five or six minutes. The temperature may be tested by pouring into a spoon and tasting or by dropping a little upon the inside of the wrist where it should feel warm but not hot. It should not be tested by the nurse taking the nipple into her mouth.

For most babies under six months of age, and certainly for all small babies, the bottle should be held by the nurse during the feeding and taken away as soon as emptied. The baby should never be allowed to go to sleep sucking an empty bottle, nor to form the habit of alternately sleeping and feeding with the nipple in his mouth. From twelve to fifteen minutes should be the limit of time allowed for one feeding; many babies take their food regularly in ten or less.

Other Food Besides the Bottle in the First Year—As soon as a baby is put upon feedings given every four hours, it is desirable that water be given between the feedings, especially in warm weather. This becomes more important as the baby gets older. Boiled water at room temperature may be given one or two hours before feeding, from one to three ounces at a time.

Orange-Juice or the juice of fresh raw or canned tomatoes should be begun at five months with babies whose milk is Pasteurized or sterilized. Beginning with two tablespoonfuls daily, the amount is gradually increased to one tablespoonful at six months and two tablespoonfuls at nine or ten months.

Strained cereal may be begun with most children at ten or eleven months. It is given with a spoon, some of the milk from the bottle being poured over it. Oatmeal, barley, Cream of Wheat or farina may be used. The oatmeal should be cooked for three hours, the others for one hour and all strained through a fine sieve. At first one tablespoonful may be given daily, the amount being gradually increased to two tablespoonfuls twice daily at eleven or twelve months.

A *SOFT EGG* may be added to the diet at ten or eleven months or the yolk of a hard-boiled egg finely grated may be given either one, two or three times a week.

Vegetable soups may be begun at about the same age; from two to four ounces two or three times a week. These are made with a meat stock of chicken, lamb or beef; several vegetables are cooked in the soup and strained out before feeding.

The only other things to be given during the first year are squeezed beef-juice, which may alternate with the vegetable soup, one ounce at a feeding, and a piece of thin crisp toast or a crust of bread after the first four teeth have been cut. In feeding a child any of these different articles the plan should be followed of giving them immediately before or after the bottle, not of making a separate meal of them.



HER FIRST YEAR IN BUSINESS

Continued from page 12

August 13, 1922.

DEAR MOTHER:

Eureka! I have found it! It? A job, of course. "'Tis a poor thing, but mine own."

You remember, Mr. Douglas advised me to ask all acquaintances about a position. At first I said I didn't know any one. But then he mentioned one and another at Johnson, Baird's. Finally there was quite a list.

But when he suggested Mr. Molineux, I just drew the line. "I can't stand him," I said.

"Maybe you can't, but he might know of a job," insisted my business manager. "He has some kind of an executive position in a big department store."

"Executive position—nothing! He's floor-walker for Smith, McCready & Co. I've seen him parading the floor and directing customers to the hosiery counter."

"Maybe he could direct you to a job!"

"Maybe he couldn't. Anyhow, I won't ask him. I don't like him."

And then, the day before yesterday, Mr. Molineux came to Mr. Douglas and spluttered: "Say, Douglas, is Miss Wallace looking for a stenographer's job?"

"Yes, she is."

"Well," Mr. Molineux continued, growing pinker than ever, "I didn't like to speak of it to her myself. Somehow, I don't seem to have made much of a hit with her. Then, it isn't such a whiz of a job—for a real swell such as she is. But, the fact is, there will be a place in our shop next week—stenographer for three or four departments. If she wanted it, I could get her in. But probably she won't—and, for the Lord's sake, don't mention it to her at all, if you think it's no use."

So I didn't find it—it was handed to me. And by Mr. Molineux! I have eaten humble pie and thanked him. Honestly, he looks as silly to me as ever; but, you see, he was a lot bigger than I about this.

It isn't much of a job, but it will pay my board and a little more. I go to work on Monday.

On a cash basis once more. SALLY.

August 19, 1922.

DEAR MOTHER:

"There are only two things it's no use to worry about: things you can help and things you can't help." Besides that, you are so likely to worry about the wrong thing. While you are dodging an auto, splop!—you are covered with mud from a truck tearing in the opposite direction. Or when you are trying not to stub your toe, bang!—you are struck on the head by a brick.

Not that the brick has completely paralyzed me. I still make automatic movements and show struggling signs of life. The brick? My new job. I am supposed to take letters from the buyers and salespeople in the upholstery, rug and cloak departments. They all run something like this: "We are in receipt of your letter of the 20th ult. and note that you quote us terms of 30 days net," and so on, and so on. Or, for a change: "My dear Mrs. Brown-Jones: We note with regret that the curtains delivered differed from those you selected. If you will return the goods and call on our Mr. Thornton at your early convenience, we shall take pleasure in adjusting the matter to your complete satisfaction."

Now you wouldn't think that epistolary model would require much gray matter, would you? But you ought to see "our Mr. Thornton" reflecting and stuttering and repeating while he dictates a masterpiece of this kind. I could write letters like that in my sleep. But I don't believe "our Mr. Thornton" is ever awake. I said so to Mr. Douglas, and he laughed at me. "Because a seal flops around on dry land, you needn't think he can't swim," he observed. Then he wanted to know how many dollars' worth of curtains I thought I could unload in a day.

Continued on page 77

Be Independent!



Mrs. J. T. Wilkins of Georgia

JOIN the thousands of prosperous women in all parts of the United States who are earning substantial incomes of their own as our special subscription representatives. Mrs. J. T. Wilkins, of Georgia, is only one of the many women who have built up a profitable magazine business and are, to-day, independent. What these busy women have done and are doing to-day you can do, too. Age, education, or where you live does not matter

No Experience Necessary

THE work is dignified and pleasant. Let us show you how to monopolize the magazine subscription business in your own community. You begin earning money just as soon as you start obtaining subscriptions to *The Delineator* and our three other leading magazines. Thousands of subscriptions are pouring in to this office, direct from subscribers, many of them right from your own vicinity. Why shouldn't you profit by the liberal commission and salary bonuses on them?

WE FURNISH all supplies and instructions absolutely free. No obligation. Full particulars will be sent on receipt of the coupon below. Fill it in and mail to-day.

Manager, Staff Agencies Division
Box 918, Butterick Bldg., New York, N. Y.

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

State .....

O-Cedar WAX

The New Member of the O-Cedar Family

Fine for furniture—
Wonderful for floors—
Great for automobiles.

Sold under positive guarantee to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded.

50c to $2.50 Sizes
At All Dealers

Channell Chemical Co., Chicago
Toronto - London - Paris - Cape Town



OAK FLOORS
(For Everlasting Economy)



For Clean Houses

Bright, shining, dustless Oak Floors give you more than beauty that charms the eye and durability that defies a century of use. They reduce floor work to the absolute minimum. And from a standpoint of household hygiene are almost demanded by modern ideals of living. It may surprise you to learn that Oak Floors cost less than ordinary floors, plus the cost of the unwieldy, unsanitary carpets which they have so largely replaced.

Oak Floors Over Old Floors at Small Cost

A special thickness (3/8 of an inch) is made to lay over old, worn floors, at still smaller cost than the other thicknesses.

Our two booklets, in colors, on the uses and advantages of Modern Oak Floors mailed free on request

Oak Flooring Advertising Bureau
1052 Ashland Block, Chicago, Ill.

LABLACHE
FACE POWDER

"How the elusive perfume of Lablache takes me back—Grandmother's lightly powdered cheek—Mother's dimpled chin—and home."

Fifty years of dainty custom—three generations have established Lablache as the finishing touch to the toilette of well-groomed women.



Refuse Substitutes

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 50c. a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. *Send 10c. for a sample box.*

BEN. LEVY CO.
French Perfumers, Dept. H
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Removes Dandruff – Stops Hair Falling



Has been used with success for more than 40 years.

Restores color and beauty to gray and faded hair.

60¢ & $1.00 at Druggists

HISCOX CHEMICAL WORKS
PATCHOGUE, N.Y.

When washing hair always use Floreston Shampoo

Tycos Fever Thermometer

Don't guess about health. Get a *Tycos* Fever Thermometer. Health Booklet Free.

Taylor Instrument Companies
Rochester, N.Y. U.S.A.

There's a *Tycos* and *Taylor* temperature instrument for every purpose

Know When You're Sick



HER FIRST YEAR IN BUSINESS

Continued from page 76

If I'm not writing these stimulating epistles, I can spend my time with circular letters—in contrast to the originality of the dictated correspondence. Then there is the card catalog. Like the poor, it is always with us!

I don't feel as if I had a job, mother; I feel as if the job had me. There's only one good thing about it, and that comes to-morrow—pay-day. Anyhow, it will pay my board.

Your old complainer,
SALLY.

August 23, 1922.

DEAR MOTHER:

I'm just nothing here—I mean, in my new job. It isn't only that the work itself is so silly that you can't help doing it all right. There's no chance of any one ever noticing whether I do it right or not—they don't care. After I've typed a letter so that it looks splendidly, Miss Tracy, who sells cretonnes and can't spell the word, is just as likely to write something afterward with a pen. If I tell her I'd just as soon do the whole letter over—really, I'd rather—she says: "Oh, never mind, dearie, this is good enough."

"Good enough," too, if I get off the regular correspondence and dawdle the rest of the day. Of course I don't. I'm trying to finish that detestable card catalog and get so many, many form letters written ahead that I shan't have to touch another if I live to be eighty and always work here.

The other day while I was hammering away for dear life at those cards, along came Mr. Beck of the rug department and advised: "Don't kill yourself, girl! To-morrow is as good as to-day for that stuff!"

"I want to get them done," I told him.

"You won't," he said. "There are always plenty more, and the other girls will let you do them if they see you are such a nice little plugger. Miss Watson hasn't written one since the second day you were here."

Miss Watson is one of my worst afflictions. Job had boils, but I have Miss Watson. She works for the merchandise man, and regards herself as superior to the rest of the stenographers. Once in a while she passes my desk, looks at my letters—which are none of her business—and remarks: "Very good for a beginner!" or something equally exasperating.

Then, she is called the merchandise secretary; and I am called—nothing at all, or anything that comes handy. Among my ordiary titles are "Dearie," "Girlie" and "Oh, Lady!" The other day, when Miss Watson was out, the merchandise man was in a hurry, so he came to me. "Miss—er—Miss—what do I call you?" he began.

"You call Miss Watson the merchandise secretary," I said. "I should think you might call me a departmental secretary. Even a meat-grinder has a name, and people know what to ask for." He stared at me, then laughed and wrote something in his note-book.

Do you suppose I made an awful break, mother? I told Mr. Douglas about it, and he laughed too. Then he said: "You're all right; and if you want to be called something in particular, suppose I call you Sally?" I told him that didn't seem very particular, but he said it was. It is agreed I am to call him Jim. Your otherwise nameless

SALLY.

September 1, 1922.

DEAR MOTHER:

What do you say to this? Yesterday, when I was just leaving the store, Mr. Molineux caught up with me. We've never really talked together since the day I thanked him for getting me the position. He turned pink up to his silly ears and said: "You don't mind if I walk along with you, do you, Miss Wallace?"

"Of course not," I answered, though I was hoping to meet Jim on his way home.

"How do you like your job?" he asked.

"Oh, pretty well," I lied.

"Well, of course you don't. Any chump can see it's no place for a hummer like you. But I want to tell you, Miss Wallace, that your grit certainly gets me. I thought, like a big boob, that you'd be too high-toned to try it. And even when you did, says I to myself, 'She won't stick after she really gets what it is.'"

"I've got to stick—for the present!"

"Anyhow, you're certainly making a hit there!"

"Why, no one knows whether I'm there or not!" I said.

"Guess again! You're certainly skidding if you think that. Thompson says you're a wonder."

"I didn't suppose he knew who I am!" I was really astonished.

"Well, he does, all right. Yesterday, when I was having a session with the personnel manager, he came in and asked Thorndike if he had noticed Miss Wallace. Thorndike coughed up something about your being too good for the job and that you probably wouldn't stay long.

"'We *must* keep her!' Thompson says. 'Why, that girl's a star!'

"Then he went on to tell that it wasn't only that you kept plugging. 'That girl uses her brains,' he says, 'and she has some to use. In fact, that's why I'm here—to put an idea of hers to you.' Your notion was, he says, that everybody in the store ought to have a title—'make them feel like something more than meat-grinders,' he says. Funny idea, that! The personnel man is going to work it out and give every job a name. There's Douglas coming. I'll make myself scarce. So long, Miss Wallace."

I told Jim about it, and he said: "Oh, yes; our best hits are often flukes!" What was it you wrote me once—that sometimes the by-products are the main products.

I'm feeling like a better, BIGGER

SALLY.

September 10, 1922.

DEAR MOTHER:

Let me tell you, mother, that I've been running a correspondence school at Smith, McCready's for some time now. Not that I teach by mail, though my methods are not perfectly direct, either. I've appointed myself correspondence manager for some of the salespeople who splutter the worst. Of course, I haven't told them so. But I decided it would be more fun if I made believe I was executive secretary for each one of them.

Since then, Mr. Thornton is no trouble to me; he's a perfect lamb. When he begins to hesitate, I suggest a phrase. It works like magic. No more does he perspire and balk until it sets my nerves on edge; he repeats my words and beams. "Honestly, Miss Wallace, I don't understand how it is, but you know what I'm going to say before I do myself," is the way he expresses it. It's the same with the others. I find out the idea, then put the letter in their mouths. The work goes faster, and everybody is happy.

Including me? Really, I'm a lot happier than I was. See what a few kind words will do for you! It's silly to be pleased because the salespeople praise me for things that are just nothing. Just the same, I feel the way I used to when I got a red star in kindergarten. They think it's wonderful that I've been to college. It's ridiculous, but I've found out that they were afraid of me at first. Now they seem to like me; and there's something pretty nice about most of them, when you come to know them.

Day before yesterday I had a great thrill. Mr. Harrison, the coat buyer, was dictating some advertising for his department to me. One garment after another was a "great value" or an "unusual value." Probably "executing" for the salespeople has made me bold. Then, Mr. Harrison is always so friendly. Anyhow, I dared to make a suggestion.

"Mr. Harrison," I said, "instead of always advertising the same way the other stores do, I should think you'd try something quite new. Just now, when students are all going back to the schools and colleges, why don't the departments all get together and make up an outfit for girls and one for men, with descriptions and prices attached. You could have everything: clothes, furniture for the room, curtains, tennis-rackets, chafing-dishes— It would just make people sit up! And even those who aren't college students like to feel that they're doing and having the same things."

Mr. Harrison jumped up and his glasses fell off. "Who told you that?" he exclaimed.

Concluded on page 78

DO YOU DARE BRUSH YOUR TEETH *hard enough?*

MOST PEOPLE just "go through the motions" of brushing their teeth.

Only one out of ten dares to give his teeth the scrubbing that teeth really need.

"A lick and a promise of more"—all because too many gums are too tender to stand the cleaning.

With Ipana Tooth Paste, you can brush fearlessly.

Far from harming your gums, it will help them—for Ipana is a tooth paste that thousands of dentists recommend to patients whose gums are soft and spongy.

And the secret is this—that in the ingredients of Ipana is Ziratol, a gentle healing antiseptic that makes gums firm and healthy.

Ask your druggist for Ipana and you'll discover for yourself that a beneficial tooth paste can have a delicious flavor as well.

Get a sample of

IPANA TOOTH PASTE *NOW*



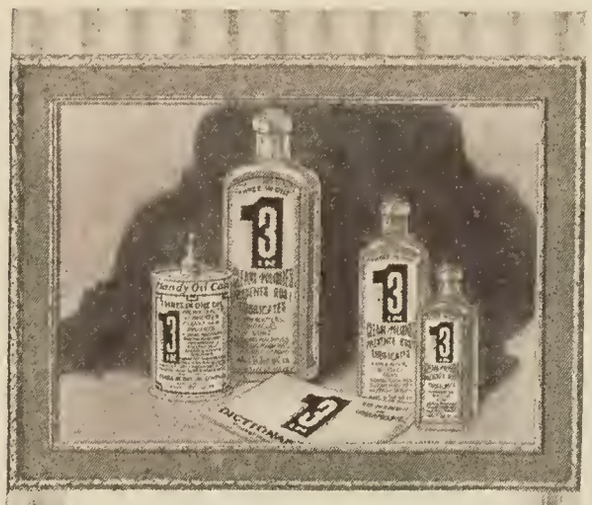
Bristol-Myers Co.
41 Rector St.,
New York, N.Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

Name _____

Address _____

City and State _____



The 3-in-One Family

has been making things run smoothly for the human family for over twenty-seven years.

There's a suitable size package for every need or any person's desires. Three different bottles, 1-oz., 3-oz. and 8-oz.; and a 3-oz. Handy Oil Can with screw top, that fits into any machine drawer.

A very important thing is the Dictionary wrapped with every bottle, that illustrates and explains the almost endless number of uses for

3-in-One

The High Quality Household Oil

Lubricates all light mechanisms, from the lock or bolt that sticks, to the swift-running sewing machine and motors of electrical devices.

Cleans and Polishes finest furniture and woodwork, painted and varnished floors, oilcloth, linoleum.

Prevents rust and tarnish on all metals.

3-in-One is a pure oil compound, greaseless, gritless. Won't evaporate or become gummy.

Say "3-in-One" to your dealer. A good one won't mention "Substitute."

FREE—Generous sample and Dictionary of uses. Request them on a postal.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY
165LE Broadway New York City

E545A

STEERO

Reg U S Pat Off

BOUILLON CUBES

Patented Oct 31 1911

There is not an hour of the day or night that STEERO bouillon cubes will not be useful to you.

For lunch or dinner, hot STEERO bouillon is of course delicious. But there are many other times when a steaming hot drink is most welcome. In the middle of the morning, for afternoon tea, or when you come home from an entertainment. Hot STEERO bouillon takes only a moment to prepare. Send 10 cents for samples and sixty-four-page cook book.

Schieffelin & Co.
274 William St., N. Y.
Distributors for
American Kitchen
Products Co., N. Y.





"Mizpah" Baby Nipples

Do not collapse—Prevent much colic
Sample Free to Mothers and Doctors

Valve (A) prevents vacuum. Inside ribs (B) prevent collapsing when child bites nipple. Rim is made so nipple cannot be pulled off bottle. Guard your baby's health. Send no money! We send you a sample nipple free, postpaid on request. Write now to

THE WALTER F. WARE CO., Dept. P
Philadelphia, Pa.



HER FIRST YEAR IN BUSINESS

Concluded from page 77

"Oh, nobody; I just happened to think of it. That's the way I'd feel!"

He went away without finishing his dictation. In a few minutes a messenger asked me to come to Mr. Thompson's office. The advertising man and Mr. Harrison were there with him. And what do you think, mother? They asked me to sit down and work out my plan with them. It will be in all the Sunday papers. I'll send you copies. I feel so puffed up I'm afraid I'll explode like a toy balloon. One pin-prick and you'd lose your SALLY.

September 29, 1922.

DEAR MOTHER:

Hurrah! Hurrah! I've left the cards and scrapped the typewriter! But, believe me, your child never knew what trouble was before. If the salespeople weren't so perfectly dear to me, I should have to be carried home on a shutter and sat on by a coroner. As it is, I am only sat on by the customers. Only now it will lead to something.

What's it all about? I don't wonder you ask, dear mother. You probably think I've gone crazy. The advertising idea led to all this. First, it pulled in more business, Mr. Harrison said, than they had done any day this Summer. That made Jim laugh. "Remember what I told you about Thornton, Sally? Ideas are more to Smith, McCready than literary ability. I'm glad you've got 'em."

The next thing that happened was another summons to Mr. Thompson's office. I was some excited! My knees trembled until I could hear my shoes squeak. Luckily, he offered me a chair before he noticed the noise. He said he was convinced that I could become of great value to the firm. "Of course," he added, not to let me get too cocky, "that is a matter of the future. But we are willing to speculate on that future, if you are interested in our proposition."

He told me he was convinced I could become an extremely useful assistant to him, if I were willing to go through a preliminary training. This would consist of working in the different departments of the store until I became thoroughly acquainted with the merchandise, the values, selling and stock methods—in fact, learned to know the business. It is what Jim is doing at Johnson, Baird's.

If you had told me three months or three weeks ago that I would be selling cretonnes with Miss Tracy—she sells more than I do, I'm sorry to say—what would I have thought! But here I am. I get quite a little more money than I did, and I'm supposed to report my observations and suggestions to Mr. Thompson. Do you suppose it makes me feel badly to dictate them to Miss Watson, the merchandise secretary? Oh, mother, if you do, you think I'm more than human!

But, gracious, I never knew there was so much to selling. I forget the customers; Miss Tracy never does. "Don't you remember that woman with the dyed hair who bought the English pattern with the cherries last Tuesday?" she'll say. "No? She looked at the rose pattern first; she had on a gray tricolet suit; don't you remember?"

Of course I don't remember; and I never noticed all those things, either. It's the same with the merchandise. It's ever so hard to keep it sorted out in my mind. Sometimes I'm in despair; I'm afraid I won't make good.

But I will; I can't let Jim beat me! Nor you, either, mother! Love from

SALLY.

P. S. Jim just came home and says he's been made foreman of his department. That will lead to a really managerial position later. I'm afraid he *will* beat me!

SALLY.

September 20, 1922.

DEAR MOTHER:

Exciting-er and exciting-er! I've decided to change my future career again.

It wasn't without a struggle on my part, either. I almost felt like a quitter. But Jim says I can be just as valuable an assistant to him as to Mr. Thompson, and that he expects to become as big a man as he—and bigger. "So you see, Sally," he insisted—and he looked awfully solemn and dearer than ever—"it just depends on whether you believe in me. And don't forget it will be you who will make me or break me!"

The next day, when Mr. Thompson's eye fell on the ring, didn't he swear! "Damn it!" he exploded, "I've a good mind to fire you this minute, Miss Wallace. That's all the use there is in trying to use a woman with brains. Some confounded puppy makes eyes at her, and she's gone!"

I told him Jim was far from being a puppy, and that I had a right to get engaged if I wanted to—and that I would leave that minute, if he liked.

Then he calmed down a little, and laughed, and said he guessed Smith, McCready would get their money's worth from me while I stayed. "In fact, they have already, even if your trousseau fills your head so full that there's no room for another idea for us." And he said that he knew Jim at the Industrial Club, and that he deserved his luck—"though it makes me just as mad!" he added.

I know I'm telling this all upside down, mother, but you will just love Jim when you know him. You can't help it. He told me he wouldn't have asked me if he hadn't come to where he is convinced he will make good. "Tell your mother that!" he said. "I know she won't think I'm good enough for you—and, in a way, no one is, Sally. But you've got to have the courage to take a chance in this just the same as in business. It's up to you to decide whether or not you'll do it, but, Sally, I need you."

Well, mother, I guess Jim needs me more than the business world, or Smith, McCready. And, anyhow, I need him—lots more than I need to make a success in business.

You won't be disappointed, will you, mother? Of course, I shall keep on working for now. We are both agreed that we must wait until Jim gets one stage further. But he feels sure that chance will come very soon. And then—oh, mother, I know you'll just love Jim. I do! SALLY.



SAWDUST

Continued from page 14

and in those of two men and a woman who knew her not as Nita Moore of the sawdust-ring, but as Janice Wentworth. And as long as that belief remained, just so long must she deceive them—hurt as it might—in order to keep alive their only light of happiness. And this—while her conscience cried out for the truth, while the heart of her longed for the only thing to which she felt she could turn now, the thing which she feared and loved, which called to her, beckoned her, yet threatened her—the circus!

Three days had passed after Philip's return. Now a fourth went by, and a fifth and a sixth, to bring something of relief to the girl as she made ready for bed; the knowledge, at least, that in another twenty-four hours the stress would be over—for security or for discovery. She strove in vain to sleep. Every far-away sound brought her into instant wakefulness. Philip had mentioned that the circus might arrive shortly after midnight. Every trucking vehicle sent her upright, listening for that hollow echo of axles that can emanate from only one thing: a circus-wagon. Midnight chimed, and with the perversity of fatigue, she slept, at the only time when she really desired to remain awake.

A troubled sleep, in which she tossed, half-

Continued on page 79



Give the children a Gendron for Christmas

IT'S a present that will keep them healthy and happy all year. Gendron's are made to last many seasons of hard play—the play of active boys and girls.



Examine the features in any "Pioneer" vehicle. Velocipedes with tubular truss frames, padded, coil spring saddles, adjustable handlebars—coaster wagons with roller bearing artillery or double disc wheels—juvenile automobiles with windshields, airflex extenders, speedometers, clocks, motometers—facsimile play reproductions of real autos.

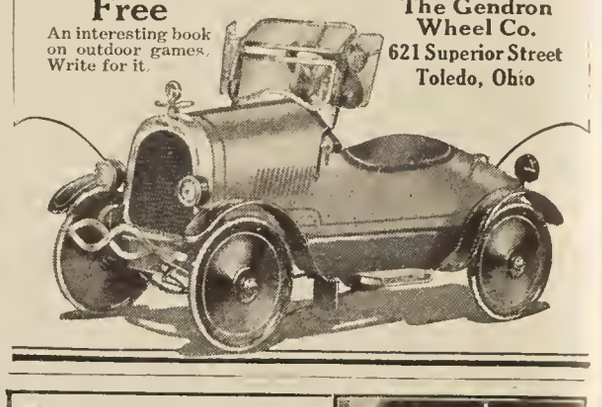
Since 1872, when the first vehicle of the Pioneer line was sold, there have been in constant use more Gendron juvenile automobiles, hand cars, velocipedes, coaster wagons, doll carriages than any other make.

Gendron vehicles have all the latest improvements, design and finish, together with the quality acquired from fifty years' experience. They have been developed to perfection for your child.

Gendron vehicles are for sale by the best dealers everywhere.

Free
An interesting book on outdoor games. Write for it.

The Gendron Wheel Co.
621 Superior Street
Toledo, Ohio



Whooping Cough

Asthma, Spasmodic Croup, Bronchitis Coughs, Influenza



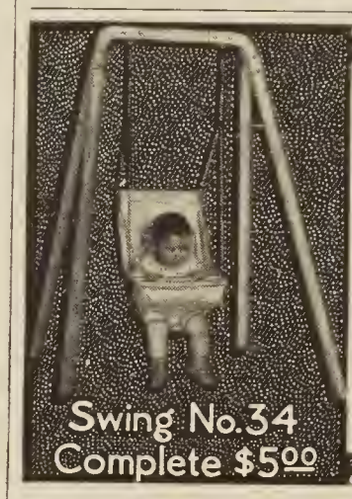
No article of any kind can be in constant and growing demand for forty years and more, unless it has unquestionable merit.

Vaporized Cresolene is the most widely used remedy for whooping cough and spasmodic croup.

When children complain of sore throat or cough, use at once,

Vapo-Cresolene
EST. 1879

Send for descriptive booklet 70 A
For Sale by Druggists
THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.
62 Cortlandt St., New York
or Leeming-Miles Bldg., Montreal, Canada



Rock-A-Bye For Baby

Combination Stand and Swing can be placed in any part of the house.

At dealers or by express in time for Christmas.

SEND FOR CATALOG of Nursery Supplies.

Perfection Mfg. Co.,
2709 N. Leffingwell Av.
ST. LOUIS, MO.



Become a Nurse

Earn $25 to $35 a Week

PREPARE at home by our training course. Entire tuition earned in a few weeks. Increases efficiency and earnings of practical nurses. Twenty years of success; 12,000 graduates. Two months' trial. Send for catalog.

THE CHAUTAUQUA SCHOOL OF NURSING
309 Main Street Jamestown, N. Y.

TASTE WESSON OIL. Some vegetable oils—made from olives, cotton-seed, corn or peanuts—have a very decided flavor of their own. Whether or not you want to cook with them depends a good deal on whether or not you and your family like the taste of them.

But *everyone* likes Wesson Oil. It appeals to the most fastidious. "Wesson" is the name of a method of *refining* vegetable oil. Wesson Oil is pure, rich and nourishing—but so *delicate* that when you use it for shortening or frying, Wesson Oil does not alter the flavor of the food any more than sweet butter or cream do. Just taste Wesson Oil and see for yourself.

Candy Making is Easy with a



Taylor Candy Thermometer

Made by world's largest manufacturers of thermometers for home use. At your dealers or $2.00 and 10c postage. Booklet of Candy Recipes Free.

Taylor Instrument Companies
Rochester, N.Y. U.S.A. 0-63

Theres a *Tycos* and *Taylor* temperature instrument for every purpose

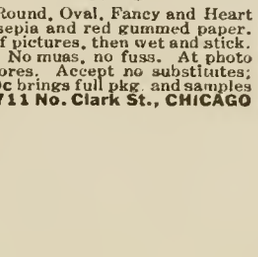
PISO'S

for Coughs & Colds

For quick relief try Piso's—a remarkably effective syrup different from all others. Safe and sane for young and old. Pleasant—no opiates—no upset stomach. 35c and 60c sizes everywhere.

SEEDS Grown by a Woman

Everybody is delighted with my New Early June Asters. Largest, earliest and best. Continuous bloomers.



For 10c I will send 5 liberal packages, white, pink, lavender, crimson and purple. No better seeds grown.

Guaranteed to Please

Order today, send 10c to help pay postage and packing and receive the **5 new varieties of asters** and my bargain Seed Book.

Charlotte M. Haines
Dept. 34, Rockford, Illinois.

Money—for *You!*

YOU can earn $10, $20, $40 a week and more in your spare time as our special subscription representative. All supplies and instructions furnished free. Write to-day for full particulars to:

Manager, Staff Agencies Division,
Box 917, Butterick Bldg., New York, N.Y.

10 Buys 100

Millions Billions in use to-day

Engel "Art Corners"

NO PASTE NEEDED

Use them to mount all kodak pictures, post cards, clippings in albums

Made in Square, Round, Oval, Fancy and Heart of black, gray, sepia and red gummed paper. Slip them on corners of pictures, then wet and stick. QUICK-EASY-ARTISTIC. No muss, no fuss. At photo supply, drug and stat'y stores. Accept no substitutes; there is nothing as good. **10c** brings full pkg. and samples from **Engel Mfg. Co., Dept. 29-A, 4711 No. Clark St., CHICAGO**



SAWDUST

Continued from page 78

arousing for an instant, only to fall again into slumber. From the distance there sounded a booming, echoing crash; she roused, sighed with drowsiness and returned to sleep. A half-hour passed. Some one shouted in the street. A red glare began to cast flickering lights about her room. Then suddenly startled, she awoke, to leap from bed at the sound of her father's voice in the hallway.

"Can't tell what it is. But it's trouble."

"Father—" she called to him— "what's happened?"

"Don't know, honey. Accident of some sort, just outside of town. Goin' to see what I can find out."

He shuffled down the stairs then, while Janice dressed hurriedly and left her room, just in time to join her mother.

"It's something dreadful! Didn't you hear the crash?"

They had made the living-room now as the Colonel came in from the veranda.

"It's the circus!" he called.

"The circus?" Janice whirled, her face pale, her hands clutching. "Oh, father——"

"Wrecked! Signals mixed. They say everything's all piled up out there. People killed. They've sent a hurry call for everything in town that can be used as an ambulance."

"The poor souls!" It was Mrs. Wentworth. "Oh, the poor souls! Can't we do something, Ethelbert?"

"The circus! The circus!" It was all Janice could say. In an instant the old love of it had flooded to the surface; she feared it no longer—she only knew that it lay twisted and torn in wreckage, that it needed aid——

But there had come a ring at the bell, followed by the unceremonious entrance of Mrs. Weaver, her hair disheveled, her eyes bloated from sleep, her manner that of strained excitement.

"Isn't it terrible?" she burst forth. "I came in at the first light I saw—I was so frightened. I never had such an experience——"

"Experience?" Colonel Wentworth stared at her. "What experience?"

"WHY, these circus people—ringing on the bell and shouting up to me to ask if they could bring the injured into my house. It's close to the tracks, you know. But I couldn't let them—with George away—and everything——"

"You couldn't let them?" Janice had whirled, her eyes wide with anger. "For shame! In such a time as this——"

"Oh!" Mrs. Weaver backed away, flustered. "I didn't see you, Janice. I never would have said a word if I'd known you were here. But, oh it's so terrible! You probably know every one of them. They say they're all terribly hurt. Just to think, all your old friends! They're trying to find you—but I wouldn't tell where you were, just that you were in town. I knew you'd go right to them the minute— This *is* the circus you were with, isn't it Janice? I'm so frightened and excited I hardly know——"

The Colonel had moved toward the door.

"Mrs. Weaver, I'll have to ask you to step on to the Parsons—or—or somewhere. This is no place——"

But as he turned the latch, a girl slid into the opening, a broken, faded flower of a girl.

"I—I guess I'm the one to go."

"Why, honey!"

"Oh, it's the truth!" She saw the persons before her only in a haze. "I've lived a lie as long as I can stand it. I'm not your daughter. I tried—I wanted—but it doesn't make any difference now. I suppose you'll hate me—but—" then a sob came— "but my circus won't!"

With the old spring of the hippodrome track again in her limbs, she swung from the door, closing it behind her, then leaping from the veranda, she raced for the gate. The light flashed as the door reopened—voices called. She neither heard nor answered. An automobile was racing down the street. She ran into the path of its lights and hailed it.

"Take me to the wreck," she begged. "I've got to go!"

"Sure. Going myself." And the machine roared on through the night toward the red glare in the distance. There, through tangled débris, past overturned wagons and smoking wreckage, she picked her way toward a man who stood in the glare of a burning tableau, shouting his orders as the streams of sweating roustabouts raced past him, and other lines of men, some of them bearing crumpled burdens, moved slowly in the other direction.

"At it there!" came the bellowing orders. "Up here with those picks! Break into that car and see if anybody's dead or hurt. Get with it, men—get with it!"

The girl gained his side.

"Pops!" she called and the man whirled.

"Nita—Nita! Where've you been! God—I've been wishing for you!"

"I've come back, Pops!"

"We'll need you, Nita." His voice suddenly lowered. "Trinee's dead."

"Oh, I'm sorry! Can't something be done—this fire——"

"Let it burn." He said it with the dullness of a disaster-crowded mind. "Won't help any to put it out—and we need light to work by. About ten of us gone, Nita—thirty or forty crippled."

As if in confirmation, a small truck, doing service as an ambulance, honked and roared somewhere in the rear, and a voice, strangely familiar, yet far away and unrecognizable, called a request for orders. A bawling canvasman answered—men moved forward, carrying a groaning bundle. Then the machine raced away again, giving place to a second, backing in for another burden of pain. Nita turned her eyes to avoid the sight. There came the voice of Pops:

"YOUR horses—they're all right, Nita. Didn't smash up the stock-cars much, or the menagerie. There's a blessing in that—we haven't a lot of suffering animals. Everything else though"—his voice was hoarse and unnatural—"I guess, is pretty well torn to pieces. Have to blow our date here. But we'll need you when we pick ourselves up again. The old show's got to go on!"

"It'll go on, Pops! Can't I do something?"

"Run along to old Mother Hall. She's the new wardrobe woman, and I've put her in charge of the bandages."

And to the work of rescue went Nita Moore, downing her own sorrow that she might lessen the anguish of others. The makeshift ambulances came and went. Now and again she heard that voice—one which seemed to call to her out of a dim past, a voice she invariably rose to answer—only to turn instead to some new angle of relief. The hours passed; the fire dimmed. Out of the chaos of wreckage, slight order began to assert itself. Teams rattled past, their harness clanking; workmen shouted. The form of Pops showed faintly in the dim light, moving closer, still shouting—but with a new note in his voice.

"Look alive there—we've got a chance, you men! Keep things moving—we may make it!"

"You mean—?" Nita looked up as he came beside her.

"Yes, chance to make some kind of a showing this afternoon. Things are clearing up better than I'd expected. Do you suppose you could get on the job?"

"I couldn't do the somersaults."

"I don't care about that—just so you can stay on a rosinback. Better run along and get a little sleep—so you'll have time for a few minutes' practise. There—I'll take care of that—" a man had appeared with a burned arm—"go get some rest."

TIRED, dead tired, she started out of the wreckage, her path leading past two men at an enclosed delivery automobile doing service as an ambulance. They were just finishing the loading of a woman hysterical with pain. She turned her eyes—they had seen enough suffering. But suddenly she halted.

"Janice!" a voice had called—the voice she had heard at other times during that red, maddened night. "Janice!" Then almost before she realized it, Philip was beside her. "Will you help me, Janice?"

"Help?" She looked at him in surprise. Evidently he had not heard——

"Yes. She's in bad shape—the woman in there." He pointed to the machine. "She needs some one like you to keep her quiet until we can get her back to town. A man couldn't do it. Will you?"

Concluded on page 80

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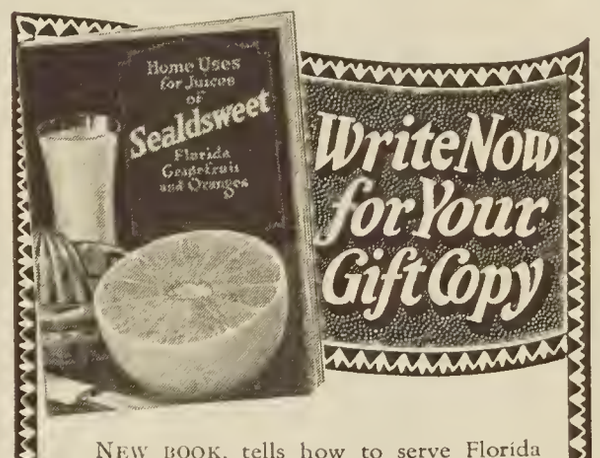
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SAWDUST

Concluded from page 79

Dully she obeyed. She took her place in the darkness of the vehicle's interior and bent over the screaming woman, comforting her. A bell clanged. They moved out of the scene of destruction, into the broad streets.

Nita looked out through the opening above the driver's seat with the sudden knowledge that the machine was entering the driveway of a big house, every room of which was ablaze with light. Something caught at her heart—she was back, back at the house she had left, back where the man and woman she had called father and mother——

She strove to open the doors which held her prisoner. She called and pounded. Then, as the barrier swung wide, she leaped forth—straight into the waiting arms of a man who caught her tight, who pressed his lips against her cheek in a tender frenzy of happiness.

"Philip said he'd bring you back, honey!"

"BUT, father—" she could not refrain from the word— "I can't stay here. I'm—I'm not your girl. I'm only——"

"Oh, but yes you are! Yes you are, honey." He was leading her, protesting, toward the brightly lighted hallway. "Maybe not by birth—but all that's past and gone now. Didn't you see the paper in my pocket that day when you fixed up the mortgage and thought we'd never know? Thought sure you must have seen it."

"But, father——"

"Here she is, sweetheart!" The Colonel was waving to his wife. "Philip brought her back!"

"Dearest!" Mother arms caught her, mother tears mingled with hers. Into the hallway they went—and there Janice quailed. But Mrs. Wentworth's arm urged her forward. "She's not here, daughter."

"And she won't be anywhere if she doesn't bridle that tongue!" snapped a tired woman as she passed, a bundle of bandages on her arm. "But I guess she's had her lesson. Lord knows it's time!"

Then the whole world seemed to become dizzy to the bewildered girl. Dazedly she was aware of smiling faces about her—of women she had known in the days of her deception, crowding forward to kiss her, then hurrying away to their work. The Wentworth house was a home no longer, but a place of cots and bandages, of swift-working doctors, and groaning injured. Faintly a voice came from somewhere — Mrs. Wentworth's:

"We've all learned to-night—that the world's human, dearest. Great and small, but human just the same. I hope you'll make these people know this isn't charity. It's—because we understand now——"

"As I was sayin', honey, we did find out," cut in the Colonel. "That old pelican of a Mrs. Weaver came runnin' over here with the news as soon as she pumped the advance man—the one that came to our door. Seems he went to her house right after he'd been here an' started talkin'. But we wouldn't believe it. Sent Philip right along on the same train that carried that advance car to see this Joe that'd been mentioned—and to get the straight of it. He's all right, Joe is, so Philip says; didn't know anything about the money this Baine took an' you paid back."

"Money? They told you——"

"LOR', honey! Tressie told me you were up to somethin'. She just couldn't hold it! That's what made us sure that you'd been innocent. We didn't have to do much thinkin' after that. Besides, Philip's second telegram came along just about that time and — well — well, I knew what Nancy thought, so I just didn't take any chances. We'd been pretty worried before, because Philip's first message just said Mrs. Weaver's story was true. But the second wire settled everything, and so I just went down an' took out 'doption papers, in case you should flare up an' try to leave us. That old salamander told us how funny you acted when she talked about that scar——"

"Ethelbert! Don't talk that way. Mrs. Weaver's sorry. Besides, can't you see the poor girl's tired? She doesn't want to hear all those details. Do you, dearest?"

"I—I don't know." A hand went across Janice's tired eyes. "I've got to tell you—I can't stay. I've—I've told Pops I'd ride for him. The other girl's dead. He needs me—until he can get somebody else. I——"

"Shucks! Why, shucks—" The Colonel, his words suddenly failing in an attack of huskiness, coughed and choked. "Shucks, what's the— Oh, you tell her, Philip!"

For the young man had come forward to take the hand of the girl quite naturally in his.

"What's he's trying to say, Janice," he said slowly, "is to go, if they need you. But that we'll all be waiting every day for you to come home again."

Then it was that tired eyes became suddenly radiant. Then it was that Janice Wentworth, a new-born Janice Wentworth, looked about her with clear vision to see the smiling faces of welcoming townswomen, the tears on her mother's cheeks, the pleading sincerity of Philip Lessoway. And then it was, too, that a muffled voice came suddenly, coupled with a huskiness of throat:

"Go on—go on, Philip! Where's your arms, boy! Can't you see she's waitin'?"



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WHAT TO DO AT FIFTY

Concluded from page 15

the first Federal Civil Service commissioners and who is now president of the society, would be cheered by an inquiry from such a man as your correspondent.

It is my opinion that the question of prison reform is going to enlist a new interest, and I have much confidence in the Prison Reform Association of which Dr. George Kirchwey is in charge.

The race question, including immigration and the negro in the United States, demands a degree of honest, painstaking study which it is not receiving. Various organizations for study and work in this important field now exist, and each would welcome public-spirited interest and a candid attitude of mind. But——

"The world is so full of a number of things."

JULIA C. LATHROP.

GO ON BEING SUCCESSFUL

I NEVER have thought of fifty as a separating age, so to speak—that is, an age that should separate a person's work into two divisions—and it seems to me that a man of fifty "who has made his financial success in life" would be a useful citizen if he simply went on making a financial success in life. He couldn't do that without keeping up a business, and keeping up a business is contributing his share to the welfare of the world, of course.

BOOTH TARKINGTON.

RECOMMENDS SERVICE TO OTHERS

THERE is, I confidently believe, a growing sentiment such as is expressed by your correspondent. That is, that when people are so situated as to make it feasible—especially those who have been reasonably successful and have reached the age when it is no longer necessary for them to devote themselves to work for the purpose of gaining—they should give their time and energies toward the betterment of conditions for the less fortunate. Life is much like the story of the rainbow with its reputed bag of gold at the end. We pursue the rainbow and either never reach the end or, if we do, there is no bag of gold; in other words, life is a pursuit of something which can never be found in the acquisition of money, the acquirement of position or the consummation of some large enterprise. When you reach this it is nothing, except as it gives us reasonable physical comforts. The secret is to be found in the knowledge that service for others is the one thing which brings constant pleasure and reacts upon the person rendering the service as helpfully as upon the one to whom the service is rendered. We are happy when we learn to feel from the heart that it is better to give than to receive. If men reaching fifty years of age, under the circumstances suggested, would begin to help others, they would gradually find so much pleasure in the doing that they would wonder why they had not commenced earlier. Just what line to follow is less important than the fact of the service. Willingness, ordinarily, is rewarded by the opportunity.

JOHN BARTON PAYNE.

ASK THE DELINEATOR

Don't forget when writing THE DELINEATOR *for information or aid to enclose stamps with your complete address, and to direct your inquiry to the proper department. Inquiries unaccompanied by stamps and your address can not be answered, nor will replies be made on a post-card. Only three folders on any subject can be posted for a two-cent stamp.*

BABIES

The Happy Child is the healthy, properly brought-up one. Give your child the benefits of the expert advice of the greatest child specialists in America. Dr. L. Emmett Holt is the Chief Adviser of THE DELINEATOR'S campaign for healthier children. Three pamphlets are available, any one of which may be obtained for ten cents in stamps: "The Expectant Mother and the New Baby," by Dr. Ralph Lobenstine, "The General Care of the Baby," by Dr. L. Emmett Holt, and "Good Posture," by Dr. Alan De Forest Smith. "The Baby's Record Book," by Dr. Bird T. Baldwin, in cloth binding, is now ready. The price is one dollar a copy, which includes postage.

HOUSEKEEPING

The Home-Economics Department has prepared, under the direction of Martha Van Rensselaer, a list of leaflets which will lighten the housewife's burden and make scientific home-making an easy art. These leaflets range from milk recipes to the technique of laying the table. Mention specific subjects or write for a list.

HOUSE DECORATION

Your Home Betrays You. Its furnishings and care reveal your own personality as a home-maker. Ugly and depressing rooms no longer are necessary because they may be transformed with little ingenuity and less money. Make your problems clear by listing your questions and giving dimensions, exposure and full description of the rooms you wish to decorate. All questions relating to floors and curtains may be answered by the purchase of Bulletins 1 and 2, entitled "Good Floors" and "Curtains and Draperies" respectively, price twenty-five cents each. Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders, Director of the Home-Decoration Department, will be glad to help you with all other problems.

CHILDREN

The Story Hour is a pretty important time in childhood. Do you know what books to read to your children? The Children's Department has prepared lists of books for children of all ages, which will assist in the parental job of forming good reading habits. Write in to the Children's Department, too, for a Page of Prayers for children to learn.

BEAUTY

The Best Face Foremost in any phase of life is good feminine philosophy. Any woman can improve her complexion with a little time and carefuly study. The Beauty Editor will answer special questions and will send folders prepared by experts on the care of the hair, skin and hands, posture, exercises, lotions and cosmetics. Tell us what subjects interest you most.

ETIQUETTE

Are You Uncertain about the ways of the social world? Mrs. John Cabot Kimberley will send you a number of useful leaflets on manners and form, covering every social quandary. "Weddings," "Calls and the Use of Cards," "Letter-Writing," "Etiquette at the Table," are some of the titles. She will answer any puzzled inquirer.

ENTERTAINMENTS

The Entertainment Department offers suggestions for dinners, dances, parties and entertainments. It will be glad to give more information, if you write the average age of the guests, the type of party and the amount of money you wish to spend. We have a new Electrical Party which most young people will like. Let us send it to you.

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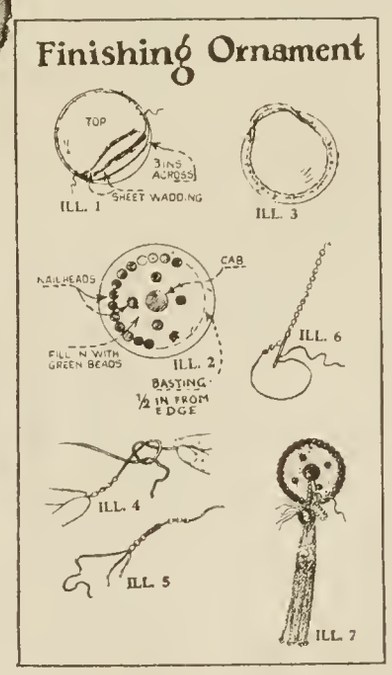
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The Deltor enclosed with Butterick Patterns shows you how to make a dress from start to finish, including even the ornaments!

Not too much, not too little—just the right amount of drapery!

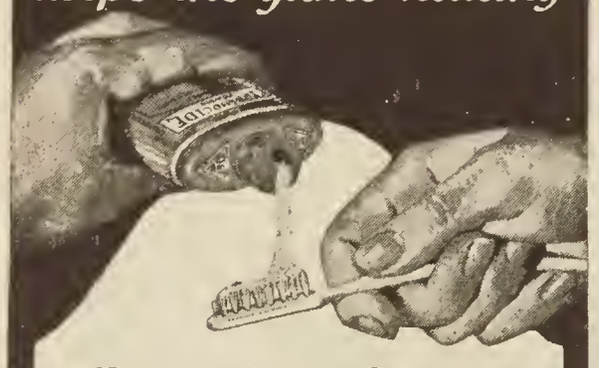
The fashions shown in the *Butterick Quarterly* are neither too conservative nor too radical—they are *just right*. In the Winter *Quarterly* there are charming versions of the popular draped dress and the new circular skirt in which the fullness is all at the sides. The long costume coat draped at the hip, and the new short blouse jacket made of matelassé are worn over these dresses. The Winter materials—matelassé, zibeline, wool-pile fabrics, etc.—are discussed in this new *Quarterly* in which 600 Winter styles are shown. For the latest fashion news from Paris get the *Butterick Quarterly* for Winter, 25c a copy at any Butterick Pattern counter.



Butterick Quarterly

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With a tingling warmth it penetrates the skin and goes right down to the seat of trouble.

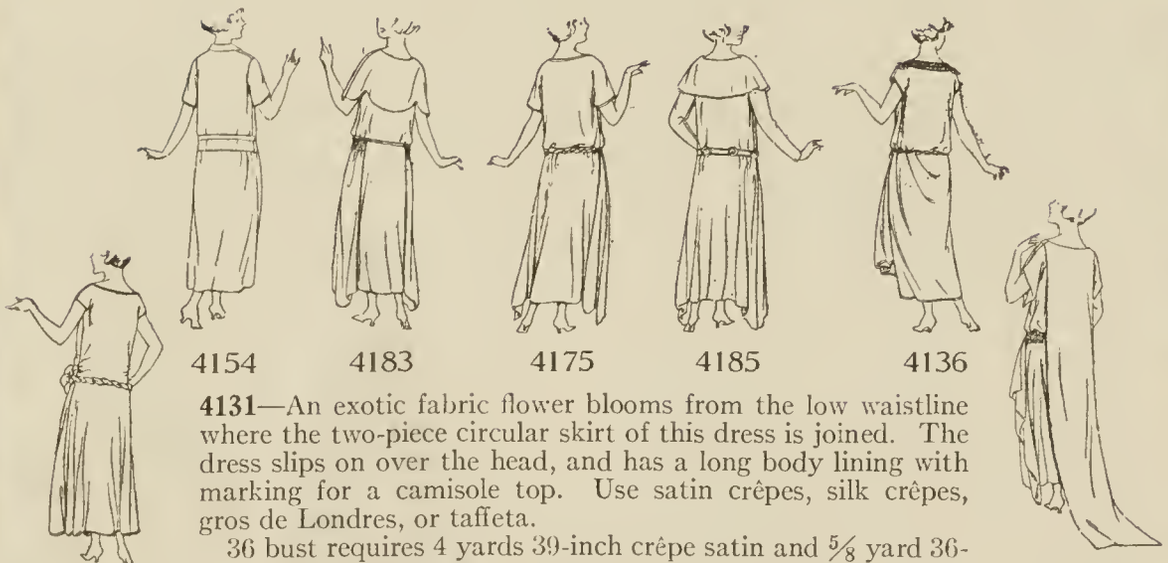
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BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

MUSTEROLE
WILL NOT BLISTER

OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 24



4154 4183 4175 4185 4136

4131 4115

4131—An exotic fabric flower blooms from the low waistline where the two-piece circular skirt of this dress is joined. The dress slips on over the head, and has a long body lining with marking for a camisole top. Use satin crêpes, silk crêpes, gros de Londres, or taffeta.

36 bust requires 4 yards 39-inch crêpe satin and ⅝ yard 36-inch lace. Lower edge as shown on figure, 4 yards.

The dress is excellent for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4154—10922—The tailored type of dress with braided vestee is suitable for many occasions. It has a straight skirt joining a long body and there may be a body lining. Use soft twills, serge, tricotine, wool crêpe, etc.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch tricotine. Lower edge 59 inches.

The dress is nice for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

4183—10941—This one-piece dress for evening wear has flying side panels and a twisted fabric girdle of a French extraction. The dress slips on over the head and may have a camisole lining. Use crêpe de Chine, etc.

36 bust requires 4 yards 39-inch Georgette. Lower edge straight around, 52 inches.

The evening dress is attractive for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also for misses.

4175—The uneven lower edge may come from circular sections which are sewed into each side seam. This dress has a two-piece straight skirt joining the body at a low waistline. There may be a body lining. Use satin crêpes, etc. Lower edge 54 inches.

36 bust requires 4 yards 39-inch silk crêpe.

The dress is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4185—A hand-made girdle, a bertha collar, and wide sleeves are leading points on this dress with a two-piece circular skirt which joins the long body. There may be a body lining. Use soft twills, serge, tricotine, etc.

36 bust requires 4⅛ yards 39-inch Canton crêpe. Lower edge 2⅛ yards.

The dress is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4136—A simple hand-made trimming is attractive on a dress in satin crêpe, etc. The dress slips on over the head and the straight skirt, which drapes gracefully, joins the waist at a low waistline. There may be a body lining with marking for a camisole top.

36 bust requires 4⅜ yards of 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

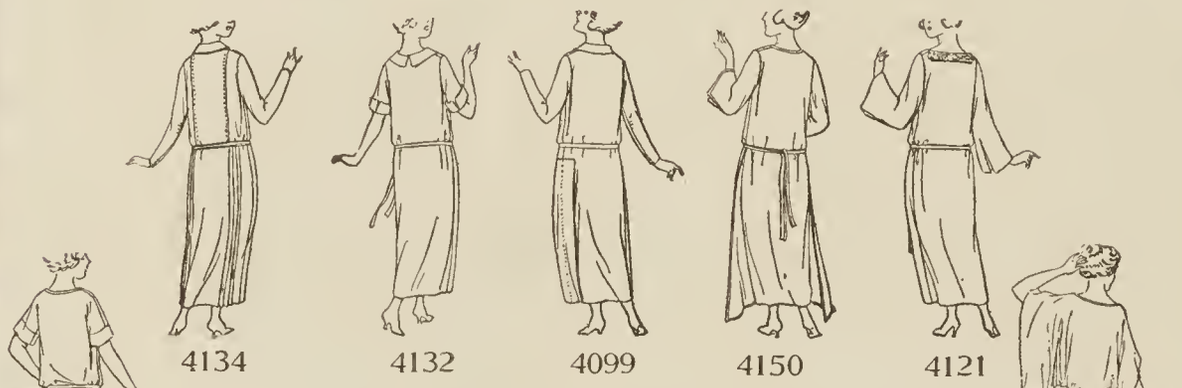
The dress is new for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4115—Side drapery down the straight skirt is graceful on this dress of the slip-over type. It closes under the left arm and the skirt joins the body at a low waistline. There may be a camisole lining.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards of 39-inch crêpe satin. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

The dress is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 25



4134 4132 4099 4150 4121

4142 4146

4142—10922—Side panels are unabridged by the hem of a one-piece dress on the slip-over order. There may be a casing arrangement of elastic at the low waistline or a body lining. The panel motifs are effective. Work them in soutache or Hercules braid in one-half or three-quarter-inch widths, or in outline, couching or chain-stitch. Lower edge 51½ inches.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards of 54-inch wool cloth.

The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust, also to misses.

4134—10954—Midwinter introduces the dress with the front and back in one piece and with the possibility of a body lining. Motifs adorn both sleeves. Work them in a combination of cross-stitch and beading.

36 bust requires 2⅝ yards of 54-inch soft twill and ¾ yard of 36-inch satin. Lower edge, plaits drawn out, 1⅞ yard.

The dress is smart for ladies 34 to 48 bust.

4099—Braid is a trimming for the one-piece wool rep dress, with a vestee. It slips on over the head and may omit a body lining. Use wool rep, wool poplin, soft twills, kasha.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards of 54-inch wool rep. Lower edge 51½ inches.

The dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 46 bust, also for misses.

4150—A compromise between the circular effect and draperies is made by the long sides of this one-piece dress which slips on over the head. There may be a body lining. This dress is becoming in soft twills, tricotine, serge, wool crêpe or crêpe-back satin, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards of 39-inch crêpe-back satin. Lower edge 52 inches.

The dress is nice for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

4121—The Russian closing comes to a fashionable conclusion with the draping at the front of this one-piece dress. The back blouses gracefully and there may be a body lining. Use wool rep, wool poplin, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards of 40-inch chiffon velvet. Lower edge 52½ inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

4132—Fur cloth is a favorite trimming for many a one-piece dress of the slip-over type. If one desires there may be a loose and longer sleeve. It may have a body lining.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards of 54-inch fancy wool. Lower edge 54½ inches.

The dress is good style for ladies 32 to 44 bust. It is also nice for misses.

4146—10987—Simplicity and good style meet each other in a one-piece dress. The dress slips on over the head and may have a body lining. The beading gives brilliancy. Work it in large and small beads, or French knots and beads. Use silk crêpes, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards of 40-inch Georgette. Lower edge 54½ inches.

The dress is excellent for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.



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PISO'S—For Coughs & Colds

OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 26

4138—10976—Bloomers which join an underbody are an important part of this dress on the slip-over order. The motif border is gay. Work it in appliqué, Kensington stitch, etc.

6 years requires 2 yards of 32-inch check gingham.

The dress is quaint for little girls 2 to 8.

4163—For festive parties is this dress in Georgette, net, organdy, dotted swiss, etc. It slips on over the head, has a straight lower edge and a separate bloomer slip.

6 years requires 2¼ yards of 40-inch crêpe de Chine (including lower part of bloomers).

The dress is dainty for little girls 2 to 8.

4120—10734—Curly heads may wear dainty flower frocks in raglan style with bloomers which join an underbody. The dress slips on over her head. The embroidery is exquisite. Work it in satin-stitch, eyelets and French stemming. Use crêpe de Chine, etc.

6 years requires 1¾ yard of 35-inch taffeta.

The dress is new for little girls 2 to 8 years.

4169—Lollypops may be disastrous to a blouse trimmed with frills and straight trousers all in one with a jumper.

4 years requires 1½ yard of 32-inch dimity and 1 yard 36-inch linen.

The suit is quaint for little boys 2 to 5.

4141—Schoolgirl history records the worth of the regulation dress with plaits and a sailor collar. This one slips on over the head.

10 years requires 2⅜ yards of 36-inch flannel.

The dress is serviceable for girls 6 to 14.

4140—For difficult sums one must turn his thoughts away from a new suit in Russian effect with a pair of straight trousers. Use wool jersey, silk-and-cotton jersey, etc.

5 years requires 1⅛ yard of 54-inch wool jersey.

The suit is practical for little boys 2 to 6.

4143—The Russian closing guarantees graceful lines for this one-piece dress, and separate bloomers are useful. Use tricotine, serge, etc.

12 years requires 1⅝ yard of 54-inch soft twill.

The dress is good style for juniors and girls 6 to 15 years.

4149—3596—Side plaits are becoming on a school dress of the slip-over type. A straight skirt joins the body at a low waistline. Her tasseled hat of duvetyn is perky.

13 years requires 1⅛ yard 39-inch Canton crêpe and 1¼ yard 42-inch wool crêpe.

The dress is good for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years. The hat is becoming to girls and children; also to misses and ladies.

4156—For parties one may emulate her oldest sister and wear a dress with long sides. The skirt may have a straight or pointed outline and the dress slips on over the head.

12 years requires 2⅛ yards of 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

4104—10787—Every schoolgirl likes a plaited or gathered skirt and a smart blouse of the slip-over type. This two-piece dress has an underbody closing down the back to which is joined the straight skirt. A monogram is new. Work in satin-stitch or outline.

12 years requires 1¾ yard of 54-inch wool jersey.

The dress is for juniors and girls 6 to 15.





Photo by Charlotte Fairchild

KATHLEEN NORRIS

HER latest novel will start in the February DELINEATOR. "The Secret of Margaret Yorke," the story of a woman constantly in fear of meeting some one who knew about her past life, is very human and will appeal to every woman.

When a man and woman are quite sure they dislike each other, what is apt to happen?

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OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 27

4168—A panel on one side balances the graceful drapery of the other on this dress of the slip-over type. The straight skirt joins the body at a low waistline and the long body lining is arranged for a camisole top.

17 years requires 3½ yards 39-inch crêpe satin. Lower edge 45 inches.

The dress is good style for misses 16 to 20.

4128—10880—A smartly cut blouse slips on over a plaited straight skirt, joining an underbody, in this two-piece dress. The embroidery is effective. Work in one-stitch or bugle beads and outline.

16 years requires 3⅜ yards 42-inch soft wool crêpe. Lower edge 2¼ yards.

The dress is suitable for misses 15 to 20.

4162—10928—For many afternoon engagements a one-piece dress with circular sections at each side is useful. The sleeves are set in a long underbody. The motifs are effective. Work in braiding, couching, outline, etc.

17 years will require 4⅜ yards of 39-inch crêpe satin. Lower edge 52 inches.

The dress is attractive for misses 16 to 20.

4155—The bertha collar has become an accepted adjunct to dresses with two-piece circular skirt joining a long body lining. It slips on over the head, closing under the left arm. Use crêpe satin, charmeuse, etc.

16 years requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge as on figure 2¾ yards.

The dress is a new style for misses 16 to 20, also for small women.

4158—10111—A hand-made interlaced girdle marks the place where the draped skirt joins a long body of this dress on the slip-over order. It may have a body lining. The embroidery is distinctive. Work in cross-stitch and beading. Lower edge 46 inches.

17 years will require 1½ yard of 39-inch silk crêpe and 2¼ yards 40-inch velvet.

The dress is excellent for misses 16 to 20.

4183—The young girl delights in this one-piece evening dress of the slip-over type with provision for a camisole lining.

17 years or 34 bust requires 4 yards 39-inch Georgette. Lower edge, straight-around outline, 47 inches.

The evening dress is graceful for misses 16 to 18 or 33 to 35 bust, also for ladies.

4152—10873—This dress is in the modern raglan style with a two-piece skirt joining a long body, and a separate camisole lining. It slips on over the head. The embroidery is effective. Work in cross-stitch or beading.

16 years requires 1¼ yard 39-inch silk crêpe and 2 yards 40-inch velvet. Lower edge 52 inches.

The dress is suitable for misses 16 to 20, also for small women.

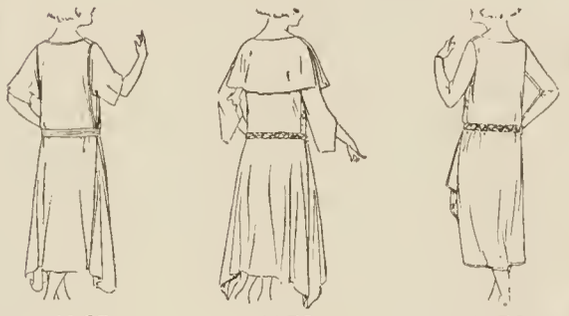
4086—The débutante has approved of drapery on the straight skirts of her frocks on the slip-over order. This dress has a long body lining arranged for a camisole top, and a low waistline where the skirt joins the body. Lower edge 57 inches.

17 years will require 3⅛ yards of 39-inch silk crêpe (with body cut crosswise).

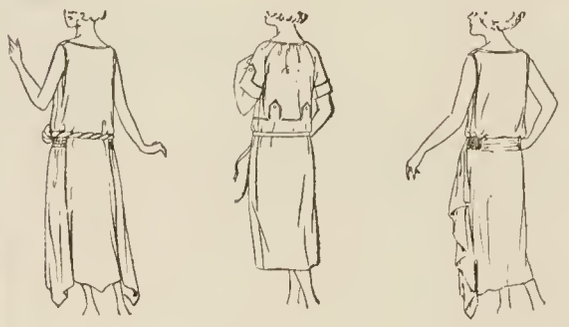
The dress is attractive for misses 16 to 20.



4168 4128



4162 4155 4158



4183 4152 4086



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Name _____

Address _____

OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 28



4089



4127 4160 4166 4095 4144



4164

4089—10925—Inserted sections at each side of this one-piece dress on the slip-over order, contribute to the straight silhouette. It may have a body lining. Embroidery is effective. Work it in one-stitch or bugle beads.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 54-inch soft twill and ⅞ yard 36-inch satin (cut crosswise). Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is good for ladies 32 to 46 bust, also for misses.

4127—It is not too soon to prepare for one's annual migration to Palm Beach with a one-piece dress like this. It slips on over the head and the side panels hang free at the front edge. There may be a body lining.

36 bust requires 3 yards of 39-inch figured silk crêpe and 1⅛ yard 40-inch chiffon. Lower edge 47½ inches.

The dress is nice for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4160—10847—The drapery gives no one-sided impression on this dress with a low waistline where the two-piece skirt joins the body. It slips on over the head and closes under the left arm. There is a long body lining with marking for a camisole top. The sleeve motifs are smart. Work in satin, Kensington or outline stitch.

36 bust requires 4 yards 39-inch charmeuse. Lower edge 49 inches.

The dress is nice for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4166—The flowers that bloom in midwinter are on new dresses of satin crêpes, silk crêpes, heavy crêpe de Chine, etc. This dress slips on over the head and its draped straight skirt joins the blouse at a low waistline. There is a long body lining.

36 bust requires 4⅝ yards of 39-inch satin crêpe. Lower edge 52 inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4095—A fur cloth collar marks the surplice closing of this one-piece dress. One may use a body lining. Make it of light-weight velours, homespun, tweeds, bound with braid or ribbon, or use wool repp, wool poplin, soft twills, tricotine, serge, etc.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards of 54-inch wool repp. Lower edge 52 inches.

The dress is new for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

4144—Certain of success is this dress with a two-piece circular skirt, long at the sides, and joining the long body at a low waistline. It slips on over the head and may have a body lining. Use crêpe satin, charmeuse, silk crêpes, satin crêpes, or crêpe de Chine for this dress.

36 bust requires 4⅞ yards of 39-inch charmeuse (cut crosswise). Lower edge as shown on figure, 2⅝ yards.

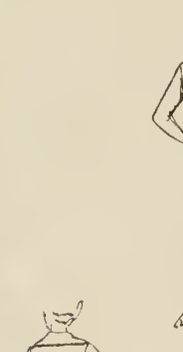
The dress is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4164—This dress attains the summit of elegance in the drapery of its straight skirt and a panel which joins the low waistline. The dress slips on over the head, closes under the left arm, and has a long body lining.

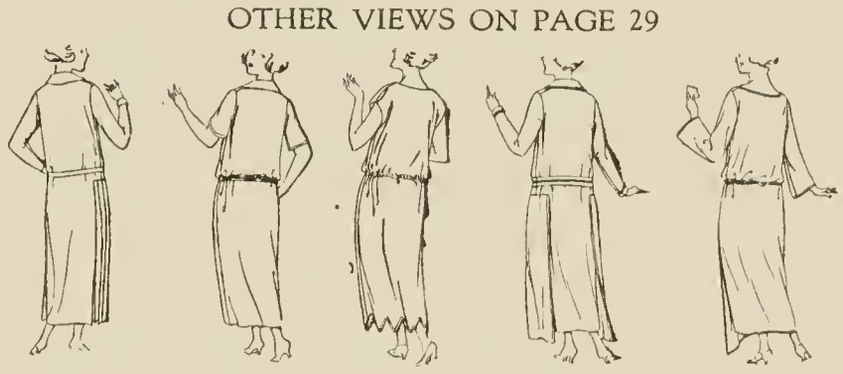
36 bust requires 3⅞ yards of 39-inch crêpe satin and ¼ yard 40 inch chiffon. Lower edge 50 inches.

The dress is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

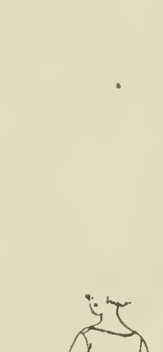
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4198



4148 4139 4199 4202 4200



4201

4199—10118—A hand-made girdle joins in with the trimming on this one-piece dress of the slip-over type, to proclaim its originality. It may have elastic in a casing at the low waistline or a body lining. Use wool crêpe, serge, tricotine, soft twills, heavy silk crêpes, crêpe satin, etc. The embroidery adds a glint in metallic threads. Work in a combination of outline, running and satin-stitch. Lower edge 54 inches.

36 bust requires 3 yards of 42-inch wool crêpe. The dress is nice for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4198—Braiding pursues its bright way on this one-piece dress which is smart in soft twills, tricotine, wool crêpe, serge, etc. It slips on over the head and has a straight lower edge; and there may be a body lining.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards of 54-inch serge. Lower edge 54½ inches.

The dress is attractive for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also for misses.

4148—10787—A becoming type of neck, and plaits are attractive in a one-piece dress in soft twills, tricotine, wool crêpe, etc. It slips on over the head and may have a body lining. The monogram is distinctive. Work in satin-stitch or outline.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch serge and ½ yard 36-inch flannel. Lower edge, plaits drawn out, 2¼ yards.

The dress is good style for ladies 32 to 46 bust, also for misses.

4139—10844—The salient points on this dress on the slip-over order, for general wear are the neck and sleeve. It may have a body lining or an arrangement of elastic in a casing at a low waistline. Use serge, etc. The embroidery is gay. Work it in outline, couching, and chain-stitch, etc.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch soft twill. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is distinctive for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

4202—10999—Flying panels flourish from a one-piece dress which slips on over the head. It may omit the body lining. The braiding is effective. Work in couching, outline or chain-stitch.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch tricotine. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is excellent for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also for misses.

4200—Hand-made ornaments and a girdle concentrate on further enhancing the draped skirt which joins the body of this dress, often worn with a coat for a three-piece suit. There is a long body lining with marking for a camisole top. Use duvetyn, wool crêpe, with silk crêpe, or velvet with satin or silk crêpe, etc. Lower edge 48 inches.

36 bust requires 1⅝ yard 39-inch figured silk crêpe and 2 yards 40-inch velvet.

The dress is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4201—The delicate tracery of lace over the shimmering satin bodice waist has a decorative charm. This dress slips on over the head and has a two-piece circular skirt joining a long body lining. It closes under the left arm. Use crêpe satin, charmeuse, or velvet with lace or embroidered net berthas, etc. Lower edge 2½ yards.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch crêpe satin and ⅞ yard 36-inch lace.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



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THE LAST WORD

A Page of Shop-Talk, Gossip, and Comment

We Are Offered a Slogan

A man who has been reading Deltor advertising and who is much impressed with its possibilities as an aid to home dressmakers, particularly beginners, recommends that we advertise it with the following catch-line: "If you have no mother to guide you, use the Deltor. You will make the dress just as well."

After Sixteen Years

Back in 1907, the Cable Company of Chicago, manufacturers of several well-known brands of pianos and player-pianos, inserted in one of their DELINEATOR advertisements a coupon to be used by prospective piano purchasers when writing to the manufacturer for information. One of these coupons has just been received by the Cable Company from Manila, Philippine Islands, where a sixteen-year-old copy of THE DELINEATOR is evidently still in service (but not, we hope, as a fashion authority). There are many points that might be driven home by this little anecdote, but the one that affords us the most innocently selfish pleasure is the fact that even at this late date THE DELINEATOR gets credit for having produced the inquiry. We know, because the gentlemanly piano manufacturer told us so. In this case he had no difficulty tracing the source of the inquiry—the coupon supplied that information; but if you, for instance, answer an advertisement in this issue and fail to mention THE DELINEATOR, the rising young business woman in charge of the card records in the advertiser's office will check your inquiry to the credit of "Miscellaneous" and THE DELINEATOR is distinctly out of luck. As publishers we are just as proud of the influence of our magazine as the advertiser is of his product, and like him we expect credit where credit is due. Since we guarantee the reliability of our advertisers and protect the reader by guaranteeing to make good any loss incurred through misrepresentation, we feel justified in continually urging that they always mention THE DELINEATOR when writing to advertisers.

Another Job for Women

One of the best-known publications in the world is *Punch* of London—the only publication we know of that has attained the dignity of having its history written in several important-looking and very readable volumes. Of late years *Punch* has also become one of the most influential advertising mediums in the English-speaking press. When our publishing brethren on the other side began to wake up to the effectiveness of American advertising methods, they organized a modern advertising staff and chose a DELINEATOR advertising man, the late Roy Summerville, to supervise it. Mr. Summerville's able administration was largely responsible for the publication's extraordinary advertising growth. Now *Punch*, still enterprising and demonstrating that it may be old but not antiquated, has appointed a woman advertisement manager, Miss Marion Jean Lyon, thereby providing another post for a woman at the very top of a profession that has not hitherto been overcrowded with her sex.

Kathleen Norris Coming

The announcement elsewhere in this issue of a new serial by Kathleen Norris, "The Secret of Margaret Yorke," which is to begin in the February DELINEATOR, recalls the story of her first novel. When a short story by Mrs. Norris was accepted by a magazine, her husband, Charles G. Norris, author of "Brass" and other novels, urged her to fill it out to a short-novel length by adding about twenty-five thousand words. The result was promptly turned down by the first publisher who read it, but immediately accepted by another, who scored a decisive success with the book. From that time up to the publication of "Certain People of Importance," last Fall, every new novel by Mrs. Norris has increased her popularity with an ever-widening circle of readers. THE DELINEATOR is particularly pleased to have the opportunity to present her newest work at a time when her most recent book is still the subject of appreciative discussion.

A New Game of Authors

A fascinating modern version of the old game of Authors is to compare your own opinion of a serialized novel with the reading public's judgment after it appears in book form. Those of our readers who missed the opportunity when Mr. Hutchinson's "This Freedom" was being published in instalments can enter the game next month with "The Secret of Margaret Yorke." For instance, in the first ten days of book sales, fifty-five thousand more copies of "This Freedom" were sold than of "If Winter Comes," the author's earlier success. How will "The Secret of Margaret Yorke" compare in popularity with other of Mrs. Norris's novels? With other fiction successes? To play the game honestly, you have to write your opinion while the story is running serially, then hold it for comparison with the facts.

Echoes from Better Homes Week

The first country-wide Better Homes Week in the history of this nation was held October ninth to fourteenth. The most patriotic and expert minds in America had given months of study to shaping a constructive program which should be followed for one week all over America. Governors of States and Federal officials set apart that week for serious thought of home. Model houses, properly furnished and equipped, were opened to the public in every State in the Union. This was no "Buy Your Own House" movement; it was not a furniture show, nor an electrical exhibit. It was all of these things in their proper relation and much, much more. It was a standard set up by non-commercial, unbiased men and women, having service to American home people as their only goal. In nearly five hundred cities there were actual houses, furnished and equipped according to a plan carefully worked out and put into effect by American women. Women carried through this great work successfully in some of the largest cities of the country, they carried it through in towns and villages, and even in the far places where home is bought at a price greater than money.

There are three towns in frozen Alaska where committees of women developed Better Homes demonstration houses. Furniture, equipment and decorations had to be carried to them over icy roads on dog-sleds. One of these towns is four hundred and eighty miles from a railroad. In Milton, Florida, there was no vacant house. Five patriotic citizens lent portions of their homes for demonstration week. The best living-room in the town was chosen and shown to the public; the most attractive dining-room furnished with the smallest expenditure of money was visited by the town and country people; the best kitchen was selected, and the nicest bedrooms; front and back yards were on exhibition. That Better Homes Week in Milton was a success.

Less than half of us own our homes, and millions of us move about every year. When moving means moving up, it is time to change; but too many of us move because we are restless and unstable. It wastes time and money, and it gains us nothing.

If you belong to a woman's club or church organization and there was no Better Homes demonstration in your town in October, bring up the subject for discussion in your club or your society, or write to THE DELINEATOR, which is the Bureau of Information for the Better Homes in America Movement. What was successfully done in five hundred cities last year must be accomplished in three times that many cities in the second year of the movement.

A Gift for Mothers

For the mother of any baby two years old or under there is one inexpensive Christmas gift that is sure to be welcome. We refer to THE DELINEATOR'S new "Baby Record Book," prepared by Dr. Bird T. Baldwin, Director of the Iowa State Laboratory for the Study of Normal Children. The book is a handsome volume, bound in green cloth, printed in large clear type and provided with pockets for records, certificates, prescriptions, etc. There are scientifically accurate but simple forms for keeping records of the child's physical and mental growth and instructions for making intelligent use of the data. Provision has been made for recording the baby's family history, notes of personal interest and items of sentimental value. Extra-heavy pages have been inserted for mounting photographs. The book will be mailed, postpaid, to any address in the United States for one dollar. Orders should be sent to Service Department, THE DELINEATOR.

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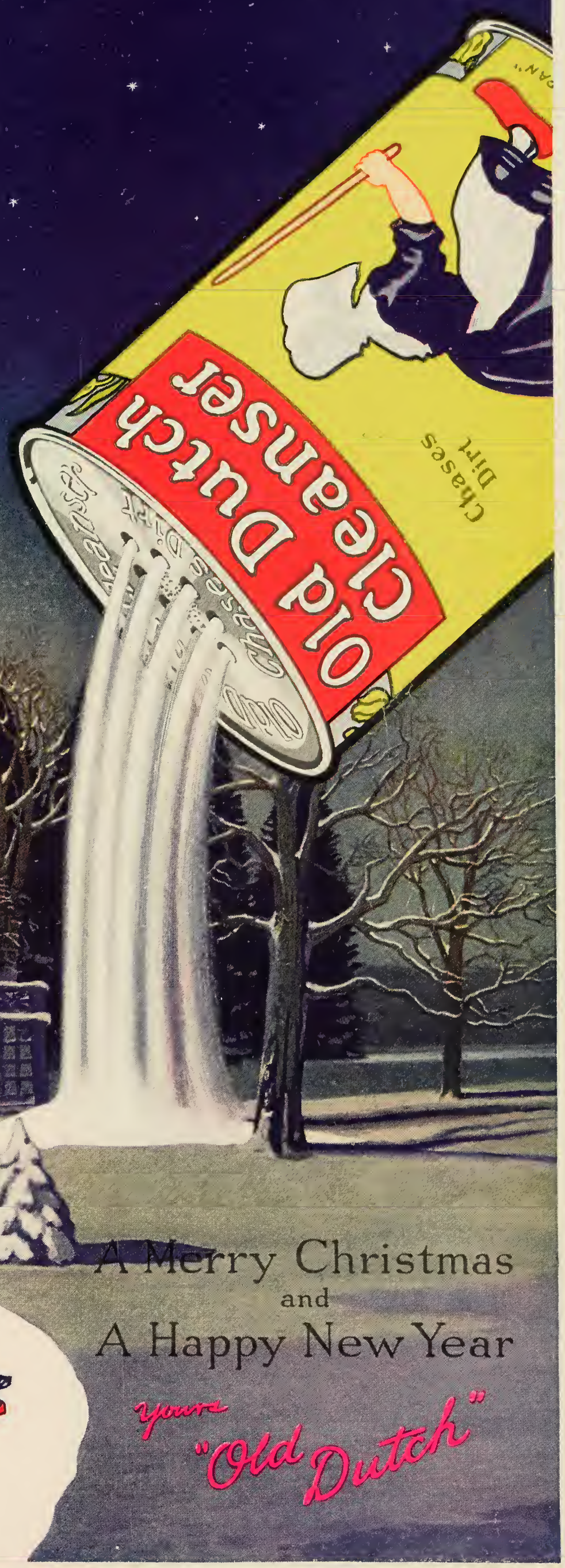
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MIX *and* SERVE

Edited with Willing Hands and a Mean Pencil by the Only Mere Man on the Staff

FOR the benefit of the 100's of 1,000's of women who now consult us as an authority on such subjects, we recommend the following set of New Year's resolutions ✿ ✿ ✿ Resolve to get off street-cars backward—it keeps the conductor alert to his duties, one of which is rescuing descending passengers from imminent death ✿ ✿ ✿ Resolve to leave a wad of chewing-gum concealed under the edge of soda-fountain counters, tea-room tables and the edge of the buffet bar at your favorite bootlegger's ✿ ✿ ✿ This pleasant custom helps to make life interesting for the next customer ✿ ✿ ✿ Resolve to step to the front of the line at a theater or other ticket office ✿ ✿ ✿ When the price of admission is two bits or less, always hand over a bill of large denomination ✿ ✿ ✿ When it is more, make the payment in pennies—and always count out the pennies one by one for the delectation of the gawping hoi polloi awaiting its turn ✿ ✿ ✿ Resolve to give your handwriting distinction ✿ ✿ ✿ Never mind whether it is legible or not; your correspondents will be so impressed by its distinctiveness that they will overlook the important message—if any ✿ ✿ ✿ Resolve to exchange as many purchases as possible at department stores and shops ✿ ✿ ✿ Most good merchants are proud of their service, and service grows with exercise ✿ ✿ ✿ When using advertised products, resolve to ignore the directions on the label or in the accompanying booklet of instructions ✿ ✿ ✿ The manufacturer throws these in merely to annoy you ✿ ✿ ✿ Resolve to hold a telephone conversation with *all* your friends *every day* ✿ ✿ ✿ Such social amenities make life worth living and you may also contribute to the progress of science by hastening the day when inventors will be driven to perfecting some other form of long-distance communication ✿ ✿ ✿ Resolve to speak slightingly of your own sex at every opportunity, but never fail to express displeasure when men do so ✿ ✿ ✿ Above all things, resolve to be modern ✿ ✿ ✿ Strive for self-expression, let the chips fall where they may ✿ ✿ ✿ Live your own life, regardless of consequences—to others ✿ ✿ ✿ Demand all your new rights without giving up any of your old privileges and never mind who pays the freight ✿ ✿ ✿ *Marguerite Waltz* is the appropriate name of the Philadelphia policewoman who has been appointed to supervise dances ✿ ✿ ✿ *Sheriff Harris* of *Springfield, Illinois*, has appointed thirty deputy sheriffs to hunt down automobile spooners who keep the surrounding farmers awake nights ✿ ✿ ✿ A *Youngstown, Ohio*, insurance collector has sued his wife for divorce on the ground that she went through his pockets while he slept and in eighteen months extracted $1,500 ✿ ✿ ✿ The *Bureau of Chemistry*, United States Department of Agriculture, has contrived a glass stomach to test the digestibility of foods ✿ ✿ ✿ Yesterday we suggested that our Household Economics Department secure one for testing recipes ✿ ✿ ✿ To-day we are not on speaking terms with the Household Economics Department ✿ ✿ ✿ Such is life in the editorial office of a woman's magazine ✿ ✿ ✿ A militant suffragette is grieved because there are only four statues erected to women in all *England* ✿ ✿ ✿ We are reliably informed that marble statues, when burned, yield an excellent quality of lime for whitewash ✿ ✿ ✿ *Mrs. Margaret W. Wallace*, recently appointed deputy sheriff in *Staten Island, New York*, to protect innocent girls, says there is no such animal; they are as extinct as buffaloes and Indians ✿ ✿ ✿ To misunderstood women and policewomen, to brave little women and strong-minded women, to business women and professional women, *Happy New Year!* ✿ ✿ ✿ To baby vamps and sob sisters, to grass and sod widows, to gold-diggers and leg-pullers, to social climbers and flappers, *Bonne Année!* ✿ ✿ ✿ To conductorettes and aviatrixes, farmerettes and manikins, nice girls and chaperones, scrub-ladies and chorus ladies, cute kids and ancient dames, *Feliz año Nuevo!* ✿ ✿ ✿ To lady cart-tail orators and rabble rousers, pulpit pounders and lime-light grabbers, committee chairwomen and tea fighters, *Glückliches Neujahr!* ✿ ✿ ✿ To lady editors, readers, contributors, hussies, wenches, molls, skirts and janes, *Buon Capodanno!* ✿ ✿ ✿ In short, to all the never-sufficiently-praised females of the species who walk, glide, trundle, waddle, swim, sling or crawl, *Happy New Year!*

The Path of Easy Housework *for* Holidays *and* All Days



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and
A Happy New Year

Yours "Old Dutch"

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THE DELINEATOR



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W. MARTIN JOHNSON Art Director

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FROM *the* EDITOR'S POINT *of* VIEW

LINCOLN THROUGH THE EYES OF FRANKLIN K. LANE

WHEN the immortal soul of Franklin K. Lane passed beyond human suffering a little less than a year ago, the American people realized that the nation had lost a great statesman and a true patriot. A few there were who knew that a great man of letters had passed. He had lived the biggest possible life. The great and the fine things had been grasped by him, moldéd into simple words and left in records behind him. Like Lincoln and Washington, he had the divine fire of love of country and the common touch with plain people.

A book entitled "Letters of Franklin K. Lane" has recently been compiled and published by Houghton, Mifflin and Company. It is a book which should be in every American home; its philosophy should be taught to every American child. Some of us who have grown older, and hardened in our shells, may yet be shaped to nobler lines by opening our minds and our hearts to the honest and kindly and wise philosophy of this great American.

Every page in this book is worthy of serious thought; they are pages which delight the mind and enrich it. We quote a fragment which Franklin K. Lane left among his letters—a tribute to Lincoln, the great hero. This month is the anniversary of Lincoln's birthday, and we feel that Mr. Lane, if choosing a page from his book for the readers of THE DELINEATOR, would choose this one:

"I never pass through Chicago without visiting the statue of Lincoln by St. Gaudens and standing before it for a moment uncovered. It is to me all that America is, physically and spiritually. I look at those long arms and long legs, large hands and feet, and I think that they represent the physical strength of this country, its power and its youthful awkwardness. Then I look up at the head and see qualities which have made the American—the strong chin, the noble brow, those sober and steadfast eyes. They were the eyes of one who saw with sympathy and interpreted with common sense. They were the eyes of earnest idealism limited and checked by the possible and the practicable. They were the eyes of a truly humble spirit whose ambition was not a love for power, but a desire to be supremely useful. They were eyes of compassion and mercy and a deep understanding. They saw far more than they looked at. They believed in far more than they saw. They loved men not for what they were, but for what they might become. They were patient eyes, eyes that could wait and wait and live on in the faith that right would win; they were eyes which challenged the nobler things in men and brought out the hidden largeness; they were humorous eyes that saw things in their true proportions and in their real relationships; they looked through cant and pretense and the great and little vanities of great and little men; they were the eyes of an unflinching courage and an unfaltering faith rising out of sincere dependence upon the Master of the Universe. To believe in Lincoln is to learn to look through Lincoln's eyes."

WHEN WE ARE OLD

PHILOSOPHY is a point of view by which we measure life. The greatest philosophers do not always agree, but their very disagreements may help others to think a little more clearly.

We have, from time to time, published on this page some of the philosophical thoughts of a distinguished Frenchwoman, Madame Roché. Her understanding of life has helped many other women. One of her comments has been challenged in this interesting letter from a reader of THE DELINEATOR:

"On a fore page of one of your recent issues, and under the caption "The Woman Who Has Lived," is this sentence: 'When we are old, we pretend to believe that we are still useful, as our excuse for living too long.'

"Why give us this unhappy thrust? Have we not enough to cool our ardor at sixty? Or discourage our efforts at seventy? After several years of active business life, an accident has made me quite helpless for the time being—indeed, I do not know if I shall ever be able to take up my accustomed work again. Would it help me to hail Despair?

"Not that it hasn't occurred to me that one might as well break one's neck as one's hip. But suppose we have conscientious scruples against suicide—what then? Shall we renounce our religion and turn on the gas? Or must we, on our sixtieth birthday—no later—climb up 'on the shelf'—not the lower shelf, where things are laid which may come handy, but the upper shelf, where we may rest undisturbed until next year—then to be shaken up, presented with a seasonable gift of flowers and flannels, and reminded that we have passed another mile-stone?

"Oh, but it's chilly and lonely!

"Dear lady, we do protest. Even on the shady side of life there are possibilities.

"Perhaps we can not run the car as fearlessly as Gladys, nor take a letter at a hundred a minute like Madge, yet you have still to prove that we are useless.

"We can save the day when cook has departed without warning and poor Betty is tearful and despairing over the Sunday dinner. We can start a song or play a tune for restless little feet to dance when the storm has kept every one at home and nerves are on edge. When mother must go to the hospital, of course we take the helm. We substitute at the club; we preside at the parish guild; we keep track of the primaries. Trivial matters?—so are drops of oil, but they keep the machinery going!

"Did Julia Ward Howe and Marian Harland only pretend to be useful until, at ninety, 'the silver cord was loosed?' Did Clara Barton and M. Louise Thomas just make believe when they carried food to famine-stricken Russia? What about our pioneer woman physician, Dr. Clement Lozier; or silver-haired Maria Mitchell, the astronomer? Among artists, Rosa Bonheur, Charlotte Cushman or plucky Sara Bernhardt? Does the world speak of Edison, Bell, Depew, Burroughs, De Morgan or Lord Bryce as mere pretenders?

"He errs who, with folded hands, says, 'I've had my day. The world has nothing for me.' Let him 'be blind to vanished joys'—clear off the rust, and fight for the truth and fresh ideals.

> "'What then? Shall we sit idly down and say
> The night hath come, it is no longer day?
> The night hath not yet come; we are not quite
> Cut off from labor by the failing light;
> Something remains for us to do or dare.
> Even the oldest tree some fruit may bare—
> For age is opportunity no less
> Than youth itself, though in another dress;
> And as the evening twilight falls away,
> The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.'
>
> "A. J. B."

We do not like to believe, in this country, that old age is a synonym for uselessness and hopelessness.

We do not say "old Mr. Edison" or "old Doctor Eliot," although both of them had reached age twenty years ago. They are vital figures in American life. This was true of Joseph Choate; it is true of Elihu Root, to whom the country has twice in the past five years turned for its surest guidance in a crisis. In the troubled days of the Peace Conference, when great minds with differing convictions clashed, it was Elihu Root, at seventy-four, who, by the request of the League of Nations, prepared a plan for a new permanent court of international justice.

In this century the count of years has after all little to do with one's real age.

I AM THE CHEATED CHILD

Eighty-two per cent. of the children of America are born with a chance to be vigorous men and women. Only seventeen per cent. grow up without a handicap. The sixty-five per cent. are cheated by life.

I am the cheated child.

I was born into this world with a chance to be happy, healthy and honest.
I opened my eyes in a world that needed me.
I came—the seed of good fruit.
I was given love—but not my chance.
Tender arms held me, loving eyes smiled at me, soft voices sang to me.
But—the gifts that God gave were thrown away.

I am the cheated child.

Those who loved me were blind with the blindness of ignorance.
Food and air and light I was given—but not what and when and where I needed them.
The rules of life were simple—but those who loved me did not know the rules.
They did the best they could—but they did not know.

I am the cheated child.

My mind is slow, my eyes weak, my nerves raw, my body twisted.
I meet life with doubts and fears—too weak to make a winning fight—
I—I who was born to work and laugh and play.
I am sixty- five per cent. of the children of my country.

Dear God, I am the future of my race.

I am the cheated child.

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CHILDISH PILFERING

Intelligent correction remedies a bad habit

By ANGELO PATRI

Author of "Child Training" and "A Schoolmaster in the Great City"



WHY do little children steal? Many parents are sore troubled because their children steal little things and take money. I get more appeals for assistance on this problem than on any other. Perhaps it will comfort mothers and fathers and teachers to know that their difficulties are common ones, and not by any means hopeless.

Children are just bundles of appetites and desires without the controlling influences of self-discipline which come through years of personal experience. Only living and working and saving and spending can teach the value and the place of money and the pain and suffering the loss of it causes. Children can not know the enormity of stealing. To them it is but taking something that will serve as a short-cut to their desire. When I was a little fellow of seven, I noticed that my mother laid away and treasured certain shining gold pieces of money. I sensed that these pieces would buy far more than the dull pennies that were doled out to me.

I wanted a wagon. My, I did want that wagon! There was a boy down the street who owned one. I thought if I could have one like his I would be the happiest boy alive. I dreamed about that wagon. I remembered the shining gold pieces, and when an opportunity offered I climbed up on a chair and clutched one. Dropping it into the deepest corner of my tiny pocket, I went down the street to where the boy with the wagon lived. Would he give me his wagon for my gold piece? He would. He would do it so quickly, so eagerly, that my suspicions were aroused. I thought to myself, "This shining piece is very big. Perhaps it will buy me two wagons." And I held on to the coin in my pocket.

SOME one told my mother that I had a gold piece and she came looking for me and led me home. "No, no! I have no gold piece!" When she took it from my pocket, "No, no! I did not take it!" When she counted over the pieces and showed me that one was gone, "I found this one! It could not be one of yours!"

Poor mother was greatly troubled and worried. She took the gold piece and put it with the others and then put them all back in their place. She cried so hard that I felt, "I must have done a very dreadful thing. I must have hurt her very much. Perhaps she liked those pieces very much and hated to lose one. Yes, that must be it: she liked them a lot."

It was many years before I understood what I had really done that day when I took the gold piece. I remember it all very clearly now when I get a letter from some troubled mother saying that her son or her daughter has taken money and denied having done so, even when confronted by the facts. I remember my childish groping after the cause of my mother's distress and my utter blankness as far as the real cause was concerned.

"My son went to my purse and took money from it and bought fireworks which he sent off outside the village to give the children a treat. When I told him about it, he said, 'Yes, I did it.' He took it and bought the fireworks just as I said he did. He didn't seem to have the least regret about it or to feel that he was doing something very wrong."

He was just like me, I think. He wanted something very much. Then he thought of the money that would get it for him, and because he had no background of experience to pull him away, he took the money and bought the fireworks. He had neither remorse nor regret, because he knew of nothing to be remorseful or regretful about. He had no knowledge of the social side of the sin of stealing as we know it. He knew that his mother would not let him have the money, but he did not know why. He knew the commandment, but only as words—nothing more. Time and experience will make the words meaningful to him and then he will understand about it all—not until then.

Taking what you want becomes stealing according to the social conditions in which you live. The child is in the first stages of property experiences. He takes as his ancestors of a thousand years ago took. Only our complicated social code makes it stealing now.

A WEE girl went visiting where there was a doll, a wonderful doll. All her life she had dreamed of such a doll. The bundles of rags, the shawls, the clothes-pins and the padded sticks that she had masqued and paraded as dolls were but the shadows of her dream. When the time came to make her good-by curtsy, the doll was snuggled well up under her cloak. All the way home she held her prize close to her frightened heart. She must have the doll. She must! *She must!* For days she kept her treasure hidden, stealing to it as often as she could. Then came the note from the hostess of a few days ago, asking if there could be the possibility of the child's having made the mistake of—etc., etc.

The whole story came out. Wicked child! Wicked, wicked child who had disgraced herself and her people and was destined for the lake of hell-fire! Night after night she hid her disgraced head in her lonely pillow and wept. Her shocked parents punished her severely and for many a long day watched her with anxious fear. This poor little child who was starving for a dolly of her own.

The wee girl is a woman now, sweet-faced and gracious, and all that her parents could have hoped. She holds a position of high trust and responsibility and is known to millions of people as a leader of women. But to this day she remembers the dolly she hid beneath her cloak and all the heart-breaking consequences, and she smiles a little sadly at the recollection of it all. "They didn't understand, you see. They didn't know how much I wanted a doll, and thought I was stealing, committing a grave sin. I'm trying to make people understand more about children so that such things can not happen."

I received a distressed mother in my office not long ago. "I never had any trouble to speak of with my little daughter until just lately," she said. "She steals candy. No matter where I hide it, she finds it and eats it. Whatever shall I do?"

Put the candy where she can see it. Teach her to eat it properly. She may make herself sick once or twice, but that will give her the experience which will teach her to control herself the next time she sees candy. A child old enough to search the house for candy is old enough to take the consequences of finding it.

The sense of deprivation makes one long for the desired object the more. Once it is within reach, once it becomes the commonplace thing, the desire to ave it is appeased.

It is well always to make provision for "the wagon." It is a far better way than devising punishments for taking what did not belong to them. Punishments are of little use unless they are the logical sequences of the child's action. If he takes money from the household budget, it is right that he lose something that the budget carried for him. If he must wear his old coat instead of the new one planned for, that is just and right. If he spends the money that was given him to buy the butter for the family, it is right that he go without butter until he pays for it.

Find the cause of stealing and the effect will cease. When a child steals, ask yourself why he did it. If it was mere acquisitiveness, it will soon pass away. Remember that the first instinct of the child is to clutch and hold fast. Training and experience will loosen the grip of the childish hands.

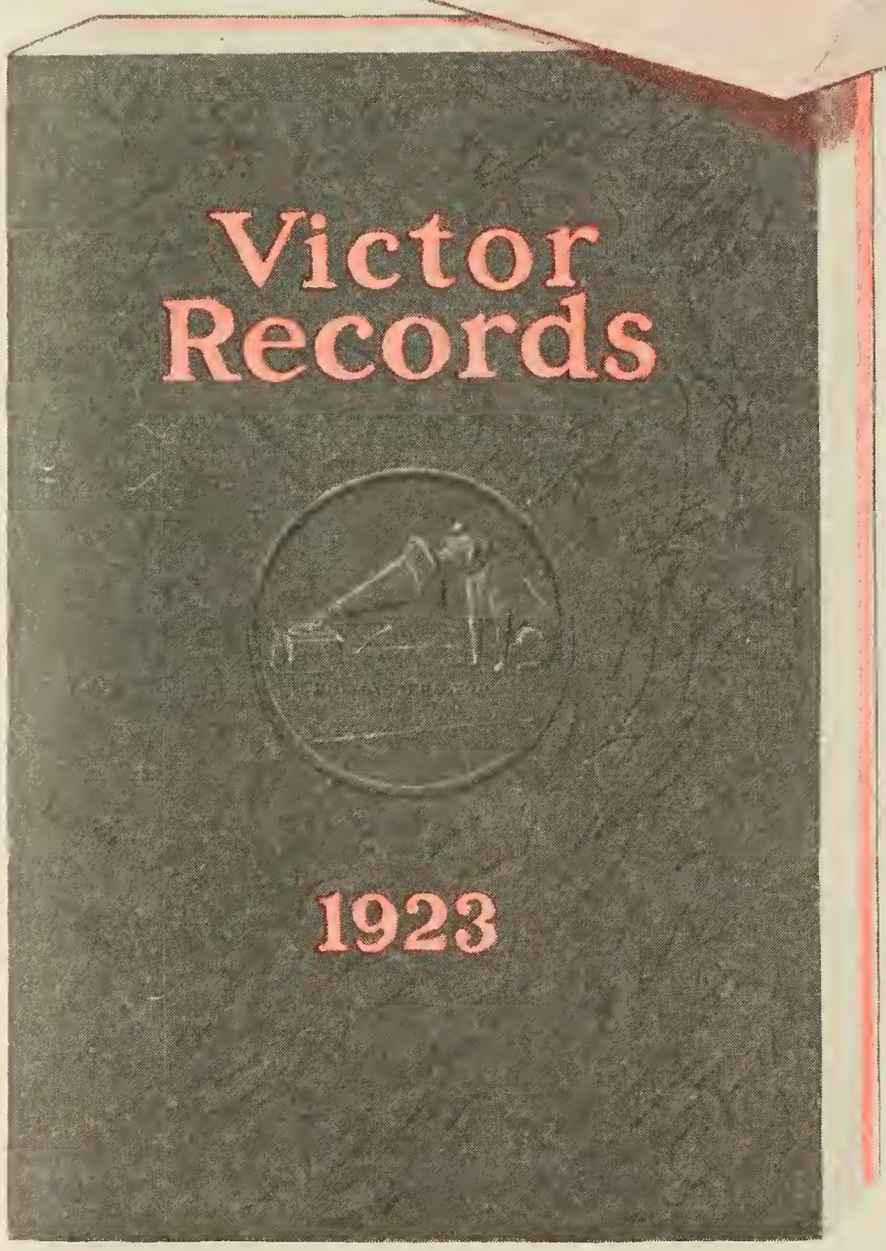
When he steals money, decide whether or not he should have had money to spend for his needs and desires in the first place. Set the stage for honesty. Respect the child's belongings, never taking them without his permission. Do not send a child to your money-drawer or to your purse for money until he is ready for such responsibility. If he brings home something that does not belong to him, send him back with it. Try to satisfy the child's reasonable wants lest the sense of deprivation strengthen beyond help.

IF YOU can not give him what he asks for, try to substitute another idea. When a child cries for the moon, his mother, sensing real desire, hands him a silver spoon and he sees in its polished face his own puckered one and is comforted. When the growing lad asks for a motor-car, change the subject to skis or a trip to camp or a visit to the farm. Give him another interest.

After all, it is the background of the child's mind that decides whether he shall steal or not steal. Backgrounds, mental backgrounds, are made of experiences. Each idea that says "steal" ties itself to the one just ahead that said the same thing, and the idea that says "don't steal" ties itself to those of its kind that had gone before. The idea with the strongest background wins out. Do you see how important it is, then, that the children feel your honesty, see your honesty, sense it in every hour of daily living? *You* make his background.

Be patient and teach on, then. Seek out the cause of the pilfering and adjust that. Experiences, not punishment, are what the child needs to help him get the idea—a most intangible one after all—of the mine and thine of this present-day civilization.

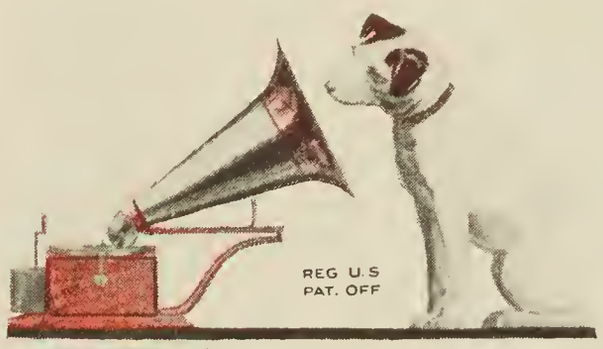




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Habutai Silk
Laundered 37 times—
still white!

*

The owner of this beautiful tailored blouse attributes her remarkable success to the exclusive use of Ivory Flakes. "A blouse of this material is usually difficult to keep white," says her letter. But after 37 washings with Ivory Flakes it is, as she says, "still white."

(This blouse and its owner's letter are on file for inspection in the Procter & Gamble office.)

Canton Crêpe?
Careful! First consider this test for laundering safety

Is there in your wardrobe a particularly precious and costly blouse of sheer silk—perhaps embroidered, perhaps trimmed with filmy chiffon—which you have never been willing to trust to soap and water?

It would probably stand clear water, but—the *soap!*

Think! There *must* be a soap in some form, white, mild and gentle enough for such a garment. But how can soaps be *tested—before* you actually imperil a garment of such value?

Here is the test:

Ask yourself this question:

"Would I be willing to use the soap on my face?"

Consider in this way all soaps in any form offered for delicate garments—your confident choice will almost inevitably rest with Ivory Flakes. For Ivory Flakes is simply Ivory Soap—flaked petal-thin for gentle washbowl laundering of the most delicate fabrics ever woven.

Ivory Soap is the chosen soap of millions of women for their *skin.* Its purity, mildness and whiteness have been known and trusted for forty-four years. No wonder, then, that Ivory Flakes passes the face-test with highest honors.

When you wash the less delicate textiles of your household, you may use Ivory Flakes because it is *economical.* But when, with infinite care, you launder those exceedingly *precious* things so dear to your heart, use Ivory Flakes because it is *safe!*

We shall be glad to have you try Ivory Flakes at our expense. Just follow the directions in the lower left-hand corner.

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Makes dainty clothes last longer

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Beginning a new novel

THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

Author of "Certain People of Importance," etc., etc.

PART I

"FEELING quite yourself again, Miss Yorke?"

"Oh, quite, thank you, Mrs. Cutting. Only ashamed to have made so much trouble!"

And Margaret Yorke, slipping into her usual seat, beside her employer's chair, sent the older woman a grateful and reassuring smile. Only yesterday at this hour, she remembered, she had been reading to Mrs. Cutting here in the peaceful garden and wondering with youthful impatience if "anything" ever would happen again! Happenings of any sort were not usual in the ordered routine of the Cutting household.

But now Margaret's one nervous prayer was that somehow life would get back to its safe and stupid routine. If only her heart would stop beating so spasmodically, and if only Mrs. Cutting would let her begin to read again——

"Shall I read?" she asked uneasily.

But Mrs. Cutting was not quite done with the surprising event of the morning.

"The trouble was nothing," she said kindly. "But I felt so sorry to have you topple over that way! You're sure you shouldn't have stayed in bed?"

"Oh, I'm absolutely all right—I don't know why I fainted!" Margaret protested eagerly. "It isn't usual with me—I think I've never fainted in my life before."

"Luckily, Foote was right there at the club with the car," Mrs. Cutting said complacently. "I was just talking to Mrs. Priest—and suddenly she said: 'Why, Miss Yorke has fainted!' Well, we whisked you right home—I knew a good rest in bed was what you needed,'' Mrs. Cutting pursued. "It was the heat, I suppose—I think one feels these first hot days——"

Thankfully, meekly, Margaret murmured assent. She opened "The Law and the Word," and for a time her pleasant voice, reading, was the only sound in the garden. Then Mrs. Cutting shut her eyes, and Margaret realized that she was dozing.

Silence fell in the garden—silence, that is, as much as any brimming garden ever knows in a Western April. Margaret leaned back in her chair and relaxed in soul and body with a deep, great sigh. And the thousand little voices of the early Summer began to weave a bright pattern of tiny sounds in the still afternoon.

THE chairs, luxurious deep basket-chairs, were placed upon a big Persian rug in the mellow shadow of giant sprawling oaks. Below them the lawn sloped down, a stretch of flawless emerald, and beyond and all about the lawn were the shrubs and trees of the famous old garden. The architectural claims of the house—a wooden monstrosity of bay windows and balustraded porches—had been eclipsed long ago by the Italian and Spanish and Colonial mansions that were beginning now to make the peninsula beautiful, but the Cutting garden was one of the loveliest in all California.



"SHE WAS A WOMAN WHO PUT JOY INTO EVERYTHING—MOTHER. AND WHEN SHE WENT—WHEN SHE WENT——"

When Kathleen Norris wrote "Mother," she found an eager public who wanted just what she had to give: charm and sympathy and understanding—and a real story. Since then she has grown steadily in those qualities which first endeared her to her readers, and in her latest book, "Certain People of Importance," she has achieved a literary triumph. Writers, critics, readers, are agreed upon this story as "a great document of America," "an epic book." In "The Secret of Margaret Yorke" Mrs. Norris has given us one of the most real and colorful of all her stories—a swiftly moving tale, packed with suspense.

Margaret Yorke, who was Eastern born, never ceased to marvel at the prodigality of it. The long dry Western Summer was one blaze of color; the fresh Western air was eternally scented with exquisite odors.

Mid-April—why, that was only the beginning of Spring in Connecticut or down on Long Island! Sometimes there was actual snow there in mid-April, and at best the willows would be only showing their timid withes of green and the elms and maples be dotted with crimson and jade against bare boughs.

But here, the fruit-blossoms were gone, and the acacia was turning brown, and the bridal-wreath and pansies and Cherokee roses were in the full of their perfumed bloom. A million buds were bursting everywhere: the climbing yellow-and-white banksia roses were dotted thick with them; the lilacs were already showing dark-purple tips; there were border pinks and wall-flowers, and the sturdy blazing marigolds ready to burst along the prim brick walks.

THE afternoon was still—not a leaf stirred. The sunshine and shadow lay in motionless pools of color and darker color, green and darker green. Some birds were splashing in the marble basin at the foot of the lawn, and Margaret, drowsy in the stillness and in the scented warmth and shaded brilliance, heard a screen door close lightly in the direction of the house, heard the occasional mellow honk of a motor-car sweeping along the polished highway that ran without interruption from San Francisco, a dozen miles north, to Los Angeles, more than four hundred due south.

"Jim?" said Mrs. Cutting, suddenly, opening her eyes. "Right beyond that clump of snow-balls," Margaret supplied. "He and Nora are building a village." Then, seeing the anxious look in the other's eyes, she called: "*Jim*-ee!"

Immediately a rustling took place in the rich foliage of the snowballs. A rosy, squarely built boy of four, with his head a tawny mop of thick hair and his small body encased in a brief garment of blue and white, appeared and beamed at Margaret, who was his special chum and favorite.

"W-o-t?" he called back boldly.

"Nothing, darling. Go on playing. Mummy just wanted to see that you were all right, that was all."

The snowballs quivered again, the boy was gone. Mrs. Cutting smiled.

"He has a nervous mummy," she admitted. And again she leaned back and shut her eyes.

A pleasant place in which to find oneself, mused Margaret. It seemed a very haven of peace and safety today; had it been only yesterday that she had thought it monotonous and dull? Her thoughts moved toward the ordered events of this most systematic of households with new gratitude and appreciation. Rather—rather this forever, than fear and change again!

The afternoon she knew would ripen and decline softly, the shadow and shine moving slowly over the grass. And in a little while Rudolph, extremely correct in his whipcord, followed by the equally correct Molly, would come across the rose-garden and down the brick steps and along the walk.

Would Mrs. Cutting drive this afternoon?

"I believe I will!" Mrs. Cutting always said, with an air of intense surprise. Consultations with Margaret followed; why need they change? "I see no reason why we should not simply get our wraps," Mrs. Cutting always said.

Then another pause. Should they take Jim?

They usually decided to take Jim. If they were to make a call or stop at the club for tea, then Nora went. In any case they had a peaceful, dreamy, restful excursion and came back to the house at about six, when Jim was whisked off for bath, supper and bed.

MRS. CUTTING then must lie down, but Margaret always went up to the nursery for the final events of Jim's well-regulated little day. Margaret idolized the little boy, as indeed all the household did, and she was as anxious as Mrs. Cutting to be sure that all went well with him. There had been four little Cuttings before Jim, four delicate and ill-fated little Cuttings who all too young took the same path, the path that ended among the white stones upon the Colma hills—and Jim was the last.

"The last of the Cuttings!" Mrs. Cutting sometimes called him. Margaret had been with her several months before she was told, and then by a casual woman at the country club, that this radiant child was merely an adopted one.

Margaret never made any allusion to it. It gave her employer satisfaction to maintain the little pretense, and with all her restless, hungry heart she longed to please gentle, pathetic, faded Mrs. Cutting.

"Everybody has been always trying to please her, and she never had done a thing for it, except be born a Crittenden, and marry a Cutting!" Margaret would fume, in her angry moods. But in more reasonable moments she almost loved this pale-cheeked, pale-haired, weary-voiced aristocrat, so sure of herself, of her position, so established in bank and church and society, who could yet be so gentle, so considerate and so grateful. Margaret had been with her now for three years, and the older woman depended upon her—indeed, loved her. And Margaret in return was grateful for her quiet friendship and for the protection of the ugly, aristocratic wooden house under its eucalyptus and willow trees.

Her gratitude and affection, however, did not extend itself to Mrs. Cutting's nephew and closest relative, Stanley Crittenden, who was like a son in the house and who would some day inherit most of the estate. For it was generally recognized that little Jim would have only a younger son's portion, should his adopted mother die in his minority, and that Stan, the popular and beloved, would be master of the fortune and the big ranch in the Santa Cruz mountains.

Margaret, considering Stan and his claims, would say to herself impatiently that it was nothing to her! He was handsome, he was clever and popular and good—very well, let him be all this and more, and let him some day marry one of the girls who were so crazy about him, and build the Spanish hacienda house he was always planning for the ranch! But please—please don't ask her to be so eternally enthusiastic about him, because he bored her to death!

THUS Margaret, in the airy privacy and silence of her room, or over her book in the garden, or wandering about the ranch with Jim's little warm hand in hers.

But when Mrs. Cutting spoke of her nephew, Margaret was naturally all civil appreciation. She looked at pictures of Stan: "A horrible little prig!" she commented mentally upon his dancing-school velvets, and "One of those imbecile drippy-mouthed babies!" she thought of a picture of eight-months-old Stan in a shell. She thought him affectedly rough and untidy in his football suit—in fact, she did not like him at all in any guise.

So that it was hard to have his aunt eternally praising him, eternally inviting responsive praise. Margaret had to arrange dinner-parties to suit Stan's preferences, she had to accompany her employer to Del Monte to see Stan play polo and to Pebble Beach to see Stan play golf. Other young women, smartly stockinged and striped-skirted and bobbed of hair, would crowd about him, full of gay familiarities, praise and affection; Margaret despised them. And when, after dinner, they reappeared freshly brushed and powdered, in irresistible little gold-and-silver frocks, Margaret would eye them darkly for a few moments until Stan appeared, always handsomest and most at ease in his irreproachable evening dress. And then, before the first little adorer had surrendered her curls, bare arms and silver lace into his arm, Margaret would retire, with a book, assuring herself that they were a silly lot—trying to believe that all this waste of time and money amused them!

The position of Stanley Crittenden was that of any well-born, handsome, amiable young man who finds himself still single, with a large income, three or four congenial clubs, and more than comfortable prospects, at thirty-two. He was vice-president of the family lumber business in San Francisco, he worked honestly and played with even more enthusiasm, and he would have been dull indeed not to realize that he was a universal favorite.

His was one of those fortunate natures that give small ground to envy and dislike. He really was the charming, friendly, honest, unspoiled fellow he seemed. Visiting ladies at the polo, golf or tennis matches immediately picked him out.

And the visiting ladies would meet him; his world was filled with fair-haired girls who smiled at him and rosy brunettes who talked sports. A famous actress made him conspicuous for the three weeks of her San Francisco stay by frankly falling in love with him; a New York society leader was said to be mad about him. He smiled upon, he flirted adeptly with them all. His face was usually burned a deep bronze, his teeth were white against it when he smiled, his light-brown straight hair would be in disorder from the violence of his playing, he would twist a racket or weigh a club with delightful boyish awkwardness while he talked. All the world loved him, except Margaret, who, watching him disdainfully, had long before this decided that he never lost the effect of a single ingenuous smile, of a single backward toss of the tumbled mane—and who despised him accordingly.

Stan lived with his aunt, in Burlingame, theoretically. Actually he spent much time with his friends, at his San Francisco club, or wherever inclination took him. At least one night a week found him at Uplands, the famous dairy farm in the Santa Cruz mountains. It had belonged to his uncle, Ross Cutting; it had been a rich man's delight and toy. But since her husband's death, Mrs. Cutting no longer seemed to consider it her responsibility. Stan practically managed it now, entertained his friends there, and was understood either to own it or to be upon the point of receiving it, as a gift, from his aunt.

THIS was perhaps the hardest thing for Margaret to accept. She truly loved the big farm, where she and Jim and Mrs. Cutting spent their holidays all year long. And it was hard to think that Stan, with all his other good fortune, was master here. Margaret, liking perhaps to think herself a little his superior, would have been glad to have him scorn the shabby wooden ranch-house, the homely simplicity that reigned at Uplands. It was somehow oddly disconcerting to realize that he was really at his happiest and best when he was there.

Mrs. Cutting had introduced the young people hopefully. She could talk to Margaret about anything, everything, all day long, and she hoped to find in Stan a congenial subject. But from the instant of their meeting both Stan and Miss Yorke had shown something almost like hostility. The girl fenced with him, was always nettled and unnatural in his presence, and Stan, who was at heart simple and unaffected, was antagonized by finding a woman who did not like him. Darn it! he didn't mind that, he thought—let her think what she pleased! —but she might be civil.

"I don't get her," he assured his aunt. Mrs. Cutting was, upon second thoughts, not sorry. The girl was really extremely handsome, after all, and armed neutrality was possibly the safest relationship for the pair.

"She has been a wonderful solution for me," she protested mildly. "I don't know what I should have done without her!"

"What's her history?" Stan had once asked. His aunt, reviewing readily all that she knew, had to admit it was not much after all. She, Mrs. Cutting, had despaired three years ago of finding the right woman to help her with letters, with bills, with social responsibilities and with the recently adopted Jim. And this girl, delicate after a severe sickness, had turned up in California with unexceptionable letters from Trowbridge, the old family lawyer in New York.

"Trowbridge couldn't have spoken more highly of any one, Stan. I was just beginning to have my terrible headaches—Jim was really too much for me. And you can see that she's a gentlewoman; she's absolutely reserved, never talks of herself. She's been simply wonderful! It gives me a sort of pleasure to respect her and show her that I do," said Mrs. Cutting more than once, "and to do everything I can to make her position comfortable and happy here."

"She adores you, Aunt Hat, and no wonder!" Stanley would tell her. "But oh, what she doesn't think about *me!*" he added, one day. "A skin that you would love to touch—with a bat. I noticed her yesterday with Jim at the club. You'd sent Foote over with my clothes, you know. 'Foote, there is Mr. Crittenden,' she said. Gosh, I can't give the tone! She might as well have added, 'It's a quarter of a mile's walk home, but he prefers to change here and keep you waiting while your dinner gets cold!'"

"I'M SURE Foote always loves to do anything for you, dear," Mrs. Cutting answered, in mild surprise. "And he dines very late, anyway, so that I'm *sure* you were mistaken!"

Margaret Yorke was a tall, slender, dark girl, reserved and silent. Her skin was a soft even olive, flushing into exquisite apricot on her high cheek-bones, and her cloud of black, silky hair framed her thin, intelligent face like smoke. There was an exquisite tawny pallor about her coloring, not immediately impressive, but beautiful in its way when it became familiar. Her eyes were a dark Irish blue, set in black, upcurling long lashes and surrounded by what the Irish themselves call "the touch of sooty fingers." The fine, straight black brows almost met beneath her low, wide forehead, and her mouth was wide, thin-lipped, scarlet and strangely disciplined and stern for the mouth of a girl her age. Her hands were brown, thin, nervous and virile, and she used them beautifully.

Stanley, a judge of beauty, had said to himself when he first noticed her that she had none. But he had admired the slenderness and the quick, nervous grace of her body; and of late her cryptic smile and her mysterious, quite unembarrassed silences had begun to hold an odd charm for him too. He said to himself that she was a darned nice girl, even if she was a little offish with him; she was always so sweet with his aunt and the kid, and looked as crisp and well-groomed every morning at breakfast as most women did after hours at their toilettes.

There had been an August day at the ranch when he had particularly noticed her. She and the child had been discovered swimming, by Stanley and a group of friends he had unexpectedly brought down. He had seen, that day, that the soft, warm Gipsy brown of her coloring extended all over her body and that her arms and legs were beautifully made, slim and straight, like a boy's. He had liked the look, half-proud and half-confused, with which she had passed him and his friends, leading the child, and had remembered for some days the challenging glance of those blue eyes under the drying, dripping mop of black hair.

And then there had been another day, too, when he was in his aunt's room in the Burlingame house and Margaret had come in, furred and veiled, with cheeks rosy from Winter air and violets at her breast. She had looked pretty—more than merely pretty: she had looked startlingly handsome that day.

Since then he had conceded her beauty. But he told himself that he did not like the girl—too damn secretive and superior! And they regarded each other with a thinly veiled hostility and a reluctant respect.

On this particular April evening, at seven o'clock, Stan and Margaret met by chance just before dinner. The handsomest homes of the Summer colony, with the Cutting home in their very center, were set in a nest of hills, hills sparsely wooded with magnificent sprawling oaks. Upon these hills the stone and brick fences made a network; the Castlemans' garden looked over the Bristols' side wall, the Bishops and Popes and Priests had for fifty friendly years used the same curving driveway.

BELOW the Cutting rose-garden was the sunken garden, with the long pool and the dial, and beyond that, dappled with shade and sun all day and bathed now in clear, shadowless twilight, lay the back of the Hendersons' magnificent Italian garden and a wedge-shaped slice of the Cornwells' lawn. Beside the oaks there were hundreds of other trees now, planted trees: there were the thin yellow-green screening of poplars and the feathery plumes of willow and pepper and eucalyptus trees, and there were laurels and oranges, and pyramids of roses almost as large.

Margaret, after the bedtime riot with Jim, had dressed and come out to the terrace for a breath of quiet and solitude after the day. She missed solitude more than any other thing in this oddly subservient life. It was with a sense of incredible relief that she heard, at rare intervals, her employer's decision to attend a dinner or to spend a day in town without the escort of Miss Yorke.

She saw Stan long before he saw her—saw him crossing the Tubbs' tennis-court and opening the latticed gate into his aunt's shrubberies. The tall figure, in its flannels, with the cap pushed off his forehead as a concession to the untimely heat of the day, moved comfortably yet steadily between the low twisted and gnarled limbs of the great oaks.

He came up the brick steps and smiled when he saw the dark-haired girl, a shadow among shadows, on the upper terrace.

With almost any other woman of his acquaintance Stan would have found a dozen things to say, but Mar-



"WE HATED EACH OTHER—LAST YEAR. BUT EVEN THAT'S—SOMETHING"

garet's mere presence made him feel faintly antagonistic and uncomfortable, and he heard himself saying forcedly:

"Well! My aunt isn't down yet?"

"I don't know," she answered, so briefly and coldly that Stan immediately realized that his query might be construed into a suggestion that if Aunt Hat *were* down-stairs, Miss Yorke must necessarily be in attendance upon her.

To obliterate this unfortunate impression, he loitered beside her at the brick wall above the lower terrace.

"Peachy, isn't it?" he asked, of the garden in the soft dusk.

She gave him a quiet side glance and for one uneasy minute he thought she was not going to answer him, except with that dispassionate look. But then she said:

"It *is* beautiful. The nicest hour of the day, I think."

"I DO, too!" He wanted her to say one thing more, to prove to his satisfaction that she could not snub him into silence with her airs, and then he would rush in and dress. But to his annoyance she was placidly still.

"You've—you've lived most of your life in the country?" Stan hazarded.

Again there was that disquieting silence. The dark eyes moved thoughtfully to his face. Margaret said simply:

"Oh, no. No; most of my childhood was spent in New York. My father died when I was quite small, and mother—mother and I lived there."

Something wistful, something almost shaken in the tone with which her voice lingered upon the repeated word stirred Stanley. He realized that in the three years that he had known her casually, an efficient shadow in his aunt's house, and in these few last months when they had seemed to be drawn together by their very unlikeness, they had never been so close.

"You've lost your mother, Miss Yorke?"

"Eight years ago."

This answer came readily and simply. She was not looking at him now; he could only see the clean-cut line of her cheek, vanishing against the smoky sweep of dark hair. But he could see her hands, the thin, nervous wrists disappearing in the prim embroidered cuffs that were silhouetted against her dark gown. These hands, long-fingered and beautifully shaped, resting upon the top of the old wall, glimmered pearly in the dusk.

"You and she were alone?" Stan ventured.

Margaret was silent for a long space. But he did not feel hostility now; he knew that she was remembering—gathering words.

"I had to begin living again, just as I would if you picked me up now and put me down in the center of a Zulu village," she said slowly. "There was not a book—not a friend—not a moment's work or pleasure upon which we were not united. We planned—we worked—we breakfasted and lunched and dined together—we shared one room. She was a woman who put joy into everything—mother. And when she went—when she went——"

"She had gone to a hospital, you know," Margaret went on, as if she were thinking aloud. "She had had this heavy cold. The doctor thought that was all—at first. And—this Sunday afternoon, they began suddenly to be so gentle— Oh, you don't know what that is! You don't know what that is!

"It was an April night—like this one, balmy and soft. And the street below the hospital window—I remember thinking that some day I would tell her how I had watched that street, when she was sickest! I turned back to the chart—I'd hung over that chart, of course, and I remember the nurse saying so gently: 'I don't believe I'd read that, Miss Yorke!'

"I went over—and knelt down beside the bed——"

THE faltering voice stopped. Stan saw the brown thin hands wrung in a passionate clasp. There was utter silence on the terrace. The fragrant gloom about them deepened, and far down below, among the spreading oaks, where a gap in the low hills gave upon eastern upland meadows, there was the first milky filtering of early moonlight.

"And since then," Stanley ventured, "you've been alone?"

He saw her head come up suddenly, as if in fright, and caught a glimpse of fire in the blue eyes. And to his amazement her breast moved stormily, upon a quick breath.

"No—no!" she said agitatedly and incoherently. "But that—that— You have no right to ask me that! Trowbridge—Trowbridge knows——"

"My dear girl," Stanley interrupted her, "I am not asking you anything. I merely supposed——"

"Yes, yes; I know!" she interrupted in her turn, apologetically and soothingly, and with the return of her usual composed manner. "I'm sorry! I thought for a moment—I'm nervous, sometimes. I know you didn't mean to—frighten me. It was my fault. Your aunt—your aunt will be down-stairs, I think. Shall we—shall we go in?"

They turned without another word, without any comment from Stan. But when they reached the dark bushes and the impenetrable blackness of the curving, vine-swathed steps that led up to the porch, the man suddenly felt his hand grasped firmly by those nervous fingers. She needed his guidance in the dark.

Inexplicably thrilled, he tightened his big hard hand over hers. It was for but a moment; in a few seconds they were crossing the old-fashioned, wooden-balustraded piazza and blinking in the yellow warm lights of the sitting-room. Mrs. Cutting looked up placidly from her basket-chair.

"Miss Yorke, would you— Oh, there you are, Stan!" She received his kiss on her forehead under the sculptured ripple of her graying hair. "I was going to ask you to telephone Mr. Crittenden, Miss Yorke," she said carefully. "But now that he is here, we are spared that trouble. We needn't telephone now. I wasn't sure that you would be here, dear, so I thought I would just have Miss Yorke telephone—however, here you are, and we needn't telephone now."

Stanley had departed early in this speech to change and brush, and Margaret, quite composed, was conferring with a maid. Mr. Crittenden was dining here—yes. And please ask Foote for the card-table in the library; there were new cards on Miss Yorke's desk.

"The Wylies are coming over for coffee," observed Mrs. Cutting anxiously. "How can we play? That's five——"

"Don't count me!" Margaret said, perfunctorily. She knew it would be of no avail; her hostess preferred her to any other partner.

"STAN—we can't drop him," murmured his aunt. "He doesn't play very well, but he does so like it!"

"He loves to play with you, Mrs. Cutting. And since Mrs. Wylie doesn't play extremely well, that balances it."

But the fact that the rich and self-confident Mrs. Wylie believed herself to play superbly was one reason why Mrs. Cutting so liked to defeat her. Stan's aunt had a mental vision of Margaret's definite, clever pencil scoring triumphs; four tricks doubled and redoubled, and one hundred for the extra trick, and honors—who had honors?

So she merely said, "No; I don't think that would do!" a phrase that Margaret often heard from her, which meant simply that Mrs. Cutting wouldn't *allow* it—whatever it was—to "do," and that some other arrangement must be made.

Continued on page 90

Wanted: A CHURCH

A layman asks some questions of timely interest and is answered by spokesmen for four religious denominations

By GERALD MYGATT

I AM looking for a church. I believe I am one of several million Americans who are looking, much as I am, for the very same thing.

Just how many millions or thousands or hundreds or dozens we number, nobody knows. I am convinced that there are a whaling lot of us. But naturally the only person I can answer for is me. So I shall use the first person, singular, and say my say.

I am looking, as I have stated, for a church. Yet perhaps that is not precisely so. Perhaps what I am looking for is a minister; perhaps a priest, a parson, a rector, a rabbi. I don't exactly know. The important thing is that I am looking. It is true that I am not looking very hard; and that is important too. But I am conscious of looking just the same.

I was brought up in a church. That is, I was brought up by churchgoing parents; I went to church as a younger man, I went to Sunday-school as a boy. As a matter of fact, unless my membership has lapsed from non-payment of dues, I am actually a member of a church to-day. But I'm a non-resident member. I don't go to that church or to any other, except semioccasionally. Yet I am conscious that I am looking for a church—or for something.

No; I'm not looking for religion. We must get that straight right off. I have a religion, a fairly satisfactory one, built up largely by myself. What I would like to find—what I must find some time—is a means of having that religion crystallized for me, straightened out for me, molded, brought into the oneness of humanity's interests. In other words, what I must find some time is a church.

I am extremely doubtful that such a church exists. Perhaps it does. If it does, I want to shake hands with it, warmly. And I am convinced that there are several million others in my shoes who will be ready to greet it with the same enthusiasm. If such a church doesn't exist, can't we do something about it? Or can't some church—or all churches—come half-way, or part way, or even a little way, to meet us? Aren't we—we whom the cartoons laugh at as Sunday golfers and whom certain preachers stigmatize as the ungodly—aren't we worth, well, saving? We are pretty good citizens, most of us, and we are bringing up children, or going to bring them up; and unless humanity has gone wrong in one generation, we have just as much capacity for religion and religious interests as the most zealous churchgoer alive.

WHY am I doubtful of the existence of the sort of church toward which I seem to be groping? I suppose the answer lies in my own extremely limited experience.

Churches, as I have known them, simply bore me. Sects make me tired. Most ministers and priests and rabbis arouse more impatience within me than any other sensation. I can never get over the feeling that they have to earn their livings by believing that the Baptists or the Roman Catholics or the Jews or the Congregationalists or the Episcopalians have a better creed than anybody else. The minute they believe that—or pretend to believe it, which is worse—the entire game, as far as I am concerned, is off. It offends, deeply offends, my conception of what religion is. Nor can I bring myself to believe that Christ, who belongs to no sect, would very much approve of this sect business as we know it to-day.

Conceding without question that my personal experience is necessarily exceedingly limited, I still know of no church to which I could conscientiously belong, or which I could even conscientiously attend, without being a hypocrite and without suffering from hypocrisy. Yet I am a Christian, in the broad sense of the word—certainly according to my own conception of what Christianity is: I believe in God, and I want to be a good and useful citizen in a Christian world.

What, please, is the answer? If I were just one person, we could let it go that I was queer or undeveloped or something else, and it wouldn't much matter. But I personally know dozens of normal, upright Americans, both men and women, who feel more or less the same way; and by what I read in the papers and by observation and study I know that there must be, as I have said, several millions of me—more millions, I think, than most churchmen like to imagine.

Isn't there some church for me?

I have said I believe in God. I must believe in God. I may believe in God in my own finite way, but the God I believe in must be the source of everything, the power behind everything. Without a God, I can have no religion.

I may or may not believe in the divinity of Christ; I don't see that it matters. If I have a certain type of mind, I believe in it; if I haven't, I don't. But as long as I believe in the general run of Christ's principles—which are much fewer and simpler than the principles of any church I know of—I don't see why I can't be a good Christian.

I KNOW a good many Jews. Most of them are Christians, according to my standards. They live and breathe and work and marry and have children and die in a Christian civilization. What in thunder does it matter that they believe this or that? Now I realize perfectly well that no intelligent and broad-minded Protestant clergyman believes that only Protestants go to heaven; but when the ritual of his church makes him tell me that, then to me that ritual becomes ridiculous.

The church I am looking for need be a Christian church only because the United States of America is a Christian country; it may be a Jewish church or a Mohammedan church, and as long as it turns out good citizens, according to American standards—which are Christian standards—it can, I think, fill all my personal requirements of being a Christian church. Perhaps this is too broad; perhaps I don't mean it. But I think I do. Because the thing I am driving at is a fundamental, and the churches have got to go back to the fundamentals pretty soon, or the United States in two more generations will be as ungodly, in the true sense of the word, as many people think it is now.

I don't care a fiddlestick whether the minister or priest or whoever it is that conducts my church wears white vestments or black or no vestments or a golf suit or overalls. I don't much care whether the building is big or little, whether it has stained-glass windows or an organ or even a roof or walls. What I *do* care about is its ability to become my church.

I like organ music; it makes my hair tingle. I like stained-glass windows, when they're beautiful. I even like sonorous prayers and long ponderous sentences. But just the same, all these things, which I can find around the corner, can not make me go to church. Because they do not reach me. Yet God reaches me! Think that over, you preachers! If God can reach me without your help, of what use are you to me?

There's a gap somewhere. The clergy of the country know it and worry over it and, I suppose, pray over it. But I wonder how many clergymen realize that I know it, just as well as they do, and that I too worry over it and that at times and in my own groping way I suppose I even pray over it myself. I and how many million other Americans who have been inarticulate too long, who have religion but who want religious contact, who have been forced to step outside the churches to fumble their own individual ways toward the infinite?

Give me a church, somebody! Just a church. That sounds simple enough. Just a church: a church to which I can belong, in full conscience, without having to believe or disbelieve petty creeds; a church which will take me whether I am Gentile or Jew or Chinaman or Malay, as long as I believe that Christ's teachings are basically good; a church which will ask nothing of me but that I believe in an all-controlling God, and which won't immediately begin haggling with me as to just what manner of God this God may be. Give me such a church, a church which will mean something to me not one day a week but seven days a week, and this country will witness the most important religious revival that the Christian world has known in centuries.



COME UNTO ME ALL YE THAT LABOR AND ARE HEAVY LADEN AND I WILL GIVE YOU REST—*Matt. xi., 28*

And the CHURCH answers

HUGH BLACK, D. D., D. LITT.

Professor of practical theology, Union Theological Seminary, New York; Author of "Christ's Service of Love," "According to My Gospel," "The Open Door," etc.

MY FIRST feeling on reading the paper "Wanted: a Church" is one of curiosity. I would like to know the author. I think he is a good fellow, and I have an idea that we could talk about some things that would at least interest me.

It is a pleasure to read the racy request for a church, but somehow it does not move me as a very poignant cry would. The appeal is gracious, written with the pen of a ready writer. But there is no blood in it—no passion either of regret or desire. Indeed, with a delightful sense of humor the writer acknowledges this. He is looking for a church, but not looking very hard

It is not a very profound diagnosis of the religious situation. I am not sure that it is even an acute diagnosis of himself. As a fact, if he plays golf on Sunday rather than go to church, it is because he prefers golf. There is nothing more subtle about it than that, and public opinion no longer compels him to hide his preference. It may be that some more of us would follow him to the golf-links if we did not know that life is something more than "beer and skittles."

The point, however, is that he does represent a crowd of people who vaguely know that something is wanting and who think they would be responsive if some tremendous call came and commanded them, as loads of men were commanded by the war. Our friend is not very anxious, but he is receptive. He does not know exactly what he wants, and he won't be happy till he gets it.

The only place where a tinge of anxiety creeps in is with the thought of a world without religion, or America after two generations of godlessness. From his upbringing he realizes that to some extent he is living on capital, on hereditary standards of moral life and conduct. What about the next generation, and the next? It is that which gives him pause.

We see some of the danger already in American life. The immigrant presents no very vital problem so far as public order is concerned. He comes with his old sanctions and restraints. They may be different, but they come out of a long history of communal life. The real problem is his children, who often lose the old standards of family and race and religion without getting new ones. They easily acquire a sort of surface Americanism, but they are not always rooted in the moral and spiritual soil of America. They have no background of history and culture and ethical standard. If to that we add native generations detached from the principles and sanctions of our Christian civilization and religion, we can have an appalling problem. It at once presents a grave menace and also a challenge to the whole American church.

It would suggest that our critic should dwell on that fear of his enough, visualize it, acquire a growing sense of responsibility for it. He may then feel it his duty to jump in somewhere and lend a hand. It would help if he accustomed himself to think of the church not exclusively as an institution where he might get something, but also where he might give. I recently met a brother to our friend, who told me he did not trouble the church very much and that he played golf on Sunday. I asked him if he would have come to live in that town, buy real estate, build a home and bring up his family there if there were no church. "Not on your life," he said. He recognized that the church stood for principles which he thought essential to a safe and sane social life. I merely then asked if he was playing the game and was content to be only a parasite!

I have a feeling that some men are a little out of date about the modern church. They think of it as narrower and more exclusive than it really is. Of course, if they wait till the impeccable institution presents itself, they will wait a long time. That is not the way institutions are made. What is the church, anyway? True, it is conditioned by its history—and that explains some things which many think anachronisms in creed or in ritual—but practically, the church is what the people make it. More and more it judges itself by how it serves the community in its own sphere. For the life of me I can not see how any one who, like our friend, believes in God and wants to be a good and useful citizen in a Christian world can not join with like-minded people for common purposes.

I have such confidence in the richness of American life, even American church-life, that I can not believe it difficult for a normal man to find his spiritual home in it. I live in Montclair, New Jersey, and I do not know a single church in the town where the writer of the appeal for a church would not be welcomed. I would have to be a weird kind of crank if I could not find among them one where I could worship and work. Montclair may be exceptional—it certainly thinks it is exceptional—but it is not in that thought. It is served by able and devoted and broad-minded ministers. If only more men like the writer joined them in the effort to build the city of God, they would probably become even more broad-minded still. The only reasonable thing for a man of good-will like the writer is to take his share of the white man's burden and seek to mold the church to the heart's desire.

There is a parallel in the man who finds it hard to belong to a country. He denounces all others, and never sees any good in his own. I confess I was tempted to answer the article by simply writing a parody of it on "Wanted: a Country." I am looking for a country, and there are crowds like me who do not seem to belong anywhere. I was brought up in a country, and countless men shed their blood for it, but— Isn't there some country for me? Big enough, good enough, that will fill the bill for me? The bill is thus and thus— I think I could have made the parody smart enough even to sting in places, but I know that lying back of the article is a very real and serious need.

There are also in it some truths which should be emphasized. It is correct in its criticism of sects with their petty competitions. But that in its worst features is passing. In Union Theological Seminary, where I teach, there are in the student-body representatives of some twenty-seven different denominations. That would have been impossible a few years ago. Also it makes the very necessary distinction between religion and the church. It is also right in seeing that the two can not remain separate indefinitely. The church has to embody the religious aspirations and meet the religious needs of men. It is the agent of the Kingdom of God in the world. That should be broad enough for all sincere souls.

W. A. ("BILLY") SUNDAY, D. D.

Although "Billy" Sunday is an ordained Presbyterian minister, his evangelical services are non-sectarian and his practical Christianity embraces all faiths

YOUR correspondent is one of a class who criticize the church from the outside. By his own admission he goes only infrequently, so he can not know whether the church has any vital message for him. He is on the outside looking in.

I do not think he is as much of a truth-seeker as he is one looking for a church which will fit the sort of religion he has built for himself. That is exactly the position taken by Mrs. Eddy, Pastor Russell and every other false religionist in the world.

He asks if the church can not come half-way. Never! Jesus never compromised; and if the church does, it ceases to be the church of Jesus Christ.

He says that churches bore him and sects and ministers arouse his ire. He does not like creeds—yet lodges and all organizations have some sort of a statement of belief, and that is all a creed amounts to. The majority of ministers have a living, vital, hopeful message for every man who has an open mind and a yearning for the truth.

He says he is a Christian because he believes in God, and that he may or may not believe in the divinity of Jesus. That shows how far he is from the mark. Unitarians, Christian Scientists and Mohammedans believe in God but do not accept Christ as their Savior and are not known as Christians. Belief in Jesus as the Son of God is essential to and the very essence of Christianity.

A Christian is any man or woman who comes to God as a lost sinner, accepts the Lord Jesus Christ as his or her personal Savior, confesses Him as such before the world, turns from every known sin, performs every known duty and honestly tries to please the Lord in all he or she does.

He says: "Give me a church that will take in the Gentile, Jew, Chinaman and Malay." If what he infers and implies is true—that these various classes are all right and fit for the church without regard to their wide divergence in beliefs—then there is no need for a church.

He argues that as long as he believes that Christ's teachings are basically good that that should be the test for membership in the church. He evidently means that the basic teachings of Christ have to do with the moralities of life. While if he will read the New Testament he will find that the teachings of Christ went far deeper than the moralities. Christ's basic teachings held:

1. That he was the Son of God.
2. That he was and is the propitiation for the sins of all men.
3. That men must be born again through faith in Him.
4. That he would (and did) rise from the dead.
5. That if men did not accept the offer of salvation in Him, they could not go to heaven and would go to hell.

Those were some of the "basic" teachings of Christ, and if this writer believes "that Christ's teachings are basically good," he would have to believe these things.

I would think that before a man could properly criticize a lodge and ask for a better one he would have to get into that lodge and know as much as possible about it. I would not wish to harshly criticize a piece of architecture or a musical composition until I had seen the one and heard the other. A man who has accepted Christ as his personal Savior and associated himself with other Christians sees weaknesses in the established church, of course, but in spite of them it is the greatest institution and power for good on earth to-day.

JAMES J. WALSH, M. D., LL. D., etc.

President, American Catholic Historical Society; Trustee, Catholic Summer School of America; Professor, Fordham University; Knight Commander, Papal Order of St. Gregory

I WRITE an answer to your "want ad" for a church because you say that you are one of several million Americans who are looking much as you are for the very same thing. There is such a sense of satisfaction in having a church that fills up one's want in this matter that I should like very much to share my feeling with so many of my fellow countrymen. I suppose I do this all the more readily because such sharing, instead of lessening what I have in any way, rather increases it.

Unfortunately, I am only a modest teacher of psychology and not a mind-reader. Before I taught psychology I used to believe in mind-reading, but I do not any more. I am not very sure that I can quite make out what you are looking for because, so far as I can see, you do not seem to know yourself. You say that you are looking for a church, and then having repeated that expression a little later you say, "Yet perhaps that is not precisely so." You add that perhaps you are looking for a minister, perhaps a priest, a parson, a rector, a rabbi. You do not exactly know. You insist, however, that the important thing is that you are looking, though you confess that it is true that you are not looking very hard, but you feel it necessary to add that the very fact that you are not looking very hard is important, too.

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RABBI STEPHEN S. WISE

Founder and pastor of the Free Synagogue of New York; Founder and director of the Eastern Council of Liberal Rabbis

I AM not sure that such a church as the writer outlines or thinks he is groping after would be worth while. I am sure that I would not wish to worship or to teach within its walls.

The writer imagines that he is seeking for a church, but is he? Back of his quest and groping are two blunders. First, his preoccupation is with his own conception of what a church should be, and he rejects out of hand any and every corporate expression of religion that does not tally with his own preconceptions. It is as though we were to exclaim, "Some college graduates are fools, therefore schools are intolerable and colleges are abominable institutions," or, to invoke an apter analogy, "The air being polluted, we purpose to refrain from breathing." The church seems to be the one institution

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FOUR-O'CLOCKS

"Neither of them ever had any one to love before"

By FRANCES GILCHRIST WOOD

TWO transient guests of the Sod Hotel, half-way house from Haney to Le Beau, sat at the cleared dinner-table poring over a book. The big freighter filled a fresh pipe, smiling protectingly down at an undersized boy of possibly nine years.

Lavishly the sun's reflected glitter on miles of snow streamed in the half-window. In its light the landlady bent over her darning, swiftly weaving up holes in a small red mitten. Between stitches she watched the child with tender eyes.

The boy's finger moved slowly across the page of a seed catalog. "F-o-u-r, four, o'-c-l-o-c-k-s, o'clocks—that's an easy one, Daddy Am." A small rough hand crept lovingly across the yellow splash of color. "They're awful pretty. Why do they call 'em four-o'clocks, daddy?"

The young frontiersman's gray eyes, half hidden in a cloud of smoke, smiled at the eager face. He took a pipe-stem from between firm lips.

"They say they pop open at four o'clock reg'lar. Want some o' those?"

"Um-m!" A stubby pencil dug a cross on the margin of the page. "P-e-t-u-n-i-a. What's that, daddy?"

THE man bent over the book, frowned, shook his head uncertainly and flashed an appeal for help across the cramped room. The landlady looked up smiling.

"Petunia, Bobby. They don't do very well out here in Dakota; the wind tears the flowers to pieces." She clipped the ends of red yarn carefully. "When's Daddy Am going to send you to school?"

Across the child's thin face swept a wave of fear. A brown hand crept down from the flower-book to the man's knee. Big rough fingers met the slender ones and gripped them tight.

"I—can't leave—daddy—" The words quavered.

A protecting voice rumbled reassuringly. "I aim to keep on learnin' so's to teach Bobby fer a while yet. These big words in this here flower-book is further along than where we are in the reader."

There was swift apology in the woman's tone. "Where are you going to have your flower-garden, Bobby?"

"Right in front of the shack. We're going to have a path to the door and flower-beds both sides—lots of beds and lots of flowers." Big brown eyes were shining, thin features flushed. "I made a picture of the beds and the path. Have you got it, Daddy Am?"

The man took a small blue book from inside his cardigan jacket. A letter tumbled from his pocket to the floor. The freighter snatched it up with a mutter of fear or fury, shoved it out of sight and handed the book to the child.

The woman stared at the lowering face. "Am, what is—" He shook his head savagely, with a warning glance toward the boy.

Bobby crossed the breadths of rag carpet and spread the book open in the woman's lap. "See it, Mrs. Hart? Here's the path."

SHE slipped an arm about the boy and bent a tender mother face over the crooked plan. Words elbowed each other in crowding haste as the child pointed, explained, and repeated. He ended with a laugh of pure happiness.

"Daddy Am's going to let me have a *lot* because I never had any flowers before and I've wanted 'em—f'rever!"

Older eyes met across the small bent head; spoke unconsciously the pledge of the outpost frontier, brotherhood of common need and common danger. Molly Hart lifted the paper plan and looked curiously at a picture in the blue book beneath, a fair copy of a famous painting.

"Wherever did you get this, Bobby?"

"The teacher down at Haney let me take it. It's a reading-book. I can't say their names—they're too hard; but this old woman spins the thread here, and this one measures it, and this one cuts it in two with her big shears. I don't like it much. The teacher's going to get me another."

Molly Hart stared at the grim Fates, eyes gone black with a clairvoyant flash of fear. She tightened her arm about the child and closed the book with a sudden shiver.

The freighter glanced up at the sun edging a trifle past the zenith of the far north. Deliberately he straightened six feet of muscular body, stooped over the hay-burner stove, slid back the lid and knocked the ashes from his pipe; stooped further for a pair of arctics, buckled them over thick felt boots, slid his arms into a buffalo coat and picked up fur cap and mittens.

He looked down at the boy. "I'm going to hitch up, son. Don't put on your coat till I holler."

Bobby nodded, back at the table again, lost in the magic of the colored garden. The man opened the kitchen door.

"John said he'd harness, Am—" The woman was staring at the blue book.

The outer door slammed. Molly Hart pushed back her chair abruptly, got up and laid the red mitten on the window-sill. She hurried into the kitchen, slipped on a greatcoat and ran through the snow to the sod stable. Two men were harnessing a team of black mules—John Hart and Amri.

The woman was breathing quickly. "Am, what was in that letter? You looked like—murder!"

The teamster tugged at a buckle and snapped it into place with a jerk. "From the kid's—*father!* That's what he calls himself. He wants him back."

"Oh, Am——"

"Ef he prizes his carcass, it'll be the last he writes to me! *'Father!'* " Amri swallowed a choking oath. "He shoved that kid off the train at the water-tank, a plumb fifty miles from any station, when he thought he was going to die on him—" The words steadied grimly. "Bill Graham warned me he was down at the fort again with his partner in the show. Heard he'd been bragging about how he was coming after the boy."

John Hart held a check-rein suspended. "Did Bill run into him?"

Amri shook his head; his mouth flattened at the corners as he shifted a belt with heavy holsters. "I'm ready for him! Ready this trip or any other!"

There was a woman's quick gasp of fear. "But, Am—if you——"

UNHEARING anger swept the deep-toned notes like the clashing strings of a cello. "Dropped him off like a kitten in a sack to starve! I've told ye how the kid was running round and round like a hurt gopher out there on the desert—when I picked him up he was scared to death. Lay there on a pile of gunny sacks in the freighter and stared up at me like I was a bobcat."

The teamster gripped at a forgotten strap. "Nobody'd ever—been kind to him—before. He didn't know what to make of it. That's why I can't send him away from me, even to school—yet." He stood staring through the open doorway at the white stretch. "You two've had kinfolks all your lives. You can't—you don't know——"

The man was silent so long John Hart straightened up and looked across the team at the face set in unwonted bitterness. In a low voice Amri went on:

"I never told ye how I got my—family name. They found me at the—gates of the poorhouse in a basket. That's where I grew up. They said I was an orphan."

Reminiscent horror clouded the gray eyes, and the broad shoulders twisted. "Ye have to be one—*there*—to know! I'd ruther a child o' mine was dead! I asked the kid questions when I found him; he was worse off'n I was, with his—*father!*" The man spat the word with immeasurable scorn.

Molly Hart's lips were trembling. "Am, we never dreamed——"

The plainsman nodded with a deprecating smile at this weak moment of emotion. "Ye see, Bobby ner I never had no one till we got each other, nigh a year ago. When anybody even jokes about him leaving me, he turns sick-lookin', like when I found him by the tank; an' "—a tug twisted in the man's hands—"I'd ruther cash in than go back to being alone agin. I'm saving money; the freighting pays big now I keep sober, and we're going to pretty up the shack this Spring to make a—home of it."

The bronzed face softened suddenly. "Did ye ever see a kid so crazy about flowers?"

The woman's eyes were heavy with tears. "No, Am."

The freighter turned quickly away and slapped the near mule's flank. "Get up, Sam!" The team crunched through the snow to the loaded sled.

Molly Hart followed them anxiously. "Am, if that man comes after Bobby, you'll go to court about it, won't you? You aren't—you wouldn't try to settle it in the—" she stared at the filled holsters—"in the old vigilante fashion? There's a judge now and a court."

The plainsman grinned. "Yes'm, I'll go to court reg'lar and proper, unless—" The kindly mouth grew hard. "Ef they'll keep their hands off the kid."

He shifted the heavy belt. Again black fear shadowed the woman's eyes; she signaled desperately to her husband.

John Hart pulled the singletree forward and snapped the tug. "Judge's being pretty hard on people who take the law in their own hands just now, Am—since *he's* on the bench."

Then Molly's voice lifted in flashing hope. "Won't—can't Graham help you?"

AMRI laughed. "Poor old Bill." He shook his head gravely. "Bill's all tied up tight with being United States marshal, and I ain't saying the judge wasn't a keen one to pick the captain of the vigilantes for the job." Again the gray eyes hardened. "But even—my partner's got to keep his hands off the kid, no matter what the judge orders! The boy's never going to live one holy minute with anybody but me again—unless he wants to go. He's had enough—it'd kill him, Mis' Hart—you don't know——"

The woman's eyes were brimming. "Nobody would take him from you, Am. We don't want you to get in trouble with the law—that's all." Quietly she turned and plodded toward the shack.

At the table Bobby was spelling laboriously. "P-o-r-t-u-l-a-c-a?" He lifted baffled eyes to the woman in the doorway. Molly Hart smiled again, with effort.

"Portulaca. It has a prettier name, Bobby—'rose-moss'—and it blooms and blooms everywhere."

Another emphatic cross indented the margin. The woman dropped the mended mittens in the boy's fur cap. Restlessly she hovered about him.

"Any holes in your stockings, Bobby?"

"No'm."

The plainswoman was crowding a soft ball in the pocket of a miniature buffalo coat. "Change to these in the morning, dear, and bring the others back to me or leave them with Mrs. Wade. Is Daddy Am going to stop there?"

"Yes'm—but not all night."

The woman smiled unsteadily down at the absorbed face buried in the dream garden. A clear "Halloo!" roused him. Quickly he buckled overshoes, slipped into the coat the woman held and pulled a fur cap over his ears. He slid the beloved flower-book into his pocket as Molly Hart opened the door.

"All right, daddy."

John Hart laughed as the boy tried to scramble over the extra height of sideboards from his foothold on the bob. He gave the child a boost.

"NOT quite as big as Am yet, are you youngster? But pretty husky—pretty husky! When you get tired of Am, there's room for you at the Sod Hotel, eh, Bobby?"

Boy looked up at driver and they exchanged a smile of open derision. The woman hurried through the doorway wrapping a boulder, heating all day atop the hay-burner, in old newspapers. She placed it in the raised box, filled with hay, at Bobby's feet. John Hart laughed teasingly.

"Didn't know you ran a Pullman, Am? Thought your line was freight?" He cocked his head aslant the gray sky. "Better leave the kid here." The boy made a quick move closer to the man beside him. "Looks like snow, and if you got lost and your passenger got to crying——"

Bobby laughed at the never-failing banter, but his answer hurried: "I'm not a passenger! Daddy Am and me are partners!" Huge scorn shook the words of protest. "Daddy couldn't get lost! Only people who get scared and lose—lose—" The boyish eyes, blank for an instant, lifted to the freighter.

"Lose their heads, son."

"*Um-m!* Only people who lose their heads get lost!" The child looked pityingly down upon the plainsman as from the high judgment-seat of Olympus.

John Hart chuckled deep as he slapped the near mule on the flank. "Going to stop at Wade's, Am?"

The freighter nodded as he lifted a furred paw and settled his visored cap. "If it stays clear. Got to make Le Beau to-night. Promised the goods to Frenchy sure."

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BOBBY WAVED RED MITTENS AS THE TEAM BROKE INTO A TROT AND RUNNERS SQUEALED OVER THE PACKED SNOW

Amri Gates lifted the reins. "Get up, Sam—Tex!" He nodded toward the doorway. "Good-by, and thank ye, Mis' Hart. So long, John."

Bobby waved red mittens as the team broke into a trot and runners squealed over the packed snow of the road.

The woman stared beyond the outfit into the gray north and shivered. "It looks like snow. Someway, I never felt such a foreboding."

The plainsman laughed. "Nonsense, Molly. You're like a hen with one chick about that boy. Am knows the weather signs better than anybody—it's nearly Spring, anyway."

Molly Hart's face shadowed. "I've none of—my own—" Her breath caught as she closed the door.

Swiftly through the short hours of the afternoon she hurried from one housekeeping task to the other, until the growing dusk sent her reaching up to the lamp-shelf. "Quarter to four—too early to get dark——"

SHE turned with a gasp at a quick tattoo against the north window and stared at flying flakes. "It's the storm!" She ran to the west window, where a dim figure moved about the stable. Her quick hands shifted the feed-kettles forward on the stove.

John Hart opened the door, stamping off the clinging snow. "You're right, Molly. Squall's coming—an ugly one. Hot mash ready? Let me have the milk-pail, too. I'll tend the chickens—don't come out."

The plainsman reached up and tested the guide-rope running between shack and shed. He swung the kettles from the stove and plunged into the flying snow.

The gray sky grew black. With a moan that leaped into a scream the wind lashed the snow against the window. The woman curved her hands close about her eyes and stared out at the lantern on the guide-pole, up and burning. With care she set the lamp, backed with a tin reflector, in the window toward the sod stable.

Some one hidden in the smother called. Molly Hart opened the door and cried a guiding answer. The dark bulk of a team plodded into the rim of light, heads down.

"Am? Is it you, Am?"

A muffled voice came through the white wall. "No; Graham. Isn't Am here?"

A furry bulk plowed along the rope from the stable. John Hart thrust a pail of milk into his wife's hands, groped toward the horses' heads and swung back along the guide-line. "Drop the reins—I'll lead."

Swiftly the plainswoman closed the door and hurried from cupboard to stove in preparation of hot food, first aid for the traveler of the north. Before the table was set two men stumbled inside the doorway.

The traveler lifted his cap, flipped off the snow and pulled at his fur mittens. "Howdy, Mrs. Hart." He held out his driving-hand; lifted the white fingers for closer inspection, "*Humph!* Nipped again!" Jestingly he picked up a pan of snow ready by the door and rubbed with the science born of past experience. "Colder'n I thought."

Without delay the men shed their cumbersome fur garments, turned to the smoking dishes on the table and sat down. The woman served deftly.

"Did you expect to find Amri here?"

The traveler nodded. "It's all right as long as he was only going to Wade's. Wanted to head him off from Le Beau. Near as I can figure it out, the kid's father is there, laying for Am."

"His—father?"

"Yes." He looked up. "Didn't Am tell you about the letter?"

The Harts nodded. Graham went on:

"I saw somebody driving away from the Haney livery this morning that made me think of Hankin. I hunted up the stable-boy; he said it was Hankin all right, and the man with him was rowing about wanting to take a sheriff along. Hankin was swearing that a writ of *habeas corpus* in the hands of a father was enough—anyhow he'd like nothing better than to 'get' the blankety-blanked kidnaper, if he interfered.

"I went over to the store, found Am had freight for you and put out after him. He's all right at Wade's till to-morrow. I'll make an early start and catch him before he gets back to the fork."

"He *may* have gone on—to Le Beau!" Molly Hart's face was white. The traveler laid down knife and fork and looked at Hart. The plainsman's eyes were grave.

"Am left at once. It would take him an hour and a half to reach the fork to Wade's. Was the storm bothering you then?"

Graham shook his head. "Just spitting snow—not bad enough ——"

"But maybe bad enough to send him on—to keep from getting snowed in at Wade's. Le Beau was out of flour; Am said he'd promised Frenchy to get it there to-night."

Again they stared at each other. "Was Am carrying a gun?"

Hart nodded. "Two of 'em—full up."

"MAYBE he'll remember what the judge's been giving us——"

"Molly Hart whirled about. "Not if they touch the boy! He said that just before he left to-day."

Graham pushed back his chair. Hart rose and went to the window. "Do you suppose with a double team we could——"

The traveler shook his head. "Nobody but the Almighty could get through to Le Beau to-night from here. Am's the best driver in the Strip. If he isn't too far out— What team did he have?"

"Black mules."

Graham frowned. "Slower than the browns. Loaded heavy?"

Hart nodded. "Bill, I'm not afraid of Am's *not* getting there, but when he—does——"

Graham got up in sudden impatience, slapped his pockets in search of a pipe, filled and lighted it. "What does the man want of the kid, anyhow. Did Am say?" His voice lowered gruffly: "Am's about as confidential as a clam, since the judge handed me this job."

Molly Hart, clearing away the supper, answered: "Bobby told Am he used to do tumbling tricks in the show; the man was ringmaster. Later, the father hypnotized the boy and forced him into mind-reading stunts. Bobby began to grow weaker and have fearful headaches and fainting-spells, sometimes in the middle of a performance. After that, Hankin must have watched his chance to get rid of the boy, until he dropped him off the train at the water-tank. Now Am thinks the show's a failure without Bobby and the man wants him back."

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LEFT ALONE WITH MONEY

Traps that are set for the widow's mite

By MRS. SAMUEL B. SNEATH

IN THIS country the amount of the average man's insurance policy for the benefit of a wife or mother is five to six thousand dollars. The women who receive this money are often suddenly faced with a problem that is entirely new to them—how to keep the principal secure and yet make it yield the largest possible income.

The public press is full to-day of sensational stories of women who have entrusted the investment of their funds to camouflaged brokers who have deliberately deceived them. The woman who earnestly studies even the most elemental principles of banking and sound finance and diligently avoids get-rich-quick schemes is quite as capable of managing her moneyed interests as a man.

About the most sensational offer which can be made to any investor, man or woman, is, curiously enough, not a wildcat or blue-sky scheme, but the doubling of income by a legitimate and conservative investment. What blue-sky scheme or what uncertain new industrial development can promise, with any degree of certainty, one hundred per cent. return in twelve years? Yet you can double your income in *less* than twelve years by investing funds at six per cent. and immediately reinvesting the interest.

The savings bank is one of the first methods of saving and investment which I recommend to women as absolutely safe, because all operations of savings banks are directly under State regulation. Although the rate of interest is rarely more than four per cent., compound interest, even on a small scale, has a magic way of accumulating rapidly. Every child should be taught this fact.

Not long ago I heard of an unusual wedding-gift. A wise old uncle presented his niece with a savings pass-book credited with an initial deposit of three hundred dollars. He made her promise never to let her balance become less than the original three hundred dollars. Several times during the last twenty years she has withdrawn a considerable sum in accrued interest and additional savings and has invested the amount in bonds. Each time she has left the original deposit as the nucleus for building another growing account.

AMONG the safe forms of investment that are open to women, various insurance companies are offering attractive investments in the form of paid-up or twenty and thirty year endowment policies. In these cases the face amount of the policies is paid at the date of maturity. The money may then be banked or invested safely to provide for old age. I especially recommend insurance for the woman who must earn her own living and who has little time for the study of the investment market. Most endowment policies, after the first three years, have a loan or cash-surrender value, in case the holder is unable to continue the payments or needs cash immediately.

It might be expedient for a woman who has a limited capital and no family to whom she wishes to bequeath it to invest a part or the whole of it in an annuity. In this event, at her death the principal reverts to the annuity company, but she has secured during her lifetime a larger return than she could in any other way. For instance, a woman of about sixty years of age could buy an annuity of ten thousand dollars and enjoy the income of approximately one thousand dollars against the probable income of five hundred dollars from an ordinary investment.

For the woman who has no earning power and who depends upon the return from her holdings to live, good bonds are a safe investment. Those backed by a city, state or government are the safest. The lower the interest rate on the bonds the safer the investment is the general rule. Bonds are redeemable at definite dates, but are negotiable at any time if listed on the various stock exchanges of the country. Bonds so listed are therefore a wiser investment than those which are not listed, though these are often just as sound and salable. We must remember that bonds, if they are underlying bonds, constitute a first mortgage on the physical property itself. In case of financial failure, the tangible property—the real estate, buildings or railroad equipment, as the case may be—becomes the property of the bondholders and can usually be sold to make the bonds good.

On the whole, bonds where the rate is fixed are a safer investment than stocks, because the interest on the latter fluctuates with the market and their value depends upon the ups and downs of labor and other uncertainties. It is always a safe rule to investigate before you invest. The woman who decides to invest in industrial stock should realize that she is actually taking on a partnership in a concern in which, as a minority stockholder, she has very little to say about the direction and policies of the business. Some companies have only preferred and common stock and no bonds. The preferred stock in this case has priority and is a safer investment, even though the common stock pays a higher rate of interest. There is always much worthless stock on the market and there are always unprincipled or ignorant agents who seek out as their customer the woman who has a little capital to invest. Too often the result is a wasted inheritance or lost savings.

A recent investigation of the methods used in a blue-sky promoter's office disclosed a widow who had lost heavily because of her easy susceptibility. She met one of the promoters at her church. He immediately made himself very agreeable. He mentioned his interest in an oil promotion and boldly promised her that if she would turn over to him the gilt-edge securities she held, he would not only give her a percentage return in cash at once but would double her holdings.

AFTER the man disappeared with the securities, the widow realized that she had been tricked. She confessed her folly, but learned that she had no redress. The man was clever enough to have made himself in no way criminally liable. She had voluntarily handed over to him all her securities, and when she asked him whether the oil stock he gave her in return was listed on the stock exchange, he told her that it was "so good it didn't have to be listed." Such an answer would have convinced any one who knew even the first principles of financial procedure that the stock was not reputable and that the agent was either a rogue or too ignorant to be trusted.

Real estate is often a visible temptation in contrast to the apparent intangibility of stocks and bonds, but a woman who has only a limited amount of money should beware of land booms. Often the original investments are eaten up by interest charges and taxes. This applies particularly to schemes for the development of unimproved property—not to first mortgages or improved real estate.

Learning to look after property and to handle investments is not the work of a day. At every turn in the road there is need for cautiousness and impartial judgment. There are crooks lurking about watching the death-notices, ready, like birds of prey, to swoop down on every woman who inherits money. If you feel that the care of money is not a matter requiring expert knowledge and experience, you are usually called upon to pay for your mistaken view some time.

There is a danger equally grave in consulting *one wrong* person and in consulting *too many* people about an investment. It is usually safe to seek the advice of a banker or a good investment-house or a trusted friend who has made a success of his own affairs. But in any case, it is well to follow the advice of *one* banking-house or *one* person consistently. If you have no individual to guide you, and do not intend to make a thorough study of investments yourself, you should allow a trust company to manage your affairs for you and pay you a regular income. Managing estates is the business of a trust company.

I strongly advise every woman to beware of get-rich-

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MRS. SAMUEL B. SNEATH

Director of the Interstate Trust and Banking Company of New Orleans, and Director of the Mortgages and Securities Company of New Orleans

By careful study and self-imposed obligations stretching over a period of years, Mrs. Sneath has mastered the principles of banking and investment. Early in her married life she determined to familiarize herself with her husband's extensive business enterprises. With his encouragement and help she succeeded so well in becoming his companion and coworker in business, that upon his death she was elected to step into the offices which he had left vacant. Mrs. Sneath has fully vindicated the wisdom of the choice, for her counsel is sought and generally followed by the active managers of the organizations with which she is connected. Because of her sagacity and experience, Mrs. Sneath's advice on finance is of value to all women, especially to those who find themselves with funds which must be conserved through wise investment

THE BEAUTIFUL ROOM

Sometimes the end does justify the means

By BERTHE K. MELLETT

IF IT had not been hot and noisy nearer the street, and if her heart had not been so troubled about father that she couldn't keep her mind on work, and if news had not got around that President Macom of the Macom Corporation was about to take his six feet of youth and good looks away on a vacation, Mary Sibylla might never have seen the beautiful room.

But it was hot and noisy; and she was troubled about father; and the whole world did troop to say good-by. Then, when at four o'clock of the last afternoon left him to work, President Macom had the switchboard girl phone to the steamship office and word came back that no delay in sailing time had been announced as yet—then the last contributing cause took its place back of the event. All but pushing a well-meaning visitor out through the door of his private office, President Macom stood against that portal and called for his secretary.

"Miss Rudd," he said, "get an assistant and come to the directors' room where we can work without interruption."

Miss Rudd had often found it necessary to discipline this wifeless man, and now she assumed the proper censorous expression.

"I know," he argued. "Nobody but all the directors together admitted there—sacred ground—but we'll try profaning it with real work this once. Pick a girl who can type and still has an eye for something besides quitting-time. We may be late."

Adding a touch of martyrdom to her disapproval, Miss Rudd went out where a symphony was being hammered from many typewriters and surveyed the scene. At this moment Mary Sibylla looked away from her work, toward the country, where father was. In looking she could not help but see the beauty of the city as it thrust itself up through heat and haze toward the sky. If father could see the city as she saw it, perhaps then he might not fear it so terribly for her. Her breath twisted back in her throat like a sob. The last thing in the world she looked like was a girl with eyes for nothing but the time to quit.

Miss Rudd nodded. Mary Sibylla flushed. Not having been with the Macom Corporation very long, she did not know what a nod from the 'supreme secretary' might mean. But she got up and answered the signal, and the next thing she knew she had been shot up flights and flights in an elevator—and had come into the beautiful room.

She wasn't surprised at it—lovely things had happened to her all her life. Once when she was little, and father and she were alone in the woods, they had wakened one morning to find a great antlered stag feeding at the borders of their camp. Another time, when she was not so little, father had watched her a long time and then had said that she had eyes and hands of the women of her race. Lovely things had always been happening like that, so she was not surprised at the beautiful room. She just assumed possession of what had come—and was grateful.

THE room was even more satisfactory at night, when the city ceased to hum, down where it lay asleep. Wood and glass and fabric took on new color and richness under the lights. The huge directors' table at the far end of it became a mystical, distant council-place, and the chairs around it became the seats of *Arthur* and *Lancelot* and *Tristram* and *Percival*. She had thought of *Arthur* when she first came into the room and saw President Macom there—*Arthur* while he was still young and not so sure of his own righteousness.

She worked until midnight, but she wasn't tired. Even after she got home she wasn't tired, but sat up thinking. Father might not be able to see the city as she saw it, but he would see the beautiful room with her eyes—the beautiful room and the young *Arthur*. She must tell him about them, they would reassure him so. That the room was a place she would probably never enter again did not occur to her. Her instant acceptance of it had made it hers in her own mind. She went to the table that served as a desk and took up her fountain pen.

"DEAR:" she wrote.

"You fought so long and so bitterly against my going out to make a living, that all I have been able to think of since leaving you is to find a way to show you that I have not lost all that you feared I should lose. You said the world could grind me to powder under its heel; you said men did not respect the women who worked for them, and were brutal to those who competed with them; you spoke of spiritual death and of casting pearls before swine.

"Father, dear, the trouble is that once you had some experience, which may not have been the world's fault at all, but which frightened you and turned you against it. And you have been so long out of it that you have forgotten everything but that experience. Now I have been so short a time in the world that I can see what it is really like. Therefore, I am going to take up your re-education, on the correspondence-school plan. This lesson shall be a description of the place in which I work.

"It is a big room at the top of a building which swims high and high. Remember that book by William Morris we found in the funny old library at Tupham, and how we rebuilt Camelot from the snatches of description we found through the text? Well, I work in our Camelot. But it is made of materials instead of words and dreams.

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IT WAS EVEN MORE SATISFACTORY AT NIGHT: WOOD AND GLASS AND FABRIC TOOK ON NEW COLOR AND RICHNESS UNDER THE LIGHTS

THE HAPPY CHILD

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"THE WORLD IS MINE"

CONTRIBUTING EXPERTS

DR. L. EMMETT HOLT
Adviser in THE DELINEATOR'S *Child Health Campaign; Physician-in-Chief, Babies' Hospital, New York City, and President of the Child Health Organization*

DR. HENRY L. K. SHAW
Recently President, American Child Hygiene Association and Consultant Division of Maternity, Infancy and Child Hygiene in the New York State Department of Health

DR. THOMAS W. SALMON
Medical Director, National Committee for Mental Hygiene

DR. RALPH LOBENSTINE
Chairman of the Medical Advisory Board of the Maternity Center Association of New York City; formerly Obstetrician to the New York Lying-in Hospital

DR. WILLIAM PALMER LUCAS
Professor of Diseases of Children, University of California; formerly Director of the Child Welfare Work of the American Red Cross in Europe

DR. OWEN LOVEJOY
General Secretary, National Child Labor Committee

EARLY CHILDHOOD

By DR. HENRY L. K. SHAW

WHEN the child slips from its mother's lap and has learned to walk, he has entered into the second stage of childhood and left babyhood behind. It is unfortunate that the term "preschool child" has been applied to this period. Better far is it that he should be called a runabout or tiny toddler. There is something cold and uninviting about "preschool child," while our heart and affection go out to "tiny toddler."

A Much-Neglected Period—This period is a much-neglected one in the life of the child. The mother's attention is often focused upon a new little brother or sister, and the bars are apt to be let down. The imaginary perils of teething and the much-dreaded second Summer having been passed, the mother relaxes her vigilant care and feels the future will now be plain sailing. She has studied the baby-books and consulted her physician on frequent occasions during the first two years, but now there is a tendency to neglect the charts and drop the pilot. This is a great mistake, for in many ways this period is the most important one in the life of the child. In it habits—good and bad—are formed which influence the later years; in it slight physical defects and nutritional disorders have their origin, which, if unchecked, will mar or wreck future mental and physical development.

A TIME *When Habits Are Formed*—A child is not a small edition of an adult—not an adult in miniature. The contrast between the infant and the adult is not as striking as that of the tadpole and the frog or the caterpillar and the butterfly, but the differences are almost as great. Imagine a baby projected to the size of a man and you would have a monstrosity whose head was one-fourth the size of its body, with arms and legs out of all proportions. The internal organs would show even greater contrast. The brain and nervous system especially are in an undeveloped or rudimentary condition, and this is one of the reasons why the greatest care and caution must be taken in dealing with young children. The brain absorbs every impression: an oft-repeated act or thought leaves its imprint in the brain and becomes a habit, and the oftener it is repeated the harder it is to overcome. Habits are formed very early in life, but the bad ones seem to come much easier than the good ones. The best way to prevent a bad habit is never to allow it to commence, and this means careful training and the formation of only good habits. Young children learn largely by imitation, very little by admonition. Home example and home environment exert the greatest influence. A child brought up under a wrong and evil environment is hopelessly handicapped and will seldom fit into the world. The old saying "Like father, like son" places responsibility upon heredity, while the factor of environment is of greater importance. "As the father lives, so lives the son" is more to the point. The attitude of an intelligent parent is "Not as I say, but as I do." The responsibility is upon the parents. If a child is allowed to have his own way, to dictate to the entire household and become a spoiled child, he will grow up without restraint, without respect for parents, persons or authority and without any sense of appreciation of law, justice or order.

THE tiny toddler must be disciplined; but discipline does not consist in constant nagging, scolding or threats of dire punishment. The word "don't" is apt to be so overworked that it loses its significance. Some one has said that in order to bring children up properly the parents should be cleanly wed and the children nobly bred, wisely fed and firmly led.

Nerves Should Be Protected—Eating, sleeping and playing are the most important occupations of young children. The food question will be discussed in a later article. The great activity of the child's mind and body and the process of growth uses up a large amount of his strength and energy. Nature demands sleep and rest in order to recharge the tiny batteries in the nerve-cells of the brain and to restore the tissue burnt up from muscular action. The younger the child the more sleep is required. The runabout of three years should have at least twelve hours' sleep in the twenty-four. A child who does not get enough sleep and rest becomes fatigued. This is shown by lack of appetite, indigestion, loss of weight, excitability and irritability. Regularity in nap-time and early bedtime are essential, as children object to wasting time in sleep, for they do not know when to stop in their play and will go on to a stage of exhaustion. The daytime is very important, and even if they will not sleep, children should be made to rest. The nervous child is usually one who is fatigued and not getting enough rest or sleep. This fatigue may show itself by sleeplessness, tossing and turning during sleep and by bad dreams and night terrors. Each child should have his own bed and own room if possible. This should be kept dark and reasonably quiet. It should not, however, be necessary for the grown-ups to go about on tiptoe and speak in whispers after the toddler goes to bed. He can become accustomed to ordinary home sounds and noises. He should be made comfortable in bed with sufficient coverings and the room must be well ventilated without direct drafts. Sleeping out-of-doors in a screened porch is highly desirable. Exciting play and romping just before bedtime interferes with sleep and should be avoided; this also applies to children's parties and moving-picture shows. It is not necessary to rock a child to sleep or soothe him with a lullaby. These are bad habits which never should be begun. Telling or reading bedtime stories gives pleasure both to the child and parent, but caution is necessary in the selection. Children have vivid and active imaginations and are easily frightened, so stories about ghosts, dragons, wolves and "thrillers" must be avoided.

Play and exercise are almost synonymous in early childhood. The constant activity of children keeps their muscles exercised and their blood in healthy circulation. They should play out-of-doors as much as possible and by themselves. A child dislikes being fussed over as much as older people.

Incorrect posture is a more common cause of poor health than is generally recognized. Children can not begin too early to cultivate strong and straight backs, prominent chests, square shoulders and firm flat bellies. The muscles can be trained early by suitable exercises, so that correct posture becomes a habit and is maintained unconsciously without effort. Some of the affects of poor posture are recurrent attacks of vomiting, constipation, listlessness, albumin in the urine and curvature of the spine.

REGULAR *Physical Examinations Necessary*—It is said that in China the doctors are paid only when they keep their patients well. This method possesses distinct advantages in the protection of both personal and community health. Children should receive a thorough physical examination by a competent physician at regular intervals. Slight defects, if discovered, can be remedied before serious and permanent injuries develop. Dentists have demonstrated the value of periodic inspection of the teeth. The successful merchant takes stock or inventory at stated intervals to find just how his business stands; the banks request our bank-books at certain periods in order to balance the account and see that it is not overdrawn; automobile dealers urge their patrons to have regular inspections made of their automobiles as a matter of economy and good business. Our tiny toddler is just as much entitled to a physical inventory—a balance of his physical capital—and to regular inspections of his delicate and complicated machinery.

Tonsils and Adenoids—The question of tonsils and adenoids troubles many parents. Every young child has an excess of lymphatic tissue—it is normal and natural. If, however, the tonsils become diseased and the adenoid tissue becomes enlarged so that the child can not breathe through his nose and has frequent colds and ear infections,

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JOHN SINGER SARGENT—ARTIST

The greatest of American portrait-painters

By GUTZON BORGLUM



Metropolitan Museum of Art

"MADAME X" IS A MOST ORIGINAL EXPERIMENT IN POSE AND TREATMENT



From a Copley print © by Curtis & Cameron, Boston

IN "THE MISSES HUNTER" THE DELICATELY BEAUTIFUL HEADS ATTEST THE FINE SYMPATHY OF THE ARTIST IN HIS PORTRAITURE OF GENTLE WOMEN



© Walter Judd, Ltd.

"LADY ROCK-SAVAGE" REVEALS SARGENT'S MOST FINISHED PORTRAIT TECHNIQUE

NOT because he paints, draws or models do we call Sargent artist, but because he is a master craftsman. Few such remain. He belongs to the founders of true aristocracy, which elevates humanity by creating its language, manners, laws, order and beauty. And this in spite of his being an American not only by ancestry, but by a curiously modern feeling and practical concept of life which characterizes Americans as apart from other nations. He is of the creative and productive order of men. Through his craft he has elbowed his way to companionship with the gods. Sargent, in other words, has become bigger than his craft, and his struggle is no longer with medium: it is now an eternal effort to assemble and lift those departments of culture that delight him to a higher perfection and to the service of his age.

John Singer Sargent was born in Florence in 1856, and received his education and began his studies in Italy. His father, a physician, was of New England stock. He was a pupil of Carolus Duran, and became a power in the art of his day almost from the beginning; and he will remain a standard of his age centuries after his old instructor is forgotten.

On leaving Duran's studio he went to Spain to study the work of Velazquez. Whatever he got from the master, however, he made without manner his own. For six years after his return from Spain, Paris remained his headquarters, with frequent visits to London, where he finally settled. England received him cordially; in 1894 he was elected an associate of the Royal Academy, and in 1897 he became a full Royal Academician. Since then he has received almost every mark of distinction the world can bestow upon an artist. His self-portrait hangs in the Uffizi at Florence, along with Raphael's and the other great artists with whom he has definitely earned a place.

APPARENTLY he never had to struggle for mere subsistence, as so many artists are obliged to do. His popularity came early, and for at least thirty years he has been accounted by the world of fashion its leading portrait-painter. This is the more remarkable because he is an extremely shy man. Living quietly, almost a recluse save for the demands of his work, he has painted most of the celebrities of two generations. The list of his sitters, which is too long to give here, comprises an extraordinary range of character studies. They include the leaders of a remarkable age.

It is not easy to define the reason for Sargent's immense popularity. It is true that he ranks among the great portrait-painters of the world—that is, Velazquez, Rembrandt, Van Dyck—I would not say as their equal, but certainly he must be included with them. In point of portraiture, fine draftsmanship, merciless and often brutal persistency in searching out the character before him, he has brought to his work those qualities necessary for greatness.

SARGENT himself is inclined to deprecate the value not only of the portrait in art, but of his own great position as a portrait-painter. It is not uncommon for a man to have a certain contempt for the work he does with consummate ease and mastery. But let us consider this more closely. What in particular led a physician's son, born and cradled in the land that boasts so many of the finest souls of our race—da Vinci, Angelo, Donatello—to portrait-painting? And why does he now disclaim it?

To better understand this, I recently visited him in Boston, where he is now busy on the decorative panels of the Boston Library and Museum. I had not seen him for twenty-two years. He is of powerful physique, about six feet in height, bearing himself with the youth and energy of a man in the prime of his productive period. In the midst of our conversation he suddenly exclaimed:

"What a fine thing it is to have some big work on hand which calls for continued labor and all one's ability! Years and years ago," he continued naively, "I painted portraits—" adding hastily, "I don't do them any more; and for a long time I've been working on these panels. It is so much better. It is an artist's work. You can study on and on, and crowd your life into it. The portrait means an attack that lasts a week or a month and then it's over."

In my reading of the impulse back of his present activities so far, I find it an intellectual interest rather than an emotional drive. His "Law" is a remarkable example of this quality of Sargent's work at its best, and to his great credit, for here the impersonal quality of his outlook is at home. Nothing could be truer in spirit, and the great squatting, hooded figure of Law is itself no less truly conceived. The concept is curiously modern, Anglo-Saxon rather than American in point of view and structure.

This, the last of his library decorations, shows how he has grown in grouping and composing, and in treatment of the forms he uses. It is possible, of course, to find occasion for criticism in these murals. Sargent's portraits showed a virility and vitality that was extraordinarily convincing, which the figures in his allegorical paintings lack. A certain reasoning restrains and deprives them of that intensity of character they just miss having. Yet I believe he is the greatest of living decorative painters. He sees the proper use of decoration; and he is growing as he could not in his portrait work.

Before visiting his studio or the library, I had familiarized myself with the work; and I was amazed to have heard that Mr. Sargent does not care for the "Apostles," unquestionably the most popular of all his decorations. I recalled hearing that Brangwyn, the great British decorative artist, preferred this frieze to the subsequent panels. This fact, with Sargent's recent distinct tendency to symbolism or allegory and a certain growing dryness of color and increased insistence on form and giving bulk to that form, caused me to wonder what Sargent was heading for.

IN THE panel of "Law," one of the last of the decorations that he has finished, it is strikingly obvious that his mind was acting constantly as a sculptor's. Although this panel is entirely painted, there is in truth very little of the painter in it. It is all drawn and modeled. It has all been studied, composed and rendered as to its form value. It has been produced within the panel as relief, and even while one looks at it the color has no power to undeceive. This is true also of the other panels painted about the same time.

It was only when I began to examine these panels, and then reviewed the one called "The West End" in the catalog, of which I recall he was modeling certain parts in 1901 and 1902, that I realized Sargent's metier is changing with his artistic and mental development. This opinion was confirmed when I saw the designs of the Boston Museum itself. Here, after reconstructing the dome and the entrances to the various halls, Sargent places in one vault four lunettes, if I recall rightly, and a great many small groups, dealing with the myths of civilization allegorically. Every one of these panels, every decoration he showed me, is modeled in relief. That is, Mr. Sargent has deliberately added bulk to his painting

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OLIVER OCTOBER

"I am the Master of my fate; I am the Captain of my soul"

In which Oliver's "destiny" proves right—and wrong

By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

Author of "Graustark," "Brewster's Millions," etc.

PART V—CONCLUSION

THE mob, grim, silent and determined, advanced upon the house from the upper reaches of the swamp, a swaying, unwieldly mass that surged up the slope and thinned into a compact, snake-like column in the narrow road. Since ten o'clock, men by twos and threes and fours had been making their way through back streets and lanes to an appointed spot an eighth of a mile east of the Baxter home—the tree-bordered swale that marked the extreme northern end of the slough.

Scouts, creeping up to the house, had witnessed the departure of Oliver's guests. Like swift, scarcely visible shadows they sped back through the darkness of the swamp road with their report. Whispers swelled into hoarse, guttural mutterings as the mob, headed by its set-faced, scowling leaders, left the swale and started on its deadly march.

The leaders—two men from the hardware store of Oliver Baxter—strode out in front, crowded close by the swift-moving horde that from time to time almost overran them in its eagerness to have the dirty business over with. There were guns and axes and sledge-hammers in the hands of men at the head of the column.

Quickly the house was surrounded; no avenue of escape was left unguarded. A small, detached group advanced toward the porch, above the roof of which were lights in the windows of what every one knew to be young Oliver Baxter's bedroom.

A loud voice called out: "Oliver Baxter!"

The hush of death settled upon the crowd—even the breathing seemed to have ceased.

A window-shade flew up in one of the windows and the figure of a man stood fully revealed. He stooped, his face close to the pane as he peered intently out into the blackness below. Shading his eyes with one hand, he continued his search of the night. He was without coat or vest; his white shirt was open at the throat.

A MAN in the crowd below took a fresh grip on the rope he carried in his hand.

Again the loud, firm voice:

"Come out! We want to see you, Oliver Baxter."

Oliver raised the window and leaned out.

"Who is it? What do you want?" he demanded.

"We are your father's friends," came the reply. "That's all you need to know. Come out!"

"What have you got down there? A mob? I'll see you in hell before I'll come out! If you're after me, you'll have to come and get me. But I warn you! I've got a gun up here and, so help me God, I'll shoot to kill. It is not my father's body they found. Go home, for God's sake, and don't attempt to do this thing——"

A deep growl arose from a hundred throats, stilled almost instantly as the clear voice of the leader again rang out:

"We will give you one minute to come out. If you are not on the porch by that time, we'll smash your damned doors in and we'll *drag* you out!"

Oliver glanced over his shoulder. Mrs. Grimes and Lizzie, with blanched faces, had come to his bedroom door.

"Telephone for the police, Lizzie," he cried out sharply. "No; wait! Get out of the house yourselves. Don't think of me. You mustn't be here if that mob breaks in——"

He did not finish the sentence. In the middle of it he uttered a shout of alarm and sprang toward the bureau on the opposite side of the room. There was a rush of footsteps in the hall, then the two women were flung aside, and into the room leaped three, four, half a dozen men. As Lizzie fell back against the wall, she shrieked:

"The back door! I forgot——"

Oliver knocked the first man sprawling, but the others were upon him like an avalanche. As they led him—unresisting now—from the room, his wild, beaten gaze fell upon the huddled form of Serepta Grimes lying inert in the hall.

"For God's sake, be decent enough to look after her," he panted. "Don't leave her lying——"

The crash of splintering blows upon the outer door, the jangle of shattered glass, the suddenly released howls of human hounds—pandemonium so devilish that Oliver's fearless heart quailed and he began to cry for mercy:

"Don't kill me like this! Give me a chance! Let me speak! Oh, my God!" Then rage succeeded terror. "Let go of me, you dirty dogs! Let go of me, Charlie, Steve! Give me a chance!"

They dragged him down the stairs. The front door gave way as they neared the bottom and over the wreckage stumbled men with sledges who stopped short at sight of those descending.

"We've got him," shouted one of his captors. "Make way!"

THERE was no light in the hall, only that from the open bedroom door above. Some one below flashed an electric torch on the face of the captive.

"It's him, all right," cried several voices. "Open up! We've got him! Make way out there!"

Out of the house and down into the yard they hurried him. There they paused long enough to tie his hands securely behind his back. An awed silence had fallen upon the crowd—the shouts ceased, curses died on men's lips. They had him!

"No lights!" shouted a loud-voiced man. "Come on! Hustle up! Let's get it over with."

Oliver strained at his bonds. His chest heaved, his throat swelled.

Something fell upon his head, scraped down over his face. He stifled a cry. He felt the slack noose tighten about his bare throat.

"You beasts!" he raged, sinking his heels in the earth and holding back with all his might. "You fools! Let go of me! Let me speak! Isn't there a sensible man among you? Are you all——"

He shoved forward, protesting shrilly, impotently.

They had picked the spot: the place where father and son parted on that distant night. And the tree: the sturdy old oak whose limbs overhung the road. They had picked the limb.

He would be a wonderful child, a remarkable man; he would lose his mother before he was ten; he would lead men in war. He would be a statesman, rich, respected and admired—and he would swing from the gallows before the end of his thirtieth year. That was the "fortune" the Gipsy read from his "star" for Oliver October Baxter on the night that he was born. And by the time Oliver was thirty, and all of it except that fateful last sentence had come true, the whole town of Rumley believed in it

Then several startling things happened: Oliver's father, old Oliver, disappeared after a quarrel with his son; Josephine Judge—a famous actress who had run away to go on the stage—came home to stay with her husband, Herbert Sage the minister, and her lovely daughter, Jane; and Oliver was drawn at last into politics against his skinflint uncle, Horace Gooch. All efforts to trace old Oliver failed completely. His son insisted that he was still alive, but people began to talk about the Gipsy's prophecy—and that last sentence. Then, the detectives found a skeleton buried in the swamp, near the spot where Oliver had last parted from his father

There was no delay. The stout rope was thrown over the limb, the noose was drawn close about his neck by cold, nervous fingers. A prayer was strangled on his writhing lips. Strong hands hauled at the rope. He swung in the air——

A great white flare of light burst upon the gruesome spectacle—the roar of a charging monster—the din of shrieking horns—and then the piercing scream of a woman.

The dense mob in the road broke, fighting frantically to get out of the path of Lansing's car. A man standing up in the tonneau was crying in a stentorian, far-reaching voice:

"Fools! Accursed fools! Ye know not what ye do! Stop this hideous outrage! God forgive you if we are too late! God forgive——"

Again the woman's screams.

"He is hanging! Hanging! Oh, God!"

Up to the swaying, wriggling form shot the car, a force irresistible, guided by a man who thought not of the human beings he might crush to death in his desire to reach the one he sought to save.

"Let go of that rope!" yelled this man.

Behind him came another car. Panic seized the mob. The compact mass broke and scattered. Like sheep, men plunged down the slope—now a frightened, safety-seeking horde of cowards.

A writhing, tortured figure lay in the middle of the road, a loose rope swinging free from the limb. Lansing, unafraid, sprang from the car and rushed to the prostrate figure. In a second he was tugging at the noose, cursing frightfully. No one opposed him. The mob seemed suddenly to have become paralyzed, afflicted by the stupor of indecision. Many were already fleeing madly from the scene—down the road, across the slough—yellow-hearted deserters whose only thought was to escape the consequences of recognition. A few score, falling back a little in stubborn disorder, stood glowering and blinking outside the shafts of light.

THE tall, gaunt figure in the tonneau was praying, his hands uplifted. By his side stood a woman.

Now a woman flung herself down beside the man with the rope around his neck, sobbing, moaning, her arms straining to lift his shoulders from the ground.

A baffled roar went up from the mob. Men surged forward and hands were laid upon the rope—too late. The noose was off—and Sammy Parr, standing over the doctor and the distracted girl, had a revolver in his hand.

"Come on!" he yelled. "Come on, you dirty cowards! You swine! You damned huns! Come on and get a man-sized pill!"

From all sides boomed the shouts and curses of a quickly revived purpose.

"Rush 'em!"

"Kill the——"

"Get him! Get him!"

"String him up!"

Suddenly a strange voice rose above the clamor—a voice that seemed to come from nowhere and yet was everywhere, the like of which no man there had ever heard before. Rich, full, vibrant, it fell upon puzzled ears, and once again there was a pause. The keyless chorus of execrations ceased abruptly, as if a mighty hand were clapped upon a hundred mouths.

All eyes were upon the owner of this wondrous, clarion voice. A startling figure she was, standing erect upon the front seat of Lansing's car, magically tall and mysterious as she towered above and out of the path of light thrown by the car behind.

"Men of Rumley! Hold! Hold, I command you! Is there one among you who has not heard of the Gipsy's prophecy of thirty years ago? Let him speak who will, and let him speak for all."

A score of voices answered.

"Aye," she went on. "You all have heard it. It is as familiar to you, old and young, as the story of the Crucifixion. There are old men among you—men who were here when that truthful prophecy was uttered thirty years ago. You old men heard of the Gipsy's prophecy within twenty-four hours after it was spoken in the house you have ravished to-night. You heard it word for word, faithfully repeated by men and women who were present

and who have never forgotten what she said. I ask one—you—any one of you—to stand forth and tell the rest of this craven mob what the Gipsy fortune-teller said on that wild and stormy night!"

Two or three men stepped forward as if fascinated.

"She said the baby son of Oliver Baxter would be hung for murder before he was thirty years old," bawled one of them.

"He killed his father. He ought to be hung. The Gipsy was right," shouted another.

"And what else did she say?" rang out the voice of Josephine Judge.

"Oh, a lot of things that don't matter now," yelled a man back in the crowd. "Get busy, boys. We can't——"

"Stop! Wait, and I will tell you what she said. She said one thing that all of you old men ought to remember. It was the most important thing of all, the most horrible. I was there; this man of God, my husband, was there; other honest people, friends of yours, were there. They heard her words and they repeated them to you the next day. Silence! Listen to me! You believe she spoke the truth when she uttered that prophecy? Answer!"

"Yes!"

"Then, in God's name, why are you murdering Oliver October Baxter?"

"WE GAVE him a fair trial," answered one of the leaders. "We know all the facts. He is guilty of killing his father. We don't need any more proof."

"Are you one of the men who heard the story thirty years ago?"

"Yes, I am—and I heard it straight!"

"Then you must know that this poor boy was adjudged innocent of this crime on the day that he was born," fell slowly, distinctly from the lips of Josephine. "I will repeat the words of the Gipsy woman. She said: 'He will not commit a murder. He will be hanged for a crime he did not commit.' Speak! Are not those the words of the Gipsy?"

Absolute silence ensued. It was as if the crowd had turned to stone.

"And so," she cried, leveling her finger at the men in the front rank, "you have done your part toward making the prophecy come true. You have hung Oliver October Baxter in spite of the fact that you were told thirty years ago that he would be innocent. It has all come out as the fortune-teller said it would. She read his future in the stars. She read it all from his own star—and, look ye, fools of Rumley, in yonder black dome a single star is shining. See! With your own blind eyes—see!"

She lifted a hand and pointed majestically. Every eye followed the direction indicated by that dramatic forefinger. A star gleamed brightly in the southern sky, a single star in a desert of black.

"That is the star of Oliver October Baxter. He was born under that star and, God help us all, I fear he has died beneath it. Out of all the great and endless firmament, that one star reveals itself to-night. Slink home, assassins! Murderers all! May the curse of the shining star fall upon ye—now, henceforth and forever! Slink home to your wives and children and tell them what ye have done this night!"

BUT the mob stood rooted to the ground. A sudden shout went up from those in the front rank—a strange shout of relief.

Oliver October was struggling to his feet, assisted by Jane and Lansing. His arms, released from their bonds, were thrown across their shoulders, his chin was high, he was coughing violently.

"He's all right!" yelled a man, and started eagerly forward, only to fall back as Jane Sage held up her hand and screamed.

"Keep away! You will have to kill me before you can touch him again, you *beasts!*"

"Aw, I only want to help him get into the car——"

"Stand back!" commanded Lansing. "We don't need your help."

Three or four eager voices cried out shakily and in unison:

"Take him to the doctor's!"

Then a tenser silence than before fell over the scene, for Jane was crying:

"Are you all right, Oliver? Can you speak? What is it, dearest? What are you trying to say?"

"Don't try to speak yet, Baxter," cautioned Lansing. "Plenty of time. You're all right. You'll be yourself in a few minutes. Thank God we got here when we did."

"Keep quiet!" ordered a voice in the mob. "He wants to say something. He's alive, and he wants to say something. *Sh!*"

"Drop that rope!" roared Sammy as one of the crowd left the circle and hastily reached for the rope. The fellow leaped back as if stung.

"I was only meanin' to take it back to Ollie's store," he whined. "It belongs to him."

"Take him to a doctor's!" roared a dozen anxious men.

"Clear the road!" roared others.

They got Oliver into the forward car, where he huddled down between Jane and her mother. They heard him whisper hoarsely, jerkily:

"Never mind about me—I'm—all right. They won't try it—again. Look after 'Aunt'—Serepta first. She's hurt. They left her—lying up——"

"Don't worry, old top," cried Sammy eagerly; "I'll go back and look out for her. You go along with Doc—he'll fix you up. All you need is a good stiff——"

"Clear the road!" roared a score of voices as Lansing's car moved slowly forward. Down through a lane of men, who carefully shielded their faces from the glare of the headlights, Sammy's car advanced. It picked up speed and soon the little red tail light was lost to sight. Having watched it until it disappeared, the mob, as one man, turned its anxious eyes heavenward—not in supplication, but for a somewhat surreptitious look at Oliver's shining star. They stared open-mouthed. A miracle had happened: the sky was full of merry, twinkling little stars.



SHE LIFTED A HAND AND POINTED MAJESTICALLY. "MAY THE CURSE OF THAT SHINING STAR FALL UPON YOU—NOW, HENCEFORTH AND FOREVER!"

Two men slouched side by side behind all the others as the once bloodthirsty horde bore off swiftly, apprehensively, but still dubiously, through the night which now seemed to mock them with its silence. One of these men said to the other:

"I'VE worked in that store for twenty-two years. Where the dickens do you suppose I'll find another job at my age?"

"You won't need one," said the other gloomily, "if my prophecy comes true."

"What are you talking about?"

"I prophesy we'll all be in jail for this night's work."

An hour later Sammy Parr expressed himself somewhat irrelevantly in the parsonage sitting-room.

"Say, Miss Judge, you were great. I never heard anything like that speech of yours. And your voice—why, it gave me the queerest kind of shivers."

Josephine was pacing the floor, her fine brow knitted in thought. She was muttering to herself. Oliver, lying on a couch, smiled up into Jane's lovely eyes. She sat beside him, holding his hand in both of hers. Serepta Grimes, having stubbornly refused to go to bed, sat in a Morris chair across the room and, perhaps for the first time in her long life, was being forced to accept her own medicine at the hands of a suddenly important Samaritan in the person of Lizzie Meggs, who, without rime or reason, had been plying her with aromatic spirits of ammonia for the better part of an hour. The Reverend Mr. Sage stood apart with Doctor Lansing, deep in a low-voiced argument as to whether God or man, Providence or science, had saved the life of Oliver October.

Miss Judge paused.

"It was rather good, wasn't it?" she observed. "I am trying to fix that speech in my mind. I shall have a play written around it. I know the very man who can do it. He has been eager to write a play for me. I shall telegraph him to-morrow to come to Rumley at once. In my mind's eye I can visualize that remarkable scene; I can——"

"Josephine!" cried Mr. Sage, aghast. "You are not thinking of going back—going back——"

She help up her hand. "Not to London, old thing—not to London. It is possible I may consent to make a farewell tour of America. Sarah Bernhardt, Ellen Terry—why not I? My own company——"

AT THIS juncture, Oliver sat up and claimed the audience.

"Sammy," he cried out thickly, but with the ring of enthusiasm in his voice, "you do me a favor, will you?"

"Sure," cried Sammy, springing to his feet.

"Stand up with me. I'm going to be married. I've been best man for you twice——"

"Great!" cried Sammy. "I'll not only stand up with you, old boy, but I'll let you lean on me."

"Now?" gasped Serepta Grimes, in great agitation.

"At once," declared Oliver, struggling to his feet. "I came near losing her to-night. I'll take no more chances."

"Yes—now!" cried Jane softly, and for the first time that night the color came back to her cheeks.



THE MOB STOOD ROOTED TO THE GROUND. A SUDDEN SHOUT WENT UP FROM THOSE IN THE FRONT RANK—OLIVER OCTOBER WAS STRUGGLING TO HIS FEET

HORACE GOOCH was going to bed. He had had a hard day, and it was nine o'clock. He had a notion he was likely to sleep very well. The sheriff of the county had telephoned earlier in the evening that a body had been found in one of the marsh pools. The news rather took his breath. He had an absurd notion that he was going to be haunted all night long by the ghastly remains of his brother-in-law.

While he always had contended that Oliver Baxter did not have much of a head to speak of, the fact that it had been split wide open with an ax, or something of the sort, was very likely to cause him to see things, even with his eyes closed and in the bedroom in pitch darkness. He decided to leave the light burning in his room, and then, after further deliberation, concluded that as long as it had to be lit anyway, it would be a very sensible thing on his part if he were to put in the time reading instead of wasting electricity.

Mr. Gooch slept in his nightshirt. He didn't believe in new-fangled things. He was a plain man. No frills for him.

The windows of his bedroom looked out on an extensive lawn, formerly a rather pretentious and well-kept half-acre, but now unkempt, weedy and in a state of dire neglect. He wanted the voters to understand that he was by no means as rich as the unprincipled opposition said he was.

Before retiring to the large four-poster bed he peeped out between the window-curtains to see whether the arc light was burning at the street-corner above. It was, and he experienced a singular sensation of relief. Then he put on his spectacles and got into bed. He had a book, a well-worn copy of "David Harum," but he did not begin reading at once. He was thinking of the many dark and lonely nights old Oliver Baxter had spent in Death Swamp. It gave him a creepy feeling. He tucked the covers a little more tightly under his chin—but still the creepy feeling persisted.

Just as he was beginning to wish that they had not yet found his unfortunate brother-in-law, a pleasant and agreeable alternative presented itself and he noticed an immediate increase of warmth in his veins. Strange that he had not thought of it sooner. It was most consoling, after all, this finding of the "*corpus delicti.*" If they hadn't found it, he would have been obliged to pay all costs arising from the search and investigation. But now that the "body of the crime" had been unearthed, he would be relieved of this onerous obligation. The county would have to pay for everything. That was understood. He smiled a little, turned the covers down from his chin and took up his book.

"Hey, Horace!"

He lay perfectly still for a few seconds, his eyes glued to the page. An icy chill, starting in his abdomen, spread all over him, slowly at first, then with consuming swiftness. He bit hard on his teeth to keep them from chattering. The voice sounded as if it were just outside his chamber window. He waited.

"Hey, Horace!"

A deep groan oozed through Mr. Gooch's stiffening lips. He shrank down into the bed and pulled the covers up over his head. There was no other voice in the world like it. He would know it among a million. Oliver Baxter had come to haunt him! He had a horrifying mental vision of the unforgettable figure of his brother-in-law floating in the air outside. This changed instantly to an even more appalling spectacle: old Oliver emerging from his grave in the swamp and speeding through the black night to pay him a visit—with his skull split wide open——

Some one was knocking at the front door. Even through the thick bed-covers he could hear the sharp tapping—not the tapping of flesh-covered knuckles, but of bare bones!

Mr. Gooch's grizzled head peeped out from beneath the covers. He remembered that his bedroom door was unlocked. Anybody, *anything* could walk right in. He climbed out of bed with a spryness that amazed him.

AGAIN the voice, but this time reassuringly remote from his window-sill. He stopped irresolute half-way to the door. If he waited long enough, he reasoned, the ghost would go away thinking he was not at home. There was not the slightest doubt that it was farther away now than when it spoke the first time. Besides, there was something more or less human in this last cry from the night. It wasn't all spookish. It seemed to express wrath.

"All right! You can go to Jericho."

Mr. Gooch went to the window. He was still shivering and he hesitated a moment, then boldly drew the curtains apart. The light from the arc light at the corner, fairly well spent after traversing a couple of hundred feet, was of sufficient strength to flood the lawn with a dim radiance. A shadowy object half-way down to the gate resolved itself into the figure of a man as Mr. Gooch gazed upon it with bewildered, incredulous eyes.

"Hello, Horace," came wafting up to Mr. Gooch, apparently from this shadowy object. "That you? Say, open up and let me in."

Mr. Gooch grasped the window-frame for support.

"Good God!" he gulped, but in a voice so strange and hollow that he did not recognize it as his own. In a sudden panic he threw up the window and screeched—in an entirely different voice, but equally as unrecognizable:

"Go away! Leave me alone!"

"Say, don't you know who it is? It's me."

The figure drew nearer the house. At the same time Mr. Gooch stuck his head out of the window and bawled:

"Help! For God's sake, somebody come and chase it away!"

"What's the matter with you, you darned old fool!" barked the indignant visitor. "You'll wake the dead, yelling like that."

"Wake the dead!" repeated Mr. Gooch.

"I'm Ollie Baxter. For goodness' sake, Horace, don't tell me you've forgotten your only brother-in-law."

"Go away! You're dead. I don't want any dead people coming around here——"

A shrill, lively cackle came up from the murk. Mr. Gooch clapped his hand to his forehead.

"Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!" he groaned.

"Ain't you going to let me in? I'm not going to ask again, you darned old skinflint. I hate you, anyhow, and always did—but I thought maybe, after me being away for more than a year, you'd be hospitable enough to——"

"Stop talking!" commanded Mr. Gooch. "You always did talk too much. Now, listen to me. Are you really alive?"

"Course I am. What ails you?"

"I don't believe it. They found your body this afternoon."

"You don't say so!" gasped the object under the window.

"Horribly decayed," added Mr. Gooch sternly.

"Well, I'll be danged!"

"So you simply *can't* be alive. Go away!"

"This is mighty queer. Are they positive it's me?"

"THERE'S no evidence to the contrary. Seems to be absolutely no doubt about it."

"Well, well! Where did they find me."

"You know as well as I do."

"I don't know anything of the kind."

"See here, Oliver, what's the sense of lying to me? You know you're dead and——"

"Well, suppose I am," broke in the other irascibly; "that's no reason why you should stick your head out of a window and tell the whole town of Hopkinsville about it. You come down here and let me in. I'll darned soon show you I'm not dead. What's more, I never have been dead, so they couldn't have found my body."

Mr. Gooch was now convinced. It was Oliver Baxter and he was very much alive.

"Well, what do you want?"

"I want to come in and spend the night with you, that's what I want."

"There's a good hotel up on Jackson Street," began Mr. Gooch; but curiosity getting the better of him, he abruptly called out for Oliver to wait till he had put on his pants and he would come down and let him in.

As he hurriedly started to slip on his trousers, he heard his brother-in-law whistling a strange and jaunty melody out in the yard. He never had heard anything like it before.

A sudden, desolating thought struck him as he sat on the edge of the bed. His trousers were but half on when the shock came. He knew not how long he sat there, powerless and inactive, staring at nothing. A shout from outside aroused him. He groaned and then slipped the other leg into his trousers.

Calamity! His cake was dough! The return of Oliver Baxter meant his political doom. Young Oliver, vindicated, would be carried into office by an unprecedented majority, riding serene and triumphant on a wave of popularity that would sweep all opposition before

Continued on page 101

SIMPLE TABLE ARRANGEMENTS OF FRUIT

Color and charm radiate from glowing bowls



Small sprays of pine and carelessly arranged pieces of fruit create a festive air against a table covered with a simple white cloth



Photo by M. E. Hewitt

Between meals, and during the Winter months, a simple centerpiece may consist of fruits and sprays of laurel gracefully arranged in a wooden chopping-bowl



Photo by M. E. Hewitt

This graceful metal bowl filled with fruits of the season would become the center of attraction if placed on either a sideboard or serving-table



For the formal dinner or luncheon, this Dresden-china boat filled with fruit makes a most appropriate centerpiece



This graceful and dignified old glass fruit-dish has for its worthy guardians two brilliantly colored china parrots



Photo by M. E. Hewitt

For a refectory table, this striking example of simple fruit arrangement is always in good taste

WOMEN WHO HAVE WON

What woman has done, woman can do

CASHING IN ON AN IDEA

The story of a woman who made hospitality her profession



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Mrs. Lois Pierce Hughes

ACTING hostess to twenty-five thousand or more women a year is the unique job which Mrs. Lois Pierce Hughes, in charge of the woman's floor at Hotel McAlpin, New York, has created for herself. In all the hotel world, this is the only floor set apart for the exclusive service of women.

Ten years ago, Mrs. Hughes, a widow, was faced with the problem of making her way for herself and a daughter. She had had no business background. Her life had been filled largely with entertaining and being entertained, with women's club activities, with travel and with making a home for her family in whatever part of the country they happened to be living.

In taking stock of the talents by which she might earn her way through life, Mrs. Hughes realized that for a number of years she had been brooding over an idea. This idea was to add to an otherwise perfect American hotel system a personal service for women guests. She conceived of a hotel where women and girls traveling alone should be graciously received by a woman and have their every comfort cared for, their every question answered. Thoroughly convinced of the soundness of her plan, Mrs. Hughes approached almost every large hotel-manager in New York. But one after another they listened to her half-heartedly and promptly forgot what seemed but the vague dream of a woman. Finally there was but one large hotel which she had not yet approached. This was a new structure, still uncompleted, which she had watched go up brick by brick. When she learned the name of the manager, she went to see him immediately. Frankly she laid her idea before him and asked for an opportunity to try it out in his new hotel. This man caught something of her spirit and faith in the venture. He called it a gamble, but he took a gambler's chance, and he took it magnificently.

SOON Mrs. Hughes found herself in charge of an entire floor, consisting of seventy-five rooms, in the McAlpin. This was to be her house. She was to live in it; she was to fill it and keep it filled with women guests; and furthermore, she was to make all of these guests of the hotel feel as much at home as though they were really her guests back in her own home in Indiana.

The new hostess sent out letters to club women, colleges and schools. She invited deans of colleges, representative students and club women to spend a week-end on her floor, and in other personal ways she spread abroad the news of her venture. Success was assured almost from the start, and now the sixth floor of the McAlpin is always filled to capacity.

If you ask Mrs. Hughes just what her duties are as hostess, she will tell you that she is responsible for doing, or for having done, everything which any one of her guests asks of her. Among other things, she is their information bureau. Where to buy a new fur, how to spend an afternoon or evening, what to see in four days in New York, how to locate a friend, what to buy for the folks back home—these are a few of the questions which she is adept at answering as part of a day's duties.

"I never say 'I don't know' to any question," declared Mrs. Hughes. "I always say, 'I'll find out.'"

Mrs. Hughes conducts a shopping service which also serves men guests at the hotel. Sometimes on a half-day's notice she is asked to have at the hotel a selection of gifts suitable for a mother, sweetheart or a wife, a silver-wedding anniversary present, or something for the children. Her chaperon service is still called upon occasionally and often there is a train to be met upon which a companionless wife or daughter is to arrive in New York.

Among the features which Mrs. Hughes has worked out on her floor are a sunny and well-equipped playroom for child guests and a delightful roof-garden playground with swings, a sand-pile and sliding-boards. The germ of this happy thought, Mrs. Hughes says, dated as far back as her own little-girl days. In traveling with her father on his business trips, she spent long, lonesome days in hotels, longing for some one to play with, but with only a hotel-maid to keep an eye on her as she wandered forlornly about the lobbies and a desk-clerk to lead her into a forbidding dining-room. To-day there are no lonely children in the McAlpin, even though their homes may be on different continents. Play quickly breaks down all barriers and laughter is the same in all languages.

Then there is a library for women, a hair-dressing parlor, a reception-room where men callers may be received or business appointments kept, and the office and reception-room of the hostess, which radiates a friendly hospitality.

Those who meet Mrs. Hughes for the first time recognize the sincerity of her neighborly friendliness. Women employees of the hotel, as well as guests, bring personal problems to her for light and are always sure of her unerring delicacy in accepting their confidence and in suggesting possible solutions.

SUCCESS IN A VILLAGE KITCHEN

A pin-money venture that became a nation-wide business



Marie Saunders

NO GIRLHOOD talent should be buried, least of all a talent for candy-making, is the opinion of Marie Saunders, whose country-wide success with her home-made sweets dates back to a high-school pin-money venture.

As she was an only daughter in a not-too-affluent family, she determined to help pay her own expenses through high school. Her fudge, candy kisses and bonbons had always been preferred on parties with friends and classmates, so when she wanted to earn money, her first thought was to make candy for sale.

She and a friend rented a store-window, made the candy in their own kitchens after school and sold their goods on Wednesday afternoons and Saturdays. Soon a modest success warranted a larger investment. A small store was rented for the Winter months and a daytime clerk engaged. The two girls tended the store in the evenings.

With the end of high-school days the fudge-and-candy-kisses partnership dissolved and Marie Saunders ventured alone on a new course—making and selling chocolates to wholesale trade only. Through the medium of friends she established agencies in nearby towns, and as the news of the goodness of her goodies spread the circle of her candy distribution widened.

All of this time her candy kitchen had been in her own home. After she had made seven hundred pounds of candy between the family breakfast, lunch and dinner cooking on her mother's stove, she sought a new home for her home-made sweets.

MONTH by month the business grew in leaps and bounds. During the war the sugar rationing placed an artificial limitation to the sales, and orders for thousands of pounds in America were never filled, while box after box crossed the sea to the troops in Flanders.

The proof of Marie Saunders's candy is in its sales. Three thousand pounds a month is the average sales-record. In the modern store and kitchen in Calais, Maine, these sweets are made, packed and shipped to points as far distant as California.

Profitable agencies for the candies have been taken up by prominent clubs in large cities, where wise men, suddenly mindful of the lateness of the hour, may rush to the cigar-and-candy counter for a propitiatory offering, a box of Marie Saunders's home-made sweets, before hurrying home to their wives.

Marie Saunders is still in her early thirties. She believes that her business is but in its infancy, and she is enthusiastically working and watching its development. But as she is watching the development of her business, so is she also providing for the development of her home—for she is a wife, mother and home-maker as well as a candy-maker. Her work demands much of her time, but at no serious sacrifice to any comfort and companionship of her husband and two children.

STARTING AT THE BOTTOM

Ability plus opportunity win success in the newspaper field



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Mrs. Ogden Mills Reid

MRS. OGDEN MILLS REID has broken down the popular tradition that the highest executive offices of the large metropolitan dailies are closed to women. Mrs. Reid is the successful advertising director of the New York *Tribune*, where she took her desk in December, 1918. She brought to her new job not only college training, but eight years of business experience and a capacity for hard and untiring work.

For two months before taking her title and her desk Mrs. Reid went out and solicited advertising. She realized that unless she could get the confidence of those who were working under her she could not hope to succeed, and in order to get this confidence she had to prove that she could go out and sell advertising. During those two months she learned just what an advertising solicitor has to face and what a jungle of perplexing and complicated details the advertising game is.

"Selling advertising requires something more than mechanical efficiency," is the conclusion which Mrs. Reid has reached. "It demands imagination, invention, the capacity to meet an argument swiftly while it is on the way and to turn it back upon itself, transforming it from the offensive to the defensive. Above all, it demands patience and self-control."

As a new advertising director, Mrs. Reid set about to understand not only what the newspaper she represents had done in the past, but also what all of the other New York newspapers had done. She was also on the alert for any helpful suggestions she could find from a study of the advertising methods of magazines. Three months after she was appointed advertising director Mrs. Reid was elected secretary of The Tribune Company. The steady growth of the *Tribune's* advertising linage during the years following her appointment indicates her rare business genius and organization skill.

Mrs. Reid has won a big battle for other women who aspire to executive positions. When she began her *Tribune* work, seasoned newspaper men prophesied that she would tire of her job or else fail at it. Long ago she proved them wrong.

MRS. REID'S capabilities are not limited to newspaper activities. During the war she took over the management of an eight-hundred-acre farm in Westchester County, New York, and increased its production fifty per cent. Perhaps her most notable public endeavor was her part in the suffrage victory of the women of New York. During the campaign of 1917, which culminated in the State franchise to women, Mrs. Reid was treasurer of the State Suffrage Organization. The last fourteen months of the fight cost over $413,000, much of which Mrs. Reid raised, through thousands of letters and dozens of personal calls on men and women of prominence.

Mrs. Reid's special responsibility and interest in the suffrage campaign was in that part of the publicity campaign which had to do with newspaper advertising. It was in preparing the advertising copy for this campaign that she first became interested in newspaper advertising as a profession.

Besides being a business woman, Mrs. Reid is a wife and mother. She has a young daughter and a son. She is as feminine as could be decreed by any patriarch of the past or present. She is of medium height and slender. Her eyes are large and gray and she has wavy hair. Her youth shows in the humor at the corners of her determined mouth, in her rounded chin, and in a smooth skin, in which a faint color comes and goes as she speaks. In her speech and manner she is deliberate. She weighs questions carefully and answers them slowly, as if selecting her words to match her deliberation. She has won a reputation among men for never acting on impulse or delivering snap judgments.

Best of all, in talking with women who have worked with her and for her one discovers that she is an executive—not a "boss."



Dinarzade, who is the stately duchess of "The Nightingale and the Rose" ballet in the Greenwich Village Follies. Photograph by Nickolas Muray

The vogue of the long earring and the close hair-dressing goes back to the 1870 costume of the divertissement based on Oscar Wilde's "The Nightingale and the Rose."

THE NEW IN NEW YORK

By Evelyn Dodge

Organdy for Evening

NEW YORK has adopted the new French fashion of using organdy for evening. It sounds simple, doesn't it? But, as Bonar Law said of himself, one sometimes suspects that it is not as simple as it seems. For it is organdy over silver which gives its color an extraordinarily lovely and iridescent quality, or organdy over taffeta, with two colors blending into a third. Orange, flame and geranium are brilliantly beautiful over silver, and there are combinations of lemon yellow, faint claret pink or deep wine color with silver, and corsage bouquets in which are mingled flat shades of lavender, dark red and vivid green that are devastatingly lovely. With taffeta, rose is used over rose, a wax red the color of Japanese hawthorn over Chinese yellow, powder blue over ivory taffeta, with a bouquet of flowers in shades of ashes of roses. In these frocks there is an overdress with a straight body open like the bouffant skirt to show the slip beneath. The same style is very elegant in lace and the color combinations are quite as lovely as in organdy. Gray lace over gold, for example, or brown lace over amber silk, giving a tortoise-shell pattern, silvery green lace over soft blue, with yellow flowers at the belt. It is the newest evening style of the Spring, very picturesque and utterly delightful for Easter wedding-parties.

Handkerchiefs Not To Be Sneezed At

THE handkerchief craze began two years ago in Paris with the bandanas that hung from the hip of the gray tailored suit that was the costume of the year. In the Spring one saw them in brown batik designs in the front pocket of black alpaca dresses, or the brilliant patterns and vivid colors in crêpe de Chine or Georgette, knotted around the wrist in the evening. At Deauville they were worn, contadina fashion, knotted at one side of the neck, or tied around the hip, or fastened around the crown of a soft felt hat.

On Fifth Avenue the newest note is the handkerchief blouse. It is made of two handkerchiefs caught together near the shoulder and tacked to make a very short sleeve. The blouse is sewed into a band made of two handkerchief borders and fastened at each hip, and is worn frequently with the new accordion-plaited skirt. It is very smart and excessively gay in the bright bandana colors and patterns. The Paisley designs in yellow or ivory and Indian red are used for borders or the centers of the handkerchief squares, and one also sees other bandana patterns, flowers, birds, polka-dots and geometrical figures printed on yellow, red, brown, blue, green and black grounds.

The Vogue of Paisley

IN THE smart shops one sees a good deal of Paisley and similar designs and colors used for the jacket blouse, the blouse jacket and for the contrasting body of the draped dress. This last combination is extremely fashionable with the three-piece suit. For women who want color, but not quite so much of it for the street, black soutache braiding in all-over patterns is used on jacket blouses in sand, tomato red, king's blue and jade green. It gives the effect of one of the new figured materials and has a subduing influence on the color. The blouse jackets are extremely smart in the silk or wool matelassés. One sees very elegant versions of the crepon materials with chenille or cut velvet figures on a wool-crêpe ground, and while they are quite expensive, the jackets are brief, the material wide and one does not have to use a great deal of it, for the skirt, of course, is a plain silk or wool crêpe, broadcloth, etc. Black, beige or cinnamon brown are the smartest colors for this particular type of suit. Gray is extremely lovely with the body or coat bloused over a flat plaited girdle of dull gold.

SOULIÉ'S SKETCHES SENT FROM THE DELINEATOR'S PARIS ESTABLISHMENT



"My crêpe can do no wroug" is the loyalist's slogan of a black crêpe satin frock. The satin right side is used for the dress itself and the crêpe wroug side for the stitched straps and flare panels which are laid in plaits. By Rolande

An apron tunic gathers itself together beneath the pockets of a soft little dress in almond-green crêpe Georgette. Twisted roses of the same material follow the broken outline of the tunic and the short sleeve. From Rolande



Evidently designed for the president of the Society for the Preservation of Pickpockets is a costume of beige perlaine trimmed with seal-brown slynx and graduated bands of brown raillaine which follow the flare of the generous pockets. The waistline is low and the skirt straight. From Jean Patou



In one of the smartest suit silhouettes of the early Spring the costume is the same width from hem to hip where the jacket fits so snugly that the easier upper part falls naturally into its own blouse. Bernard makes it of black raillaine with gray fox



Agnès relieves a black dress by the tricolor of pearls and coral embroidery on a blue faille band which follows the Russian closing from the shoulder to the hem. The draped skirt wraps around the figure and falls in a cascade at the side

THE SPRING SILHOUETTE IS IN FOUR FIGURES—STRAIGHT, CIRCULAR, DRAPED AND BOUFFANT

Agnès spreads before us once again the wide skirts of the Victorian era in a young girl's dress of dove-colored shot taffetas with silver medallions veiled with rose and edged with silver ribbon. Pink roses embroider a belt of silver ribbon tied primly at the front





Drecoll uses the green and gold of the First Empire in a full-skirted robe de style of green taffetas with a bouquet of gold roses which holds together the bertha collar and draped girdle of black chiffon velvet

To be all things to all women Drecoll also designs dresses based upon the straight silhouette. For the gown at the right he uses black crêpe satin with astrakhan and soutache embroidery on the sleeves and panels



To satisfy the new craving for color which is the natural reaction from the long reign of black, Bernard designs an indented dress of poppy pink crêpe picador with beaded blue and yellow embroidery on the wing drapery of the skirt and the short sleeve



Jean Patou experimenting with the circular silhouette designs a dress of black Byzantine crepe with gold embroidery at the neck, and flaring panels at the sides. The long close sleeve is excellent for the street

Dress 4175
Embroidery design
10865

Dress 4216

Dress 4164

Dress 4144
Embroidery design
10118

Dress 4220

Dress 4239

Other views and descriptions of these costumes are on page 108

Blouse Coat 4243
Dress 4239

Dress 4222
Embroidery design
10957

Dress 4218

Dress 4237
Embroidery design
10987

Dress 4201

Dress 4228
Embroidery design 10873

Other views and descriptions of these costumes are on page 108

Dress 4219

Dress 4215

Dress 4221

Dress 4190

Dress 4186

Suit 4231

Coat 4211
Hat 4018
Leggings 4038

Dress 4180

Dress 4229

Dress 4236
Embroidery design 10984

Other views and descriptions are on page 109

Dress 4189
Embroidery design
10994

Dress 4226

Dress 4224

Evening Dress 4250

Dress 4248
Embroidery design 10954

Dress 4235

Other views and descriptions are on page 110

Dress 4177

Dress 4232
Embroidery design 10983



Dress 4212

Dress 4208
Slip 3489
Embroidery design 10996

Dress 4200
Embroidery design 10123

Dress 4214
Monogram design
10787

Dress 4185

Other views and descriptions of these costumes are on page 111

THE SEARCHLIGHT OF A CHANGING FASHION REVEALS BANDANA BLOUSES, AND CHARMING FANCIES FOR COLLARS AND SLEEVES



Blouse 4264
Skirt 4217



Dress 4202



Dress 4249
Embroidery design 10118



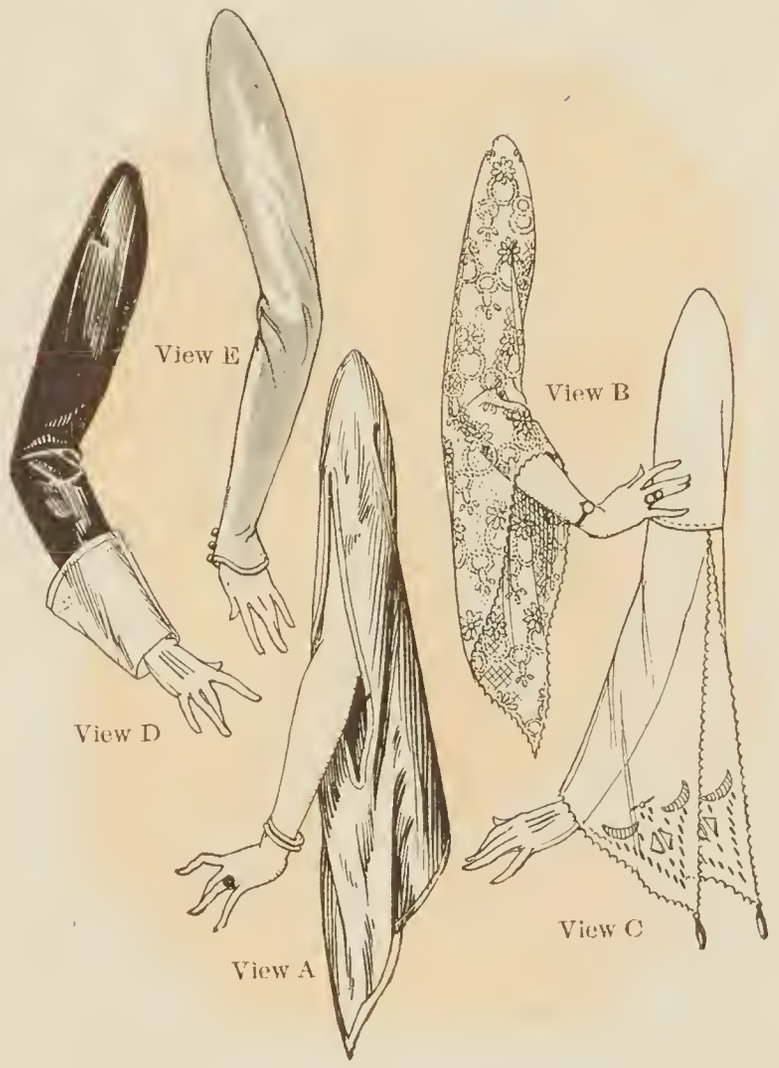
Dress 4255



Blouse 4203; skirt 4227
Monogram design 10858



Guimpe and collars 4260
Embroidery design 10677



Dress sleeves 4246
Embroidery design 10945

Other views and descriptions are on page 111

FROCKS FOR SOUTHERN WEAR ARE OF TRANSPARENT ORGANDY OR RATINES

4255—10120—Under the sheltering San Antonio palms, one's one-piece ratine frock embroidered in vivid Oriental shades is a bright spot of color. It slips on over the head and has a straight lower edge and a choice of body lining. Use cotton ratine, cotton homespun, cotton crêpe, heavy printed fabrics, linen, gingham, chambray, etc. The embroidery is new. Work it in outline embroidery and one-stitch or a combination of satin, one-stitch and outline.

36 bust requires 3 yards of 36-inch ratine. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is distinctive for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also for misses.

4230—A dress which one may wear on balmy mornings on the porch of the hotel or out for errands is quite attractive in madras, percale, gingham, chambray, cotton prints, with organdy, piqué or linen-finished cottons. This dress has a straight skirt joined to a long body and may omit the shoulder yoke. One may use dotted swiss or dimity with organdy, Japanese crêpe, cotton ratine, tub silks, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards of 32-inch tub silk. Lower edge 58½ inches.

The morning dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 46 bust.

4259—For those who are careful never to plan any clothes which can not be worn in a motor, this one-piece dress of the slip-over type is most acceptable. It may be worn mornings in the car, on the street, as well as at home. Make it of cotton prints, percale, Japanese crêpe, gingham, chambray, striped madras, linen-finished cotton, cotton poplin, plain sateen, figured sateen, black sateen with cretonne, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards of 36-inch cotton print. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

The morning dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 48 bust.



Morning dress 4259

Dress 4255
Embroidery 10120

Morning dress 4230



Blouse coat 4243
Skirt 4251

Dress 4261
Embroidery 10627

4263—Embroidered voiles and dotted swiss have an initiation in a frock like this one which slips on over the head. It has a tucked straight skirt which is joined at a low waistline and a casing arrangement of elastic. Make it of cotton voile, cotton Georgette, pin-dot swiss, lawn, dimity, or of gingham tissues. Lower edge of the dress is 1¾ yard.

36 bust requires 4⅛ yards of 36-inch embroidered voile.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 52 bust.

4247—10677—Ruffles and an embroidered band yoke combine on a new dress of the slip-over type to make a small girl happy. It has a skirt joining the body at a low waistline, where a fabric rose blooms. Use organdy, pin-dot swiss, cotton voile, Georgette, net, point d'esprit or crêpe de Chine. The flower sprays are decorative. Work them in eyelets, satin-stitch, French stemming and buttonholing.

12 years requires 3 yards of 36-inch mull.

The dress is dainty for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

4261—10627—This transparent frock will be seen often at garden-party gatherings. The corsage of hand-made posies marks the cut-away effect of the one-piece overdress with a straight lower part and on the slip-over order. It is worn over a one-piece slip. Use an organdy dress over a taffeta or silver-cloth slip, etc. The embroidery is smart. Work it in satin-stitch, eyelets, buttonholing, French stemming.

36 bust requires 3½ yards of 40-inch organdy, and 2⅝ yards of 35-inch silk. Lower edge of slip 53½ inches.

The dress is exquisite for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also for misses.

4243—4251—At least one out of five of us will wear a blouse coat of matelassé, moire silk, heavy silk crêpe, etc., over an accordion-plaited straight skirt. The coat has a lining to hold the blouse in place and may omit sleeves. The skirt joins a camisole body or 1¼-inch inside belt, or may be side-plaited.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2⅝ yards of 35-inch cotton matelassé and 2¾ yards of 39-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge with plaits drawn out 2⅞ yards.

The blouse coat is good style for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also for misses, and the skirt for ladies 35 to 42½ hip.



4255



4230



4259



4261



4243



4251



4263



4247



Dress 4247
Embroidery 10677

Dress 4263

PALM BEACH OFFERS A FEW LEADS CONCERNING THE EVOLUTION OF THE SUMMER STYLE

4244—10734—Rushing the season, especially the Summer, is a delightful pastime when one can wear light, lovely frocks under the sunny skies of Palm Beach. The draped waist of this frock on the slip-over order has the new bertha collar and closes under the left arm. The straight skirt joins a long camisole lining and the hem may be in plain outline. Use organdy or taffeta, or cotton voile or dotted swiss with organdy trimming. The embroidery is a delicate trimming. Work the design in satin-stitch, eyelets and French stemming.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards of 44-inch organdy. Lower edge 2 yards.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



Dress 4253

Dress 4257

Dress 4256



Dress 4244
Embroidery design 10734



4244



4257



4253



4199



Dress 4199

4252—Frills of organdy and hand-made roses are alluring on a dress of the slip-over type. It has a straight skirt joined at a low waistline. There may be a 3-inch hem instead of the deep scalloped hem. Use organdy, pin-dot swiss, cotton voile, with organdy frills in contrasting color, or net or point d'esprit with ribbon or lace frills, Georgette, crêpe de Chine or taffeta.

16 years requires 3⅝ yards of 36-inch embroidered voile and ⅝ yard of 44-inch organdy. Lower edge 2 yards.

The dress is a girlish style for misses 15 to 20; also for small women.

4254—10627—Tucks and an embroidered bertha are most becoming to the youngest member of a Florida colony. This dress is also quite appropriate for graduation. It slips on over the head and the tucked straight skirt joins the waist at a low waistline. Make it of organdy, cotton voile, Georgette, point d'esprit or crêpe de Chine. The embroidery is delicate. Work it in satin-stitch, eyelets, buttonholing and French stemming.

12 years requires 3 yards of 36-inch cotton voile.

The dress is becoming to juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.



4256



4252



4254



Dress 4252

Dress 4254
Embroidery design 10627

4199—Figured materials are auguries for the Summer styles and appear in a simple one-piece frock of this type. It slips on over the head and has a choice of elastic in a casing at a low waistline or a body lining. Use gingham, chintz or cotton ratine for this dress, or make it of heavy silk crêpes, crêpe satin, satin crêpe, charmeuse. For the North it is appropriate for wool crêpes, serge, tricotine or soft twills in dark blue or beige shades.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards of 39-inch printed silk crêpe. Lower edge measures 54 inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 33 to 44 bust; it is also a becoming dress for misses.

4257—Green sods and bright skies are an effective background for the Palm Beach gingham frock. The frilled collar and cuffs and vest of such a dress are as indispensable as the crisp white sash. The straight skirt of this dress joins the blouse at a low waistline. Make it of gingham, chambray, striped madras, cotton prints, dimity or tub silks.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards of 32-inch plaid gingham. Lower edge 58 inches.

The dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4253—Sleeves may shrink to affairs above the elbow or be long like those on this dress in Russian effect. It has a one-piece skirt joined at a low waistline and a separate long camisole lining. Use heavy silk crêpes with silk crêpe in contrasting color, or, for the North, wool poplin, wool crêpe, soft twills, tricotine or serge with silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine.

36 bust requires 1¾ yard of 40-inch matelassé and 1⅞ yard of 39-inch crêpe. Lower edge 49½ inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4256—Clusters of hand-made flowers announce the season on the tucked skirt of a transparent frock of organdy, cotton voile, cotton Georgette, fine lawn, net, point d'esprit, Georgette or crêpe de Chine. The dress slips on over the head and the straight skirt joins the blouse with a casing arrangement of elastic at a low waistline. It is charming for a graduation or party frock.

17 years requires 4⅝ yards of 36-inch fine lawn. Lower edge 63 inches.

The dress is graceful for misses 15 to 20; also for small women.

PREDICTIONS IN CAPES, THE BLOUSE, BOX, OR STRAIGHT COATS, AND DRESSES



4225—4046—The tailored suit in blue is quite the most satisfactory street costume for Spring. For this suit use twills, tricotine, serge, tweeds, unfinished worsteds or stripes, etc. The coat may omit the belt and the three-piece skirt has a 1¼-inch inside belt.

36 bust and 38 hip requires 4½ yard of 54-inch velours. Lower edge of skirt 1⅜ yard.

The coat is a tailored style for ladies 33 to 48 bust, also for misses, and the skirt for ladies 35 to 55 hip.

4266—4227 — Beneath an open front, a removable vestee is very smart. The coat at the low waistline may blouse, and the two-piece skirt joins a camisole body or may have a 1¼-inch inside belt. Make the suit of wool poplin, twills, tricotine, serge, etc. Lower edge 55 inches.

36 bust and 38 hip requires 3⅜ yards of 54-inch wool rep.

The coat is good style for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also for misses, and the skirt for lad es 35 to 47½ hip.

4265—4117—A blouse coat frequently selects the draped skirt, joining a camisole body as its accompaniment. The coat has a lining to hold the blouse in position and the skirt may have a 1¼-inch inside belt. Make the suit of heavy silk crêpes, wool poplin, soft twills, tricotine, serge. For the body of skirt use China silk.

36 bust and 38 hip requires 4⅛ yards of 54-inch wool pile fabric.

The suit is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust and 35 to 47½ hip.

4240—4187—The Norfolk suit is excellent for both sports and the street. The straps are put on this coat in Norfolk style and the two-piece skirt has a 1¼-inch inside belt and set-in pocket. Use tweeds, homespun, cheviot, etc.

36 bust and 38 hip requires 3½ yards of 54-inch tweed. Lower edge of skirt 55 inches.

The coat is practical for ladies 33 to 46 bust, also for misses, and the skirt for ladies 35 to 47½ hip.

4268—4237—The bolster has risen to the collar on the Spring cape. This straight cape with a round yoke may be of wool crêpes, etc., and worn over a one-piece dress. It is straight at the lower part, slips on over the head, drapes in front, blouses in back, and closes under the left arm.

36 bust requires 2⅝ yards of 54-inch soft twill for cape.

The cape is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also misses, the dress for ladies or misses 33 to 44 bust.

4267—10994—A street dress with the effect of the blouse jacket has a one-piece draped skirt joined at a low waistline. There may be a body lining. Embroidery is often used on the upper part. Work this design in cross-stitch. Use wool rep, wool crêpe, kasha, soft twills, tricotine, serge, etc., of one material or with a heavy silk crêpe or satin body. Lower edge 48½ inches.

36 bust requires 1⅝ yard of 39-inch heavy silk crêpe for body, vest and girdle and 2½ yards 39-inch heavy silk crêpe.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4269—4200—The box-coat is often worn over a dress with a draped skirt of matching material for a three-piece costume. There may be a removable vestee to the coat. Use wool poplin, wool crêpe, twills, tricotine, kasha, matelassé, etc., for this suit with the dress of the same material or with silk crêpe.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards of 54-inch novelty wool and 1⅛ yard of 39-inch silk crêpe for dress body, ¼ yard 27-inch flannel. Lower edge of dress 48 inches.

The coat is new for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also for misses, the dress for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

YOUTH MASQUERADES UNDER THESE ROMANTIC DISGUISES



Grecian Costume
3373



Martha
Washington
Costume
4258



Conti-
nental
Suit
4262



Turkish Costume 7234



Pierette
Costume
3555



Ballet
Costume
3555



Dutch Peasant
Costume 6352



Pierrot Costume 7398



Spanish Dancer's
Costume 6301

7398—A Pierrot is only happy when he is singing of Pierrette to a light guitar under the moon. There are many lady loves who will be attracted to his suit with crinoline or cheesecloth ruff and black pompons.

The Pierrot suit is for men 36 to 44 inches breast, and boys 9 to 16.

3373—A costume which is not too radical a departure from one's every-day clothes is this Grecian gown in silk-crêpe fabrics, crêpe de Chine or Georgette. One may also use fine cotton crêpe or cotton voile.

The Grecian gown is for ladies and misses 36 to 38 bust, also for girls 6 to 18.

3555—Hearts dangle from the basque of her ballet costume, the scalper's badge of Valentine conquests. The hearts can be pasted on paper muslin, taffeta, gold tissue, etc., and the ruche of tarlatan.

The costume is suitable for ladies and misses 24 to 38 bust, also for girls 6 to 18.

3555—She will dance her way into the inner circle of juvenile society at the Valentine or George Washington party in this costume. One may use materials suggested above, or a tarlatan or coarse cotton-net skirt with sateen, satin or taffeta waist.

The ballet costume is for girls 6 to 18.

7234—One night is as enchanting as a thousand to this Scheherazade in her harem trousers, Turkish jacket and fascinating scarf. This costume is a popular one for the masquerade ball.

The Turkish costume is attractive for ladies or misses 32 to 42 bust, also for girls 8 to 16 years.

4262—It is not difficult to assume the distinguished bearing of Washington in this costume with vest, coat and knee-breeches. Use sateen, mercerized fabrics paper muslin, lining satin, velveteen.

The Continental suit is correct for men 36 to 44 breast, and boys 8 to 17.

4258—Martha and George should never be missing from masquerade gatherings. A Martha Washington costume is very becoming in paper muslin, sateen, silesia, cambric, etc., with lace fichu.

This costume is dignified for ladies and misses 34 to 42 bust, also for girls 8 to 16.

6352—For fair-haired maidens the Dutch peasant dress and bonnet plays a winning card at holiday festivities. The laced bodice, starched apron and quaint little blouse and skirt are very attractive.

The dress and bonnet is for girls 8 to 16, and ladies and misses 32 to 38 bust.

6301—Life in Seville must have been quite interesting if Spanish ladies wore such a costume. Barbaric colors make a gay effect.

This costume is gay for ladies and misses 32 to 38 bust, also for girls 8 to 16 years.

STRAIGHT DRESSES AND STREET COSTUMES FOR YOUNG GIRLS, AND MASCULINE OUTFITS

4245—3980—Crossed straps in front give a very military air to this circular cape, and the hat is a quaint shape for a girl of eleven. For the cape use woolen coatings with a soft surface, camel's-hair coatings, tweeds, plaid coatings, broadcloth, soft twills, serge, tricotine, checks or polo cloth. Make the hat of duvetyn, material like the cape, corded silks, taffeta, etc.

10 years and 21 inches head measure require 1⅞ yard of 54-inch broadcloth and ½ yard of 40-inch velvet for hat.

The cape is becoming to juniors and girls 2 to 14 years. The hat is good for girls and little girls 2 to 12.

Cape 4245
Hat 3980

Blouse
Coat 4243
Dress 4158

Cape 4238
Hat 4018

4238—4018—One will not be tempted to throw aside all wraps too early in the Spring if she can wear a straight cape like this one. It has a small yoke and the collar is trimmed in a new way with tubing which is quite simple to make. The hat of ribbons and silk is new. Make it of wool crêpe, lightweight velours, soft twills, tricotine, serge, or checks, etc.

12 years and 21¼ head measure require 2 yards of 54-inch velours, and ⅜ yard 36-inch silk and 7 yards 1¼-inch ribbon for hat.

The cape is attractive for juniors and girls 2 to 14 years, the hat for girls, and little girls 2 to 12.

Coat 4206
Hat 3980
Leggings 4038

4202

Dress 4202
Embroidery design 10849

4245 4238

4216

Dress 4216

4202—10849—Wide latitude for adapting the trimming ideas is offered in a one-piece dress which slips on over the head. A tassel and embroidery in color are very effective. Work the design in outline stitch, couching and chain-stitch, or a combination of satin-stitch and outline. Use crêpe-back satin, charmeuse, pongee, or wool crêpe, soft twills, tricotine, serge, etc.

17 years or 34 bust requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch tricotine. Lower edge 49½ inches.

The dress is attractive for misses 16 to 18 or 33 to 35 bust, also for ladies.

4243—4158—The blouse coat compliments this dress to form the three-piece costume. The coat lining holds the blouse in place over the long body which joins the draped skirt of the dress on the slip-over order. Use matelassé, moiré silk, or heavy silk crêpe, etc., for the coat, and for the dress, soft twills, wool poplins, serge, or tricotine, all one material, etc.

16 years or 33 bust requires 2⅛ yards of 40-inch wool matelassé for coat and 2¼ yards of 54-inch wool for dress.

The blouse-coat is smart for misses 16 to 18 or 33 to 35 bust, also for ladies.

The dress is good for misses 16 to 20.

4216—"When two hearts discover they're one," it is usually because the owner of one is so irresistibly gowned. This one-piece dress is in the popular raglan effect and has a straight lower edge. It slips on over the head with a choice of a body lining. Use wool crêpe, wool ratiné, kasha, worsted jersey, soft twills, serge, tricotine, homespun, tweeds, crêpe jersey; or for Palm Beach use sports silks, silk crêpe, pongee or cotton ratiné.

17 years or 34 bust requires 2 yards of 54-inch tricotine. Lower edge 50 inches.

The dress is smart for misses 16 to 18 or 33 to 35 bust, also for ladies.

3870

Sport Blouse 4242
Knickerbockers 3870

4242—3870—Young cubs want to dress just like their sporting brothers, in a sports blouse with a convertible collar and knickerbockers which have an underwaist, and a choice of a fly. They may have leg-bands or elastic at the knee. Make the blouse of flannel or silk shirtings, cotton shirtings, pongee, madras, percale or galatea, and the knickerbockers of mixtures, serge, cheviot, flannel or corduroy, or crash, khaki, etc. for the South.

10 years requires 1¾ yard of 32-inch madras for shirt and ⅞ yard of 54-inch mixture.

The sports blouse is practical for boys 4 to 14 years. The knickerbockers are durable for boys 3 to 12 years.

4206—4038—3980—Tiny girls and their small brothers may wear this coat of chinchilla, velours, polo cloth, cheviot, etc. For boys the closing is reversed. The leggings may be of material like the coat or heavy stockinet. The hat is becoming in satin, taffeta, etc.

4 years requires 2 yard of 54-inch velours for coat, hat and leggings.

The coat is new for girls and small boys 1 to 8, the leggings for children 2 to 14, the hat for girls and little girls 2 to 12.

Outing Shirt 4234
Trousers 4233

4234—4233—The head of the house will appreciate an outing shirt of cotton shirtings, madras, percale, khaki, pongee. It may be of galatea if one wants to use it for boys. The long trousers of flannel, tweed, worsted herring-bone, duck, khaki, crash, linen or mohair are well cut and well tailored. For more practical wear the trousers may be made of serge, cheviot or homespun.

15½ neck and 34 waist requires 3⅛ yards of 32-inch madras for shirt and 1½ yard of 54-inch chevoit.

The outing shirt is sensible for men and boys 12 to 18½ inches neck and the trousers for men and boys 26 to 50 waist.

4242 4206 4243 4158 4233 4234

FASHIONS FOR SIX TO SEVENTEEN INCLUDE SIDE PLAITS, A STRAIGHT SILHOUETTE, AND THE RUSSIAN CLOSING



Dress 4222
Embroidery
design 10917



Dress 4237



Dress 4228

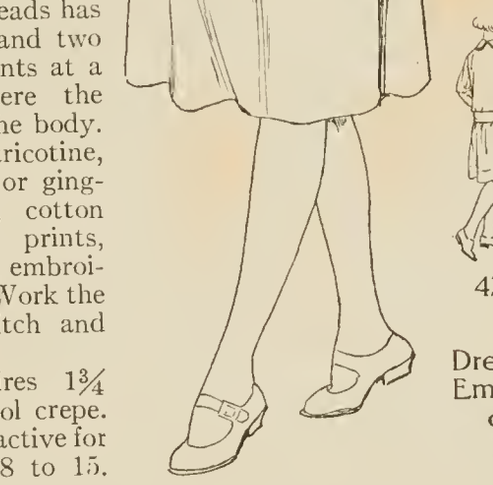


Coat dress 4214

Dress 4143



Dress 4149
Monogram design
10787



Dress 4223
Embroidery
design
10954

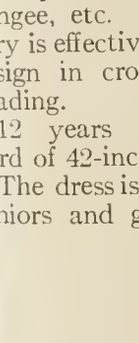
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4143



4149

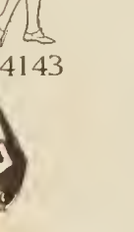
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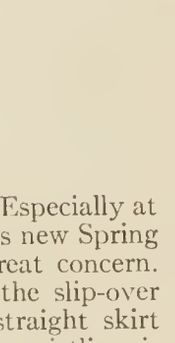
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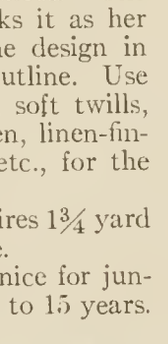
Dress 4207
Embroidery
design 10876



4207



4214



4228

4223—10954—A simple little frock for curlyheads has a Russian closing and two hand-made ornaments at a low waistline where the skirt is joined to the body. Use soft twills, tricotine, serge, wool crêpe, or gingham, chambray, cotton homespun, cotton prints, pongee, etc. The embroidery is effective. Work the design in cross-stitch and beading.

12 years requires 1¾ yard of 42-inch wool crepe.

The dress is attractive for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

4222—10917—A prize to the fair is inevitable when she wears such a slip-over one-piece dress. It may have a casing arrangement of elastic at the low waistline or a body lining. The motifs may be in color. Work in satin-stitch, ourline or chain-stitch. Use wool crêpe, serge, tricotine, soft twills, gabardine, wool jersey, etc.

17 years or 34 bust requires 2¾ yards of 54-inch tricotine. Lower edge with plaits drawn out 2½ yards.

The dress is smart for misses 16 to 18 years or 33 to 35 bust, also for ladies.

4237—Drapery and a blouse at the back are special attractions on this one-piece dress of silk crêpes, printed crêpes, satin crêpes, or charmeuse. It is straight at the lower part, slips on over the head and closes under the left arm, with a choice of body lining. Lower edge 48½ inches.

16 years or 33 bust requires 3⅝ yards of 35-inch printed crepe (with piecing through sleeve).

The dress is becoming to misses 16 to 18 years or 33 to 35 bust, also for ladies.

4228—For street wear, during her Spring vacation, this tailored one-piece frock is the smart type of dress for the boarding-school girl. It slips on over the head and may have a body lining. Use soft twills, tricotine, serge, wool crêpe, crêpe-back satin, or pongee, etc.

16 years or 33 bust requires 2¼ yards of 54-inch soft twill. Lower edge 48½ inches.

The dress is new for misses 16 to 18 years, or 33 to 35 bust, also for ladies.

4149—10787—Especially at thirteen is one's new Spring wardrobe of great concern. This dress of the slip-over type, with a straight skirt joined at a low waistline, is excellent for school. The monogram marks it as her own. Work the design in satin-stitch or outline. Use serge, tricotine, soft twills, wool crêpe, linen, linen-finished cottons, etc., for the dress.

13 years requires 1¾ yard of 54-inch serge.

The dress is nice for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

4214—Simple but distinctive lines are quite French on this one-piece coat dress. The hand-made ornament closes the long shawl collar and the front of the dress has a graceful droop. There may be a body lining if one prefers. Use wool rep, wool poplin, soft twills, etc.

17 years or 34 bust requires 2⅜ yards of 54-inch wool rep. Lower edge 50 inches.

The coat dress is distinctive for misses 16 to 18 or 33 to 35 bust, also for ladies.

4143—There is a delightful though hidden attraction to this one-piece dress with a Russian closing, in the separate bloomers. Make the dress of soft twills, tricotine, serge, wool crêpe, or tweeds, or for a dress with short sleeves use linen, linen-finished cottons, gingham, chambray, chintz, etc.

12 years requires 1⅝ yard of 54-inch plaid wool.

The dress is a good style for juniors and girls 6 to 15.

4207—10876—This dainty yoke dress has a straight lower edge and no plaited fulness under the arm. It may fall free or be drawn in at an Empire waistline. The flower spray is delicate. Work in eyelets, satin-stitch or French stemming. Make it of batiste, nainsook, lawn, cotton voile, mull, dimity, handkerchief linen, fine cotton crêpe, pin-dot swiss, or crêpe de Chine.

2 years requires 1⅝ yard of 36-inch batiste.

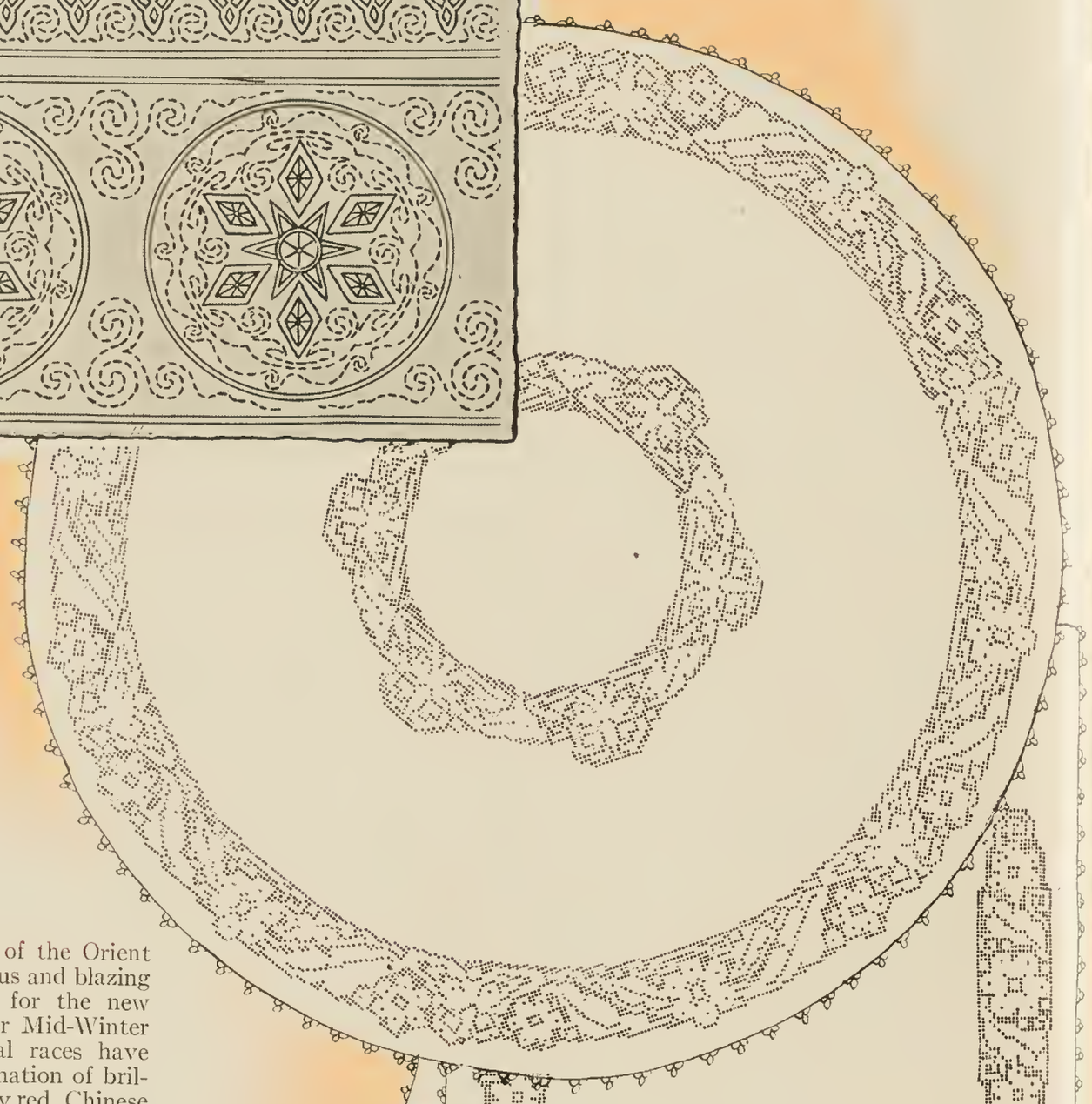
The dress is dainty for infants and children up to 3.

THE NEW EMBROIDERIES EMPLOY ORIENTAL COLORS, OR APPLIQUÉ, AND SHOW HOW TO GET ROUND DIFFICULT CORNERS, OR ACHIEVE THE EFFECT OF FILET WITH ONE-STITCH





Embroidery design 10120



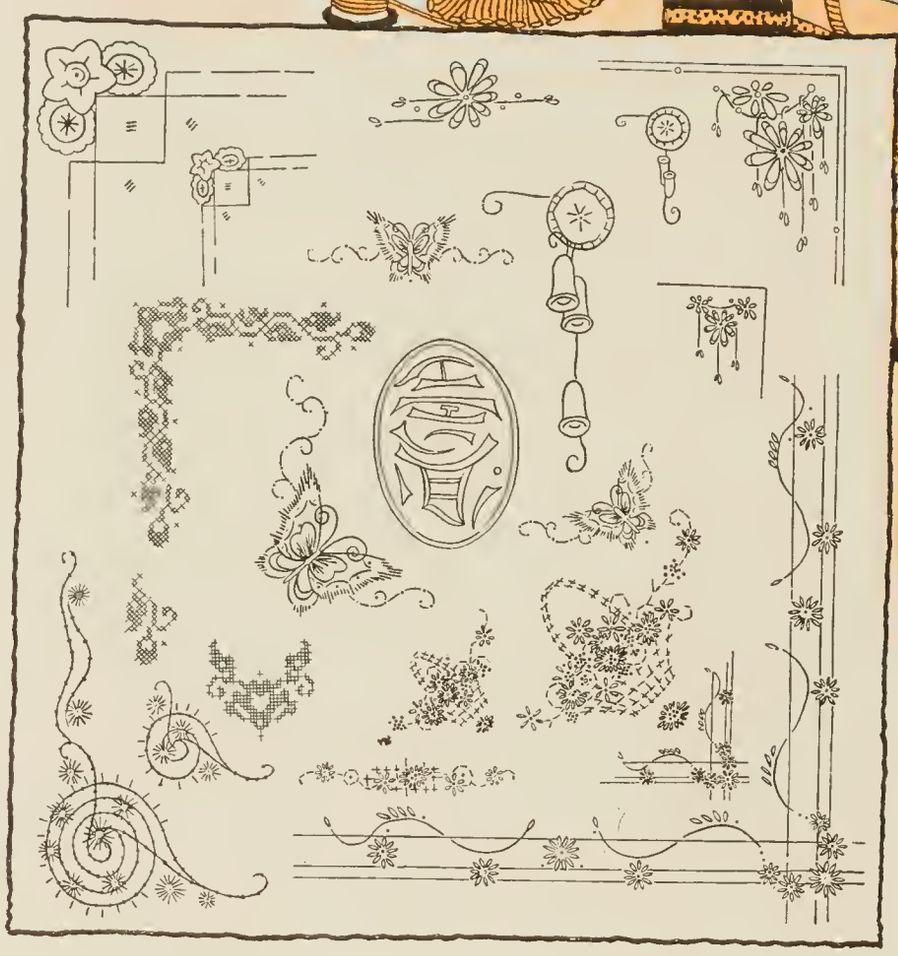
10120—The splendid suns of the Orient inspired some of the gorgeous and blazing colors in this embroidery for the new blouses, hats, or dresses for Mid-Winter or Spring. The Occidental races have great feeling for the combination of brilliant color, jade green, poppy red, Chinese blue with black or silver and gold threads, and these effects are particularly arresting in this new embroidery. The banding and motifs may be used on household linens, etc. Work this design in outline embroidery and one stitch or a combination of satin stitch, one stitch and outline embroidery. The design can be adapted to 5 yards of banding 2¾ inches wide, 2½ yards of banding 8¾ inches wide, 15 motifs 3⅜ by 6¼ inches and 6 corner motifs.



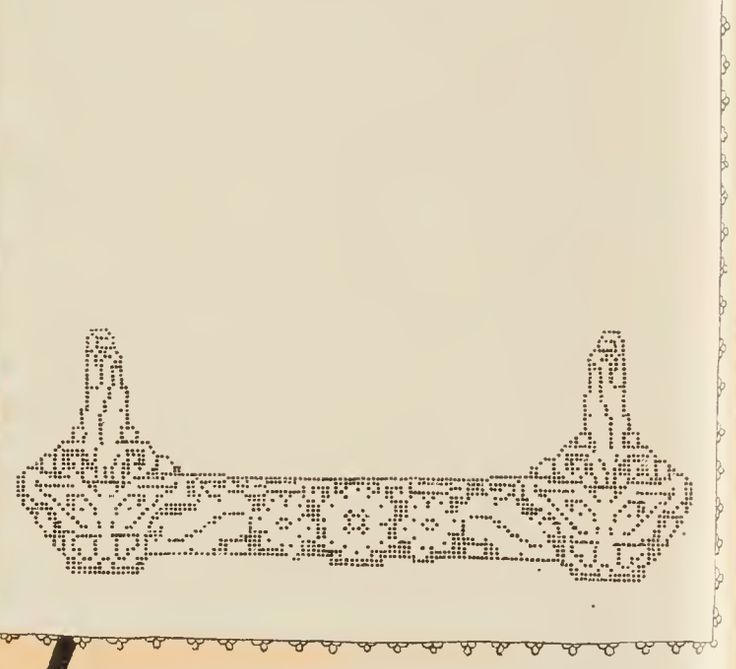
Embroidery design 10122

10122—Fruit is always in season in appliqué, and thoughtful-faced pansies, bright morning glories, or roses bloom exuberantly in rose, blue, or purple chambray or linen on various clothes and linens. These motifs and bandings may be used on aprons of unbleached muslin, chambray, or black sateen, or on children's clothes as pocket motifs. Even the household linens are the brighter for a bit of color; the cross-stitch design is especially suitable for linens. One should work the design in appliqué, outline, or cross-stitch embroidery. The design can be adapted to 3⅜ yards of banding 3¾ inches wide and 52 motifs in 14 assorted styles.

Embroidery design 10127



10127—Corners are an invitation to the artistic eye of the needle-worker, and there are many spots where just a motif strikes the right note. The corners and motifs in this design should be worked in appliqué, cross-stitch, satin stitch, or outline embroidery. The Chinese motif may mean anything from a blessing to a receipe for *chow*, but whatever its import, it is most attractive as a monogram for a pocket on a blouse. One may use the styles in this design on tea-cloths, bureau scarfs, pincushions, buffet scarfs, tea napkins, and other household linens. The design can be adapted to 2 Chinese motifs 5¼ inches high, 62 corners in 8 assorted styles including 4 of each size with one exception, and 12 motifs in 4 assorted styles.

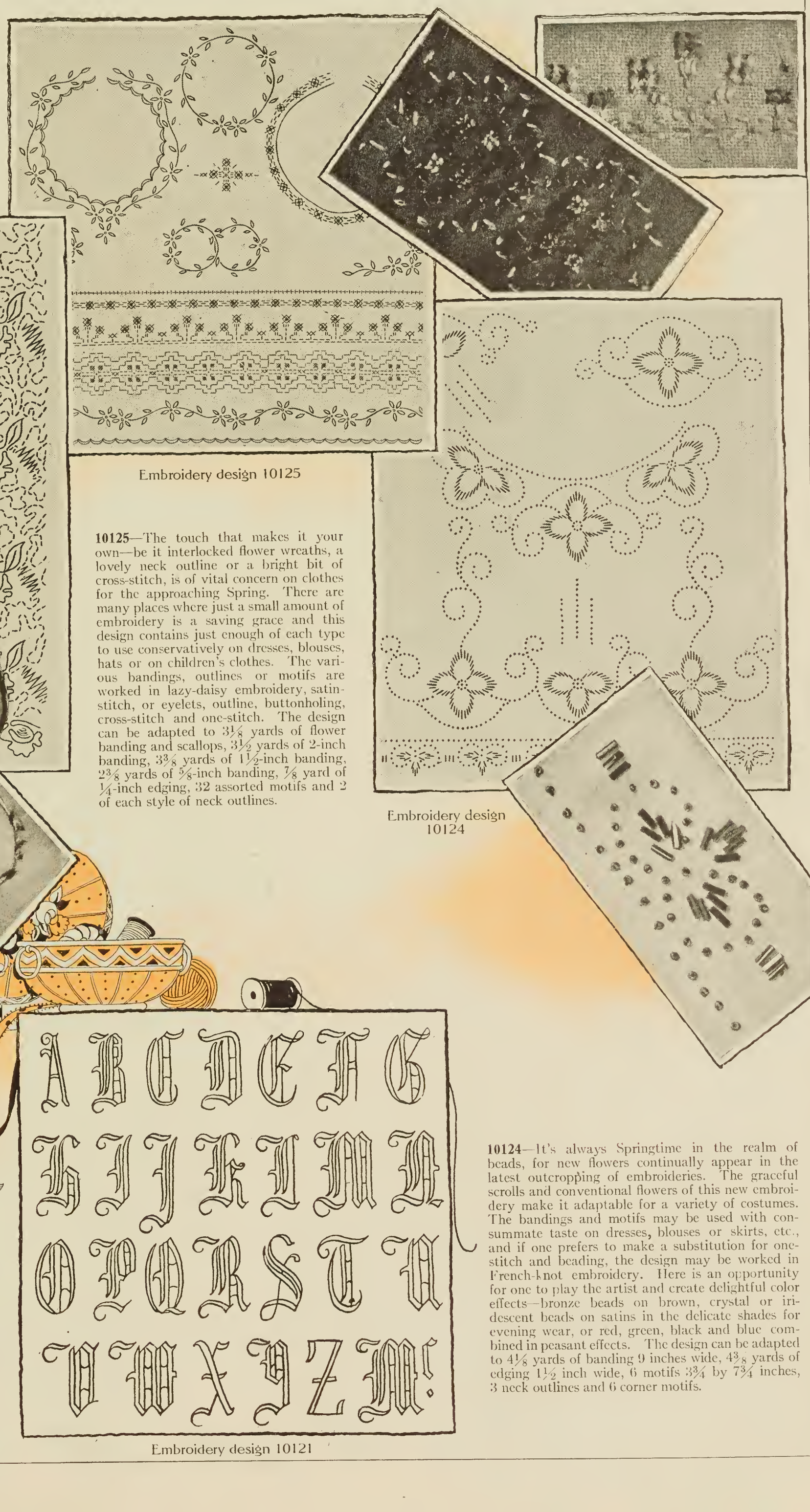


Embroidery design 10126

10126—All lovers of filet work will be delighted at the discovery of a new method of attaining the same effect as filet. One-stitch embroidery in this design will look just like filet, and it may be worked much more rapidly than filet. The centerpiece makes an expensive-looking cover for the table. The scarf ends are quite attractive and the motifs are equally suitable for pincushions or sofa cushions. On linen of the very best quality this one-stitch design gives exactly the same effect as the drawn threads of filet work. This design can very easily be adapted to 1 centerpiece 36 inches in diameter, 3 motifs 18¾ by 6¾ inches for use on scarf ends or sofa cushions and 3 motifs 11¼ by 2½ inches for use on a scarf or pincushion.

EMBROIDERIES HERALD "LE RETOUR DU PRINTEMPS" WITH BRIGHT COLORS AND GLEAMING THREADS

10123—Most of the new blouse jackets and many blouses in crêpe de Chine, silk crêpes or crêpe satin, etc., go into great detail as to trimming and are overrun with an all-over embroidery of this type. It is usually done with metallic threads—antique gold, bronze, silver or copper, in running-stitch and outline. It is suitable to use on hats, coats or the upper part of dresses when the body is in a contrasting material, and the narrow banding may be used on skirts. This design can be adapted to 2¼ yards of banding 28½ inches wide and 2¼ yards of banding 2⅛ inches wide.



Embroidery design 10125

10125—The touch that makes it your own—be it interlocked flower wreaths, a lovely neck outline or a bright bit of cross-stitch, is of vital concern on clothes for the approaching Spring. There are many places where just a small amount of embroidery is a saving grace and this design contains just enough of each type to use conservatively on dresses, blouses, hats or on children's clothes. The various bandings, outlines or motifs are worked in lazy-daisy embroidery, satin-stitch, or eyelets, outline, buttonholing, cross-stitch and one-stitch. The design can be adapted to 3⅛ yards of flower banding and scallops, 3½ yards of 2-inch banding, 3⅜ yards of 1½-inch banding, 2⅜ yards of ⅝-inch banding, ⅞ yard of ¼-inch edging, 32 assorted motifs and 2 of each style of neck outlines.

Embroidery design 10124

Embroidery design 10123

10124—It's always Springtime in the realm of beads, for new flowers continually appear in the latest outcropping of embroideries. The graceful scrolls and conventional flowers of this new embroidery make it adaptable for a variety of costumes. The bandings and motifs may be used with consummate taste on dresses, blouses or skirts, etc., and if one prefers to make a substitution for one-stitch and beading, the design may be worked in French-knot embroidery. Here is an opportunity for one to play the artist and create delightful color effects—bronze beads on brown, crystal or iridescent beads on satins in the delicate shades for evening wear, or red, green, black and blue combined in peasant effects. The design can be adapted to 4⅛ yards of banding 9 inches wide, 4⅜ yards of edging 1½ inch wide, 6 motifs 3¾ by 7¾ inches, 3 neck outlines and 6 corner motifs.

10121—In the days when printing was in the main a manual art, and letters were wrought with craftsman care, the Old English alphabet, which now marks our household and personal linens, was invented. This alphabet, a careful replica of the original Old English type, contains symmetrical and graceful letters which are worked very easily in satin-stitch on hand-towels, bath-towels, guest-towels, pillow-cases, dresser scarfs, or personal linens of various sorts. The design can be adapted to 80 letters; 12 letters each in ¾-inch, ⅞-inch, 1⅛-inch, 1¾-inch and 2¼-inch sizes; 10 letters in 3¼-inch size; 8 letters in 4½-inch size and 2 letters in 7½-inch size.

Embroidery design 10121



COMPOSING THE ANSWER TO THE SPRING MANDATE OF THE THREE-PIECE SUIT

By Eleanor Chalmers



AFTER several seasons of the delightful but none the less arbitrary sway of the separate dress, women have suddenly awakened to the extraordinarily attractive and quite unlimited possibilities of the suit, especially in its new semi-tailored and three-piece variety. A long-bodied dress with one of the new soft jackets is almost a complete daytime wardrobe in itself, for it makes a costume that is quite correct for the street at any hour of the day, while under it you have a dress that is suitable for afternoon engagements. The lighter material of the body enables you to wear the dress with its jacket quite late into the Spring. The three-piece suit is bound to be tremendously successful, for it does not oust the popular separate dress but completes it and increases its usefulness by the addition of a jacket which in many cases may be worn with other skirts and dresses. The blouse jacket, the bloused and belted jacket or the short box-coat is worn with a dress which is quite as subject to variation as its coat. It may be a one-piece dress with a straight, draped or circular skirt of the jacket material and the body of Georgette or crêpe de Chine in the same color, trimmed with hairpin lace or flat braid, or a contrast as vivid or restrained as your personal taste dictates. Jade green, Chinese blue, carnelian, lacquer, Indian or rust red are smart with black or dark blue, but one is less apt to weary of beige or gray for the upper part, or of sand or cocoa color with dark brown. Or when the body is the color of the skirt it is sometimes embroidered all over in antique gold, silver, copper or a color. It is also possible, if one does not care for the monotone costume, to make the dress of one color and the jacket of another. Cocoa, beige, sand, chamois or sulphur are smart with black or dark brown, the beige or gray shades with marine blue. Young girls sometimes use jackets of the Paisley materials in Indian red with black or blue or dark brown dresses, and they are very gay and smart looking. The blouse jacket and the little box-coat can be worn with other skirts or dresses than their original suit mate, provided the colors combine smartly and



the materials are suitable.

THE other type of coat-and-dress three-piece suit is new to the general public, although Chanel began using it several seasons ago. In this suit the coat is full length and either straight or draped, and is lined with a printed silk or with another color in crêpe de Chine and worn over a simple, straight little dress of the lining material. It makes an extremely elegant costume and one that you see a great deal at luncheon and tea. The smartest colors for the coat are black, dark brown or cocoa color, and occasionally a soft beige with the dress and lining of Indian red, navy blue, dull gold, black or brown printed in white, or when the coat is brown or black with the dress of plain cocoa color or beige, the black and cocoa-brown combination being particularly chic. The newest suit materials are the silk or wool matelassés, clokies and gaufre satins for the jackets, with heavy silk crêpe for the dress, or the wool reps and poplins for the skirt and jacket, with a body of crêpe de Chine, Georgette, etc.

The most practical version of the three-piece suit consists of a skirt and jacket of tweeds, cheviot, Oxfords, rep, serge, etc., with a Norfolk or straight-line coat, a straight narrow skirt either plain or with a few plaits and separate blouses of crêpe de Chine or printed silk worn almost always over the skirt. The under-the-skirt blouse in fine lingerie materials, with lace-trimmed collar and ruffles, is also worn with this type of suit for shopping, etc.

Then there is the more elegant version of the three-piece suit with a draped, circular, accordion-plaited or straight skirt, a blouse jacket, a box-coat or the bloused coat belted at the hip, and an over-the-skirt blouse in one of the new handkerchief or Persian prints, crêpe de Chine, Georgette or very occasionally of silver cloth or metal brocade. The coat and skirt usually match, especially in the wool reps and poplins, though the matelassés and clokies are sometimes used with skirts of plain silk crêpes, satin, broadcloth, etc. It permits constant change and freshening through its blouses.

WRITE TO ELEANOR CHALMERS WHENEVER YOU ARE IN DOUBT

Eleanor Chalmers will be glad to answer any question in connection with dressmaking or tailoring. State your difficulty as fully as you can and write to her, care of THE DELINEATOR, *New York. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for her answer*

MY DEAR MRS. CHALMERS: I have always been very successful in making dresses for myself and my daughter from Butterick patterns, but I have never undertaken a suit. I understand, however, that the Deltor gives very complete tailoring instructions. Do you think I would be safe in attempting a coat?—A. F. S.

TAILORING, nowadays, is very simple and you will have no difficulty at all if you follow your Deltor carefully. The principal things in tailoring are even and accurate basting, the use of proper interlinings, even stitching and careful pressing. The professional tailor's methods of handling collars, fronts, sleeves and edges are pictured so clearly in the Deltor that you will have no trouble at all in turning out a beautifully tailored jacket. *But follow your Deltor.* Only the other day I saw a very handsome and otherwise well-made coat that had been given a home-made look by the use of stiff canvas in the front edges where the Deltor had explicitly called for soft unbleached muslin, which should have been used to give body to the coat edges, but not to stiffen them.

MY DEAR MRS. CHALMERS: I have noticed that so many of the new dresses are worn with fancy girdles. Will you tell me where I can buy them?—C. G.

MOST of the new girdles are made of the fabric of the dress or in colors or beads that are particularly suited to the individual gown. For that reason they are usually made to match the dress. The Deltor shows you how to make the new girdles whenever they are illustrated on Butterick patterns. There are a great many varieties—plaited, twisted, stuffed, puffed and beaded, and many of them are fastened with flowers or charming ornaments and often constitute the entire trimming of the dress.

These girdles are easy to make and cost practically nothing for you can make them of beads or scraps of material that otherwise would not be utilized.



DEAR MRS. CHALMERS: Will you please tell me whether an amateur would have any trouble in fitting a tailored jacket?—B. S. C.

THERE is very little fitting to the present tailored coat. The figure is so straight that the coat is straight too, and the old-time fitted jacket with many seams and the great curve at the bust and hips, which required careful fitting, has passed away. If you get the right-size pattern, you will probably have no fitting at all, unless you are large or small in the bust, have uneven shoulders, etc., in which case a slight alteration at the outlet seams will be all that will be necessary.

MY DEAR MRS. CHALMERS: I am planning my new clothes for Spring, but before I start on them I would be glad if you would advise me as to the proper length for my skirts. Will long sleeves be worn for Spring—for day dresses? And is there any change in the waistline?—S. T.

THE length of skirts varies with the type of dress. For the street they are worn a little shorter than for afternoon and evening gowns. The correct length for each style is shown in THE DELINEATOR, and you can follow the lengths shown there. The extremely short skirt has passed away altogether, but the new lengths are moderate except in points, panels, ends of draperies, etc., which sometimes reach almost to the ground, while the skirt itself is six or seven inches from the floor.

The long sleeve is newer than the short sleeve for day dresses, though the very short sleeve is still worn for afternoon gowns. For evening dresses are either sleeveless or else have long sleeves, sometimes reaching to the floor.

The Paris dressmakers have been experimenting with the position of the waistline, but there has been no real change. The waistline remains fairly low and the waist itself is wide and uncompressed.

"THEY MAY DO THAT IN PARIS BUT NOT IN HENNEQUEVILLE"

IT'S a droll song and Edith Day sings it with great verve, but between the radio, the movies and the Deltor it is not as true as it is amusing. Nowadays the small town knows what the large city is doing and does it in very much the same fashion. Not long ago two dressmakers met at the Butterick pattern department of a little Mid-Western city.

"Yes, I know all about the Deltor," one of them said in reply to a question, "and of course I use it. The cutting layouts save so much of my time. Just the layouts alone are worth more than the price of the pattern to me."

"They are splendid," said the other, "and I use them, too. But the thing that means most to me is the finishing. It isn't convenient for me to go to the big cities to see what is being worn and to study the new trimmings and learn how to make them and what to make them of. I get all that information in the Deltor. It's a wonderful thing even for a dressmaker, and I don't know how other women ever managed to make their clothes without it. It's like the telephone and the automobile. After you've had them you can't get along without them."

SIZE THIRTEEN

SHE was rather small even for thirteen, but she knew her own mind when it came to choosing her pattern, and although her mother was with her it was very evident that hers was the master mind of the expedition.

"Dolly is going to make this all herself," her mother said proudly. "She made a school dress and did it so nicely that she is going to make this of crêpe de Chine for a party frock. I taught her to sew, but she's taught herself dressmaking by the Deltor. I have always used Butterick patterns and when they put in the Deltor I thought it was such a wonderful way to teach a child that I started Dolly. She loves it. No, I don't think there's anything remarkable about her dressmaking ability. It's all in the Deltor. She sews very nicely, follows the pictures and is going to have lots of pretty things I couldn't have time to make for her. It's a splendid thing for young people and is going to be a great relief to mothers, for now the girls can make their dresses."



FALSE DAWN

A HEATED argument was going on between the old gentleman at the dress-goods department and the dressmaker who didn't need the Deltor.

"I know how to cut," she said stubbornly, "and I can cut just as close as any Deltor."

"Try it," said the clerk. "Here's the pattern and here's your material. You can use this end of the counter."

The dressmaker went to work with a flourish. After an hour a look of grim determination had settled down upon her features.

"Lucky she hasn't a beard," said one of the clerks watching from a safe distance. "She's the kind that would swear she wouldn't shave until she got it, and she'll stick to it if she spends the rest of her life here."

After three hours it began to look as if the clerk was right. But an hour later there was a cry of triumph.

"I knew I could do it," said the dressmaker. "There it is, every piece on the material. I told you I didn't need the Deltor."

"Don't you?" said the old clerk. "It's taken you over four hours. Can you afford to waste that time when you can lay it out in ten minutes with the Deltor?"

"No, I can't," said the dressmaker frankly. "Time means money to me and the saving of material means money to my customer. If I can save my time and her material with the Deltor, I'd be a fool not to use it."

O'DOYÉ FOCUSES HIS ATTENTION AND HIS CAMERA ON THE PEASANT GOWNS OF GROULT AND THE EMINENTLY PARISIAN DRAPERIES OF LELONG



"The Temptation of Eve" might be the title of O'Doyé's picture of a Nicole Groult costume posed against a typical Groult background and entirely surrounded by Groult hats. The flaring coat of black satin is embroidered with multi-colored wools



Peasant in line and feeling, and possibly inspired by that peasant-loving neo-Parisian, the Queen of Roumania, is an afternoon gown of prune-colored cashmere embroidered in Nattier blue. By Nicole Groult



Characteristic of the fashion adopted by the Parisian élégante is a dress of almond-green crêpe de Chine draped low on the hip and embroidered with small steel beads. From Lucien Lelong

SEWING SUGGESTIONS FOR THOSE WHO HAVE PROFITED BY THE JANUARY "WHITE SALES"

4195—10677—The latest version of underthings has converted us to the step-in combination chemise and drawers. Make this attractive combination of nainsook, long-cloth, batiste, cotton voile, cotton crêpe, handkerchief linen, cross-bar, crêpe de Chine, or wash satin. The embroidery is a dainty trimming. Work this design in eyelets, satin-stitch, French stemming and buttonholing.

36 bust requires 2 yard of 36-inch handkerchief linen.

The combination for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

4210—This dress may be worn as a regulation uniform by army nurses or as a house dress. The shirt-waist has a convertible collar, and the collar and cuffs may be removable for a colored uniform. The five-piece skirt is joined at a low waistline. There is a one-piece apron. Use nurse's linen, Indian head, sheeting, with linen collar and cuffs, etc., for dress, nurse's linen or sheeting for apron, etc.

36 bust requires 4⅜ yards of 36-inch linen. Lower edge 2⅛ yards.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

4213—10978—Wee babies wear yoke dresses of batiste, handkerchief linen, nainsook, lawn or dimity. The flower wreath is exquisite. Work it in eyelets, satin stitch, lazy daisy, etc. This outfit in the new twenty-five-inch length also contains a slip or nightgown, kimono wrapper or sack, petticoat, pinning blanket or barriecoat, a bib, shirt and booties.

The dress for infants requires 1⅝ yard of 36-inch batiste. The outfit, one size, is dainty for infants.



Dress 4213

4204—Schoolgirls will find these French knicker drawers most comfortable. They allow for an extra wide stride and two types of laps. They are quite simple to make. Make them of nainsook, cambric, or, if they are to be used for strenuous wear, of muslin.

9 years requires 1¼ yard of 36-inch cambric.

The knicker drawers are practical for girls 1 to 14 years.



Knicker Drawers 4204

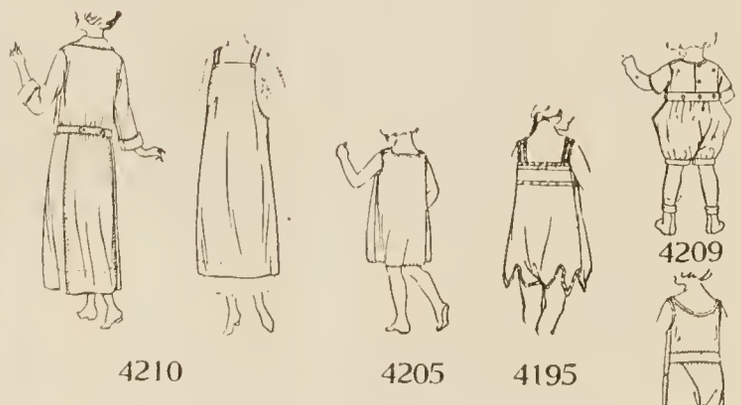
4241—"This freedom" for women which has resulted in their entry into the golf and tennis lists, has brought its own demands, and one of them is for light, comfortable underwear. This step-in union suit is especially suitable for athletic persons, allowing for the agile movements one makes in sports. It is very well cut. Make it of nainsook, batiste, dimity, cotton crêpe, of Japanese silk.

36 bust requires 2⅝ yard of 27-inch dimity.

The athletic union suit is practical for ladies 33 to 46 bust, also for misses.



Dress 4210

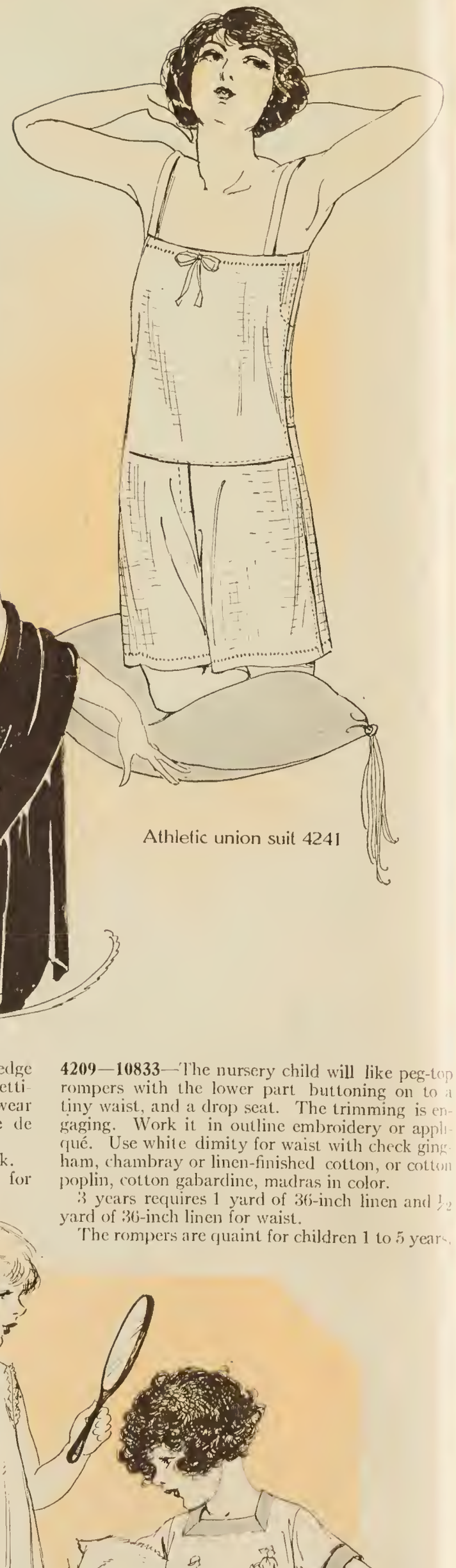


4210 4205 4195 4209 4241 4213

Outfit 4213

Chemise and drawers 4195
Embroidery design 10677





Athletic union suit 4241

4205—A lace-trimmed ruffle at the lower edge will insure satisfaction in this princess slip or petticoat. Make it of nainsook, long-cloth, underwear mull, batiste, cambric, muslin, or of crêpe de Chine, or China silk.

7 years requires 1¼ yard of 36-inch nainsook.

The princess slip or petticoat is good style for girls ½ to 14 years.

4209—10833—The nursery child will like peg-top rompers with the lower part buttoning on to a tiny waist, and a drop seat. The trimming is engaging. Work it in outline embroidery or appliqué. Use white dimity for waist with check gingham, chambray or linen-finished cotton, or cotton poplin, cotton gabardine, madras in color.

3 years requires 1 yard of 36-inch linen and ½ yard of 36-inch linen for waist.

The rompers are quaint for children 1 to 5 years.



Princess slip 4205

Rompers 4209
Embroidery design 10833

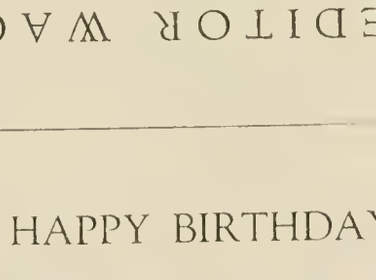


MY LITTLE HAPPY BIRTHDAY PAGE

HELLO, HELLO!

This is THE LITTLE DELINEATOR talking. This is my birthday month. I was born a year ago this February. Nobody knew whether I was going to live. But here I am, a fine, big child, one whole year old. Do you know why I'm still living? Because you children love me. That's why. The minute you stop loving me I'll die, *kerplop!* as quick as that. So please, please, please never stop loving me!

If you send a stamped self-addressed envelope, I'll tell you the secrets your editor has in her New-Year surprise bag. Please write to your LITTLE DELINEATOR.

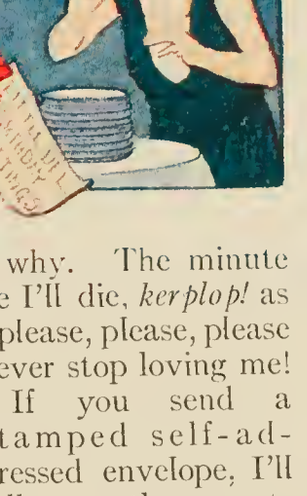


The most helpful letter, telling what you like best this month, will win a big picture like the cover

GRANDFATHER SUN



Said Candle-Flame to the Match: "Oh my!
"Don't you wish you lived as long as I?"
Said Lamp to Candle: "You die so quick!
"But I live on, from wick to wick."
Said Electric Light to Miss Stuck-Up Lamp:
"I make you look like a postage-stamp!"
Then a big gold laugh rumbled down from the sky,
And a big gold voice said: "Poor babies, I
"Have lived for millions and trillions of years,
"Long, long before you were born, my dears,
"And I'll still shine on when your lights are done.
"And my name is—Great-great-grandfather Sun!"



STAMP PICTURES TO MAKE

HERE is fun for a rainy day. Cut used stamps from all the old letters mother will give you. Then draw a picture on a piece of paper or a card. (You can trace one of these pictures if you like, or make up a new one.) Then fill in the pictures by cutting out pieces from the stamps and fitting them in like a picture puzzle. Be careful to use the right colors—one-cent stamps for green, two-cent stamps for red, four-cent stamps for brown, and so on.

The cherry picture, you see, is made from one-cent, two-cent and four-cent stamps. It makes a nice Washington's-birthday card. The picture of the stork and the cat-tails is made from four-cent and one-cent stamps. You could send one like that for a valentine. The very thin lines are filled in with crayons or water-colors. (A little invalid boy made the stork picture. Isn't it pretty?)

Your editor would love to see some of the valentine stamp pictures you make if you want to send them to her.

HUNDREDS of years ago country people in England began to celebrate Valentine's day. It was supposed to be the season when birds chose their sweethearts, so young men and women chose theirs too. On St. Valentine's eve they wrote their names on slips of paper and put them in separate boxes. Then somebody would draw one name out of each box and the different pairs exchanged presents and promised to be each other's valentines for that year.

EDITOR WAGS'S MAIL

DEAR DOG WAGS:

I am going to tell you about my little dog that was. He is dead now. One night last Winter my father came home and he bought me the nicest little brown-and-white bulldog. He was about a month old. I named him Fido. I soon taught him to speak and sit in a chair, and everywhere I went he would go. A few weeks ago he got the dog distemper and we gave him medicine and did all we could for him, but poor little Fido—he died. I am nearly seven years old and I don't cry very often, but I just couldn't help it when I got up in the morning and saw my little Fido stiff and cold. Well, William—he is my best boy playmate—and I had a funeral for him, and William—he is ten years old—dug him a grave under a maple-tree. Mother fixed a box for a coffin for him. I cried some more when we buried him. He was only a little brown dog, but I shall never forget him. No, never!

From your little friend,
MELVIN PICKERING.

DEAR WAGS:

My kitty's name is Billy. Its tail is broken in three places. I got it out of the alley and fed it up. It's fat now. It's so darling. It plays so cute. It knows most anything I say to it. I love dogs too. I like any animal except a snake.

FRANCIS KELLEY.

Here are two LITTLE DELINEATOR readers from West Virginia, Sara and Mary Strain. Their mother took their picture beside their play-house the day Mary got a letter from her editor. She is grinning all over and holding the letter in her hand.

How The King Got His Appetite Back

BY GEORGE NEWELL

The Second Story of the Gollomalopps

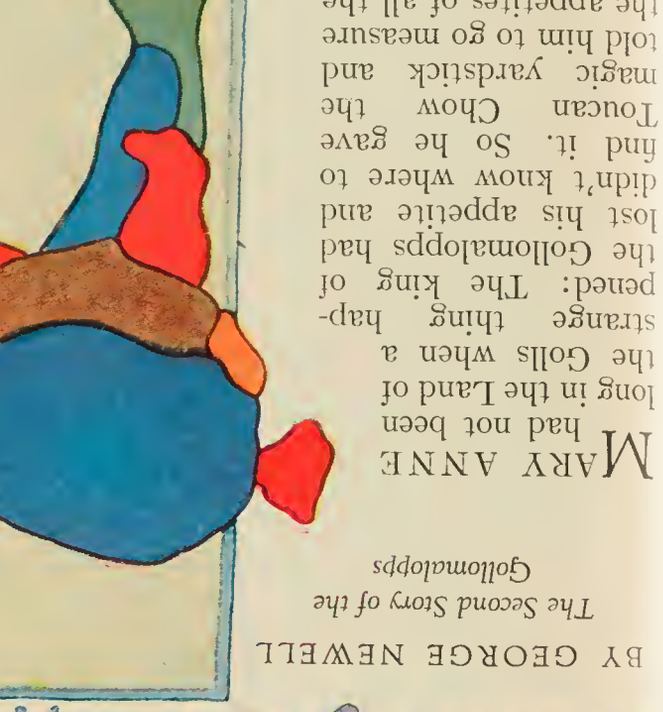


The Go-Go

MARY ANNE had not been long in the Land of the Golls when a strange thing happened: The king of the Gollomalopps had lost his appetite and didn't know where to find it. So he gave Toucan Chow the magic yardstick and told him to go measure the appetites of all the other Gollomalopps—for surely the one whose appetite was too large must have swallowed the king's appetite one day when the king had yawned in his face.

So Toucan Chow took him back to the castle, where Sontob had to eat a soap-box full of nice new blotting-paper. Then Toucan Chow pulled the blotting-paper out of Sontob and squeezed the extra six inches back into the king.

And that's how the king of the Gollomalopps got back his appetite just in time for Sunday dinner.



The Toucan Chow



GO-GO'S VERSE

(In case you've forgotten it from last month.)

Oh, I'm Go-Go, strong as might,
The heaviest loads to me seem light—
But I have one fear,
Which is rain, my dear,
For it tickles me so that I laugh all night.

KING'S VERSE

Binga-wobble, bunga-wobble, though I am the king
Jingle-dobble, jinga dobble, I can't eat a thing.
It really is most trying when you can not take a bite
For some one must have wobbled-gobbled up my appetite!

TOUCAN CHOW'S VERSE

From king and court I fly with speed
On wheels of glass quite fast indeed,
But who first called me Toucan Chow?
I think 'twas either Wee or Wow.

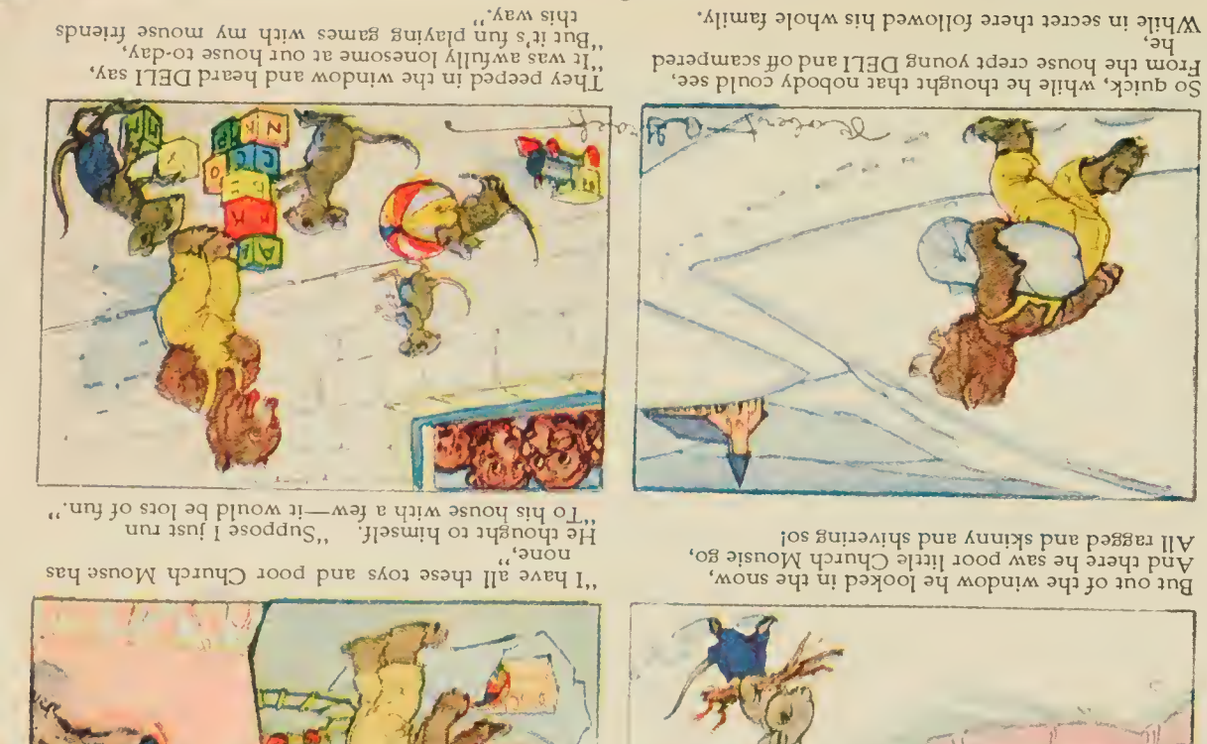


Photo by Arnold Genthe.

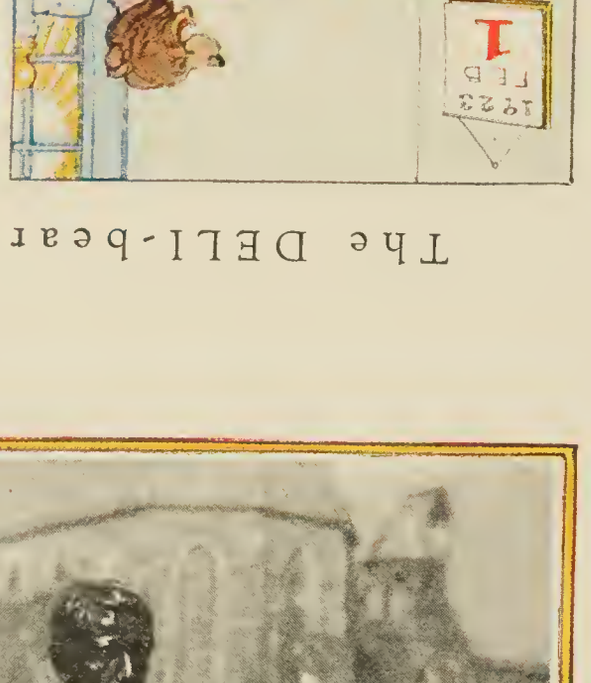
Oh, Lincoln, the big people call you lonely. But little children hold your big strong hand and nestle against your wrinkled coat and chatter with you and smile. You are lonely no longer, oh man of the little children!

DO YOU WANT A BOOK ABOUT LINCOLN?

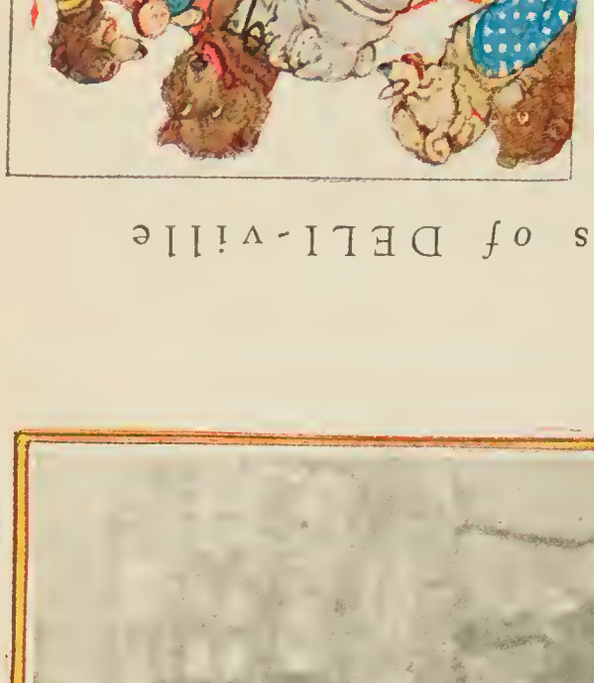
THE American artist, Gutzon Borglum, who made this statue of our great President, called it "The Lonely Lincoln."

Imagine to yourself that Lincoln is alive again and that you are talking to him alone. What would you say to him and what would you ask him? Write a short letter telling about your talk with Lincoln. The most interesting letter—the one that sounds as if the writer really knows and understands Lincoln—will win a prize of a fine book with pictures: "The True Story of Abraham Lincoln." The ten next-best letters will each win a pair of LITTLE DELINEATOR Clip-Clip scissors. Letters must be in this office by February twentieth. Give name, age and address. Address Lincoln Contest, THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, care of the Big DELINEATOR, New York City.

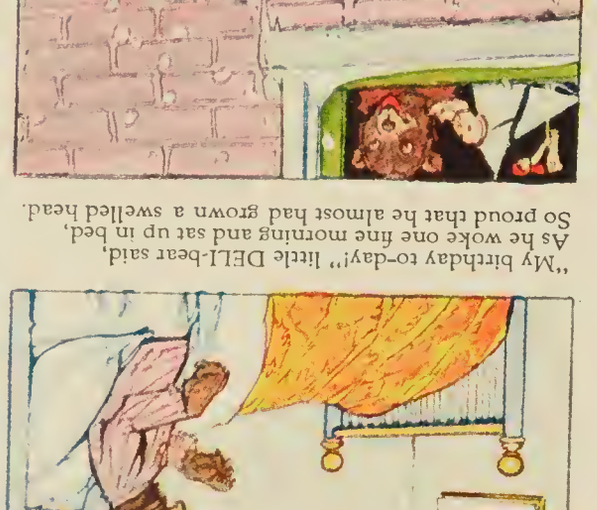
The DELI-bears of DELI-ville



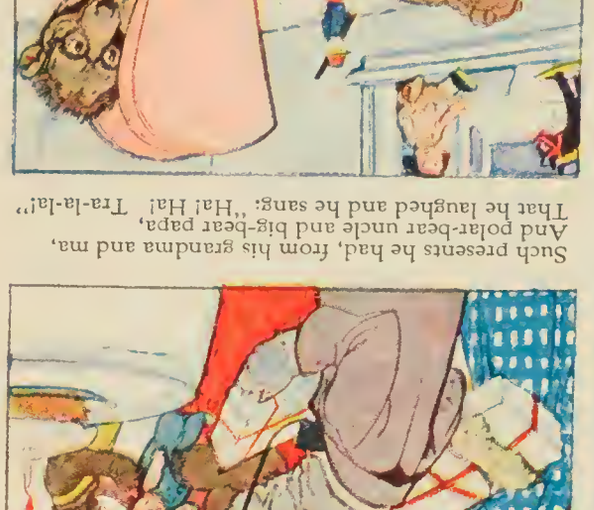
"My birthday to-day!" little DELI-bear said,
As he woke one fine morning and sat up in bed,
So proud that he almost had grown a swelled head.



Such presents he had, from his grandma and ma,
And polar-bear uncle and big-bear papa,
That he laughed and he sang: "Ha! Ha! Tra-la-la!"



But out of the window he looked in the snow,
And there he saw poor little Church Mouse go,
All ragged and skinny and shivering so!



"I have all these toys and poor Church Mouse has none,"
He thought to himself. "Suppose I just run
"To his house with a few—it would be lots of fun."



So quick, while he thought that nobody could see,
From the house crept young DELI and off scampered he,
While in secret there followed his whole family.



They peeped in the window and heard DELI say,
"It was awfully lonesome at our house to-day,
"But it's fun playing games with my mouse friends this way."

THE HOME-MAKERS' DEPARTMENT



Edited by
MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER
Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

IN HIS comments upon the Better Homes in America campaign, Herbert Hoover went straight to the crux of the situation. He said:

"Curiously, with all our American ingenuity and resourcefulness, we have overlooked the laundry and the kitchen, and thrown the bulk of our efforts in directions other than those designed to make better homes by adding to the facilities of our habitations. A large share of the average housekeeper's time is spent within her kitchen. Is it not possible through making this room a more convenient workshop and through simplification of the work to reduce the time and energy spent here? A worn-out housekeeper has difficulty in being a real home-maker either in her own house or the community; when this fact is recognized, more interest will be taken in her and her problems."

Most people appreciate the sacredness of the home and the loyalty of human beings to the place where loved ones live for whom they strive. But the plain unvarnished truth which was brought out during the Better Homes week by professional and business men was that the home must be right physically for the worker or spirituality and sentiment are materially deficient. One may preach about a good home, but if some one is working in the home over-hours and with poor equipment, spirituality has lost its spirit and can not be long sustained. Right physical conditions and sentiment need to be served on the same platter.

The woman who makes her house beautiful by reason of good design in furnishings, dainty food and service is an artist. She is applying the principle of art to something every one can enjoy and in the performance of which the finer senses may grow and make for a refined home.

The woman who makes her home clean and wholesome by the skilful performance of every-day tasks is applying science just as a physician, after the harm is done, cures by the application of scientific principles.

The woman who spends skilfully and causes her family to live within the meager income is a successful partner in frenzied finance and participates in the family partnership by saving dollars as successfully as her husband does by earning more dollars for her to spend for family needs.

Better homes include the use of psychology by bringing up controlled children to a self-controlled manhood and womanhood, which is a safe and sure way to bring future happiness to the individual and to cut down the expense to the State of misdirected human beings. The Better Homes campaign disclosed the trend of thinking minds. The educational world has its opportunity to offer to youths those fundamental principles which will enable them to apply their education to vital community problems.

Martha Van Rensselaer









BETTER-SCHOOLS CONTEST

AMERICAN women realize the importance of good schools. This is evidenced by the wonderful response to our contest "How We Improved Our Schools." Letters have poured in from every part of the country—letters so inspiring that it is almost impossible to choose between them.

We are forced to postpone the printing of the prize-winning letter until March. The winning article on "How We Got Our Community House" appears on another page in this issue.

THE GUM-DROP TREE

FEBRUARY is the month for pretty parties. Each of the three holidays suggests attractive decorations and refreshments. Mrs. Fox describes a novel valentine party in her article "St. Valentine's Hearts and Showers" elsewhere in this issue. Washington's-birthday or Lincoln's-birthday parties may be just as attractive.

A gum-drop tree, with a hatchet, makes a unique decoration for Washington's-birthday parties, fairs and children's entertainments. It is not hard to make. Tie or wire some short branches together to look like a tree and set them in a pot of earth or any heavy material; or a small leafless tree can be used. The leaves are cut from heavy green tissue-paper, wired together and attached to the branches. The trunk should be wound with green or dark-brown tissue-paper and placed on a circle of cardboard the size of the top of the pot and covered with green fringed crape paper to represent grass. Bunches of cherries are quickly made by threading a small bodkin with green silk and running it through half a dozen small red gum-drops at a time, spacing them on the thread five inches apart, with the flat ends of the candy turned together. The silk is knotted and cut at the small end of each gum-drop, leaving them attached in pairs. When two of these pairs and a spray of leaves are twisted over a branch, each gum-drop hangs with the small end downward in a very pretty bunch. When the tree is used as a table decoration, a bunch of the cherries on a tiny twig may be used as a favor for each guest. Crocuses growing in the grass at the foot of the tree make a charming setting. Bright-red hatchets can be bought or made of pasteboard and placed against the tree; the handles may be filled with candy for favors.

The gum-drop tree is a very attractive feature for the candy booth of a February fair. The bunches of gum-drops and cherries may be sold off and new bunches fastened on in their place; the candy-filled hatchets may also be sold. Real flowers in little pots, for sale, can be secured from bulbs planted ahead of time or can be bought from florists. A paper flower growing in a doll's flower-pot can be sold to children.

Pretty cherry-tree cakes, either for a party or to sell at a fair, are easy to make. Ice a cake with white and insert two or three pairs of round red candies around the edge of the cake. Make stems of chocolate icing dropped through a pastry-tube or the point of a paper cone; join each pair of stems at the top and cut a cherry leaf from citron with sharp scissors. Iced cookies can also be decorated with two cherries.

PEOPLE LIVE LONGER NOWADAYS

FIVE years have been added to our expectation of life since 1901, according to the life-tables for 1920, which have just been compiled. A child born in 1901 was likely to live to be only 49.2 years old; a child born in 1910 could expect to live to be 51.5. To-day the new-born baby will probably live to be at least 54.3 years.

Without a doubt, American housewives are responsible for much of this improvement. They have agitated for pure milk and have given more and more of it to their children; they have taught their families to eat more vegetables, salads and fruits; they have seen that the children slept with the windows open and have kept the houses clean and sanitary. In every movement to wipe out disease they have given active and practical help.

American home-makers are not only producers of life—they are its conservers and strengtheners.

EATING FOR HEALTH

"MAN'S OLDEST FRIEND"

BREAD holds a unique place in the food world. It is probably more frequently served and takes a more prominent place in the average diet than any other food. It has been variously called "The staff of life," "Man's oldest friend," "Our most efficient food," "An outpost of civilization"—indeed, it has been said that "Bread stands as a definite expression of the civilization of a country."

Bread is perhaps the most universal of all foods and one of the cheapest as well. A loaf of white bread which costs ten cents will furnish one thousand calories—that is, about one-third the number of calories required in a day by the average man or woman. It also furnishes a considerable amount of protein or body-building and repair material. It has a mild sweet flavor of which man never seems to tire and which lends itself to combination with other flavors and foods. Added to this, almost every particle is digested. Four counts for bread: it is cheap, easily obtained, of good flavor and easily digested. In spite of all these and the quotations at the beginning of this article, "Man does not live by bread alone," for bread is not a complete food. A diet of bread should be supplemented by lime-containing foods such as milk and cheese, by iron-containing foods such as eggs, lean meat and spinach, and by vitamin-containing foods such as leafy vegetables. White bread with cheese or milk and a leafy vegetable forms a complete diet.

If, however, we use whole-wheat or Graham bread instead of white bread, we may omit the spinach. Why the difference? In milling wheat flour the bran and germ of the wheat kernel have been discarded and used in manufacturing cattle-food. Only the interior part of the wheat grain is in wheat flour. In Graham flour the whole kernel, and in whole-wheat flour all but a part of the bran and germ, are included. The germ contains some of the best proteins in the wheat kernel and the bran is rich in mineral salts, to say nothing of two substances which have a laxative effect. In addition to this the bran has an irritating effect upon the lining of the digestive tract which may aid in overcoming constipation. (In cases where this lining is very sensitive, bran-containing foods should not be eaten.) So that if we use whole-wheat bread, we need only add milk to make a complete diet.

Then what about hot breads? May one eat hot breads with impunity? It depends on the individual. Cold bread requires more or less chewing and mixing with the saliva of the mouth before it can be swallowed. It thus reaches the stomach in finely divided particles that are coated or saturated with saliva. Digestion has already begun and can proceed without hindrance. On the other hand, hot breads are soft and may be swallowed easily without much chewing, thus reaching the stomach in large pieces with only a coating of saliva on the outside of the mass. It takes time for the digestive juices to penetrate to the center and mix with the whole mass. In the meantime, fermentation may set in and digestive disturbances result. If, however, one has a healthy digestive tract and will take the trouble to chew them thoroughly before swallowing, hot breads may be eaten and digested readily.

PRIZE-CONTEST ANNOUNCEMENT

MORE BEAUTIFUL TOWNS

EACH year our American towns are getting further away from that plain, monotonous look that Sinclair Lewis laments in "Main Street" and "Babbitt." Garden clubs are improving our trees, clean-up movements are eliminating litter on our streets, town-planning committees are guiding the growth of new districts along beautiful lines, towns are restricting the kind of buildings that can be erected on certain streets, movements for better parks and better public buildings—all are combining to bring to our communities the charm that characterizes the towns of France and England.

This month we are offering a prize of fifty dollars for the most helpful article of not more than five hundred words on "How We Beautified Our Town." For any other articles that we can use other than the prize-winning article, we will pay space rates. Tell just how interest was aroused and maintained, and just what has been accomplished—and give the name of the town. If possible, send pictures of places mentioned in your article that have been improved through public effort. All contributions must be mailed before midnight of February eighth. Contributions for this contest can not be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Address Contest Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Publishing Company, New York City.

FEBRUARY FOOD CALENDAR

COLORED fruit or Turkish pastes cut in hearts, hatchets and other fancy shapes are wholesome sweets for the holidays of the month. Cut in strips, they make excellent garnishes.

Chowders make a good one-dish meal for cold weather, plus corn bread and butter and a baked apple for dessert, perhaps.

Vary the breakfast menu with muffins occasionally. There are bran, whole wheat, rolled oats, bread-crum and corn to work with. These may be varied by the addition of bits of candied fruits or raisins.

A cookie-cutter or two and a set of cake or patty pans in fancy shapes will add to the festive February occasions.

Draw generously from the supply of canned tomatoes—they are health-giving foods and also supplement in flavor the Winter vegetables.

This is a celery month. Get the habit of washing and drying the leaves and keeping them in a tightly closed can for seasoning soups and sauces. They are superior to celery-salt.

A few dates, steamed prunes or raisins cut into the cooked cereal a few minutes before serving is a delicious way to add iron to the diet.

Attractive pink Valentine's-day dishes may be made from shrimps, salmon, beets, tomatoes, raspberry, strawberry, cherry and currant.

Look up your cheese recipes and "Use more cheese!"

Gooseberry, currant and damson jellies go well with the heavy Winter meats.

Heart-shaped salads may be cut from a tomato jelly well seasoned. Serve with mayonnaise, garnished with an arrow cut from a pimiento.

This is a good month to make your orange marmalade for the year. Carrots may be added!

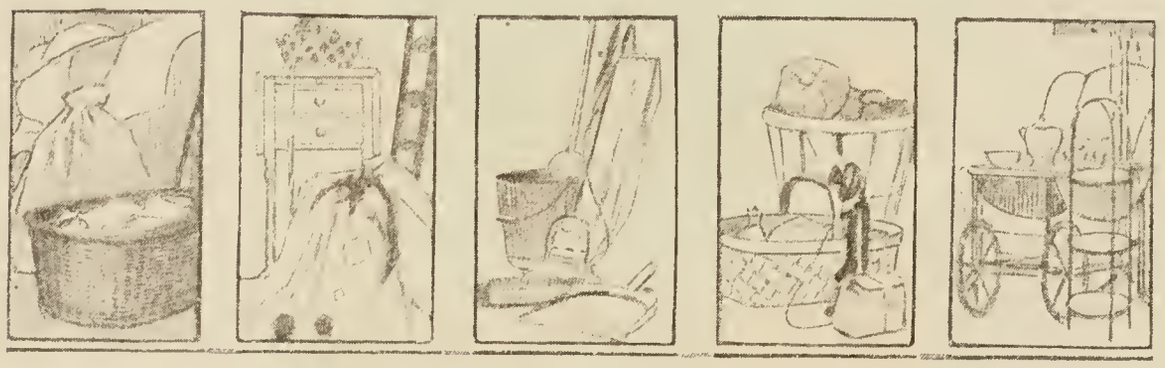
Try sausages baked between rounds of biscuit crusts for a midwinter dish.

If you haven't made cranberry preserves for Spring, now is the time to do it.

SAVE A DOLLAR

For the woman who has time and money to spend but not to waste

Each suggestion has been tested and approved by the Home-Makers' Department



THE DELINEATOR will pay ten dollars each month for the best suggestion for saving the housekeeper's money, labor, food or fuel. We will pay five dollars for other suggestions that we use on this page. Items sent in February are not printed until four months later. When duplicate suggestions are received, we consider the first idea to reach us. Unavailable suggestions can not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope. Send your ideas to the Home-Makers' Department

PRIZE-WINNER

A VACUUM CLEANER THAT BOUGHT ITSELF

THE household allowance of a mother of my acquaintance left no money to pay for a vacuum cleaner, yet she so strongly felt the need of getting this labor-saver that she ingeniously contrived to get one and make it pay for itself. The cooperation of a relative who lent her one hundred dollars, the cost of the machine, and of her ten-year-old son, Bob, made the venture a complete success.

She bought a vacuum cleaner of the best type, with all attachments. When it was delivered, she wrote out the following advertisement and gave it to Bob to insert in the local newspaper:

LET ME BRING YOU MY SUCTION SWEEPER

For a good clean-up. All day, $1.50; half-day, 90c. Full set of attachments. Delivered and called for by BOB HALL, 720 West Street.

Bob also had a small printing press of his own on which he printed cards similar to the advertisement and then canvassed the neighborhood leaving cards with each housewife. For each customer he acquired through his own effort, not through the newspaper, he received ten cents. Likewise he received ten cents each way for delivering and calling for the vacuum cleaner in his express-wagon. For extra-long distances he received an additional five cents. With so generous a share of the profits of renting out the vacuum cleaner, Bobby felt well repaid and therefore did not lose his interest. At the end of a year the cleaner had paid for itself, but Bob was so loath to give up his source of pocket-money that he asked to be allowed to continue renting out the machine. Now it is a money-maker.—MRS. C. P. KELLY, Erie, Pa.

USES FOR BROOM-HANDLES

BROOM-HANDLES placed across the center of the closet are an improvement over hooks screwed in the wall. The broom-handle pole accommodates a number of clothes-hangers. When the handles of the children's hoes get broken, a new handle made from an old broken broomstick repairs the damage. Unvarnished broom-handles are useful on wash-day for stirring the clothes and for lifting them out of the hot suds.—MRS. R. B. MCQUATTERS, Odessa, Tex.

SAVE ON SINK ADJUSTMENT

IF YOUR kitchen sink is too low for comfort and convenience and has no back or drain-boards, have the plumber raise it to the right height and then add a back and two drain-boards. Wooden boards may be painted and enameled white. This entire change in one kitchen cost less than five dollars.—MRS. J. T. TUOMY, Bemidji, Minn.

A WOOD-BOX ON WHEELS

A WOODEN box sixteen by twenty by sixteen inches put on casters or wheels (those of an old go-cart will do) is excellent for carrying wood or corn-cobs from the wood-pile to the kitchen. Fasten the axles to stout cleats nailed on the under side of the box from three to five inches back from the edges, so that the wheels do not protrude any farther than is necessary beyond the ends of the box. This wood-box on wheels can be wheeled out to the wood-pile or it can be taken to the outside door and filled with wood or corn-cobs. It can easily be moved aside for cleaning.—R. E. WILSON, Albuquerque, N. M.

USES FOR EGG-BEATER

INSTEAD of mixing the flour and liquid for the gravies and stews with a spoon, use a double rotary egg-beater and the gravy will always be smooth. Freshly cooked and warmed-over cereal that is lumpy may be made smooth in an instant by beating it with the Dover egg-beater. Thickened milk, when it is beaten well and has a little sugar added to it, makes an appetizing drink. Cocoa is also improved by whipping just before it is removed from the stove.—MRS. MAY P. HANSEN, San Francisco, Calif.

SAVE BURLAP BAGS

AFTER burlap sacks, such as feed and fertilizer come in, are given several soakings, boilings and scrubbings they become pliable and may be used in numerous ways. They make pretty table-covers when decorated in cross-stitch designs, running-stitch, French knots or just fancy stitches in gay-colored woolen thread. The hems may be rolled and whipped, fringed or finished with a border of some other bright material of coarse weave. They make strong, serviceable bags both for the house and as gifts. These may be lined and appliquéd in bright colors. Wall-pockets made from burlap sacks will prove indispensable for odds and ends, paper and string, dust-cloths, or overshoes and shoes. Covers for magazines made of the burlap, with large pieces of cardboard slipped in for stiffness, are both useful and attractive.

Curtains for low windows, with a row of drawn-work, or appliquéd, make an attractive finish to attic rooms. One whole bag or two sewed together make little rugs for the bedroom. These may be quilted by hand in rather stiff stitchings, not large enough to trip over, or sewed on the machine in tan thread. They may be bordered with a strip from another bag or with dark cretonne. Newspaper linings make burlap rugs quite warm for stepping out of bed onto on a cold morning. Those of poorer quality may be made thicker by sewing them closely row upon row. These rugs are excellent for use before the sink and on the porch for muddy feet. Burlap also makes fine covers for the porch-mat or the cushion that is carried out into the weather, for the pad under the knees of the gardener and for wrapping around the bushes or pipes that frost threatens to harm.—MRS. WM. D. TRANTHAM, Camden, S. C.

MENDING ALUMINUM UTENSILS

OFTEN a leaking aluminum kettle or pan may be repaired by pounding over the leak of the pan with a hammer. Aluminum is so soft that the hammering will make the pan a little thinner around the break, but it will close the hole.—MRS. A. H. DAVIDSON, San José, Calif.

LAUNDERING LACE CURTAINS

IF THE edges of lace curtains are not too firm to be pulled straight and the curtains are not made with ruffles, they may be laundered easily and quickly without the use of frames. After washing, fold each curtain in half so that top and bottom corners meet, then hang the curtain over the line so that half of it is on each side, with the side edges meeting. Gently stretch it so that it hangs straight, with even corners. When it is about half dry, change the fold over the line so that the top and bottom edges meet the middle of the curtain. Two small curtains fastened together lengthwise and treated in this way will be exactly the same length when they are dry.—MISS ANNA M. WETTERAU, Hazleton, Pa.

SAVE ON TABLE-PADS

FOR serviceable table-pads, cut wall-board the size of the table and divide it into halves. Paste unbleached muslin around the edges. Strips can also be cut the size of extension boards to use on an extension table.—MRS. R. R. GASAWAY, Central, S. C.

SAVE THE BOOKS

WHERE the house must be closed for some time or the atmosphere is damp, books can be protected by placing jars of granulated unslacked lime on the shelves, behind the books, if possible. Fill the jars not more than one-third full of the lime and place one jar every five or six feet. The lime will absorb the moisture and protect the books from warping.—EDITH SMITH, New York City.

SAVE WORRY IN BAKING

WHEN bread, fruit-cake or potatoes are put into the oven, or when canning is done by the cold-pack method, set the alarm-clock for the time when the food must be removed. This leaves the housekeeper's mind free to attend to other things without danger of forgetting baking.

If one has a clock which no longer runs, it is helpful to set the hands at the time food is put into the oven. By comparing this with the kitchen clock the exact time of baking is seen at a glance.—MRS. L. A. HANCOCK, Auburn, N. Y.

SAVE THE NAPKINS

FOLD napkins in thirds every other week and in quarters the alternate weeks. This will avoid wearing on the creases and will lengthen the life of the napkin considerably.—MRS. HARRY CURRIER, Bristol, Ind.

SAVE OLD INNER-TUBES

CUT a part of an old inner-tube into rubber bands, some wide and some narrow. These will be useful for doing up packages and papers. Round pieces of the rubber placed under the casters of the beds and heavy furniture protect the floor. Rubber holders are handy for handling pots and pans. Strips glued underneath the ends of rugs will keep the rug from sliding on waxed floors. Various sizes of rounds and squares are handy to place under flower-vases or the ice-water pitcher to protect finished surfaces. A wide band filled with beans and sewed at the ends with bright wool will provide the children with a good bean-bag.—MRS. LORENA WINNE, Houston, Tex.

SAVE CLOSET SPACE

SPIRAL spring curtain-rods, such as are used for sash-curtains, fastened on the inside of a closet door will greatly increase the closet space. The rods are put up at different heights across the door, with the springs pulled fairly tight. House dresses, play dresses, aprons, underwear, socks and stockings may then be hung smoothly over them and the springs will hold the clothing tightly against the closet door. Each article may be easily located and removed or returned to its place. These rods may be purchased at the ten-cent stores. They are particularly convenient for holding children's dresses.—GERTRUDE L. JORDAN, Methuen, Mass.

SAVE MEAT FROM MOLDING

TAKE fresh lard and grease well the cut end of a ham or a joint of meat which is not to be used at once. If this is done, it will not be necessary to trim it each time before using.—MRS. H. H. WILLIAMS, Lawrenceville, Ill.

CARE OF SHOES

FOR a small sum one can buy a satisfactory shoe-cleaner and mud-scraper consisting of a metal upright bar two inches high with a stiff brush fastened at each end. This cleaner can be screwed into place on the bottom step. Before entering the house each member of the family, by passing his feet over the bar between the brushes, can remove dust and mud from his shoes.

Run-down heels should be built up before they are badly worn and shoes should be resoled before they become worn through. This is a wise economy. Light shoes which are too discolored to clean satisfactorily may be worn much longer is they are dyed a darker color. The life of shoes is also prolonged if they are waterproofed. Wooden or metal shoe-trees inserted in the shoes as soon as shoes are removed from the feet help to keep the shoes in shape.—MRS. C. TRISCHKA, Chrysolite, Ariz.

SAVE LEFT-OVER FOOD

BOILED ham remaining from a meal can be made appetizing by chopping it with crisp celery and serving as salad in lettuce cups. Chop nut-meats and bits of pimiento or olives into left-over cottage-cheese. Pack the mixture in green peppers from which an end has been cut. Slice through the peppers and serve the cottage-cheese in thick green rimmed slices. Sage dressing made from a small quantity of dried bread will be deliciously flavored if it is packed into mounds on top of thick pork chops, closely covered and then roasted. Each chop carries its own portion of dressing. Small pieces of raw steak may be browned and served in the gravy on toast cubes. Small amounts of bacon or dried beef, cut fine, may be browned and combined with scrambled eggs. Delicious combination desserts may be served when berries, sliced peaches or diced pineapple left from one meal are placed on top of individual cup custards or corn-starch puddings. Or these fruits, added to uncooked frosting, quickly transform a plain icing into a colorful covering for a cake. Left-over cranberry sauce boiled with seeded raisins and a little lemon-juice makes a jam that is delicious.—MRS. EDITH M. BATDORF, West Park, Ohio.

SAVE WHITE WOODWORK

IN WASHING white enamel woodwork use a clean cloth wrung out of hot water and soaped with pure mild soap. Wipe the wood with a light quick touch so as not to crush the dirt farther into the enamel. Wipe again with a cloth wrung out of clear lukewarm water and finish with a dry cloth by rubbing the surface until it is perfectly dry. Dust the top of the base-board with a regular paint-brush. When washing the base-board, protect the wall-paper by holding a piece of cardboard over it. Mahogany woodwork that is not finger-marked should be dusted with old silk jersey cloth. Mahogany doors that are finger-marked should be washed with a soft cloth wrung out of clear lukewarm water and finished with a dry cloth.—ELIZABETH DAVIS RICHARDS, Morgantown, W. Va.

SAVE YOUR EYES

NEVER play cards or any other games on a white cloth. The glare of white linen is hard on the eyes. An inexpensive cloth for games can be made by dyeing an old table-cloth or sheet a dark green. This color is particularly restful to the eyes.—BEN MULFORD, Cincinnati, Ohio.

SOUP MAKES THE WHOLE MEAL TASTE BETTER





I love to eat this filling treat—
To Campbell's I am grateful.
But now it's time to end this rhyme—
Bring on another plateful!

Thirty-two different ingredients in this one rich soup!

Would you go to all the trouble and expense of making such a varied and tempting soup? Yet Vegetable Soup at its very best requires every one of the ingredients Campbell's put into it. Let our famous chefs do the work for you and place on your table a dish laden with real nourishment—a dish to tempt your appetite and satisfy you with its hearty foods.

Taste their luscious flavors

Fifteen delicious vegetables! Broth of choice beef to give it vigor! Plump grains of fine barley, alphabet macaroni and other strength-building cereals! Herbs fresh from our own farms, with all their savor and fragrance! Allow this soup to simmer a few moments to get the fullest, finest flavor of the blend. It's ideal for luncheon—filling and refreshing. Once you taste it, you'll have it often for dinner.



21 kinds 12 cents a can

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

HOW WE GOT OUR COMMUNITY HOUSE

The fifty-dollar prize is awarded



The community house at Sheffield, Alabama: the house that was built after supper



Sunrise Hall, Garden City, Kansas, built from funds raised by chicken and egg drives, box suppers, and plays



Richview, Illinois, community house. The original building fund is still in the bank

EDITOR'S NOTE

LAST September THE DELINEATOR offered a prize of fifty dollars for the most helpful article of not more than five hundred words on "How We Got Our Community House." The prize-winning letter is published on this page, together with additional letters so suggestive to other towns that they were bought for publication.

The entries for the contest prove conclusively that the thickly populated places and sparsely settled country districts can be equally successful in their ventures. The plans for a community house once conceived receive general endorsement and support. Many types of buildings shelter community houses. Sometimes the house activities begin modestly as a tiny library, for example, and gradually develop to include a rich variety of community activities. Occasionally the house is the headquarters for organized charities and other local organizations.

In many cases lodging for the house is given rent free, or the land donated and building materials and labor contributed. Often, however, money for building and maintenance has to be raised in full. Sometimes a few people contribute largely, but more often the money is collected in small amounts and the entire community cooperates. Maintenance expenses usually increase year by year.

Whether their activities are few or many, for work or for play, community houses are welding communities closer together in a spirit of neighborly friendliness. If your town has no community house, here is an incentive to work for one.

PRIZE-WINNING LETTER

SUNRISE HALL

By MRS W. L. McGUIRE

IN 1921, in a community twenty-five miles from a railroad, where the population is one family of five persons to each two thousand acres, we built Sunrise Community Hall, Garden City, Kansas.

Although the telephone and automobile had brought some neighborliness into our sparsely settled community, still we felt a need of a closer relationship. Therefore our Community Society, organized in 1920, decided to conduct a campaign to build a community hall. To-day we have a hall with a seating capacity of four hundred, a fair-sized stage and a large dressing-room, which is often converted into a kitchen. Here dinners are prepared for the great family of neighbors who joyously attend. Monthly musical and literary programs are held here. Our small running expenses are met by membership dues and donations.

Times were hard when we started our drive for building donations, none to exceed twenty dollars. We went outside of our community and carried the campaign among merchants in towns where we did our trading. We aroused competition among them, and in cases where they vied with each other we took off the twenty-dollar limit. Lumber companies were solicited with astonishing results and donations were received from almost every line of business. All hauling and the greater part of the carpentry work were donated by members of the community.

One unique plan after another was conceived in order to add to our funds. One was a chicken drive, another an egg drive. Box suppers, pie suppers, and amateur plays were staged. The president of our society made a wager of one hundred dollars with other members of the community that he would get married by June 1, 1921, the total amount to go to the community fund if he lost. It has been said that he purposely postponed his wedding for two months in order that he might lose the wager. The largest meeting we have ever had in our hall was the reception given him and his bride.

THE MILL

By EMMA MAYHEW WHITING

IT REMAINED for an outsider to show us the possibilities of the Mill, an old unused factory in West Tisbury, Massachusetts, as a community center.

Our community house has cost us practically nothing. The owner of the Mill, when approached, generously offered it to us rent free. A few repairs, of course, were needed, but there were any number of volunteers to share the work. Chairs, tables, quilting-bars and other furnishings were cheerfully lent.

We were equally successful in finding the mental furnishings for our house. A graduate nurse promised to give us a practical course in home hygiene; other leaders put us through our "daily dozen," weighed children and adults as a part of a public-health service, gave needed diet suggestions and kept us supplied with food pamphlets.

A domestic-science enthusiast procures and distributes at the Mill timely bulletins prepared by the Department of Agriculture on gardening, canning and allied home-making subjects. Two art students organize and direct groups in rug-making, upholstery, fashioning knotted counterpanes and copying the simple, old-time patterns from treasured patchwork quilts.

Our success in establishing our neighborhood house may be copied by any small community that will seek out the materials that are close to home. We have but utilized the resources waiting to be used—the building, equipment, workers and women's magazines that are teeming with educational, domestic, industrial and social suggestions. Nor have we failed to use those frequently overlooked free sources of help—the Federal and State departments of health and agriculture. And each year the Mill means more to our community.

RICHVIEW COMMUNITY HOUSE

By J. W. STANTON

A SMALL town of four hundred people—many the "it-can't-be-done-*here*" kind—some available vacant rooms and three or four young people willing to try for a community center—that was the situation in Richview, Illinois, twelve years ago.

A room sixteen feet square in a well-located store-building was selected and the owner offered to let us use it temporarily rent free. All the furniture, including wood-stove and desk, was given or loaned. Our only expense was for paint and varnish, for having the ceiling papered, and for four plain built-in book-shelves. We repainted the woodwork, chairs and floors ourselves. We bought oil for our lamps, but our wood was donated. We were our own janitors and librarians. Our center was open two afternoons and evenings each week. The entire expense the first year, less than ten dollars, was more than met by receipts from a lawn social.

We called the room "The Reading-Room." Two dozen popular novels of our own were rented to readers for five cents a week. That money bought used copies of other novels from city libraries. Magazines were supplied by commissions we received taking magazine subscriptions.

Then we began a building fund. A sample sale proved a great success. The town had no milliner, so a good one in a large town near by sent hats each Spring and Fall. These were sold on commission at a series of sales.

Soon we adopted a set program of four benefits a year: A men's minstrel show, a Christmas bazaar, a Spring concert and an annual collection of old paper, which we sold. This program brought funds, many new workers and friends.

At the end of five years larger quarters seemed imperative. Our building fund was not quite sufficient, but the citizen who had supplied our home met the need by remodeling and enlarging a dilapidated frame structure into one ideal for our purpose. To date he has not asked for rent, and the building fund is in the bank as an endowment.

Four years ago the books became free when a tax bringing in two hundred dollars a year was voted for the library feature. All other requirements are met by cooperation, work and gifts from patrons. Our building is a real community building. Occasional social and all sorts of public meetings, university extension courses, farmers' meetings and women's club meetings are held there.

MADISON COMMUNITY CLUB

By MRS. MICHAEL GLYNN

WITH a specialist in home economics as our leader, seven years ago we organized in Madison County, Tennessee, a demonstration club which was composed of thirteen women members and which met at the homes of the members. Other women became interested in it immediately, for it taught us the art of cookery and home-making.

Soon the men became interested in community welfare, and a community club was organized which included men, women, boys and girls. The increased attendance and the interest manifested in both clubs caused us to realize the great need for a community house.

We earned the first fifty dollars for our building fund by securing magazine subscriptions. The next Autumn we had a booth at the county fair and won the fourth prize, which was for twenty-five dollars. In 1917 we won one hundred dollars, the first prize; in 1918 we won no prizes, but each year following that we won first and second prizes. This money was added to our building fund.

We made sixty dollars by selling lunches, prepared by our members, at three different hog sales in our community. We have also had community ice-cream suppers.

After the war we decided to build. At the same time the county board of education was planning to build a new school. We sent a committee to ask them to let us add our community house, or community rooms, to the school-building, thereby making one building serve two purposes. The board agreed to this and named one thousand one hundred dollars as the cost of these rooms.

In the new modern brick school-building we now have one large club-room, which contains a piano, library-table and chairs, and a well-equipped kitchen. If we win the two-hundred-dollar prize at the fair this Fall, we shall probably buy books.

The Madison Community Club has made farm life more profitable and enjoyable.

THE HOUSE THAT WAS BUILT AFTER SUPPER

By MRS. C. F. ADAMS

THE community house at Sheffield, Alabama, was built after supper. In 1918, men, money and materials were rushed in to Sheffield for work on two Government nitrate plants. Soon forty thousand people took the place of six thousand, and a city suddenly appeared like a mirage across the cotton-fields.

The local Red Cross chapter conceived the idea of building a house to be used as a club for soldiers and workers at the plants and as a get-together place where women might sew, knit and make surgical dressings. The whole town took up the idea and worked for its success.

A real-estate company lent a building lot and acted as trustee for the house, which was to belong to the community for community use. Town lumber, cement and hardware companies donated the building materials. Busy men, whose daylight hours were spent at the nitrate plants, consented to give their services after working-hours. Spotlights were erected and squads of twenty to thirty men hammered and sawed each night as the building grew under their hands. The town watched and cheered. At ten o'clock each night work stopped and townswomen served refreshments to the builders.

In two weeks the house was completed. It stands as a monument both to those who fell over there and to those who fought the fight at home. For some time after the war it was used as the Red Cross headquarters. Now it is under the charge of the community council, representing the various civic organizations in the town. Maintenance funds are raised by this council.



Ordinary cleanliness won't do for towels, which come in contact with dishes. They need and deserve *Fels-Naptha* cleanliness.

Wash dish-towels daily with FELS-NAPTHA —a simple, sanitary safeguard



Real Naptha!
You can tell
by the smell

For men, too!

Autoists, sportsmen, and mechanics find Fels-Naptha great for removing grime, grease, and dirt from hands, without the use of grit. Takes spots out of clothing, too.



The original and genuine naptha soap, in the red-and-green wrapper. Buy it in the convenient ten-bar carton.

Dish-towels need the purifying power of a safe, searching, sanitary soap. At least once a day, spare a few minutes to wash your dish-towels and kitchen-cloths with Fels-Naptha, the great double-cleaner.

The real naptha goes through the threads and loosens grease and unsuspected dirt like magic. The sudsy water flushes them away. Its work done, the naptha vanishes, leaving the cloths clean, sweet and sanitary.

Fels-Naptha is not only a great cleanser of dish-towels. It does *all* laundry work, from sheets and shirts to sheerest waists, with equal speed, thoroughness and safety.

Fels-Naptha is *more* than soap. It is *more* than soap and naptha. It is the exclusive Fels-Naptha blend of *splendid* soap and *real* naptha in a way that brings out the best in these two great cleaners. Get it today from your grocer.

TEST Fels-Naptha's wonderful efficiency. Send 2¢ in stamps for sample bar. Address Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

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THERE'S ALWAYS A WAY

By Celia Caroline Cole

There isn't one woman out of a hundred who couldn't be better looking, more charming, more lovable, if she would give a little thought to it. If you need advice, write to Celia Caroline Cole, Editor of the Beauty Department of THE DELINEATOR, whose mission in life is to help other women to be happier. Don't forget to enclose a stamp for her reply

ONE day last Winter we popped in on a very gifted woman we know and found her chewing the end of her pencil and a lot of scattered sheets of paper all over the floor. "What are you doing?" we asked.

"Trying to decide whether to write the Great American Play or get rid of my hips," she answered.

And she meant it. She had to roll so many times a day, and walk, and go to a masseur and let an electric machine pound her hips until it broke the morale of the fatty tissue, and lie down for half an hour in the afternoon with a reducing lather spread all over her poor old hips, so that she honestly didn't have time, along with her other daily responsibilities, to do both. She's nice and thin now, like a lovely swaying willow-tree. And the world is still waiting around for the Great American Play to be written.

And again: Whenever we go on a visit to our home town out in the Middle West, shortly after arrival we fix our family with a stern eye and ask, "Did you use those beauty things we sent you?" Sometimes we get a bright, cheerful "We certainly did! They were wonderful—can't you see?" And other times we get back a "No, we haven't any time to do things like that. We're *busy!*"

And now come several letters saying please to do an article on how mothers, especially young mothers, who've been in the habit of being pretty and attractively dressed, how in the name of all that's wise can they keep it up with a house to take care of, three or eight children to bring up and one husband to keep on believing that he's married to the prettiest and most capable girl in town.

AMONG them we found one from a girl we went to college with. And this is what she writes: "I've just finished reading your last article. It's very nice. Do you happen to remember that I was a rip-roaring, dash-and-stampede-them beauty in the good old days? Now my hair is gray—though I'm younger than you—my waist measures thirty-six inches, my complexion is something I once had but have no more, and my clothes!—well, when I go out to buy them I always think of Thoreau's answer when at table they asked him which dish he preferred: 'The nearest.' That's the way I buy them—the first thing that almost fits. You see, I have six children, no nurse (we don't do that out here; we bring them up ourselves), and most of the time no maid. And then you come along in a magazine and tell us to pat so many minutes a day, and never forget to put skin food around our eyes when we lie down for our afternoon rest—oh la, la! that afternoon rest!—and brush our hair a hundred strokes a day and put tonic on it three times a week, take special exercises to reduce our waists and tummies, and never, never, never forget that charm is the most vital thing women can have. How do you get that way?"

Yes, old dear, we know it. We know all about time. We have a fierce and continuous fight on with it that can end only with the death of one of us. But, all the samie, charm is one of the most vital things a woman can have. It keeps the race going and poetry coming, and light streaming in and out of lives. Of course, it doesn't always care where it lights. We've seen it singing out of some rather dirty, careless, easy-going women whose homes never were in order, whose children never looked clean and whose husbands tore their hair of a morning over the buttons that weren't on and socks that weren't darned. But oh, how they adored her!

And one thing sure, you never find it where there is ceaseless fretting over little things, nervous, anxious living, or a perfectly whacking sense of duty and no sense of life being fun!

Sense of values is the first thing to get if you want beauty and charm and a life that has some joy in it.

TAKE the case of any young mother who has two or more children, no nurse and no maid. Life feels like a fight. There are certain things in that mother's life that *have* to be slighted. It mustn't be her children. It mustn't be her husband. And it mustn't be her charm.

What then?

Her house; her social duties. Put away all the knickknacks. You can have more elaborate beauty when your children are older. Have simplicity now. Have your house bare as possible and get your beauty in harmonious colors. Have one room where the children's toys can be dumped, and then have enough control not to think about the disorder of that room. Back of all the clutteredness in this world there is a law of order. Back of the messiness of that room is a bigger law of order than the mere orderliness of a room—it is the orderliness of a mind that has decided to keep its charm, its beauty, its strength, so that there will be a personality as the mother of that family instead of just a driven, patient, sweet woman. Take the dining-room, if you have to, and have a jolly kitchen and eat there or in the living-room. If you've got a spare bedroom, take that. Don't be an immaculate housekeeper—be an irresistible human.

Get a fireless cooker with its book of recipes. Get every invention you can afford that makes housekeeping easy. Get Doctor Holt's book on feeding children and feed them in the simple way he prescribes.

Teach your children at the age of two how to brush their teeth—oh, yes, they can; mine did—how to bathe themselves and each other, how to stand up to their problems and not come running to you all the time. Tell them what you're trying to do—they'll understand. Do they want a pretty mother who isn't nearly always too tired to play, or do they want a mother like Mrs. Brown? Use your imagination. Make it a game, this helping mother to be exactly the kind of mother they like.

Then as to your social duties: Be a person instead of a conventional member of the community. Go when you really want to and don't when you don't. When callers arrive and find you doing the washing in the afternoon, make it amusing instead of a constrained half-hour for everybody.

The whole business of living is a mental attitude. Get rid of false pride and all conventional thinking. Look the situation square in the eye and then ride it, instead of letting it ride you.

When you want to lie on the floor and kick and scream because this life that's a fight seems to be going against you, don't repress that impulse. Bring it up into the light and laugh at it; tell somebody about it right away and make it funny when you tell it. Then take a walk if you can in a park or in the country or the prettiest part of town.

And whatever you do and wherever you go, keep your sense of humor nimble and strong by constantly exercising it.

For all the things that occur every day, have a system, just as orderly a system as a factory has. You're a firm—not one human with a lot of others hanging on to you. Make the whole firm work. In that order of the day, you have at least fifteen minutes that are your own. Take your cold-cream jar in your hand and lie down on your back on a firm mattress with no pillow under your head, but a small pillow under your back and shoulders. Put cold-cream all over your face and under your chin with a lazy upward stroke. Then relax arms and hands and legs by lifting them and dropping them like dead weights. Then clasp your hands behind your neck and dream. Think a smile—it relaxes your face. Mentally say, "No problems. Rest." Lie there as long as you can. When you get up, wipe off the cream with a piece of soft old linen (don't ever use anything harsh or linty). If you have three minutes more, squeeze some absorbent cotton out in cold water and then dip it in face tonic and squeeze it out and spank your face with it. It tones the skin. And you.

If you can afford to have a woman in once a week or once every two weeks to do mending, have her. To keep your charm you have to keep alive and happy mentally. If reading makes you happy, read at least a half-hour every night after the children have gone to bed. If it's music that releases you, turn on your phonograph or play your piano.

YOU'RE trying to organize life so that it can be life instead of an endurance test. Joy is an important item. Don't think of it as a self-indulgence. It's self-preservation, protection of your family life, a fertilizer for your children's growth.

You must take time to give your children a demand for beauty, for gay, beautiful living. And you must epitomize it to them just as soon as you do goodness and comfort and strength.

When you go to bed, no matter how tired you are, you always brush your teeth, don't you? Then screw yourself up to doing two more things: cleanse your face in cold-cream instead of with water (water will coarsen the skin unless you do things to counteract its effect), and then put skin food around the eyes to keep away nervous lines and crow's-feet. Unless you're so tired you simply can't, a few minutes before you go to bed dip your fingers in white of egg and cover your face and throat and under the chin with it, always with an upward stroke, and let it harden. Lie down and let it stay on five or ten minutes, while your husband reads that bit he wants to read to you from the paper. Rinse it off with cold water, and then you will go to bed with your muscles all pulled up as they should be.

When you are going out and are tired, freshen up your face by putting on a mask, either of egg or of lemon-juice or one of the vegetable masks you buy. Most of the real masks take twenty or thirty minutes if you want to get the best results; egg or lemon, only five or ten minutes.

IF YOU haven't that much time, you can get almost as good results patting the face, after cleansing it, with a little pad of cotton squeezed out in ice-cold water and then dipped into a marvelous strong astringent we know, squeeze it out almost dry and pat briskly all over the face and neck. If you don't want to buy an astringent, use cold wich-hazel with a little rose-water in it.

Always before putting on a mask think a smile, to release all the muscles of the face.

Don't wash your hair oftener than once a month—use a cleansing tonic. Wear a Dutch cap when you're cooking or sweeping, and keep your brush clean.

When your eyes are tired, bathe them with mild salt water in an eye-cup. Boil a teaspoon of salt in a pint of water and keep it in a glass jar in the bathroom.

Find out the colors that are yours and wear them. Get the kind of clothes that last for two to five years. Have only a few and have them so distractingly becoming that nobody wants you ever to wear anything else. Don't let in any silly old pride about wearing the same thing again and again.

And ten thousand times a day pull yourself up inside your mind and see life not as a fight for existence, but as a fight against sordidness and drudgery and inglorious resignation. Leave the dishes mentally since you can't physically.

We never see a beauty manufacturer that we don't cry out to him, "Give me something that in one minute makes us all new and fragrant and covered with dew." And they always call back: "We will! You wait, I've got something now that takes only——"

It's nearly always a mask. Or a new way to make women serener and softer in mind.

Yes, it must take a little time, this business of being beautiful. But it's worth it! Right down to the ground it is!

To keep the race going, poetry coming, husbands at home, children proud as Punch all through their blessed clear little souls because they've got a mother that's prettier 'n nicer 'n' any mother *you* ever saw?

Oh, yessie ma'am, it is!

And there's always a way.



"Surrounded by a world of loveliness and romance"

THE WOMAN YOU WOULD LIKE TO BE

BEAUTIFUL — triumphantly happy — surrounded by a world of loveliness and romance—is it so that you dream of the woman you would like to be?

No matter how you picture her—you can have something of her grace and beauty.

In a hundred ways—you can help to make yourself the woman you would like to be.

Do you long for the charm of a fresh, clear, beautiful skin? With the right care you can make your complexion what you will!

Each day your skin is changing—old skin dies and new forms in its place. Begin now to give this *new* skin the treatment suited to its needs; see what a difference even a week or ten days of this special care will make in your complexion. No matter what its condition has been in the past—you can correct its faults. You too can have the lovely skin that is part of every beautiful woman's charm.

Are you using the right treatment for your special type of skin?

Just what type of skin have you? Is it dry or oily? Fine or large-pored? Sensitive or resistant? Does it lack color? These are some of the things you must consider in deciding the right treatment for your skin.

There is a special Woodbury treatment for each type of skin. Two of these famous Woodbury treatments are given on this page. These and other complete treatments for each type of skin and its needs you will find in the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," which is wrapped around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Fastidious women everywhere are using these famous treatments, for they represent the ideal method of meeting the different needs of different complexions.

Why the skin of your face is especially sensitive

It is a well-known scientific fact that the nerves which control the blood-supply are more sensitive in the skin of your face than elsewhere—and that consequently the skin of your face is more liable to disturbances.

For this reason the soap which you use daily on your face should be of the best quality obtainable.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today. See how your skin will improve in color, clearness, texture, through the daily use of a soap made of the purest ingredients to meet your skin's special needs.

* * *

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks for regular toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles, make it ideal for general use.

The right treatment for a skin that is subject to blemishes

Just before you go to bed, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

Use this treatment for a skin that is too oily

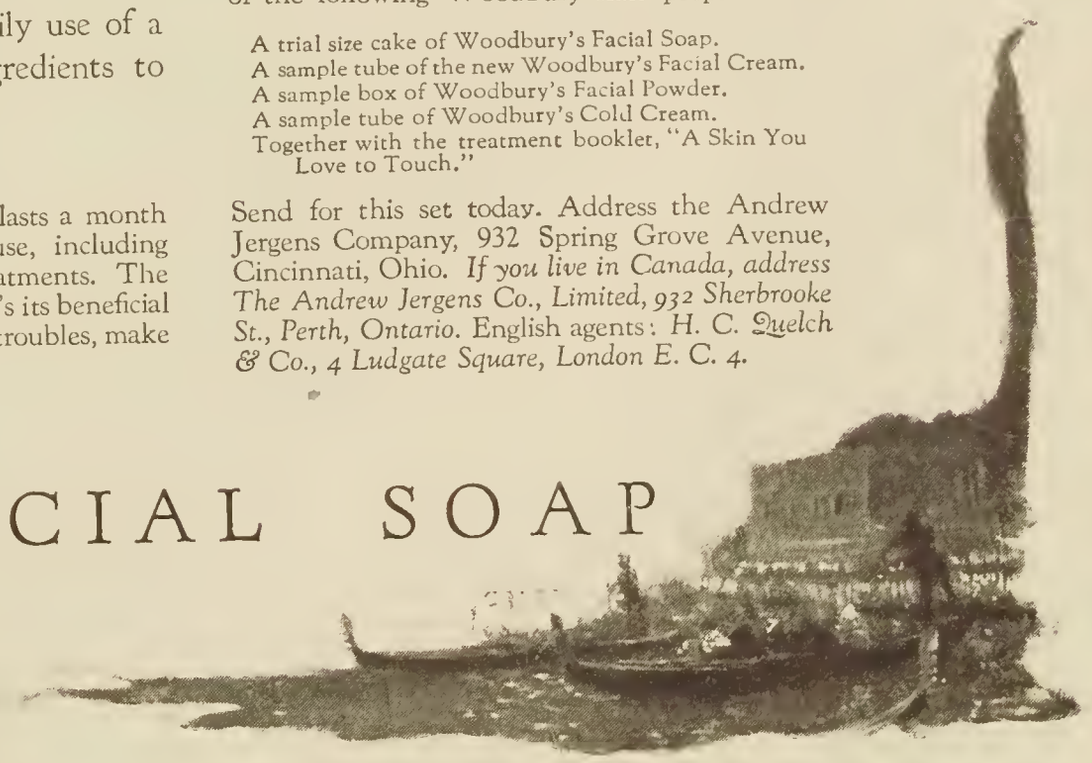
First cleanse your skin by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and lukewarm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now with warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

For 25 cents — these special Woodbury skin preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a miniature set of the following Woodbury skin preparations:

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.
A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream.
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder.
A sample tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream.
Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

Send for this set today. Address the Andrew Jergens Company, 932 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. *If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 932 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.* English agents: *H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London E. C. 4.*



WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

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PLANNING A BETTER BEDROOM

Fourth article on the furnishing of a six-room house

By Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders



This old four-poster has tester and bedspread of sheer muslin trimmed with ball fringe



Mixed bedroom furniture is permissible so long as each piece is of a type that blends



Photos by M. E. Hewitt

Painted furniture is ever popular for the bedroom, because of its comparatively low cost and charm and daintiness of appearance

IN DISCUSSING the furnishing and decorating of homes it must be admitted that bedrooms have been too often neglected. Frequently so much time, thought and money have been bestowed on the living-room and dining-room that little has been left for the bedrooms. This has often been the cause of discarded chairs, worn carpets, cheap beds, bureaus and pictures and other furnishings finding their way to our bedrooms.

Of all the rooms in the house, the bedroom, more than any other, reflects its owners' personality. It is the room in which you should feel completely at rest and find peace and quiet amid the comfort and joy of your most intimate belongings. For this reason there should be no use of vivid or intense colors, no display of gorgeous stuffs or elaborate furniture; these distract the mind and help to cultivate a taste which history has shown leads sometimes even to degeneracy. The cheaper fabrics and simpler furnishings make by far the most attractive and restful bedrooms.

In planning a bedroom three important factors should be remembered: first, simplicity in decoration; second, appropriateness of furnishing; third, convenience of arrangement.

DECORATION

THE type of decoration chosen for walls and ceiling is of the greatest importance in creating a restful atmosphere. Flat-tone paint, tints or plain papers are generally advisable—not forgetting that the ceiling should be tinted or painted a soft shade of whatever color is chosen for the walls. Paneled walls are very desirable in bedrooms, but care should be taken to have the panels large enough so that the bed or big pieces of furniture will set well into them. Paneling often permits inserts of one or two long pieces of mirror, thus saving the purchase of a cheval-glass or dressing-mirror. Cream, ivory, pale gray or corn color make the most restful backgrounds. It must be remembered in choosing colors, however, that rooms facing the south and west require the cool colors, while those facing the north and east should have the warmer ones. Above all, select cheerful tones, as a bedroom is no place for dark or gloomy colors.

Many of the quaint floral or Colonial striped papers are correct in modern Colonial bedrooms or where period or antique furniture is used. In guest-rooms it is permissible to use gaily colored or figured paper, as these rooms are not lived in steadily and there is little chance of the occupants of them becoming distracted or tired of the design.

Bedrooms should be planned to appear cool in Summer and bright and cheerful in Winter, and at all times they must be kept crisp, clean and sanitary. Plastered walls—plain, painted woodwork—hardwood, painted or linoleum-covered floors are easy to keep in perfect condition.

The possession of a fireplace is the greatest charm of all, especially if the bedroom must become a sick-chamber. It cheers and helps one to forget weariness and pain.

FURNISHINGS

PAINTED furniture is most popular for the bedroom because of its dainty appearance and its comparatively low cost as compared with mahogany, oak, walnut or maple. The hardwoods, however, come in beautifully designed pieces and make more dignified rooms, especially if a period set or pieces can be indulged in. The age of the person and the type of architecture should be the deciding factors in choosing furniture. A bedroom furnished with four-posters, chintz hangings and rag rugs would be entirely out of character in an Elizabethan or Craftsman type of dwelling, but would be in harmony with one of Colonial traditions.

In addition to the bed the other essentials are drawers, mirrors and chairs. Low-boys, high-boys and chests of drawers are great rivals of bureaus, chiffoniers and dressing-tables, though the latter appeals most to women of leisure. Tables, comfortable chairs, a writing-desk, plenty of closet room and a slipper chair or stool are indispensable for real comfort and convenience.

The conventional bedroom suites have been inspired either by the Sheraton, Adam, Heppelwhite or Queen Anne type, while the painted suites usually follow the Colonial or French period furniture. These types of period suites make most attractive bedrooms, but they lean to the conventional ideas rather than the informal. The mixed or unmatched bedroom furniture can well be considered so long as each piece is selected from types that blend. Sometimes a most intimate and charming effect may be obtained by having beds of mahogany or walnut, while the bureaus or chests are of painted or decorated wood. Here a small overstuffed or wicker chair would combine admirably and the small reading-table could be kidney-shaped or of the French Empire style.

Curtains, draperies, bedspreads and bureau covers are the finishing essentials which so often are the means of introducing color or color combinations where walls and furnishings are neutral. Appropriate hangings for bedrooms vary from cheese-cloth to taffeta, according to the type of furniture selected. With period bedroom suites of the more elaborate type, taffetas, *toile de jouy*, printed linens, cotton or silk damask make suitable draperies. For the painted or less formal furniture, cheese-cloth, scrim, swiss, printed muslins, cotton rep or glazed chintz make quaint and colorful curtains and bedspreads. Unbleached muslin of the first quality has often been made into attractive draperies by stitching colored cotton tapes to the edges of curtains, bureau covers or bedspreads. Often three rows of these tapes in combined colors, like pink, gray and green, or blue, yellow and pink, have introduced a note of color hard to rival.

ARRANGEMENT

AS THE bed is the *raison d'être* for the bedroom, let us consider it first. For convenience, as well as appearance, place the head of the bed against the longest wall-space, with the foot projecting into the center of the room. However, the location should not subject the sleeper to cross-drafts. Next to the bed, and preferably to the left, place a small table, which should hold a lamp, telephone, clock, or small carafe of water. If two beds are used, the table should be placed between. Place the dressing-table or bureau so that the light will be directed upon the object to be reflected and not up on the mirror.

To have either one large or three small rugs over a hardwood, painted or linoleum floor is correct. The small rugs are easy to keep clean and are especially appropriate in either hooked, braided, rag or plain strips of carpet bound.

For the windows, the early morning sun should be guarded against by the provision of inside dark shades or of overdraperies which can be pulled across. The curtain arrangement will depend upon the type of window. Glass-curtains, hung straight, with overdraperies tied back, make a very suitable arrangement, as sleeping with open windows often compels the overdraperies to be held back in an untidy manner.



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Changing the ideas of a Nation

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The Arch Preserver Shoe has changed this idea. It has shown women that smart style can be combined with foot comfort and foot health in the same shoe.

The Arch Preserver Shoe is made in the smartest styles and with the correct heels of Fashion; but, instead of breaking down under the weight of the body and leaving the foot arch unsupported, it has a concealed built-in arch-bridge that supports the foot during the entire life of the shoe.

By keeping the foot arch from sagging, the Arch Preserver Shoe eliminates the source of practically all foot annoyance and preserves the health and vigor of the feet no matter how long the wearer stands or walks. By keeping the shoe itself from sagging in the arch, the Arch Preserver construction permanently preserves the shoe's original style, grace and beauty so that the foot always looks trim, neat, and fashionable.

What is *your* idea of shoes? Do you still put up with the ordinary bending arch shoe that is the same today as it was years ago, or are you one of the millions who wear Arch Preserver Shoes?

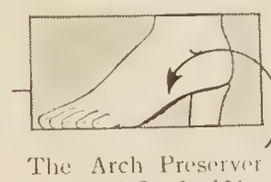
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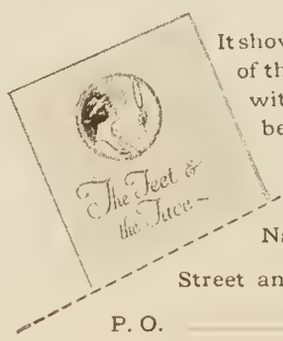
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WALLS AND THEIR TREATMENT

When and where to use paint, paper and hangings

By Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders

IT CAN not be disputed that in the treatment of walls lies the success or failure of the decoration of a house. Walls, ceiling and floor compose the shell or frame of a room, and since there is more wall-space than either ceiling or floor, it is easily seen that the correct treatment of walls is of the utmost importance for success in home-making.

Architects of old devoted much time to decorating the rooms which they had so carefully planned; but builders of to-day leave the rooms bare, thus permitting the individual to apply whatever wall decoration he desires.

It must be kept in mind that walls are the chief background of a room and that floors, ceilings, doors, windows and fireplaces should blend harmoniously and inconspicuously with whatever type of wall decoration is decided upon. Then furnishings, hangings and pictures become the bright, interesting features of the room, just as the figures, flowers and objects in a painting become the reason for the pictures. You would think it strange if in some portrait that you admire the artist had made the canvas background brilliant with color or had on it a confusion of repeated designs or figures, so that the object of real interest in the picture was quite lost. Rooms should be considered as pictures; and if a neutral background is essential to bring out color value and interest in a picture, you can readily realize the importance of a neutral background for a room. On the other hand, it is possible to have somber, colorless objects which need plenty of color and design to make them appear to advantage. Here, depending upon the architecture, a brilliant color or a scenic paper would be advisable and would become the dominant decorative note of the room, while the furniture and hangings would become subordinate.



Wall-paper of a misty, all-over pattern makes a restful and suitable background for any room in the house

As the treatment of walls as backgrounds is considered generally the best and most feasible method of arriving at a basis for decoration with modern architecture, let us apply ourselves to the few rules which should govern our choice of wall material and which will help us to decide upon the type of wall decoration to be used in our immediate homes.

TYPES OF WALL MATERIAL AND WHERE THEY ARE APPROPRIATE

BEFORE settling upon the treatment of a wall-surface, several points should be considered: namely, the architecture, the exposure, the use of the room and the type of furniture to go into it.

The architecture and the situation of the house concern the *type* of wall finish that should be applied to all the rooms. For instance, the small bungalow or semi-bungalow type of house might well have walls of smooth plaster decorated with paint, paper or tint; for the craftsman type, rough plaster, painted or tinted, is good; in the English cottage and other foreign peasant types you may use rough plaster or sand-finish walls, left in natural plaster color or water-toned throughout to give a touch of warmth; a Colonial house—whether Southern, New England or Dutch—should have smooth plaster with occasional wood paneling and wainscoting, painted with plain paint or Colonial-patterned wall-paper over the smooth plaster. City houses and apartments may have smooth plaster walls painted, papered or paneled in natural hardwoods. Log cabins should have no wall decoration save the rough, hand-hewn logs left natural. Country cabins and seashore cottages may have wall finishes of either a composition wall-board, painted, or of matched strips of yellow pine stained mellow and dark and oiled or waxed, rather than left in the cheap yellow of the natural pine, which is so often varnished.

In large houses of appropriate character the walls of the hallways and foyer may be of cut stone, as are the walls of some studios. Large and palatial rooms in big houses are sometimes lined with white, colored or flecked marble. Cobblestones make attractive walls and lend an air of informality to large rooms in houses designed after the English country house. Concrete blocks with white mortar between make a less elaborate and less expensive stone-wall finish, and nothing could be more appropriate for Spanish or Italian furnishings than walls of this type. Garages belonging to *frame* houses are often built entirely of these blocks, and, strangely enough, seem entirely correct if trimmed with white lattice.

Brick walls are appropriate for open or glassed-in porches, and brick, with rough-cast plaster above, is sometimes used in studios.

Tile, when appropriately chosen, is the most desirable wall finish for kitchen, bathroom and laundry; but it comes high, and a combination of tile and plaster is durable and makes a very desirable substitute. In old houses, and in many modern ones, smooth plaster is all that can be considered for these rooms; but if it is finished with paint and enamel, or covered with a commercial wall oil-cloth, it makes a very sanitary wall covering.

WHERE TO PUT COLOR AND DESIGN

AFTER considering the architecture and the type of wall finish to be used, the exposure of a room is next in importance. It is this—whether north, east, south or west—which shall determine the colors chosen for the decoration; and it is the size, type, period and furnishing of the house which should govern the selection of plain or figured wall covering. One should always keep in mind that a room is created in much the same way that a portrait is painted, and that it should be beautiful and appropriate before a single piece of furniture is placed in it. The most successful backgrounds, especially for the modern furniture and hangings, are the neutral colors in paints or paper. The word "neutral" may be defined as a mid-point where two tones seem to be normal—where the color is neither warm nor cold. For example, a neutral gray has, besides black and white, a little blue and yellow; adding a little more yellow than blue would make it a warm gray; a little more blue than yellow, a cold gray. These neutral colors which are made of the warm and cold tones are being strongly advised for backgrounds. They may be listed as ivory, cream, buff, putty and tan. In rooms of uncertain exposure, where several windows on the west might conflict with one on the east, or where a variety of complications and circumstances might make it difficult to decide upon a definite color, the neutral colors could be called upon to solve the problem. On the walls of rooms with northern and eastern exposures—or a combination of both—warm colors are required; while all southern and western exposures demand the cool tones.

The warm colors are light or dark red, rose, pink, brown, orange, yellow and gold.

The cool colors are light or dark blues, greens, violets, grays and silver.

Each of the above-mentioned colors has, however, warm and cold tones, which makes it correct to apply, in a room which faces south, a warm color with a cold tone; and in a room facing east or north, a cold color with a warm tone. For example, in a room with a northern exposure one might apply a gray paint or paper with yellow or rose in it, while a room facing south or west could carry a gray with a little blue.

Design—It is reasonable to believe that no one would put in a small room a wall-paper or fabric of large design. The design in itself would fill the room and tend to make it seem furnished before any furniture was placed in it. Designed and figured papers are appropriate in fairly large rooms and where the windows and doors do not cut into wall-spaces at uneven intervals. A figured wall-paper broken into by tall doors, short doors and windows becomes irritating and uninteresting. Scenic paper, which is beautiful but difficult to place correctly, should be considered only in connection with paneling or wainscoting. This brings it well up on the wall, at a level with the average eye. Appropriate rooms in which to apply figured wall decorations are living-rooms, dining-rooms, halls and bedrooms—providing always the furnishings are not figured or covered in material with much design and that pictures and paintings are not to be used in profusion. Dining-rooms may well be papered in a suitable design if no display of china and bric-à-brac and no mixture of furniture is to be reckoned with. A few pieces of silver on the sideboard and serving-table lend bright spots both to plain and figured wall hangings. Most bedrooms may be papered, but the designs should be simple and restful. Halls may have figured wall covering, depending upon the period of the house and upon whether it is small or large. A small hall can be made to appear larger if it is simply painted or tinted a plain color, while a large hall may be made to appear smaller if paper with a large design is used. Guest-rooms may have gay and figured papers, as they are not lived in steadily and

Concluded on page 106

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Restore Your Gray Hair

by this time-tested method

I invented my hair color restorer to bring back the original color to my own hair, which was prematurely gray. Though this was many years ago and I am no longer young, my abundant hair is still beautiful as a girl's.

A statement by Mary T. Goldman



I ask every person afflicted with gray hair to let me tell them my story for their own benefit. For I know from experience what it means to the young and vigorous to discover the first gray hair and to realize that it will brand them as "getting old."

Gray hair is as much of an affliction to those who are not so young, for the older you grow the older gray hair makes you look. No—gray hair is an affliction at any age, but one that need not be endured. For I offer you a scientific restorer which will bring back the original beautiful color, with perfect results always assured. Best of all, my restorer actually benefits the hair.

What a blessing I would have felt it, in my young days, if such a preparation had been in existence when I found my hair turning gray. Then there were only crude dyes, unsatisfactory and unsafe, and these I would not use.

Circumstances forced me to invent a perfect and safe restorer which is now at every gray-haired person's command. Millions have used and are using it—it is the biggest selling, most popular preparation of its kind in the world. Over 10,000,000 bottles sold. I offer a free trial bottle with complete directions for making the convincing "single lock" test. This test proves how easily and perfectly this time-tested preparation will restore the original color to your hair.

What My Restorer Is

Just a clear colorless liquid, clean and pure as water; simply apply by combing through the hair. Easy to use—no skill required.

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But what is most important to you is how your hair is going to look after you have restored it. It will be perfectly natural in all lights, if you use my restorer. No one will suspect you ever had gray hair.

There is no danger of mortifying streaks or discoloration, no conspicuous freakish look. Your hair will be as beautiful and natural as when you were sixteen.

You can go in swimming, in either fresh water or salt, and get your hair wet without worrying about discoloration. Nothing will affect the restored color.

Let your hair down and dry it in the sun, a strong dazzling light won't reveal any imperfections. There aren't any when you restore your hair this safe, sure, scientific way.

Also Restores Faded or Discolored Hair

This will be good news for women whose hair is faded or who have had bad luck with some dye that couldn't do the work. Hair dressers may tell you that one dye can't be used over another, but this is not true of my restorer.

It will bring back the perfect original color just as perfectly and surely as it will restore naturally gray hair.

A New Method of Application

The formula for my restorer has never been changed since I used it to restore my own gray hair, for I found then that it achieved perfect results.

But I have recently discovered a new method of application which proves to be very beneficial to the hair. This discovery consists of the use of a wonderful preparatory powder which thoroughly cleanses the scalp and the hair, dissolves dandruff and acts as an antiseptic. It makes the hair soft, silky and beautiful and puts it in perfect condition for the action of the restorer.

A package of this powder comes with the free trial bottle of which I make mention above. It is part of my patented trial outfit, all sent you absolutely free if you will mail the coupon.

Prove These Statements

I don't want anyone to accept these positive statements without proving that every word is true. I would not dare make them if I could not back them up with the convincing test I offer.

So I again ask that you take advantage of my offer of a free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. Make the test on a lock of hair as directed and you will realize the sincerity of every word I say.

Mail the Coupon

For your convenience I ask you to return the coupon which appears in this advertisement and be sure to fill it out carefully, for the information asked is important. If possible enclose a lock of your hair in your letter.

By return mail you will receive, free, postage prepaid, my patented trial outfit, which contains full instructions for making the test.

Then when you know what Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer is and what it will do, get a full size bottle from your druggist and restore all your hair.

But—don't neglect this warning:

Every successful preparation has a penalty to pay in the shape of competition by hordes of imitators who offer unworthy imitations and substitutes.

Don't be deceived by similarity in the appearance of bottle or package. If your druggist can't supply you with the one and only Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer, order direct from me.

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City and State .....

Mary T. Goldman's
Hair Color Restorer

A Message From a Woman Who Loves to Cook

NOW, I am not a professional cook, nor even a domestic science expert! I am just a woman who loves to cook good things that my folks appreciate.

Naturally, cooking as much as I do, I have found a great difference between true flavoring extracts and the imitations labeled "Vanilla Flavor," "Vanillin Coumarin Compound," etc. These imitation flavors you see are not vanilla at all, they are just synthetic flavors, often made from coal-tar compounds, artificially colored.

The main reason I like Dr. Price's Vanilla better than any other is because I know it is a pure extract from the finest vanilla beans, without a bit of synthetic coloring or flavoring. And then it has such a wonderful flavor, so full and rich and mellow. This flavor comes from long ageing in wood.

Another thing about Dr. Price's Vanilla that appeals to me particularly is that it is above government standard, it is always uniform, of balanced, "just-right" strength, neither weak nor too strong.

Cooking authorities everywhere accept it as a standard. When your recipe says "one teaspoonful vanilla," you can use exactly one teaspoonful of Dr. Price's Vanilla, and the result will be perfect flavoring. Price's Vanilla is never diluted so that it can be sold at a cheaper price and never put in a deceptive bottle.

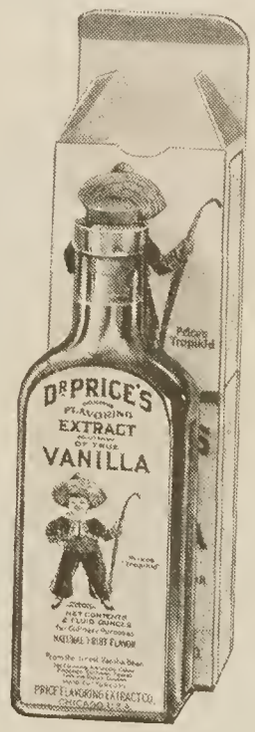
Of course, having used Dr. Price's Vanilla for years and years, I think it is the very best ever! I should like to have you try it! I know you'll notice a big difference in your cooking.

For 15c mailed to the Price Flavoring Extract Co., Dept. 4-A, Chicago, Illinois, a generous trial bottle of Dr. Price's Vanilla and an attractive recipe book will be sent to you, anywhere in the United States.

MRS. ELIZABETH HARRINGTON

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Dr. Price's Red Fruit Coloring and other pure food colors make many dishes dainty and attractive.



DR PRICE'S
TRUE
VANILLA
EXTRACT

PLANNING FOR THIS YEAR'S GARDEN

A little forethought saves time and labor

By Robert S. Lemmon

SOMETIME after the first of the year, while the snow still lies deep and Spring is no more than a misty dream on the horizon of the future, the garden desire stirs and turns over within us. The spirit to dig and plant awakes and will not be lulled again to sleep.

A successful garden needs forethought. If it is laid out hurriedly at the last minute, it will prove unsatisfactory in exact proportion to the carelessness of its arrangement.

Before we take up the details of the two garden plans which illustrate this article, and are intended to furnish a basis upon which any typical small or medium-sized flower and vegetable planting may be laid out, a short presentation of the general principles of location and arrangement is essential.

Virtually every house has two "axes"—imaginary lines which cut through from front to back and from side to side and divide the structure into four balanced quarters. Taking a small Colonial house (entrance in the center of the front, hall straight through to the center of the back) as an example, we find its main axis dividing it exactly in half as we look at it from the front. The cross axis cuts the main axis at right angles and usually half-way from the front to the rear door, although its exact position may be affected by the location of windows and rooms. The mass of the house is thus balanced on the axes.

These two axes are the keys to the garden's location. Imagine each of them extended beyond the house and to the boundaries of the property and you will see that if the garden is balanced on one or the other of them it will have a certain unity with the house. Give the garden itself a corresponding main cross axis, as suggested by the paths in Plan 2, and the whole layout of the property, particularly if it is fairly large, will hold together and be pleasing to the eye. Such an effect is most easily obtained with a square or rectangular garden set "square" with the house, a form which is also economical of space and easily cared for.

Heavily shaded areas should be avoided, as also places which are poorly drained or whose soil is interlaced with tree or shrub roots. If the vegetable rows can run north and south, they should do so, because of the resulting even distribution of sunlight. Of course, the soil should be at least moderately rich, well cultivated and free from stones before any planting is done.

A BIT of well-kept lawn between the house and garden will help to set them both off to advantage, provided space is available. The garden should be worked out in detail on paper, unless you decide to follow exactly one of the accompanying diagrams. Do not fail to use a large sheet; as large a scale as one inch equaling one foot is not too much. Simplicity of arrangement and planting is much better than attempts at freak effects.

The actual laying out of the ground is accomplished with the aid of a tape measure, a ball of white twine and plenty of stakes. Mark the outer boundaries first. Then locate the paths, pool, sun-dial, seats and other fixtures. Thus gradually you will work down to the smaller details and find, when all is done, that you have a unified design.

The two plans given here are merely for the garden proper and make no allowance for more general planting around the house foundations, side and front property lines, etc. In general, the house foundation should be planted with flowering shrubs rather than regular annual or perennial flowers, a rule that applies to the property lines as well. In these places a year-round effect is more important than in the garden proper.

Plan 1 is designed for a small city or suburban plot where no more than twenty feet by twenty-five feet space is available. It combines flowers, vegetables and fruits, for there is no reason why the practical can not go hand in hand with the purely ornamental. As a matter of fact, there is nothing unpleasant about the appearance of an all-vegetable garden, provided it is well cared for.

The numbered spaces on the plan are to be occupied by flowers, as follows: (1) candytuft; (2) orange zinnias; (3) tall pink and red snapdragons; (4) everlastings (straw flowers); (5) rose-colored petunias; (6) bachelor's-buttons; (7) dwarf snapdragons (various colors); (8) pink, red and white verbenas; (9) annual phlox (Drummondi); (10) cosmos or dahlias.

ALL these are annuals and should give abundant blossoms this year. In the Fall the spaces they occupy may be filled with perennials of corresponding heights and colors.

The hollyhocks indicated for the front and one side are biennials and will not bloom before next year if grown from seeds planted this season. Unless, therefore, you can get plants already started, it will be a good idea to substitute cosmos in pink and white or some of the giant snapdragons.

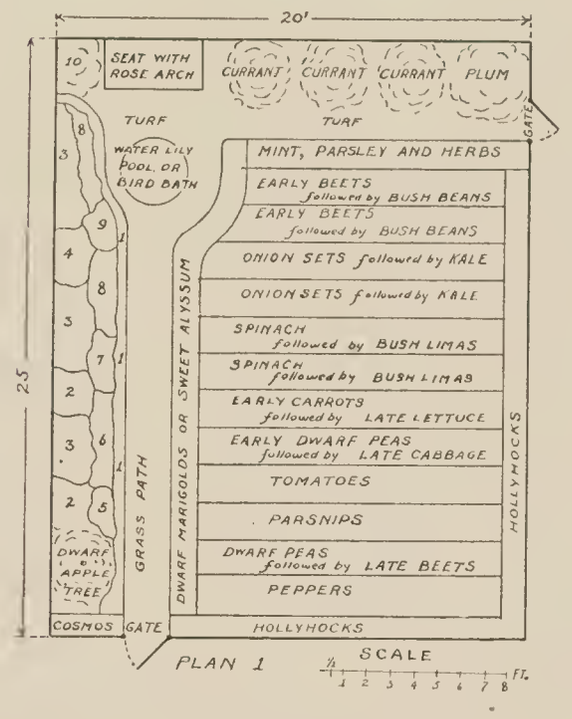
Even as small a garden as this can have its water feature. The water-lily pool may perhaps be merely a half-barrel sunk flush in the ground, or an excavation lined with concrete. A foot of very rich soil in the bottom will nourish a lily root, and the water which covers it will be kept clean and free from mosquitoes by a couple of goldfish. Provided only that the pool is in full sunlight, its flower dividends will more than justify the investment.

Climbing roses will scarcely cover the arch over the seat this year, but pending their development, a few seeds of Japanese hop will provide a leafy shelter.

A single packet of seeds of each variety of flower will be ample, except of candytuft, sweet alyssum and dwarf marigolds, of which you may need two. As to vegetable quantities, here is the list of what you will need to plant the spaces specified:

12 feet of tomatoes		8 plants (to be bought as plants)
12 " "	parsnips	¼ ounce seed
12 " "	dwarf peas	¼ pint seed
12 " "	early carrots	¼ ounce seed
12 " "	early dwarf peas	¼ pint seed
12 " "	late lettuce	⅛ ounce seed
12 " "	late cabbage	10 plants (to be bought as plants)
12 " "	late beets	¼ ounce seed
12 " "	peppers	8 plants (to be bought as plants)
12 " "	early beets	½ ounce seed
24 " "	bush-beans	½ pint seed
24 " "	onion sets	140 sets
24 " "	kale	⅛ ounce seed
24 " "	spinach	¼ ounce seed
24 " "	bush-Limas	1 pint seed

The garden should have some sort of fence, especially if you keep chickens, cats or dogs. Poultry-wire netting four feet high, strung between solid posts, will serve admirably. If painted dark green and planted with cardinal climber, Japanese hop or morning-glory vines, it will not show at all as a fence. Just as soon as the frost is out of the ground, the fruit bushes and trees should be planted. They will, of course, live from year to year.

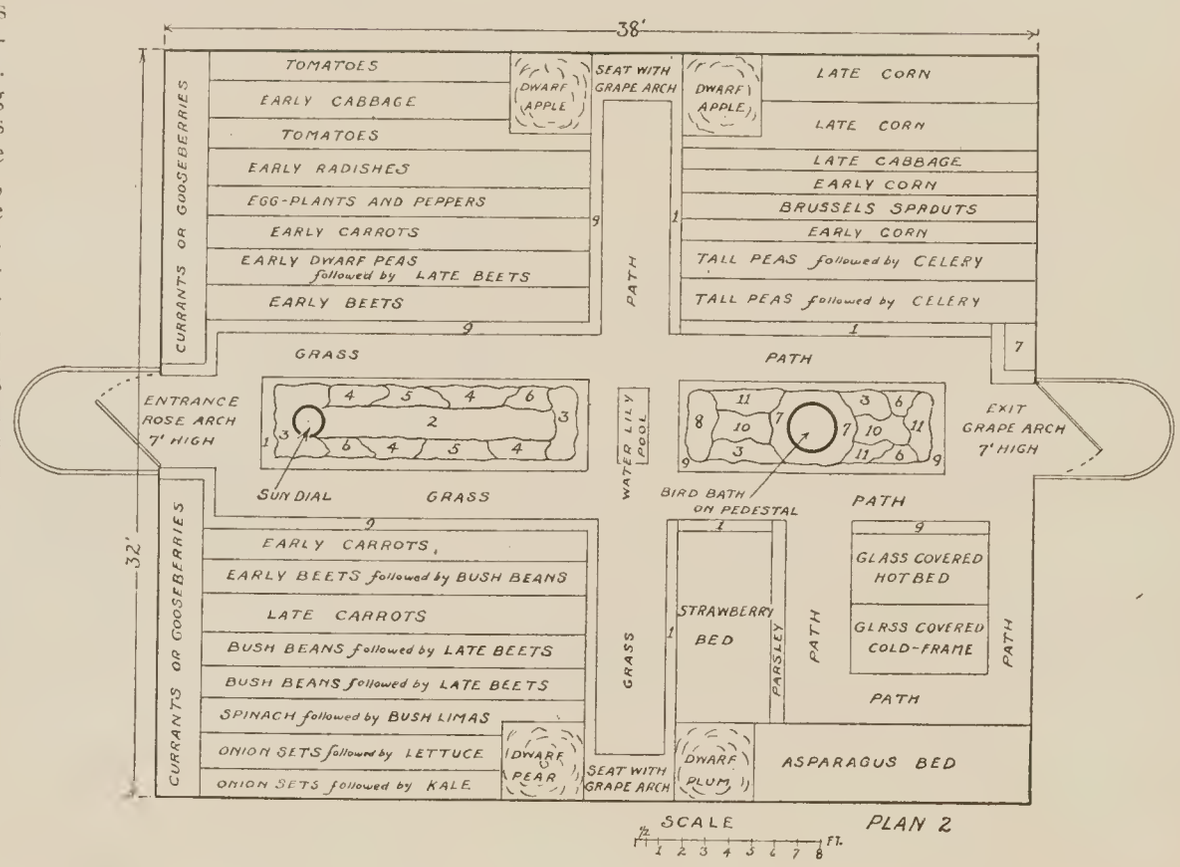


PLAN 2 is for a larger space and consequently offers more opportunity for variety in design as well as contents. Its flowers, too, are annuals, the list being as follows: (1) sweet alyssum; (2) bachelor's-buttons; (3) pink snapdragons (medium height); (4) yellow zinnias; (5) pink verbenas; (6) red verbenas; (7) pink cosmos; (8) gold marigolds; (9) candytuft; (10) phlox (Drummondi); (11) calliopsis.

The hotbed and cold-frame are garden helps of great value, the former for starting seeds while the weather is still chilly, and the latter for hardening off the young plants before setting them in the open garden. Both should face the south and their tops slant so as to catch the maximum sunlight.

Reference to the quantities of vegetable-seeds specified for the rows in Plan 1 will serve as a guide to the amounts required for Plan 2. Single packets of flower-seeds ought to be enough in this case also, as flowers do best when not too crowded. Refer to Plan 1 for amounts of alyssum and candytuft seed required.

Either of the plans can be extended within reasonable limits without changing the general design. Variation in flower or vegetable contents is also feasible, of course, to meet individual preferences. Indeed, no garden plan need be slavishly followed. The important thing is to get the general scheme thoroughly in mind and be sure that any changes you make are well thought out.



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Address.....

HER ELECTRIC HOME

Sixty electric servants do the work

By Louise Fox Connell

IN THE small suburban town of Bronxville, New York, lives a woman who has an electrical home. Besides having all the newest and best lighting equipment, she has over sixty household appliances—little servants that help her.

In the kitchen and pantry there are twenty-two outlet plugs for electrical equipment.

The range is electric and will cook the dinner automatically; it has a clock mechanism which in the housewife's absence will turn on the oven at a given hour, and an automatic thermostat which will shut off the current when the dinner is cooked. The refrigerator freezes its own ice and is lighted by a bulb placed low on the nearest wall to illuminate the farthest corners of all the shelves. One little machine does nineteen household tasks, among them grinding coffee, mixing bread, chopping meat, whipping cream, eggs or mayonnaise, and freezing ice-cream.



The meter is in a rainproof box on the outside of the building



One machine grinds coffee, chops meat, whips cream and mixes dough

The dishes are washed in an electric dishwasher. Other work is done by an electric washing-machine, ironing-machine, iron, vacuum cleaner, grill, toaster, percolator, samovar, waffle-iron, chafing-dish, hot-plate, pressure cooker and a fireless cooker, the stones of which are heated by electricity right in the cooker.

Even some of the furniture is fitted with electric outlets. The dining-table has cord outlets for the percolator, waffle-iron and other appliances; the cords hang down beside the table-legs when not in use.

The bathroom has a milk heater and sterilizer for the baby's bottles, an immersion heater for the shaving-water and, set in a niche in the wall, a bathroom heater which, at the push of a button, keeps the children warm while they dress.

A VISIT overnight in the guest-room of this house is a dream of luxury. Attached to the head of the bed is a bed-lamp with a turn-down socket and a radium bead on the chain, so that you can see it in the dark. Then besides a heating-pad there is a blanket which is kept warm all night by electricity, so that no matter how icy the room is the bed is sure to be warm. Even your possible fear of burglars can be quieted electrically, for there is a night-light under the bed which illuminates the floor without lighting the whole room. The outlets to all these appliances are on the bed. When you open the closet door to get your clothes, a light automatically turns on; and when you sit down at the dressing-table, you find an electric curling-iron ready to wave your hair.

Electricity runs the sewing-machine and vacuum cleaner and winds the phonograph in this home. Even in the playroom there are a real doll's electric iron, range and vacuum cleaner, besides an electric railroad system.

Another great conveninece that the electrical housewife has is a rainproof box out-of-doors with the meters inside of it. This permits the meter-reader to do his work without disturbing the family. In another electrical home the meter is so placed that the meter-reader can see it through a cellar window.

This great amount of electrical equipment requires special meters and wiring, for so large a load of current could not be used in the ordinary meter installation.

Most of us could not afford to have all of these devices, but many of them are universally popular and are not expensive either to buy or to operate.

WHEN YOUR HOUSE IS WIRED

WHEN you have your house wired, allow plenty of outlets, for it is much more expensive to add them later. All of the ordinary appliances may be connected with your regular lighting wires, but the electric range and a few of the more powerful heating appliances require a special meter. When you plan to have your home wired, estimate all of the appliances and lights that you are ever likely to use and get the electric company to total the number of watts these appliances



When electricity runs the sewing-machine, fatigue is greatly reduced

would consume if all of them were in use at the same time; then have your meter installed accordingly. Do not forget to have outlets put on the porch for Summer meals. The expense of wiring for extra current is little greater when it is all done at once.

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New instrument shows for the first time what goes on in your mouth

With its use new facts are made known about the fluids which protect the precious, unreplaceable enamel of your teeth

A new instrument has just been devised, called the *sialometer*.

With it, for the first time, the physician can watch with his own eyes the secretions from the glands in the mouth as they flow into a measuring flask drop by drop from a tiny silver tube. Now he can measure them and study their properties at will.

Without the healing, germ-free fluids which these glands produce, we could not live. They soften and lubricate our food—actually *digesting* part of it; they help protect us from the germs of colds, tonsilitis, pneumonia, and many other infectious diseases.

This instrument teaches us also that it is their steady stream of fluids that protects the precious, unreplaceable enamel of your teeth against the deadly acids of decay.

A never-ending fight

In the warmth of the mouth minute food particles ferment just as milk turns sour when left in a warm, moist place. The acids thus formed immediately begin to attack the enamel, ultimately forming cavities.

Brushing the teeth, while absolutely essential to mouth cleanliness, will not keep the acids from forming. Even if you brush your teeth after every meal (and not one person in a hundred does) enough food remains to feed myriads of acid-forming bacteria.

To provide protection against the acids, nature intended the salivary glands automatically to flush the mouth and teeth every moment in the day and night. The fluids with which they bathe your teeth and gums are *alkaline* in character. They neutralize and wash away the acids as fast as they form.

Although the glands are small they can win their fight against the acids if they can be made to function normally. In a healthy mouth they secrete more than a quart of fluid per day.



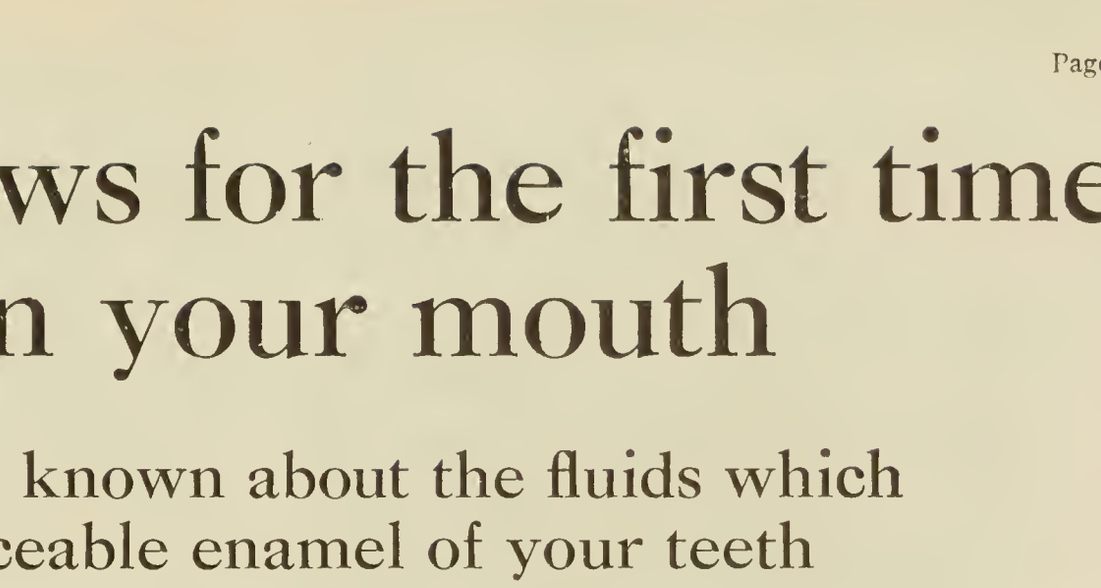
Trying to keep the teeth clean by brushing alone is like trying to keep the bathroom mirror polished when hot water is running in the tub.

But the way we live today makes it difficult for our glands to work at anything like their normal rate. Nature expected us to stimulate and exercise them by long-continued chewing of hard, tough foods. When we are chewing they are 20 times more active than when the jaws are at rest.

The soft foods, quickly swallowed, that we eat today give them neither exercise nor stimulation.

Today these glands must have gentle stimulation

Today the salivary glands of modern men and women need gentle stimulation. This is why for twenty years thoughtful, intelligent people all over the world have been using Pebeco to correct an acid mouth.



The sialometer—a new instrument for the study of the glands of the mouth.

Pebeco is a dentifrice prepared especially to assist the natural process causing these glands to work. It does for us what long-continued chewing of hard food did for our primitive ancestors. Pebeco is neither acid nor alkaline. By its mere presence in the mouth it causes the salivary glands to flow for a long period of time. It never exhausts them as do strong acids—it never checks their natural action as do soapy alkaline substances.

For washing the teeth and keeping the outside surfaces polished no better dentifrice than Pebeco can be made. It works quickly and efficiently without wearing away the enamel or injuring the edges of the gums. Its constant use gives you teeth as beautiful as nature intended you to have.

After a thorough cleansing with Pebeco—it has just enough tang to it to exhilarate—your mouth feels as refreshed as does your body after a bath—and you have the convincing feeling, too, that you have done for your teeth and mouth all that science can teach you to do.

Take home a tube tonight and note its pungent and refreshing taste. It will keep the glands of your mouth active and your teeth sound and beautiful. 50c at all druggists. Manufactured only by Lehn and Fink, Inc.

This simple test will show you

Send us ten cents today for material for testing whether your own salivary glands are active enough to protect you against these deadly acids. We will include a junior size tube of Pebeco and our booklet—"How the Glands Protect the Teeth." Lehn & Fink, Inc., Dept. B-3, 635 Greenwich St., New York.

*Can an infected tooth cause insanity?

According to one eminent medical authority infected teeth are sometimes the cause of insanity.

In one group of such afflicted persons recently examined infected teeth were present in every case. In many patients these infections had spread from the teeth to the tonsils and even down into the stomach. These patients were placed under the constant care of surgical dentists—all infected areas were cleaned out and their mouths put into a healthy condition.

As a result of this treatment cures of insanity startling to the medical profession were reported.

While further scientific evidence is needed to establish definitely the relation between insanity and tooth decay, certainly the harmful effects of an unhealthy infected mouth upon the whole system are recognized by the entire medical profession. By actual tests mental sluggishness has often been found to result from bad teeth.

Certainly every man, woman and child is in danger who does not visit his dentist regularly. Let him remove the tartar from your teeth, examine them for signs of pyorrhea and repair every cavity. Have them x-rayed for infected roots if he suspects their presence.

Then do your part. Clean your tongue every morning with a brush, a tongue-scraper or a coarse wash cloth. Use a tooth paste that cleans and polishes your teeth without scratching the enamel. And use one that will mildly stimulate the flow of saliva. Saliva is Nature's means of keeping the teeth clean. It goes where your tooth brush cannot reach.

** One of a series of scientific articles written by an eminent authority for Lehn & Fink.*



One easy turn of the Lorain Red Wheel gives you a choice of 44 measured and controlled oven heats for any kind of oven cooking or baking.

Let's Prepare Tomorrow's Breakfast Tonight

MORNING, winter, dark, cold! Who wants to get up and prepare breakfast? Nobody! But Dad must go to his work, the kiddies to school, and Mother attend to her household duties. All must eat breakfast—365 days a year.

Three hundred and sixty-five breakfasts to get in every home, and usually it's the same person who prepares every single one of them.

What a wonderful thing then is a gas range that can be used to lift the burden of breakfast-getting from that "someone's" shoulders occasionally—a gas range that, during the long hours of night, will cook many things in the oven as perfectly as though a great chef watched each dish carefully.

That's not only possible—it's true, as thousands upon thousands of happy owners of Gas Ranges equipped with the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator can testify. And that's not half the story.

In the oven of a Lorain-equipped Gas Range you can cook a complete luncheon, dinner or supper, at one time—*and without watching.* You can roast meats, boil vegetables, bake desserts, and can fruits and vegetables without ever a failure.

Wherever gas is available there are dealers who will be glad to explain and demonstrate one of the six famous makes of gas ranges equipped with the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator. That you may learn the many distinct advantages of these wonderful stoves, call on the nearest dealer.

Whether or not you are the fortunate possessor of a Loraine-equipped Gas Range, you'll be deeply interested in the Lorain Breakfast Menu. A copy is yours free for the asking. You'll find it unusual and interesting. It was written especially for Lorain by a nationally-known cookery expert, and gives full instructions for preparation and cooking. Fill-in and mail the coupon.

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We manufacture coal stoves and the celebrated Lorain High Speed Oil Burner Cook Stoves for use where gas is not available, but the "Lorain Regulator" cannot be used on these.

AMERICAN STOVE CO., 52 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Please send me free copy of your Lorain Breakfast Menu.
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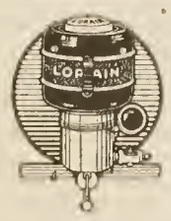
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WHEN Gas is not available, oil is the most satisfactory cooking-fuel *provided* you use an oil stove equipped with Lorain High Speed Burners, which apply a clean, odorless, intense heat directly against the cooking-utensil.

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PRETTY GENOESE PASTRY

The cake that French caterers make

By Caroline B. King

All recipes have been tested and approved by the Home-Makers' Department

THERE is a charming little cake which is served in the most exclusive tea-shops in the form of deliciously iced and decorated diamond-shaped tablettes, or as a queen cake, or a little oblong pink-tinted bonne bouchée, or a small chocolate square resembling a bit of creamy fudge, or in some other delectable form. This cake of the Italian and the Parisian confectioner, for all its seeming complexity, is very simple and easily put together, keeps amazingly well, and is modest in cost—though one may go to almost any lengths in its garnishing and beautifying. It is called Genoese pastry, but it is really cake, as we know cakes in America. The foundation recipe for Genoese pastry calls for the following ingredients:



Small cakes of Genoese pastry, cut with fancy cutters, covered with mocha icing and garnished with almond paste, almonds or walnuts

Three large eggs, one-half a cup of granulated sugar, three-fourths of a cup of flour sifted twice with half a teaspoon of baking-powder, three tablespoons of melted butter and any flavoring. These ingredients are put together differently from the accepted manner of making cake. First, the eggs are broken into the upper part of the double boiler and beaten for a moment or two, then the sugar is added and the saucepan placed in its hot-water bath over a low fire, then the eggs and sugar are beaten together for fifteen minutes or until they become so light as to reach the top of a quart saucepan. The water in the lower part of the boiler must not quite boil or the mixture will be cooked before it is made into a cake. Meantime melt the butter and sift the flour and baking-powder together twice, remove the egg-and-sugar mixture from the fire and lightly and quickly add the flour and butter alternately. Flavor delicately with almond, vanilla, lemon or rose extract and bake in a moderate oven about twenty-five minutes. Then turn the cake from the pan, cool it on a sieve, and you have the foundation for dainty, exquisite little cakes of a dozen different varieties.

IT IS always well to bake the Genoese pastry the day before you wish to serve it, as it cuts to much better advantage when it is twenty-four hours old, but it may be used the day it is baked if it is given several hours to cool.

Now for some of the attractive ways in which this novel cake may be used!

It may be baked in a rather deep layer-cake pan and, when cold, split once or twice with a sharp knife and the layers put together with a mocha-butter icing, then iced on the top and sides with the same icing. This is a handsome cake, since the layers have no crust to separate golden cake and golden-brown icing. A delicate jelly—quince, apple or currant—or any popular filling may be used between the layers and the cake may be iced and served as an old-fashioned cake.

As a delectable dessert, the pastry may be baked in a round pan, deeper than a layer-tin, and when cool spread with apricot, peach or raspberry jam pressed through a sieve, then piled high with sweetened and flavored whipped cream and garnished with shredded almonds which have been toasted a delicate brown in a moderate oven. It is also excellent when made into a plain little cake sprinkled rather liberally with sugar and cinnamon and finely chopped almonds just before being baked.

But the Genoese pastry appears to the greatest advantage made into the little cakes that every hostess is eager to serve on her afternoon-tea table or at her luncheons or card-parties.

FOR the prettiest of all the little cakes it will be necessary to have a little angelica, a few candied cherries, rose leaves or violets, some shelled almonds, citron and candied orange-peel.

Flavoring extracts, chocolate, confectioners' sugar and fruit-colorings, which are now so carefully made that no one need fear to use them, will be needed, too. All these accessories are useful to keep on hand to flavor and garnish plain desserts and cakes.

Queen cakes are baked in the small round but rather tall queen-cake molds or in similar muffin-tins. When finished, the top of each cake is iced with a thick boiled icing put on

Concluded on page 84



As a delectable dessert the pastry may be made into a round cake and decorated with conserve and whipped cream



Make this test yourself

Pour a little Pillsbury's Pancake Flour in the palm of your hand. Note the creamy-white color due to Pillsbury's high-grade flour. Then rub it with your finger—see how *smooth* it is—its fine velvety texture—the complete absence of any harsh, coarse, gritty substance. Now you know why Pillsbury's Pancake Flour makes such perfect pancakes.

Try this test with any other pancake flour

Pillsbury's Pancake Flour

What kind of wheat flour is in the pancakes you serve?

YOU CAN prove the high quality of Pillsbury's Pancake Flour by the simple method above. But the final test is the taste test—the perfect pancakes it makes. So light, tender and fluffy, so delicious and digestible.

Real wheat flavor pancakes

Creamy-white, fine-textured *wheat* flour is the most important ingredient in high-grade pancake flour. There is no substitute for it. Domestic scientists will tell you this. They realize that corn-meal is cheaper, but they know, too, that it is harsh, gritty, and lacking in comparative food value.

After all, it is natural the millers of Pillsbury's Best Flour should make the best pancake flour—should use as its most important ingredient high-grade, wholesome *wheat* flour and ***plenty*** of it. And that is why Pillsbury's makes delicate golden-brown pancakes, full-flavored and fragrant—as easy to digest as they are good to eat.

So easy to make

Pillsbury's Pancake Flour is ready for instant use. You require no baking powder, no eggs, no milk—just add cold water and bake on a hot griddle. No mixing, no fussing, no trouble at all.

Give your family this treat for breakfast tomorrow. Serve these perfect pancakes—with the nourishment of real wheat flour and plenty of it.

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NEW tempting ways

To make any meat—even a cheaper cut—into a better, more healthful food

Tired of the same meat dishes day after day?

Then, for a new enjoyment of old favorites, try serving meats with fruit.

You'll find the combination surprisingly novel and tempting. It's right in line with the very best culinary practice—and exactly suited to Nature's requirements, too! Meat and fruit are complementary foods, contrasting in flavor and contrasting in their diet action. The light, fresh elements, the mineral salts and natural fruit sugars of peaches, apricots, pears or pineapple, make them an ideal balance for the heavy protein content of meats—especially at this season of the year.

Once you have tried hamburger steak with peaches, crushed pineapple with ham, apricots with chops, or any of the other suggestions below, you will never let old favorites again lose their tempting variety or charm.

Remember that fruits with meats are just as practical in winter as at any other season. For Del Monte brings you a wide variety of finest quality fruits—at any season—ready for instant use. Under this one label are many delicious products—from the world's finest orchards and gardens—canned at the moment of perfection—for your convenient and thrifty service whenever you wish.

Prove for yourself how delicious fruits can be—how healthful and fine—in the winter diet—by trying the suggestions below. They illustrate the many ways in which you can put new flavor and variety into even the simplest meals. For over 500 other tempting and thrifty ways to make every-day meals better with canned fruits and vegetables write for a free copy of "Del Monte Recipes of Flavor." Address Department D, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.



The recipes below have all been tested and approved by Partridge and Conklin, nationally known Domestic Science Experts, to illustrate the importance of balanced winter menus.

VEAL CROQUETTES WITH APRICOTS—Prepare veal croquettes using 2 cups cooked veal, chopped and seasoned, ¾ cup white sauce using sirup from Del Monte Apricots as liquid and enough crumbs to shape. Roll in egg and crumbs and fry in deep fat. Serve surrounded with Del Monte Apricots.

BEEF STEW WITH PLUM DUMPLINGS—Mix 2 cups meat stock or gravy and the sirup from 1 can Del Monte Plums. Thicken, season and add 2 cups cooked beef, 1 cup cooked potatoes and ½ cup cooked carrots. Prepare a biscuit dough, cut in rounds, and in the center of each place a stoned Del Monte Plum. Steam over boiling water 15 minutes and serve with the stew.

ROAST CHICKEN DEL MONTE—Stuff fowl with dressing made by mixing 3 cups stale bread, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, ½ teaspoon sage, ½ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper, ¼ cup melted butter and the sirup from 1 can Del Monte Peach Halves. Roast the fowl and serve on platter garnished with heated peach halves and parsley.

LAMB WITH PEARS—Ten minutes before a roast leg of lamb is removed from oven place drained Del Monte Pears around it in the pan, sticking a whole clove in center of each pear half. Arrange pears around the edge of platter and serve with mint sauce.

SAVORY HAM—Mix 1 cup chopped cooked ham, 1 cup boiled rice, 2 beaten eggs, ½ cup crumbs and the sirup drained from 1 can Del Monte Sliced Peaches. Pour into a greased mold and steam over boiling water 1½ hours. Serve turned out on a platter surrounded with sliced peaches.

HAWAIIAN SAUSAGES—Fry 6 link sausages until brown and toast 6 triangles of bread. To the fat remaining in pan after removing sausages add 2 tablespoons flour and when well browned add 1½ cups Del Monte Crushed Pineapple and bring to the boiling point, stirring. Pour over toast and place a sausage on each slice.

BEEF CASSEROLE WITH APRICOTS—Cut a beef steak in pieces, brown in frying pan and place in casserole. Add enough fat to that in pan to make 3 tablespoons, add 4 tablespoons flour, ½ teaspoon salt and brown. Add sirup from 1 can Del Monte Apricots and stir until it boils. Pour over meat with 1 tablespoon each of chopped onion and parsley. Cover and bake until tender. About 10 minutes before removing from oven uncover and place apricots over the meat.

PORK ROAST WITH PINEAPPLE—About ten minutes before the pork roast is removed from the oven heat an iron frying pan very hot and place slices of Del Monte Pineapple in it. Turn until brown on both sides. Serve around the pork roast on a hot platter.

HOT SANDWICHES AFTER FROSTY SPORTS

By Freda Winn

HOT sandwiches may be served either with or without sauces. They may be prepared from cooked meat, such as cold roast beef, pork, lamb, mutton, chicken, kidneys, livers or other giblets, from crab-meat, oysters, shrimps or sardines, from cheese or eggs, or from combinations of these. Hot sandwiches are particularly good made of French toast or fried bread.

HAM SANDWICH À LA FRANÇAISE

1 egg, slightly beaten
¼ cup milk
2 slices ham, cooked
¼ teaspoon salt
4 slices of bread
2 slices of tomato

THIS makes two sandwiches. Mix the egg, the salt and the milk in a shallow dish. Dip the bread in this mixture and sauté on a hot well-greased griddle. Spread one slice with a thin slice of hot broiled ham or of minced ham, cover with another slice and cut diagonally. Garnish each sandwich with a slice of tomato.

CRAB SANDWICH À LA CREOLE

1 green pepper, minced
1 tablespoon butter
1 cup crab-meat
4 slices of toast
1 small onion, minced
½ cup tomatoes

MELT the butter and add the vegetables and seasoning and cook for ten minutes. Add the crab-meat and heat thoroughly. Spread on one slice of toast. Place another on top and cut diagonally. Garnish with hot buttered peas.

ANCHOVY-AND-EGG SANDWICH

MELT two tablespoons of butter in a hot frying-pan. Brown in the butter, on both sides, slices of bread cut as for sandwiches. Spread thinly one side of one slice with anchovy paste. Cover with creamy scrambled egg and top it with the other slice of the sandwich. Cut the sandwich in half and serve on a hot plate with mounds of finely chopped spinach garnished with hard-boiled eggs.

HOT ONION SANDWICH

PUT one tablespoon of butter in the frying-pan and add one minced onion; stir frequently and cook to a golden brown. Place a generous layer on a thin slice of buttered toast, cover with another slice, cut the sandwich diagonally and serve on a hot plate garnished with parsley and green pickle.

HOT TONGUE SANDWICH

SAUTÉ thin slices of cold boiled tongue and place between slices of hot toast which have been spread with butter mixed with grated horseradish. Serve on a hot plate accompanied by creamed peas in timbale-cases and radishes or celery curls.

MIXED MEAT SANDWICH

¼ cup cold tongue, chopped (ham may be used)
¼ cup white sauce
½ cup cold veal or chicken, chopped
2 tablespoons curry paste

MIX the ingredients together and simmer for five minutes. Sauté two slices of bread in butter to a delicate brown color, spread with the mixture and serve at once.

BANANA SANDWICH

BUTTER a slice of bread, cover with banana-pulp, sprinkle with brown sugar and dot with butter; toast under the broiler or in the oven. Serve with cream as a dessert.

HOT PORK SANDWICH

MAKE a brown gravy of three tablespoons of flour, two cups soup stock (or two cups boiling water and two bouillon cubes) and three tablespoons of fat. Brown a small finely chopped onion in the fat, add the flour and mix thoroughly; cook, with constant stirring, until the mixture bubbles. Add the soup stock gradually, stirring constantly, and heat to boiling. Heat thin slices of pork in the boiling mixture, then serve between split corn-muffins or squares of corn bread with a slice of fried apple laid on each slice of meat. Apple jelly may be substituted for the apple, or raisin bread may be used instead of corn bread. Serve with gravy.

CHEESE-AND-BACON SANDWICH

TOAST a slice of bread on one side; butter the other side and cover with a generous layer of grated cheese. Top this with one or two slices of thin bacon. Place under the broiling flame until the cheese is melted and the bacon crisp. The bacon may be cooked separately if desired. Serve with sliced-tomato salad.

KIDNEY SANDWICH

SPLIT lamb kidneys and soak in cold water for one-half hour. Drain, cover with boiling water and simmer for five minutes or until tender. Drain them and cut in small dice. Brown a little butter (less than one-half tablespoon) in a frying-pan, add one-half tablespoon of flour and brown. Add gradually one-third cup of the water in which the kidneys were cooked, stirring constantly until the mixture is smooth. Add the kidneys, a drop or two of onion-juice, one-fourth teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce, salt to taste and a few drops of kitchen bouquet. Spread between slices of buttered toast and garnish with green pickles and olives.

CLUB SANDWICH DE LUXE

2 slices white bread, toasted
4 oysters
1 slice Graham bread, toasted
2 slices crisp bacon

DIP the bread in beaten egg to which one tablespoon of water has been added, and sauté in butter to a golden-brown color. Broil the oysters or egg and crum them and fry them in deep fat. Place one slice of white-bread toast on a hot plate, spread it with mayonnaise and put the oysters on this. Season each oyster with a little horseradish. Cover this with the Graham bread and add the hot bacon (cold turkey or chicken may also be used). Add the other slice of bread, and garnish with a slice of lemon, or radish-roses, or slices of olives. Serve with a tomato cut across four times and filled with sauce tartare in a bed of lettuce leaves.

SAUCE TARTARE

ADD three tablespoons of finely chopped mixed pickles and one tablespoon of finely chopped parsley to one cup of mayonnaise dressing.

EGG-AND-TOMATO SANDWICH

1 cup well-seasoned tomato-pulp
3 eggs

MELT one tablespoon of butter in a frying-pan, add the tomato and when it is hot add the three eggs which have been slightly beaten. Lower the heat and cook, stirring constantly until it is of a creamy consistency. Spread between thin slices of buttered toast made from brown bread. Cut diagonally and serve with a creamed or buttered vegetable.

HOT LAMB SANDWICH

MAKE a gravy as for pork sandwich. Heat thin slices of the meat in the gravy and lay them on a slice of bread. Spread the other slice with currant or mint jelly or, if mutton is used, with chopped capers. Close the sandwich and serve with gravy. Garnish with parsley.

HOT CHICKEN SANDWICH

MAKE a cup and a half of medium white sauce. Add one-half cup of thin cream, two tablespoons of chopped parsley and a little celery-salt. Heat thin slices of chicken in the sauce and lay them between the halves of a split hot or toasted baking-powder biscuit. Cover with the sauce. Garnish with parsley or a tender stalk of raw celery.

HOT BEEF SANDWICH

SPREAD two slices of white or whole-wheat bread with butter creamed with a little French mustard. Heat thick slices of rare roast beef in boiling gravy made as for pork sandwich but without the onion. Put a slice of meat between slices of bread on a hot plate and pour the hot gravy over the sandwich. Garnish with watercress.



Do you realize that health depends largely upon the condition of your nerves?

PERHAPS you know from bitter experience that when you drink a cup or two of coffee at evening you do not get very much sleep that night. Or else, the fitful sleep you get does not seem to refresh and rest you as it should.

Remember that the caffeine in coffee always works on the *nerves*, no matter when you drink this irritating beverage. Only you don't notice the effects during the day as much as you do when you are kept awake at night.

Why not be on the safe side? Stop coffee for awhile, and drink healthful Postum instead. Postum is the delightful cereal beverage with a rich flavor that many thousands of people prefer to coffee itself.

Your grocer sells Postum in two forms:—Instant Postum (in tins) prepared instantly in the cup by the addition of boiling water. Postum Cereal (in packages) for those who prefer to make the drink while the meal is being prepared; made by boiling fully twenty minutes.

Postum

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And remember, *dependable* RUMFORD never spoils a baking!

A wealth of helpful suggestions for preparing appetizing, wholesome home-baked foods, are in "The Rumford Modern Methods of Cooking"—a booklet, sent FREE on request.

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WINTER'S AMBER MARMALADE

By Winifred Moses

MARMALADE is universally popular as a breakfast sweet. But there are few housewives who take advantage of the many ways in which this amber delicacy can add to the tastiness and dressiness of other meals.

Spread on golden toast, crackers or crumpets, muffins, popovers and baking-powder biscuits, marmalade is most appetizing for lunch or afternoon tea.

In desserts, too, marmalade has a variety of uses. A little mound of marmalade, set atop a plain rice pudding or blanc mange, gives new life and dressiness to these desserts. Pancakes, spread with melted butter and marmalade, rolled and dusted with powdered sugar, are a favorite English dessert. Marmalade roll is in some families usurping the place of the long-favored jelly roll—and in fact, marmalade may be used in almost any other recipe calling for jelly by substituting an equal quantity of marmalade in place of the jelly.

Fresh cup-cakes, split in two, or two slices of plain, sponge or pound cake spread with marmalade and topped with whipped cream and a maraschino cherry make a delicious dessert that is exceedingly simple to make. And, if other inducements are needed, marmalade tarts and marmalade sandwich supreme, recipes for which are given below, are further incentives to the housewife to add to her preserve closet a shelf of this delicacy, so simple and inexpensive to make.



From one grapefruit, one orange, one lemon, five pounds of sugar and three and one-half quarts of water sixteen glasses of marmalade were made. The cost, including new glasses and paraffin, was eight cents a glass



In order to make a good marmalade, a fruit should contain pectin and acid; both of these are necessary to make a good jelly, and a marmalade is only a preserve in which the pieces of fruit—whole, tender and transparent—are suspended in a transparent jellied sirup. One or more fruits may be combined to make a marmalade.

The fruits best adapted to making marmalade are the citrus fruits—oranges, grapefruit and lemons. These all contain pectin. Carrots may be used for this purpose also. So-called marmalades are sometimes made from peaches, pineapples and quinces; they are also made from grapes, but in this case the product is really a butter or jam, the only difference being that the presence of much pectin gives a more jelly-like texture.

In selecting fruit for marmalades, choose those with clear, good-looking skins. The fruit should be sliced very thin and in pieces not too large. A very sharp knife should be used and all seeds removed.

Soak the sliced fruit in water overnight and cook without sugar until it is transparent and tender. Again allow it to stand overnight. The sugar is then added and the cooking continued until the sirup forms a jelly. The finished product should be clear, amber, tender jelly, with shavings of transparent fruit suspended in it. Care must be taken not to overcook it, as overcooking makes the product too thick. It should be cooked rapidly, as slow cooking tends to produce a dark-colored marmalade. This is true of all jams, conserves, preserves, marmalades and jellies. Whenever a light-colored product is desired, the mixture should be cooked rapidly; whenever a darker, richer color is to be obtained, as in ginger pear, the mixture should be cooked more slowly.

MARMALADE

1 grapefruit
1 orange
5 pounds of sugar
1 lemon
3½ quarts of water

WASH and slice the fruit very thin and discard all seeds. Add the water and let stand twenty-four hours. Cook until the rinds are tender and let stand another twenty-four hours. Add the sugar and cook to 218 degrees Fahrenheit or until the sirup forms a jelly when put on a cold plate. Pour into clean glasses or fiber containers, cool, and cover with paraffin. This recipe will make from twelve to sixteen glasses of marmalade, the number depending on the density to which the product is cooked.

When sixteen glasses of marmalade are made from this quantity, the cost is approximately eight cents a glass. This includes the cost of new glasses and paraffin, both of which may be used again.

For grapefruit marmalade use one lemon for every two grapefruits. For orange marmalade allow one lemon to every four oranges and proceed as for marmalade. Pineapple may be used with the oranges and lemon instead of the grapefruit, using one pineapple to four oranges and one lemon. A general rule is to allow three pints of water to each pint of sliced fruit and one pound of sugar to each pint of cooked pulp and water.

One advantage of the marmalades over other preserved fruits is that they can be preserved during the Winter. A small basket or box filled with three or a half-dozen jars of marmalade makes an attractive gift for the holiday season.

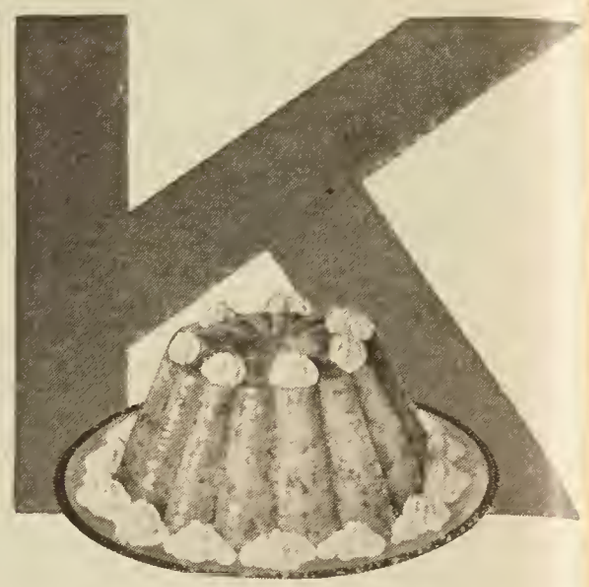
MARMALADE TARTS

¼ cup shortening
2 cups flour
½ cup butter
Ice-water

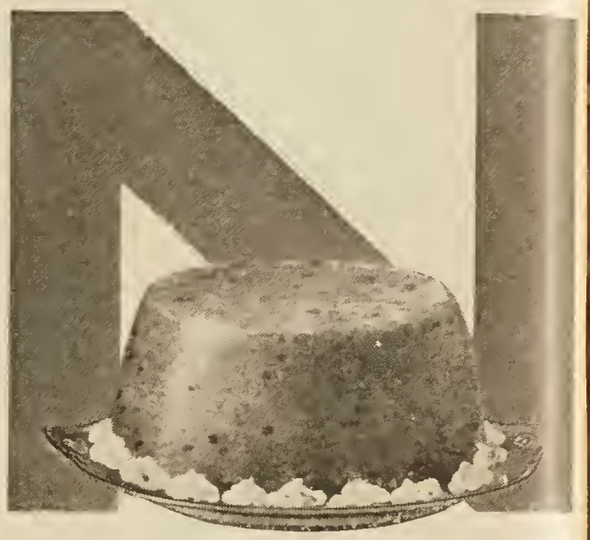
MARMALADE makes a delicious filling for tarts which may be cut in any desired shape from rich pastry. With a knife or spatula cut the shortening into the flour until a fine mixture is obtained. Add the least amount of ice-water possible to make a stiff dough. Cut the butter into the dough, leaving it in rather coarse pieces. Place the dough in the ice-box to chill. When ready to use, roll out on a lightly floured board. Fold to make three layers, and roll again lightly into a thin sheet. Fold four times and cut into shapes for tarts.

MARMALADE SANDWICH SUPREME

MARMALADE sandwich supreme, a decorative and tasty sandwich that is unsurpassed for special luncheons or afternoon teas, is made by spreading a thick layer of cream cheese topped by marmalade between half-inch slices of nut-bread. Cut the sandwich into diagonals and serve on paper doilies on individual plates with a fork.



BELOW is a new and truly delectable way of serving rice—a delicious dessert that you will surely want to add to your menu—



BUTTER SCOTCH RICE PUDDING

Wash ⅓ cup rice; cook in double boiler, with two cups scalded milk and ¼ teaspoon salt, until nearly tender. Meanwhile cook together in shallow pan one cup brown sugar and 2 tablespoons butter until it gets dark brown, but not burnt. Add this to the rice and milk, and finish cooking until rice is tender and the caramel melted. Soak 1 envelope Knox Gelatine in ½ cup cold water 10 minutes; dissolve in one cup hot milk. Strain this into cooked rice mixture and turn into cold wet mold.



"Will it please the man of the house" is always the question in a woman's mind when she makes a salad. All doubts are removed, however, when she makes *Perfection Salad* for the household. It is only one of many wonderful recipes in Mrs. Knox's books. They are yours for the asking.



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Only soap and water used daily will keep the skin properly clean, so the problem lies in the choice of soap. You want the mildest, most soothing and lotion-like soap which can be made. Such soap is yours in Palmolive.

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Palmolive is the modern development of an ancient beauty secret, discovered by the Egyptians 3,000 years ago. They learned that palm and olive oils were wonderful beautifiers. Crudely blended, they were used as cleansers as well as to keep the skin smooth and soft.

These rare oils, scientifically blended in Palmolive, produce far more than mere soap. It permits thorough, beautifying cleansing without danger of drying the skin. It soothes, refreshes and stimulates, resulting in becoming natural bloom and glow.

Such cleansing, every day, results in a clear, healthy skin and is the basis of complexion beauty.

Clogging the greatest danger

Fear of thorough cleansing, or indifference to its importance, is the original cause of skin trouble. The daily accumulation of dirt, excess oil and perspiration combine with cold cream and powder to clog the tiny pores. Disfiguring coarseness from their enlargement is the first result.

The accumulated dirt produces blackheads, with the danger of infection, which causes blotches. Such a complexion is fatal to personal charm.

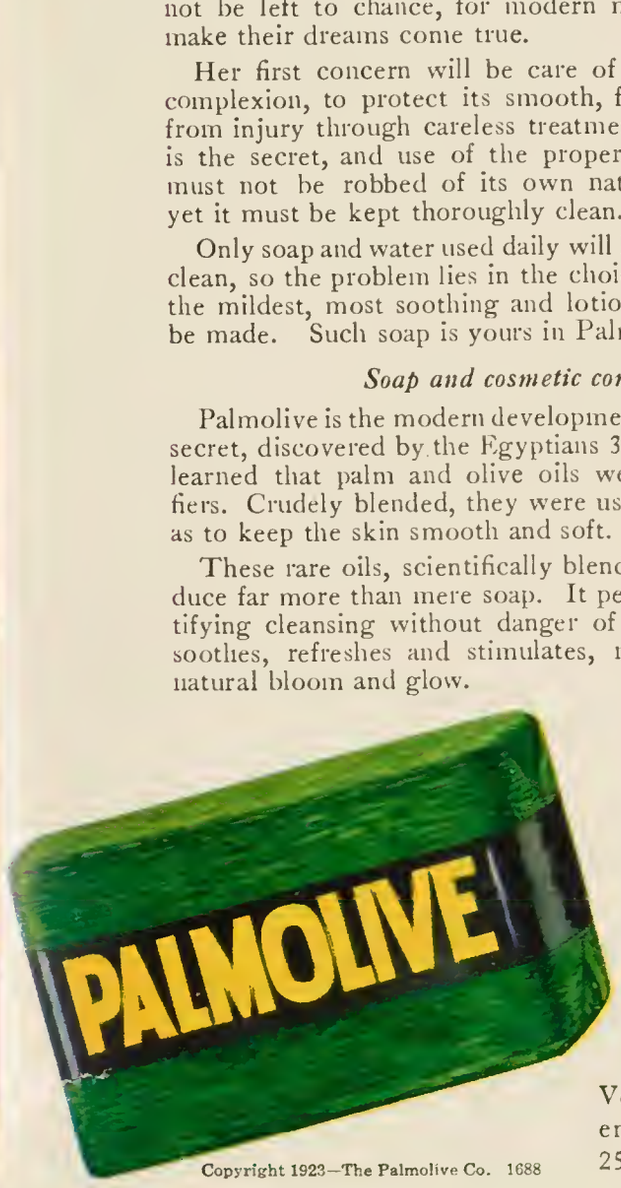
What to do

Once every day, preferably at bedtime, wash your face thoroughly with Palmolive Soap. Work up a lather with your two hands and massage it thoroughly into the skin. Then rinse thoroughly. Use a fine, soft towel for drying.

If your skin is very dry, apply a little cold cream and wipe off what isn't quickly absorbed. If your skin is normally oily you won't need it.

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The world-wide popularity which keeps the Palmolive factories busy day and night enables us to maintain the 10-cent price. Thousands can afford the benefit and luxury of this finest and mildest soap.



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DEEP-FAT FRYING

Absorbs less fat than shallow frying

By Winifred Moses

All recipes have been tested and approved by the Home-Makers' Department

IN MY undergraduate days one of the experiments we, as students, were asked to make was to weigh two pieces of fish, fry one in deep fat, sauté the other in a frying-pan and then weigh them again and calculate which piece had absorbed the most fat in the process. Great was our surprise to discover that the piece of fish that had been cooked in deep fat had taken up less fat than that which had been sautéd. In short, less fat is used in cooking in deep fat than in the process of sautéing.

There are several factors that enter into the economical and successful use of fat in frying. First, there is the kind of fat used. The best fats for this purpose are those that have what is known as a high smoking temperature, or, in other words, those that can be heated to a high temperature before they begin to smoke. Experiment has proven that lard, commercial fats, also oils or liquid fats, are among the best fats for deep-fat frying; they all have high smoking temperatures. Butter, "drippings," suet fat, bacon and chicken fat smoke at a much lower temperature and are better for sautéing than for frying.



To clarify fat, cook raw potato in it and strain through cloth

Another important factor to consider in deep fat frying is the kind of kettle or pot to be used. A deep iron kettle is excellent. Although this is heavy to handle, there is less danger of slopping in moving the container than if a lighter kettle is used; moreover, iron holds the heat well, which gives a more even heat during the frying. Since heating fat in a shallow container with a large surface exposed lowers the smoking temperature, it is more economical to use a pot that is deep and narrow than one which is shallow and wide. I use the term "economical" advisedly because the lowering of the smoking temperature of fat not only darkens it but shortens the life of the fat—that is, the number of times it may be used. When properly cared for, the same fat may be used for frying again and again.

A third factor that enters into the use of fat for frying is its care. It should never be heated up to its smoking temperature or to the point when a blue smoke begins to appear above the fat. The appearance of this smoke is to many cooks an indication that the fat is hot enough for use. This is not the correct way to test fat. It is an indication that the smoking temperature has been reached. This means that the fat is becoming darkened in color and less valuable for food and also that its smoking temperature is being lowered, for the next time that fat is heated it will begin to smoke at a still lower temperature.

Fat should be clarified after each using. The presence of crums or other foreign substances not only darkens the fat but further lowers its smoking temperature and thus its trem of usefulness. In order to clarify fat, add to it two or three slices of raw potatoes and cook until the fat ceases bubbling;

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Equipment for frying Swedish timbales and rosettes: an iron kettle of fat, a thermometer, a bowl of fritter batter, rosette and timbale irons, and a cup of batter for dipping the irons



Fresh

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Real Raisin Bread—

IF you like it and want it, this is the way to get *real* raisin bread—full-fruited, luscious, generously filled with big, plump, tender, juicy raisins.

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All kinds of dealers are supplied with bread like this from modern master bakers' ovens—fresh, delicious, healthful bread with lots of raisins in it.

Try and see how good it is. No need to bake at home when you can buy such bread at stores near you.

Good raisin bread is a rare combination of the benefits of fruit and cereal—delicious, energizing, ironizing food.

Both good and good *for* you—your children and yourselves.

Once let the family taste it and you'll serve it at least twice a week. Get the first loaf now. Insist on getting a *full-fruited* loaf—first-class bakers will supply it, the kind you've always liked.

Sun-Maid Raisins



Blue Package

This tempting bread is made with Sun-Maid Raisins, made from finest California table grapes.

Use these raisins for all home purposes because of their fine quality and flavor. They cost no more than ordinary kinds.

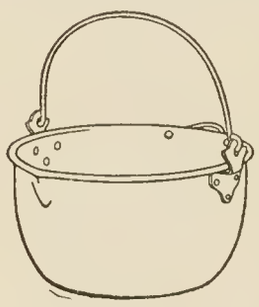
Sun-Maid Raisins should cost you no more than the following prices:

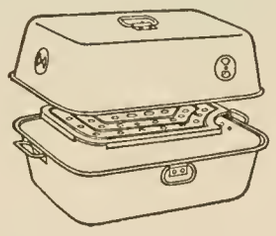
Seeded (*in 15 oz. blue pkg.*)	— 20c
Seedless (*in 15 oz. red pkg.*)	— 18c
Seeded or Seedless (*11 oz.*)	— 15c
Seeded *in* tins (*12 oz.*)	— 20c
Seeded *in* tins (*8 oz.*)	— 15c

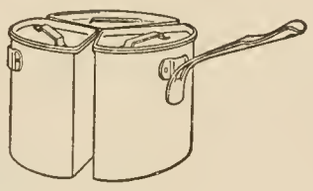
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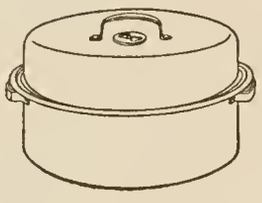


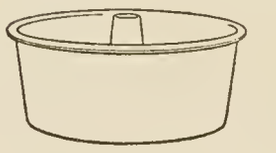
















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MIDWINTER VEGETABLES

New ways to cook old-fashioned foods

By Lucile Brewer and Alice Blinn

All recipes have been tested and approved by the Home-Makers' Department

THE vegetable kingdom, like all Gaul, is divided into three parts. On one side of the dividing line are vegetables of which man eats the leaves and stems. Of this class, cabbage, celery and onions stay with us over the cold weather; and various delectable salad things, such as endive and lettuce, can be so easily grown in a hothouse that they should not be classed as luxuries.

The second class is the almost year-round group of roots and tubers: the potato, which we have always with us, and turnips, carrots and other roots.

Of the remaining miscellaneous group of seed-pods and cases, peppers, pumpkin, eggplant and squash are about the only ones surviving the Summer.

The most valuable contributions of vegetables are vitamins, minerals and bulk—all regulatory substances.

There are certain rules about selection, preparation and cooking of vegetables which, if observed, will do much to overcome the prejudice of the most pernicious vegetable shunner. To be wise, buy in season, be not overgreedy and select vegetables of medium size, thus making sure of tenderness, less waste and more flavor. Avoid the wilted and withered, and don't be afraid of dirt—it may be a sign of tenderness and freshness.

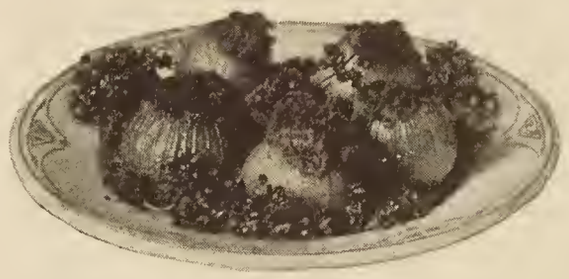
Keep all green vegetables in a cool, dark place and soak all withered or stored vegetables, especially root vegetables and late cabbage, in cold water to crispen. Soak all dried vegetables long enough to give them a chance to regain their moisture. Open all canned vegetables and let them stand in an uncovered dish for several hours before preparing—they need air as much as the dried vegetables need water.

To avoid loss of valuable substances, cook vegetables whole or in as large pieces as possible; cook those that have jackets with the jackets on. Always cook in boiling water, using as little as possible, or in steam (leave the strong-flavored vegetables uncovered); salt when partially cooked and season when ready to serve. Save the water in which vegetables are cooked for soups, sauces or seasoning.

Serve your vegetables as attractively as possible. The royal road to a liking for a vegetable may lead through a first taste of some tempting dish.



Younger members of the family may prepare the vegetables for cooking



Onion-shells stuffed with meat and bread-crums are delicious

STUFFED TURNIPS

6 small white turnips
1 cup bread-crums
½ cup cold minced pork
½ cup white sauce
Salt and pepper to taste

Wash and peel the turnips and cook uncovered in boiling water until tender. Drain and with a spoon scoop out and mash the center of each turnip, leaving a wall about one-quarter inch thick. Combine the bread-crums, white sauce and pork with the mashed turnips, adding salt and pepper to taste, and fill the turnips with the mixture. Place in a buttered baking-dish. Mix one-half cup of bread-crums with three tablespoons of melted butter. Sprinkle this over the top of the turnips. Add one-half cup of boiling water. Bake twenty-five minutes, or until tender, basting with a little butter or hot water.

VEGETABLE SCALLOP

2 cups cooked potatoes, diced
1 cup boiled soy-beans
1 cup cooked carrot, diced
1 medium-size onion, minced
Salt and pepper
2 tablespoons fat
2 cups tomato-juice
4 tablespoons grated cheese

COMBINE the ingredients, with the exception of the tomato-juice and the cheese, and turn the mixture into a baking-dish. Pour the tomato-juice over the top, sprinkle with grated cheese and bake in a moderate oven for thirty minutes.

VEGETABLE LOAF

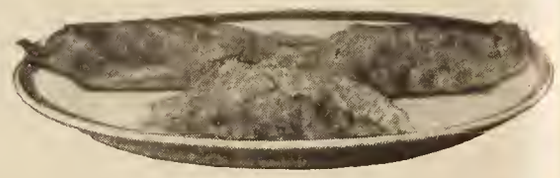
2 cups mashed potatoes
4 tablespoons minced onion
2 tablespoons green pepper or pimiento
½ cup canned tomato
1 egg
1 teaspoon salt
Pepper
⅓ cup ground peanuts

MIX the ingredients well. Turn the mixture into a buttered baking-dish. Brush over with melted butter or drippings. Bake in a moderate oven for twenty-five minutes.

CABBAGE ROLLS

2 cups mashed potatoes
1 medium-size onion
1 green pepper or pimiento
Sage to taste
1 cup cold meat, ground or chopped
Salt and pepper
Celery-salt
Cabbage leaves
Boiling water or stock

COMBINE the vegetables, meat and seasonings and shape the mixture into small rolls. Roll each of these in a cabbage leaf (wilted by placing in boiling water for five minutes) and place them in a covered baking-dish. Add sufficient boiling water or stock to cover them about half. Bake for forty-five minutes, or until the cabbage leaves are tender.



A vegetable-and-meat filling may be baked in rolled cabbage leaves

STUFFED ONIONS

COOK medium-size onions in boiling salted water for fifteen minutes. Drain and with a small knife remove the centers (be careful not to cut through the base of

Concluded on page 86



North Michigan Boulevard on a rainy night

600,000 Chicagoans know that "When it rains it pours"



Practically every 4th person in the city uses Morton's Salt. In other cities, too, they constitute an overwhelming majority.

They know the delightful convenience of having a salt that doesn't cake or lump in salt cellars or the package.

They have found its flavor more satisfying and far-reaching than that of ordinary flake salts.

Morton's does the flavoring job better because it enters food with strength undiminished. The weather-proof package protects the cube crystals — themselves moisture-resisting.

These cube-shaped crystals make Morton's pour naturally; they tumble off one another. Even when it rains it pours. Better order it today.

MORTON SALT COMPANY
CHICAGO

Helpful hints on uses of salt

Keep out moths and make your carpets cleaner by sprinkling with Morton's Salt before sweeping.

To restore enamelware to original color, wash with equal part solution of Morton's Salt and turpentine.

When coffee boils too long you can remove the bitter taste by adding ¼ teaspoonful of Morton's Salt to the pot.





Lovelier and lovelier grow the draped gowns. The sleeves of this one are charmingly reminiscent of the colorful Middle Ages.

This unusual frock is very new with its flatteringly deep bertha collar and new circular skirt with uneven hem line.

The deep opening at the neck and the collar make this frock very becoming. Side panels cleverly give it the silhouette of the new circular skirt.

To the romantic "robe de style," Paris adds the deep bertha collar of lace as a last entrancing touch.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS

Dresses that your friends will envy—you can make clothes that might have come from Paris!

"I wish I could find a dress like yours!"

To-day hundreds of women have new clothes that no one would believe they ever made themselves. Dresses that have the perfection of cut, the lines, the exquisite finish that you instinctively associate with imported things.

The Deltor, which comes with every new Butterick Pattern, makes home sewing an entirely new thing for you. Dresses you never dared attempt before, you can now make with the perfection of an expert.

You start a dress, a three-piece costume, a coat, with perfect confidence. You know that the Deltor gives you the economical cutting of an expert, those deft ways of putting together a professional uses, and the finishing touches that spell Paris.

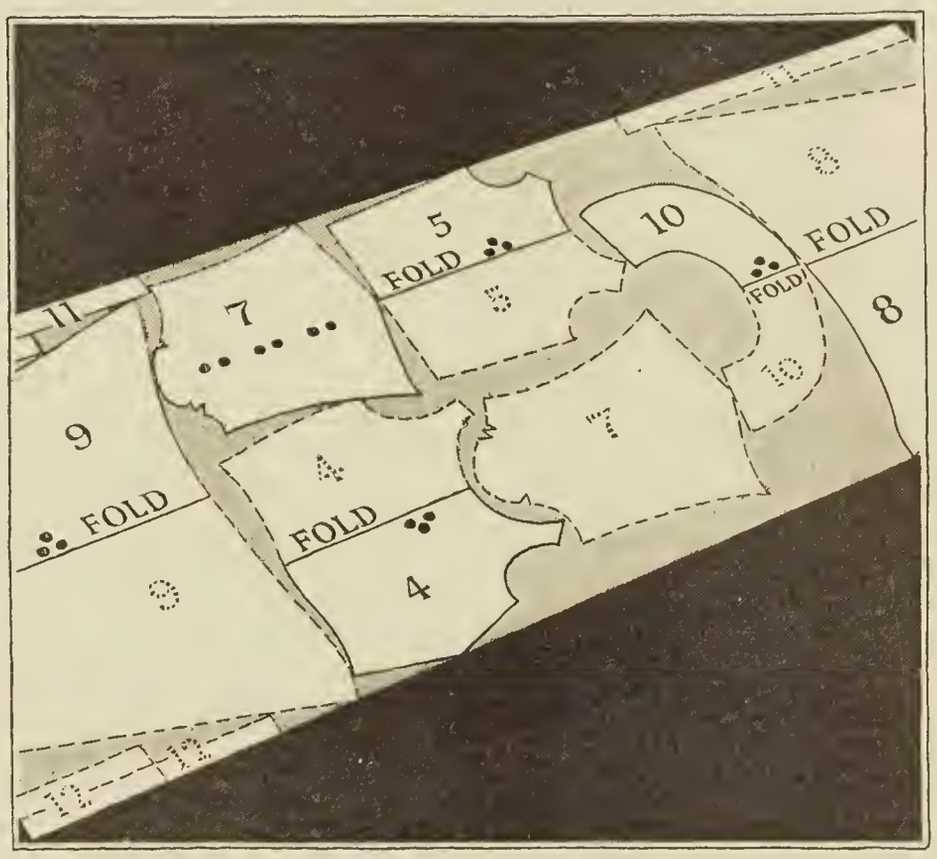
Because the Deltor cutting layout you use is for your size and your view of the pattern laid on the very width material you are using, you cut more economically than ever before. These cutting layouts are made by experts to meet your exact needs. That is why Butterick Patterns are able to specify in every case less material than you would otherwise need.

You give your dress the lines, the grace that a professional would, because you are using professional methods. The Deltor putting-together pictures show you exactly how an expert would handle each step in the making of your particular dress. No wonder the success of your dress is a revelation to you.

The finishing touches that have been the despair of so many women give you no trouble at all. You know how to make the very newest Parisian trimmings your particular Butterick model calls for—it is all there in the Deltor for you. Your dress has a really French perfection when it is done.

Get one of the new Butterick Patterns to-day. Look at the Deltor. Compare its specific individual instructions on the garment you are making with the general directions most patterns carry. Use it—you will see why it is considered the greatest aid to dressmaking since the paper pattern itself.

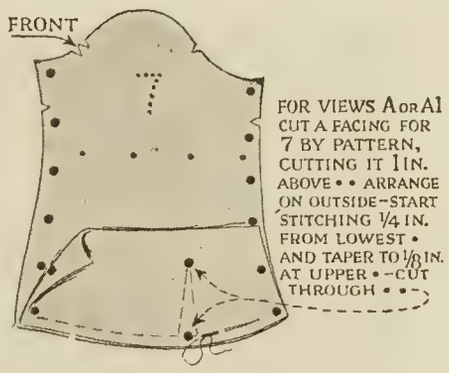
Butterick
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You save material on everything you make

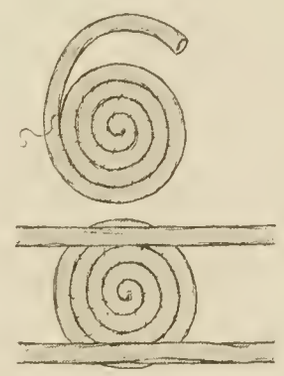
You save from ¼ to 1⅜ yard on every garment you make with the Deltor. Because you use the cutting layout made by experts to exactly meet your needs, Butterick Patterns can call for less material than you would otherwise need.

One woman writes: "I was buying crêpe at $4.00 a yard for my daughter's dress. I thought three yards would be enough but was advised to buy more. So I stepped around to the pattern department—the Butterick Pattern called for only 2⅝ yards! I saved nearly two dollars!



You put together professionally

The Deltor putting-together pictures show you exactly how a professional would make your dress. You have specific instructions on just that garment you are making—not merely general directions such as most patterns give. The Deltor is really a complete illustrated dressmaking course for that particular garment.



A really French finish

The beautiful way each detail is finished is characteristic of imported clothes. This is what the Deltor gives you. The exact way your dress would be finished, its new trimmings, made in Paris, is there for you in the Deltor. You can not make a mistake—you have an expert's judgment.



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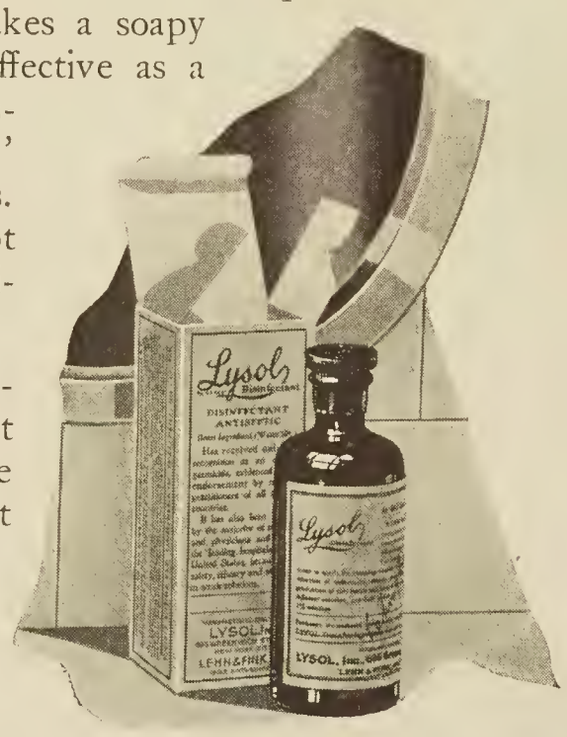
see that a bottle of "Lysol" Disinfectant *is in the house*

AT motherhood, a time when so much depends upon absolute cleanliness, be sure to have the things at hand that the doctor will ask for.

Above all, be sure that a bottle of "Lysol" Disinfectant is in the house, ready for use.

In practically every obstetrical case, physicians, surgeons, and nurses use "Lysol" Disinfectant as the standard antiseptic. It is a safe preparation that can be depended upon to maintain antiseptic cleanliness —the first essential in medical practice.

"Lysol" Disinfectant is a dark brown liquid, which when added to water makes a soapy solution that is highly effective as a preventive against possible infection. "Lysol" Disinfectant kills germs. In proper solution, it is not caustic and does not irritate the membranes.



As a wise and inexpensive precaution against emergencies, get a bottle of "Lysol" Disinfectant today.

For personal hygiene, too

"Lysol" Disinfectant is a good thing to have in the house at all times.

Ideal for maintaining intimate personal cleanliness. Because it is not caustic and does not irritate the delicate membranes when used in proper solution with water, "Lysol" Disinfectant is particularly recommended for such use.

Directions on the package explain how to dilute "Lysol" Disinfectant for its many uses.

Genuine "Lysol" Disinfectant is put up only in brown glass bottles, containing 3, 7, or 16 ounces. Each bottle packed in a yellow carton. Insist on obtaining the genuine "Lysol" Disinfectant.

Lysol Disinfectant
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The name "Lehn & Fink, Inc." is written in red on every bottle of genuine "Lysol" Disinfectant.

An ideal personal antiseptic

Manufactured only by LYSOL, Inc.
635 Greenwich Street, New York City
Lehn & Fink, Inc., New York, Sole Distributors

LOOK SHARP TO YOUR KNIVES

Kitchen knives and sharpeners

By Myra T. Leadwell

THERE is hardly anything more annoying to a good housekeeper than to be without proper knives in the kitchen. Every kitchen should have two paring-knives, a bread-knife, a butcher-knife, a spatula, a good case-knife or two, a grapefruit-knife and a pair of scissors. This is a minimum kitchen-knife equipment and any woman who undertakes even light housekeeping with less is sure to work under handicaps.

All kitchen knives should be of good steel. It is poor economy to buy cheap cutlery. Good steel lasts longer, holds its edge better and cuts cleaner and quicker than cheaper knives. Good knife-blades, as a rule, should not be too thick and they should have a long, slender bevel or sloping edge, as this sharpens easily and wears well. The knife-blade should be riveted into the handle, if this is of wood, or fastened securely into the handle, if it is of metal.



A complete kitchen-knife equipment includes a knife exactly suited to every purpose, knife-sharpeners and a pair of scissors

Before buying a knife, grasp it to see that the handle is smooth and easy to hold. Sometimes the knife which one housekeeper finds most comfortable another housekeeper would not tolerate in her kitchen.

At least one of the kitchen paring-knives should have a sharp point for such tasks as removing potato eyes, and cutting around apple-stems. The blade and handle of a paring-knife should be short.

Stainless steel, which does not corrode even from contact with acid, costs more than ordinary steel knives but saves the labor of cleaning.

Even if none of the other kitchen-knives is of stainless steel, it is desirable to have stainless-steel paring-knives.

A good bread-knife may have either a straight or a waved edge. If you prefer the waved or notched edge, see that the indentations are fine enough so that the knife will not tear the bread into crums. A sharp, thin knife with a smooth edge cuts clean. Long, slender blades are especially satisfactory for cutting large cakes.

THE butcher-knife should be of good steel, heavier in weight than the other knives. The handle should be especially well set and comfortable to use.

The spatula, formerly called a palet-knife, is so flexible that it can be put to many uses in the kitchen. It has a rounded end and both sides of the blade are alike. It is not used for cutting, but is excellent for turning hot cakes, fried meats, eggs and vegetables, for scouring cake-tins to free the cake, spreading icings, and so on.

One or two good case-knives (ordinary kitchen-knives) and a grapefruit-knife with a very thin, flexible curved blade are likewise desirable. If the grapefruit-knife blade is rounded at the top it will not pierce the grapefruit or orange shell.

Every kitchen should have a pair of strong scissors for cutting celery, dried beef, the joints of chicken and meats for salad. An eight-inch pair is a convenient size for kitchen use.

Do not attempt to sharpen your scissors. Sharpening scissors is a difficult operation. The cost of having them sharpened at a hardware store, or by some one who knows how to do it, is so little that you should not risk ruining them by trying to sharpen them yourself.

You will not get good, lasting service from your knives unless you give them proper care. A good steel knife-edge soon becomes ruined through dulness or improper sharpening.

WAYS OF SHARPENING KNIVES

THERE are perhaps a dozen types of knife-sharpeners on the market, each one of which has its particular virtues. The inexpensive composition carborundum sharpener puts an edge on ordinary steel but it is not recommended for fine steel finishes.

The steel sharpener which comes with a carving-set or which may be purchased alone, puts an especially fine edge on finely tempered steel. An eight or nine inch blade on a steel sharpener is very convenient for household use. The corrugations should be very fine. The price of a good steel sharpener depends upon the mounting.

There is only one right way but there are many wrong ways to use the steel sharpener or the carborundum. The wrong ways are ruinous to a good knife-edge. The proper way is to hold the sharpener in the left hand, pointing slightly to the right, and to hold the knife in the right hand with the edge of the blade against the sharpener at about a thirty-degree angle. Begin near the handle of the knife and close to the point of the sharpener and draw the knife down toward you and off the steel. For a long blade, use the entire surface of the steel; for a short blade, use just a section of the sharpener surface.

There is on the market a disk knife-sharpener, an imported model, convenient for sharpening the carving or table-knives at the table, but it is likewise convenient for kitchen use. This type of sharpener does not mar the finest steel blade. The size of the disks or wheels varies from the size of a quarter to a silver dollar. The cost is about three and one-half dollars.



Move the knife-blade along the steel at about a thirty-degree angle

Whetstones are still used to sharpen smaller paring-knives and pen-knives but are not desirable or convenient for large blades. In using the whetstone you moisten the stone with an oil (a table-oil will do) and hold the blade flat against the length of the stone. To sharpen the point of the knife you flatten it against the side of the whetstone.

A knife-board, made of special buff leather mounted on a plain board, is a highly satisfactory method of keeping a good edge on kitchen-knives. You sprinkle powdered emery over the board and strop the knife back and forth, like a razor. A board measuring six inches by twenty-four inches is a convenient size. A more expensive variation of the knife-board has the buff leather cut in small strips and set into the board edgewise, each strip pressed tightly against the next one.

Gray Hair! She Was Horrified

Then This Clean, Colorless Liquid Quickly Restored the Vanished Color

A Scientific Substitute for Natural Hair Pigmentation Found at Last

What follows here is a story of vital interest to every man and woman to whom gray hair has brought worry or even perhaps terror. It tells how science has found a true way to restore the exact, original color to any gray hair by means of a liquid which provides a true substitute for the natural pigmentation.

It is also a frank exposure of the misleading claims which have been made for many so-called color "restoratives." It gives facts which everyone is entitled to have. They are told briefly but plainly in the interest both of the public and of the makers of preparations sold on merit, and not by means of deceptive statements. If you are already gray or growing gray, you will not want to miss a word of this article.



Plain Facts about the Restoration of Color to Gray Hair

Why Most Methods Fail to Give Satisfactory Results—How This Discovery Has Brought Joy to 100,000 People

Thousands of times the scene shown in the picture has been enacted.

A woman gazes into her mirror with dismay. Gray streaks mar the beauty of her hair. "Is my youthful appearance going? Am I to look old?" she asks.

Later she sees in the mirror an amazing change. The original color has returned. She is young again. A clean, colorless liquid applied to her hair has brought a wonderful and gratifying transformation.

Can it be possible that grayness is to become a thing of the past? Are old-fashioned, inefficient ways of giving color to gray hair to be discarded?

"Yes" is the answer of more than 100,000 people who, like the woman in the picture, have perfectly restored the color to their hair with this truly remarkable liquid known as Kolor-Bak.

Scientists tell us that hair becomes gray because through age, illness, shock or disease the tiny cells in the scalp, called follicles, whose business it is to supply the pigment or coloring matter to the hair, have become inactive. They no longer produce this pigment and naturally the hair must suffer—it must turn gray.

Preparations of every sort have been and are sold for the purpose of restoring the lost color. Some are merely colored dyes or stains. Others have been represented as having the power to replace the pigment by revitalizing the follicles—but the claims put forth for these preparations have no foundation in scientific fact. They are known to be false by scientific men who have investigated all the methods generally in use. They are known to be false by those who have used these compounds with unsatisfactory results.

The discovery of Kolor-Bak came as a revelation to the multitude who had turned to ordinary preparations in the hope of restoring the lost color and who so many times had found that promises were not fulfilled by performance. They realized that at last a genuine method was at their service—that a real substitute for the vanished pigmentation had been discovered. No matter what the cause of the grayness, it is simply amazing to see the results when Kolor-Bak is used.

My Hair Was Quite Gray

Only a short time ago my hair was quite gray and becoming grayer. It was falling out. My scalp itched and dandruff appeared.

Only a few applications of Kolor-Bak stopped the itching and dandruff. My hair soon stopped coming out. Most wonderful of all, however, is that my hair is again its original color. I look ten years younger. No wonder I'm so thankful for Kolor-Bak.

(*A typical letter*)

Restores the Original Color to All Gray Hair

It doesn't make any difference what the former color was—brown, black, red, blonde—this one clean, colorless liquid will restore it. No need, whatever, for a special formula for each shade of hair. Several people whose hair was originally of different colors could use the same bottle of Kolor-Bak and each would see the color return exactly as it was in the past.

Not only does Kolor-Bak bring this amazing return of the color—it gives beauty to the hair in renewed gloss, silky texture, and luxuriant appearance. The hair does not look streaked or dyed—the color is uniform throughout. Results appear in a week.

Banishes Dandruff, Relieves Itching Scalp, Stops Falling Hair

Not only does Kolor-Bak restore the original color to the hair, it has a tonic and cleansing effect on hair and scalp. It banishes dandruff and keeps the pores from being clogged with scurf and scale, and gives a delightful sense of cleanliness. Itching stops and if the hair has been falling out, the falling soon ceases. Kolor-Bak is not mussy, sticky or greasy. It is as easy to use as water.

Amazing Results Reported

Kolor-Bak has been put to the test by more than 100,000 people. It has proved its remarkable power for people of all ages and for every color and shade of hair.

From everywhere comes words like these:

"It restored the natural color to my hair and has cured my little girl of dandruff." "My hair was perfectly white—now brown as when young." "My hair began to turn natural color in twelve days." "Am 60 years old. Hair was white. Now brown as in youth." "Hair was streaked with white. Now a nice, even brown and dandruff all gone." "My hair was falling out badly. Kolor-Bak has stopped it and put it in fine condition."

Send for Free Trial Offer

To give you the fairest opportunity to learn by actual experience what Kolor-Bak will do, we are making a special **Free Trial** offer, particulars of which will be sent by mail to those who ask for it.

Send the coupon which not only entitles you to receive the free trial privilege, but brings our valuable book on Care of the Hair—Free.

Don't send any sample of your hair as the one clean Kolor-Bak solution is for all hair regardless of former color. Mail the coupon to Hygienic Laboratories, 204 S. Peoria St., Dept. 2321, Chicago, Ill.

Canadian customers supplied from our Canada Laboratory.

Hygienic Laboratories
204 S. Peoria Street
Dept. 2321 Chicago, Ill.

Please send your Free Trial Offer on Kolor-Bak and your Free Book on Care of the Hair and Scalp.

Name .....

Address .....

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Write for our new Minute Tapioca Cook Book

It is free

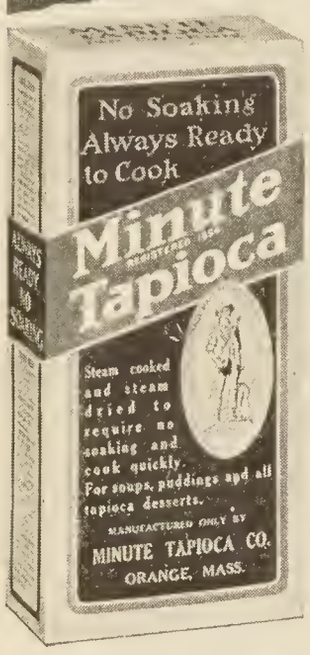
Do you, perhaps, think of tapioca for one or two dishes only?

There are any number of interesting ways to use this substantial food.

The new Minute Tapioca Cook Book gives thirty-one ways to serve Minute Tapioca —and all of them are good.

There are simple desserts that a novice can turn out with the success of an experienced cook. There are unusual dishes to break the routine of daily fare. There are puddings galore, entrées, soups and all dishes that Minute Tapioca can make taste so good. You will want to try every receipt in the book.

Minute Tapioca



It requires no soaking

Every receipt in the Minute Tapioca Cook Book is easy to prepare. For Minute Tapioca requires no soaking and in fifteen minutes it is thoroughly cooked.

Nearly every grocer carries Minute Tapioca. Identify it by the blue band around the red box with the Minute Man on it.

Send today for the new cook book. It is free.

MINUTE TAPIOCA COMPANY

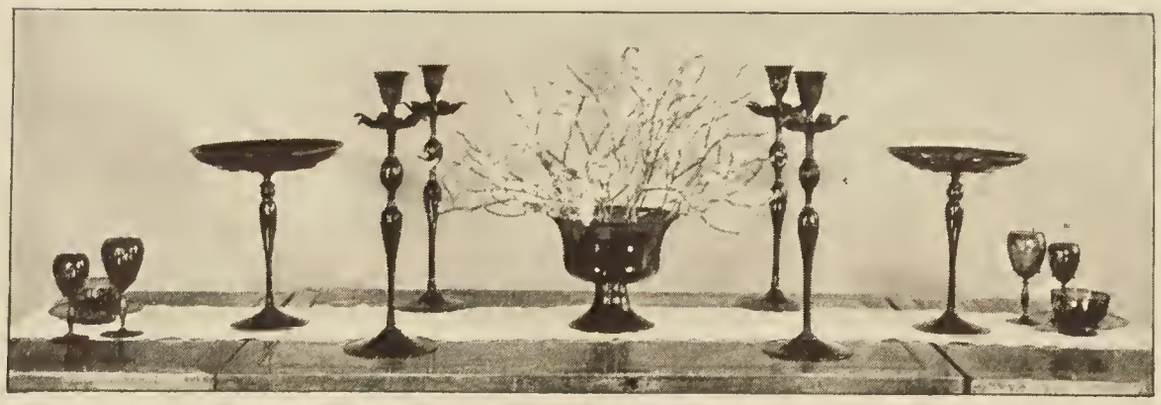
42 Monroe Street, Orange, Mass.

Makers of Minute Tapioca, Minute Gelatine, and Star Brand Pearl Tapioca.

VENETIAN GLASS

With its use the table becomes a fairyland

By Amelia Leavitt Hill



Amethyst glassware is one of the best shades for table decoration. It is conservative and quiet, yet striking in effect

AS FASHIONS rise and fall, the vogue of the white-spread table, for many years an integral part of the well-ordered dining-room, has, for a time at least, been dropped into the limbo of forgotten things. In its place has returned the table gay with color.

No shade is better than pale green for the early Spring, and at any season it is sure to arouse memories of the unfolding of apple leaves and of days when the sun begins to shine longer and more brightly. A table set with green glass is in itself charming and may be made even more so by an arrangement of daffodils in the center.

Amber is always a popular color for table decoration, and deservedly so, since it sheds a ray of sunlight wherever it is used. With it, a decoration of fruit is always effective—especially the glass fruit now so popular, which permits of the use of every variety, regardless of the season, and that always of the finest. A table set with amber glass—tall amber candlesticks at the corners, with an amber bowl of glass fruit in the center—produces an excellent effect.

With amethyst glass, another charming effect may be made by the massing of pale-pink apple-blossoms—real or artificial—in an amethyst bowl which holds the center of the stage. In this arrangement the necessary height may be supplied by a tall compote on either side of the center bowl.

There are women who, while wishing their tables to have a touch of newness, still cling to the white glass so long popular. In such cases a plentiful use of glass or pottery fruit is the best way in which the desired result may be attained. The four tall white glass candlesticks may also be filled with bright candles. Such a table is bright—the keynote of the day—and as up to date as any of the more colorful tables. A variant of this idea, when the housewife clings to her snowy table, is the use of pearly white glass, now popular, which, while retaining the desired tone, gives a touch of variety to the appointments of the "white table." This glass, too, is best given plenty of color—the omnipresent color which is the order of the day—by the abundant use of fruit. A novel touch is the use of a tall white glass bonbon jar on either side of the centerpiece.

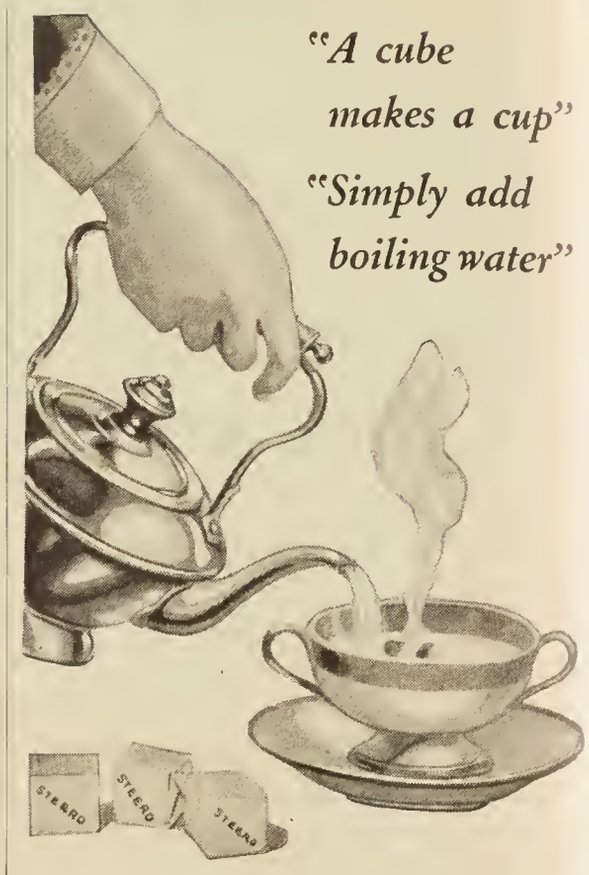
The woman who loves oddity about her board would do well to copy a table which was recently seen in New York. The color scheme was black and white, always sufficiently daring in itself. The glassware was milky white, and at each corner of the table, shedding down light upon it, stood a tiny white glass pierrot, his costume tufted in black, in careful reproduction of the conventional garb. Each of these little figures carried, clasped in his arms, a great black candle which threw light upon the creamy glassware and snowy cloth about them as well as upon the centerpiece, a black glass bowl heavily crisscrossed with white and filled with black glass grapes. While the whole would doubtless soon pall upon its owner if used every day, and while it would undoubtedly be remembered and recognized by every guest who saw it, so unusual was it in coloring and conception yet for any particular occasion it resulted in an effect striking, entirely new and one of the best which the present season has brought to us in the way of table decorations.



Amber color glassware is always popular for the table



A decoration of fruit is always effective with colored glass. Here pale green makes the setting most colorful and attractive



When you do not long for your dinner

Hasn't the thought of food often been distasteful to you, even though you were really hungry?

Don't you know that many times this is only because you are worried and tired?

A cup of steaming hot STEERO bouillon before dinner will help you relax and give zest to your appetite. Its enticing flavor will make you eager for a good substantial meal.

STEERO

Reg U.S. Pat. Off.

BOUILLON CUBES

Patented Oct 31, 1911.

Hot STEERO bouillon is a delicious first course for lunch or dinner. Then, too, it is easy to serve, and always acceptable between meals. To make sauces, gravies, hash, stew, or any "picked-up" dishes richer in flavor and more inviting, add STEERO bouillon cubes.

Don't forget to have STEERO bouillon cubes on your list today. They are for sale at delicatessen, grocery and drug stores. Be sure that you get STEERO bouillon cubes. The trade mark STEERO is stamped on every wrapper. STEERO bouillon cubes are packed in boxes of 12, 50 and 100. If you do not find them at your dealer's, we will mail you a box of 12 on receipt of 35 cents.



Free samples of STEERO bouillon cubes

We will send you free samples of STEERO bouillon cubes. And for 10 cents a sixty-four-page STEERO Cook Book full of practical recipes. Check and send the coupon below.

Schieffelin & Co., 274 William St., N. Y.
Distributors for
American Kitchen Products Co., N. Y.

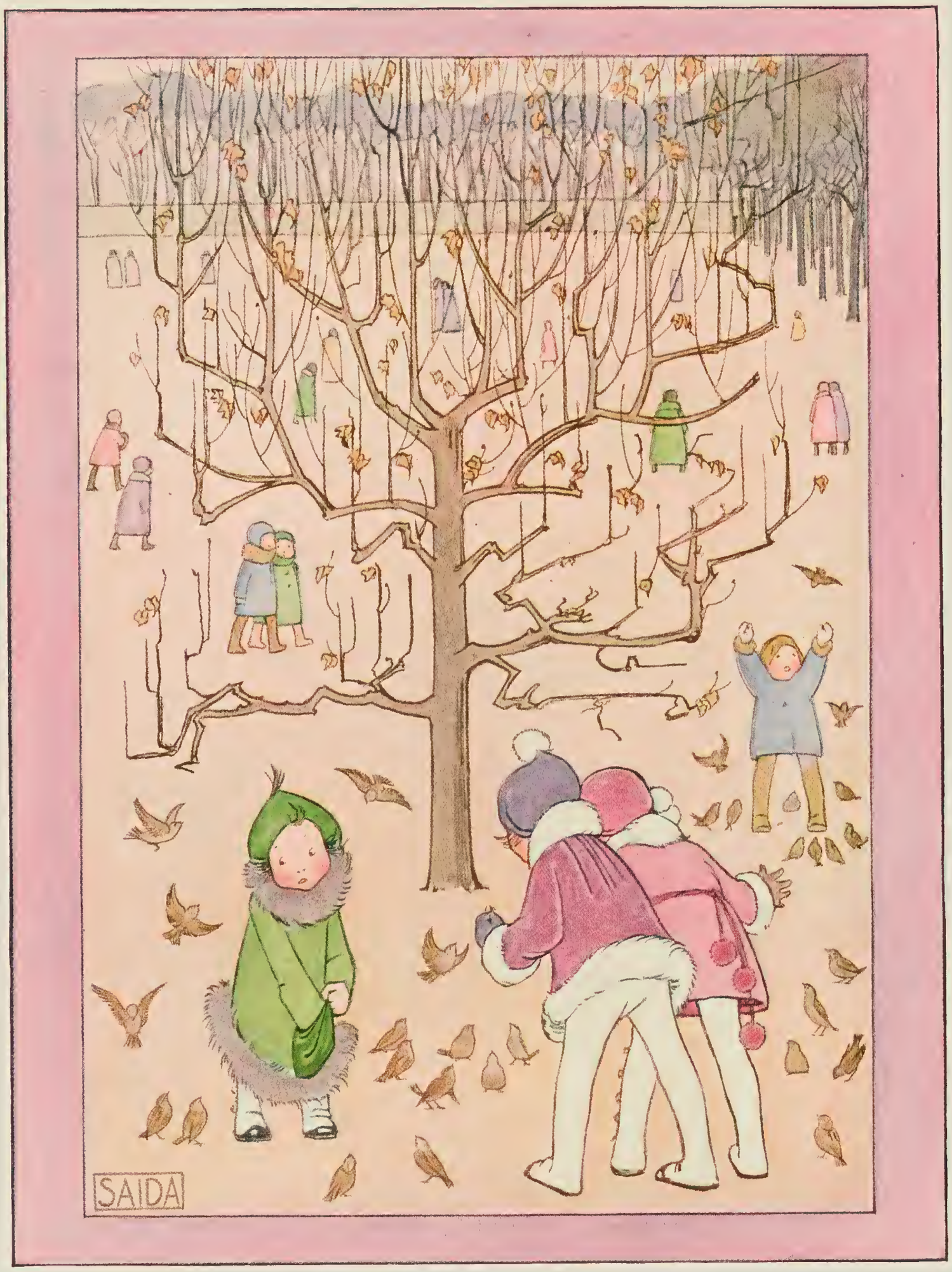
American Kitchen Products Co.
274 William St., N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me
☐ Free samples of STEERO bouillon cubes.
☐ Sixty-four-page Cook Book (enclosed 10c).

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BABES IN THE WOOLS

Their warm little winter wools mother washes
with Fab flakes made from soft cocoanut oil.
She knows this keeps them clean, safe and comfortable.

FAB

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We will send you a trial package of FAB for 4c in stamps. Address Dept. F-53, 199 Fulton St., New York.

Shake hands with health every day



Your modern hostess considers not only the tastes of her guests—their little food "likes" and "dislikes"—but their health needs, too! That's why—thanks to Sunsweet—you find prunes today in the best of menu-company.

Not only for breakfast but for dinner-desserts this fine fruit-food offers a host of uncommon uses. Take, for delicious example, Prune Charlotte Russe, Prune Velvet, Prune Gateau, Prune Pastri-Pie. Quite at ease in "evening dress" are such tasteful dishes. And not only do they offer a rich, relishy, fruity flavor but a *natural corrective* that each of us needs—and needs every day.

That's why we say: serve Sunsweet Prunes, in some delicious form or other, *every day*. Our new Recipe Packet—"60 ways to shake hands with health every day"—shows how Send the coupon for it now! And ask for the new 2-lb. carton of Sunsweet Prunes—California's finest sweetmeats—packed in a pantry-handy package. Clean; convenient; keeps the fruit fresh-flavored too. Your grocer has it!

Sunsweet Prune Charlotte Russe

Bake a sponge cake in a ring mold or round pan. If latter is used, hollow out center of cake when cold to form a ring. Cover cake with confectioner's icing. Prepare 2 cups prune pulp [cooked, pitted Sunsweet prunes rubbed through a sieve]; add 1 cup chopped walnuts or pecans, 1 teaspoon vanilla. Whip 1 pint cream and fold into mixture. Pile mixture high in center of cake. Garnish with whipped cream if desired. Will serve ten persons.

Would you like the complete Sunsweet Recipe Packet? We'll send it gladly—simply mail the coupon below.

SUNSWEET

CALIFORNIA'S NATURE-FLAVORED *Prunes*

Coupon for Recipe Packet—free!

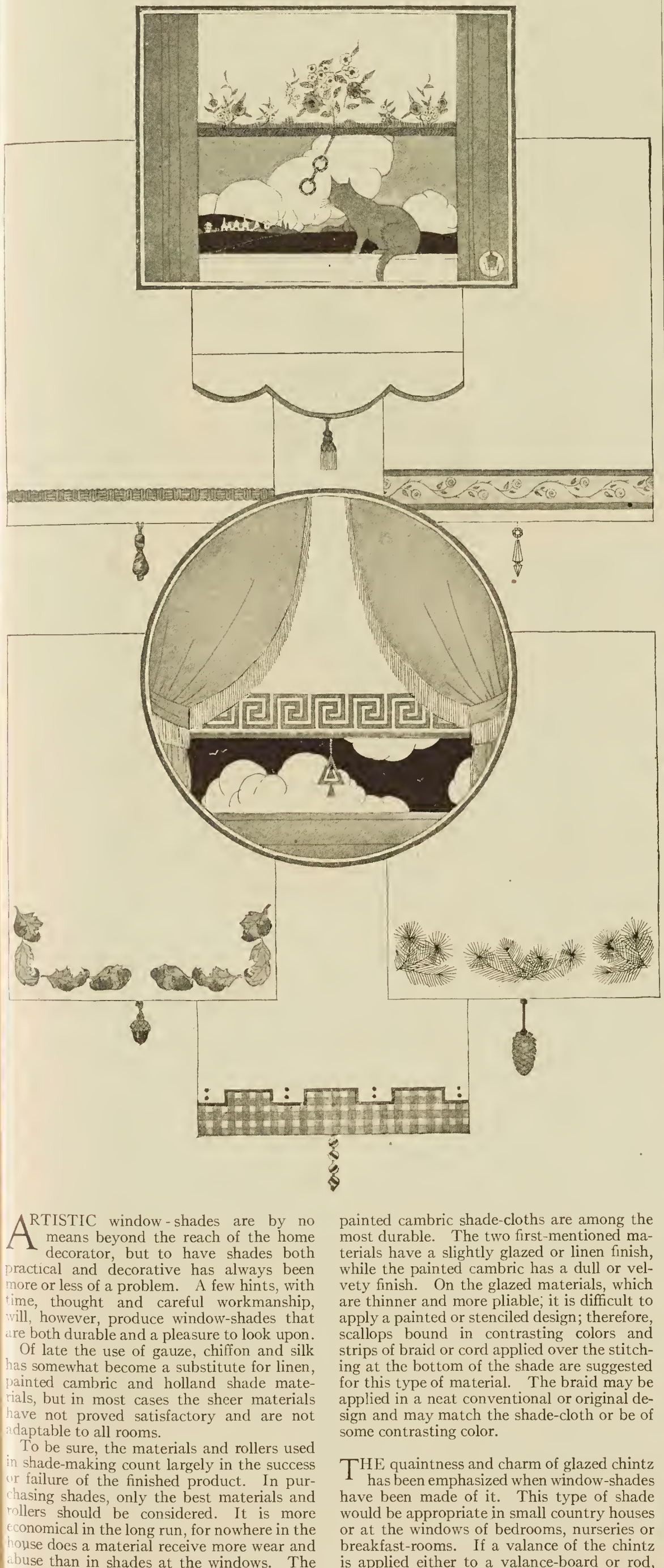
California Prune & Apricot Growers Association, 259 Market Street, San Jose, California. Please send me, without cost, the complete Sunsweet Recipe Packet.

Name_____

Address_____

UNUSUAL WINDOW-SHADES

By Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders



ARTISTIC window-shades are by no means beyond the reach of the home decorator, but to have shades both practical and decorative has always been more or less of a problem. A few hints, with time, thought and careful workmanship, will, however, produce window-shades that are both durable and a pleasure to look upon.

Of late the use of gauze, chiffon and silk has somewhat become a substitute for linen, painted cambric and holland shade materials, but in most cases the sheer materials have not proved satisfactory and are not adaptable to all rooms.

To be sure, the materials and rollers used in shade-making count largely in the success or failure of the finished product. In purchasing shades, only the best materials and rollers should be considered. It is more economical in the long run, for nowhere in the house does a material receive more wear and abuse than in shades at the windows. The constant sunlight and rolling up and down demand that stout, durable fabrics be used; therefore, it is important to become acquainted with the best types of material.

Imported Scotch, holland and the hand-painted cambric shade-cloths are among the most durable. The two first-mentioned materials have a slightly glazed or linen finish, while the painted cambric has a dull or velvety finish. On the glazed materials, which are thinner and more pliable, it is difficult to apply a painted or stenciled design; therefore, scallops bound in contrasting colors and strips of braid or cord applied over the stitching at the bottom of the shade are suggested for this type of material. The braid may be applied in a neat conventional or original design and may match the shade-cloth or be of some contrasting color.

THE quaintness and charm of glazed chintz has been emphasized when window-shades have been made of it. This type of shade would be appropriate in small country houses or at the windows of bedrooms, nurseries or breakfast-rooms. If a valance of the chintz is applied either to a valance-board or rod, it conceals the roller of the shade and makes curtains unnecessary at the windows. These suggestions may be developed into charming and artistic window decorations, providing they are not overdone.



Many Draping Effects with the same Kirsch CURTAIN ROD

Sold by Better Dealers Everywhere

Every Kirsch Curtain Rod provides draping opportunities of almost endless variety.

All four windows at the left—for example—were draped on the Kirsch triple rod, such as pictured.

Kirsch CURTAIN RODS

—and our Free Book of window treatment ideas—are making tasteful window drapings a National habit. Kirsch Rods come single, double or triple, to secure any effect; extension style or cut-to-length, to fit any window.

The FLAT CONSTRUCTION of Kirsch Curtain Rods combines sagless strength with artistic grace. Provides a perfect support for draperies, displaying every charm.

They are particularly easy to put on and take off the brackets, which are of exclusive Kirsch design. The rods attach or detach by merely tilting, yet cannot come down accidentally.

The beautiful and lasting Velvetone Brass or Velvetone White finish prevents rust or tarnish; keeps rods like new for years.

FREE BOOK of Up-to-Date Window Drapings

Our Seventh Annual book, biggest and most valuable of all. Pictures window drapings for every room, in full colors.

Gives practical information as to materials, rods, color schemes, etc. Get it to plan your drapes—free on request.

KIRSCH MFG. CO.
14 Prospect Ave. : Sturgis, Mich., U. S. A.

KIRSCH MFG. COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD.
200 Tecumseh St., Woodstock, Ontario

Triple Kirsch Rod, used for securing effect pictured above.

Double Kirsch bracket and end of rod.

Illustration of rod being attached to bracket by tilting.

Remember to ask for Kirsch
The Original Flat Curtain Rod



Make This Gown Yourself With Belding's Silks

The silk for this gown in size 36 will cost about $12.00 for Belding's Chiffon de Chine, $13.00 for Belding's Satin Circé Charmeuse, or $17.00 for Belding's Satin Crêpe. Use Butterick Pattern and Deltor No. 4237 requiring in size 36, 4 yards of Belding's 36-inch Chiffon de Chine, Belding's 40-inch Satin Circé Charmeuse, or Belding's 40-inch Satin Crêpe. You will require, in addition, ⅛ yard of contrasting material.

Belding's—Satisfactory For Sixty Years

EVER since 1863, American women have been buying and recommending Belding's Silks. Our sixty years of steadily increasing business proves convincingly the superior enduring qualities of Belding's Silks.

The Belding process conserves all the original strength of the pure silk and gives it back to you in the long wear and *enduring beauty* of your Gowns, Linings, and Lingerie.

Each year *personal experience* leads more and more women to insist upon seeing Belding's in the selvage before they buy their silks and the Belding tag in ready-to-wear garments.

Belding Bros. & Company, 902 Broadway, New York City

Belding's

Makers of Enduring Silks—
Fabrics—Embroidery—Sewing Silks

IT MATCHES

WDT

ST. VALENTINE'S HEARTS AND SHOWERS

By Bessie Bellamy Fox

THE friend of a bride elect who plans to act as hostess for an engagement shower should not miss the chance which the day of the patron saint of lovers offers for such a party. On St. Valentine's day the heart motif and color can be carried out most attractively and appropriately in games, decorations and refreshments. The party described here was given as a bridge shower to a bride elect, but it can be adapted easily to a unique and successful engagement-announcement party or to a valentine bridge.

Vases containing red carnations were used in the reception-rooms; red candles in silver candlesticks, strings of red cardboard hearts and a few cupid's darts completed the decorations. The bridge score-cards were red cardboard hearts on red ribbon.

THE bride elect was not aware at first that she was the guest of honor. After bridge prizes were distributed, the hostess announced that she would tell fortunes with cards. One of the guests promptly suggested telling the fortune of the bride elect, who was, of course, unanimously voted the first victim. Before the party, the hostess had arranged a new pack of cards so that every fourth card should be a heart. With this deck she told in interesting detail the following fortune which she had prepared for her guest of honor:



A smiling live jack-in-a-box delivers the shower gifts or distributes bridge prizes

The deuce of hearts announced a surprise, and a party was suggested. The trey augured a threatening storm which seemed to blow over and result in only a *shower*. The four signified a visitor unannounced, whose description hinted of the groom elect. Five denoted a long, long journey down a narrow path, an unending lovers' lane. The six prophesied a new dress, suggestive of a bridal gown. Seven announced a gift of flowers, descriptive of a bridal bouquet. Eight promised a much-valued present of a ring. Nine denoted a change of position from an office secretary to household management. Ten called for a change of address from "Miss" to "Mrs." The jack of hearts predicted a new home by a master-builder. The queen of hearts, who foretold "a woman in the case," when laid upon the table was covered by a small photograph of the bride elect. The king, "a man who longs to get you in his clutches," was pasted over with a picture of the groom elect. The ace of hearts meant a love-letter, and there, in a tiny envelope pasted over the card, was the note which the hostess had inveigled the groom elect to write for the purpose.

IF DESIRED, cards in the heart suit may be decorated with appropriate small pictures cut from the advertising pages of a magazine, or they may have the fortune written out on a slip of white paper and pasted on.

Of course the note from the groom elect was strictly personal, but the hostess proposed a game whereby each curious guest might share its contents. She presented each guest with an incomplete letter, with dashes indicating a syllable, noun or verb which, when put before or after the word heart, completed the words of the sentence. The letter is printed here, with parts in italics which should be suggested by dashes: "*Sweet*heart:

"How heart*less* of you not to have written me. The postman has just passed and my heart *aches* with loneliness. I am heart-*broken*. I have never called you *hard*-hearted before, but your neglect and my own heart*sore*ness make my heart's *blood* cry out in pain.

"All day I've felt a glow down to the very *cockles* of my heart. I was heart*ened* in spite of business adversity, but now I am faced with a heart-*rending* disappointment. I am very heart-*heavy*. One would almost think that you were heart *whole* and fancy free. In such circumstances only one who is heart *free* would have failed to send me a note that would touch the *core* of my heart.

"You, who have been the flower of my love, my heart's-*ease*, why did you not write me?

"P. S. *Heart* of my heart, my heart*felt* apologies. From the *depths* of my heart I am sorry for having misjudged you for even a moment. The postman has just returned to give me your letter. He laughed heart*ily* when I told him how he had made me suffer. I shall sleep to dream of the time when we two shall sit in the glow of our own hearth and home."

IN COUNTING the scores, the hostess accepted the salutation "Dear Heart" as well as "Sweetheart" and other equally good substitutes in the body of the letter. She warned her guests beforehand not to repeat the same word more than twice in the letter.

The climax of the party came when a little girl member of the family wheeled into the reception-room a large square box decorated with red and valentine crape paper, with a similarly decorated heart-shaped top. The lid was lifted and up popped a laughing, live jack-in-a-box. Amid the applause of the guests he handed one package after another to the bride elect.

THE framework of the vehicle was the wheels and shaft of an old go-cart carefully wrapped with strips of heavy red crape paper. The box itself was a heavy pasteboard carton measuring twenty inches square by twenty-four inches high. Heavy red crape paper was fitted smoothly around the box and fastened with small tacks, and the box was secured to the framework with nails. The heart-shaped lid was cut from wallboard and covered with red crape paper. The lid was hinged on with red passe-partout binding, and the valentine crape-paper design was pinned on to the top and bottom of the lid and the front of the box.

Jack-in-a-box was a three-year-old boy dressed in a clown suit of red and white cambric. Tiny brass bells sewed on his cap and suit jingled merrily.

Heart-shaped baking-powder biscuits, creamed chicken in heart ramekins, celery curls, olives, cherry-ice, red heart-shaped mints and coffee were served to all of the guests, including the groom elect, who had been invited to come in time for the distribution of the shower gifts.

In adapting this party to a valentine bridge, the jack-in-a-box would distribute prizes and favors.



Pickles in Patterns

Just one example of uniformity in food preparation

EXAMINE closely a jar of Heinz pickles. They look good to eat, yes — but note the arrangement of the contents. Everything placed *just so.*

Now look at another jar. It shows the same uniform pattern. You can't tell them apart. And any number of jars, each packed by a different girl, show the same orderly, tasteful arrangement.

The neat, prim, white-capped "Heinz girls" do this very skillfully and rapidly. Visitors to the Heinz spotless kitchens marvel at their deftness.

This uniformity in packing is proof of a still greater thing—the uniformity of the products which are packed. It speaks volumes for the care in sorting and selecting.

And the Heinz principle of uniformity goes still further. It is uniformity of grade and quality as well as of size—uniformity in every phase of preparation. Any one jar of pickles or any one can of beans is exactly as good as any other jar or can. The uniform quality and taste of each of the 57 Varieties is something which can always be depended upon.

The reason is not only high standards of food preparation—but cheerful loyalty to these standards by the men and women who do the preparing.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

57 Varieties

©1923 H. J. H. Co

Armstrong's Linoleum

for Every Floor in the House



A guest room, made attractive as any room because of a linoleum floor that offers possibilities for the exercise of thought and taste.

The floor adds cheer to the room

ROSE and gray, in attractive combination, make this an inviting guest room. The floor itself is rose and gray linoleum, in color harmony with the walls, the curtains and the painted furniture.

There is beauty in a floor of Armstrong's Linoleum. The colors and patterns lend atmosphere and dignity to the room, especially when enhanced by the careful placing of a plain fabric rug here and there.

Linoleum is so easy to clean that with no care beyond an occasional wiping with a dust-mop the linoleum floor may be always spotlessly bright and clean.

This spick-and-span quality is a great addition to the appearance of any floor. Other advantages of linoleum floors are their quietness and resilience under foot. Linoleum makes a warm floor—it keeps the heat in and the cold out.

If you are not familiar with new linoleum patterns, go to a good furniture or department store and ask to see what is being offered in Armstrong's Linoleum.

There are beautiful Jaspés or two-tone effects, parquetry inlaids, carpet inlaids, marble tile inlaids, rich plain colors, and attractive printed designs—something suitable for any room you may be planning to re-decorate. Also linoleum rugs, printed and inlaid.

When you go to buy linoleum you can be sure of getting genuine linoleum of highest quality by looking for the Armstrong trademark, a Circle "A" on the burlap back.

Write to our Bureau of Interior Decoration for ideas as to proper patterns and colors for use in your scheme of home decoration. No charge for this service.

"The Art of Home Furnishing and Decoration" (Second Edition)

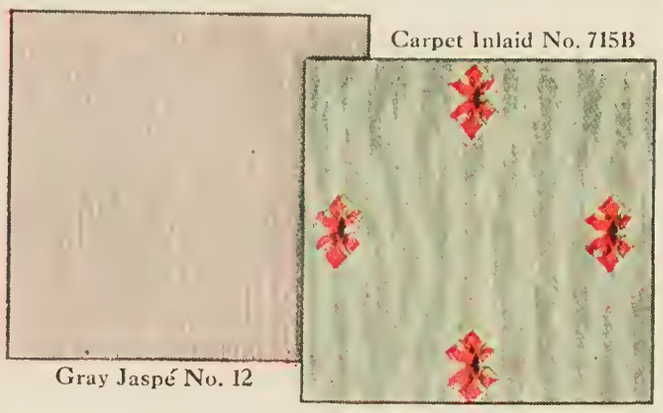
By Frank Alvah Parsons, President of the New York School of Fine and Applied Art. Sent, with de luxe colorplates of home interiors, on receipt of twenty cents.

ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY, LINOLEUM DIVISION

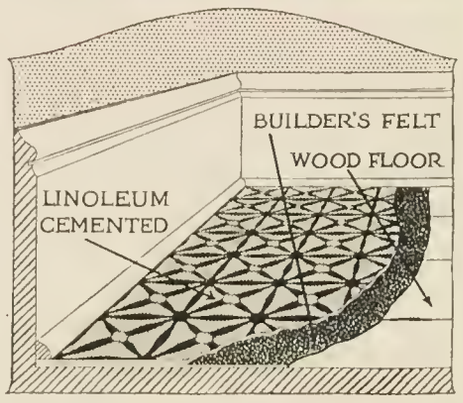
802 West Walnut Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Look for the CIRCLE "A" *trademark on the burlap back*

If one of these Armstrong patterns is more suitable for your bedroom than the design (No. 721 B) shown in the illustration, order by number from any good department or furniture store.



How to Lay Linoleum on Wood Floors



IN summer wood floors expand. In winter they dry out and contract, with a tendency to open up the cracks between the boards. Your linoleum floor, therefore, should be cemented (not tacked) over a lining of builder's deadening felt which has been previously glued to the bare floor boards. The felt takes up expansion and contraction and gives you a permanent, waterproof, good-looking floor. The added service and wear this method gives are well worth the extra cost.

WHEN YOUR SKIN NEEDS A SURGEON

By William Bayard Long, M. D.

Chief of the Dermatological Division, St. Luke's Hospital, O. P. D.; Assistant in the Radio-Therapeutic Department, St. Luke's Hospital

BEAUTY-PARLORS grow rich on woman's desire to get rid of facial blemishes. This desire is natural, but there are two important points to consider before taking any steps: first, be sure that you are in the hands of an expert dermatologist; second, will the treatment or the operation leave a result more objectionable than the blemish itself?

Every treatment I shall mention in this article is recommended only on the assumption that it is the hands of a *first-rate skin specialist.* If you live in a small town, it is not likely that you will find a dermatologist among your doctors, for by specialist we mean not a doctor who among his general practise has treated a number of skin cases, but a man who has devoted all his study to the one subject of dermatology. The safest plan is to go or write to the superintendent of the nearest good hospital and ask who is the skin specialist there. He is sure to be a first-class man, and any one he recommends to you may be safely trusted.

Beauty-parlors are not safe, because most of them still use methods which the medical profession has discarded.

The simplest form of facial blemish is freckles. These are primarily due to the exposure of a sensitive skin to sunlight. Redheads are particularly susceptible to freckles, blondes less and brunettes scarcely at all, the latter's skin burning an even tan when exposed to the sun. In children freckles appear in Summer and disappear in Winter, but as we grow older they tend to become permanent and should therefore be guarded against. The only home treatment possible is prevention. A mother whose little girl freckles easily should be careful to protect her against too strong an exposure to the sun. Women can protect their skins in Summer with veils, parasols, large shade hats and such ordinary precautions. When freckles are permanent, they may be removed by peeling the skin, but this is too dangerous to trust to a beauty-parlor. Like all skin treatments, it is a matter for only the expert to handle.

Larger patches of pigmentation may be the aftermath of persistent freckling, although more usually they are the result of some gland deficiency, and are a medical problem.

BIRTHMARKS are due to an overgrowth of the blood-vessels at one spot in the skin. There are two kinds, the raised and the flat. The raised is the easiest to handle. The "strawberry mark," as it is called, is a reddish raised spot, appearing often on the forehead or between the eyes of a new baby. There are several treatments for this, of which the best is radium. It should be removed soon after the appearance, as it leaves practically no scar while the child is still young. Any adult, however, with a strawberry mark which was not removed in infancy may safely undergo the same treatment with success.

Moles are really a form of birthmark and are due to an overgrowth of the pigment-forming cells of the skin. A mole is a potentially dangerous blemish. Many dermatologists use the electric needle, radium and freezing on moles, but all of these are dangerous because they may remove only the upper part and stimulate the rest to further growth. This results in the most malignant form of cancer and invariably causes death.

Of course, only a small proportion of these operations so result. The odds are all against the possibility of cancer, *but nobody can tell.* Therefore, it is my belief that the only rule to follow with moles is either to have them surgically removed by an expert or else to leave them alone. Never do anything that will cause irritation. For that reason, instead of pulling hairs out of a mole, clip them closely with scissors. A mole in a position on the body where clothing will rub it should be removed. Any mole that increases in size should be removed.

Surgical removal of moles in the hands of an expert is safe and leaves only a slight scar.

Many marks which people think are moles are fibromas. There is no popular name for this. A fibroma is a small elevation about the size of a pea and of normal skin-color, instead of brown, like the mole. This is easily removed by the electric needle with good results. Unlike the mole, the fibroma is not composed of overgrown cells of the skin itself, and therefore offers no danger of cancer.

Raised scars on the face which are the result of injury or a surgical operation can be very successfully treated with radium and X-ray. It is better to treat them immediately while they are still fresh.

PITMARKS, or depressions on the skin, are the result of some general or local disease, such as smallpox or acne. The treatment for this is peeling the skin. The results depend, of course, upon the depth and extent of the scars, but practically all cases can be improved, always providing that the treatment is in the hands of an expert.

There are two kinds of warts: the flat, straight-side kind which appear on the hands, face and neck of children, and the common raised warts. The former are rather difficult to remove and require both internal and local treatment. The common warts usually disappear of their own accord, which is the reason that country districts abound in so many "sure-cures." All of these cures are worthless and owe their reputation to the fact that each was tried on a wart which by pure coincidence disappeared shortly after.

Warts should not be scratched, as they may thus be transferred to other parts of the skin. When warts persist, they should be destroyed by radium or X-ray treatment.

The only permanent way to remove superfluous hair is the electric needle or the X-ray. If the hair is fine and close together, the electric needle should not be used, for the closer together the hairs the greater the danger of scarring. In this treatment the needle is inserted into each individual pore to destroy the hair follicle, then the hair is removed with a pair of pincers. Now, it is obvious that this is a tedious and therefore an expensive process, for each individual hair must be removed in this way and some of them always must be done over a second time. Moreover, there is always some scarring.

Therefore my advice to the woman with a little down on her upper lip is to use a good depilatory. This leaves only a transient redness and may be used over a long period of time. The depilatory which removes the hair with the least reddening of the skin is the one to use. Probably its use does coarsen the hair somewhat, but it is the lesser of two evils. Of course, no depilatory effects a permanent removal.

For coarse hairs rather far apart I should advise the use of the electric needle, for any depilatory strong enough to remove these will probably irritate the skin. Pulling out these hairs with tweezers also irritates the skin and is likely to cause pimples. If there is down and few coarse hairs, have the coarser hairs removed with the needle and use a depilatory on the finer ones. Never shave the hair, as this only increases the growth.

The X-ray is only to be resorted to in desperate cases in which the blemish is more disfiguring than the resulting permanent scars.

AS TO wrinkles, women must recognize the fact that they are an inevitable accompaniment of age and are due to a structural change in the skin itself. As we get older our skin becomes less elastic and thinner and the fatty tissues become absorbed. If a child's skin is stretched, it snaps back into place, but an adult's skin takes longer, like an elastic band that has lost its life. If one develops a wrinkle between the brows, it means that one was born with that tendency, as one was born with brown hair or black. The structure of the forehead is such that as the skin becomes less elastic it tends to sag in that one spot where there is a slight indentation. Continual frowning, of course, increases that tendency, though the frowning

Concluded on page 105



Are you making the most of your hair? Here are six pictures of the same girl showing her hair dressed in six different ways. Notice how the various arrangements change her appearance.

The way you dress your hair and the way you care for it, means the difference between looking attractive or just ordinary.

Why you must have beautiful well kept hair—*to be attractive*

WEAR your hair becomingly, always have it beautifully clean and well-kept, and it will add more than anything else to your attractiveness and charm.

Wherever you go your hair is noticed most critically.

People judge you by its appearance.

It tells the world what you are.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

You, too, can have beautiful hair if you care for it properly.

In caring for the hair, proper shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out all the real life and lustre, the natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

When oily, dry or dull

If your hair is too oily, or too dry; if it is dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy; if the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch; or if it is full of dandruff, it is all due to improper shampooing.

You will be delighted to see how easy it is to keep your hair looking beautiful, when you use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo.

The quick, easy way

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water is sufficient to cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly.

Simply pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out quickly and easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil—the chief causes of all hair troubles.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is. It keeps the scalp soft and healthy, the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for Children — Fine for Men.

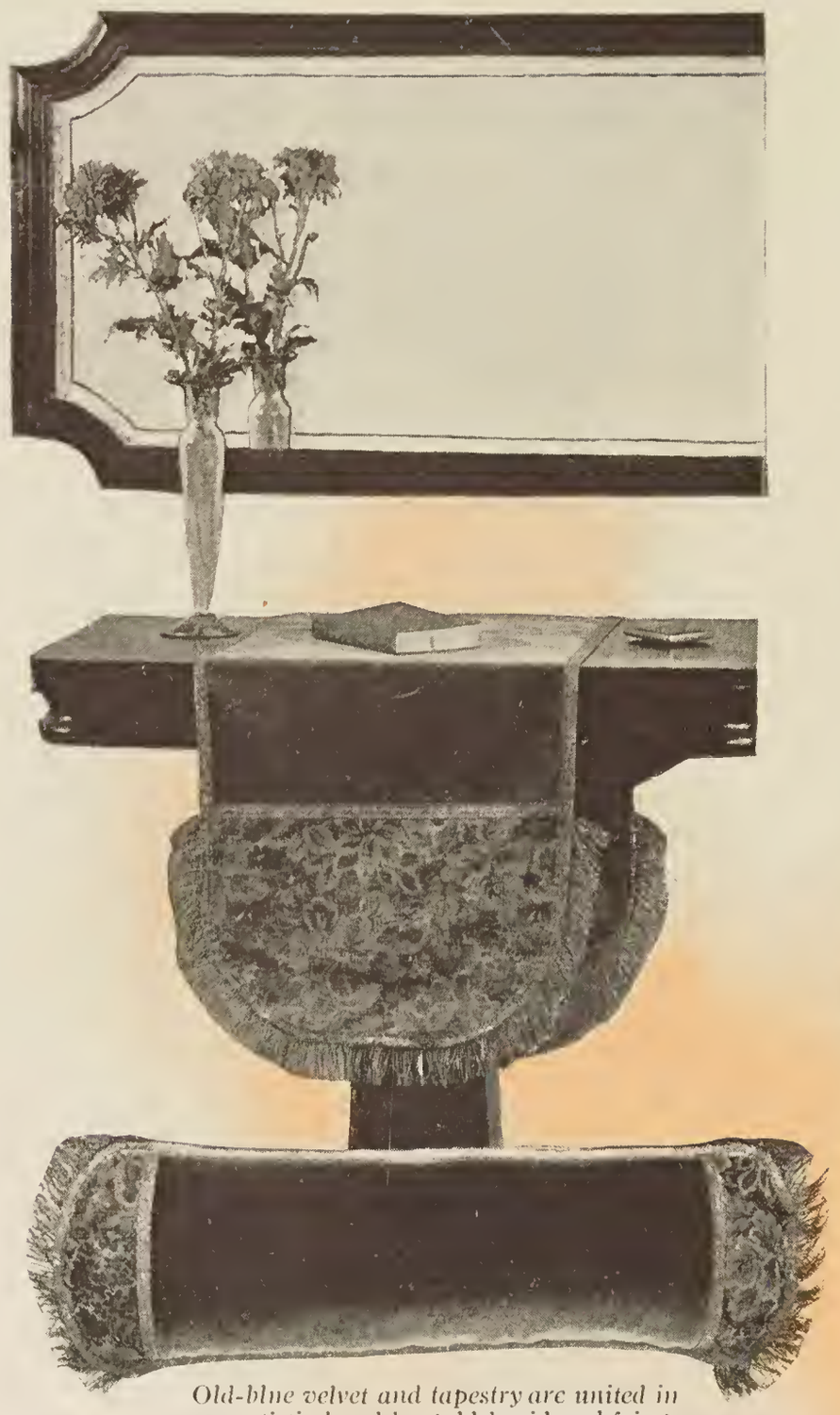


Mulsified

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Cocoanut Oil Shampoo

COLOR SPOTS FOR THAT LITTLE BARE CORNER IN YOUR HOME



Old-blue velvet and tapestry are united in an artistic bond by gold braid and fringe

IS YOUR home just the place where you eat, sleep, and grow older, or an atmosphere radiating your aims and ideals for the gracious art of living? It is exhilarating to realize that upon you alone depends its position in either category. There are so many simple things you can do to increase the beauty of any room in your home. The addition of just enough and just the right color to fit in with your furniture and the scheme of decoration is of first importance. Table runners or scarfs and pillows are the most obvious media for color. The three shown here are quite simple to make; one, the blue-velvet and tapestry set, is especially designed for the woman who has never learned to embroider but who longs to carry out her ideas on decoration.

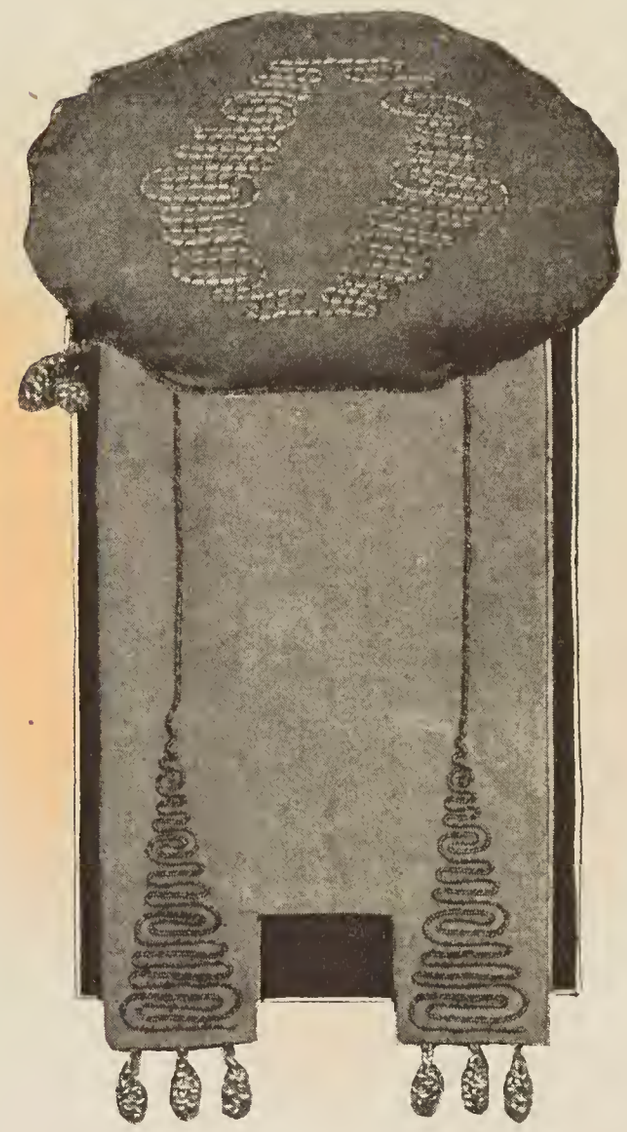
TAPESTRY AND BLUE VELVET

THERE are corners on a window-seat or davenport which simply ache for a spot of color in the right shade. And have you observed how color in a room will draw out its good points? The scarf and pillow above in blue velvet and tapestry is simple enough for any woman to make whether she does much sewing or not. For it you will need a yard of blue velvet 1 yard wide, ½ yard of tapestry, ½ yard of blue sateen, 6 yards of gold braid 1¼ inch wide, 2 yards of gold braid ¾ inch wide, and 3 yards of gold fringe 2 inches wide.

To make scarf, cut a piece of velvet 32 inches long and 18 inches wide. Cut 2 pieces of tapestry 18 inches long and 11 inches wide. Sew one 18-inch side to one 18-inch end of velvet. Sew narrow gold braid over the seam, rounding the outer corners. Finish the opposite end in the same manner. Bind the entire edge with wide gold braid. Sew fringe around the tapestry ends.

For the pillow, cut a piece of velvet 25 inches long and 12 inches wide. Cut 2 pieces of tapestry 5½ inches wide and 12 inches long. Sew the 12-inch sides of the tapestry pieces to the ends of the velvet, sewing the narrow gold braid over the seams. Make the back of the pillow with sateen and bind edges with wide gold braid. Sew gold fringe around the tapestry ends.

Embroidery design 10999



Tan is a shade neutral enough to be safe and an excellent background for the green and dark-brown embroidery on the oval pillow and scarf above

BLACK IS A FOIL FOR COLOR

BLACK is a tantalizing temptation to embroider, for it is such an excellent foil for color. Dark blue is quite as effective as a background for this design in artistic color. Duvetyn, satin, and velvet are quite decorative materials and often used for embroideries of this sort. For this pillow and runner you will need 2 yards of black or navy-blue silk duvetyn, satin, or velvet 1 yard wide, 2 yards of bullion fringe 21 inches wide, 6 yards gold braid ⅜ inch wide, and embroidery wool in the following colors: deep rose, medium rose, light rose, green, tan, and yellow; and embroidery design 10992.

For the scarf, cut a piece of material 1¾ yard long and 1 inches wide. Apply embroidery design 10992 as it is shown in the illustration. Work the leaves and outer scrolls in green and the flowers in light rose. Work a row of one-stitch just inside the outline of the flower, in medium rose. Work a row of deep rose inside the medium rose. Work the remaining scrolls in tan. Sew 3 rows of gold braid through the center of the scarf. Line the scarf with sateen and sew bullion fringe across both ends.

For the pillow, cut a piece of material 30 inches long and 15 inches wide. Apply embroidery design and follow the same color scheme as that used in the scarf. Cut a piece of material 22 inches long and 15 inches wide. Cut a piece 15 inches long and 7 inches wide. Bind one 15-inch side of each piece with bias binding. These two pieces are the back of the pillow, the bound edges forming the opening for the pillow. Sew all 4 sides. Sew bullion fringe at both ends of the pillow. This makes an inviting pillow for an end of the couch.

TAN REP INVITES EMBROIDERY IN THE PILLOW AND SCARF

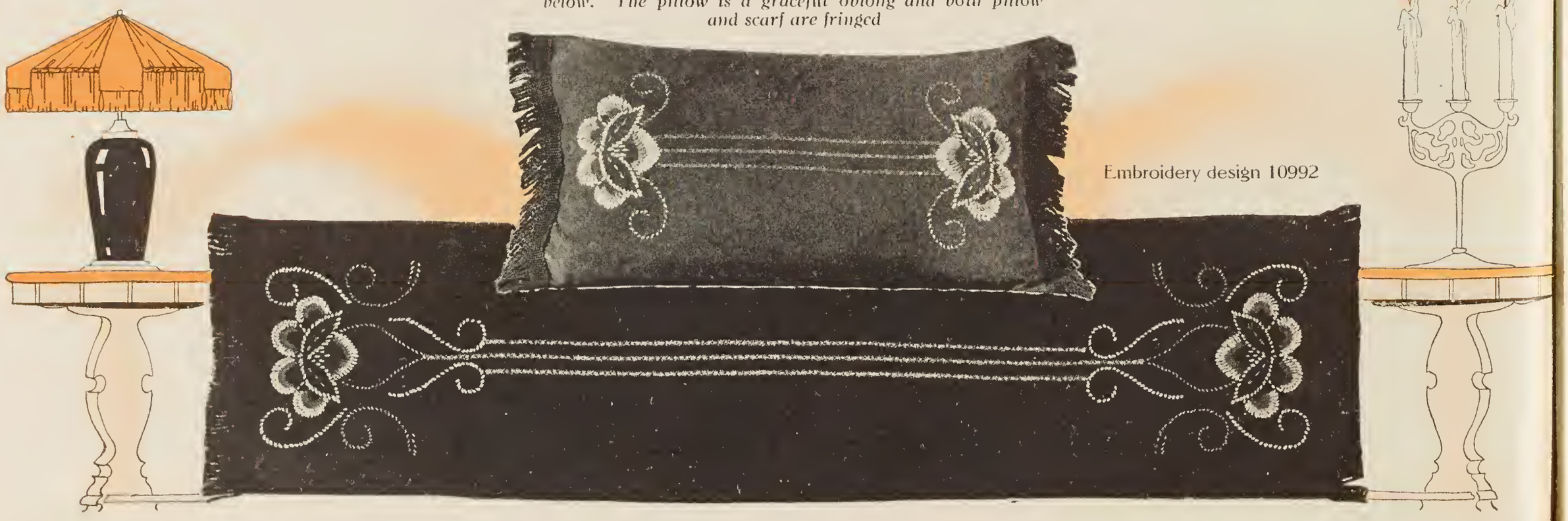
THE tan pillow and scarf are individual enough to give personality to any home-lover's living-room. For them you will need 1½ yard of tan cotton rep 1 yard wide, 1½ yard tan sateen, 1 ball each of green and natural-color crochet cord, 1 skein of dark-brown embroidery wool, and embroidery design 10999.

To make the pillow, cut 2 ovals of material 24 by 17 inches. Apply the embroidery design in the center of the pillow as shown in the illustration. Couch 1 strand of each color cord with brown wool over the design. Sew the edges of the ovals together. Cut a slit in the back for the pillow. Bind these edges. Couch 4 strands of green cord all around the outside edge of the pillow. Crochet balls, using both colors in single crochet. Sew them to the end of the green cord at the side of the pillow.

For the scarf, cut a strip of material 48 inches long and 1 inches wide. Apply the embroidery design at both ends and shape the ends as shown in the illustration. Couch 1 strand of each color of cord over the design and let the two colors extend straight through the scarf, joining the motifs. Line the scarf with the sateen. Make 12 balls of single crochet using cord in both colors. Sew 3 balls to the edge of each section.

THE young married pair who are just embarking on home-building will find that a visit to the furniture house by no means solves all their problems, and even the wedding gifts do not often include enough, if any, pillows and decorative scarfs. The young housewife will find that these may be made very simply and rapidly, and, what is most important, they are quite inexpensive to make. They contribute most effectively toward giving a room that air of being "lived in" at which the most modern decorators aim. Very attractive table runners may be made in the bright shades of duvetyn with the ends cut in a decorative way as a border and without any embroidery. Outworn pillows may be rejuvenated after these suggestions.

Embroidery in rose, green, tan and yellow stands out in bas relief against black-silk duvetyn in the runner and pillow below. The pillow is a graceful oblong and both pillow and scarf are fringed



Embroidery design 10992

SYMPATHY

By Elsie Cleveland Mead

THE DELINEATOR will be glad to answer any question on good manners. Address the Etiquette Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York City, and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for a reply



Elsie Cleveland Mead

PEOPLE who are bereaved of a loved one are in a mood to appreciate other people's thought of them. A card with a word of sympathy written on it is often sufficient, for, unless you know intimately the one who has died or the one who is left, a letter may be an intrusion. Expressions of sympathy are usually made at once. Telegrams of condolence to people at a distance are a quick way of letting friends know your thoughts are with them. A note should always follow.

Perhaps there is nothing so difficult as the writing of a letter of sympathy. People groan under it even when they feel the most, realizing how inadequate words are at such a time. There are no rules to be followed governing such communications. Write sincerely and just as you feel, and the sincerity will always nullify any awkwardness of expression. Old manuals of etiquette used to give examples of what to write, but it is a sad commentary that people should ever have sought the *forms* for this kindly office. People in sorrow have their sensibilities so attuned to the realities of life that any shallow or strained expression of sympathy is sure to offend.

There is nothing more courteous than a personal response to the letter of condolence, even if this means only a message written on a card. However, there are many cases where this would be entirely too much of a burden, so the custom is quite usual to have a black-bordered card engraved expressing the appreciation of the bereaved.

Death notices are usually inserted in one or two papers, and if the time of the services is mentioned, that is considered a sufficient notice that the public are expected. If the funeral is to be private (just for a few definite friends), nothing is said about the services in the newspaper notice, but the few who are particularly wanted may be invited either by note or by telephone. If the funeral is to be public and no one but the family expected at the grave, it is wise to insert in the paper, after the funeral notice, "Interment Private." It is right and proper that there should be traditions surrounding ceremonies. They tend by their very usualness to create an atmosphere of dignity and solemnity. Nearly every community has its own customs, but the tendency away from the lugubrious is a sane and progressive step.

THE perfunctory sending of flowers has been very much overdone. (People have thought it wise to insert in the death notice, "Please omit flowers." This never seems to be very effective, for those who intend to send flowers will probably do so any way.) Flowers and floral pieces are sent to the house the day preceding or the day of the funeral, with a card directed with the name of the deceased. A kind friend will often remember to have cut flowers in the house to cheer the family on their return from the funeral.

In Europe there are very definite ingrained customs for the wearing of mourning and the depth of the black border to be used on stationery, etc. Fortunately, we have broken away from this rather oppressive custom. Especially since the war there has been a tendency either to do away with black or to wear it in a less prominent form. One seldom sees the heavy black veils of a generation ago. If mourning is worn, it should be consistent. The arm-band of black on the sleeve of a suit that is not strictly mourning material is practical for both men and women as a sign of respect, but it is absurd to put this badge on a highly colored garment. Here it is incongruous and defeats its purpose.

The reason for wearing mourning is twofold: it is a tribute to the memory of the deceased and it is a protection to the wearer of it. The wearing of mourning is a custom so deeply rooted that the one whose feelings prompt him to go without often suffers from the comment and the consequent notoriety caused by his divergence from this traditional formality. If mourning is worn, it should be harmonious. Nothing is more inappropriate than an elaborately beaded gown or a shiny satin frock with a crêpe-trimmed hat. There is no reason why mourning should not be made attractive and becoming despite its ordained simplicity.

The experience of the Great War has brought to many the deeper sorrow of losing a loved one far from home. Those who were willing to leave their sons buried in the sacred soil for which they sacrificed their lives must have found great consolation in the memorial services which have been instituted in many towns throughout the country. Many feel that the custom of holding a memorial service at which friends and acquaintances may be bidden is one that should be generally adopted and that the actual burial service should be for the immediate family alone. The memorial service, especially in the case of a person who has held a prominent place in the life of the community, serves the double purpose of paying honor and of bringing before the public with emphasis the example of a noble life.

THE following are answers to questions that have been asked us by readers:

Q. Should a friend of the deceased who did not know the family write to the family?

A. Yes, by all means. Letters from friends of the one who is gone are the greatest comfort to the bereft.

Q. What expression of sympathy should come from a calling acquaintance?

A. A card left at the house with the words "With sincere sympathy" written by hand on it suffices. If one lives at a distance, the same card may be mailed.

Q. Who may and who may not send flowers?

A. Flowers are usually sent by intimate friends and family and very often by a group of associates.

Q. Should flowers sent to the funeral always be white?

A. By no means. The old tendency to send only white and purple flowers is passing, and one often sees beautiful sprays of cut flowers in cheerful pink, blue or other colors.

Q. How long should a letter of condolence be?

A. A note to a calling acquaintance should be very short. Sincerity should guide the length of letters to intimate friends. What one feels should be gracefully expressed, and it is well to mention any happy relation that one may have had with the deceased.

Q. Should invitations to dances and formal entertainments be sent those in mourning?

A. Most certainly. At such times an invitation like this is not expected to be accepted but simply shows that the person has not been forgotten.

Q. When should one call on the bereaved?

A. At once, and if they do not feel like receiving you, it is quite easy to be excused.



Except the eyes, no factor in beauty counts for more than white teeth

No Excuse Now

For dingy film on teeth

A way has been found to combat film on teeth, and millions of people now use it.

A few years ago, nearly all teeth were coated more or less. Today those dingy coats are inexcusable. You can prove this by a pleasant ten-day test.

Film ruins teeth

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Then it forms the basis of dingy coats which hide the teeth's natural luster.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film. No ordinary tooth paste effectively combats it. So, despite all care, tooth troubles have been constantly increasing, and glistening teeth were rare.

New methods now

Dental science has now found two effective film combatants. Their action is to curdle film and then harmlessly remove it. Years of careful tests have amply proved their efficiency.

A new-type tooth paste has been created, based on modern research. These two film combatants are embodied in it for daily application. The name of that tooth paste is Pepsodent.

Dental authorities the world over now endorse this method. Leading dentists everywhere are urging its adoption.

Other new effects

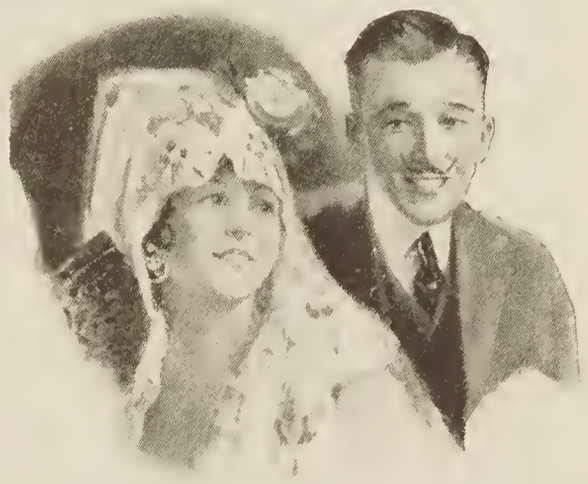
Pepsodent also multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise cling and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize acids which cause tooth decay.

Old-time tooth pastes, based on soap and chalk, had just opposite effects.

It polishes the teeth, so film adheres less easily.

Thus Pepsodent does, in five great ways, what never before was so successfully done.



Used the world over

Now careful people of fifty nations are using Pepsodent, largely by dental advice. You can see the results in lustrous teeth wherever you look today. To millions of people it has brought a new era in teeth cleaning.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

In one week you will realize that this method means new beauty, new protection for the teeth. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent REG. U.S. PAT OFF

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

10-Day Tube Free 961

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 571, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

.....

.....

Only one tube to a family.

NEW IDEAS ARE WOVEN INTO TATTING MEDALLIONS FOR HOUSEHOLD LINENS



Lacy cartwheels for a linen écru centerpiece, are quite simple to make by tatting in écru crochet cotton



One cannot fail to covet this tea-cloth edged with tatting and with corner medallions

TATTING is a hand-work which has survived through the ages of needle art because of the beautiful lacy effect it gives against a dark background. While not an especially new idea in hand-work, this design in a combination of tatting and weaving is quite effective and does not take so long to do as one would think because the wheels are comparatively large. Both the centerpiece and the luncheon set are too lovely to give away as gifts—one wants to use them in her own home!

The abbreviations used in the following directions are as follows: d. c.—double stitch; ch.—chain; p.—picot.

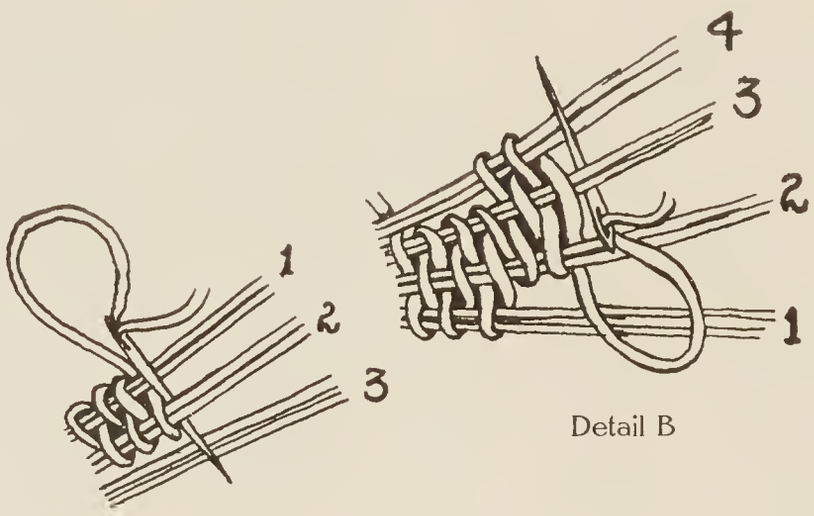
In making any tatting it is wise to observe a few simple precautions to insure neat and clean work. The hands should be immaculately clean and dry; otherwise the thread will stick and the rings will be different sizes. Keep your work in a clean towel or a bag. In cutting a tatting edge, cut through the center of the ring and not through the connecting picot. If you do the latter, both rings will rip. If you will observe these few recommendations, you will have beautiful, even work.

FOR the centerpiece you will need écru crochet cotton, number 15. With 1 thread, leave 2 inches of cotton. Ring 5 d. s. p., 4 d. s. p., 4 d. s. p., 5 d. s., close. * Leave 2 inches of cotton. Ring 5 d. s. Join in last p. of last ring. 4 d. s. p., 4 d. s. p., 5 d. s., close. Repeat from * 17 times more. Ring 5 d. s., join in last p. of last ring, 4 d. s. p., 4 d. s., join in first p. of first ring, 5 d. s., close. Leave a long end of thread. Thread this end in a needle and run needle through each long loop of thread, drawing thread up close in center of the medallion. Now weave under first 2 threads, over next 2, under next 2, working around in this manner for 4 more rows. This completes the center of the medallion. Now weave under next pair of threads, and over the next pair, turn your needle and weave back working on threads 1 and 2, like detail A, for 9 rows. Now weave in the same manner over the remaining half of the threads number 2 and number 3 for 9 rows more. The weaving should look like illustration I. Slip needle down through the weaving, down to the base of threads. Weave over base of thread 3 and next 2 threads. Weave all the way around in the same manner. Make 38 more medallions in the same manner. Cut a circle of écru linen 25 inches in diameter. Roll and whip the edge and arrange the medallions around the edge of the linen, joining the two center picots.

FOR the tea-cloth and napkin you will need white crochet cotton, number 3. To make the edge proceed as follows: with 1 thread, ring 5 d. s. p., 4 d. s. p., 4 d. s. p., 5 d. s., close. * Leave ½ inch of cotton. Ring 5 d. s., join in last p. of last ring, 4 d. s. p., 4 d. s. p., 5 d. s., close. Repeat from * until edge is long enough to extend all around the edge of a 36-inch tea-cloth. Make enough edging in the same manner, for 15-inch napkins.

To make the medallions, with 1 thread, leave 2 inches of cotton. Ring 5 d. s. p., 4 d. s. p., 4 d. s. p., 5 d. s., close. * Leave 2 inches of cotton. Ring 5 d. s., join in last p. of last ring. 4 d. s. p., 4 d. s. p., 5 d. s., close. Repeat from * 19 times more. Ring 5 d. s., join in last p. of last ring, 4 d. s. p., 4 d. s., join in first p. of first ring, 5 d. s., close. Leave a long thread. Thread this end in a needle and run the needle through each long loop of the thread, drawing thread up close in center of the medallion. Now weave under first 2 threads, over next 2 threads, under next 2 threads. Continue to weave around in this manner for 6 rows. This completes the center of the medallion. Now weave over the next pair of threads, under the next pair and over the next pair. Turn, weave back and forth in the same manner on these 3 pairs of threads for 3 rows, as in detail B. In the next row of weaving do not weave on the threads marked 1 in detail B but weave over threads marked 2, 3 and 4 in detail B, for 3 rows. Continue to weave in this way until you have woven over the first 7 pair of threads. (See illustration II.) Join thread securely and break. Join at base of next pair and weave in the same manner over next 7 pair. Weave over remaining 7 pair of threads in the same manner. This completes one medallion. Make 12 medallions for the tea-cloth and 1 each for napkin. Place 3 medallions in each corner of tea-cloth, cutting the material away beneath them. Sew the edging all the way around edge of cloth. Place 1 medallion in one corner of napkin and sew edging all the way around edge.

Details for Weaving Medallions



Detail A

Detail B

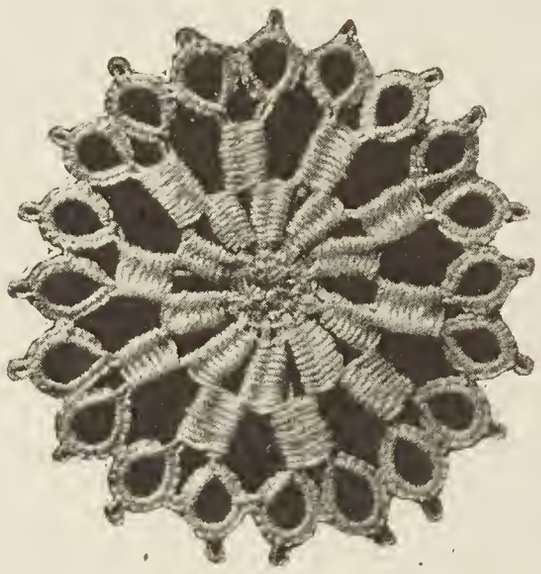


Illustration I

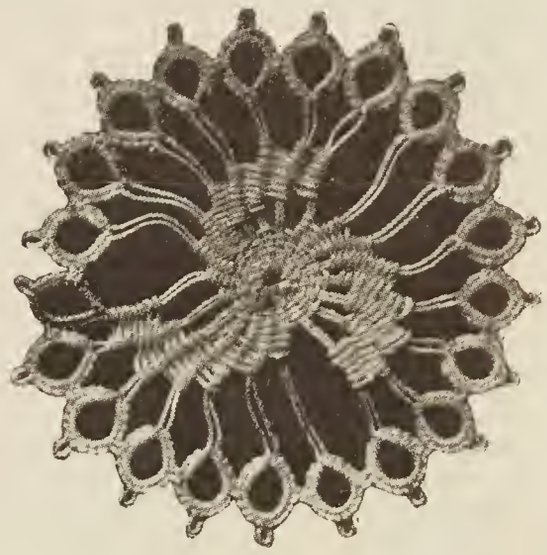


Illustration II



HER ELECTRIC HOME

Concluded from page 56

One inexpensive convenience is the arrangement of switches so that one floor can be lighted from a floor below or from a floor above. This saves a mother's steps when she is sending a child who is afraid of the dark to bed, and in a cellar or attic the steps to which are steep it may prevent a bad fall.

ELECTRICAL HELPS

AN ELECTRICALLY run sewing-machine is as useful as an electric iron or a vacuum cleaner and is worth making a standard part of household equipment. For a woman who sews a great deal it may save its cost in doctor's bills. An electric motor may be bought which will drive any sewing-machine, or a special electric sewing-machine may be bought which fits in a case and may be carried from room to room.

If you have no laundry and no room in your kitchen for a separate washing-machine, you can buy a special washer that fits right into your stationary tub. There are several types of excellent washers of this kind.

Another labor-saver is a complete set of equipment for cooking breakfast at the table. The author knows one family the members of which do not all come to breakfast at one time, where every one has to cook his own breakfast at the table. The percolator makes the coffee, an electric grill makes toast and cooks eggs, bacon, chops or steaks at the table. On Sundays a waffle-iron stands ready to make the most perfect waffles you ever tasted. With raw fruit and a cold cereal or a cereal cooked overnight and kept warm in the fireless cooker, the mother has no responsibility for getting breakfast other than setting the table, which is done the night before, and laying out the raw materials for breakfast, which she does in the morning. A hot-plate, which keeps food warm at the table, is another great convenience, especially in Summer for outdoor meals.

By the addition of an ovenette the grill can be turned into a portable table-range. It has a big cover that answers the purpose of oven and will cook a light meal.

HOW TO CARE FOR EQUIPMENT

CARE of electrical equipment and a little simple knowledge of how to mend cords make the cost of upkeep of your conveniences very small. The colored cook shown in the illustration grinding coffee takes beautiful care of the many devices in the electrical home and has learned how to repair electric cords.

There are two types of table appliances to be cared for: those with the exposed heating element and those with the concealed element. The heating element, of course, is the group of little wires that glows with heat when the electricity flows through them. The exposed or radiant type automatically cleans itself by burning up all fluids, dust and débris. The enclosed variety can be kept clean and free from dust by rubbing a little petroleum jelly over the top while it is warm and then polishing it with a dry cloth about once a week, or by the use of any of the standard cleansing oils.

Appliances having an attached heater, such as percolators, teapots, samovars and chafing-dishes, must not be immersed in water, but simply washed out. About once a week it is advisable to allow a soda solution to boil hard in them for a few minutes, then rinse with cold water. A tiny percolator-brush for cleaning the little tube through which the water ascends should be used regularly to keep the tube clean. Connect and disconnect all appliances where the plug connects with the element, never at the switch of the lamp-socket or at the outlet.

When the appliance is provided with a switch, always turn current on or off at the switch. If no switch is provided, turn on the current at the lamp-socket switch before connecting the attachment plug of the appliance; disconnect by pulling out the attachment plug before turning off the current at the lamp-socket switch.

A great many electric appliances which hold liquids, such as samovars, chafing-dishes, percolaters and water-heaters, are equipped with fuse-nuts, which when overheated melt and automatically shut off the current, thus preventing damage to the boiler and the necessity for repairs. Even so, don't forget to disconnect the plug.

AVOID FIRE

THE larger percentage of all fires reported is due to carelessness. Of all the fires reported during the past five years by insurance companies upon which losses were paid, only six and three-tenths per cent. were due to electrical causes, and of those a very large proportion was due to the careless use of electrical appliances or to incorrect wiring done by unqualified electricians.

The cardinal principle for the use of all electrical appliances is this: When you are not continuously using any device, shut off the current. To do this, entirely disconnect the flat-iron, curling-iron or whatever the device may be by pulling out the plug. Do not be content with turning off the current at the switch.

To-day no household which has electricity is complete without an electric flat-iron, and when properly used nothing could be safer. It is absolutely necessary that the current be completely cut off when the iron is not in use. Sometimes the current has been inadvertently turned on when the flat-iron has been left connected at the switch and material has been scorched or even more serious damage has resulted. Also, it is generally impossible to turn off an appliance readily at a wall outlet, and the connection must be broken at the iron.

An electric coil for heating water has caused fire when carelessly left near inflammable material. It should not be left turned on when it is not in the liquid, as it may get too hot and burn itself out. In like manner a connected curling-iron when heedlessly placed on a bureau scarf has also caused damage. Remember the cardinal principle for the use of all electrical appliances: *Pull out the plug to disconnect when not continuously using them.*

The electric heating-pad is one of the most popular of all electric appliances. In order to get the best service from the pad remember always to keep it dry. Wrapping a damp cloth around the pad will damage it and may even cause a short-circuit. If wet applications are desired, be sure to use a pad made especially for this purpose. Fires have also been caused by wrapping inflammable material about a connected flat-iron or lamp.

An electric heater is a great convenience for use between seasons or to give additional warmth. There is not the slightest danger from fire unless the user is grossly careless. For example, curtains or any inflammable material should not be left so that the breeze from an open window may blow them against the heater.

AVOID BLOWOUTS

REGARDING appliances that take current from the lamp-socket, there is one other matter to take into consideration—the possibility of overloading an outlet and the circuit by attaching to it appliances of too high a wattage. Most of the household appliances are designed for lamp-socket connection, but others require outlets of greater capacity.

Care should be exercised in the use of "cluster-plugs." Use of these may cause, if too many appliances are in use at one time, the overloading of the lighting circuit and the blowing out of fuses. If, for example, a percolator consuming four hundred and fifty watts, a toaster consuming five hundred watts and a lamp are connected to one cluster-plug at the same time, a blow-out of the fuse will almost inevitably result, for most circuits have a capacity of only six hundred and sixty watts.

Both the percolator and the toaster are appliances with a high wattage, and together consume nine hundred and fifty watts. Care should be taken, therefore, to connect at the same time only appliances of low wattage which together do not exceed six hundred and sixty watts, or to have extra circuits provided. Worn flexible wires are another source of blowouts. When your detachable wire becomes chafed, mend it or have it mended before it causes a short-circuit. An adequate number of outlets does away with the dangling cords which look untidy.



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Do you know how to buy it for them?

STORY & CLARK

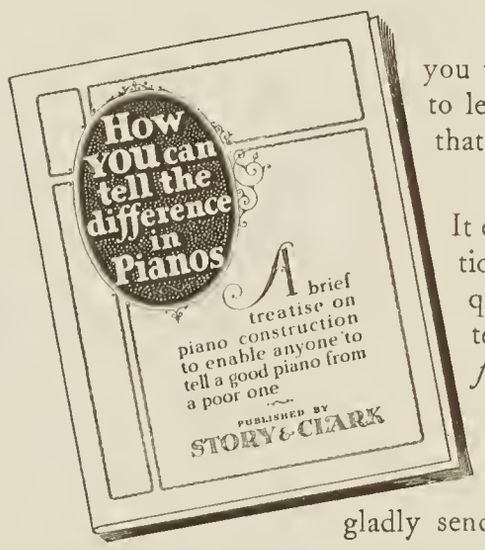
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He Made Wheat a Confection

Also blasted every food cell so the whole grain could digest

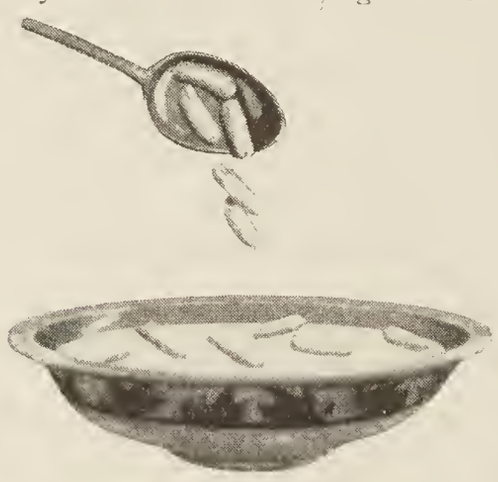
To Prof. A. P. Anderson you owe Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. He found the way to blast all food cells, to make whole grains wholly digestible. His process causes in every kernel 125 million steam explosions—one for each food cell. Thus every granule is fitted to digest. Every atom of the whole grain feeds.

Toasted bubble grains

The grains are puffed to bubbles, eight times normal size. Their texture is like snowflakes, their flavor is like nuts. For millions of children they have made whole grains the most delightful foods they know. So they eat whole grains in plenty, as mothers want them to.

Now Puffed Grains are served in many attractive ways. Not merely at meal times, but between meals. They are doused with melted butter for hungry children after school. They are mixed with the morning fruit. They are used like nut-meats in candy making, or as garnish on desserts. Thus children are eating, morning, noon and night, the best foods they can get. And in the best form known.

Do your children get enough?



Puffed Rice

The finest breakfast dainty children ever get. Bubble grains, flavory and flimsy, puffed to 8 times normal size. The taste is like toasted nuts.



Puffed Wheat

Serve in every bowl of milk. It is practically a complete food, rich in 16 needed elements. With every food cell blasted all are easy to digest.



PRETTY GENOESE PASTRY

Concluded from page 58

with a swirl or flourish. The sides of the cakes are left uniced and no other decoration is used. The cakes and the icing are usually vanilla flavored.

Petits gâteaux are pretty and dainty enough to answer as bonbons as well as cake. The pastry for them is baked in a shallow pan well greased and sprinkled lightly with flour, and when it is finished and thoroughly cooled it is cut into tiny cakes with little fancy cutters. Then a good icing is made and divided into four parts: the first is left white and is vanilla flavored; the second is tinted a very pale pink and a few drops of almond or rose extract stirred into it; the third portion is made a delicate green and flavored with lemon or pistachio; the last is tinted and flavored with strong coffee. The little cakes are dipped into the icings, placed on a sieve to dry and served in tiny fluted paper.

If one has learned to manage the pastry-tube and bag, some very pretty decorative work may be done on the cakes. Roses with leaves on the white cakes, caramel-tinted beads about the edges of the pink cakes, rosettes of pink and white on the green, and so on in infinite variety. Or the cakes may be ornamented with halved candied cherries or nuts. Chopped pistachio-nuts on a pink background or bits of translucent citron cut in points or disks will produce a charming French effect.

FOR orange slices the cake is baked in two very shallow pans or in one deep enough to admit of its being split into two layers. Put the layers together with orange filling and cut them in strips of finger lengths, then ice the sides and tops with an icing made by mixing fine confectioners' sugar to a paste with orange-juice. Decorate each slice with candied orange-peel cut in diamonds or strips. If desired, a teaspoon of grated orange-peel may be added to the cake batter. Citron slices are made in the same way, substituting lemon filling, lemon-flavored icing and bits of citron for ornament.

Fascinations are more elaborate, but are extremely delicious. Bake the pastry in a shallow tin and turn it out to cool as usual. Meantime mix together three tablespoons of finely ground blanched almonds, four of confectioners' sugar and just enough water to make a very stiff paste; flavor faintly with almond and vanilla extracts, then sprinkle some fine sugar on the pastry-board and knead the sugar mixture until it is soft and pliable, roll it out as thin as it can possibly be handled and cut it into rounds with a small-size cutter. Cut the Genoese pastry with the same cutter and split each little cake into two layers.

Lay the disks of icing on the disks of cake and spread each with raspberry jam or any nice jelly; then place a second icing disk on the jelly and top with the other half of the cake. When all are finished (they should be about an inch in height), whip half a cup of cream to a very stiff froth, sweeten and flavor it and drop a spoonful on each little fascination; decorate with halved cherries or blanched pistachio-nuts. These cakes must be eaten the day they are made, or they may be finished with the exception of the cream the day before.

Genoese dominoes are tremendously attractive. The pastry is baked in a long narrow pan and when cool is cut in strips, then in pieces the size of dominoes. Ice the cakes on tops and sides with white vanilla icing and let them dry thoroughly. Then melt a square of unsweetened chocolate over hot water, place it in the pastry-bag with the smallest tube or in a paper funnel with a very tiny opening and draw a line across each cake, then dot it to resemble a domino.

A bonne bouchée is, as the name implies, a good mouthful. Bake the cake mixture in tiny fluted or plain molds less than an inch across. Then make a meringue by beating the white of one egg to a stiff dry froth, add two tablespoons of fine sugar and beat again until the mixture will hold its shape, then add another tablespoon of sugar and flavor to taste. Divide the meringue into several portions and tint pink, chocolate or coffee, then pile it high on the cake and sprinkle with grated coconut. Place in a very moderate oven for five minutes to become crisp and delicately brown.

To make *chocolate Genoese pastry*, use but two tablespoons of butter, for the chocolate will add richness to it, and omit a tablespoon of the usual amount of flour also, and add a heaping tablespoon of grated chocolate melted over hot water to the egg-and-sugar mixture when almost sufficiently beaten. Then proceed as before. The chocolate Genoese is much more apt to become brittle than the plain variety and is, therefore, better made into the smaller cakes than layer-cakes.

Polish cake is most delicious. For it the pastry is baked in a rather deep layer-tin and when cold split into two layers. Then a most toothsome filling is made by mixing together a tablespoon of flour and a small cup of milk, which are boiled together till thick, then two tablespoons of sugar, half a cup of finely ground or chopped almonds, the well-beaten yolk of an egg and half a teaspoon of vanilla are added and the filling cooked again for a few minutes, after which it is cooled and spread between the layers of the cake, which are then pressed gently together. Finally, a lattice is made on the top of the cake by forcing stiffly whipped sweetened cream through a pastry-tube or a paper funnel and in each of the diamonds formed placing a blanched almond or a maraschino cherry. Care must be taken to whip the cream very solidly or it will not be possible to keep it in nice even lines when arranged on the cake. Meringue or a stiff icing may be substituted for the whipped cream.

For *pineapple cakes* make the pastry as usual, but before dropping it into a very small cake-mold add a few tablespoons of finely chopped preserved or candied pineapple, then bake as usual. Make the icing by mixing confectioners' sugar to a paste with the juice from canned or ripe pineapples, and garnish each cake with a bit of the candied fruit.

Duchess cake—Make the pastry and bake in a flat pan. When cool, cut into rounds about the size of small cookies, spread with jelly, then mix sugar and ground almonds together as in recipe for fascinations, roll out and cut into disks about the size of a five-cent piece, press each disk gently in the center to make an indentation, and arrange them in circles about the edges of the cakes. Place a halved pecan-meat, a shredded almond or a pinch of chopped pistachio-nuts in the center of each cake.

Checker-board cake—Make the pastry and divide before baking into three parts; tint one a faint pink with the vegetable coloring, another chocolate with a square of chocolate melted in a little milk and added to the batter while still hot, and leave the last third its original color. Bake each portion separately in flat pans and when cold cut into long strips. Put these together—first a chocolate, then a plain, then a pink—with a plain white icing and when thoroughly dry turn the cakes over and ice the undersides. Cut in squares before serving.

Rose cakes are lovely. The pastry may be tinted pink before baking or left plain as desired. It should be baked in a square pan and when cool cut in squares an inch and a half each way. Each square should be split and the halves put together and iced all over with a pink-tinted icing flavored with a few drops of rose-water and finally garnished with candied rose petals placed on the soft icing in the shape of a flower, with stems and leaves cut from angelica softened in hot water.

Violet cakes are made in the same way, except that they are iced with a pale-green icing flavored with pistachio, and candied violets are used for the decorations.

THERE are other delicate cakes to be made from this useful and very good Genoese pastry batter, but the housewife who enjoys making beautiful and toothsome dishes will find it interesting to create and invent her own designs. The batter is adaptable to innumerable uses, and with a little imagination, plus the accessories I have mentioned, there is really no end to the wonderfully delectable and artistic cakes and desserts which may be made from it.

DEEP-FAT FRYING

Concluded from page 65

then place a piece of cloth over a wire strainer, place the strainer on top of the utensil which is to receive the fat and strain the fat. Fat should be kept in a covered container in a cool dark place.

EQUIPMENT

BESIDES the iron pot already mentioned, there should be a wire basket with a bail, to contain the food to be cooked; a shallow pan lined with paper toweling, in which to drain the cooked food; a thermometer to test the fat, and a long-handled spoon or fork to remove the cooked food from the basket. Special irons are also needed for cooking Swedish timbale-cases and rosettes. Dishes used for frying are easily cleaned by boiling in water to which a little washing-soda has been added.

TEMPERATURES

THE temperature of fat for frying varies with the type of food to be cooked. For uncooked foods, such as doughnuts and fritters, the fat should be heated to one hundred and seventy-five degrees centigrade; for cooked foods such as croquettes, cutlets and breaded vegetables, the temperature should be one hundred and eighty-five degrees centigrade; and for very cold foods containing much water, such as potatoes or oysters, it should be one hundred and ninety-five degrees centigrade. The simplest method of testing fat is to use a thermometer. Another way, if a thermometer is not available, is to drop in a cube of bread. If the bread browns while one counts thirty, or in half a minute, the temperature approximates one hundred and ninety-five degrees centigrade and the fat is hot enough to make French-fried potatoes; if it browns more slowly, or in forty counts, it is hot enough for croquettes or cooked foods; if in sixty counts, the temperature is suitable for doughnuts and other uncooked foods. The fat should always be reheated to the desired temperature after each batch of cooking.

Among the delicious foods fried in deep fat are those made from batters and doughs, such as fritters, timbale-cases, doughnuts and feather puffs, croquettes and cutlets, vegetables (cooked and uncooked), as well as oysters, smelts, whitebait and other small fish. Raw bananas may also be cut in pieces, egged and crummed and cooked in deep fat.

FRITTERS

BANANA FRITTERS

4 bananas
4 tablespoons sugar
4 tablespoons lemon-juice
Fritter batter

REMOVE the skins from the bananas, scrape them with a silver knife and cut them in four equal parts. Sprinkle them with the sugar and the lemon-juice, cover them and let stand one hour. Drain, dip them in batter, fry in deep fat at a temperature of one hundred and seventy-five degrees centigrade and drain them on paper.

CORN FRITTERS

1 cup corn, canned or fresh
1 teaspoon baking-powder
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 egg
½ cup milk
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup flour

MIX the corn, milk, yolk of the egg, salt, pepper and flour. Then carefully add the stiffly beaten egg-white and baking-powder, and drop by spoonfuls in a kettle of fat heated to one hundred and seventy-five degrees centigrade. Brown on one side, turn, brown on the other, remove with a skimmer, drain on brown paper and serve at once.

Fritters may also be made from chopped clams, sweetbreads and calves' brains.

FRITTER BATTER

½ cup bread flour
¼ teaspoon salt
1 egg-white beaten until stiff
¼ cup milk
1 egg-yolk beaten until thick
½ tablespoon melted butter

MIX the flour and the salt, add the milk gradually, then the egg-yolk and the melted butter, and lastly fold in the egg-white.

Fresh fruits such as pears, peaches or apples, or canned fruit drained from its sirup, may be cut into pieces, dipped into fritter batter and fried in deep fat in much the same way as bananas.

TIMBALE-CASES

¾ cup flour
½ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon melted fat
1 teaspoon sugar
½ cup milk
1 egg, well beaten

SIFT the dry ingredients together and stir in the milk gradually, then the heated egg and lastly the fat. Pour the mixture into a cup. Heat the fat to one hundred and seventy degrees centigrade and put the timbale-iron in the fat until heated. To test, shake the fat from the iron, dip it to three-fourths its depth into the batter in the cup and put it back into the fat, which now should be one hundred and seventy-five degrees centigrade. If the batter does not cling to the iron but falls off, the iron is not hot enough and should be heated to a higher temperature. If the batter clings, cook until it is of a delicate brown color and slip off the case on to brown paper and drain. These cases may be filled with creamed chicken, fish, oysters or sweetbreads.

CROQUETTES

THE general rule for making croquettes is to mix two cups of well-seasoned cold, finely chopped chicken, veal, beef or fish with one cup of thick white sauce. This mixture may be enriched by the addition of an egg-yolk or varied by omitting part of the meat and substituting for it rice or mashed or diced potatoes.

Spread the mixture out on a plate or platter and place in a cool place for at least one hour. Then shape into balls, cylinders or pyramids, dip in a mixture of slightly beaten egg and water in the proportion of two tablespoons of water to one egg, and then dip in bread-crums. Care should be taken that the croquette is completely covered with a coating of egg and crums. It is this coating which prevents the absorption of fat by the croquette and makes the difference between a greasy, fat-soaked croquette and one that is crisp and delicious.

Put the croquettes into a frying-basket, dip into the hot fat, which should be about one hundred and eighty-five degrees centigrade—that is, hot enough to brown a cube of bread in forty seconds—and cook until golden brown in color. Then drain on brown paper and serve immediately while hot.

Croquettes may also be made of well-seasoned rice or mashed potato, using eggs instead of white sauce to bind the mixture together.

FRENCH-FRIED POTATOES

PEEL medium-size potatoes and, having cut them in eighths lengthwise, soak them in ice-water for about an hour. Drain and dry thoroughly. Place them in a frying-basket and put them into hot fat at one hundred and ninety-five degrees centigrade. Cook until they are of the desired golden-brown color. Drain, sprinkle with salt and serve at once. French-fried potatoes make an attractive garnish for broiled steak, chops or fish.

Another method of cooking potatoes in hot fat is to cut them into little balls with a vegetable-cutter and proceed as for French fried.

The potatoes may also be cut into lattice potatoes or cut thin and made into Saratoga chips.

OTHER FOODS

VEGETABLES may be wholly cooked in hot fat or may be parboiled in water and the cooking finished in the fat.

When cooked vegetables are fried in deep fat, they are sliced, dipped in egg and then in bread-crums as for croquettes. They are then put in the frying-basket and cooked in the fat at a temperature of one hundred and eighty-five degrees centigrade. Sliced cooked carrots, parsnips, potatoes, onions, cauliflower and celery stalks may be cooked in this way. This method of cooking not only enhances the flavor but adds to the appearance of the finished product.

FEATHER PUFFS

WHEN bread dough is ready for the oven, roll it out to about one-half inch in thickness and cut into inch squares. Allow these to rise until very light and then drop them into hot fat. When they are brown on one side, turn them and brown on the other side. These are delicious to serve with a salad or with soup.



"Rain, rain go away; come again another day"

"Mother, what can we do now?"

AN AWFULLY good way to keep children amused on rainy days is to let them make things with the help of that household standby, LePage's Glue.

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TAKE two pieces of cardboard each 2 by 3 inches. Cover one side of each with LePage's and allow glue to become "tacky". Then stick them with their long edges ⅛ inch apart to the wrong side of a piece of cretonne 4 by 5 inches. Fold in edges of cretonne and glue to cardboard. Glue pieces of cretonne 1¾ by 2¾ inches over these inside "pages," and over them glue pieces of flannel, of the same size, with scalloped edges. Do not glue flannel solidly, but only by a strip near the upper edge. LePage's will not injure or discolor the finest fabric.

Other useful things to do

To make a match-scratcher, cut out and LePage on cardboard, a picture of a girl. Coat her skirt with LePage's. Then dust with sand or emery. To make a handkerchief or hair-ribbon case, glue pretty silk or cretonne over the cover and side of a candy box. Line box with plain color.

A rainy day is a good time for children to mend broken toys and torn book bindings with LePage's.

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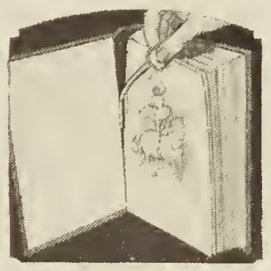
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Resinol Soap





MIDWINTER VEGETABLES

Concluded from page 66

the onions), leaving a shell about one-half inch thick. Make a stuffing of equal parts of any kind of chopped cold meat and bread-crums. Moisten the mixture with stock or tomato-juice and season with salt and pepper. Fill the onion-shells with the meat mixture and brown in the oven for about fifteen minutes.

VEGETABLE PIE WITH POTATO CRUST

1 cup meat
1 medium-size onion
1 cup cold cooked carrots
1 cup cold cooked potato
1 cup peas
2 tablespoons butter or bacon fat
1 cup milk
1 cup cold cooked turnip
Salt and pepper

SLICE the onion and brown it in fat. Add the meat and sear it well. Then add the milk and the chopped vegetables, and salt and pepper to taste.

Turn into a baking-dish, cover with potato crust and bake in a moderate oven thirty minutes.

POTATO CRUST

1 cup hot mashed potato
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon baking-powder
1 egg, beaten
2 tablespoons melted fat
Flour (enough to make soft dough)

COMBINE the ingredients in the order given. Roll the mixture to about one-eighth of an inch in thickness on a well-floured board. Bake the pies in a moderate oven until they are well browned.

HOT PEPPER SANDWICH

4 large green peppers
2 pimientoes
¼ cup sliced onion
1 cup tomatoes
4 tablespoons bacon fat
1 hard-cooked egg
Salt and pepper

REMOVE stems and seeds from the peppers. Chop the peppers and pimientoes in coarse pieces. Brown the sliced onion in the bacon fat, add the other ingredients and cook until the mixture is thick (about thirty minutes). Add salt and pepper to taste. Serve hot on buttered half-slices of whole-wheat bread or toasted white bread. Garnish with hard-cooked egg and parsley.

SQUASH CUSTARD (OR PUDDING)

2 cups sifted squash
1 cup sugar
¼ teaspoon ginger
½ teaspoon salt
2 cups milk
2 tablespoons butter
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
½ teaspoon cinnamon
2 eggs, beaten
½ cup dates cut in small pieces

MIX all ingredients together. Place in a baking-dish set in a pan of hot water and bake slowly until mixtur is firm in center.

BAKED SQUASH WITH CHEESE

BAKE halves of squash until soft, scrape from the shell, mash, and season with salt, pepper and grated cheese.

CORN OMELET

1 cup canned corn
3 eggs
3 tablespoons butter
½ teaspoon salt
Paprika

SEPARATE the yolks from the whites of the eggs. Beat the yolks until thick and add the corn, salt and paprika. Mix together well and fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Put the butter in a hot pan and turn the mixture into it, spreading evenly. Let stand over moderate heat about thirty minutes, then set in oven to cook the top. When no ingredients adhere to a knife thrust into the center of the omelet, remove it from the oven, cut across the center of the top, fold the omelet over and turn on to a hot platter. Serve with a cheese sauce.

CHEESE SAUCE

1 cup milk
1 tablespoon flour
1 tablespoon butter
1 egg-yolk
3 tablespoons grated cheese
1 tablespoon minced parsley

HEAT the milk. Mix flour and butter and add the hot milk, stirring constantly until thick, then add other ingredients. Cook until smooth and pour round the omelet.

The sauce should be made and ready to serve at once when the omelet comes from the oven.

BEET SALAD

1 pint sliced cooked beets
½ cup celery, cut fine
2 tablespoons vinegar
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup water
2 teaspoons sugar
1 tablespoon minced onion
1 tablespoon grated horseradish
2 tablespoons gelatin softened in ¼ cup cold water

DISSOLVE gelatin over hot water. Combine all the ingredients and turn into small molds. Serve on cabbage leaves with mayonnaise dressing.

CELERY CHOWDER

2 pints finely cut celery
1 cup diced carrot
1 small onion, minced
2 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon flour
2 egg-yolks
Salt and pepper to taste

COOK the celery in water to cover until tender (the leaves and outer stalks may be used). Put through a sieve, saving the water for soup. Cook diced carrot until tender. Sauté minced onion and carrot in the butter until delicately browned. Add the hot milk and thicken with the flour mixed with a little cold milk or water. Combine the vegetable and milk mixtures and cook together until well blended. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Just before serving add the beaten egg-yolks. Serve with strips of toasted bread.

VEGETABLE SCRAPPLE

1 cup carrot
1 medium-size onion
1 medium-size green pepper
2 teaspoons salt
½ cup celery
⅓ cup chopped peanuts
1 cup corn-meal

CHOP the vegetables and cook in boiling water until tender. Drain, reserve the liquid and add to it enough water to make three cups of the liquid. Add the corn-meal, vegetables and salt. Cook until thick. Just before removing from the fire add the nuts. Turn into greased pan. When thoroughly cold, remove from mold, slice and dip in beaten egg and crums. Sauté and serve with canned-tomato sauce.

VEGETABLE COMBINATION

4 medium-size potatoes
2 small turnips
2 medium-size onions
1 cup diced carrots
2 cups milk
2 tablespoons flour
2 tablespoons butter
Salt and pepper

CUT the vegetables in small pieces and cook together until tender. Make a white sauce with the flour, milk and butter. Add salt and pepper to taste. Drain the vegetables and stir into the sauce. Serve hot.

Save the water in which the vegetables are cooked for soup or use it for a portion of the milk in making the white sauce.

POTATO SALAD IN PEPPER CASES

4 large sweet green peppers
1 pint diced cold potato
2 hard-cooked eggs
1 cup celery, cut fine
1 small onion, minced
1 cup boiled or mayonnaise dressing
Salt
Paprika

CUT the peppers in halves lengthwise. Remove seeds and fiber and blanch by boiling for three minutes in water to cover, then plunge into cold water. Remove the skins and cover with cold water for an hour to crisp.

Cut the eggs in small pieces and mix with the other ingredients; add salt and paprika to taste. Fill the pepper cases with this mixture and sprinkle paprika over the top. Serve on a lettuce leaf or thinly sliced white cabbage.



THE BEAUTIFUL ROOM

Concluded from page 13

It is a sheltered Camelot, too, calculated to allay all fatherly fears and jealousies. There is a duenna. I wish you could see Miss Rudd! And there is only one man who dares come in—who dares—and even he is sailing for Europe to-morrow. He is the *Arthur* of our Camelot—*Arthur* while he was still young and before he began making life so flat and pious for everybody.

"But there—the next lesson will be about *Arthur*. This is all now.

"Your loving daughter,
"M. SIBYLLA."

SHE posted the letter. Next morning she had barely opened her eyes when a phone message came from Miss Rudd saying that after her long shift of the night before she could have her week-end free. She rode on three ferry-boats and five buses that day, and got down to the seashore on Long Island the next. The beautiful room and the strange ecstatic something that filled it went with her. Even on Monday, back among a score of typewriters, the room seemed to be still around her, the lovely feeling was still in her heart. They had become her spiritual possessions. She would as soon have thought she had deceived her father in her letter as she would have thought her hands and eyes had lied to him about themselves.

Then the blow fell. The office boy came in from the reception-room and leaned across her desk.

"Old-timer out there—says he's your dad——"

She didn't hear the rest. A vortex of realization whirled her into its center. Father had come to see—and she had only a dream to show him. How could she make the dream which was so real to her real to him? Still whirling in the vortex, she reached the reception-room.

She knew the minute he spoke that he would not be put off with dreams. Drawing her toward him, the old man in the old-fashioned suit of clothes kissed her hair back from her brow.

"I had to come up and finish the good work your letter started for me, Sibby," he said. "You see—I was nearly crazy—thinking of you drudging with the crowd—coming up against the things women come up against."

"I—I—" she began.

"You couldn't keep your soul alive, and your soul's what I love——"

"I—" she began again. "I'll have to tell you—and please, please don't think that my soul has already begun to die, because I told you what seems like a—" And suddenly, before the ugly word was out, an idea penetrated the vortex, speaking as clearly to her ear as a great voice through a tempest. It said that the directors were away on vacations, that President Macom had sailed for Europe, that Miss Rudd would never know.

"My office is up-stairs," said Mary Sibylla. "Will you come?"

NOTHING in the world is as innocent as an old and gentle man. Father asked no questions about the space and beauty surrounding his daughter. He sat beside the stenographer's desk and felt wind whip across the city from the river. He walked to the window and watched sea-gulls skimming the distant mist, dipping and rising. He looked at the seats around the directors' table and told Mary Sibylla that the places of the knights corresponded to the signs of the zodiac. He studied the rug on the floor and wondered aloud what the bazaars of Samarkand were like. And just as he had finished wondering this, the door opened—and President Macom of the Macom Corporation walked in.

For a moment the young man paused and his eyes narrowed upon Mary Sibylla. Then he crossed the room, pulled a drawer in the table in front of the seat of *Arthur*, extracted some papers, and with one more meaningful look at the girl, withdrew. Father started up after him, but Mary Sibylla dragged him back.

"No!" she panted. "You can't! I'll have to tell you——"

"It's he who will have to do the telling. No man can look at my girl that way and not explain to me."

"But father—you can't—he is——"

THE phone on the stenographer's desk rang. "This is Miss Rudd," said an ominous voice. "Mr. Macom wishes to speak with you in his office."

The phone nearly fell as Mary Sibylla put it down.

"I— Please excuse me!" she whispered, and was gone.

President Macom's eyes were still narrowed and hard as Mary Sibylla came into his presence; but she didn't know that. Her own were too blind with misery to see. All she could do was to find her way to his desk and put her hand against it for support.

"I had to do it," she began. "It kills father to think of me—rubbing elbows—breathing dust—struggling. Once life was cruel to father—and it made him afraid of the world. More afraid of it for me than for himself even. He's kept me out of the world. Oh, I had everything—books, trees, thoughts—everything! But we were poor. And one day I saw he was growing old and that there was no money to buy the things for him that old people need. So I left him—to come out and earn. It was awful! He would rather have starved, he would rather have died of the cold than to have me do what I saw I had to do. You see, he remembered only ugly things about the world. I—you don't know how I suffered for father. You can't know. You are a man—and men don't love their fathers——"

The eyes of the man changed. Suddenly they turned back through the years, and down through the vista they saw a man and a little boy walking hand in hand. Something came into his throat. He looked to see whether Mary Sibylla had noticed—and he saw that Mary Sibylla was beautiful.

"Please sit down," he said. And when she was seated: "Yes, men do love their fathers. I loved my father. I—I understand."

"Oh!" A tear that she had been fighting sprang from her eyes. She dabbed at it, and he who was used to stenographers saw that it had left no track through the golden sheen upon her cheek. Yes, she was beautiful. But the perception of beauty was not proper mental exercise for corporation presidents. Assuming an extravagantly matter-of-fact tone, he changed the subject.

"The sailing-date was changed at the last minute," he remarked.

"I THOUGHT you were gone," Mary Sibylla recommenced. "And the beautiful room had meant so much to me. It had become mine in my thoughts—I wanted it to become mine in father's thoughts. It would make all the difference to him—thinking of me in the beautiful room—in quiet and beauty and order——"

The man at the desk picked up a pencil and studied its six green sides. It was hard not to perceive beauty when beauty was before you, when it spoke with a tongue that penetrated to the ear of your heart. Instinctively he mistrusted emotions; instinctively he wanted to close his heart to the thoughts which came into it, like a great wind, filling the empty spaces, flexing the surfaces that had been growing hard. The thing to do was to send the girl away—back to the directors' room if that was where she wanted to go. He looked up from the pencil to Mary Sibylla—and the heart from which he had determined to eject the great wind refused to contract. Instead, it opened the farther, until the breath blowing upon it filled its utmost crevice.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Mary Sibylla," she answered.

"Mary Sibylla," he said, "your beautiful room is not a room made with hands. It is your heart, Mary Sibylla, and I—" He paused and put down the pencil. Then he went on: "I sail this afternoon. But before I go, may I meet your father? I have an apology to make—and a favor to ask. You see, when I return I am coming to speak to you, Mary Sibylla, in your beautiful room. And I want your father's consent."

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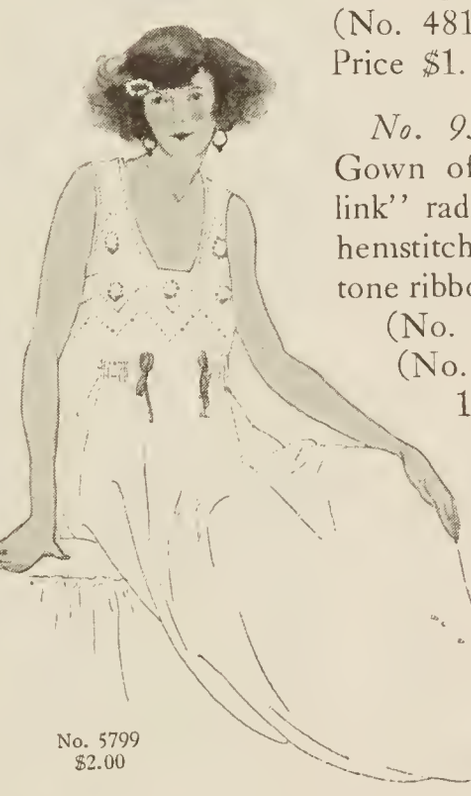
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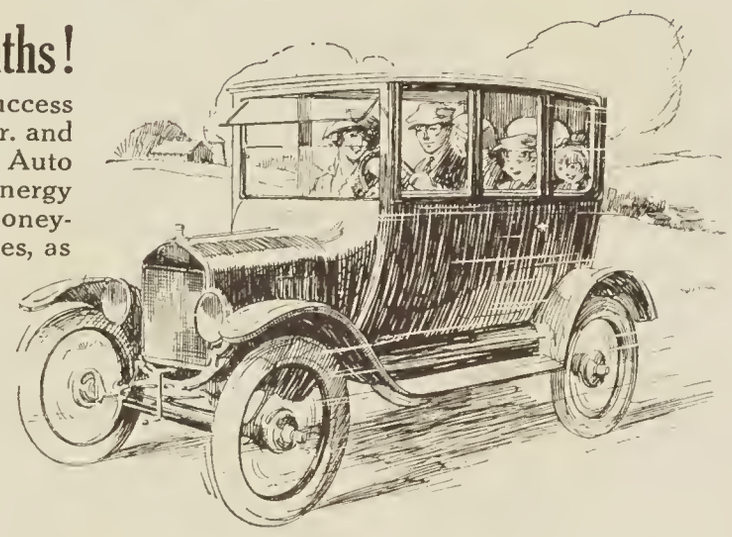
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By G. G. Begalke



EVER since my wife and I have been married, it has been our desire to have some kind of an automobile, but as time went on it never seemed possible.

Last October I noticed an advertisement, telling how people made money at home in spare time by knitting socks on the Auto Knitter. We mailed the coupon from the ad.

We received literature explaining the proposition thoroughly, and became convinced. I felt sure that we had indeed found the way to make the extra money for our long-desired automobile, and ordered an Auto Knitter.

To make a long story short, we soon learned to make standard, salable wool socks, and we are now glad to say that in the four and a half months we have used the machine we have turned out 1080 pairs of men's socks; part of these we sold to the company under the wage contract, and part we sold to private customers at $1.00 to $1.50 a pair.

And finally, after the knitter and a stock of wool was paid for, we had a net balance of $536.56 clear profit for our work. On Washington's Birthday I celebrated by buying a brand new Ford Sedan, and our long-time wish came to be a fact. So now we have our car, bought with the extra money we made at home, in spare time.

If we had not invested in the Auto Knitter we should never have been able to buy a car, but by turning our spare time into real cash right at home, it was so easy that now we are going on earning until we have a piano too.

G. G. Begalke, Wisconsin

Why Not Satisfy YOUR Wants Through Auto Knitting?

Even though you may have no actual need to earn money, how pleasant it would be to do so, wouldn't it?

If you too had an Auto Knitter you could turn your spare moments into steady earnings that would rapidly grow into really worth-while sums of money—to be used for clothes, home-furnishings, savings or any of the hundred-and-one needs and wants that keep presenting themselves.

When an Auto Knitter owner needs extra money, she simply gets busy making standard socks on her machine, sends a shipment of them to the Auto Knitter Hosiery Company and in a few days she has the money—in the form of a "check from Buffalo."

Not a Miracle Worker —But a Real Money-Maker For the Industrious!

The money-making possibilities of the Auto Knitter are great, but their full realization depends, of course, upon the energy and industry of the individual owner. To make over a thousand dollars a year at Auto Knitting is an uncommonly good record and requires "overtime," rather than "spare time" work. But even in two or three hours a day, worth-while dollars can be made, and our Work Contract guarantees you a market for every standard sock you knit.

More Than $100,000 a Year Being Paid to Workers

The total number of socks being sent in to us by Auto Knitter workers this year will reach over 1,000,000 pairs, and the total amount of wages sent them in "checks from Buffalo" will exceed $100,000.

This immense number of pairs is received at the factory, sorted, shipped to more than 9,000 dealers in all parts of the country, including department stores, men's furnishers and general stores—and sold under the trade name "Olde Tyme All-Wool Socks."



G. G. BEGALKE

Yet out of this large number of socks received, from novices as well as experts, from new workers as well as old,—less than 5% have to be laid aside and returned as being below the standard set for "Olde Tyme All-Wool Socks."

Each Worker Protected By a Contract

You are given a signed Five-Year Work Contract, guaranteeing you a market for every pair of standard Olde Tyme Socks you produce, and fixing a definite price which you will be paid for your work, in addition to which you will be furnished with yarn to replace, pound for pound, that which you send us in the form of socks.

You are not compelled or obligated in any way to send any part or all of your work to the company unless you wish. You can make socks and sell them to your friends, neighbors and local trade. But if you prefer not to canvass or do any selling—then it is always your privilege to send your standard socks to us and receive our fixed rate of payment, together with replacement yarn.

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If you have the slightest desire to earn more money—if you want to turn your spare hours into cash, then send the attached coupon today for full details of our offer, with stories of success telling what others have done and how you can get into the work.

Don't delay. Send the coupon today. Get the facts. Then decide for yourself. You do not want to postpone the day when you can have extra money—so don't postpone sending the coupon. Resolve now to do as others have done. Make up your mind to let your own spare hours solve your money worries. Get the coupon in the mail this very day.

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FOUR-O'CLOCKS

Continued from page 11

"Poor kid." Graham stared out at the storm. "Sounds mighty little like a father."

Molly Hart nodded. "That's why he and Amri are so much to each other. Neither of them ever had any one to love—before." The woman's head lowered. She stooped farther for a scrap of paper beneath the table.

Graham's pipe was out. He knocked the ashes into the hay-burner and wandered restlessly to the storm-lashed window. His voice was husky:

"And we've laughed at Am for—reforming and playing wet-nurse to a foundling. I wish—" He turned abruptly. "It'll begin to get light at four; we can start then. If——"

Molly Hart was holding an unfolded slip of paper close to the lamp: two sprawling rows of rectangles each side of a crooked path. Blindly she thrust it before them. "It's—Bobby's garden! He's carried—that catalog up and down the line—for weeks—he and Am—planning for flowers in the Spring! Am said they'd both been starved for—flowers—a home—everything—all their lives!"

SHE stood staring with strange, frightened eyes. "And now they're fighting through—this—" her arms flung out toward the black storm—"straight into that wolf-trap! If they try to—take the boy, Am will kill them, and the judge will send him up—maybe for life! It—it will kill Bobby and—Am, too!"

John Hart caught the rigid arms. "Molly, come girl, don't feel that way. No jury would send Am up."

The white lips were quivering. "You don't know! The other showman could get change of venue to another county. They'll have the trial postponed and people will forget—or move away—or be busy when the case is called. Don't we know—we've seen it before?"

Hart turned. "Graham, if they got Am, what would Hankin do?"

"Cut across to the railway and take the kid."

The plainsman looked down at the sprawling garden.

"Suppose Am got him?"

"Which one?"

"Well, he'd have to get both."

The marshal stirred restlessly. "You know what the judge has said—and he's red hot right now over those last two fights in Haney."

"No jury would send Am up!"

Graham whirled about in savage rebellion. "We don't *know* what the law can do! It's not like the vigilantes. Facts are: Hankin's the boy's father, with a lawful writ for his own son. Am would be resisting the law—and he's no witness but the kid. As for us, we only know what Am's told us."

The woman was shaking with sobs. "If—if Am is killed—and the men—take Bobby away—it will kill him, too."

"MOLLY," John Hart squared his shoulders, "do you want me to try for Le Beau to-night?"

The woman's eyes winced from the black death lashing the windows. "You'd—you couldn't—get there!"

Graham's big body turned tormentedly. "If Am had only let me talk it over with him—like partners. Every time he'd cut me off with, 'You're the marshal, Bill—you've got to stick by the judge and the law—you can't be no sneakin' coyote."

He strode swiftly to the loft ladder. "I'm going to turn in if we start at four." He paused with his hand on a rung and looked down at Molly Hart's bent shoulders. "And I'll bet we worry through the road to Le Beau just to find Am back at Wade's, smoking his pipe!" He laughed, too heartily.

The woman got up and groped her way into the dark kitchen. Graham stepped close to Hart, voice lowered:

"I'm the United States marshal, John, but I was Amri Gates's partner first. Take your arsenal. I'm fixed, and if it isn't—all over——"

Molly came back with the kitchen lamp and alarm-clock. John reached hastily for the cheap tin affair and began winding. The marshal inspected the music-box attachment in sudden interest.

"Well, well, so you've got a singing clock, along with the rest of the boys, eh? What's the tune?"

John Hart grinned. "'Red Wing.' She plays it three times every five minutes after the *b-r-r-r-r*, then she strikes."

Graham nodded good night from the top of the ladder. The plainsman banked the fire with carefully hoarded coal.

Molly set the lamp with the tin reflector in the north window.

"Going to leave it burning?"

"Yes, John."

He nodded. "Plenty of oil in it?"

"Yes, John."

The man stretched out to sleep, ready for the morrow's heavy journey. The woman hurried her preparations for an early breakfast in the fast-chilling room and then stood at the window staring out at the storm.

THROUGH the blackness the wind-beaten smother drove ceaselessly against the panes. Miles north of the Sod Hotel a huge unbroken drift blocked the fork to Wade's. Long black miles beyond the turning a freighter's outfit plodded through the storm. A blanketed, snow-covered heap close beside the driver stirred; a voice piped through the darkness:

"Do you think we're—most there, Daddy Am?"

The driver's stiff lips moved. "Yes, son. Are you warm?"

"Y—yes. daddy—some. The boulder's—pretty cold." A silence. "Could we get out and run—behind the sled a while, daddy?"

"You—we couldn't stand against the wind, Bobby."

Another silence. "The brown mules are the fastest, aren't they, Daddy Am?"

"Yes, son; but the blacks—will last the longest."

The loaded sled dropped into a depression with a sudden *chunk!* Under the fur visor a whisper of relief, "The creek!" The driver reined back. "Whoa, Sam! Whoa, Tex!"

A blur bent forward against the wind, stiffly felt for the whipstock and wrapped unseen reins about it. "It's the creek, son. I want to—see something."

The blur fumbled at the laprobe, tucked it about the bundle on the seat, bent down, felt about in the box and lifted a heavy wrench. Amri edged slowly forward on the bob, gripping hat and coat against the tearing wind, stepped down in the deep snow, kicked it away with slow feet and stooped. He struck the padded ice a futile blow; scraped at a spot with hands and wrench and struck again, heavily, repeatedly.

The ice cracked and gave until the wrench head crashed through with a splash. The man tugged at a fur mitten, leaned over and dipped his bare fingers in the hole.

A FROWN of incredulity stirred the heavy eyes. He thrust his whole hand down into the flowing water and bent, waiting. The muffled voice shook with terror.

"Oh—my—God! The creek's—running—*north*—instead of—*south!*"

Mechanically he drew out numbed fingers and beat the water off against his coat. He struggled to lift his head against the wind, peering through the blackness.

The storm blotted out his hand before his face and drove him backward. Frantically he fought his way to the sled and clambered in. Swiftly he reached out to the snow-covered mound.

"Son?"

"Yes—Daddy—Am."

"Slide off the seat—down into the hay—out of the wind more."

The man worked slowly, heaping the hay in a nest about the boy's feet, drew him between his knees and snuggled him close inside the big fur coat next his own body.

The child laughed shakily. "We're just like—the little bear—and the big bear—Daddy Am!"

"Yes, son." The man bent his cold face to the boy's cheek for a moment, fastened his coat about them both and pulled the blankets about the child. He slapped the reins over an unseen team.

"Get up, you Tex—Sam!" The frozen runners broke from the track and jerked slowly forward.

Dully the man tested the buckle of the reins, unfastened it and knotted the lines securely together. Stiffly he bent forward, spread out his arms and dropped the reins about the dashboard. He leaned back and clasped his arms around the child.

The mules wavered, undirected. "Get along, Sam! You, Tex!" The order sent them forward.

Again they slowed uncertainly. "Sam! Tex!" The lowered voice broke. "Oh, God, boys—go on! You'll have to—take us out! The creek's running—the wrong way! I'm—too lost—to drive ye! Get the boy—somewhere—quick!"

The black mules, heads low, pulled steadily forward. Heavy eyes under the driver's cap peered dully out at the storm.

SLOWLY, bit by bit, a mirage crept across the blank wall of snow: a narrow, dusty lane flanked with weeds and a stake-and-rider fence—a rambling wretched house with a sign over the double gate, "The County Poor Farm."

An undersized boy with frightened eyes plowed the neighboring field. Pluckily he clung to tall plow-handles that jerked his light weight from side to side with every clod in the furrow——

The field smoothed and widened, with only a water-tank on a skeleton trestle and a ribbon of railway-track to break the empty world. An undersized boy with frightened eyes ran about in endless circles, chased by the monster Fear——

The driver moved heavily; tried vainly to lift his hand to his pocket—to a letter—to a letter from a monster—father.

The words were only a mumble: "Never—give him—up. Any—thing—bet—ter—bet—ter——"

The mirage blurred and wavered before the straining eyes. It was the picture page in Bobby's reading-book! Bending close, a shadowy Three looked down through the storm as they measured a slow-creeping thread. What were they trying to make him understand?

A pitying mercy that blocked from the dulling eyes all vision of what lay beyond the thick wall of snow, the darkness, the miles of distance, the sod walls of Frenchy's store. And the—father—who crouched, panther-wise, in the warm front room of the trading-post with his accomplice and his power of the law—nodding over their loaded guns—lying in wait for the children of frightened eyes.

Steadily toward Frenchy's store the unseen force pulled the load of flour and the still figure on the driver's seat. Doggedly through uncounted hours the mules faced the driving storm, heads low to escape the punishing needles of ice and a sudden gust that sounded like the click of shears.

At the mouth of a draw a huge drift piled up across the road. The mules slowed, wavered and stopped. Tex threw up his head, sawing up and down on the reins in dumb-animal inquiry to a careless driver. There was no answering direction.

TEX shoved Sam to the right, away from the storm. The near mule floundered in the deep snow and crowded back on to the beaten way. Tex shoved again, bared a vicious row of teeth, flung up his head and bit at his mate's neck along the cropped mane.

With heavy lunges they swung about in the cramped turning of an unguided team. The load of flour held the bed down on the kingbolt in spite of the cracking bob and blocked the mules out into a wider turning. By inches the sled broke groaningly out of the road, mounted unseen billows, rocked, tipped, righted slowly and turned with the mules' backs to the storm.

The boy between the silent driver's knees swayed roughly. "What is it, Daddy Am?"

He pushed against the encircling arms, but they held him rigidly as in a vise. "Daddy Am, are we—there?"

He pushed harder. With a sleepy laugh he ducked down through the girdling arms in the old trick of play, crawled from between protecting knees and struggled up against the bitter wind.

"Daddy Am?"

There was no answer. "Daddy Am, why don't you—speak to me?"

The short arms stretched upward. "Your face is awful cold——"

The child was climbing up on the seat beside the driver, brushing the snow from heaped shoulders, his cheek against the icy face.

"Daddy Am——"

Bobby was fighting to unfasten a miniature buffalo coat. With a wrench he tore it open wide in the freezing cold, knelt beside the strangely silent figure and struggled to wrap it about the man. His teeth chattered.

"Daddy Am, I'll—get you—warm." The arctic wind penetrated every opening in that offered armor.

Steadily the black team plodded on, backs to the storm, over the drifting miles—steadily, with mules' endurance, past the unbroken fork leading to Wade's. Miles beyond through the driving smother a lamp burned in the north window of a sod house and an unsleeping woman watched the relentless swirl of snow against the black panes.

She reached out in the bitter cold for the clock. "Half-past three. I'll get breakfast going."

Shivering in blanket-gown and shoes she opened the drafts of the stove, put on more fuel, dressed hastily and slipped into the kitchen. Quietly she hurried through brief preparations and lifted her head as a long-drawn *"br-r-r-r!"* ended in a musical tinkle:

"Now the *moon* shines to-*night* on *pretty Red* Wing."

ACROSS the merry jigging tune something bumped dully against the corner of the sod shack, stopped, bumped again. A cup crashed to the floor; Molly Hart straightened stiffly with a scream.

The half-conscious men were clawing at clothes and boots, tumbling down the loft ladder, shouldering the woman out of the way as she fumbled with bolts and weather-strips.

At the corner of the shack two ungainly heads blocked against the gray light of coming dawn, their black noses touching the snow. John Hart plunged through fresh drifts, the others at his heels. Swiftly he gripped the end of the seat, pulled himself up on the bob, bent over and straightened back as if struck by a bullet.

The woman's strained voice cut through the clearing air. "Is Bobby there? Are they safe?"

The plainsmen stood, heads bowed. "Both—safe."

Molly Hart struggled through the drifts. Her low cry wavered into silence.

Hart stumbled back against Graham. "Look—at the—kid—trying to—" Abruptly his head dropped to the high wagon-boards.

Silently the marshal stared at the snow-drifted nest of hay and blankets between the driver's knees and lifted his eyes to the empty rigid circle of the freighter's arms. He gasped, whirled toward the dashboard, caught up the knotted reins and gripped Hart's shoulder.

"Look at that! He was *lost!* Amri Gates was lost—and the mules—turned back——"

Molly Hart, softly brushing the snow from a miniature buffalo coat, shook her head. Her rigid voice jerked.

"It was the—mercy of the—God of lonely people. He's kept them—together! Look at the—happiness on Bobby's face!" She bent farther. "Look at—Am's! They died—trying to save—each other——"

Silently the men raised the small body until the stiff clinging arms slipped over the freighter's head. Carefully they lifted him out of the sled and walked toward the door. The woman turned to follow.

From the miniature coat a seed catalog slid, leaves fluttering open as it fell, and lay face upward in the gray dawn, a vivid yellow flower on the drifted snow. The woman's eyes stared at the golden splash and at a childish cross dug in the white margin. The strained features twisted.

THROUGH the open doorway a musical alarm tinkled for the third time and a gong struck the hour sharply. With a breaking cry she dropped to her knees and lifted the yellow flowers.

"Your four-o'clocks—Bobby——"

Molly Hart staggered to her feet and stretched her arms blindly to the still figure on the driver's seat. "Am, there'll be the—shack. The—the 'many mansions'——"

The woman's breath caught. With widening triumphant eyes she lifted her head and faced that white smile of understanding peace. Her voice steadied, rose in victory:

"Am, there'll be the—'many mansions'—I'll find yours and Bobby's—by the flower-beds in front!"



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THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 7

"Suppose I telephone the Lakes," Margaret suggested. "His aunt plays, and we might have two tables: you and I against Mrs. Wylie and Judge Lake, and Miss Potter and Mr. Wylie with Mrs. Lake and Mr. Crittenden."

Mrs. Cutting's face brightened. She hated to think, and Margaret had straightened the whole thing out in one-tenth of the time it would have taken her. When the Wylies came in, after dinner, Margaret repaired to the telephone in the entrance hall and called the Lakes.

Mr. Lake and his aunt would be delighted to come, but Mrs. Lake was tired after a day in town.

"TRY Manny Bishop at the club," suggested Stan, who was perched upon the stairs with a cigaret, seriously watching the girl at the telephone.

Mr. Bishop was not at the club. Stanley negligently suggested Lee Galvin—his wife was in New York.

Margaret was ashamed of herself to find that this man, with his cigaret and his sleek head and sleek black coat, was vaguely angering her again. Why didn't he telephone himself instead of letting her do it! But she constrained herself to be patient. After all, life had been too easy for him and he was spoiled. He stretched himself comfortably on the stairs in the softly shaded light of the big square hallway and watched her doing the work.

Lee Galvin would be delighted—be there in five minutes. Margaret went quietly into the library. There must be another table, and there must be trays of food and drink at about eleven. She took the precaution of running up to the big airy nursery before the game began. Nora and one or two of the other maids were in the day-nursery, looking at moving-picture magazines. Jimmy was luxuriously sprawled under the light silk comforter; his soft little neck was satisfactorily damp to her exploring fingers. His monkeys, his big bear, his seal and his clown were ranged neatly in kindergarten chairs; the train on its elaborately curved tracks was still.

Nora was reliability itself, if she was a dull old creature, thought Margaret, nodding a good night to the maids. Nora and Mrs. Cutting had surrounded the child with every imaginable protection. But little boys had smothered or burned or frozen in their beds, and it was just as well to be sure——

TO-NIGHT, for the first time, Stan found himself watching his aunt's companion with interest. He had always respected, and perhaps also a little feared her, before this as a person who, while utterly unimportant to himself, was nevertheless entirely satisfactory in her own sphere. His aunt loved and trusted her, and she never failed the older woman. The servants behaved better under Miss Yorke's management than they had ever been known to do before. And with little Jim the girl was charming: she was passionately devoted to the child; she always seemed younger and happier and more human somehow when the little boy was playing with her, sitting quietly in her arms, or trotting beside her through the gardens.

A mysteriously complex, mysteriously simple woman, cold, proud, unfriendly, he thought. Her manner was always definite, her decisions swift, her censure and praise bestowed with equal brevity and force. How did she manage it, at twenty-three, he wondered (his aunt had told him recently that she was but twenty-three).

When she presently played a certain sensational hand, and he chanced to be dummy, he went to stand behind her. Mrs. Cutting, also dummy, sat back in placid security. Margaret had said five spades, and she had meant five spades.

"I only raised you once, partner," Mrs. Cutting said, laying down her hand.

"You did exactly right," Margaret answered abstractedly, her eyes moving rapidly from her own cards to the resources of the dummy.

Mrs. Wylie was annoyed. The fact that she could not spend her money and that he idled about all morning waiting for the afternoon and evening and the inevitable game of bridge did not make her any the more willing to scribble checks when the game was over. It was the more annoying because this companion of Hattie Cutting never gambled herself, so that Hattie reaped double her normal profits.

Departing, at twenty minutes past one, Mrs. Wylie had a parting word for Miss Yorke.

Stanley happened to be a witness of this little byplay; he watched Margaret with amusement, even with admiration. Mrs. Wylie seemed the floundering, stupid, snobbish old woman she was, and Miss Yorke was oddly composed.

He followed Margaret into the library when the older women had gone up-stairs for wraps. Stanley balanced himself idly upon a table while the girl opened the French windows, extinguished lights and, always with her grave and absent look, put the room somewhat to rights.

"Here, why don't you let me do that!" he protested suddenly as she knelt before the dying wood fire to shake ash-receivers into the pink glow. "Isn't—" he added, "isn't Foote—somebody—supposed to do this to-morrow?"

"Yes, but cigars smell all night long," Margaret answered definitely. "Don't bother about the tables—they don't smell," she added, with a faint little gleam of friendliness in recognition of his help.

"WHAT was that old girl trying to get over in the hall? I didn't get it," said Stan, encouraged.

"Mrs. Wylie?" And now Margaret did smile outright. "Oh, that was a little personal complication," she said.

"No, but what was it? I could see that she was fussed."

"Her daughter," Margaret explained lightly and cautiously, with a glance toward the hall, "Jane Wylie, impulsively asked me to be on the tableaux committee for the strawberry fête. Evidently mama did not approve!"

"Oh, that was why she kept stammering that the lists were not made up, nothing was decided!" Stan said, enlightened.

"Exactly," Margaret said, with a little amused twitch of her lips, but unsmiling eyes.

"I like the gall!" Stan commented mildly.

Margaret shrugged faintly, extinguished the lamp and went out of the dark room into the hall again. Following her, Stanley saw the hall lights ring her dark head with an instant's aureole.

"I was sorry for her," she said to him then, in an undertone, as the ladies came down-stairs.

The calm of it, the poise of it, were so unlike her glowing youth, and some quality—new in her to-night—was so bewildering him, that Stanley felt a long-forgotten thrill of boyish excitement as he said:

"How old are you—a hundred?"

And instantly he felt that the personal note chilled her: her eyes dilated, her lips thinned and she made no answer.

A moment later he had opened the wide front door. Beyond was the dark, breezy Spring night; motor-cars were moving slowly, like fire-eyed monsters, on the crunching gravel of the drive. The light threw a theatrical green upon the shrubbery.

Margaret shut the door when the guests were gone; Mrs. Cutting had disappeared. The girl gave Stanley a questioning glance, as if to ask, "You don't need these lights?" and put her firm thumb upon the switch that lighted the upper and darkened the lower halls, and immediately, with a little nod for good night, she was staidly mounting the stairs.

Well, she had done that before, given him that questioning grave look before, and so gone up to her room. She had done it exactly so a score of times. But to-night Stanley seemed to see her with new eyes. She thrilled him.

He followed her up, wondering what it would be like to capture that woman, with her proud dark head and brown arms and breast. If a mere hint of friendliness and confidence could be so sweet, what would love be in that fiery heart?

Breakfast. They would meet at breakfast. She would come in from the garden, actually fragrant of the garden, glowing and breathless, with Jim pirouetting beside her. Stan could hardly believe, pausing in his undressing to muse upon the softness and delight of the emotions that so unexpectedly had beset him, that he had had the privilege of breakfasting with her for the past two years. Suddenly breakfast seemed a long time away—he had a sensation of longing to hear again that oddly reluctant voice and watch that disciplined, neither small nor pretty, yet strangely fascinating mouth.

"Margaret—huh?" he mused, standing still in the middle of the room. "Margaret!"

Mrs. Cutting had preceded them up-stairs without a good night to Stan, which rather surprised him. Margaret did not have a good night either, but that was not uncommon, and the girl went to her room and undressed with only the usual regret for what was, after all, a wasted evening, and a yawning sort of wonderment as to what would have been really a wiser way to spend it: Brushing up French verbs, or reading history?

AH, WELL, thought Margaret, weary and dispirited, as she busily braided her hair and splashed her face with bracing cold water after the warm soap-suds—ah, well, there had been years when she had been busy and conscientious and ambitious! But her heart recoiled from their memory—all wasted, all wasted!

She remembered herself, a talkative twelve, going through the Metropolitan Museum with her mother, note-book in hand.

"I'm going to make lists of what's really *good*, momsie, and you tell me. And then when I'm older I'll be really a cultivated young lady——"

She remembered dressing upon airless burning Summer mornings when the city outside their microscopic apartment was one brassy glare of heat.

"Momsie, I'm going to take one French verb every morning while I'm lacing my shoes! Don't you think that's a good idea?"

All wasted! Momsie had been dead many years, and there had been no one since to talk to, to plan with, to practise little generosities upon.

The unexpected talk upon the upper terrace this afternoon had oddly stirred her. It was good, she thought, to speak of her mother again.

"No one is like you, mother," Margaret said, standing in her thin nightgown at the window and looking down upon the dark garden. "Ah, wouldn't I like to go into our little restaurant again with you on a cold Winter afternoon and have cocoa and Graham toast and have you take out your little stubby pencil and begin to figure on rents and laundry and meals! My dearest——"

A step behind her on the heavy carpet made her start; Mrs. Cutting had come in, an almost unprecedented event.

"Oh, Miss Yorke, you poor child, you ought to be getting your sleep! But I am so distressed——"

SHE sat down, an insignificant figure, with her muffling big dressing-gown on and her thin hair in a sleek tail.

"I'm so sorry!" Margaret reached for her own wrapper and sat down herself on the foot of her bed.

"Mr. Wylie told me something to-night—Oh, I shall be *so* distressed if it is true!" pursued Mrs. Cutting. "I think Mrs. Ferguson is *crazy* to rent her house, anyway! And who on earth do you suppose has *rented* the Ferguson house? You heard me speaking this morning of Shirley Theobald—Mrs. Theobald? At the club, you remember?" she added, a little impatiently as Margaret stared at her with no change of expression, "You were right there! It was just before you fainted——"

"I remember," Margaret said slowly. She got to her feet and walked across the room to her dressing-table, where she stood motionless, with one nervous, thin brown hand gripping the brush upon which it chanced to fall.

"Well!" resumed Mrs. Cutting triumphantly. "This woman—Shirley Wilson, she was—married my nephew, Cuyler Theobald, four or five years ago, and now she comes back here, under our very noses, to get her divorce!"

Margaret had seated herself at her dresser; her back was toward Mrs. Cutting, and she was panting.

"I'll—get—a drink," she said, incoherently. She crossed the room and went into the adjoining bathroom. When, after a long minute, she came back, Mrs. Cutting noted with concern that her hair was wet at the temples and that she was extremely pale under her warm brown coloring. But she made no allusion to her own feelings, but asked, with almost her usual composure: "That's Mrs. Cuyler Theobald of New York? You say—you say that she is getting a divorce? Then she is coming here alone?"

"Well, that's what old Wylie says—but he always gets everything so mixed up!" Mrs. Cutting said vexedly. "I can't believe that any woman would be brazen enough to do that!" she was silent for a moment. "But to come right back here and face it out would be exactly what Shirley Wilson *would* do!"

"Mrs. Cuyler Theobald—*here!*" Margaret said, half aloud.

"She was Shirley Wilson—there were three of them, Willard Wilson's girls," Mrs. Cutting supplied. "They were all pretty. This one was the oldest, and she was always wild. Her sister married Blake Pond, afterward, and the little one married some one, too—one of the Watsons, I think. This girl was about nineteen, running round with the Baxter girls and Lily Priest, all the boys in love with her—and what does she do but run off with Tom Duncan, a married man twice her age! That was ten years ago; she was just twenty. And, you know, she was engaged to Stan—wedding-day set and everything!" Mrs. Cutting added indignantly: "I won't have her in my house, I know that. Any woman who'll run off with a married man isn't any better than a—well, she's no better than a——"

"There were circumstances, perhaps," Margaret began weakly. But her employer promptly interrupted her.

"There's no excuse! None whatever! And Shirley Theobald will find out that other people feel as I do!"

"She was married to Mr. Theobald," Margaret said rather than asked.

"Oh, yes; she was married to *him* fast enough, and that's what makes me so furious," Mrs. Cutting said.

"HE'S my nephew, you know—or rather, he's my cousin Lizzie Pierson's child. He's always called me 'Aunt Hattie.' He was out here the earthquake year, a big, fat, spoiled boy of twenty—I showed you his picture the other day. I'd lost sight of him for years. He ran with a very fast set in New York, drinking and wasting money. He's run through two fortunes, and he was secretly married and divorced—at least, the family never recognized his wife! He's the man that got into all that newspaper notoriety by kidnaping the policeman—don't you—But you wouldn't remember. Regular black sheep! He got his divorce abroad, and immediately afterward—that was four years ago, just after my husband's death—he and Shirley Wilson were married in Paris. And now, Wylie tells me, she's been in Los Angeles since last November, pretending to be interested in the moving pictures, but really getting a divorce."

"But first she had run away with some other man?"

"With Tom Duncan, oh yes! A man of forty-eight, with three children. Poor Mamie Duncan! She had lots of spirit, and she said that she didn't know whether to be most mad or most ashamed of him. Yes, Shirley went off with him to New York, and he died there a few months later; and no wonder—there wasn't a decent man or woman who would look him in the face! And then Shirley went abroad, and we heard all sorts of things—of course the newspapers were making a lot of all this—and then if she didn't marry Cuyler! He's just about wasted all he had, I imagine," Mrs. Cutting added, "but his grandfather, old Madison Richards, won't live forever, and then there'll be several millions, I believe. They say he allows him fifty thousand a year now. It's a sickening mess, and to have Shirley walk back here, after the way she treated Stan——"

"Did you say they were engaged?" Margaret asked.

"Engaged? Stan and Shirley? They were to be married in two weeks—bridesmaids and engagement-cups and everything. Stan worshiped the ground she walked on—and she is a fascinating creature. And then, one day, Mr. Cutting came home with the whole story in the afternoon papers. Shirley Wilson eloped with Thomas Duncan! Well, the excitement! We got hold of George Priest and sent him to find Stan. And my dear husband—you never knew him, but this was so like him!—he sent both the boys up to his

Continued on page 92



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MOST of us do not devote as much time to the fundamentals of beauty as we do the external adornments. Mere artifice of make up cannot work wonders on an improperly nourished, sallow and neglected skin. Study the deficiencies of your skin and then set about to rectify them with Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream.

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THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

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big lumber-camps in Canada. He said to George—I can see him, handsome man if ever one lived!—'Ride and tramp and fish,' he said. 'Shake it out of him, Georgie!' And George—homely boy, but salt of the earth—said, 'Leave it to me, Mr. Cutting!' We didn't see Stan for five months, but he came home a *man*—all the boyishness gone, my husband said. Poor Stan! I don't really know what he'll *do* if that—that woman dares to present herself right here among us!"

Frowning, she fell into meditative silence, and Margaret sat still, trying to control the weakness and coldness that had swept over her.

"Is she—is she so charming?" she asked.

"Yes," Mrs. Cutting answered, decidedly, after thought, "she is. Shirley Wilson was one of the most magnetic girls I ever knew. She charmed—yes, she did charm every one. It isn't alone beauty—although she has that, too. She had beautiful golden hair as a girl. Of course, I've not seen her for ten years. Dear me, I wish this hadn't happened—just as the strawberry fête is coming on, and Cora Pond—that's her sister!—on the publicity committee with me! I'm fond of Cora, too, and she was only a child when Shirley ran away. But I certainly will not recognize Shirley! No, I won't, and I don't think most people will."

"Strange thing, her coming right here," Margaret mused.

"Oh, my dear, she'll carry it off—you wait until you see her," Mrs. Cutting said bitterly, getting to her feet and gathering her robe about her. "I mustn't keep you up. But there's one thing you can do for me," she added, resuming her fretful tone, at the door: "If this story of Shirley Theobald is true, will you just mention it in my nephew's hearing, and see if he has heard it? I can't—you can see how awkward it would be. But *you* can because you aren't supposed to know anything about it. Just mention it casually, and then he'll know, and the whole thing won't be rushed at him by some outsider at the club or by his walking into Shirley somewhere. I wish the girl was in Jericho! Now do for pity's sake get into bed, and don't attempt to get up in the morning. Quarter to three—this is terrible! And I dare say that poor boy sees our lights and wonders if we are losing our minds!"

SHE was gone. The instant Margaret was alone an odd change came over the girl's face. Swiftly and noiselessly she moved to the door and locked it. Her eyes roved over the quiet room with a quick and furtive fear. Her breath came fast and unevenly, and twice she raised the thin and beautiful hands and pushed back the rich curves of her hair from her forehead.

"Now—now—now!" she said, in a tense whisper. "Now what?"

Silence. There was neither sound nor stir in the big orderly room. The wide bed had been opened at a long, inviting angle; there were books on the bedside table; the French windows were opened upon the porch and through them drifted the perfumed air of the soft Summer night.

"Shirley Theobald!" Margaret said, half aloud. "My God! what shall I do?"

She went irresolutely to her closet, brought out her pig-skin suitcase and opened it. But after staring at it absently for several motionless minutes, she again put it away and went to the window and through it to the porch railing.

Here she sat, as still as the sculptured woman she appeared to be, for a long, long time. Inside the silent house the clocks struck three, struck four.

Gradually her heart lessened its terrified beat; gradually the quiet and peace of the passing night hours enveloped her. But the first strange pallor of dawn was touching the dew-drenched garden, before Margaret, with new resolution and new determination in her tired face, went slowly in to bed.

Breakfast the next morning was a strangely exciting meal for Stanley Crittenden. Without analyzing his motives, or indeed his emotions, he was conscious of his own youth, health and high spirits, of the beauty of the scented early Summer morning and the enchantment of the garden, still drenched with dew where the shafts of yellow sunlight did not reach it through the old trees.

The porches were damp when he came down-stairs, the air was cool with a delicious promise of heat behind the coolness, and the old-fashioned, high-ceiled rooms, shaded by striped awnings, were pleasantly open and empty. Jim's shouts came from the garden and there was the liquid splashing of a dozen lawn-sprinklers contesting with bird voices among the trees. Margaret on the lawn with Jim looked up at him eagerly as he came across the dappled grass.

"There—do you hear that? That's a lark. I didn't know what it was, but McWhirter says it's a true California meadow-lark!"

There were no traces of her vigil here, no sign of irresolution. Margaret had chosen her course; she was her composed, self-reliant self again. Jim tumbled upon her like a demonstrative puppy.

"I thought you would sleep late," Stan said, finding this all that his fancy had painted it, and more.

"This wicked boy comes in and wakes me!" she protested, tousling Jim and catching his little face in her two hands to kiss it. Stan thought her oddly attractive in her passionate love for the child.

"I wuff-house her!" announced Jim triumphantly.

"Oh, you rough-house her? What a delightful awakening!"

"I pound, and I tore her wapper!" Jim further exulted.

She did not blush; her dark-blue eyes met Stan's in quiet and composed amusement.

"We are sparing you none of the hideous details, Uncle Stan," she said, rising. "Come, Dimski. Run up and have Nora do your hair for breakfast."

"HOW do you feel after only four hours' sleep?" Stan asked, still with that odd enchantment upon him, as they sauntered up the steps. He wondered if she remembered last night and his helping hand, and thought he would like again to touch those firm and nervous fingers.

She glanced at him as if almost surprised at the little civility, and he remembered suddenly that it was only in his own thoughts that their relationship had altered since yesterday.

"I need very little sleep," she returned politely. But a sudden recollection of Shirley Wilson and the hurt and humiliation he had endured at the hands of this unknown siren made her soften, and she added, "Your aunt and I were talking until almost three!"

"I call that imposing on you!" Stan said. Margaret, who was now settling Jim in a high-chair, made no reply. "I'll be hanged if I see how you can stand it!" he added. "Shut up here with a delicate woman and a kid, never having any fun——"

"On the contrary," Margaret said sharply and unsympathetically, "your aunt is a very unusual woman—unusually kind. I—I am too happy to be with her!"

"*That's* what keeps you here!" Stan said, indicating Jim, from whose tiny thumb Margaret was now tenderly biting an invisible berry-thorn. The pleasantest expression he had ever seen there brightened her face; she sat down with a significant smile for the child.

"Jim and I understand each other!" she admitted simply. And she added quietly: "I will never forget my first evening here, when he had been sick, and Mrs. Cutting was so anxious about him, and he went to sleep so quietly in my arms! He was just a year old! It seemed to me—" She stopped and did not go on. But Stan knew that some personal heartache, some weariness after the buffeting and coldness of the world, had been cured by the weight of the little sleeping body.

"Here—give Miss Yorke her coffee first, Sadie," he said in sudden concern to the surprised maid.

"I *always* have tea!" Margaret said, also surprised.

"You do?" Stanley found this interesting. "Well, I think you're a sport," he said, enthusiastically, returning to the previous topic. Margaret made no comment. She buttered a Graham muffin for Jim; she glanced at a blowing window-curtain and

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THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

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murmured to Sadie that the window must be shut or the tall vase of lilies moved.

"And there *must* be less noise in the pantry, Sadie," Stan heard her say good-naturedly, almost humorously. He could tell that Sadie liked her. It amused him to study Margaret's youthful authority.

"They all like you," he commented. Again Margaret looked at him in quiet astonishment.

"They feel that I am one of them," she suggested.

"*Not!*" Stan laughed. He could have circled about her, like Jim, teasing her into responsiveness, leading her on. But in a few minutes he decorously departed; Margaret did not look up from the paper, with her good-by. The thought of her went warmly with Stan, a little recurrent thrill under the pleasant fabric of the cloudless, balmy Summer day.

TEN days later a trip to the ranch was afoot. These were apt to be trying times for Margaret, for Mrs. Cutting changed her plans incessantly; she was never very enthusiastic about Uplands, and why she went there at all the girl sometimes wondered. But Ross had loved the place, and his widow seemed to feel a certain obligation toward it.

So at irregular intervals, especially in the Summer, visits were planned, trunks packed and unpacked, appointments made and broken, and all the elaborate machinery of the Burlingame house demoralized and disturbed.

Rudolph was to go down Tuesday with Sadie and Anna, then he was to come back for the bags. Nora would go down with him Wednesday. Battersby, the superintendent of the ranch, was pleased to tell old Hang to have dinner ready Wednesday and the rooms made up.

"Or no," Mrs. Cutting would amend, coming to Margaret's door in her peignoir. "No; I believe I'll send you and Jim down with Rudolph and the bags—no, for Nora's going, too. That won't do. Or—I'll tell you!—Nora could go down Tuesday. But that gives us Jim Tuesday night, doesn't it? Well, that's all right, we can manage that. Or perhaps—there's room for you all in the big car, isn't there? I don't see why that isn't really the best way——"

Margaret had to listen to a great deal of this; she could hear it, and answer it, without paying attention. The ranch was only a long hour's run away, and there were plenty of servants to insure the family's comfort at both places. On this particular occasion Mrs. Cutting did not make her final decision until some twenty minutes before they were actually supposed to be on their way.

"I think the Wylies' aunt, Miss Potter, may go down with us," she said anxiously. "Will that upset *everything?*"

"Why, no," Margaret assured her soothingly. "We might telephone Hang to tell the Spanish woman to have the porch room made up——"

"I had Stan do that!" Mrs. Cutting interrupted capably.

"Ah, well, then, there's always enough to eat and enough beauty and sunshine for every one," Margaret said, with her friendly look.

"My dear, you're a great comfort to me!" Mrs. Cutting assured her. "I didn't know whether to ask her or not," she said, with a deep sigh, of Miss Potter. "But she was dying to come. Rudolph is to stop at the Wylies' for her bag, and she and I'll go down in her car, and then she'll send it back. Now, Nora——"

"Nora and I with Rudolph and the bags?" Margaret supplied. An anxious, weary look came over Mrs. Cutting's face.

"No," she said patiently. "I had it all thought out—it's gone out of my mind. Oh, yes: I told Stan I'd meet him at the club, at four, and go down with him. But I want you to do that because I want you to tell him about Shirley Wilson—Shirley Theobald, I suppose she is now!"

"She is really coming, then?" Margaret asked, pausing, her breath stopped and her hands icy.

"Oh, yes—yes! It's only too true. And you'll have a splendid chance to tell him to-day. I suppose Jim will cry—I said he might go down with Stan in the roadster——"

"I can take him," Margaret suggested.

"But you're going with Stan—oh, yes, I see!" said Mrs. Cutting, brightening. "Take him with you in the roadster? Yes—do that——"

THE day was burning hot when Margaret, with the immaculate Jim in the briefest of dark-blue suits beside her, reached the country club. Trunks had been closed and loaded upon the farm-truck, suitcases had been packed, Nora had been cautioned, and old Sing, who had been a cook in the Cutting family for fifty-one of his sixty-eight years, had been formally bidden farewell. Margaret had finally whisked Jim into his clean linen and given him his woolly tan coat. She had said good-by for an hour or two to Mrs. Cutting and Miss Potter, and run up-stairs for the sun-glasses, and telephoned at the last moment to Battersby, at the ranch, that Mrs. Cutting would be fifteen minutes late.

Then came her own hurried dressing: the dark-blue swiss with the yellow dots, and the dark-blue hat with the pond-lilies. And then she and Jim had walked, with much excited conversation, down the tree-shaded quarter-mile of lane that led to the club.

"Hot, Dimski!" panted Margaret, when they had found seats on the bleachers and Jim was sprawling in his favorite attitude in her lap, where she could kiss the tip of his ear now and then. The match was still playing; she was almost blinded by the dazzle of heat and bright colors, the blazing geraniums and marigolds, the roses and hollyhocks and border-pinks, the awnings, and the flowered hats and striking gowns.

Jim instantly found the springing white figure that was Stan, and shouted a clear "Hello, Uncle Stan!"

"*S-sh!*" Margaret said, hushing him, with her lips against his warm brown cheek. Stan paid no attention until he had smashed a ball at Willy Priest's feet. Then he shouted back, "Hello, Jim!" And to Margaret he added, "Five minutes! It's a deuce set!"

Margaret, nodded, conscious of curious eyes about her. She sat on, glad to rest and be quiet after the seething and stewing of the day. She bowed to Jane Wylie and Joan Bishop; bowed to Mrs. Priest and the Tubbs and the Bristols.

"Frightful!" she said inaudibly, when they all called at her the single word "Hot!"

The courts emptied, the further contestants springing over the net as they came forward. Another quartette sauntered on, another umpire mounted the box.

BEFORE she had expected him, Stan and the roadster appeared below the bleachers. Margaret helped Jim and the woolly coat down the big steps and smiled gravely at Stan.

He had had a shower; his mouse-colored hair was smooth and shining under the cap he raised. Two young women, wandering along, stopped by the low car.

"I would have given you and the youngster a lift home, Miss Yorke!" said Sally Hyde-Brown.

"Oh, we're going to Concepcion—to Uplands," Margaret explained, with her appreciative nod. "Mrs. Cutting went down this afternoon."

"Oh, but say, Stan, you're coming back for to-night!" said the other young woman in alarm.

"It can't be done, Lee," Stanley answered, shutting the engine-hood with upward jerks of the hasps and leaning over his gas-gage to bat it with a hard brown palm. "Darn it, I think it's busted again," he said simply.

"Now, look here, Stan," said Miss Lee Galvin crossly: "You've *got* to come back! Now listen—listen——"

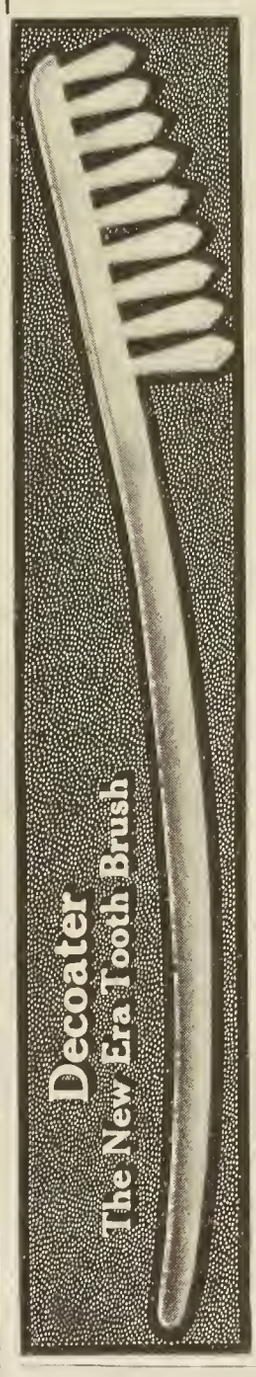
She was over on his side of the car; her voice fell into one of low entreaty and reproach. Stan smiled indulgently, showing his big white teeth as his brown strong face considered her agitated little flowerlike one, with its trimmed eyebrows and reddened lips. He had a long nose, Margaret reflected, studying him, keen dark eyes a shade too close together, a bronzed, firm, even skin, and a big mouth, twitching now with amusement at Lee's ill-temper.

"Mama was ready to skin me, anyway,"

Continued on page 94

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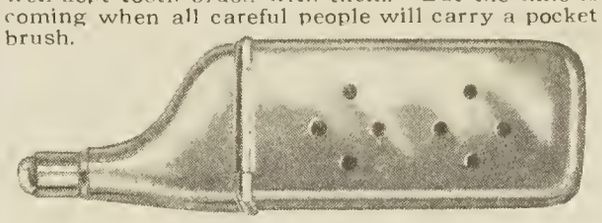
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THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 93

Margaret heard her say. "She hates Pierce, and she said the Calvert parties have come to perfect riots— And Daisy positively will not go— And there was too much booze last Thursday—I didn't touch it, but Madeleine Lake was terrible——"

"Cut it out and come down with us to the ranch," Stan suggested, wiping some oil from his fingers with a hideous rag. Margaret, now established with Jim in the low seat, felt once more a sort of sublime weariness sweep over her. The ranch, with its peace and quiet, was to be outraged by the presence of this flapper! She would squeeze in here on the front seat and absorb Stanley—not that it mattered, but Margaret was so tired of them all!

"Stan, I'd adore it!" Lee said, as Margaret had known she would. "Your aunt would lend me a robe-de-nuit?"

"Sure," said Stanley. But he had not really meant the invitation, and Margaret could tell by his tone that he was wondering exactly how Aunt Hat would like it.

"I can see it—tucks and embroidery!" said Miss Galvin with a laugh. "Stan, it's *exactly* what I want to do. I can cut the whole thing to-night." Here, however, her friend, standing by lazily, interposed a firm:

"You *can* not! Why, you yourself asked the Baker girl to dinner at the club," pursued Miss Hyde-Brown with spirit.

"Oh, well, you can take her off my hands!" said Lee.

"I could, but I won't," Sally said positively. "It's going to be an absolute frost to-night, and I wish we were well out of it. If you go down with Stan, I go too!"

"Come on—loads of room!" said Stan, feeling suddenly that there was safety in numbers.

"Not in the car," Lee reminded him hastily.

"SURE there is. Miss Yorke can take the kid down with Rudolph," Stanley suggested, knowing that the matter was already settled and anxious only to get rid of the girls.

"Oh, no; it's ridiculous!" said Miss Galvin, with tears of vexation in her eyes. "Of course we can't—I was only fooling anyway! But if you don't come back to-night, Stan," she said viciously, "I'll never speak to you again!"

"No such luck!" Stan murmured, as the car got under way. "*Whew-w!*" he breathed, with a great gasp of relief, when they were out of the merciless sunlight and the moving air smote them with a grateful coolness.

But the incident of the girls, trifling as it was, had angered Margaret, and she maintained an unencouraging silence. It would have been so characteristic of Stan's insouciant casual selfishness, she reflected, to squeeze Lee Galvin and the Hyde-Brown girl into the roadster and throw all his aunt's plans into confusion.

She was silent as they ran smoothly along the highway between the burning lines of the young orchards and through the hot, ugly little towns. Big signs and small, untidy shops, candy and gum and tobacco advertisements huddled in spotted show-windows, and then the fruit-trees again.

They turned off at Sunnyvale. They were in Concepcion and had started up the circuitous hill road. Margaret, cooler now and with her resentment fading, suddenly remembered her mission.

"Mr. Crittenden," she said, disposing Jim, who was drowsy, more comfortably in her lap, "did you hear about this young Mrs. Theobald, of New York, who's coming out here this year? Wilson, I think her name was——"

Stan was guiding the car skilfully about an unusually sharp turn, the sunshine blazing in his eyes from the furious west.

"Shirley Wilson," he supplied briefly.

"Yes; that was the name," Margaret said, a little frightened. "She—they were saying at the club yesterday that she has got—or almost got—her divorce!"

Silence; they were on an awkward grade. Margaret sent the man's face an apprehensive glance.

"Sure, I know Shirley," he said presently, in a comfortable tone that relieved her spirit like a great draft of spring-water. "I used to be crazy about her. But I doubt—I doubt if she has the nerve to come back to Burlingame! I don't see why she should. Some of the boys were telling me that she's been in Los Angeles—established a residence there—and has cut Theobald loose. Well, I've not met him for years, but I saw him about three years ago in New York, and I can't say I blame Shirley! He's an awful boob—drinks, and all that. He doesn't seem to have good sense, exactly."

"Your aunt was afraid it would—trouble you!" Margaret said hesitatingly. Stanley laughed, but with more annoyance than amusement.

"Oh, Lord, isn't that just like Aunt Hat!" he said, impatiently. "No; she's an extremely clever woman, Shirley, and she used to be an extremely pretty one, but I have about as much interest in her now as I have in Nora!"

Margaret made an indifferent little sound in reply; her duty was done, and there was a delicious breeze stirring up here in the mountains, infinitely refreshing after the hot day. Streams of living light poured through the tops of the forest trees, and as the rising road twisted and turned, they had the declining sun on the right, on the left, or sometimes directly ahead of them.

They turned north again, high in the hills, and ran between Upland meadows where the curly polled Herefords were grazing. The grass was already brown and there was a scent of tar-weed and clean country dust.

"I begin to feel the utter delight of getting to the ranch," Margaret observed. She was surprised at Stan's pleasure.

"Are you so fond of it?"

"I don't think there's any place in the world like it!"

THEY could see the farmhouse now, a plain wooden building set under a clump of oaks, with a grove of enormous redwoods rising into a little wooded cañon behind it. Below it the brown curves and shoulders of the hills dropped away a gradual two thousand feet in a great slope to the orderly orchards of the Santa Clara valley. Off toward the right, in a tangle of rail-fences, were the superintendent's cottage, the great barns and sheds, the dairies, the stables and the home orchard. Between the shabby buildings, always peeling from their occasional baths of whitewash, were great trees, more oaks, poplars and willows, and a stream ran down from the woods and was diverted to wash pans, fill troughs and conserve itself in great tanks.

Only a typical, straggling, sun-burned California milk farm, but Margaret thought it the most enchanting place in the world. A child's heart—never long lost to a temperament like hers—always seemed to return to her here. She and Jim were equally eager to get into shabby old clothes and be off upon the fascinating round of inspection that was their first duty at the farm.

To-day Mrs. Cutting and her elderly guest joined them for the first stages. Margaret had put on a thin old white muslin and an untrimmed leghorn hat. The length of Jim's faded, crisp old romper was perhaps an even twelve inches from his sturdy chest to a point some span above his sun-burned knees; a straw hat was pushed upon his curls, his sandals danced ecstatically in the dust.

They peered into the dim, warm milking-sheds. The cows were in the stanchions; mild eyes strained to see them as the opening door let in a flood of mote-filled sunlight; the Portuguese milkers sang as they worked.

They found Stan in one of the sheds in delighted consultation with the superintendent over a springy little new-born calf.

"Just five minutes old, and look at the vitality!" Stanley said delightedly.

"This is the—the good strain—Stan?" Mrs. Cutting asked uncertainly.

"This is the Lancaster Champion strain," Margaret supplied. "Oh, you little beauty! Do you know that you have a pedigree, even if you are only a baby?" she asked, kneeling to lay her face against the nubbled, soft little head.

"She'll be an Uplands Champion," Stan said proudly. "She's no Lancaster!"

"Perhaps she's a Yorke!" Margaret suggested, quickly, laughing. The older women had left the shed now and were picking their way gingerly toward the gardens and wood.

Continued on page 97

57

HEINZ Tomato Ketchup makes everything on the table taste better. It's bound to—made of only luscious, red-ripe tomatoes, pure granulated sugar, the purest of spices—and cooked and seasoned in Heinz spotless kitchens.

HEINZ
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WOOLENS must be washed as carefully as their small owner's rosy cheeks. Strong soap shrinks and coarsens woolens, just as it coarsens and chaps a child's soft skin.

Toss Lux into your basin or wash tub—turn on the hot water—now watch the rich Lux lather bubble up. Souse the little garments up and down, press the cleansing suds through them. The rubbing so ruinous to woolens is not necessary with Lux. A harsh soap "felts" and shrinks wool—and a shrunken woolen is an old woolen, scratchy, uncomfortable.

A harsh soap, too, fades the bright color of even the sturdiest sweater—makes it lose its freshness and charm.

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Lux contains no harmful ingredient to attack the sensitive fibres. It is as safe for your woolens as for your silks. Anything that water alone will not harm is safe in Lux.

Keep all their little woolens, their sweaters, scarfs and stockings, always soft and fluffy with Lux. Washing them in these pure flakes actually makes them wear longer.





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North Star Blankets
The Fleisher Yarns

HOW TO KEEP WOOLENS SOFT AND UNSHRUNKEN

Whisk two tablespoonfuls of Lux into a thick lather in half a washbowl of very hot water. Add cold water until lukewarm. Dip garment up and down, pressing suds repeatedly through soiled spots. Do not rub. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—do not wring. If suds die down in washing, too much water has been used in cooling, and more Lux should be added to restore suds.

For colored woolens make suds and rinsing waters almost cool. Wash very quickly to keep colors from running. Lux won't cause any color to run not affected by pure water alone.

Woolens should be dried in an even temperature. Heat increases shrinkage. Do not dry woolens out of doors in cold weather or on windy days. Woolens should never be dried in the sun.

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Its creamy, abundant lather cleanses.

Its purified crude oil and tar feed the scalp.

Its antiseptic qualities keep hair healthy.

Sold everywhere.





THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 94

But Jim was beside Margaret, not very sure he liked the big cow, and making only nervous and jumpy little overtures toward the calf, but rapt with general felicity.

"That's a good name for her," Stanley said, struck. "Yorke Champion I. Call her that when you register her, will you, Battersby? She looks like a winner to me."

"She's a beauty!" the superintendent said, almost reverently. He picked the ungainly baby up in his arms; the mother followed jealously as they went out of sight between the barns.

Margaret and Stan and Jim walked after the others. It was one of her perfect hours, when she was relaxed, at peace in mind and spirit, and she had had sorrow enough, suffering enough, to appreciate it when it came. Utterly contented, she followed Stan and Jim about, commenting, exclaiming, admiring.

The big cemented swimming-pool, up above the house, was full; lights gleamed and moved upon the white-green of the water, and the pots of formal cypress were reflected, broken and shakily restored again as a breeze or a bird's wing stirred the pale-jade surface. The water was so clear that Margaret could see dark leaves resting against the blue-painted bottom.

Beyond was the grove, where they were to have supper in a little while. Hang and his assistant were coming and going with baskets and pots; a great broiler of split chickens was already sending an appetizing odor upon the air, and there was a ravishing hint of coffee. Blue smoke rose up into the clear soft afternoon light; the sun was not gone, but the rise of mountains was breaking his fierceness and the grove and the oaks about the house were already in soft shadow.

The two elderly women, the child and the company of this not-entirely-satisfactory man were enough for Margaret to-night. She despised Stan, she told herself, when he was with the idiots of his own set, but here, in his simple clothes, he was oddly pleasing. After all, he was far better than the usual run of rich young men. It was just—it was just——

SHE found it hard to define. But he was a little too much all things to all men. His clothes were too correct, his manner too artfully adjustable. He could be perfection with his aunt, recalling the late Ross Cutting with serious interest and devotion, pleasing her thoroughly with everything he found to say. He could dance with a débutante or with a grass-widow of forty with the same attentive charm. He dressed for golf, tennis, polo, yachting, hunting, with unvarying negligent perfection, and he seemed to change his nature with his clothes.

Which was the real Stan? None of them, Margaret fancied, but instead the eager, responsive host of to-night, a man whose suntanned face was almost ugly in its strength, and whose manner was entirely simple, like that of a contented boy.

But after dinner her softer mood toward him stiffened again. She had taken Jim into the close, wood-scented bedroom in the warm dusk and helped Nora settle him for the night. When she came out to the sitting-room the air there was warm, too, but the card-table was set near an unlighted fire. The mountain nights usually turned chilly when full darkness came on.

The older women were waiting; Margaret took her place. Almost immediately Stan joined them, and she saw that he was in evening dress. He was going to the Calverts then, as Lee Galvin had begged him!

A deep restlessness and discontent seized her. She hated their hold upon him, without realizing why.

"Stan, you needn't have dressed, dear!" said his aunt.

"I may have to run back to San Mateo to-night, Aunt Hat." He adjusted his cards with accustomed fingers.

"Stanley!" Mrs. Cutting ejaculated despairingly.

"But not until late," he assured her soothingly.

The game went on. It was close to eleven when Mrs. Cutting declared herself sleepy, and immediately the group dispersed. Margaret heard the rushing sound of the roadster's motor and saw the wheeling lights across the low ceiling of her room while she was undressing.

He was home for breakfast the next day, went off again, and did not come back for forty-eight hours. Then they had him for a quiet week-end, a delightful week-end for them all. After that a score of uproarious friends came down on a Friday night and straggled away on the following Monday morning, after tearing madly through all the amusements that the ranch afforded. They rode Stan's horses, played poker, bridge and Russian Bank, dressed, ate and drank; they flirted, gossiped and, in more than one instance, quarreled.

Margaret found the seventy hours of their visit exhausting. Mrs. Cutting played the part of hostess, to be sure, but Margaret carried the heaviest responsibility and had not a second free. The ranch-house and the guest-houses were stretched to their utmost capacity. The very sight and smell of food sickened Margaret before the two days were over—masses of chops, of broilers, more cream, more waffles, more berries—it seemed to her that she had never seen so much food under one roof before. The Chinese boys rose to the occasion nobly: layer-cakes, salads, piglings and pies appeared as if by magic, and Margaret and Mrs. Cutting congratulated each other wearily, when the last car honked away into the hot Monday morning, upon an experience that had undoubtedly been a great success.

Stan was pleased—that was the great thing to his aunt. She had her own room put into spotless order and went peacefully to bed with some new books.

Margaret and the Spanish women, with Nora, gathered a great bundle of sheets and towels for the laundry, folded blankets, closed rooms, threw out dead flowers. In the late afternoon peace descended once more upon Uplands. Margaret and Jim had a swim; the girl washed her hair and idled and dozed in her steamer-chair under the oaks.

SHE wakened to silence, sunset and the humming of swift bees through the bright still air. The flowers were motionless—wallflowers and stock and gillies all caught in the level rays as if by enchantment. Somebody, she discovered with a start, was near her, in a basket-chair, turning the pages of a magazine. She sat up hastily. It was Stanley.

Margaret blinked, brought her feet to the ground and gathered her cloud of hair confusedly together.

"Stan!" she said. A moment later she could have bitten her tongue out—she had never called him that. But he did not notice it, or was it a part of his exasperating adequacy that at least he pretended that he did not notice it? "I thought you weren't coming home!" stammered Margaret.

She had been dreaming something extraordinarily sweet and tender about him, she remembered indistinctly, and the effect of her dream was to make her feel suddenly and most annoyingly embarrassed in his presence. Her heart was thumping oddly.

"I wasn't, Margaret," he said. It was deliberate; he had noticed her slip then! He never had called her by her name. "But the truth is—" he began.

He paused, looked down at his magazine, smiled, shut it and looked up again, laying it aside.

"The truth is," he said again, smiling in his friendly way, "I got to thinking about you and all the nice things these people said about you, and I—sorter—thought I'd come home!"

Her bright laugh was accompanied by her rare, dark flush.

"Oh, you embarrass me!" she protested. "You humiliate me! When I've been spending all day resenting the—the waste of this beautiful place upon them! They might just as well have been in—in Hale's Bright Bargain Basement for all they saw or cared about—*this!*"

Her gesture included the quiet hills, the motionless branches of the big oaks, the red-and-white cattle filing home beside long shadows to the milking-sheds.

"That's exactly it—but *I* care!" Stan said eagerly.

By this time Margaret's dark mop was somewhat in order and she had sufficiently

Continued on page 98



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THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 97

shaken off her dream to wonder if she had lost her senses. She had certainly never taken this tone in her rare conversations with Mr. Crittenden before; she had not felt this oddly serene and comfortable mood for months—for years, with any one.

"You have me wrong, you know," the man went on again, with a boyish sort of impulsiveness in his voice. "I—honestly, I hate that sort of thing as much as you do! I realized that to-day. I'd much rather fuss around here with you and Aunt Hat and the kid, fixing him a hutch for his guinea-pigs, and all that! You think I'm—you think——"

"No, I don't—naturally I have no right to—I don't think of you at all!" Margaret said, in an embarrassed and troubled voice.

"Oh, yes, you do!" Stan asserted simply, with a sudden significant flash in his gray eyes that made her heart begin to hammer again. "We hated each other—last year. But even that's—*something*."

"I never hated you, Mr. Crittenden!" Margaret assured him, beginning to be oddly frightened. "I was unhappy when I first came here—I had been ill. But I—no, I never hated you. And I'm—I'm glad to be friends," she said confusedly, getting to her feet.

"Don't run away!" Stan said authoritatively. "Oh, by the way," he interrupted himself. "By the way, a wire came for you to-day. It was telephoned to the house, and Foote copied it down."

"A telegram!" She was ashen.

He took a penciled memorandum from his pocket, and without moving her eyes from his she received it from his hand.

Stanley knew what it said, he had been conscious of surprise upon receiving it. It contained the words:

"No immediate occasion for alarm. Person you fear has no intention of molesting you. Plans Summer in Southampton. I will keep you advised. Remain where you are. Am constantly concerned for your interest."

"IT WAS unsigned," Stanley said, noticing the effort she made to show no emotion in her expression.

"Unsigned?" she echoed confusedly. "I—Yes, I thought so. I—I— It's nothing. Just some—some business of mine, that's all!"

Her agitation was so uncontrollable and he felt so sorry for her that Stanley said significantly and pleasantly:

"I'm quite aware, at least, that it's no business of *mine!*"

"It's—it's some one I have been—annoyed by," Margaret said, somewhat regaining her composure.

"We all have worries!" Stanley reminded her kindly.

She did not answer, except by a fleeting, worried smile. Then she read the message again and carefully tore it into minute pieces. Immediately, without leaving her chair, and with the small sharp stick that had been supporting a wallflower, she stretched out her brown firm hand, dug a small grave, interred the scraps within it, and neatly covered the scar.

All this was done without self-consciousness and with that even promptness and smoothness of movement that always delighted Stanley. He had seen her, in these pleasant weeks at the farm, handling potted plants, young puppies, wet bathing-suits, handling Jim's little cut fingers, his little scratched knees, with the same dexterous, certain thin fingers.

"It sounds like the first act of a melodrama," she commented, with a nervous smile. "It sounds as if I were the lady crook!"

"I'm only glad that it didn't say 'Leave at once; danger immediate,'" Stan said pleasantly.

"Ah, well, I shouldn't have left. I couldn't!" Margaret assured him, still nervous and shaken. "It's business, after all. But I was afraid that I might—have to go East!"

"Perhaps that's the plot; perhaps you have large interests in the Street," Stan suggested again. But his comments were made with so obvious a kindliness that she knew him merely trying to bridge the awkward moment. Curiosity was not suggested, and she did not satisfy it.

Instead she rose and said that she must go and find Jim and Nora and take the small boy for his usual round of inspection before dinner. She gathered up her towel, her hairbrush, her book. Stanley got to his feet.

"Didn't we—didn't we have fun, this week-end?" he said, to prolong the little tête-à-tête.

Margaret paused and sent him a glance a little surprised, a little confused. She was wearing a garment of some fabric as transparent and fine as a handkerchief; it looked frail and white against her soft brown breast, and beneath it Stan caught a suggestion of other frail and lacy things.

"*Didn't* we?" she echoed, with a reminiscent smile.

"You know, every one of them said that you made everything so pleasant," Stan pursued, stammering and laughing a little.

"Oh!" She dismissed the compliment deprecatingly; half amused and half incredulous. They were close together now—Margaret on her way toward the house, Stanley detaining her by standing directly in her path. The hot Summer afternoon sunlight that was distilling the delicious odors of flowers and shrubs and the spicy aromatic breath of pepper and eucalyptus trees touched her dark, proud head with an aureole; there was youth, fragrance, softness about her, provocation in the uplifted glance of her blue eyes and in the nearness of the slender, nervous, thin young body in its transparent, fragile white draperies. "I'm sure I'm very glad if your friends enjoyed themselves," she said formally and lifelessly.

STANLEY was conscious of overpowering emotion, undefined and unexpected, but overwhelming. He did not know distinctly what he wished to do—it only seemed imperative that he do something, something to impress this girl with the fact that he was not speaking idly. She must be shaken out of this quietly amused and composed attitude of hers.

"You wouldn't consider the position of hostess here as a lifework, with myself thrown in?" he asked, feeling even as he spoke the utter absurdity, the fatuousness of the proposition, and yet carried on into further and further indiscretions by the challenge in her calmly scrutinizing gaze. "Well, why not?" he continued, as into her puzzled look there crept a certain element of scorn. "I'm unmarried, you know!"

Margaret's eyes half closed, her expression became hostile. She answered him only with a patient, contemptuous shrug of her shoulders.

"Oh, look here—look here!" Stanley, who was unaccustomed to this sort of treatment, said suddenly and impatiently. "Where do you get this kind of stuff? I'm not insulting you!"

And quite without premeditation he caught her in his arms and kissed her twice, once on her smooth warm brown temple and once against the cheek that was flung upward with the abrupt gesture of a frightened colt.

Instantly he released her; her brush fell and her book. They found themselves standing and facing each other through a few endless minutes of silence, breathless, speechless, their fingers linked at arm's length, and about them the warmth and sweetness of the Summer afternoon.

In Margaret's look, as he began confusedly to perceive, there was less of anger, less of astonishment than of compunction. She was not furious at him, but she seemed oddly shocked at herself. It was in a mild, bewildered sort of voice that she responded to his quick, ashamed "I'm sorry!" with the slow words:

"Why, that's all right. It's of no consequence——"

This was so unexpected that Stanley's penitence felt a sudden check, and a sort of resentment took its place.

Continued on page 99

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THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 98

'I don't know what I was thinking about!" he said, with an uncomfortable laugh. He wondered if she appreciated the fact that he had just made her a sort of—well, a sort of proposal of marriage, and whether she intended to ignore it or to make him any answer. "I'm sorry!" he repeated somewhat lamely, as Margaret, whose eyes were absent and whose face wore a perplexed frown, made no sign of having heard him.

"No, no; that was nothing!" she assured him, rousing herself. "Don't give it another thought! I am blaming myself," she went on quickly and firmly. "It's a long time since any one—even in fun—has talked this way to me. I hadn't supposed that ever again any man might—even in fun!" She was apparently thinking aloud, formulating her own thoughts. "However, it *should* have occurred to me," she ended, giving him a distressed smile, "and I blame myself entirely!"

"Well!" Stanley said dryly, walking along beside her toward the house and quite shaken out of his sentimental mood, "I can only say that I'm sorry my admiration is so unwelcome to you, and that I regret——"

"You're cross?" she said simply, with an upward glance, as he stopped, stiffly, "but I know how kindly and how generously you meant this," she went on pleasantly, "and I thank you. And please never give it another thought!"

"I am not to like you?" Stanley asked, nettled.

"There isn't—there can't be—anything of that sort in my life. Please don't—joke—about it!"

"My dear girl, I'm not joking! I tell you that I admire you extremely!" Stanley assured her, pleased at her agitation. "All my friends think you're a wonderful person. They know, and I know, that this pleasant house-party was almost entirely your doing—"

"AH, THAT way?" she said, suddenly, good-humored. "You may like me as much as you please, that way!"

"And suppose I feel that you may be a person, *decidedly*, to like in another way!" Stanley persisted stubbornly.

"Then you would be *decidedly* mistaken," Margaret assured him positively. "There are a great many women that you can kiss," she added, uncompromisingly, "but I am not one of them!"

"I didn't mean—kissing——" Stanley stammered, turning brick-color. And so sure was he of his touch with women that he went on, with an engaging little modulation of his voice: "Mayn't we be friends? I hate to feel that you aren't willing to be friends. Don't you like me?"

Her scornful eyes, stern at the beginning of these phrases, softened suddenly, and she seemed for a second to be shaken, to be a trifle confused. It was with a gentler, less assured voice that she said:

"You—you're very kind. I do appreciate it. It's been a long time since any man has been—kind to me, and I hadn't thought that there was anything in me that you could possibly—admire."

"Yes, and suppose I don't stop—admiring you?" Stanley teased her, half-serious and half-perverse.

"Oh, but you will! Nonsense!" she said quickly.

Stanley, unable to analyze his own persistence, yet irresistibly held by some perturbing charm, faced her about at the foot of the porch steps and took her hands.

The touch weakened her suddenly and unexpectedly, and he saw that it did. She stood, breathing hard, rebellion in every line of her beautiful dark face, and her blue eyes smoldering resentfully.

"How sure you are of yourself, Margaret!" he said, with his friendly grin. "Or are you?"

Continued on page 100

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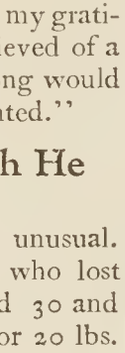
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63	118	123	130	133
64	122	127	133	136
65	125	131	137	140
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THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 99

he added, shrewdly, as the color rushed to her face.

Margaret merely looked at him, and he was shocked and ashamed to see that her lips were trembling and that she could not speak.

Instantly he released her hands. She turned without a word, and went, not too quickly, up the steps.

"I'm sorry—I'm awfully sorry!" Stanley said, not moving until she had disappeared. He had never seen her break before. The thought of those smooth, thin, vital hands, of that flushed, troubled face in its frame of dark hair haunted him with a sense of pity and shame.

THREE hours later they were quietly playing bridge in the usual fashion of farm evenings. But in no sense was this a usual evening for Stan. He began to realize that this woman, so poised, so self-controlled, had taken possession of his imagination. He could not keep his eyes from her, his thoughts from her.

Her eyes were red; he admired the simplicity and bravery with which she ignored them. She was quite herself—impersonal, pleasant, appreciative. Stanley could not strike a spark from her to-night.

But at midnight, when all four players stepped out of the porch to look at the rolling hills and the sloping meadows steeped in silvery moonlight, he seized the opportunity for an awkward apology.

"I'm very sorry I upset you so, Miss Yorke," Stanley murmured, close beside her and some feet away from the others.

He saw her eyes flash in the moonlight and impulsively her warm thin hand touched his own.

"You did me a real service!" she said quickly. "You seemed to waken up some part of me that was frozen—just by showing me that a man could—like me, again! I've been crying," she went on simply and childishly, "and I never cry! It's done me good; I feel more like my old self! It was like a tightness—like a smothering—lifted from my heart. So don't be sorry——

"And I'm glad you spoke of this again," she added, after a pause. "Because there's something I want you to know. My life isn't like other women's. I'm—I'm bound. I'll never—be free to think of any man."

"I'm sorry," Stanley said briefly and simply in the silence.

"No prisoner," Margaret went on, passionately, yet with all her usual restraint, "no prisoner was ever so bound as I. No woman ever lived under such—fear, and such helplessness. I have given my oath never to tell any one," she finished, "or some day I would like to tell you. God!" he heard her say in a whisper, "to tell somebody—to tell *somebody!* Just to share it!"

And as she ended, she turned to him and laid one hand upon her heart, and he saw the glitter of her dark eyes in the silver-and-black dappling of the moonlight through the grape-vines.

"DO YOU know what I prayed for, on my knees, this afternoon?" she asked him suddenly.

"No, my dear," Stanley said tenderly, touched by her words.

"I prayed," she said, not quite steadily, "that not you and not any man, would ever come to like me! I prayed that never again would I love any man. I'm safe here: I have my work, and the garden, and Jim—it's all I need. This is sanctuary, for me. To leave it, to break my oath, would mean the unhappiness, perhaps the ruin, of the person dearest to me in the world! I've been weak in my life, I've been wrong, but—but no more. To let you care for me would be weakness and wrong all over again. And to let myself care for you," said Margaret, in a tone whose thrilling low notes Stan remembered for a long time, "would be ruin for us all!"

Continued in the March DELINEATOR



EARLY CHILDHOOD

Concluded from page 14

then consult your physician about their removal. There is a tendency among physicians to-day toward greater conservatism in regard to this operation.

Preventable Diseases—About a hundred years ago nearly half the deaths of young children were the result of smallpox. This peril has been removed by Jenner's discovery of vaccination, but to-day many parents unfortunately are very remiss about having their children vaccinated. Vaccination should never be neglected, and the earlier it is done the better.

Diphtheria is a common but preventable disease in young children. When a child contracts the disease, the prompt use of antitoxin will cure it. One of the most important of the recent advances in preventive medicine is the Schick test, by means of which susceptibility to diphtheria may be determined; and the use of what is called "toxin-antitoxin" will prevent such children from ever taking the disease. This is a simple, harmless and painless procedure and should be more widely employed.

Whooping-cough is a frequent and dangerous disease in young children. However, if a series of injections of whooping-cough vaccine are given when the child has been exposed, the chances of his contracting the disease are lessened.

Keep your young children away from crowds, motion-picture theaters and the like if you want to keep contagious diseases away.

All sorts of dangers menace the health of the child. These may in a general way be placed in three groups: First, faulty nutrition and its effects, which will be considered in a separate article; second, the infections, some of which have been mentioned; third, the numerous disturbing factors, of ever increasing importance in this restless age, which produce what is popularly called "nervousness."

To protect the child from infections, especially in early life, is important. As the toddler grows older he develops more and more resistance to disease. Some contagious diseases can only be prevented by avoiding infection, but many can be warded off by keeping the child in good condition. This means out-of-doors, plenty of sunshine, proper exercise, the avoidance of fatigue and attention to the body functions. These are not to be practised once in a while, spasmodically and irregularly, but day in and day out until all the habits which make for health and a healthy body have become firmly established.

NERVOUSNESS is avoided not alone by the above measures, but by having the home life as free as possible from tension and strife. Too often a nervous mother is the cause of a nervous child, and the preventive measures must be applied not so much to the child as to its older associates. Too early attempts at education, striving to make a show child or infant prodigy, efforts to keep up appearances in an artificial society way beyond the child's resources, account for many an irritable, unstable nervous system and the only remedy is removal to a less strenuous life. Carefully regulated habits, exercise, baths and massage will help considerably, but the fundamental errors must be sought and eradicated.

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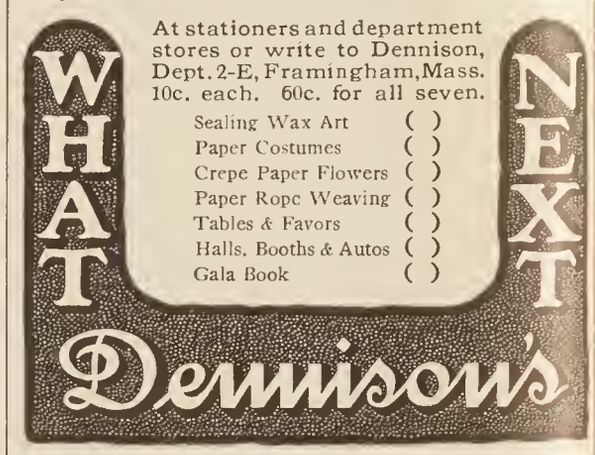
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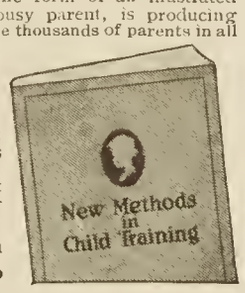
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OLIVER OCTOBER

Continued from page 18

it. Somewhere back in his mind lurked a very distasteful phrase that ended with a "cocked hat," although he did not quite remember the rest of it.

As he descended the stairs, he tried to think of some means to avert the calamity. He thought of locking his brother-in-law in the cellar and keeping him there until after election day. He wondered if he could persuade the old man—for a substantial cash consideration—to remain in seclusion or wander away again or— But, no; he had sunk too much money already, and there was still an additional thousand or two to be paid out for the search——

He stopped suddenly, reeling as from a blow. The lighted candle, held almost directly in front of his face, witnessed a most astonishing transformation. Mr. Gooch's harassed visage slowly lighted up; it became almost radiant. He hurried to the door and unbolted it quickly, for he was now afraid that old Oliver might have taken it into his head to disappear again!

He had just remembered Oliver October's promise to pay him five thousand dollars in cash if he produced his father, dead or alive! He was actually smirking as he pressed the electric-light button. The wind blew the candle out as he threw the door open.

"Well, well!" exclaimed Mr. Gooch, holding the door-knob in one hand and the candlestick in the other, making it obviously impossible for him to shake hands with what might after all turn out to be a cadaver. "You—you certainly gave me quite a scare."

He peered narrowly, intently at the weather-beaten face of his wife's brother. Old Oliver was looking around the hall as if inspecting a most unfamiliar place. Mr. Gooch, closing the door, risked a timid slap on the other's shoulder and was greatly relieved to find that it was solid. Baxter did not take kindly to this demonstration. He winced.

"SAY, don't do that," he said. "I've got rheumatism in that shoulder. Comes from sleeping out in the open air a good bit of the time this Fall."

Mr. Gooch stepped back, the better to survey his brother-in-law's person. There was every indication that Mr. Baxter had taken the precaution to sleep in his clothes pretty steadily all Fall: they were wrinkled and dusty and hung limply, crookedly on his graceless form. The coat collar was turned up and held tight to his throat by a thick red muffler; he wore a sad-looking green Homberg hat with a perky red feather sticking up from the band.

"Take off your muffler," said Horace, desiring indisputable evidence.

"Oh, it's there, all right," divined Mr. Baxter. "You can feel it, if you don't believe me. It's just as well you didn't offer to shake hands with me, Horace. I swore I'd never shake hands with you.'

"Come out to the kitchen," said Gooch, scowling. "It's warm there, and besides you might like a cup of coffee."

"All I want is a bed to sleep in. I haven't slept in a regular bed for the Lord knows how long. Thank God, I'll be sleeping in my own to-morrow night."

He followed the puzzled Mr. Gooch to the kitchen and at once drew up a chair to the stove.

"Where have you been all this time?" murmured Horace, generously replenishing the fire.

"Oh—traveling," said Mr. Baxter casually. He removed his hat and placed it on the floor beside the chair.

Mr. Gooch leaned out and scrutinized the top of his guest's head. Then he deliberately felt of it.

"What are you doing?" demanded Mr. Baxter sharply.

"Oh—I was just wondering if— But never mind. Now, Ollie, tell me all about yourself. We've been hunting for you all over the——"

Continued on page 102



GRAY HAIR is appropriate only to age. Grandmother's silver locks becomingly frame a face lined and mellowed by time. But why should a young woman permit premature gray hair to place the seal of age upon her brow! Modern thought justifies the tinting of gray, faded or bleached hair to its original shade and splendor with

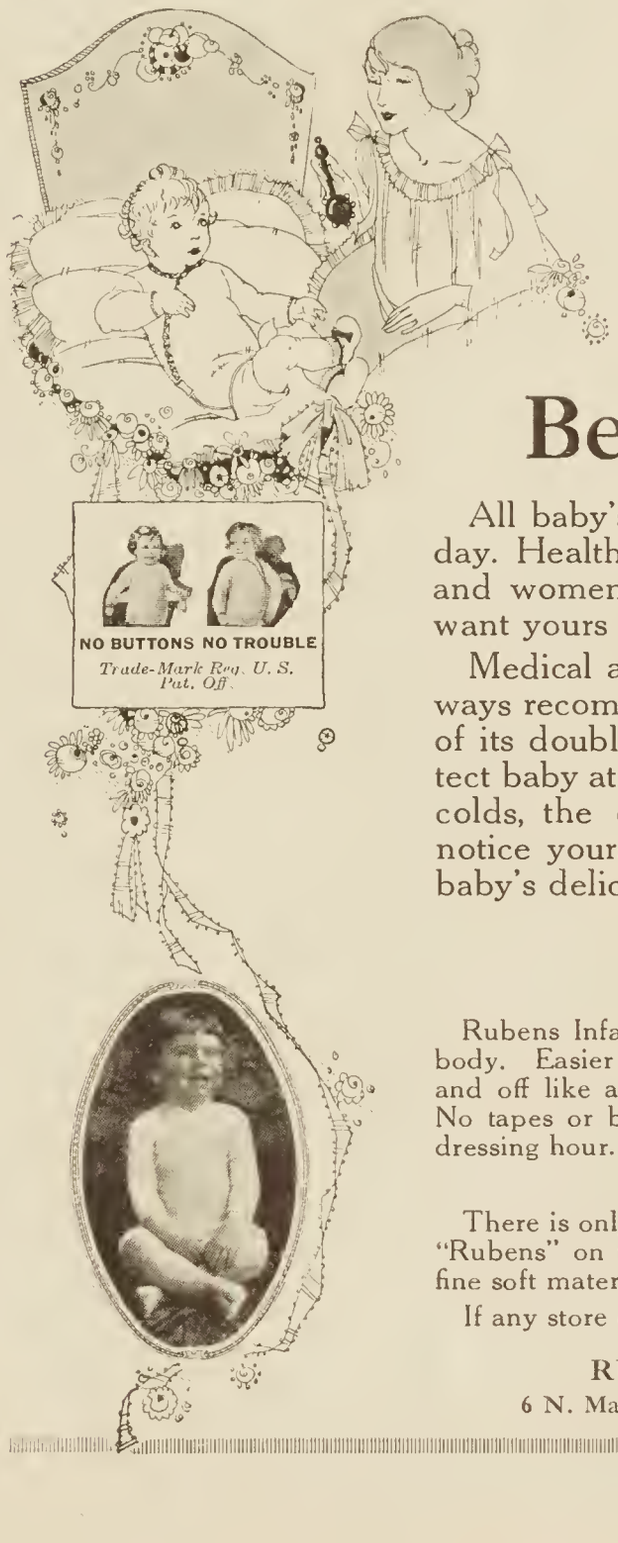
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OLIVER OCTOBER

Continued from page 101

Oliver's cackle interrupted him.

"Like chasing a flea, wasn't it?" he chuckled. "Before we go any further," he went on seriously, "tell me about my boy Oliver. How is he? Hasn't been hung yet, has he?"

"Not yet," said Mr. Gooch sententiously. He placed a chair to the opposite side of the stove and sat down.

"Well, he's in no danger now," said Mr. Baxter. "And what's more, he never was in any danger of being hung. That Gipsy woman lied."

"That's what I said at the time. Didn't I tell you what a darned fool you were?"

"How *is* my boy? Where is he?"

"He's over in Rumley," said Mr. Gooch shortly. "I guess he's all right. Leastwise, he was up to this evening."

"That's good. By glory, I'll be glad to see him. I've got great news for him. Took me over a year to get it and cost me a lot of money, but it was worth it. My mind is at rest. Say, do you know I've been from one end of this country to the other? On the go every minute of the time. It wasn't till about a month ago that I run across the right band."

"Band?"

"Yep; band. Struck 'em over in eastern Ohio. I guess I must have tracked down seventy-five or a hundred bands before I got the right one."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Gipsies," said Mr. Baxter briefly, holding his gnarled red hands out to the fire. "You said something about coffee, Horace."

Mr. Gooch eyed him fearfully for a few moments.

"Crazy as a loon," he muttered.

"Who? Me?"

"No, no!" cried Mr. Gooch hastily. "Don't get excited now, Ollie. Keep calm. I'll put the coffee on right away. Just you keep quiet——"

"Is that what you were feeling my head for?" demanded Mr. Baxter shrewdly.

"Not at all, not at all, just—affection, Ollie."

"*Umph!* Well, I'm not crazy—not on your life. Hurry up with that coffee. Mind if I light my pipe?"

"CERTAINLY not. Go ahead," urged Mr. Gooch.

Mr. Baxter stretched out his wrinkled legs and filled his pipe and lit it. Mr. Gooch splashed considerable water upon the hot stove as he filled the coffee-pot. The visitor seemed to find pleasure in exhaling great clouds of rank-smelling smoke.

"Yes, sir," he began presently, "I hunted this country over before I found her. She remembered everything. It took me nearly two weeks to get her to admit that she lied," went on Mr. Baxter. "And I guess she wouldn't have done it then if I hadn't offered her a hundred dollars to tell the truth. You see, Horace, it was this way: As my boy Oliver grew up to be a man, I realized that she had lied dreadfully about one thing, so that set me to thinking that she must have lied about others. She said he would grow up to be the living image of his father. Well, he didn't. He's a hundred per cent. better-looking than I am or ever was. That's a fact, ain't it?"

"Are you talking about the Gipsy who told his fortune?" inquired Mr. Gooch, comprehending at last.

"Yes; 'Queen' Marguerite. Mrs. Tobian Spink, in private. One of the most interesting queens I've ever met, and, by gosh, I've met a lot of 'em in my travels. As I was saying, I got it into my head that if she could be wrong about Oliver looking like me, she could have been wrong about everything else. So I made up my mind to find her——"

"So *that's* what you've been up to, you blamed old idiot!" exclaimed Mr. Gooch. "Sneaking away and leaving everybody to wonder what had become of you. You ought to be cowhided, Oliver Baxter. All the trouble and anxiety and worry you've caused me and your son and everybody else! All the money your son spent looking for you—to say nothing of what I've spent myself lately. Why, you old——"

"Keep your shirt on, Horace," advised Oliver blandly. "Don't get excited. I just had to do it. I couldn't stand it any longer. I would have lost my mind long before Oliver was thirty if I had sat around waiting for a year and more to see if he was really going to be hung. Besides, it's none of your business, anyhow. You say Oliver spent a lot of money trying to find me?" He put the question eagerly, wistfully.

"And so did I," snapped Mr. Gooch. "I'm not saying Oliver spent his own money. He probably——"

"I don't care whose money he spent," cried Mr. Baxter joyously. "I'll pay back all that you spent, so don't worry, you darned old skinflint. Every nickel of it."

"You will?" cried Mr. Gooch. "Is that a promise?"

"Certainly. And my word is as good as my bond," said Mr. Baxter proudly.

"I've always said you were an absolutely honest man, Oliver," said Mr. Gooch ingratiatingly. "Never knew you to go back on your word. If you say you'll pay, I know you will."

"Figure it up and let me know," said Mr. Baxter. "I guess my business is still prospering. I had a kind of notion Oliver October would step in and take hold of it in my place after I went away— But never mind about that. Yes, sir; I finally got the 'queen' to confess that *everything* she said that night was false. She wanted two hundred, but I wouldn't give it to her. Said she was ruining herself by confessing, and all that. Oliver ain't going to be hung any more than you or I. All spite work, she says. Got mad at all of us. He's not even going to be a general in the army, or a great and successful business man, or enter the halls of State, or——"

"WHAT'S that?" demanded Mr. Gooch, quickly, hopefully.

"—or look exactly like me," concluded Mr. Baxter. "She's going to make an affidavit to it soon as we get to Rumley to-morrow."

Mr. Gooch started, casting an anxious look toward the kitchen door.

"Say, you—you don't mean to tell me you've got her with you," he rasped. "If that's so, I want to tell you right now, Ollie Baxter, I won't have you bringing any strange woman into my house. My house is respectable——"

"She's out at the camp," interrupted Mr. Baxter. "We've camped just south of this town. I've been sleeping with her father for nearly a month—on rainy nights, I mean, when we had to get into the caravan. His name is Wattles. Eighty years old and still the best horse-trader in the tribe."

Mr. Gooch groaned.

"I'll fix up the sofa in the parlor for you to sleep on, Ollie," he said after a long and thoughtful pause. "The bed in the spare room isn't made up. In fact, it's down altogether—being repaired," he went on lamely.

"You've got a double bed in your room, haven't you?" said Mr. Baxter.

"Well, it's boiling at last," evaded Mr. Gooch. "Now we'll have some nice hot coffee. Like it pretty strong?"

"Middling," said Mr. Baxter reproachfully. "I was counting on sleeping in a nice, warm, soft bed to-night, Horace."

His host pondered. "I was just thinking that maybe I could bring down a mattress from the attic, Ollie, and fix you up in the hall just outside my bedroom door. I'll leave the door open. Plenty of blankets and——"

"All right, all right," broke in Mr. Baxter, and gulped down some coffee. "I want to get an early start to-morrow morning, so you don't need to mind about giving me a breakfast. We figure on getting away a little after sunrise."

His host remonstrated. "I won't listen to it," he said. "You will go over to Rumley with me in my car just as soon as we've had breakfast. Your friends—I mean the Gipsies—can follow along later. Not another word, old boy. I have to go to Rumley in the morning, anyway." He hesitated a moment, eying his guest keenly, and then proceeded: "Although I guess it won't be necessary for me to look at that—ahem! ah—er—I was just wondering whose body it is, since it can't possibly be yours. The one they found in the swamp yesterday, I mean."

Mr. Baxter checked a yawn to enquire

Concluded on page 103



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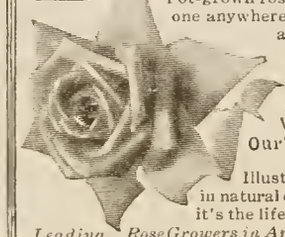


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OLIVER OCTOBER

Concluded from page 102

with sudden interest: "In the swamp, eh? Out in one of the pools? Well, by ginger!" He started up from his chair in great excitement. "Why, it must be Tom Sharp's body. Of all the——"

"Tom Sharp? Who is Tom Sharp? Besides, it isn't a body. It's a skeleton, so they say—with its head split open."

"Tom Sharp," declared Mr. Baxter with conviction. "Old Wattles told me all about it. Tom Sharp was killed with an ax right there on the edge of the swamp thirty years ago. Same night the 'queen' came to my house. He——"

"Can't be," broke in Mr. Gooch. "The doctors say this fellow has been dead only a year or so."

"How does anybody know how long a skeleton has been dead?" demanded Mr. Baxter severely. "Of course it's Tom Sharp. He got smashed over the head with an ax that night by another Gipsy whose wife he had run away with. The husband caught up with him at Rumley, after chasing him for months. It's against the Gipsy law for a man to steal another man's wife, so they never said anything about the killing: just took Tom Sharp out in the swamp and—well—sort of left him. The fellow that killed him joined the band and went back to living with his wife, who was a girl named Magda. Maybe you recollect her. She was up to my house that night. Her husband died five or six years ago. His widow— Say, Horace, if they think that body is mine, who is supposed to have killed me?"

Mr. Gooch experienced a strange and unsuspected softening of the heart.

"A man that used to work around your place," said he, after a moment's hesitation. "He skipped out a few weeks ago," he added, generously enlarging upon the lie.

SILENCE fell between them. Mr. Baxter was thinking profoundly, his brow wrinkled, his eyes fixed on one of his bony hands.

"Just so it wasn't—Oliver," he said at last, swallowing hard. He removed the gaudy muffler. His Adam's apple rose and fell twice convulsively.

Horace busied himself about the stove and at the sink over by the window.

"I guess you won't mind my asking a question, Ollie," he said, turning to his brother-in-law. "Seeing that you hate me, what put it into your head to come here to-night and ask for a lodging in my house, knowing that I hate you as much as you do me—or more?"

"Well, you see," began Mr. Baxter, very wistfully and yet shamefacedly, "I've been among strangers so long, Horace, and I've been so homesick for some of my own folks that I—well, I sort of felt I'd like to see even you."

Mr. Gooch pulled at his whiskers for a long time.

"Come to think of it, Ollie," he said rather loudly, due to the discovery that the other was having great difficulty in keeping his eyes open, "I guess I'll have you sleep in that big feather bed in the—er—in my second spare room. And I'll let you have a nice fresh nightshirt. Come along, better go to bed."

Mr. Baxter looked at him in a sort of mild, sleepy wonder.

"Why, you're not half as stingy as I thought you'd be," said he slowly.

"Anybody that says I'm stingy don't know what he's talking about," said Mr. Gooch magnificently.

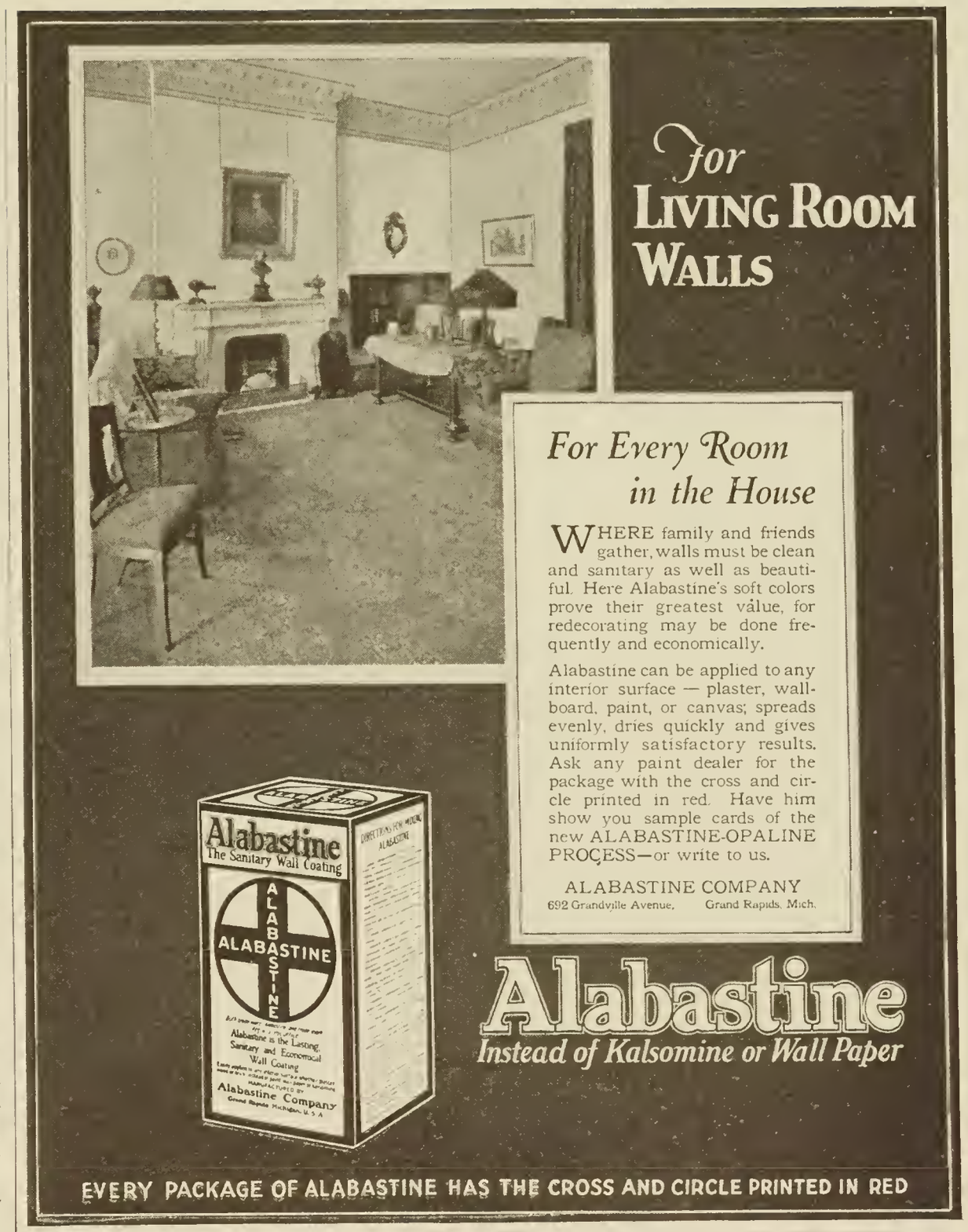
He escorted his guest up the back stairs and ushered him into the one and only spare room the house afforded.

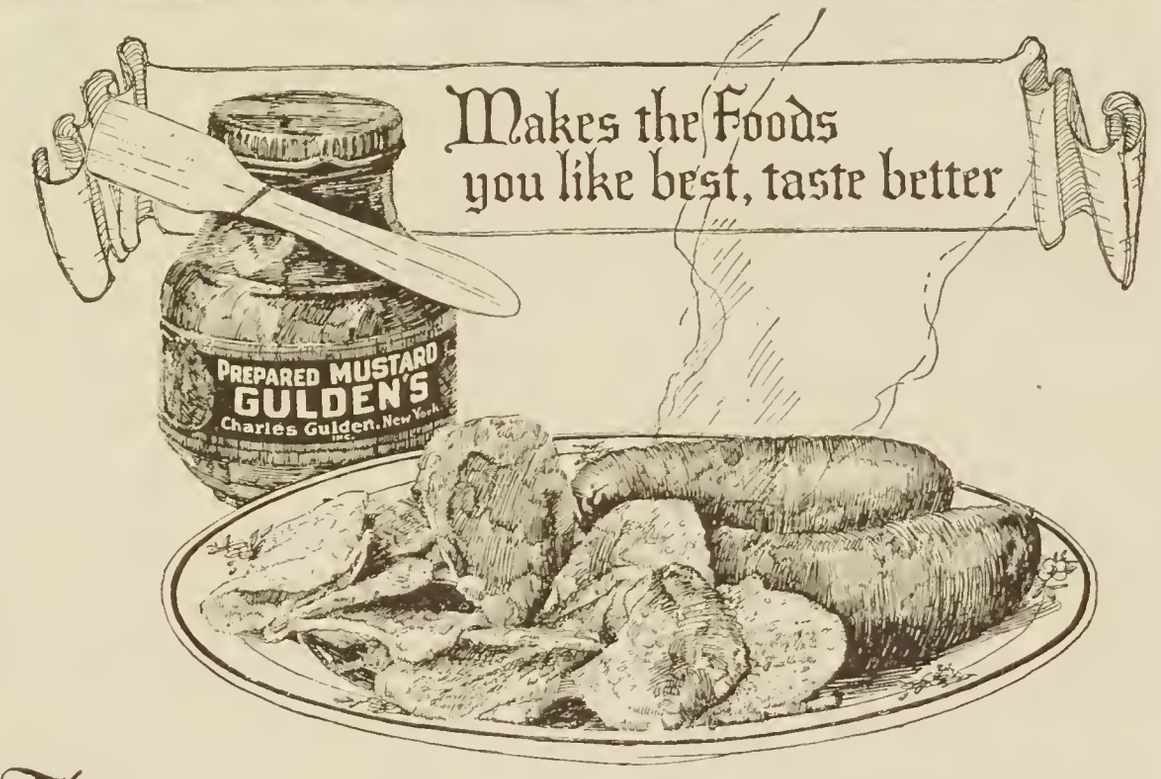
"Get undressed, Ollie," said he. "I'll be back in a minute with the nightshirt."

He hurried off to his room. As he opened the door, he stopped—aghast.

"Darn my fool hide!" he grated under his breath. "I left that light burning and it's been going all the time I was down-stairs."

THE END





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WANTED: A CHURCH

Continued from page 9

DR. WALSH'S ANSWER—*Continued*

Under the circumstances, don't you think that you are due to do a little making up of your mind before asking for help in your quest? Suppose a boy out in the field called you from a game of golf to help him look for something and said, "I am looking for a golf-ball," but after he had attracted your attention and interrupted your game were to say, "I am not sure that I am looking for a golf-ball, it may be a diamond ring or a penny or a lady's glove or a glass alley, and I am really not looking very hard for it, but the important thing is that I am looking, so I called you over to help me." Just what would you think of the boy?

You say a number of times that you are looking for a church. Church is a good old word that comes to us from the Greek, *kyriakon*, and the Scotch form of the word, kirk, shows that we are comparatively little away from the Greek yet. *Kyriakon* meant the Lord's house. You want to find some place where you can feel that you are closer to God. You do not want a meeting-house where people come together to have various problems discussed for them, not a synagogue, which, according to its etymology, is just a get-together place. You do not want something merely human, but you want to get in touch with the divine, if that is possible here below.

You say a number of times that you believe in God. You even insist that you must believe in God. Practically all men, unless they get very sophisticated, have this belief in God that you confess to. It is an instinct in humanity. Men have always believed in God and have also always believed in a hereafter. We have never found a tribe of savages, no matter how low it was in the scale of civilization, that did not believe in God, a Superior Being from whom things came, and a hereafter to which they were going. You can argue yourself out of that sort of belief just as you can argue yourself out of a belief in the distinction between right and wrong, if you want to, but "only the fool that thinketh not in his heart says there is no God." He may think it in his mind, but not in that deeper nature of ours which influences so much of our thinking quite apart from our knowledge.

YOU want to raise your instinctive acceptance of God and make it worthy of your dignity as a man, and that is the reason for your search for a church and a religion, though you are not sure about it. You say the churches as you have known them simply bore you. You are not the only one. All over the country the ministers of the Protestant churches are complaining of empty benches. Manifestly a large number of others have been bored. In a recent number of the *Yale Quarterly Review* Rev. Francis E. Clark, the founder of the Christian Endeavor Society, had an article on "The Menace of the Sermon." He does not hesitate to say that "the root of the evil (that is, the decline of churchgoing) is the sermon." "It is the worship of the sermon," he adds, "instead of the worship of God; it is the sermon idolatry which we must chiefly blame for the really deplorable condition of many churches." As he has been going around in the course of organizing his great society and must have heard a great many sermons, one can feel for him and realize that probably there could be no better witness in the matter.

There is one church in this country that is making no complaint about empty benches—that is the Catholic Church. The one I go to has ten services on Sunday during the Winter most of them are crowded and some of them are jammed to standing-room only. We all go there for an act of worship, to get closer to God. I doubt whether most of us could tell you on Monday morning what we heard talked about on Sunday, and except at one service the sermons are only five minutes long. We all go to hear Mass. We think that a supreme act of worship, because Christ established it for that purpose.

Church is for us a place to worship the Lord our God and thus be made better to serve our fellow man. The essence of our religion is the love of God and our fellows. The formula for that was given by Christ Himself. If we only practised it, life would be lovely, but we are human and so the spirit has to be renewed, and we find the best renewal at church on Sundays.

Have you ever looked in on us? Don't listen to what people outside say of us—come and see. If you believe in God, as you say, you are under some obligations to Him, and that you say you want to do. I would say to you, after half a century of trial of it, "come on in, the water's fine."

RABBI WISE'S ANSWER—*Continued*

which men feel warranted in mending for themselves rather than mending for all. No other social institution is thus cavalierly treated. The higher its origin and sanctions, the greater its needs of human cooperation and direction. The church deals with divine things, but everything about it is not divine. No institution is more continuously in need of human guidance and correction.

But there is a second, altogether understandable error that lies back of the viewpoint of the writer—assuming, as one must, that he is sincere as well as candid—and for this error the church is for the most part responsible. Jesus said: "Come unto me ye that are heavy-laden and I will give you rest." But he did not say, "Come unto me ye that are unladen or light-laden and I will give you Nirvana." Rest is needed by the heavy-laden and these should find peace within the church and through its ministrations. But some—yea, many—require not rest at all. They need light or strength or courage or self-respect or reinforcement of will or lifting up. Now the church is not and should not be a sanatorium for moral malingers or spiritual fainéants. Not rest nor peace should the church undertake to offer to all, for there are those who need to be morally dynamited, spiritually torpedoed, though, of course, they know it not.

THE writer wishes to have a church, but he is unwilling to pay the price (I need hardly add that I do not use the term in any literal or material sense). "Isn't there a church for me?" is asked, as if churches could be made flexible and expansible, suited to every variety of need or to every variation of taste. In truth, he little understands the church who asks for "a church for me." This is an aspect of that hypertrophied individualism which demands that a church be devised to satisfy the needs of every living being and withal fails to understand that the church is and of right ought to be the most exigent of institutions, imperious and unwithstandable in its claims upon men.

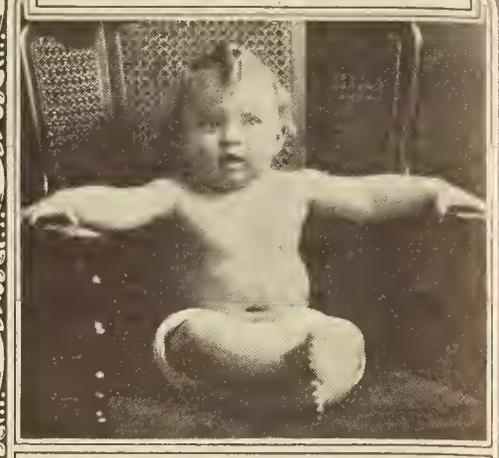
"Isn't there some church for me?" is the query of one moment, and the insistence of the next is "I want religious contact." A man can not expect to have a church builded to suit just himself, "for me," and at the same time enter into the realm of religious contact. The truth is that the church means an association in which God, not the individual man, is the common denominator. The church as an institution has reference to the common quest of men whose goal is Godward, and therefore the church is in its essence an institution of contacts. Contacts, whether social or religious, can not be without adjustments—that is, self-adjustments. The church is not for me: it is for men including me.

If I seem unduly to stress this aspect of the problem, it is because, though a member of the church universal which is the House of the Lord, wide and inclusive enough to embrace all who seek Him in spirit and in truth, I am a Jewish teacher linked by memories of the past and by present choice to a great tradition—and that tradition is not in consonance with the attitude of either eclecticism or dilettanteism in religious life.

The synagogue never set out to be an ingratiating invitation to church attendance. It was a stern command "to wait upon the Lord." Such adjustments as proved necessary were of one to many rather than of all to any. No man was bidden to stifle his personal convictions at the dictate of dogma, but creed could not be altered every hour to satisfy fugitive opinion. The creed of the church, in the case of the synagogue, was reduced to a minimum. But that creed, summed up or renewed in the great commandments of the Jew of Nazareth, the

Concluded on page 105

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WANTED: A CHURCH

Concluded from page 104

sovereignty of the one-all God and the sovereignty of the law of the neighbor over humankind, was and remains inflexible. Dogmalessness? Yes, for dogmas are chains! Creeds? Yes, for creeds are anchors!

Whether a man is to find a church for himself or to find himself within a church depends very largely upon the answer to the question whether his view of life be egocentric or heterocentric. The egocentric and the deocentric views of life are irreconcilable, even as the heterocentric and theocentric can be brought into perfect accord. The man "who believes in God" puts God first, and, if he fail to find the church a sure avenue of access to God, will not block or turn his back upon every Godward and manward way, but will seek "to make straight the highway of the Lord." And there is a hint from the Persian:

No one could tell me where my soul might be,
I sought for God and God eluded me,
I sought my brother out and found all three.

LEFT ALONE WITH MONEY

Concluded from page 12

quick speculations. But if by any chance you long for adventure and high finance, and once in a while become weary of the investments which bankers label as safe for women, make it a rule never to involve your principal. Take your fliers only with the part of your income that you can afford to lose without regret. Never for a moment forget that there is always a big possibility of losing all that you put into the game. The game is dangerous; keep out unless you can afford to lose.

Nearly every reader of this magazine must know that the country is dotted with families suffering poverty or comparative discomfort because of hasty and ill-judged investments or because of greed for too great gain. A sincere desire to prevent and to remedy such conditions is the inspiration of this article.

WHEN YOUR SKIN NEEDS A SURGEON

Concluded from page 79

is not the primary cause. The little triangular paper stickers sold to paste on the wrinkle to "remove" it are merely useful because they prevent frowning and therefore help to keep the wrinkle from getting deeper.

The paraffin injections made under the skin to "remove" wrinkles and correct deformities of nose, ears, etc., are *very dangerous*. They not only are liable to start infections, but also often result in disfigurement, caused by the paraffin running and settling in another spot than the one intended, so that one may have a large lump under his eye instead of on his nose, where it was supposed to be added.

The use of a Bier hyporemia cup, which stimulates the blood in the face, and an *occasional* massage are the only local methods I should advise for wrinkles. The best way to stave off wrinkles is to take care of the general health. Overstrain and fatigue age the body and show their effect on the face. The healthier the body the younger it is, and the younger the body the younger the face.



Scot Tissue Towels encourage clean hands

THEY provide the pleasure of a perfectly fresh, clean towel for each person every time; a towel that's yours first and yours only; never touched by other hands; always soft, fresh, pure white.

Millions of soft "thirsty" fibres in every ScotTissue Towel, leap to their work of draining dry every drop of moisture from your skin and leave a refreshing sense of cleanliness.

Druggists, Department Stores and Stationers sell ScotTissue Towels at 40c per carton of 150, and even less by the case (50c per carton in Canada).

Don't confuse ScotTissue Towels with harsh, non-absorbent paper towels. Look for the name on every towel.

for "Clean Hands in Business"

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Also makers of ScotTissue Toilet Paper

MAKING HOUSEWORK EASY



Clean steel knives and forks, remove stains and grease with

SAPOLIO

Cleans · Scours · Polishes

Large cake
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MIFFLIN ALKOHOL
MASSAGE
the External tonic
Tired? Muscles sore? Rub away pain with Mifflin Alkohol Massage!
At Druggists

WESSON OIL is so good-to-eat that you would want it even if you felt you could not afford it—and costs so little that you ought to use it even if it wasn't so good.



It cleans where you can and cannot see

Sprinkle Sani-Flush into the toilet bowl. It removes quickly all stains, discolorations, incrustations. The porcelain gleams.

No scrubbing—no scouring!

The hidden trap. The unhealthful trap—Sani-Flush cleans it thoroughly, too! And destroys *all* foul odors. It will not harm plumbing connections.

Nothing else is like it. Just sprinkle it into the bowl. Follow directions on the can, and flush. Always keep Sani-Flush handy in the bathroom.

Sani-Flush is sold at grocery, drug, hardware, plumbing and house-furnishing stores. Price, 25c. (Canadian price, 35c; foreign price, 50c.)

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Foreign Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd.
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Sani-Flush
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Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

Deformed 7 Years by Infantile Paralysis



Frances Hall's condition after 5½ months at McLain Sanitarium astonished those who knew her as a cripple for 7 years. Read her parents' letter:

It hardly seems possible that Frances' foot could be so changed in 5½ months. Her heel was 3¼ inches from the floor when she left home. Now she steps flat on the floor, although slightly lame. Her limb has increased in size, is straight and she has good use of it. All her friends think it is almost a miracle.

MR. AND MRS. R. S. HALL,
Franklinville, New York.

FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN

The McLain Sanitarium is a thoroughly equipped private institution devoted exclusively to the treatment of Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Disease and Deformities, Wry Neck, Hip Disease, Diseases of the joints, especially as found in children and young adults. Our Book "Deformities and Paralysis" and "Book of References" sent free.

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F-412

Girls! Girls!! Save Your Hair With Cuticura

Soap and Ointment to clear dandruff and itching, 25c. each. Samples free of Cuticura, Dept. D, Malden, Mass.



JOHN SINGER SARGENT—ARTIST

Concluded from page 15

and given form to his designs, which in turn he colors. This is not in itself new in art, but it is new for John Singer Sargent.

Whether this means that he will progress from painting alone to sculpture, I do not profess to know. Sargent is following along the same line as all great artists. Every big man has mastered drawing, modeling and painting. We have no record that Phidias painted, but personally I have no doubt that he did. We know that Angelo did; we know that Raphael modeled; we know that da Vinci not only painted and modeled, but engineered, wrote and played politics; Meunier began by painting and did not model much before fifty. The point, of course, is not simply that they used one medium or another, but that the true creative force tears down, rebuilds and uses any medium that may be required by the nature of the work in hand.

I miss the dreamer in Sargent, and I miss also what I call the dramatist, although in his panel of "The Sorrowful Mysteries" he probably develops this quality to the satisfaction of most. In these tragic scenes I feel a lack, in his choice of pose or mood, of that touch of the personal which is necessary to make the action irresistible. He appears to me not to have felt the subject so much as to have reasoned it. And yet I feel, in studying the development of Sargent's work, that he is heading straight for that large dramatic art to which all great artists aspire, the actual conflict and crisis in the passions of life, rather than illustrative allegories of them, and that the present period of decoration is a process by which he is freeing himself from long years of portrait confinement.

Sargent's interest in his work is, of course, his own happiness, his own fulfilment. Civilization's interest lies in the truth, the quality and the intensity of his interpretation of its myths and ideals—and it will reward him accordingly. No one can look seriously at this work, covering the period of intellectual development of a great painter, a great craftsman, a man who has had all there is of popular reward, and not realize that he is witnessing the evolution of a creative force struggling with the formless records of humanity's hopes and sorrows, beliefs and superstitions, its eternal efforts to free itself from chaos. There is also a great craftsman's misgivings and strivings rightly to place these, not only in illustrative form, but as decoration, upon the place allotted, or which he may be able to create in the buildings provided.

SARGENT is an intellectual. He is not a long-haired victim of temperament. He is a master. Whether mind and heart are so well balanced that he will finally interpret the greater mind and heart of mankind with prophetic vision remains to be seen. We will wait and see. Meantime I believe he will, in spite of a certain lack of emotion that one often misses. He is thinking and feeling with great charm and extraordinary ability into and through the dreams, passions and traditions of humanity. If Sargent could be induced to remain with us, he might become the leader of a school of great art in America by the inevitable influence of good and great work spreading among the people.



WALLS AND THEIR TREATMENT

Concluded from page 52

there is little chance of the occupants becoming tired of the design. Some children's and servants' rooms may well be papered in cheerful, light tones, either in stripes or in floral designs.

If you already possess furniture or hangings, you should take well into consideration their color, design and texture, and guide your choice of wall decorations accordingly. Carpets, curtains and overstuffed pieces in figured materials are better against a plain background, while plain draperies and somber, plain furniture can well afford a figured background.

WALL-PAPER

ACCORDING to history, wall-paper was invented by the Chinese during the early part of the first century and afterward introduced into Europe by Dutch traders. The first introduction of wall-paper into America occurred about one hundred and seventy years ago; and although it was sold as "India Papers," it was really made in China, and was painted by hand on large sheets. This paper in particular was imported especially for the purpose of decorating the walls of a house in Dedham, Massachusetts, where it may be seen to-day in a good state of preservation. Since that time, paper has been much used by Americans as wall decoration for their homes.

English, Italian, Belgian and French block prints are superior to ours in design and stock, especially the landscape or scenic type of paper made from wood blocks in France. But as these are both expensive and difficult to obtain, they do not come under the heading of modern wall-paper, which may be purchased from twenty cents the roll up.

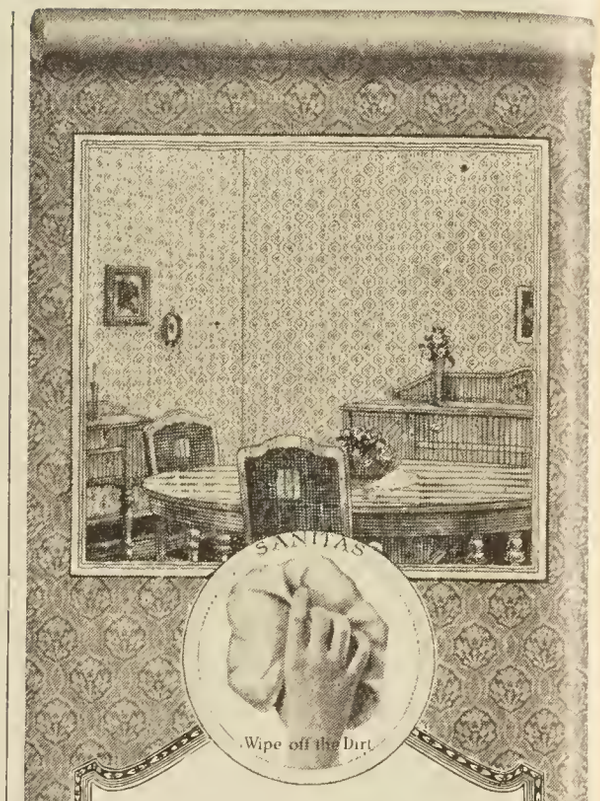
In choosing wall-paper, you should always examine it in full daylight. Never make a decision from a single roll of paper, but from two or three rolls together, so that you get the effect of a broad surface. It is well to remember that big showy designs become even larger on the wall and that blues and greens generally become darker in color after being hung. Choose a shade lighter rather than darker in all colors, as dust and dirt always tend to darken any paper. All-over designs, stripes and plain papers make by far the best backgrounds. Paper should always be selected with a thought to the architecture and furnishings. In a Colonial type of house reproductions of some Colonial type of paper should be used; and with Chinese or Japanese furnishings, Chinese patterns or grass-cloth papers would be appropriate. Oatmeals, cartridge, crape and burlap look well in bungalows and apartments, or with oak furniture of the craftsman type. Colonial stripes, plain stripes and two-tone, mottled and all-over designs in light browns, tans, greens and grays make the best wall coverings for halls, living-rooms and dining-rooms. It is well to remember that gilt, silver or bronze paper is apt to be tarnished by furnace heat.

Bedrooms are best papered in neutral or delicately toned papers. Creams, grays, pale yellows and buffs—with small figures, stripes and cross-bars—are considered intimate and restful.

Children's rooms are appropriately papered in floral designs or in all-over, misty and scenic patterns. Strong oft-repeated designs of animals or people become tiresome and irritating. The most a child's room or nursery should contain in the shape of a scenic frieze is one strip around the room, placed about three-fourths of the way up on the wall. The wall-space above and below should be in some plain neutral color, the frieze thus taking the place of pictures.

BORDERS

IF A room is low, do not add to its low effect by adding a border. Borders are for rooms with high ceilings. If an unusually high ceiling is to be reckoned with, the ceiling paint or paper can be carried down the walls a foot or two and joined to the wall-paper with a simple molding.



Before You Decorate

Compare Sanitas with any decorative material you have in mind for walls and ceilings.

Consider the unique advantages of Sanitas before you decide.

SANITAS
MODERN WALL COVERING

Made on cloth, does not tear, crack or blister.

Machine painted with durable oil colors. Plain, flat-finish; glazed enamel finish and decorative styles for any room in the house.

Impervious to grease or dirt spots; can be cleaned with a damp cloth.

Beautiful effects can be had by stenciling, blending, stippling or frescoing Sanitas if you wish more elaborate decorations. See Sanitas at your decorators.

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MENTHOL COUGH DROPS



10 Buys 100
Millions Billions in use to-day

Engel "Art Corners"
NO PASTE NEEDED

Use them to mount all kodak pictures, post cards, clippings in albums

Made in Square, Round, Oval, Fancy and Heart of black, gray, sepia and red gummed paper. Slip them on corners of pictures, then wet and stick. QUICK-EASY-ARTISTIC. No muss, no fuss. At photo supply, drug and stat'y stores. Accept no substitutes; there is nothing as good. **10c** brings full pkg. and samples from **Engel Mfg. Co., Dept. 29-P, 4711 No. Clark St., CHICAGO**

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"The Little Nurse for Little Ills"

Stuffy Colds

FOR QUICK RELIEF from stuffy head colds rub the inside and outside of the nostrils with plenty of

A HEALING CREAM
Mentholatum

Always made under this signature A. A. Hyde

The gentle, refreshing action of Mentholatum soon clears the head and restores free breathing.

Use Mentholatum to quickly and antiseptically heal cuts, chaps and burns, and to relieve tired feet.

Mentholatum is sold everywhere in tubes, 25c; jars, 25c, 50c.

The Mentholatum Co.
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LABLACHE
FACE POWDER

"How the elusive perfume of Lablache takes me back—Grandmother's lightly powdered cheek—Mother's dimpled chin—and home."

Fifty years of dainty custom—three generations have established Lablache as the finishing touch to the toilette of well-groomed women.

Refuse Substitutes

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 50c. a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. *Send 10c. for a sample box.*



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Full or Spare Time Work

can be turned into dollars. Hundreds of men and women add from $10 to $30 a week to their incomes by our easy plan. If you can give full time to it, you can make much more.

Simply introduce our quick-selling Ho-Ro-Co. soaps, toilet articles, extracts and household needs to your friends. Big repeat orders come easy.

Start now to make more money. Write today for free sample case offer and full particulars.

Ho-Ro-Co Imported Toilet Articles MEDICATED SKIN & SCALP SOAP

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PISO'S
for Coughs & Colds

For quick relief try Piso's—a remarkably effective syrup different from all others. Safe and sane for young and old. Pleasant—no opiates—no upset stomach. 35c and 60c sizes everywhere.

ASK THE DELINEATOR

Don't forget when writing THE DELINEATOR *for information or aid to enclose stamps with your complete address, and to direct your inquiry to the proper department. Inquiries unaccompanied by stamps and your address can not be answered nor will replies be made on a post-card. Only three folders on any subject can be posted for a two-cent stamp.*

BABIES

The Happy Child is the healthy, properly brought-up one. Give your child the benefits of the expert advice of the greatest child specialists in America. Dr. L. Emmett Holt is the Chief Adviser of THE DELINEATOR'S campaign for healthier children. Three pamphlets are available, any one of which may be obtained for ten cents in stamps: "The Expectant Mother and the New Baby," by Dr. Ralph Lobenstine, "The General Care of the Baby," by Dr. L. Emmett Holt, and "Good Posture," by Dr. Alan De Forest Smith. The price of "The Baby's Record Book," by Dr. Bird T. Baldwin, in cloth binding, is one dollar a copy, which includes postage.

HOUSEKEEPING

The Home-Economics Department has prepared, under the direction of Martha Van Rensselaer, a list of leaflets which will lighten the housewife's burden and make scientific home-making an easy art. These leaflets range from milk recipes to the technique of laying the table. Mention specific subjects or write for a list.

HOUSE DECORATION

Your Home Betrays You. Its furnishings and care reveal your own personality as a home-maker. Ugly and depressing rooms no longer are necessary because they may be transformed with little ingenuity and less money. Make your problems clear by listing your questions and giving dimensions, exposure and full description of the rooms you wish to decorate. All questions relating to floors and curtains may be answered by the purchase of Bulletins 1, 2 and 3, entitled "Good Floors," "Curtains and Draperies" and "Walls, Woodwork and Ceilings" respectively, price twenty-five cents each. Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders, Director of the Home-Decoration Department, will be glad to help you with all other problems.

CHILDREN

The Story Hour is a pretty important time in childhood. Do you know what books to read to your children? The Children's Department has prepared lists of books for children of all ages, which will assist in the parental job of forming good reading habits. Write in to the Children's Department, too, for a Page of Prayers for children to learn.

BEAUTY

The Best Face Foremost in any phase of life is good feminine philosophy. Any woman can improve her complexion with a little time and careful study. The Beauty Editor will answer special questions and will send folders prepared by experts on the care of the hair, skin and hands, posture, exercises, lotions and cosmetics. Tell us what subjects interest you most.

ETIQUETTE

Are You Uncertain about the ways of the social world? Mrs. John Cabot Kimberley will send you a number of useful leaflets on manners and form, covering every social quandary. "Weddings," "Calls and the Use of Cards," "Letter-Writing," "Etiquette at the Table" are some of the titles. She will answer any puzzled inquirer.

ENTERTAINMENT

The Entertainment Department has a new party for Washington's birthday which anybody can give. The Electrical Party is novel and jolly. Tell us about the party or dinner, or dance, or church fair you would like to give and we will help you out. "Entertaining without tears is our specialty."

Laughing Vivian *Says—*

"The Swab Comes Off Like a Curtain from a Rod"

HAVE your dealer show you the World Champion Liquid Veneer Mop. Note the full yarn center (not merely a fringe of yarn around a frame). Over 5,000 long, soft, fluffy cotton strands that give double the cleaning surface. And the

LIQUID VENEER MOP

is so easily washed. Simply pull swab (the cotton part) from frame like a curtain from a rod, wash, pass through a wringer, dry and replace. When swab wears out a new one may be bought at a nominal cost and slipped on frame. No need to throw away the entire mop.

The handle is easily adjustable to any position, allowing the mop to be used under the lowest pieces of furniture.

And each mop is treated with LIQUID VENEER MOP POLISH, the world famous polish that will instantly transform dirty, dull, scratched floors to their original beauty and finish.

Price $2.00. Other sizes $1.50 and $1.00
At your dealers
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Showing full yarn center

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THIS year your fondest dreams can be realized. At last you can take the muzzle off your purse. All the extra money you have longed for can be yours. You can begin now to earn from $15.00 to $50.00 a month and more in your spare time through our practical money-making plan.

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to act as our special *Delineator* subscription representative in your vicinity. No experience is necessary. We furnish all supplies and gladly cooperate with you at all times. There is no obligation. Decide now that you will begin to enjoy the big money that our representatives are earning. Clip out the coupon below and mail it *to-day* for full particulars.

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Dear Sir: Please send, without obligation, all particulars about your practical money-making plan.

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Bathe with Bathasweet. It adds the final touch of dainty luxuriousness to your bath—it refreshes and invigorates. Bathasweet keeps the skin soft and smooth.

PERFUMES YOUR BATH—SOFTENS HARD WATER INSTANTLY

Three sizes, 25c, 50c and $1. At drug and department stores. **Send 10c for miniature can.**
Bathasweet imparts the softness of rain water and the fragrance of a thousand flowers.

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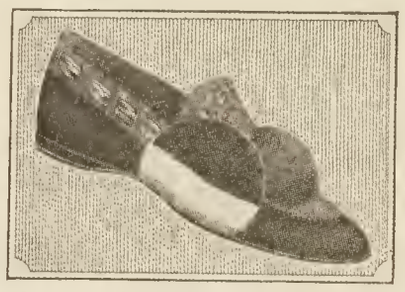
Building Comfort, Style and Value into a Felt Slipper



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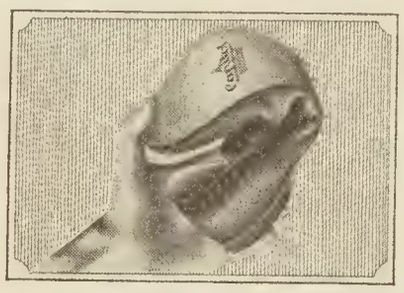
WHEN you purchase a felt slipper you need go no further than the Capitol Slipper for those three qualities which make a fine slipper—*comfort, style* and *value.*

Comfort!—You will find it in the Capitol Slipper's soft, high-grade felt—in its Lamb's Wool inner sole of soft, fleecy wool (patterned after the famous Capitol Sole, for women who knit their own)—in its flexible leather outer sole, sturdy and pliant. You will discover what a combination of good material with excellent workmanship can do to make snug comfort.



Showing soft, fleecy white Lamb's Wool Inner Sole

Style!—Capitol designers give you many dainty styles in the women's models with a variety of colors to match those attractive negligees and house dresses. Sane, sensible, masculine slippers for the men folks. Unusual bootees for the youngsters—in misses' and children's sizes. Every model built on distinctive lines.



Observe the extreme flexibility of the Leather Outer Sole

Value!—In the Capitol Slipper the facilities of a large modern plant plus years of experience as manufacturers of slippers make it possible to give you unusual value. A trip to the nearest dealer's—and a careful examination of these remarkable slippers will convince you.

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Sold at shoe stores, department stores and general stores—everywhere.

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Capitol
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Look for the trade mark stamped on the sole of every genuine Capitol Felt Slipper. Also found on the Capitol Lamb's Wool Sole.

Capitol Slippers

For All the Family



4216

OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 24



4144



4164



4175



4220



4243



4239

4216—Simple tailored lines are excellent taste for such a one-piece dress of the slip-over type with a raglan sleeve. It has a straight lower edge and may have a blouse body lining. Use wool crêpe, wool ratine, kasha, worsted jersey, soft twills, serge, tricotine, homespun, tweeds, crêpe jersey, etc.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards of 54-inch tricotine and ⅜ yard of 36-inch silk. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is attractive for ladies 33 to 46 bust; it is also becoming for misses.

4144—10118—The two-piece circular skirt of this dress in crêpe satin, charmeuse, silk crêpes, satin crêpes or crêpe de Chine joins the body at a low waistline. It slips on over the head. The all-over design is smart. Work it in a combination of outline, running stitch and satin-stitch.

36 bust requires 4½ yards of 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 2⅝ yards.

The dress is new for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4164—Drapery on the straight skirt, a panel on one side, and a hand-made girdle and ornament contribute to the elegance of this dress on the slip-over order. It closes under the left arm and has a long body lining. Use satin crêpe, silk crêpe, charmeuse, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, all one material, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards of 39-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge 50 inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4175—10865—The braided girdle defines the low waistline of this dress on the slip-over order where the two-piece straight skirt joins the body. Circular sections are inserted into each side seam. The sleeve embroidery is smart. Work in one-stitch or bugle beads.

36 bust requires 4 yards of 39-inch Canton crêpe. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4220—The panel front and back of this dress is excellent for the fuller figure. The straight plaited sections are joined at a slightly low waistline and there may be a French body lining. Use wool crêpe, soft twills, tricotine, serge, gabardine, etc. Lower edge with plaits drawn out, 2¼ yards.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards of 54-inch serge.

The dress is good for ladies 36 to 52 bust.

4239—The upper part of this dress in figured silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine or Georgette joins a one-piece skirt of wool rep, wool poplin, wool crêpe, kasha, soft twills, tricotine, serge or heavy silk crêpe, etc., at a low waistline. The dress slips on over the head and closes under the left arm. It is the type worn with a jacket to make the three-piece suit.

36 bust requires 1⅞ yard of 39-inch figured silk crêpe and 1¾ yard 40-inch duvetyn. Lower edge 48 inches.

The dress is graceful for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4243—4239—This is the type of blouse coat in matelassé, moire silk, heavy silk crêpe, wool pile fabrics, etc., which will be worn over the dress with a skirt of woolen material and a body in contrasting silk fabrics. The dress is described on this page. The coat may be made sleeveless for sports and made of cotton matelassé or flannel.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards of 39-inch matelassé for coat.

The blouse coat is good style for ladies 33 to 44 bust; also for misses.

OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 25



4222



4218



4237



4228



4201

4222—10957—Some of the bouyancy of Spring is reflected in this one-piece dress on the slip-over order. The embroidery is effective. Work the design in satin-stitch, outline stitch, or a combination of the two. Use wool crêpe, serge, tricotine, soft twills, gabardine, silk crêpes, silk and wool crêpe, etc.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards of 42-inch serge. Lower edge with plaits drawn out, 2¾ yards.

The dress is new style for ladies 33 to 44 bust; also for misses.

4218—The sleeves are unique on this dress of the slip-over type with a draped straight skirt joined at a low waistline. It has a sleeve sewed into a long underbody and closes under the left arm. Use satin crêpe, silk crêpe, charmeuse, all one or with lace or Georgette, satin with lace or Georgette, etc.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards of 40-inch silk crêpe and ⅞ yard of 40-inch figured silk crêpe. Lower edge 46½ inches.

The dress is graceful for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4237—10987—This one-piece dress drapes and blouses at the back. It is straight at the lower part, closes under the left arm, and slips on over the head. The sleeve motifs are rightly placed. Work them in large and small beads or French knots and beads. Use silk crêpes, printed crêpes, satin crêpes, etc.

36 bust requires 4 yards of 39-inch crêpe satin. Lower edge 52 inches.

The dress is excellent for ladies 33 to 44 bust; also for misses.

4201—The waist of this dress on the slip-over order is in bodice effect and the two-piece circular skirt joins a long body lining. It closes under the left arm. Use crêpe satin, charmeuse, or soft twills, serge, tricotine, with sleeve and skirt faced in contrasting material, etc. It may be made with short sleeves and without the bertha.

36 bust requires 4⅜ yards of 39-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge 2½ yards.

The dress is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4228—10873—Long sections at each side create the circular effect on this one-piece dress which slips on over the head. The embroidery is bright. Work the design in cross-stitch or beading. Use soft twills, tricotine, serge, wool crêpe or crêpe-back satin, etc. Lower edge 53½ inches.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards of 54-inch tricotine.

The dress is smart for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

Chapping will coarsen your skin!

TO PREVENT roughness and chapping in these last harsh weeks of winter, Elizabeth Arden recommends:

Amoretta Cream—smooth on the face and neck before going out. An exquisite powder base, and wonderful protection against cold and wind. Fragrant, vanishing. If your skin is dry, ask for Ultra-Amoretta. $1, $2.

Venetian Cleansing Cream—after exposure, do not use water on the skin but cleanse it with this soft melting cream. Removes dust and impurities from the depths of the pores; leaves skin smooth and supple. $1, $2, $3.

Venetian Hand Cream—to prevent chapping, use this creamy lotion after washing the hands. Keeps them soft and white, banishes roughness and chapping. $1.

Read "The Quest of the Beautiful" for complete instruction on the care of your skin. Write for it, describing your complexion, and Elizabeth Arden will send you personal advice for the treatment of your needs.

ELIZABETH ARDEN
673-F Fifth Avenue, New York
25 Old Bond Street, London
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The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio

OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 26

4221—A delicate frock of the slip-over type runs its girdle through a garland of hand-made roses. Its straight skirt is joined at a low waistline. Use organdy, Georgette, crêpe de Chine, taffeta, net with ribbon, etc.

11 years requires 2⅜ yards of 36-inch point d'esprit.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

4219—Scallops sound the gala note on the bertha and straight skirt of this dress. Use organdy, net, point d'esprit, crêpe de Chine, taffeta, or pin-dot swiss, cotton swiss, etc.

8 years requires 2¼ yards of 39-inch Georgette.

The dress is simple for little girls 1 to 10.

4215—Tiny puffed sleeves, drapery, flowers, and a bow are very French for a frock of taffeta, gros de Londres, silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine or flowered silk. The dress slips on over the head and has a draped straight skirt joining a long body lining.

12 years requires 3 yards of 35-inch taffeta.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

4190—The figured body of this slip-over dress with a straight skirt is smart. Use wool crêpe, or serge, with wool crêpe, wool crêpe with silk crêpe or gingham with chambray.

10 years requires ⅞ yard 39-inch figured crêpe and 1 yard 40-inch plain crêpe.

The dress is for juniors and girls 6 to 15.

4186—Loose panels or a straight skirt join the long body of this frock on the slip-over order. Make it of crêpe de Chine, taffeta, silk crêpes, or crêpe satin.

12 years requires 2⅞ yards of 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

4231—For this quaint blouse and trousers in one with a jumper use washable satin or crêpe de Chine, pongee with velvet, silk poplin, or shantung, trousers for parties, or dimity with poplin, linen with serge, etc., for play.

4 years requires 1¼ yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine and 1 yard 44-inch serge.

The suit is nice for little boys 2 to 5 years.

4211—4038—4018—February snows melt at the vision in this coat with yoke and sleeve in one and a plain lining. The leggings are very warm and her hat is becoming in velvet. Use broadcloth, soft serge, wool taffeta, henrietta, cashmere, faille silk, etc., for coat.

6 years requires 1¾ yard 54-inch velours.

The coat is new for girls 1 to 8 years, the leggings for children 2 to 14, and the hat for girls and little girls 2 to 12 years.

4180—Life is rose-colored when one can wear such a one-piece frock with a lace bertha and twisted girdle. It slips on over the head. Use crêpe de Chine, taffeta, silk crêpes, etc.

13 years requires 2½ yards of 39-inch silk crêpe.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

4229—Hearts and flowers are gay accompaniments to a slip-over dress with separate bloomers. Use taffeta, crêpe de Chine, or chambray, cotton prints, cotton crêpe, cotton voile, pin-dot swiss, dimity, etc.

4 years requires 2 yards of 40-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6.

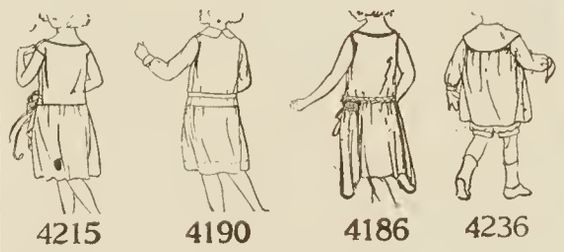
4236—10984—A demure little frock slips over bloomers joined to an underbody. The tiny rabbit is quaint. Work in appliqué or outline. Use pin-check gingham, chambray, cotton prints, cotton crêpe, with batiste, etc.

4 years requires 2⅛ yards of 32-inch chambray.

The dress is nice for little girls 2 to 6 years.



4221 4219



4215 4190 4186 4236



4231 4211 4180 4229



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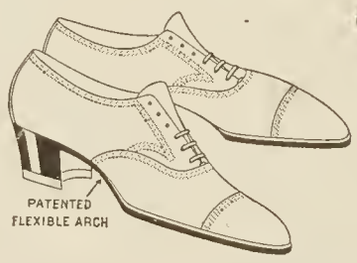
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OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 27

4189—10994—Such a dress with a straight skirt of wool crêpe, soft twills, tricotine, etc., and the body in bright silk crêpe is very smart as part of the three-piece suit. The long body adopts embroidery. Work the design in cross-stitch.

16 years requires 1⅛ yard 39-inch silk crêpe and 1⅝ yard 54-inch serge. Lower edge, plaits drawn out, 1⅞ yard.

The dress is smart for misses 16 to 20 years; also for small women.

4226—A hand-made girdle and ornament at a low waistline take their share of responsibility for the drapery of the skirt which joins the body of this dress on the slip-over type, in silk crêpes, charmeuse, taffeta, etc.

17 years requires 3½ yards 39-inch crêpe satin. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is graceful for misses 16 to 20.

4224—The days of long ago are perpetuated in this bouffant frock with a hand-made girdle. The straight full skirt joins a long body lining, and one may have a drop skirt. Use gros de Londres, silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, etc. Lower edge of skirt 2⅞ yards, of drop skirt 1½ yard.

17 years requires 3⅞ yards 35-inch taffeta.

The dress is picturesque for misses 16 to 20 years; also for small women.

4250—Loops of frills on a fully gathered circular skirt and a basque waist are attractive on this evening frock in taffeta, gros de Londres, organdy, etc. The full skirt joins a camisole lining and has marking for trimming. Lower edge 3 yards.

16 years requires 4⅛ yards 36-inch taffeta.

The evening dress is quaint for misses 16 to 20 years; also for small women.

4248—10954—The two-piece skirt joins the peasant long body of this dress on the slip-over type in a decorative way. Embroidery is an appropriate trimming. Work it in cross-stitch and beading. Use wool rep, wool poplin, wool crêpe, etc., with silk crepes or crêpe de Chine, etc. Lower edge 51 inches.

17 years requires 1⅛ yard 39-inch silk crêpe and 1⅛ yard 54-inch cloth.

The dress is becoming to misses 16 to 20 years; also for small women.

4235—The smart dress for Spring frequently uses a plain silk for the one-piece skirt and a contrast in the body. This dress closes under the left arm, slips on over the head and has a low waistline. Use wool poplin, wool crêpe, kasha, etc., with silk crêpes.

16 years requires 1½ yard 39-inch figured silk crêpe and 1⅝ yard 39-inch plain silk crêpe. Lower edge 46 inches.

The dress is smart for misses 16 to 20 years; also for small women.

4177—A two-piece circular skirt, which joins a long body, droops irresistibly in this frock of taffeta with organdy collar, or satin crêpe, charmeuse, etc., with lace bertha, or use soft twills, serge or tricotine if the sleeves are tight-fitting. Lower edge 2⅜ yards.

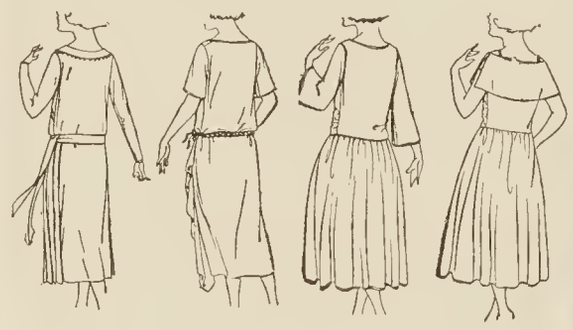
17 years requires 3⅝ yards 35-inch taffeta.

The dress is quaint for misses 16 to 20.

4232—10983—Many of the new dresses of the slip-over type which have contrasting long bodies join the straight skirt in a decorative outline. The chrysanthemum embroidery is smart. Work in a combination of satin and seed stitch or outline. Use wool rep, wool poplin, with silk crêpe, etc. Lower edge 54 inches.

16 years requires 1½ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine and 1 yard 54-inch cloth.

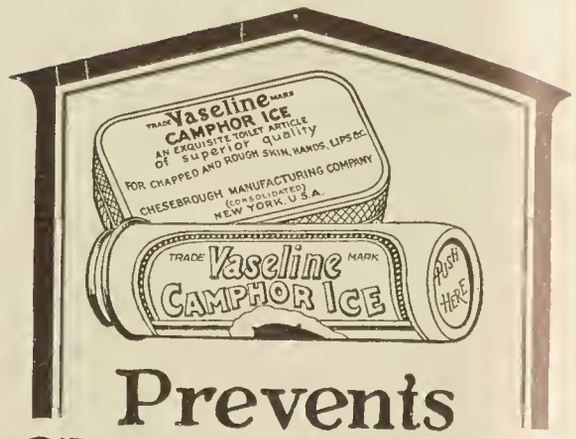
The dress is attractive for misses 16 to 20 years; also for small women.



4189 4226 4224 4250



4248 4235 4177 4232



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OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 28



4208—3489—10996—Lace or beaded or embroidered Georgette is usually worn over a slip in crêpe de Chine, Georgette, wash satin, etc. The dress is one-piece, slip-over-the-head, and has a straight lower edge, 53 inches. Beads simulate a girdle. Use silk crêpe, etc.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards of 36-inch lace and for slip 2⅛ yards of 40-inch radium (cut crosswise). Lower edge of slip 54 inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses, and the slip for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

4212—One side assumes the responsibility of drapery in the cascade effect on this one-piece dress. The sleeve is sewed into an underbody. Make the dress of satin crêpe, satin, charmeuse, silk crêpes, etc., all one material or with lace or Georgette for the lower part of the sleeve.

36 bust requires 4 yards of 40-inch crêpe satin. Lower edge 51 inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4214—10787—The uses of a one-piece coat dress are quite elastic; one may wear it for shopping or afternoon engagements. This dress may have a body lining. The monogram is smart. Work it in satin-stitch or outline embroidery. Use wool rep, wool poplin, soft twills, tricotine, serge, kasha, tweeds, etc. Lower edge 55 inches.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards 54-inch wool rep.

The coat dress is good style for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also for misses.

4200—10123—This dress, which may be worn with blouse coats, has a draped skirt, joined at a low waistline. The all-over embroidery is smart. Work it in running and outline stitch. Use wool crêpe with silk crêpe, wool poplin, soft twills, serge, tricotine, all one material, etc. Lower edge 48 inches.

36 bust requires 1⅝ yard of 39-inch silk crêpe and 1⅞ yard of 42-inch wool crêpe.

The dress is nice for ladies 32 to 44 bust.


4264

4185—The ornamental hand-made girdle does much to enliven a dress with a two-piece circular skirt joined to a long body. The Georgette bertha is distinctive. Use satin crêpe, charmeuse with a bertha of lace or embroidered net, or soft twills, serge, tricotine, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards of 39-inch Canton crêpe. Lower edge 2⅛ yards.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.


4203

OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 29




4246

4264—4217—Two bandannas walk away with honors in this slip-over blouse. Worn over a three-piece skirt which joins a camisole body it makes the newest costume. The skirt may have a 1¼-inch inside belt. For the blouse use printed crêpes or silk, matelassé, lace, etc., and a skirt of woolen fabrics.

36 bust and 38 hip requires two bandanna handkerchiefs 31 by 31 inches and 1 yard of 54-inch wool poplin. (The skirt joins a camisole body.) Lower edge 50 inches.

The blouse is new for ladies 32 to 44 bust, and the skirt is smart for ladies 35 to 52 hip.


4260

4202—Flat braiding is particularly effective on a one-piece tailored dress which slips on over the head and may have a body lining. Use wool crêpe, soft twills, tricotine, serge, charmeuse, crêpe-back satin, etc.

36-inch bust requires 2⅞ yards of 54-inch tricotine. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is good style for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also for misses.

4249—10118—This slip-over dress is in one piece at the front and back. It closes under the left arm and the circular sides and foundation are joined across the sides at a low waistline. The embroidery is new. Work it in outline, running-stitch, and satin-stitch.

36 bust requires 4¼ yards of 39-inch crêpe satin. Lower edge of dress 3⅛ yards.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4255—This one-piece dress is sure of being a favorite for Spring. It is an especially good style for jersey tubing, and has a straight lower edge, with a possibility of a body lining. Use silk crêpes, satin crêpes, crêpe de Chine, or jersey tubing or Persian challis, or use cotton ratiné, cotton homespun, cotton crêpe, heavy printed fabrics, etc.

36 bust requires 3 yards of 39-inch Canton crêpe. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also for misses.

4203—4227—10858—Such a blouse is worn over the two-piece skirt. It opens down the back and the skirt may join a camisole body or have a 1¼-inch inside belt. The monogram is individual. Work it in satin-stitch or outline. For the blouse use crêpe de Chine, silk crêpes, etc., and for the skirt, twills, serge, etc. (The skirt joins a camisole body.)

36 bust and 38 hip requires 1¼ yard 54-inch wool jersey and 1 yard 54-inch twill.

The blouse is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; the skirt for ladies 35 to 47½ hip.

4246—10945—There is a correct sleeve for each type of frock in any material. Views A and B are the sort for silk or satin crêpes, sheer silks, sheer cottons or lace; view C is graceful in silk or satin crêpes, etc. The embroidery is smart. Work in outline or satin-stitch and bugle beads or one-stitch. View D is good for silk or satin crêpes, wools, or heavy cottons; view E for silk or satin crêpes, lace, sheer or heavy cottons or wools.

These are for ladies 11 to 15 inches arm.

4260—10677—For every neckline there is a graceful type of collar, the straight square collar, the bertha, or the scarf collar. These are dainty in lace, or net, chiffon or Georgette, embroidered or trimmed with lace, or of organdy when one does not fear rumpling. The embroidery on the pointed collar is dainty. Work in eyelets, satin-stitch, French stemming, and buttonholing.

The guimpe and collars are graceful for ladies 32 to 42 bust, also for misses.



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GIRDLE
The All-Elastic Corset
The more elastic to the corset —the more grace to the figure

THE LAST WORD

A Page of Shop-Talk, Gossip, and Comment

The Author of "Margaret Yorke"

Any one who reads "The Secret of Margaret Yorke," which begins in this issue, will agree with us, we believe, that one of the outstanding reasons for Kathleen Norris's success as a novelist is her sympathetic understanding of the kind of people so often referred to in our apt American phrase as "just folks." The prosperity that has followed her success as a writer of several "best sellers" and the increasing demands on her time have never lessened her devoted interest in her family, her friends and her neighbors.

For her knowledge of human nature, human joys and sorrows, human achievements and vicissitudes, Mrs. Norris went early to the school of experience. At nineteen Kathleen Thompson and her five brothers and sisters were suddenly left orphans. Her first job was in a hardware store, where she earned thirty dollars a month, which was pooled with the earnings of a brother and sister to keep the bereft young family together. After work, evenings, Kathleen and her sister did all the housework, mothered the growing youngsters and supervised their education until they were old enough to look out for themselves.

In time came her marriage to Charles G. Norris, now a prominent novelist, but then an assistant magazine editor. For years there could be no change in the habit of rigid economy and self-denial, but despite her pressing responsibilities Mrs. Norris found time to write the occasional short stories that laid the foundation for her present literary prominence. Her husband, too, during those years, was developing the talents which have since produced such successes as "Salt" and "Brass."

Wealth and fame have since come to Kathleen Norris, but they have not changed her ever-sympathetic interest in every-day people and their problems. At her country home in Saratoga, California, she takes the same interest as of old in the management of her household. Her kitchen and her garden see as much of her as her library. Young nieces and nephews now fill the places once occupied by her brothers and sisters and later by her son. With a well-balanced program of hard work and wholesome play, she keeps up those contacts with normal living conditions that make her characters and their activities representative and her stories about them justly popular.

Some Letters About Favorite Pets

You may recall that in preparing the "Dog-Day" number of THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, in the August issue, Miss Eager temporarily relinquished her editorial duties in favor of an intelligent mutt answering to the name Wags. Since then the heavy correspondence from youthful readers discloses some of the delightful possibilities in households where there are both children and pets. Little Harriet Hill, who forgot to mention her address, wrote: "I am going to tell you about my pets. All of them are dogs. I had 3 dogs an one ate a dead turtle an so we had to put him on a farm. An the dog we put on the farm why the dogs name was whiskers. And then I had a dog that got run over by a car and so he's dead. And then I had a little fox terrier and it was 4 months old and some body stole it an that is the end of all my dogs." Another letter, from Shaw, Colorado, reads: "I have eight little kittens down to the barn. I play with them every day. We have a dog that is about thirteen years old. His name is Fuzzy. He is so fat he can hardly walk, he goes with me every night for the cows. He smiles a lot. I liked your story in THE LITTLE DELINEATOR. I am 7 years old. I am in the third grade. Good bye.—ALVA JONES." Lincoln Orme, of Nephi, Utah, contributes an obituary notice that is a model of simplicity: "I had a cat and it wase named tabe and one morning it was gorn and the next morning it came back with a broken lage and when she got better she had five kittens and then she had two kittens and when they got big enafe to give away we gave one to the nabers and kep one. And then she dide."

A longer, but no less interesting one, comes from Evelyn Gates, of Lena, Illinois: "My pet's name is Spotty, altho 'Streaky' would suit him better. All of his paws are white, but one of his front sleeves isn't rolled up quite far enough. His breast is white, too, but his back is gray with black streaks in it. He is very pretty. Sometimes he is cross, sometimes playfull, and sometimes he lays around all day. He likes very much to sleep in my big doll carriage and he is very particular about his food; he prefers his milk warmed and he won't touch potatoes. He usually likes his 'eats' better if we pretend to eat some first. He just had a birthday party and he is one year old. He had cheese, dried-beef, milk and ice cream. He got presents, too. Once when papa had an operation Spotty got some either; then he slept a long while and didn't even awaken for dinner. Another time the dining-room door swung shut on his tail; he meowed and hissed something awful! He wears a bell around his neck but when company comes he puts on a pretty bow. He knows the house from attic to cellar and the out doors, too. I wouldn't loose him for anything. He's just one of the family. I think pets are so nice. Do you have any?" And finally, as a most fitting finish, comes this unique closing paragraph in a letter from Janet Treadwell of Ridgewood, New Jersey: "I like the page about the Little mouse deer the best. I have two sisters Mary & Ruth. Ruth is oldest and Mary is youngest. We have a scrap each month for your page and Mary the little usually wins. As I have no more to say I will hang my close on this line."

Keeping up with the Flapper

Mrs. Berthe K. Mellett, author of "The Beautiful Room" in this issue, usually specializes in stories about the young girl of flapper age, a thing she does so well that readers often suspect she must be a flapper herself. But Mrs. Mellett isn't that—quite, although people who meet her for the first time usually take her for the sister, instead of the mother, of her source of inspiration. A paragraph from a recent letter explains all: "Our daughter arrived home to-day for her first holiday from boarding-school, and my mental note-book is already replenished with ideas and phrases—to say nothing of enthusiasm. She is the sort of young person who has adventures—all the way from meeting the Prince of Wales to saving the life of a stray pup—and I never need to invent plots when she is around. I feel I shall not go stale on *jeune-fille* stuff until she grows up, at least."

How Stories of Pioneers Are Written

Quite another background for short-story material is that behind Frances Gilchrist Wood, author of "Four-O'Clocks." "Near and remote," says Mrs. Wood, "my ancestors were frontiersmen. To go no farther back, the paternal line came to settle in America on the first boat-load of Puritans that landed at Plymouth; the distaff side were the Cavaliers who settled Virginia, who again pioneered into the West when Kentucky was still a county of Virginia.

"Nearly two hundred years later my father, then a child of two, came overland in a prairie-schooner from Vermont to the Black Hawk country in Illinois, twelve miles from the Mississippi. My mother was the first white baby born in the same settlement to which her parents had come from Kentucky and where her father had fought in the war with the Black Hawk tribe. To complete the cycle, I myself went pioneering to the Dakota frontier just after graduating from an Illinois college, taking up a claim twelve miles east of the Missouri, with the Sioux Indians in the reservation just across the river. My frontier experiences were burned in deep at an impressionable age.

"Not that any one can really write a story of the frontier. It's like the Great War: you've got to be on the firing-line to know, and then you can't tell it in words. Man or woman, you've got to freeze and go hungry and get lost and be hailed out and scorched with drought and fight prairie fires and blizzards and 'varmints' and loneliness and fear and—never be a quitter. It's a great job!

"And there's the other side: Spring mornings when you can gallop to the edge of the world on a cow-pony over an endless glorious stretch of prairie; Winter moonlight nights snow-shoeing up and tobogganing down half-mile-high buttes at hair-lifting speed; and—neighbors! Men and women who live miles away, but who will and do die for you; who know it is no idle promise, for the loan is too often called. And it all comes back to haunt you in a New York apartment where you don't know a soul the other side of the partition."

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MIX *and* SERVE

Edited with Willing Hands and a Mean Pencil by the Only Mere Man on the Staff

FOR over a year we have been striving with might and main in this column for the regeneration of womankind and are only now beginning to see a little light amid the encircling gloom ✿ ✿ ✿ Before us is a letter from an ex-officeholder, a woman whose name is nationally known ✿ ✿ ✿ "Much nonsense," she writes, "has been spoken and written on the subject of sex equality—*and much of it was said and written by me when I was running for office*" ✿ ✿ ✿ Our own little private mourner's bench is all dusted off for any other erring sister who wishes to come forward and testify ✿ ✿ ✿ This month we are indebted to overseas correspondents for many items that will prove indispensable to those of our fair pewholders who try to keep in touch with international affairs ✿ ✿ ✿ For instance, one *Dennis Bradly*, known as the philosopher-tailor in *London, England*, recently addressed the Federation of Merchant Tailors with the following remarks: "Women will never allow men to dress well or take clothes seriously. There is not enough money in the domestic treasury for both in these days of high income-tax. Some day men will take the matter into their own hands and say, 'With a great sum obtained I "This Freedom"' and make up their minds to dress well" ✿ ✿ ✿ At the same meeting another delegate proposed to enliven the somber and conventional evening clothes for men by making them of plum-colored velvet with a suggestion of lace at the cuffs ✿ ✿ ✿ This latter news is particularly disquieting because it reaches us at the same time as a dispatch from *Los Angeles* to the effect that high-school boys and college students near the movie colony are going in for toreador trousers—a truly gosh-awful garment belled at the bottom and tricked out with lace slits, bells, rows of buttons and fancy braids ✿ ✿ ✿ At another British convention, that of Church of England War Chaplains, the *Rev. F. W. Knight* is quoted as saying: "The female sex is guided by emotion rather than intellect. Woman, who is a creature of emotion, can never be capable of entrance into holy orders" ✿ ✿ ✿ The latest organization in *England* is the "Padlock Society," members of which solemnly promise to refrain from malicious gossip! ✿ ✿ ✿ *Miss Ivy Williams*, recently admitted to the bar, is the first Englishwoman to pass the barrier that has existed against her sex for six hundred years ✿ ✿ ✿ A great English surgeon recently expressed the view that modern girls are bad-tempered in a greater proportion than were their grandmothers ✿ ✿ ✿ In *Berlin, Germany*, an association composed of parents with large families has decided to ask the Reichstag to increase the tax ten per cent. on bachelors and childless couples. The increased revenue would be used for a child-welfare fund ✿ ✿ ✿ All the legislators who are adept at minding other people's business aren't in Germany, however ✿ ✿ ✿ The Legislature of the enlightened State of *Georgia* is considering a law requiring every husband to secure the consent of his wife before leaving the house at night ✿ ✿ ✿ *France* has sixteen women for every ten men of marriageable age ✿ ✿ ✿ The American Woman's Club in *Paris*, with headquarters in the Boulevard Malesherbes, has a membership of more than one thousand ✿ ✿ ✿ *Dr. Madeleine de Rouveille*, chief of one of the largest clinics in the city of *Paris*, wears the highest decoration of the French Republic for bravery ✿ ✿ ✿ A home-brew-making contest, for women only, was recently held right in public—but in *Biggar, Canada* ✿ ✿ ✿ Wealthy families in *Switzerland* possess cheeses more than a century old. They are served only on the most important occasions ✿ ✿ ✿ *The Sun*, New York, reports that members of a women's club gave the following alleged reasons for having rejected proposals: "He ate beans with a spoon." "When he paid carfare, he took the money out of a purse." "He invited my father, my mother and me to have ice-cream and let my father pay the check." "He ate sirup on fish-cakes." "He couldn't learn to tie a tie." "He picked his teeth at table." "Our family dog would snarl and leave the room when he came in" ✿ ✿ ✿ Southwestern ranchers are trying to popularize goat meat under the name of *chevon* ✿ ✿ ✿ A woman weighing from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and forty pounds has about enough blood to fill five one-quart milk-bottles, but there is no market for it ✿ ✿ ✿



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MRS. WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY Editor

W. MARTIN JOHNSON Art Director

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FROM *the* EDITOR'S POINT *of* VIEW

PASTEUR

FEW men have saved so many lives and so much suffering as Louis Pasteur. This year is the one-hundredth anniversary of his birth. Scientists are commemorating it. But each one of us can learn a little from the life of this truly great man.

His contributions to science we all know. He found a cure for the blight of the silkworm so that the work of the spinners could go on and the world enjoy the softest and loveliest of all materials.

He unraveled the mystery of the causes of putrefaction and fermentation. He found a cure for anthrax, the most dreaded disease of cattle communicable to man. He found a cure for hog cholera and chicken cholera. His genius robbed rabies of its terrors.

He served man and beast—and especially he helped the children of the world. Millions of babies would die had he not given us the theory of pasteurization.

But Pasteur was not only one of the greatest scientists the world ever knew—he was also a devout Christian. He left behind him two great bits of wisdom: the first his reply to one who asked for the secret of success, "Opportunity comes to him who is prepared"; the other embodied in this story which is told by Madame Curie:

"One day a fellow scientist who was an atheist asked Professor Pasteur how he reconciled his belief in God with his knowledge of science.

" 'There are two chambers in my brain,' Pasteur replied. 'In one are the few things I know; in the other are the things I believe. There is no door between. In comparison with the Infinite, I am but a man who is here a brief time.' "

So humble was this most knowing of the men of our time.

THE PRESIDENT'S WIFE

ONE of our leading diagnosticians said recently that Jack Dempsey could not stand being the first lady of the land.

Laugh!

But he meant it.

Most of us think of the wife of the President as a woman of leisure. "An exalted position," a Boston lady described it; "A dressed-up job," a Colorado voter called it.

In reality it is one of the most exacting and difficult positions in all our public life. It wrecked Mrs. McKinley's health; it was believed to have shortened the days of the first Mrs. Wilson. Colonel Roosevelt and that remarkable daughter of his, Alice Longworth, were able to relieve Mrs. Roosevelt a little, or she, too, would have been broken. Mrs. Harding, a few months since, came within a hair's breadth of death as the result of having tried to meet the demands made upon her.

The wife of the President of the United States never makes calls, but from morning to night she is expected to receive, sometimes small groups, frequently large delegations. She must entertain all the officials of the Government, the Army, the Navy and all the foreign diplomats and distinguished visitors.

Then there are the public receptions, when all of America that wants to call may go to the White House. And between times there are school-children, book-sellers, conventions of this and that and the other thing—the list of a year is pages and pages long. Is it not too much?

The first lady of the land has long had to bear the brunt of all that terrific social onslaught. But we do not believe that the American people, if they knew, would desire this tax put upon the wife of their President. Is not the remedying of this condition a reform which the State Department should immediately consider?

THE WOMAN WHO HAS LIVED

By MADAME ROCHÉ

Help children in their moral development without letting them see it, that they may have the illusion of acting alone.

Talk to them of an imaginary ladder whose summit is perfection and on which they must climb at least one rung each day.

Find out their exact needs—do not put their coats on them when you are cold, but when they are cold and when it is cold weather.

Be frank and loyal. Reproach them scarcely at all when they confess of their own accord, even praise them for it.

Betray no weakness. Be infinitely tender and infinitely firm.

Make use of their very faults for correcting them.

Never be their servant. Be their aid, their friend, their mother.

I have known mothers who loved their sons so blindly that they would have been guilty of any cowardice for their sake.

Respect their growing personality, separate their small lives from yours. Young and old should not live alike. But do not let them encroach; each member of the family should remain in his place.

Help them to develop: do not keep them children and weak for the satisfaction of dominating.

They should be kind toward all, but especially toward the less fortunate—more polite, more deferential, more indulgent and more tactful.

Do not keep them too confined, let them see the vast world; they must have a chance to compare, even to run risks; prepare them against the day when they must leave you.

VALUES

WILLIAM WALCOTT, the noted English etcher, came to the United States recently. He came to behold New York and to record his impressions of the great American city. He wandered about the streets for fully a week, studying the famous and so much done skylines, the sky-scrapers, the churches, the clubs, combining the last word in our modern, bold and efficient architecture with types of the school it has yet to replace. He soaked himself in the atmosphere of the crowded thoroughfares by day and again at night when they were deserted and dull.

Then at last the day came when he felt the urge to sketch. He tried vainly for a while to buy some paper. Finally he hunted up his old friend, Donn Barber, an architect as well known in London as in America. While office-boys were dispatched to buy sketching-paper, Walcott, the true artist who sees values in all things, wandered about the architect's office. He found a boy wrapping up some house-plans.

"What is this paper?" he asked, indicating the mottled tan wrapping-paper.

"It's just ordinary wrapping-paper," explained the boy.

"Nothing is ordinary," corrected the artist, "if you know how to use it." He took one of the big sheets, folded it twice and hurriedly disappeared.

The great master of etchers made two pictures on that wrapping-paper—ordinary wrapping-paper. One of the sketches sold for a thousand dollars and the other for five thousand. One was a study of lower Broadway—the Cañon, it has been called. Here are the Woolworth Building and many other giant structures reaching forty stories above the ground; here millions of people come and go, and count for little; here one misses light and air, and the sun and stars are lost; it is the treadmill of industry—there are no play-people here.

And Walcott got all of this into his picture—this and much more. It was a new interpretation of New York. He did not show the famous skyline—he never went above the second floor—but you feel that the buildings mount up and up to the very skies.

The other picture was a corner on Fifth Avenue, showing the University Club. These two pictures will be among the famous dry-point etchings of the world—done on wrapping-paper!

And with them has been left the philosophy: "Nothing is ordinary if you know how to use it."

CAN THESE THINGS BE?

THOUSANDS of children died of starvation in Russia this Winter; thousands more froze to death. It was estimated that there were fifty thousand who could not be saved. Men and women also faced this tragic end. But it is an unbearable thought that little children should starve to death and have the life frozen out of them.

The American Relief Administration set up soup kitchens in many parts of Russia and in this way saved a multitude of suffering people. The tragic fact was that in many places people, and especially children, were without clothing. They froze to death trying to get to the soup kitchens or they starved because they could not face the bitter Winter winds.

We can not help the dead. But there are still many thousands of children in Russia who cling to life by a slender thread. We can save them. If you wish to help, write to the American Relief Administration, 42 Broadway, New York. Herbert Hoover is the chairman.

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EVERY DAY IS FATHER'S DAY

Too often he is a stranger in his own home

By ANGELO PATRI

Author of "A Schoolmaster in the Great City" and "Child Training"



FATHER is the head of the house. Custom, founded on sound sense, has made him so. In the progress of time a man's "house" has become a complicated and costly thing and father has been more and more occupied in maintaining its tradition and dignity. So absorbing has been this interest, so heavy its burdens, that he has given little time or thought to the home that his house shelters.

And that is too bad, because a house that does not hold a home—a spirit thing woven by father and mother and the children—is rather like the empty sea-shell that is tossed up on the beach, a dead thing from which the rich promise of life has departed.

It has all come about because of the children—those children for whom the house exists and for whom the home lives. They have to be fed and clothed and sheltered and educated in the tradition of the house and the hope of the home. Who is to do this but father? Father, whose pride and duty it is, shoulders the responsibility and goes out into the workaday world to carry it through.

As the years pass, the volume of work and its demands grow heavier and more exacting. Father reaches home in the evening weary and preoccupied and further removed from the children, who have been growing up. His nerves are not attuned to the unexpectedness of children, and when they come about him, cawing like a flock of young rooks, he shrinks from them and flashes out, 'Why can't you be quiet? I come home to rest—and I can not hear my own ears!"

"Father is tired, children. You must be careful not to disturb him. Go up-stairs and study your lessons. I'll be up in a few minutes."

The little procession heads up-stairs, tiptoeing, whispering, casting sidelong glances at father as he sits glowering into his paper. They are passing out of his life—passing away from the father who loves them, who is devoting his life to them, spending himself in the marketplace that they might enjoy the comfort and dignity that are a part of his house.

SOME day he will lift his eyes from his labors and find that his house is a house of strangers, that his children have grown up unknowing and unknown of their father, that the home within his house is neither of him or for him: that it belongs to these reserved young strangers and their mother, who so pathetically strove to save them to each other, to keep them from hurting each other in irritation and antagonism, who said, "Father is too tired. Be very quiet. Slip up-stairs. I'll be with you in a minute." And they had mounted the stairs and disappeared and left his house desolate.

You shiver at the picture and tell me it is overdrawn? Not at all! Daily, boys and girls of college age say wistfully, "Father never had any time for us. He was always so busy, or else he was too tired or something. Mother always looked after us."

It is at this age the children feel that something has been amiss. They feel the need of fathering. While they were very little and the home was their world, mother could meet every need. When they grow older and their constantly widening horizon carries them farther and farther away from her, they meet new and difficult situations, puzzling questions arise, distracting problems demand settlement.

Father, whose wider field and sharper experiences fit him to help them, is not at hand in this time of need. Long since, he closed himself out of his children's active lives and they, poor things, do not know how to open the door that father has closed, unknowingly but nevertheless finally closed.

So things go wrong. The boy goes to a preparatory school and fails. He should never have entered the school, because he was not their sort of boy, but there was no one to give the final word on the subject of the right school but father, and how could he decide that intelligently when he really did not know what sort of boy he had? Fitting a boy to school is a nice problem. It is set when he is born, to be worked out between himself and his father and mother day by day as he thrives and develops and changes.

WHEN daughter arrives at the crossroads, and decisions both weighty and far-reaching have to be made concerning a certain young man, college education, specialized courses or what not, all that bewildered father can say is, "What is all this? Who is this young man? What do you want to make of yourself? What do you want to do? Talk it over with your mother and let me know what comes of it."

This from the father who started out so bravely to establish his house in pride and power and all honor! What matters the nest when the fledglings have left it?

Fathering children is equally as imperative as mothering them. A father can not fulfil his duty to his children by signing checks for their doctor's bill and their Christmas presents, or thundering denunciations at critical times, or by maintaining a tolerant silence and indifference throughout. He has to be on hand ready to give aid and comfort and counsel wise and kind. If his help is to be constructive, it must be timely, generous, intelligent.

To be of such service to his children he must know them, and knowledge of the sort he needs is not gained overnight or in spasms of interest or in times of stress. It comes best through a lifelong acquaintance with the children, commencing when they are born and continuing day by day until their father knows them as their mother knows them, waking and sleeping, in good and in evil, in sickness and health, in play and at work. That means listening to them, talking with them, advising them, setting a fine example before them. More than all else, it means playing with them. Play is the little child's lifework in its budtime.

Father can not play! Oh, but he can. Father was once a little child, and he can never get over that, though he live to be very, very old and though he occupy a seat among the mighty. All he has to do is follow the child and the child that he used to be will bubble out once more, happier, gayer, more lovable than ever.

Once, when a grave ambassador visited an English king, he was ushered into a room where he found the king on all fours, his son mounted upon his back and riding him hard. Around the tables, in and out between the chairs, the horse traveled while the gray-haired ambassador cheered the rider on.

Abraham Lincoln carried a load of responsibility and care that might have staggered the bravest man, but in the midst of his sore distress he found time to slip away to spend an hour with Tad, and when his duties called him from home he could still find time to write a note to the child he had left behind—tender little messages breathing fatherly thought and affection.

Our own Roosevelt. There was a man's man, but he found time to father his children. He knew how to play with them. Remember that story of him playing "Hide-and-Seek" in the barn with the pack of youngsters in full cry? He was then President of the United States. There was every reason why he should have cried off from the frolic: he was not as young as he had been; his office was one of tremendous dignity and of such responsibility as to make his life not his own, but a people's trust. Still, he played with the children.

The finest sort of dignity is that of childhood, because it is unconscious that it has any. The finest dignity of fatherhood is that which loses itself in play with the children, that merges itself in effort with their effort, in sympathy with their joy and their sorrow. The childhood of the race is eternal. It is never far from us, though we are full of years. The slightest touch of a childish hand will recall it to us, and a burst of childish laughter will set us back with our feet on the golden road again. The frolic and fun of children is their father's open sesame, a broad highway that will give him thoroughfare through their hearts forever.

THAT is what one needs most to be a real father: a recognition of the child that used to be in the hope for this child that is; a recognition and an appreciation of the eternal spirit of childhood born again in this child of one's heart; a faith that this child is going to carry his dreams on above and beyond the dreams of his father because his father stands beside him, ready to lend his love and his power and his wisdom to aid him.

The father that does not know this loses the best that life offers him, the flowering of his life into service to those he loves best. What profit to a man to become a man and never know the fulfilment of his manhood? Man was not meant for achievement only. That is but the middle height. Just above lies the place where he spends his achievement, spends it royally for his children.

Concluded on page 73



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The greatest artists are Victor artists

The name of Paderewski will be identified always with the greatest achievements of the pianist's art. Nothing short of perfection satisfies his artistic sense and in consequence you find him among the famous company of great artists who make records for the Victor. Through the medium of the Victrola and Victor Records you hear in your own home the art with which he charms the world.

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Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, New Jersey

Skin-beauty—the result of simple cleansing

A normal complexion has both beauty and remarkable powers of resistance—if properly cared for.

But *proper* care is a *simple* matter.

Don't rely upon soap for any purely medical purpose. Use soap to keep the skin *clean*—to clean is soap's only duty, and cleanliness is the only desirable result of its use.

In supplying Ivory Soap for the gentle cleansing of the skin, we are supported, not only by medical authority, but by the results of 44 years of experience in the manufacture of this pure, mild soap, which has been the *safe* beauty soap of millions of women.

Ivory Soap has but one purpose—to *cleanse safely*. It promises no magic except the magic of healthful, refreshing cleanliness. And cost what it may, soap can provide nothing more desirable.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100% PURE IT FLOATS



"You wouldn't have used that soap on your *face,* would you?" Mrs. Jollyco is asking.

Now, what a question! Mrs. Jollyco knows very well that Mrs. Folderol would not use on her face a soap that has ruined that beautiful silk blouse of hers.

But wait!—Perhaps Mrs. Jollyco has a *purpose!*

"Of course not!" replies Mrs. F., indignantly. "It's *much* too strong for *that!*"

"Well," declares Mrs. Jollyco, "silks as delicate as that always seem to me as sensitive to soap as my skin. I wouldn't think of using anything but Ivory Flakes for a blouse like that, my dear, because I've used Ivory on my face for years, and Ivory Flakes is just Ivory Soap—*flaked.*"

We said awhile ago that Mr. Jollyco intended to reason with his daughter, Sally, about what he calls her "comic opera soap"—that gorgeous soap she insists upon using. (Our picture shows him *doing* it!)

"Daddy, darling," says Sally, "*please* don't be mad with me! I must be beautiful!"

"Sally," Mr. Jollyco is going to say when he gets the chance, "I'm *not* mad with you—I just hoped that *my* girl would have more common-sense than to think that color and perfume could help *any* soap to make her beautiful. I had a sweetheart who was more beautiful—yes, even than *you,* Sally She used Ivory Soap, because she knew *it* was *pure.* I still see her use Ivory every day, and she is still beautiful!"

How we wish Mrs. Jollyco could be eavesdropping!



In his wanderings with Ulysses, Bobby spied a cake of Ivory Soap just under the last paragraph of the text above. Knowing that his mother used Ivory for everything, he got a ladder. Ulysses, meanwhile, took a notion to scratch his back on the ladder, with the painful result pictured here.

We can't wait to see how Bobby gets down, but he's pretty sure to keep the Ivory Soap.



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FOR GRAHAM BRADY

A story for every one—but mostly for fathers

By DIXIE WILLSON

GRAHAM BRADY, this story is for you. You will remember the little box—you will remember you never found out what was in it. Not that it makes any difference, now, but just for the thought it will give you to know, I am putting your name at the head of this sheet—to find you somewhere—and to tell you.

I HAVE played in orchards with my mother when she was no bigger than me. We have sailed ships together on oceans somewhere, and gone walking through the woods with red boots on. I never knew *how*—I couldn't tell *where*—but I knew we had done it. I used to wonder how I knew, when I didn't really *remember*.

My mother's hair is long and black. Her eyes are blue, and her fingers are like lips that kiss you just in touching you.

I remember morning coming through the window, breathing the white curtains in and blowing sunshine on me in bed. I remember Saturdays when Mary baked bread and scrubbed the kitchen floor—then went away with the kitchen warm and crusty smelling—and I looked through the door with nobody there but new loaves upside down on the table.

I remember father's pipe-smoke making blue, dusty rings on the ceiling.

Once in the Spring father made a fountain in the garden out of cement. Mother and I helped him measure and fix it, and while we were at it the telephone rang.

After a minute Mary called out for father, so mother and I sat on the steps and waited. Mother's hat made a black shadow on her face.

"You're a robber," I told her, "with a black mask on."

So she looked very fierce.

"Yes, I'm a robber," she said: "I steal boys!"

I ran into the yard—up the linden-tree, but she caught me. She put little bites all over my face till father came laughing and caught her too.

"How do you like it yourself, old robber," he said, but I made him let her go.

"She's my mother!" I said. "If you hurt her, I'll stop you!"

"If I hurt her, send for Kelly Kaye," my father laughed. "He's the fellow that fights for her."

My mother laughed then, too, with her hat in her hand and linden-blossoms falling on her hair. Well, it was alright if she was laughing, so I went in the house to Mary. When I came out, father was telling her who had telephoned.

"It's about the car in Becker's garage," he said. "I told him we'd buy it, and now it's for sale. Guess I'll go down and see it. Want to go?"

BUT mother wanted to finish the garden, so father went alone—walking down the street so big and tall.

The whole afternoon went away. Mother put on her pink dress, and even the newspaper was there before father came back. But when he *did* come, he surprised us, because he came in a long blue car, and with quite a bow he invited us riding.

White letters "L. S." were on the door of it.

"It belonged to a girl names Sarone," he told us, "Lola Sarone."

Every Thursday night father had dinner at his club, so on Thursdays I stayed up late for mother's company.

She'd tell me about *her* mother, the big white house in the orchard and the little town where father had found her; how once she was *Lady Macbeth*, and about her blue silk dress with peacock eyes on it—and about how Kelly Kaye had got his head cut in two fighting for her!

Kelly Kaye was the biggest fellow in Brenton and he lived in the house just past mother's orchard. He made a hammock out of barrel-staves and hung it in the trees for her, and they met there every day until my father came. Then she didn't meet Kelly Kaye any more, but she used to see him walking all alone up and down the road when nights were almost morning.



WHEN SOMEWHERE THERE IS A MOTHER—HOW CAN ANYTHING ELSE BE GOOD ENOUGH?

Then once my father made my little-girl mother cry. Kelly Kaye waited for him and fought him till his own eyes were full of blood! Kelly went down in the dust still fighting for her, and only stopped when she put herself so close to him he *had* to stop.

"He was so big and strong," my mother told me, "and he loved me so much I couldn't look at him when I left him. That night I washed the fight off his face and hands, and I never saw him again, but there's a scar on Kelly Kaye's head and he's there in that orchard still."

And who else was in that orchard still? My mother had a mother too, with cool fingers and blue eyes like I loved in mine. You could feel sorry for that orchard—purple grapes hanging, and sweet days passing, and that mother thinking of my mother gone—but you could feel sorrier for us, so far away from a place like that that *could* have been ours just for going there. I wondered how we did without it. If any one has a mother somewhere, how can anything else be good enough?

The Thursday night after the new car came, father was so late getting home that mother'd sent me to bed and was waiting alone—but I heard him at last and ran down-stairs in pajamas to hear what he had to tell.

"Look, Dickie," mother called. "See what father has brought us!"

Her arms were full of roses—all around her face. I wondered why father brought her roses—he'd never brought roses before.

He had so many jokes to tell that he kept us laughing.

"Andrew Allen played cribbage with me after dinner," he said. "That's why I was late."

"It was voting night, wasn't it?" mother asked. "Who did you put in for president?"

"Why—somebody," father said. "Tell the truth, I don't remember. No matter. Any of the fellows are all right. What have you two been doing all day?"

So mother told about my new trousers and how Mary's lettuce was already up—and after a while I felt the *bump, thump, thumping* of father's carrying me up-stairs to bed.

Next morning after breakfast Mr. Andrew Allen's little red car stopped in front of our house and mother and I ran out to see what he wanted.

"Just stopped in to see why that young husband of yours wasn't at the club last night," he said. "Haven't seen him for a week. Good joke on him, though. Wasn't there to defend himself, so we put him in for president!"

"Last night!" my mother said surprised, then she stopped a minute and caught her words. "Why, he was just too tired last night, Andrew," she laughed. "That was a good joke to make him president."

THEY talked a while about me growing tall, then Mr. Allen went away and I wondered how it was father had been so mistaken about himself the night before.

In the afternoon mother put on her linen dress and we went down-town for some shoes and things.

"We'll go and say hello to father," she said, so we stopped at his office. Thomas was surprised to see us.

"Why, how was it you didn't go with Mr. Brady to Lake Shonho to-day?" he asked. "Did you change your plans?"

Mother walked over to the window and pushed it up so the wind came in.

"Yes, I changed my plans," she said, without turning around. "I wanted to stay in town to-day. Mr. Brady went without us. I only came up for a book in his desk."

So in his desk she moved some papers, maybe for a book or maybe so Thomas couldn't see how pink her face was—and then, out of a little drawer from between some letters, a picture fell. A girl it was—and across the bottom: "With love, Lola."

My mother looked at it a minute.

"So he brought me roses last night," she said slowly, to herself. Then she called out loud to Thomas: "The book isn't here. We won't bother to find it."

Father was late for dinner that night, but when he *did* come, he was up on the porch with two big steps and into the dining-room all at once.

"Sorry I was late, Verol," he said, "but I've just been tied up at the office all day.

But father hadn't *been* at the office! What was he talking about!

"Why, Thomas told us you went to Lake Shonho this morning," I said, "and Mr. Allen was—" but mother shook her head and I stopped.

Father looked at me—then at mother—then at himself in the mirror and straightened his tie.

"Well," he laughed, "other people know a lot, don't they?"

"Move your chair by me, Dickie," mother said, "so I can fix your bread. Dinner is very nice to-night."

So I moved over to mother—and dinner *was* nice. But when we were all finished, mother hadn't eaten anything at all!

ONE day I went on an errand for my mother to Mrs. Michael's with some poppies and orange marmalade. Four ladies were on the porch for tea.

Mrs. Michael called me to sit in the long swing and have some cake.

"This is Dick Brady," Mrs. Michael said. "A nice little gentleman friend of mine."

One of the ladies was tall with yellow hair. She turned to look at me, and after a minute came and sat by me. She asked me a good many questions that had no answers, like women do—and then, around her neck, I saw a heavy chain with a gold beetle on it.

"Sometimes I play with a chain like that," I told her. "But mine is an old watch-chain that breaks. Once I broke it so it had to be fixed with a little ring where the beetle goes."

I took hold of it to show her—and there I found

the very same broken place fixed the very same way!

I looked at her quick and surprised. She put the chain inside of her dress.

"Yes," she said, "mine was broken, too."

I watched her while I ate my cake. I'd seen her *somewhere*. I *knew* I had!

When I got home I went up-stairs to my father's drawer for the case where his beetle watch-chain stayed. It was gone!

Then while I was going to sleep in the night, all of a sudden I remembered where I had seen that girl: It was on the picture in father's desk—"Lola."

I've played a game sometimes, a game of war, or a game of kings, and all of a sudden, just in one minute, when the game was playing fair and fine, we'd some way or other turn around—and before we knew it, the game would change! Nobody'd know *why*—and we wouldn't *plan*—but all of a sudden the game would change——

Some way that seemed to happen now. Nobody *said* so, nobody even *pretended* so, and I couldn't think how I *knew*—but some way it seemed we had turned around: it suddenly seemed that the game had changed!

One day when it was June, mother called father's telephone. A good many times now he didn't come home——

"I'm making strawberry shortcake myself to-night, daddy," she said, "so it all will be just as you like it."

She did—she cut the berries in little thin slices—but when he didn't come, and it was time to eat, we sat down by ourselves with our chairs close together.

Some feeling had always come in the house with father like a shadow, like a *part* of him—still nothing you could get *hold* of. And now, though father seemed just the same—just as big and just as tall—now someway that shadow feeling was different, and the most of it was that the *feeling* came in whether *he* did or not!

It began to seem like that shadow of something was crowding everything else out of the house! This night it sat in father's place and stretched itself all over the room! I talked and laughed just as fast as I could so mother wouldn't have time to see it.

"The berries are so good I want all father's share," I said.

"All right, Dickie," mother laughed. "Be two men for me now."

THAT night, in the night, when I opened my eyes, my mother was sitting by my bed in the moonlight—her fingers shut together—her hair in long black braids. It is a wonderful thing—your mother by your bed in the night. You are seeing a thing you will never forget. I watched her a minute and then put my hand out, and she turned quick and smiled—but some way not a *smile* In her face something *reached* for me—reached out and suddenly told me that mother and I weren't two people just sitting there beside each other at all, but one heart in two pieces—seeing with the same eyes, shutting tight the same fingers, waiting in the same darkness! One heart in two pieces! Why, she wasn't only my *mother*—she was *myself!*

Quick—quick I put my arms around her. Her face, all tears, came down to mine—and *then* I knew how, with no one telling, I still had known that the game had changed.

I had known just because my mother knew, and because we had played in orchards together when she was no bigger than me——

One morning Mrs. Collins came. She said she'd just run in to call. My mother invited her out on the porch.

"Oh, dearie," Mrs. Collins said, "my heart aches for you—indeed it does. It's terrible that Graham would turn so! Won't you tell me all about it?"

I had a book on the floor by my mother, but I felt her hand reaching for me, so I got up and went closer to her. She looked at Mrs. Collins and smiled——

"I don't know what you're talking about, Lucy," she said. "I think you don't know what you're talking about yourself."

Mrs. Collins looked out in the yard and turned her rings around her fingers.

"Well, if you don't want to admit it, Verol," she said, "of course all right. But every one else is talking—and Graham is with that Sarone woman night and day."

She leaned forward and took hold of my mother's knees.

"I JUST want to tell you," she said, "that yesterday my husband sold her a gold seal ring with Graham's initials on it. Now you watch out. At the country club last night—well, the talk was really awful! If I were you, I'd go back home for a while—or just——"

My mother stood up and went to the end of the porch by the garden.

"Mary," she called, "Mrs. Collins is coming out for some flowers. Pick her yellow poppies and mignonettes, will you?"

Then she turned to Mrs. Collins, smiling pleasantly.

"If you'll excuse me now, I'll go on planning a little dinner I'm having Thursday——"

Mrs. Collins shut her fat fingers on the arm of her chair.

"A dinner!" she said. "You having a dinner when——"

"Yellow poppies will be lovely in your new Japanese bowl." My mother smiled. "You'll excuse me now, won't you—" and my mother and I went in the house together.

Father did come home with a seal ring on his finger. After dinner mother kept me out of bed on the porch. I was big for her lap, but she wanted to hold me. When father came out with his hat in his hand, she called him.

"Don't go away, Graham. Stay home to-night, won't you? Let's see how Dickie has improved at dominoes."

Father stopped a minute, lit a cigaret, and said something we didn't hear—then he started across the lawn. My mother slid me out of her arms and stood up.

"Graham," she called. "Wait a minute!"

Father came back, his hat in his hand, the light from an up-stairs window shining on his face.

"Graham," my mother said, "I wish you wouldn't go. Can't you tell me what it is you want—that I don't give you?"

Father looked away from her.

"Now, Verol," he said, "don't start fussing. You don't know—anything about it."

"Yes—" I heard my mother whisper—"yes, I know, but it's hard to know. Graham, won't you try to——"

She stopped a minute—then ran down the steps and put her arms around him. In the light from that window I saw her face, very white, looking up at his.

"You're just a little boy playing with fire," she said. "Won't you come in the house now and let me take care of you?"

BUT my father moved away from her.

"You don't know anything about it, Verol," he said, and went down the street, his steps sounding on the sidewalk so long it seemed like an echo that never would stop.

My mother didn't move. White and slim she stood there by the steps, with shadows of leaves blowing all over her dress and her arms. Then, without looking at me at all, she went in the house and up-stairs and into her own room and shut the door.

I went up after her and tried to go in, but the door was locked. Then—I heard her voice. No words—just her voice, in a queer little sob—like a wind in the trees——

"Mother!" I cried. "Let me in—let me in!" But she didn't hear me—or know that I called. I slid down on the floor in the dark by the wall.

After that, my mother seemed like pearls to me, or a white flower: something you looked at in a whisper, too white for your fingers. My father wore that ring a long time. Then one morning he came to breakfast angry, his eyes flashing.

"Verol, where's that ring of mine?" he asked my mother.

"Why, Graham," she said, "how could *I* know?"

"I wish you'd give it to me," he said shortly. "I think a lot of that ring and I want it. Naturally you'd take it the first chance you got."

My mother put aside her breakfast and stood up. There was something in her face, and in his too, that made my heart stop beating.

"Graham," she said, "for a month you have worn that ring Lola Sarone gave you, and I have said nothing. For two months you

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THROUGH THE RAILING SHE LOOKED DOWN AT HIM. MY FATHER HAD THE BOX IN HIS FINGERS—HE TURNED IT OVER——

THE RAFT

Introducing "Old Doctor Will," who healed souls as well as bodies

By GRACE SARTWELL MASON

IT STRUCK Doctor Will afterward as odd that as he drove out along Spruce Hill road to ease the death throes of an unknown lumber-jack (bark-peeler, as we call them in that section) he should have been thinking so persistently about Ruby Greer, the amazing widow of Mortie Greer.

He had caught sight of her as he drove past the old Greer house. She was standing in the middle of the well-rolled lawn directing old Petey Dolan in the weeding of a somewhat too brilliant flower-bed. She wore a bright silk sweater. All her movements were competent and energetic. The marcelled waves of her hair shone metallically in the sun. Her black eyes, quick, shrewd and unreadable, glanced here and there as if—so Doctor Will chuckled to himself—to make sure that she had done her worst with the old Greer place.

Extraordinary woman! Flaunting, vulgar—and as vital as a strong weed. Doctor Will, taking the river bridge at an absent-minded and reckless pace and with a tinny rattle that would have immensely annoyed his son, young Doctor Willie, smiled ironically. He was thinking of the Greers, pioneers in this valley, tremendous workers, piling up a fortune to be wasted by Mortie, last of the family; by him to be handed on, what there was left of it, to a woman from nowhere.

It was then, at the highest point of the road, just before he must turn off to make his way up to the Laurel Mountain lumber-camp, that Doctor Will glanced down at Marysport, a neat checkerboard of streets set with little houses amidst the green of maples. And the whimsical thought occurred to him that Marysport was a raft. And on to this raft had climbed out of obscurity Ruby Greer.

In what hungry ocean had she been swimming? How had Mortie Greer, wary with all his recklessness, come to marry her? What was her past? For it was there, in her face, that past. Doctor Will studied faces as his son studied the books of the German specialists he was forever buying, and he had often looked past the affable smile of Ruby Greer at those lines in her face that could mean only one thing: a will that had come from knocking up against a hard and hostile world. There was no doubt in his mind that Ruby Greer had a history. He would have thought so even had she not been curiously preceded to her new home by a rumor that was like some sort of low-powered gas: pervasive and poisonous.

"AND yet," he thought as he turned into the Laurel Mountain road, "I'll be darned if she hasn't got away with it. Saw her walking yesterday arm in arm with Mrs. Elias Fellows. And they say she's been made president of the bridge club. Comical world. Amazing woman. Wish I could think where I've seen her before——"

As he rounded the last turn before the camp, he saw the boss waiting for him. "Glad you got here, Doc," said Bannon, jumping on to the running-board. "Guess that fellow is going to croak!"



Photo by A. P. Milne

A RAGGED, BAREFOOTED GIRL WITH BLACK EYES—A DEFIANT AND SULLEN GIRL

Doctor Will ran the car beside the long bunk-house—raw and new, surrounded by trampled mud—and, taking his bag, he stepped quickly down the line of plank beds. In a lower bunk lay a man with blood-stained bandages on his head, heavy, inert.

"A fight," said Bannon laconically. "He got his with a spud."

The dead lumberjack lay huddled in his blankets, his brutality unconquered by the dignity of death. The doctor, straightening his limbs and reaching for a fountain pen, asked the man's name.

"The boys called him Ole," Bannon replied. "Came into camp last week. No good. A lazy blow-hard, always pickin' a scrap. Wait a minute—he's got a bag under the bunk. We'll see if there's any papers."

In Bannon's office the bag yielded a ragged shirt or two, a few oddments of a vagrant existence, a red-and-green glass paperweight with a picture of Niagara Falls, a tintype of the dead Ole taken when he was much younger: his hair was slicked across his low forehead and he wore a suit of new clothes, but in spite of his decorum there persisted a certain lowering swagger.

"What's this?" Bannon was feeling in a pocket of the bag. "I'll be damned—a weddin' certificate!"

They smoothed it out on the greasy blotter of Bannon's desk—a notice to the world that on a date fifteen years before Ole Dahlgren had been married in a town across the State line from Marysport to a girl named Ruby Toland, daughter of Ava and Samuel Toland of Toland Hollow.

Doctor Will took the paper from Bannon's hand and walked to the door. He wanted a chance to focus his mind on that name, Ruby Toland—for, the instant he read it, a picture sharpened and came out of the fog of half-forgotten things: a ragged, barefooted girl with noticeably sharp black eyes, a defiant and sullen girl, tramping along in the dust toward Marysport with two pails of wild strawberries for sale. Ruby Toland—Ruby Dahlgren.

SOMETHING clicked to place in his mind. "Ruby Dahlgren, widow of a prominent lumberman—" That was the name and the phrase that had made Tully Foster laugh so prodigiously when he heard Mortie Greer's bride described.

"I've got it now," the doctor muttered. "When she was Ruby Toland, bringing berries into Marysport one day years ago, I gave her a lift on the road near Huckleberry Ridge."

He folded the paper quickly and put it in his pocket. "I'll take this along," he said, "to make out my certificate of death from. You say Dahlgren came into camp only last week? But he must have been in this part of the country before?"

"Sure. We've got an old-timer here who says he worked with Ole twenty years ago up at the other end of the Ridge in the first camp opened up there. Why, say: that girl he married must have been one of those Tolands over in the Hollow! I'll have to send some one over——"

"I'll drive in there on my way to town," the doctor volunteered quickly.

The road to Toland Hollow climbed over the backbone of a hill scrubby and tangled with second-growth timber. Then it fell downward toward a long, desolate valley, Toland Hollow. A cluster of deserted frame houses near what had once been a small sawmill added to the melancholy of the scene, but in front of one of these houses chickens and dogs were in the door-yard.

There was not a spear of grass in the hard, beaten clay of the yard; a few languid hens walked as they pleased in and out of the door. An ungainly man, barefooted and filthy, came to the door. This was Samuel Toland. And behind him a gaunt woman peered.

Doctor Will looked from one suspicious face to the other.

"You had a daughter, Ruby, didn't you," he plunged in at once, "who married a man named Ole Dahlgren?"

For a moment there was silence. He saw their faces close up tightly; they looked at each other out of the corners of their eyes.

"Why do you want to know?" demanded Toland at last.

"Because Ole Dahlgren died to-day in Laurel Mountain camp."

A relief so instantaneous as to be comical relaxed their faces. The woman's toothless mouth worked and sagged open; Samuel turned and spat skilfully at a hen.

"I guess that ain't no loss to nobody," was his comment.

"I should judge you are right. But I thought I'd let you know so you could notify your daughter. Is she with you?"

"No, she ain't!" the woman cried with sudden vehemence. "We ain't seen her sence she got married and went away. Have we, Sam?"

Ruby's father shook his head. In both faces there was a fixed look of secrecy. It apparently did not occur to either slow brain to wonder how he knew that Ole Dahlgren had married Ruby; they were entirely absorbed in keeping a secret. The doctor looked about the room. He saw with surprise that the place showed signs of recent prosperity: there was a brass bed in one corner, its twinkling newness an astonishing contrast to the dirt and disorder of the room, to the discolored boards of the walls; a new carpet, patterned in huge roses, was on the floor; furthermore, there was a phonograph with a horn like a morning-glory in one corner.

Some one was supplying the old folks with a few of the modern comforts. But how did she—if it was Ruby—how did she keep them in hand, keep them from descending upon her in Marysport—to give away her secret? He made a shrewd guess that she had been able to impress upon them the necessity of silence if they did not want to kill the goose that laid those golden eggs. They had probably just enough intelligence to obey her orders.

He said good-by and climbed back into his car. They stood looking after him. In the dirty doorway, amidst flies and hens and dogs, they stood like puzzled animals poked out of their afternoon lethargy. And suddenly he seemed to see against this background Mrs. Mortie Greer in her silk sweater and diamond rings—competent, dictatorial, high and dry on her chosen raft.

BUT it was not until he had turned into the main highroad and Marysport lay spread below him in the sunny valley that the full significance of the discovery he had made came to him.

"Well, well—b' George, what a situation!" he chuckled. "And now I've bit it off, what am I going to do with it?"

He lighted a piratical black pipe and leaned forward regarding the town he knew so well.

He was thinking of the day when, shocked but curious, half the town had gathered at the station to see the body of Mortie Greer, the last Greer, come home from its erratic wanderings. They followed it to the cemetery and watched its burial beside his grandfather and his great-grandfather—the last adventure of the poor, futile black sheep, killed in a motor accident on his honeymoon. And also they watched with the liveliest curiosity his widow, who stood beside the grave, veiled and silent, in mourning so modish as to win their instant disapproval. Haley Owen, the Greers' lawyer for many years, stood at her elbow; a few persons spoke to her with guarded sympathy. But she said little. She took the evening train out of Marysport, and waiting on the platform she was seen to lift her heavy veil and look around at the encircling hills. Her expression was enigmatical.

"Do you think you would like to make your home in Marysport?" Haley Owen asked her politely.

She gave him an unreadable glance. "I mean to live here," she said briefly.

Old Doctor Will, thinking of that remark in the light of what he had just learned, could not restrain a grunt of admiration. The audacity of the woman! And the cleverness, the sheer toughness of fiber and tenacity of purpose with which she had overcome her handicap.

For she had come among them handicapped indeed: first, by Mortie Greer's ne'er-do-well reputation; second, by that formless rumor that had started from nothing, from a mere gesture, a burst of laughter from Tully Foster.

Foster was a traveling-man who had been coming to Marysport for years. He was in the habit of playing poker sometimes in the back room of Charley Hayes' drug-store. It was on one of those occasions that he had heard of Mortie Greer's marriage.

"You don't say!" he exclaimed. "Who married the old scout? Some one around here?"

Charley Hayes told him that all they knew about the marriage was a paragraph in a Pittsburgh paper to the effect that Mortimer Greer had been recently married to a Mrs. Ruby Dahlgren, widow of a prominent lumberman. Beyond this they could give him no information.

But for Tully Foster this appeared to be more than enough. He had no sooner heard the name of the bride than he stopped dealing, his mouth fell open and a light of amazed incredulity came into his eyes.

"What name did you say?" he gasped.

"Mrs. Ruby Dahlgren, widow of a prominent lumberman. What's the matter? Know her, Tully?"

But Tully Foster leaned back in his chair, while his jovial stomach shook. His head went back, his eyes rolled up at the ceiling. His laughter rose, ribald, mysterious, full of a rich wonder at the capacity of human beings to fool one another.

"Mrs. Ruby Dahlgren, widow of a prominent—prominent——"

"Come across, Tully," they besought him. "What do you know?"

Tully Foster sobered, became thoughtful and scratched his head. Perhaps a belated sense of fair-play stirred in him. He took up the cards. "I don't know a thing," he said firmly. "A man makes a hot lot of mistakes in this vale of tears. Your edge, Charley."

And not another word could they induce him to say on the subject of Mortie's bride. But his laughter, the expression of his face, had been sufficient to tickle violently the curiosities, the suspicions of every man in the room. Within twenty-four hours vague rumors about the new and unseen Mrs. Greer began to float about town. They were at first formless and without detail. But it wasn't long before they had crystallized into a general conviction that poor, wild Mortie Greer had married a "fast" woman. It was the kind of thing Mortie Greer had always been expected to do.

SO RUBY came to Marysport, some six months or so after her brief appearance at Mortie's funeral, wrapped about in a mystery that had an odor of rank perfume. If she was puzzled or hurt by the standoffish attitude of her new neighbors, she did not show it. She became immensely busy making over the old Greer place on upper Main Street to suit her cheerful fancy. And there was not a day passed that some woman did not comment to another on the loads of new furniture coming up from the station to the Greer house. It was rumored that Mrs. Greer's colored cook was a regular chef; that there were a hundred dollars' worth of the newest phonograph records in the cabinet; that the new veranda had a fine floor for dancing.

Curiosity simmered.

Mrs. Greer did not seem to mind that no one called on her except Mrs. Haley Owen, and the minister, and Allie Potter, who was so good-naturedly unselective that she didn't count. She went on her way, busy, affably bowing to those who bowed to her. She learned to drive Mortie's large touring-car. She began to take out for airings Allie Potter and one or two old ladies who were Allie's protégées. She always gave them tea afterward, and they invariably came away proclaiming that such cake and sandwiches they had never put in their mouths. It was the old ladies who first spoke of her as "real good-hearted."

Then one day, when she had lived in Marysport a few months, the town was startled to observe Mrs. Charley Hayes advancing with a rather rigid back up the walk to Ruby Greer's front door—white gloves, card-case and all.

Mrs. Hayes reminded her friends afterward that her husband and Mortie Greer had been school friends.

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Photo by A. P. Milne

WOMEN CALLING ON HER OUT OF CURIOSITY CAME AGAIN BECAUSE THEY HAD FOUND THERE WAS LAUGHTER THERE—LIFE SEEMED JOLLIER, MORE EXPANSIVE, MORE LAVISH

THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

In which the "other woman" enters the story

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

Author of "Certain People of Importance," etc., etc.

PART TWO

THE Ferguson house—rented through its owner's cupidity and to the neighborhood's deep resentment to Shirley Wilson Theobald for the Summer—was planted in the very heart of old and conservative Burlingame. Its western boundary touched the Priests' garden for some forty irregular feet, its gateway and the Rivers' aristocratic old gateway were entwined by the same clustering ivy, and its little sunken garden at the rear could be seen from the Rivers' and the Bristols' and the Wylies' back windows.

It was a small estate, less than an acre, and tucked in crosswise between a dozen more distinguished and spacious homes. There was a sort of sentiment about the little Ferguson place, and this sentiment was outraged when Shirley Theobald, her maid, her cook and Lucy, an old colored factotum of the Wilsons, moved in upon a certain May afternoon.

Society had decided, with an instant firmness that needed almost no words, that Shirley was not to be forgiven. Matrons of Mrs. Cutting's type would not even discuss her; Mrs. Cutting had had to say kindly and finally to Shirley's sister, Cora Pond:

"You know how I feel, dear. You must not ask me—I expect you to save me from——"

And Cora, who was a plain young woman without any of Shirley's charm and who conspicuously lacked Shirley's brilliance and refinement, said, with blazing cheeks:

"Of course not. I know! Mama feels that way, too—and at least mama understands. Of course she's seen Shirley—and all that. No, I won't, Mrs. Cutting!"

Thus Cora, stammering and secretly furious at the sister who could place her in so wretched a position just as she, Cora, was making a real start.

"Because I could not!" Mrs. Cutting said, to Margaret Yorke. "I could not! After all, I am Cuyler Theobald's second cousin!"

Almost every woman in the colony had some equally valid reason for feeling that Shirley must be ostracized—ostracized all the more definitely because she had shown so callous an indifference to the possible censure of her own old friends. Margaret, watching the Ferguson house being put into order for the new tenant, wondered what sort of woman this Shirley could be to flout public opinion so brazenly.

BUT Mrs. Theobald kept closely to the house, seeing nobody but her sisters and a few intimate and loyal old friends, and there appeared to be no immediate question of just how she should be treated at teas or at the club, for the excellent reason that she appeared at neither. She kept a small car and occasionally drove into town; for the rest she apparently read, rested, gardened, practised her songs and took solitary tramps with her Belgian police-dog, with neither need nor desire for other company.

Margaret was deeply amused to note the effect of this line of conduct upon the other women. Curiosity about Shirley deepened steadily, and when it was known that Elise de Vilbiss was going to see her almost every day, there was a sensation in Burlingame unequaled even by the original announcement of Shirley's coming.

Elise was in mourning, true, and she liked to sing duets with Shirley. They had sung duets when they went to Miss West's school years before, and Elise, who was stupid, influential, enormously rich and widowed, had presumably been bored into accepting Shirley's overtures.

"Shirley used to walk up past my place simply because it's the loneliest road anywhere about here and she didn't want to meet any one," explained Elise, who was dull enough and rich enough to carry off any situation, "and she used to cut across the shrubberies—she thought I was in Europe. I walked right into her one day, and I was so glad to see her—she's just the same dear old thing. And she didn't know me, since I've taken off so much weight! I go to her house for our singing because she doesn't want to see any one—yet. She says that woman has done miracles with my voice! She's simply crushed. She says she put up with enough from Cuyler Theobald to get a hundred divorces—only, as she said, 'Elise, I'm the one woman in the world that won't be forgiven for making a failure!'"

"No prisoner—no prisoner was ever so bound as I. No woman ever lived under such—fear and such helplessness!" These were the passionate words of Margaret Yorke, and yet to all who knew her she seemed the very embodiment of poise and calm reserve. She was the treasured companion of Mrs. Cutting—and Jim, the three-year-old boy Mrs. Cutting had adopted after her husband's death. Life in the aristocratic California suburb, or at Uplands, the country place, was so serene and quiet—and safe—as to be almost monotonous and dull. And yet Margaret Yorke, mistress of herself always, fainted when some one said that Shirley Theobald was coming back to Burlingame to get a divorce from the man she had married in Europe, a distant cousin of Mrs. Cutting's. Shirley Wilson had shocked Burlingame ten years before by running away with Tom Duncan on the eve of her wedding to Stanley Crittenden, Mrs. Cutting's nephew and heir. It was to Stanley Crittenden, the most popular and sought after young man of all the social set, that Margaret Yorke first betrayed the existence of her secret—because he had asked her to marry him

"And there," one of the women who listened said, later, to Margaret, "there you have Shirley! She wouldn't waste time on the rest of us—not she. She goes straight for Elise, and Elise will be having her up for one of the barbecue suppers—you'll see—before the Summer's over."

One hot June day Margaret and Mrs. Cutting were at the magnificent Randolph place, where the strawberry fête and entertainment was in progress. Almost a mile of stone fencing had shut the Randolphs from intrusive eyes for fifty years. The highway ran straight by the property, but so magnificent and so dense were the woods and so enormous was the tract that now lay right in the village that no outsider ever had the faintest idea of what the gardens were and what the house looked like.

Mrs. Jessop, who had been Fan Randolph and who was now a stout, plain, rather hirsute, intelligent and self-satisfied woman of fifty, had offered the place for the fête, and this was felt by her enthusiastic friends to be almost enough in itself to insure a financial success. Everything, needless to say, had been mismanaged consistently and expensively: the newspapers had been antagonized, the villagers had been affronted, the tickets had not been printed correctly or in time, the program had suffered many and violent changes.

But here was the hot, aromatic afternoon at last, and Sally Hyde-Brown and Marian Tubbs in daring costumes selling pop-corn for twenty-five cents a ball, and Eliza Bristol and Lee Galvin giggling over tickets at the gate and giving wrong change and deserting their posts so frequently that a rabble of small boys had broken in and were being resented by one and all. The stately old grounds were half-heartedly draped with wilted bunting and with Chinese paper lanterns that had run, in the morning's fog, from blazing Oriental scarlet to mild and streaky pink; ineffectual barriers had been placed here and there, and exploring groups swarmed over them and surprised in the kitchen yard a resentful cook grinding ice-cream for the family dinner and Grandma Randolph sequestered in a secluded Summer-house under the pleasing delusion that Fan was just having a little party for the children.

Then there were plenty of free admissions for girls who were selling cakes and serving tea and raffling dolls, and almost all the young men got in free, so that by six o'clock accidents of all sorts and a general sense of having brought forth from a mountain of labor a mouse of result were making the middle-aged matrons somewhat acid, disheveled and disheartened.

Mrs. Jessop and a group of her associates sat upon the demoralized side porch, exhausted and disgusted. Hot sunshine was streaming across the garden and a hot wind was blowing paper napkins and broken toys and scattered confetti fitfully across the trampled brown grass. Bushes were crushed; candy and pop-corn were trampled into the paths; fences and gates were sticky; strings and papers and wrappers were generally strewn about.

"I suppose we have to have these things," said Mrs. Jessop apologetically. "Miller, take away that broken booth. Don't attempt to save the bunting, it's all mixed up with the wood—just burn the whole thing! I arranged for five hundred—" she said, sighing.

"Only a hundred and thirty-one came," said Mrs. Pullen.

"Oh, nonsense! There must have been a thousand here!" said more than one voice surprisedly.

"Oh, no, there weren't!" Mrs. Jessop said; "we just counted the gate-receipts."

"I think that's terrible, Fan!" Mrs. Cutting said, shaking her head. "I thought *they'd* all come. They've never had a chance to see this place before!"

"MAMA would never have allowed it," said the hostess in a tone of regret for her unprecedented generosity. "Oh, dear——"

Margaret, who was serving the tired women with tea and sandwiches, smiled deep in her soul. Half a dozen rich men would now be taxed for several hundred dollars apiece, and these women would have hot baths, rest and dinner, with plenty of flattery and congratulation, and in a few days they would begin to believe that the strawberry fête for the hospital had been a great success. Tonight there would be an inferior entertainment in the barn at which the best places would be shamelessly reserved for the friends of the directors and at which the flower of the peninsula aristocracy would get up an ineffectual attempt to entertain, singing badly, changing the program, forgetting lines and laughing excessively in the pleasant surety that just to see them at all—Priests and Castlemans and Lakes and Wylies—would be privilege enough for any audience.

Meanwhile, her own rôle was simple. She was simply an onlooker, the pleasant, the useful, the indispensable Miss Yorke. She poured the hot tea carefully, she had a cheerful and encouraging word for every one to whom she passed it.

"Don't say that, Mrs. Jessop. You'll feel differently when you're rested. It was *so* successful——"

"Oh, thank you, dear," said the unapproachable Mrs. Jessop, gratefully taking her tea. "Perhaps I shall! One *has* to have these things——"

It was just at this time that Elise de Vilbiss, stout, magnificently dressed and with her Pekingese under her arm, arrived at the fête. Elise had never to hurry; all dinners, dances and strawberry fêtes awaited her respectfully. When her big limousine swept over the scarred and littered drive, Mrs. Jessop herself arose, with a glance at the deserted booths. At least they could show dear Elise the decorations and the stage and perhaps she would buy the dreadfully uninteresting three-thousand-dollar jade tablet that Carter Emory had donated.

With Elise was a pretty, fluffy-haired woman, slender and smart in white, with a flowered, floppy hat shading her intelligent, lovely face. She looked delightfully fresh in this group of jaded and rumpled women. Margaret noted the exquisite clear complexion, with peach-color on the babyish cheeks and the golden glints in the thick soft hair. The stranger carried a handsome gold bag initialed in amethysts; her hat spoke clearly of Paris; she had the manner of a person of wealth and position.

"It's Shirley Wilson—Mrs. Theobald," Lily murmured in answer to Margaret's questioning glance. Margaret felt her heart give a great plunge, her mouth filled with



MARGARET, AS SURPRISED AS BEE WAS, TURNED SUDDENLY. SHE AND SHIRLEY WERE FACE TO FACE

salt water and she felt weak. Fortunately nobody noticed her, for the arrival of the much-debated Shirley had thrown all the women present into an intense self-consciousness and every one in her separate way was attempting to deal with the situation.

One or two, to their later complacent self-congratulation, instinctively sensed the danger and briefly and inconspicuously departed. But Mrs. Jessop and Mrs. Pullen and Mrs. Wylie were already actually out of pocket through the strawberry fête, and they saw in Elise a power too great to be disregarded. Elise was not generous, but she had not come here to buy the wilted, handled aprons, the packages in the grab-bag and the silk pincushions. She had come to leave a check, and if she had had the extraordinary poor taste to bring Shirley Theobald with her, then, for the moment at least, Shirley Theobald must be accepted.

SO THESE matrons greeted the intruder with a barely civil "How do you do, Shirley?" and then surrounded Elise, and presently Mrs. Wylie bore her away toward the scene of the late festivities. The other women averted their eyes, laughed nervously over their sudden plans for departure, and murmured absorbedly among themselves.

Margaret, suddenly shaking, walked down the wooden steps to the path, her back toward Shirley. She heard Shirley, who was apparently entirely unconscious of any awkwardness, address Beatrice Jessop, an awkward, nicely groomed girl of fifteen who came innocently up with some message for Mrs. Pullen.

"You're not the Jessop baby?" said Mrs. Theobald, waylaying the child with a carelessly friendly air. "Good gracious, you were running about with a Teddy bear five minutes ago!"

Beatrice, who had long before this time discussed the Theobalds fully with her intimates and knew more than even her mother did of the case, turned brick-color. She made a spasmodic motion toward her nursery curtsy, remembered that mademoiselle had said that now she was too big a girl for that, choked, murmured inaudibly and stood still.

Her mother, who was confident that Bee didn't have the faintest idea of society's reason for snubbing Shirley Wilson, still didn't want the child to give Shirley an opening, and so said, in her nursery tone:

"Here to mother, dear. Thank you, my darling. Run along, Bee, we shan't need you!"

Beatrice, breathing deeply and confident in her boiling heart that she had somehow disgraced herself and everybody else, escaped. She would lie awake to-night imagining that every one was laughing at her terrible manners, and wishing heartily that she was dead. But meanwhile she joined Mrs. Cutting's Miss Yorke, who was always so kind and pleasant and who was walking with the little Cutting boy along a deserted path.

And with them, she was surprised and a little pleased to discover, was suddenly Mrs. Theobald herself. Shirley had tired of the constraint on the porch, or perhaps she was not quite as indifferent to it as she seemed, as she tried to think herself.

Margaret, as surprised as Bee was, turned suddenly. She and Shirley were face to face, Shirley exquisite, sophisticated, smiling, in an orchid frock, Margaret slender and youthful in black, with a soft hat shading her pale face and troubled eyes.

"You're Miss Yorke. I know all about you," Shirley said easily. "I've seen you in the lane with this cunning baby."

She stooped to pay special court to Jim, who stared at her with perfunctory, polite indifference. And when she straightened herself again, and again smiled at Margaret, Margaret felt compelled to return a constrained smile.

"I'm following Mrs. de Vilbiss," Shirley said. "I think we're going the same way."

Beatrice fitted herself delightedly between them. This was an adventure for Bee. Jim galloped ahead; the three women sauntered down a disorderly path together.

"YOU'RE not a Californian, are you, Miss Yorke?" Shirley began carelessly.

"No," Margaret answered simply, looking straight into the questioner's bright brown eyes. If she had been afraid of what she might find there, she was instantly reassured. Shirley's look was only friendly and casual.

"Tell me—" Shirley began, and stopped. She glanced rather pointedly at the unconscious Bee. "Beatrice," she diverted suddenly, "where are you taking your brown-eyed little self—or rather, your surprisingly big self—this afternoon?"

"Oh, anywhere!" the ecstatic Beatrice answered innocently. "They don't need me any more! Isn't it funny," pursued Beatrice happily, as they walked along "that neither my mother nor father has brown eyes? I don't know where I get them! My father says I'm like my grandmother, Alicia Dinsmore——"

"Darling, they're beckoning to you!" Mrs. Theobald suddenly interrupted, indicating the two uniformed nurses who were wheeling an invalid's chair along a distant path.

"Oh, that's just grandpa!" Beatrice said carelessly. "He doesn't want me—they're taking him in."

"He waved and beckoned, dear," Mrs. Theobald gently persisted. "Run and see—and then you come back! Heavens!" she ejaculated, on a long, expelled breath,

when Beatrice had reluctantly departed. "Let's turn down here, Miss Yorke, so that she can't find us again. I've been so anxious to meet you and to talk to you!"

They turned into the shrubbery. The sun was setting now, and between the Summer-time shabbiness of the trees and the dryness and brownness of the grass and the ruin wrought by recent devastating feet there seemed, to Margaret at least, to be something absolutely desolating in the aspect that the bright streamers of light illuminated so mercilessly. She felt her heart pounding with fright.

"TELL me," Shirley began interestedly, "how is Mrs. Cutting? She's sort of a relative of mine, you know. Has she talked to you about me? You can't answer that, of course— But I know she does—she hates me. However, I've always liked her," Shirley went on, with a generous, broadminded air that Margaret was presently to recognize as a favorite attitude of hers. "I used to see a lot of her, and I've always liked her—always. I don't care what she says of me, I'll always say that Aunt Hattie Cutting has splendid qualities. How has this adoption experiment work ended?" she asked with affectionate interest. "They were talking about it ten years ago. I didn't believe she'd ever do it. Old Ross Cutting was the one who was really mad about children."

"I think she did it as a sort of memorial to him—the baby's name is James Ross Cutting," Margaret offered, breathing easier on the less personal ground. "She adopted Jim immediately after his death, I know."

"He seems a dear little fellow," Shirley said indifferently. And with sudden bright determination she added: "Tell me, does Stan Crittenden live with his aunt now? Do you see much of him?" she added, as Margaret answered with a grave nod.

"Whenever he is at home."

"Isn't he charming?" Shirley asked, smiling.

The blood, to her own surprise, rose in Margaret's face, but she answered with another dispassionate nod.

"He is the dearest fellow that ever lived!" Shirley went on, smiling reminiscently and speaking as if half to herself. "I've not seen him since I came back—to speak to, that is. I did see him at the club on Sunday playing tennis, and he is stunninger than ever. I love those bronzed, homely, thin, big men! Mr. Theobald is exactly the opposite type; rather fat, never will exercise—a gentleman, you know, but not one bit like Stan!"

"I suppose they've told you," she pursued, as Margaret was silent, "that there was a very special sort of friendship between Stan Crittenden and me? I treated him badly. I daresay he's been in love with twenty girls since, but some day I'm going to tell him what a fool I was. I always took him for granted, do you see? Give him my love, will you? And his aunt, too. I suppose she's having a wonderful time discussing me? She's welcome. But I must say this: I met Cuyler Theobald at her house—yes, indeed I did! It was the earthquake year, when he was about twenty and I was only thirteen—fourteen. We kids all thought that he was the last word in magnificence—he'd come on from New York with his mother to visit Aunt Hat. And she always disliked him, and disapproved of him—for all that she takes such a high and mighty attitude with me now for divorcing him! *She* wouldn't have lived with him four days, let alone almost four years!"

By this time they had made the round of the gardens and lawns and had come back to the house again. Elise de Vilbiss was duly writing a check, with somebody's fountain pen; almost all the other women had gone and the de Vilbiss car was obviously in waiting.

And just then, "like a play," Margaret thought confusedly, Stan Crittenden's car swept about the drive. He had come to take his aunt home from the party.

Margaret saw the meeting. She saw Shirley go up to him gracefully with an outstretched hand. Big and rumpled in his tennis clothes and with a deeper color upon his reddened face, Stan took her hand and grinned at her.

"Stan, you've not changed one bit!" Shirley said, flushing charmingly, with admiration in the bright brown eyes that took in his bigness and broadness.

"You're prettier than ever!" he said readily, with his pleasant smile. He helped Elise into her car, helped Shirley, then turned to Mrs. Jessop and his aunt. "All ready?" he asked. But Margaret fancied there was something just a little self-conscious in his heightened color and hurried air.

Mrs. Cutting, serenely and elaborately oblivious, got into the front seat beside him; Margaret had Jim and her own reflections for company on the drive home.

Sometimes, remembering that talk at the farm only a few weeks ago, it seemed to her like a dream. She had recalled it a thousand times: the hot, sweet afternoon, her exhaustion after the house-party, and her waking in a cloud of drying hair to find him studying her.

Every one was kind enough to her: Nora. Mrs. Cutting, the few persons with whom her life here brought her in touch. But that afternoon had been more like the old days, when she had had a life of her own, a personality.

There had even been a day or two of disturbed dreaming after that—a day or two when the possibility of his caring for her and the thought of all it might mean had wrapped her in a sort of spell. All her thoughts had circled about and centered upon that memory: when for a moment a man's arms had been about her, when the wearisome silence of so many months had been at least partly broken and the reserve that had grown so burdensome partly relaxed.

ON THE day after their talk at Uplands, Margaret had awakened to find Stan gone, and all through its long quiet hours she had been teased by a desire to see him—not to say anything particularly significant, but just to realize again that there was that little special relationship between them, that consciousness of his liking her, admiring her, seemed to be a sort of hunger in her soul.

"I don't love him, and he doesn't me," she said to herself more than once. "But—but I am awake again. I haven't felt this way—this interested, trembly, excited sort of way—for years!"

She felt this hunger even more keenly on the next day; life was oddly flat and pointless without Stan. In the afternoon when Mrs. Cutting was dozing, Margaret brought her steamer-chair to the exact spot where it had been two days ago and lay dreaming in it, her book closed, her eyes only half open and her thoughts wrapped again in the memory of that surprising hour.

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"THE TRAGEDY OF IT IS," FINISHED SHIRLEY, VERY LOW, "THAT I HAVE COME TO SEE, STAN, WHAT I THREW AWAY. TOO LATE!"



A STRANGER, SEEING THEM, WOULD HAVE TAKEN THEM TO BE TWO MOTHERLY VILLAGERS

A WINTER'S TALE

There are none too poor to learn the luxury of giving

By ZONA GALE

Author of "Miss Lulu Bett," etc.

LIZ FRED and Liz Henry were finally to go to the poorhouse. For fifteen years, since Fred and Henry Port had died leaving their wives penniless, Katytown had watched the struggles of the two women to hold the tiny mortgaged white house in which all four had lived. Katytown had helped all that it could—had given work and sent in food and paid taxes and even made a benefit—but now the two aging women could bear the burden no longer, and the first of the new year the house was to be sold for debt.

"And darling," said Foxhall Phelps, "it's exactly what we'll want—that little house. It's old and good—and we can make it a peach. Knock out a partition or two, throw up a chimney outside, build in some book-cases and swing in a few casement windows—can't you *see* it? With period paper on the hall?"

"Yes," said Marcia, "I can see it."

She was lately returned from eight years at school, and the tragedy of the two sisters seemed to her not so casual as it did to Katytown.

"Don't you *get* it?" Foxhall pursued.

"Yes," said Marcia; "oh, yes, I do."

"But you don't," said Foxhall. "You can't see yourself as I do sitting in the sun-parlor that was a box-window, waving at me as I come up the street along about six o'clock—dearest! You *do?*"

"You know I do," said Marcia.

"I thought maybe you didn't any more."

"You thought no such thing," said Marcia.

They went together to see the house the week before it was to be sold and two months before they were to be married. Four small rooms and a passage, a good doorway and two sloping chambers filled them with delight. But this was all the delight that they had.

Liz Henry received them. In a village sufficiently sophisticated to have indignations and yet rarely to know ennui, Liz Henry was a bore. For thirty years she had bored Katytown to tears. She always told it about her relatives and her maladies—they were all that she had, so this was natural, but it was tiring.

SHE sat that evening in her rocker, upholstered by successive layers of old shawls sewn on and all showing at the back. They could date things by referring to these shawls, and often they announced triumphantly: "There. She was born *before* the stripe—I knew it. Born in the Paisley." By which it was not meant that "she," whoever it was, had come wrapped in it, but had arrived, so to speak, in the Paisley dynasty.

"Evenin', Marcia; evenin', Foxhall," Liz Henry said. "Pretty good, I guess. Only m' feet been troublin' me some. M' feet—" She was off.

Liz Fred came in. She was younger—hardly more than sixty. She was really younger because she was more detached—could hear herself speaking, could laugh at herself.

"Do shut up about your feet," she said kindly to her sister-in-law. "They'd rather hear about my back—I know they would." She had a gentle, twisted smile.

They told her that they had come to look at the house.

Instantly over both women there settled something like a fine white ash, dimming expression, even features. It fell, too, on the air of the room, resolving to silence everything save the ticking of the clock.

"I'll show you over," said Liz Fred.

She took the lamp, and Liz Henry came too, and they all went from room to room. Marcia and Foxhall were seeing it as it would be; Liz Fred and Liz Henry were seeing it as it had been. None of them paid much attention to it as it was—threadbare, not trying any more to keep up its humble show.

"What a corking place for a window-seat with leaded glass," Foxhall murmured.

"And panel this in white," Marcia murmured back.

LIZ HENRY began to talk. "We both come here brides," she said. "We each had and lost two little children here. Don't it seem funny—if those four little things had been spared, we might not be going—where we're going."

"Shucks. They might all have been in jail," said Liz Fred.

"Two of them were girls," Liz Henry reminded her with dignity, as if jails were for gentlemen.

"Well, they might have inherited your feet," said Liz Fred, "and my back," she added.

"I wouldn't be sacrilegious," said Liz Henry sharply.

"I would," said Liz Fred, "that much."

"This room in blue and that one in yellow," Marcia said softly.

"With Aunt Julia's old mahogany," Foxhall added in deep content.

"And this adorable stairway hung with the Japanese prints——"

Ashamed, she turned to the women to admire a fuchsia.

"We'll give you that when we go," Liz Fred said graciously.

There was a knocking as they reached the lower floor, and in the doorway bulked against the dark the huge figure of Luther Falk, the Katytown drayman.

"Come for the stuff," said he.

Liz Henry cried, "Oh—oh—" long and quavering, like an owl's cry. Liz Fred said sharply: "To-night?"

"Ya-as," said Luther; "you're lucky to get me *ever*." This man made magic out of a dull routine by impressing others with his preoccupations.

"I thought—you wasn't to come for that till after New Year's," Liz Henry faltered.

"I'm goin' up-State for Noo Year's," said Luther Falk stolidly, "so they said to take 'em now. I'm to cart 'em to a rummage sale in town. The stoves and beds I can get when I come back, after you're—" he paused delicately.

Liz Henry continued to cry like an owl and clung to Marcia. "The farewell night was going to be bad enough," Liz Henry said. "Now it'll last the week."

From that room Luther Falk took the table, the three cane-seated chairs, the plush couch, the braided rugs and the rocker with the strata of shawls. "Anythin' more?" said he. "I'll take the dinin'-room duffel out the back door."

"Sure you can," said Liz Fred, and closed the door upon him. "Shut up, Liz," she observed. "I'm glad to see the old truck go."

"The rocker with the shawls!" wavered Liz Henry.

"Mothy," said Liz Fred. "Mothy for years."

"But what will you do," Marcia demanded, "all the rest of this week?"

"Eat on the lamp-shelf," said Liz Fred. "Bad on the feet and on the back—but grand for the digestion."

"No need to be a fool," said Liz Henry morosely.

"No need to be at all," said Liz Fred and stared round the bare room.

"We like it very much—the house," Marcia said hurriedly. "We've talked with Ben Tilson—we'll let him know what we decide."

"I guess we just about know now, don't we?" said Foxhall, drawing down his brows in his best young husband-to-be manner.

"And if we do take it," Marcia went on, "I hope you will both come and spend Sunday with us sometimes——"

Her words dwindled before the tragedy in Liz Fred's eyes.

"I COULDN'T bear remembering," she said. And abruptly she, too, began to cry—cruel, choking sobs. Without a word she opened the door for them, one work-worn hand covering her eyes. But when Liz Henry heightened her owl-like wailing, Liz Fred's sobs were cut off as if they had been turned off.

"For mercy sakes, shut up, Liz Henry!" they heard her say as she closed the door.

Out in the white street, silent save for a brush of icy branches in a sighing wind, Marcia had Foxhall's arm in both her own.

"I can't do it," she said; "I can't live in that house. Those two poor old ghosts would face us every day, Foxhall."

"Mighty tough," Foxhall muttered. "Mighty blamed tough! But I don't know whether we ought to give up the house—somebody's going to live in it," he argued.

"Dearest, I can't bear it," she said. "The waste—and the cruelty. Those two have worked hard all their lives. They've done the best they could with their equipment—and the handicap of the mortgage. They've

had children and lost them. What kind of a country do we live in that can let its old people end their days like that?"

"I know," said Foxhall. "I always think it's a rotten deal. But we can't do anything, can we?"

"Can't we?" said Marcia tensely. "Can't we? I've that two thousand from Aunt Julia I was going to put into furniture. Suppose I put it into the house and you pay the rest, and we let them live in it as long as they live."

"But what'll they live on!" cried Foxhall aghast.

"I could give a few music lessons a month and never notice it, and turn the money over to them. Think, dear, it's their *lives*—all the rest of all the life they've got."

"And what'll we do?" he demanded.

"RENT—for a little while. Or even—wait, for a little while."

"Oh, Lord, let's rent," said Foxhall.

He kissed her on the high-school corner. "I'll do it," he said, "but it's your deal. I'll own up I'm doing it mostly for you."

"It's not nearly so reckless as buying a car would be—and anybody would do that," said Marcia thoughtfully. "Let's go and tell Tilson now before we change our minds."

Ben Tilson had two little rooms over the calaboose—which was the Katytown term for police station. He lived there alone, with a cornet. They could hear his cornet all up and down Main Street on Summer evenings, and stragglers in the calaboose woke and cursed or were charmed by its wavering strains. Ben couldn't play much, but even so the cornet sounded precisely as if it meant it.

He received the news of the sale as he would have received the news of a total loss of all his possessions—without a wrinkle or a flicker. He was neither richly endowed nor schooled in control. He was merely crusted, like something that had been too long in the oven.

"Two thousand down, balance in payments at stated times," said he. "Have the papers for you to-morrow. Drop in my office. Goin' to live in it yourselves, are you?"

"Not—not right away," Foxhall owned.

"Have quite a time gettin' a tenant till you make some repairs," said Ben brightly.

Marcia and Foxhall glanced at each other. They had not counted on repairs. But— "We should have had to repair it if we had moved into it," she submitted rather hostilely.

"Sure, sure. I didn't mean—that was meant all right," Ben hastened to say. "What under the devil—that is to say—what's *that?*" he broke off.

Heavy boots were on the stairs leading to his rooms. A voice was calling: "Ben Tilson! Ben Tilson!"

He flung open the door and Bart Robey, the Katytown chief of police, stood there. Bart was vast and gentle—all but his boots and his voice.

"Say," he said, "have you got any skim' milk?"

In his arms was a baby.

"Say, no," Ben said imperturbably, "but I got some coffee hot on the back of the stove. I'll get a cup."

"Peach of a father you'd be," said the chief. "You might pass 'im the root beer. Evenin', Miss Marcia. Evenin', Mr. Phelps. Look at this exhibit, will you?"

It was a little baby, hardly six months old. She was quite silent save for groping breaths, but they were contented breaths. She stared fixedly at the light of Ben's tipsy central burner and with an air of intense abstraction chewed a blanket corner. She was quite clean and dainty and owned a fuzz of black hair.

"Have you arrested—it, Bart?" Foxhall asked.

"Run in its ma," said the chief. "She come to town on the 'through'—got off the train drunk and mussed up. I happened to be up there and I escorted her down to headquarters. She's pretty sick—got the doctor with her now. Say, ain't it a cute little bundle?"

"Give her to me," said Marcia peremptorily.

BEN'S room had one rocker and there Marcia sat with the baby in her arms.

"Open the draft, Ben," she said, "it's cold here. Bart, pull down this shade, please, and give me that box for a footstool. Foxhall, you run over to the hotel and ask Madge to boil a little water and fill a clean bottle—a boiled bottle, Foxhall; you help her. What are you going to do with her?" she asked Bart.

"Leave it with its ma, I s'pose."

"But if she's sick?"

"Jacks, I dunno."

"Would you mind seeing what the doctor says about her?"

The chief took his orders and retreated. Ben was building up a roaring fire. Marcia held the baby and heard its delicate, irregular breathing.

"It's like hearing its life go back and forth," she thought.

Ben came and stood over them.

"How'd it be if I fixed it some soda and water?" he said. "That's a good remedy. Or give it some salt, now——"

"I don't believe she needs anything, thank you, Ben."

"Salt," said Ben, "is good for cats whether they need it or not."

Foxhall came back and the bottle was set to cool, with him to watch it. When the baby nestled and grunted, Marcia stooped to it, rocked it, crooned. Watching her, Foxhall thought how restfully she was unlike the girls he had seen who, in the presence of a baby, became self-conscious and absurd, extravagant in adulation. Marcia *was*, he decided, unlike other girls.

"Seems like if it clicked every time it kicked," Ben said, "there'd be quite a rattlin'." And when the baby cried a little: "Do you reckon it'd care to hear 'Angel's Serenade?' " he asked earnestly.

"Yes, Ben, I think she would," Marcia told him.

Ben was playing with terrible intentness, flame-colored in the face, his air wholly unrecognizable, when Bart Robey came back up the stairs.

Bart's round eyes had grown triangular and his eyebrows were half-moons of concern. "They're goin' to take her up to the hospital," he said. "Says bring the kid and the nurses'll have to take care of it. So if you'll give it to me——"

"I'll do nothing of the sort," said Marcia decidedly. "I'll take her home. A hospital's no place for a well baby," she added firmly.

"Say, but won't you be putting your folks out?" Bart inquired.

"I'll take care of her myself," said Marcia.

"DARLING," said Foxhall, to the great interest of Bart and Ben, "are you sure you know what would be best for it—I mean——"

"I feel," said Marcia simply, "as if I had had her for a long time."

"That's princely, Miss Marcia," said Bart in relief. "I feel responsible because I run in its ma. And I own up I kind o' dreaded askin' my wife to do it—she's a right .positive woman. And of course the calaboose is no place to entertain a kid."

"*I* could keep her," said Ben modestly.

Bart laughed like an Indian, but Foxhall said: "You and I don't seem to be of much use, do we, Ben?"

"Oh, yes, you do," said Marcia to Foxhall; "you're to carry her. And Ben's been the most useful of anybody."

"If it wants anything in the night," said Ben, "and the calaboose is asleep—which it will be—gimme a ring——"

"And you'll make it some hot coffee," said Bart from the stairs.

They parted in the quiet street, the chief almost violent in his thanks. The same icy crackle was in the branches, the same protesting squeak was in the snow—but there was another area of sensation in the two who footed there. The house of Liz Fred and Liz Henry was forgotten, and so were their ineffectual tears.

It was three days after Christmas, but the Katytown Christmas tree was still glowing in the court-house yard as they passed.

Continued on page 91



WHEN LIZ FRED AND LIZ HENRY ARRIVED, MARCIA WAS SITTING BY THE FIRE WITH THE BABY. LIZ FRED TOUCHED THE BABY'S ARM. "KITTEN," SHE SAID, "AIN'T IT?"

PITFALLS FOR THE HOME-BUILDER

How to avoid them before construction starts

By DONN BARBER

Fellow of the American Institute of Architects

THE planning and building of a home is a more involved process to-day than it was a generation ago. The cost of labor and materials has become vastly higher, in addition to which living conditions demand more intricate mechanical equipment, generally comprehended under the titles of heating, plumbing and lighting, which, combined, not infrequently amount to one-quarter of the total cost of the house.

Then, again, every year produces an increasingly wider range of choice in the selection of available materials for use in every department of structure and finish. The market is flooded with newly devised and mostly patented processes—some worthy of serious consideration, while the greater number continue in an experimental stage of development. These latter, if used at all, should be chosen for having some proved history of performance that insures unquestioned and permanent value.

Disappointments are possible even when the greatest caution is exercised in the use of true and tried combinations of known materials. It is unwise, therefore, to experiment with innovations that are apt to complicate, if not destroy, the practical and lasting qualities of any adopted scheme of construction. Simplicity and directness in planning, using the fewest possible elements capable of entering into any structure, should be striven for if efficiency and ultimate economy are to result. Materials having the greatest proven durability should be employed in order to minimize maintenance. If stone or any good brick is locally obtainable, it can be used in simple ways for exterior walls, accomplishing permanency and at the same time eliminating repairs and painting.

Cement is scientifically made to-day and is cheap. Mixed with local sand or grit it becomes stucco, and combined with sand and broken stone it can be made into concrete. Both materials are readily adaptable and practical for exterior walls. If one is forced to build entirely of wood, the all-shingle house has many advantages. Wood as an exterior material has to be painted and is therefore expensive in the long run.

THE most important first step in the creation of a home is the selection of a site. This becomes increasingly important if one desires to live in the suburbs of a large city. In this case, a location having congenial surroundings should be selected, a neighborhood settled or being settled by people of similar tastes and not too remote from transportation, school, church and shopping facilities. The time, trouble and expense required in traveling to and from one's home to these essentials and to one's place of employment should be carefully considered. If possible, the site should be on an improved, paved street where sewers, water, gas and electricity are provided—these are modern factors contributing to comfort, health and economy.

Since the initial cost of one's home is directly dependent upon its size and its specific location, study should be given to the definite amount of room required and the amount of ground needed to provide the house a proper setting, both with respect to the plot itself and to the houses adjoining. Care should be taken in the layout of the plot selected, particularly for a small house, in regard to the type of design appropriate to the plot and the location of the house with respect to exposures and highways. In choosing between a site on the north or south side of a street, it must be borne in mind that some prefer to have the important rooms placed in the rear of a house and some in the front. A dwelling erected on the south side of a street will naturally be cool and shady in the front and warm and sunny in the rear.

Another important consideration is the nature of the ground selected. Solid-rock ledge directly below the surface of the soil is impractical, as rock excavation is expensive. The plot should have some natural means of drainage. The presence of a spring in a small plot of ground often causes considerable trouble and expense in obtaining a dry cellar.

Consider now the house itself. After the price of the property and its necessary improvement has been deducted from the total budget allowance, the remaining amount available for the house should be divided by the probable cost per cubic foot obtaining in the chosen locality for the type of house desired; this will determine the volume in cubic feet of building that can be planned. The arrangement, size and number of rooms obtainable within this cubage should be thoroughly considered and studied and should in all cases be governed by the volume the cost permits rather than by preconceived ideas of living needs. If this principle is adhered to, a great many of the usual disappointments and tragedies of exceeding the budget will be avoided. After construction is started, avoid making any changes or additions to the plan decided upon. The sizes of rooms planned should be governed by comparison with the rooms one is familiar with and has lived in. If it is impossible to obtain the number of rooms desired in the given cubage, it is better to eliminate one or more rooms than to build rooms of small or impractical size.

The placing of furniture should be considered in planning rooms, chiefly in regard to the spacing of doors and windows. This should insure a proper working out of the completed rooms. This applies particularly to bedrooms and the logical placing of beds.

The kitchen should be small and properly arranged, as this will save time, money and effort in housekeeping. Closets should be arranged for the purpose for which they are to be used. Shallow closets, say three feet deep, are generally more usable than deeper ones. Space is often wasted in the planning of closets which in their size and shape are impractical of use. Two small closets one hundred per cent. useful are preferable to one large closet of equal space that is inconveniently arranged.



Photo by Underwood and Underwood

This invaluable word of advice to the prospective home-builder comes from one of America's foremost architects. Mr. Barber, who is ex-president of the Society of Beaux Arts Architects and who is responsible for some of America's most beautiful homes, has designed for DELINEATOR readers a new series of small houses, the first of which is described on the opposite page

The provision of sufficient head-room on stairs is often forgotten until the stairs are in place and require ugly and costly alterations. Moving furniture and trunks up and down stairs requires more than just enough head-room.

Doors should not be less than two feet ten inches wide and six feet ten inches high. Windows in type, size and construction are of primary importance. Double-hung windows are the ones usually found in this country because they are better suited to our varying climates and requirements; they usually fit tighter and are more weather-proof than other types of windows. Weather-strips are not necessary in this type of window if the windows are properly constructed and of good material. It should be remembered, however, in determining sizes, that double-hung windows admit but fifty per cent. of air for the size of the opening. Casement or hinged windows have the advantage of admitting one hundred per cent., but they are harder to make tight and are more costly to equip, requiring metal weather-strips and special hardware. Where these windows are used, they should always be made to open out and should be combined in separate units, with mullions between each sash. Each sash should not exceed twenty-two inches in width. Care should be taken in the detailing of windows to arrange space for shades and curtains, screens and outside blinds.

PARTICULAR attention should be given to the installation of steam and water pipes and hot-air flues. All water-pipes should be placed in interior walls and hot and cold water-pipes should be separated. Cut-off valves should be provided in the cellar on all water-lines and, if possible, at each fixture. Vent-pipes running through the roof should be kept as far as possible from dormer or other windows. It is not necessary that radiators should obstruct all windows.

Light outlets and control switches should never be put back of doors.

Chimneys are expensive and should be as few as possible and safely built.

Adequate flues should be planned for each fireplace. Common errors in the construction of fireplaces are inadequate flues, hearths that are too narrow and fireplace openings that are too high. The cross area of a flue should not be less than one-twelfth of the area of the fireplace opening; the fireplace itself should not be less than two feet deep and the opening wider than it is high. Chimneys should be built with flue-linings whenever possible, otherwise the greatest care should be taken to insure tight joints in the brickwork surrounding the flue-spaces.

Dry and well-seasoned lumber is essential to the construction of any house. Outside sheathing-boards should be laid diagonally to insure stiffening and wind-bracing. Rough flooring should also be laid diagonally, as it will prevent the opening of joints in the finished floors. Double floors are an eventual saving in heat and add quiet to the house. Avoid using straight pine floors, on account of splinters. A cheap oak floor wears better and longer than first-quality comb-grained pine. Heavy building-paper should be placed between all floors, and heavy tar-paper on all outside walls between sheathing and finish as a damp preventive.

CARE should be given to tightness under and around all windows as a coal-saver.

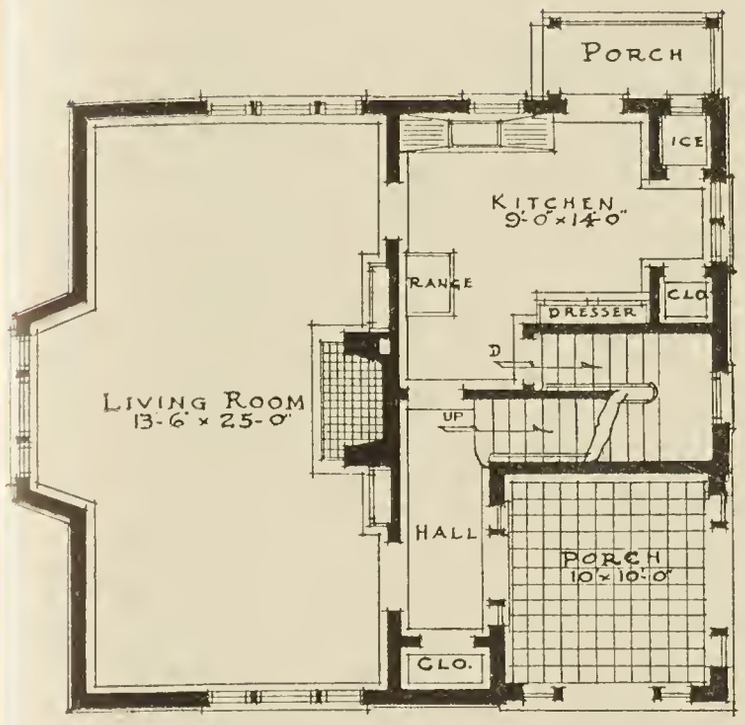
Dust-traps at the edge of floors and base are valuable helps to housekeepers. These dust-strips, however, should be nailed to the base and not to the floor. A great many dust-traps can be saved if these strips are not put down until after the first year's settlement and shrinkage have taken place.

Wood floors in bathroom and kitchen are poor economy. Cement, composition or tile will save time and money in maintenance. Sanitary covers in bases of wood or other material are desirable.

Foundation walls should be tightly and substantially built on a dry bottom. Adequate light should be provided in the cellar and easy exit provided for ashes. The cellar floors should be properly pitched to adequate drains. The coal-bin should be placed in such a position that the delivery of coal will not destroy grass or planting.

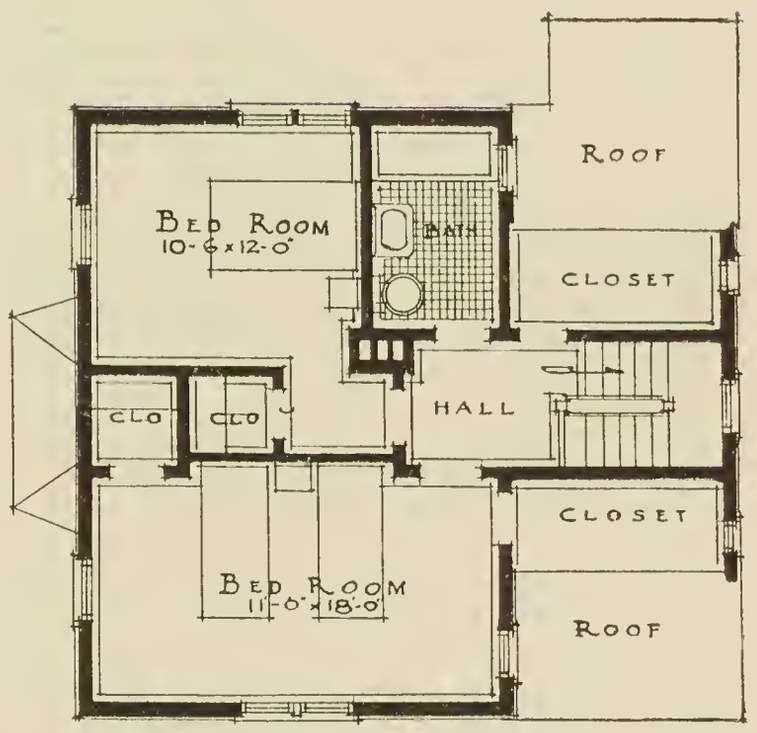
A NEW PLAN FOR THE SMALL HOME

Showing an economical arrangement of four rooms



FIRST-FLOOR PLAN

Mr. Donn Barber has designed for THE DELINEATOR *a series of small houses, in which this four-room house, known as* DELINEATOR *House-Plan Number One, is the first. Upon request* THE DELINEATOR *will supply, for one dollar, reprints of these floor-plans and elevations with working figures, which may be developed into complete working drawings by your local architect. Remittances and all correspondence on the subject of house-plans should be addressed to the Home-Building Editor,* THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York City*



SECOND-FLOOR PLAN



A SMALL HOUSE EASILY ADAPTED TO FIT ANY LOCALITY. IT CAN BE BUILT AT A MINIMUM LABOR COST AND WITH AN ECONOMICAL USE OF MATERIALS

Brick backing in the cellar should be carried up between the floor-joists both to form a fire stop and to prevent the circulation of vermin. Proper sanitary refrigerator drainage is essential. Meters should be placed in an accessible location.

Shingle roofs are economical and serviceable if properly constructed. They should never be used, however, on roofs having a pitch of less than forty-five degrees. The steeper the shingle roof the better.

Copper flashings, gutters and leaders will pay for the increased cost over tin in about five years' time.

If a house in its character and individuality and as a piece of construction is to reflect, as it should, the wisdom and foresight of the owner from the point of view of investment, it should express above all things directness, permanency, appropriateness, thrift, efficiency, common sense in design and harmony with its surroundings. Beauty in a home can be combined with economy, irrespective of its size.

City dwellers contemplating building in the suburbs or country should live for a trial period in the location which they favor for the building of their permanent home in order to become adjusted to semirural conditions. This will save disillusionment when they come to be installed in their permanent home.

Delineator House-Plan Number One

BEGINNING the 1923 series of house-plans, THE DELINEATOR herewith presents as Plan One a compact, practical four-room house. Its type may be made to fit any locality, and it can be suitably built either on a small suburban plot or on acreage in the country. The foundation and certain portions of the walls of the first floor where indicated in the illustration may be of stone, gravel-concrete or cement blocks. This masonry portion could be carried to a greater height if so desired, but if it reaches above the window-heads some added expense would be incurred to provide lintels over the windows, which, as will be seen, have been grouped in such a way as to admit abundant sunshine. The advantage of building a house as small as this is in the economy of construction material. The framing material most commonly used for this size house is fir, which is easily worked and comes in smooth, accurate sizes. The floors may be of pine or hardwood. If the walls are finished in sand-plaster, they may be left natural, thus saving the cost of paper or paint.

The spacious closet-room is an unusual and excellent feature for so small a house. The two large closets on the second floor contain windows, which provide both light and ventilation. The windows throughout the house are shown supplied with board shutters, which may be detailed to conform with an English or Colonial design. It would add interest to equip the shutters with wrought-iron fasteners which would hold them in position and back against the wall. The latticework about the porch may be omitted, and the pergola, which carries the porch feature out into the garden, may be built of cut lumber or small, straight natural tree-trunks. For the latter type of pergola, cedar posts have proved to be the most durable, both above and below ground.

For economy in building size, as well as for a labor-saver, a separate dining-room has been omitted. A perfectly satisfactory scheme is to use the end of the living-room for this purpose.

HOUSE decoration is the handmaiden of architecture, and, to provide convenience and comfort, four distinct problems must be considered: First, that the things selected suit the house in size, type and coloring; second, that the pieces selected are harmonious with each other; third, that they are well made and suit the requirements of the family; fourth, that they fit the family purse. Wall decorations, if desired, could be applied in flat-tone paints, cold-water tints or plain colored wall-paper. The elimination of design in wall-paper or stuffs in a small house contributes to an appearance of space. To carry this idea still further, the entire house could be finished in the same coloring throughout. Should the walls be left in natural-colored plaster, some color can be introduced by painting the woodwork in buffs, greens or grays, colors that are entirely in keeping with the atmosphere of so small a house. If the interior is finished in smooth plaster, the use of wall-papers for the bedrooms would relieve the simplicity of the painted or tinted walls of the lower floor. Unobtrusive patterns, such as delicately colored stripes and quaint all-over or floral papers, are most suitable. However, with this kind of wall decoration plain draperies should be used.

Heavy furniture and dark hangings have no place in this cheerful setting.

A LARGE drop-leaf or gate-legged table may be successfully employed in combination for a dining and living room table. After meal-hour it may be folded and placed against the wall or used in the center of the room for books, reading-lamp, etc. Light-weight painted or natural-wood chairs, with rush bottom or damask seats, are readily lifted and combine well with the larger and more informal living-room furnishings. When not in use about the dining-table, one may be used as a desk-chair, another in the small hall and the remaining ones may be combined with the one or two overstuffed chairs in the big room.

Select carpets and rugs with care, choosing quiet, well-designed patterns or confining your choice entirely to plain colors, making sure they are several shades darker than the walls.

The artificial lighting will do much to make or mar the appearance of these rooms. Side brackets, designed after old sconces in wrought iron or antique brass, are the most appropriate fixtures for this type of house. With floor-plugs for lamps and service outlets for electric equipment the wiring would be complete.

Just back of the pergola one may plan for a combination flower-and-vegetable garden, which is an economical arrangement for a suburban lot. The planting of shrubs is important to relieve the stiffness of a new house. Small pine, cedars and barberry-bushes for year-round planting can hardly be rivaled. Rambler roses, woodbine and English ivy, if planted early and against the posts of the pergola, will in a very few years create shade and color and lend a comfortable settled atmosphere to this altogether alluring little house.

THE HAPPY CHILD

SCIENTIFIC BABY CARE

The purpose of the series of articles under this title, of which the accompanying one is the ninth, is to place at the disposal of mothers the knowledge of America's foremost specialists in baby care and child welfare

PRECEDING ARTICLES

Prenatal care, the care of the baby at birth, the general care of the baby, maternal nursing, unsuccessful nursing, artificial feeding of infants, feeding during the first year and early childhood have been covered in preceding issues. Articles to come will have to do with equally important steps in the career of the Happy Child up through the formative years of early youth. The completed series will comprise the most up-to-date scientific information accessible to mothers

PAMPHLET REPRINTS

Three of the most helpful articles are available in pamphlet form. "The Expectant Mother and the New Baby," by Dr. Ralph Lobenstine, "The General Care of the Baby" and "Maternal Nursing," by Dr. L. Emmett Holt, will be sent to any parent on receipt of ten cents for each pamphlet. Address Child Health Department, THE DELINEATOR



"THE WORLD IS MINE"

CONTRIBUTING EXPERTS

DR. L. EMMETT HOLT
Adviser in THE DELINEATOR'S Child Health Campaign; Physician-in-Chief, Babies' Hospital, New York City, and President of the Child Health Organization

DR. HENRY L. K. SHAW
Recently President, American Child Hygiene Association and Consultant Division of Maternity, Infancy and Child Hygiene in the New York State Department of Health

DR. THOMAS W. SALMON
Medical Director, National Committee for Mental Hygiene

DR. RALPH LOBENSTINE
Chairman of the Medical Advisory Board of the Maternity Center Association of New York City; formerly Obstetrician to the New York Lying-in Hospital

DR. WILLIAM PALMER LUCAS
Professor of Diseases of Children, University of California; formerly Director of the Child Welfare Work of the American Red Cross in Europe

DR. OWEN LOVEJOY
General Secretary, National Child Labor Committee

FEEDING AFTER INFANCY

By DR. HENRY L. K. SHAW

THE tiny toddler must eat. As he grows older, nature requires a wider range of food materials to supply the needs for body-building and development. Food must also furnish the fuel necessary to keep the engine running at the proper temperature, to replace losses from wear and tear, and to provide material not alone for new and worn parts, but also to enlarge the machine. Besides, the human engine stores away food for a reserve supply to be used in case of sickness and emergency.

Choosing the Food—It is perhaps unfortunate that young children are not, like the lower animals, given the instinct of choosing the right kind of food. As it is, they are entirely dependent on the judgment and knowledge of their parents. The object of this article is to point out some of the important facts about their feeding.

The nursery age is one of rapid growth and activity, and proper diet and good nutrition are essential for normal physical and mental development. Mothers are usually very careful about the diet and feeding of their babies, but when the third Summer arrives they are too apt to relax their vigilance and let down the bars. The child himself at this time is less dependent on the attention of others and can express his likes and dislikes in a most emphatic and often convincing manner. For this reason it is most important that he should be trained in good food habits and not allowed to drift into bad habits in regard to his food and his eating.

IT IS difficult to lay down hard and fast rules in regard to the child's diet at this period, as many factors such as climate, home, family and social conditions must all be taken into consideration. There are, however, certain fundamental principles that must be observed in order to keep a child healthy, fat and fit. Faulty food and faulty feeding-habits sooner or later will result in sickness, indigestion and malnutrition.

Different Kinds of Foods—Foods can be conveniently divided into four rather distinct groups according to their chemical composition and functions in the growth of the body. Some foods belong only to one or two of these groups, while others are in all four.

The protein foods are those which contain nitrogen and are all-important in body-building. The Greek word protein means "I take first place." The chief foods in this group are milk, meat, fish and eggs, which contain the animal protein; and green vegetables and cereals, which supply the vegetable protein. Some dietetic authorities advise against giving meat in early childhood; they claim it is too stimulating and acid-forming. Most physicians, however, strongly favor its use after the second year. Doctor Holt found that "vegetable proteins are of distinctly lower grade in nutritive value than the animal proteins, and that while they may be adequate for maintenance, it is hazardous to depend upon them for growth."

The second group includes the sugar and starchy foods, which are known as carbohydrates. These are necessary to furnish fuel for body heat and muscular energy. They also are used to store up reserve food in the form of fat. The sugar foods are the sugars, molasses, honey, maple-sugar, sweet fruits, beets and carrots; the starch foods are potatoes, rice, bread and cereals.

A THIRD group includes the fats. These, like the carbohydrates furnish heat and energy. The chief foods containing a large percentage of fat are butter, cream, yolk of egg, bacon, olive and other vegetable oils and oleomargarin.

Minerals and salts compromise the fourth group. Though not foods in the sense of the foregoing, they are absolutely necessary for the healthy action of the functions of the body, and in childhood they are especially important for growth. These are found chiefly in milk and vegetables, but they are also in fruit, cereals, eggs and meat. Proper growth is impossible without these minerals, but a sufficient quantity is provided in the usual diet. A small amount of salt in the preparation of cereals, broths, etc., makes them more palatable. Pepper and other condiments are not necessary and most of them are injurious.

The amount of the different minerals varies in foods. Milk, for example, contains an abundance of lime, so essential for the growth of bones and teeth, but very little iron. Iron is relatively abundant in green vegetables; potatoes and fruits contain other important elements. Most of the minerals contained in vegetables are dissolved in the water in which they are cooked; this water should be saved to be used in making soups, gravies, etc.

Water, while not a food, is most important in the diet of children. It cools the body in hot weather and assists in the elimination of waste products through the urine, stools and perspiration. Water alone should be given freely between meals, especially in hot weather. If taken at meal-time, it should not be drunk while the mouth is full to wash down food without chewing or mixing the food with saliva. There is a large amount of water in milk, broths, fruit and green vegetables, but aside from this a child of three or four years should drink two or three glasses a day.

We read and hear a great deal about vitamins. These are certain vital and necessary constituents of food. Three vitamins have been recognized and several more are awaiting discovery. Vitamins are present in nearly all our common foods. A sufficient quantity for health and growth will be supplied if the diet contains reasonable amounts of unskimmed milk, fruits, green vegetables and cereals.

"A pint of milk, egg, orange and greens
Will give you your daily vitamins."

The much-advertised concentrated, dried and dead vitamin powders, tablets, etc., are expensive, unnecessary and mostly worthless.

Amount of Food Needed—The amount of food necessary to supply all the needs of a growing child depends on his age, weight and activity. A child of three to four years needs fully twice as much food per pound of body weight as an adult. Doctor Holt, after careful investigation, found that in a well-balanced diet the child requires fifteen per cent. protein, thirty-five per cent. fat and fifty per cent. carbohydrate to bring about good health, proper growth and normal nutrition. Ignorance of relative food-values, and the fact that they are cheaper, often results in the use of too large an amount of sugars and starches in the diet to the exclusion of fatty and protein foods and foods containing necessary vitamins and salts.

THE Addition of Solid Food—The eruption of the first set of twenty teeth is an indication that solid foods requiring mastication should be included in the diet. Young children must be taught to eat slowly and to chew their food thoroughly. This not only aids the digestion, but also develops the teeth. If soft, mushy foods are given to the exclusion of hard, bulky foods, the children will not learn to chew properly and the teeth are probably more likely to decay. This also may occur when sugars and sweets are allowed to ferment in the mouth, especially between the teeth because they are not kept clean, so that acids form which penetrate through the enamel.

The Daily Diet—A young child thrives best on three meals a day. These should be given at regular hours and no food should be given between these hours except in special instances. The stomach performs its functions in a definite cycle and it takes about four hours to complete the digestion of a single meal. If more food is added before the stomach is empty, the work of digestion has to begin all over again and the normal cycle is disturbed with resulting fermentation and indigestion. The stomach requires rest between meals in order to do its best and most efficient work.

The following diet list is suitable for runabout children of the nursery age (two to five years).

Continued on page 89

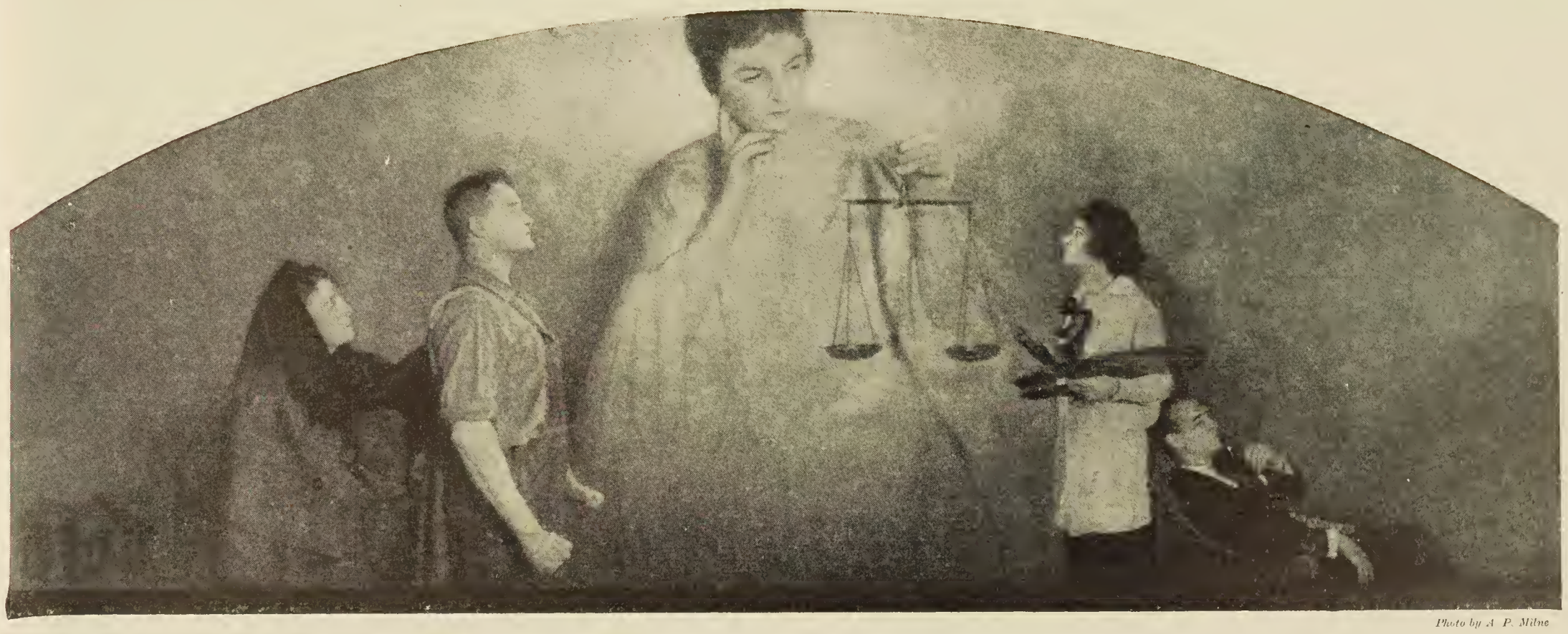


Photo by A. P. Milne

DESPOILED

The confession of a wife who failed

By HERSELF

It has been said that every human soul has ONE great story to tell. But it is not often that the urge to tell it is combined with the ability to put it in words. When we have all of these elements, the result is a human document more powerful, more moving than any fiction can be. Such a document you will find in "Despoiled," written out of the very depths of experience, written with the keen and poignant simplicity which makes literature. It is the story of one wife whose success has left her life empty. She is one of the conspicuous figures of the professional world. She faced the problem which so many women face to-day—can a woman succeed in a business or professional career without sacrificing her home?—and she failed. She has told her story only with the hope of helping some other woman meet her problem—before it is too late

NEW YORK is roaring in at my open window. An anarchy of sound assails me. I have been used to stillness: the ebb and flow of the tide on a wooded, rocky shore; the soundless rush of winds across the unending plains; the long sweet call of the loon. These have been my portions for years. It seems to me that if for one moment I lift the iron grip that I have imposed upon my self-control, this chaos of noise will rend my brain.

And yet there is shelter in this uproar—shelter from my own thoughts. It is better for me here. I am saner, more content than in the lonely and beautiful quiet I have known hitherto.

Perhaps no one has been with me as intimately and as constantly for the past year as my father—my father whom I saw tucked away for his last sleep over a year ago. One would have thought it would be my mother. She was the Puritan backbone of the family, and although she died two years ago, she still is the moral backbone for those of us who are left. But it was father—gay, worldly wise, generous, brilliant father—who helped me a year after his death to issue the final edict: "Sink without mercy." That was Von Tirpitz's order to the captains of his submarines. A gigantic treachery to humanity.

So I have sunk Arthur without mercy. The father in me said that he deserved it and that somehow, somewhere it was my right to find rest and peace for the remainder of my life. And yet, perhaps it was my mother who gave me strength to render the final justice. I do not know. The fact remains that I, whose essential and profound weakness has been an incapacity to hurt another, have hurt a man either to his death or his metamorphosis—which, again, I do not know.

I was much too young when I married, much, much too young and too greatly interested in the life of the mind. I had too great a capacity for living a mental life of my own. All these things rendered it practically impossible for me to form a just estimate of the people I loved—of the man I married in particular. I mean that a brilliant mind in another person completely befuddled my understanding of his character. I did not know, as I know now, that mental capacity and character often occupy separate compartments in a human being, neither one in the least influencing the other.

I have wept blood in learning this truth.

I MARRIED at twenty-two, with a gift for making illustrations which I was determined not to allow marriage to take from me. Arthur shared this determination. He was very proud of my talent and from the very first spurred me constantly to keep on, to work faster, harder, better. Or *was* it pride? Wasn't it his desire to see me earn more and more money? Where did the one end and the other begin? There is no answer. I've asked the question a thousand times. There is no answer, save that that suspicion was the "worm in the bud" that destroyed the heart of my marriage.

Arthur was a writer on scientific subjects. The subjects might seem remote to the lay mind, but as a matter of fact he never wrote an article that did not have a profoundly important bearing on the chemistry, as it were, of the world's progress. Such writing of course demanded hard and patient work on his part, and when we were first married he was giving it. At that time he was recognized among scientists as a thinker of importance. I admired him abjectly.

I have paused just here and listened to New York for a long moment. The crash of the elevated railroad, the groaning and squeal of the trolley, the pounding of trucks, the unceasing staccato chorus of automobile horns, the rat-tat of horses' hoofs. What a Hades New York has made of life in order to move itself and its goods and chattels about And, piercing through and above it all, the thin, shrill cry of a baby. It must be a colicky baby: she seems to have cried without ceasing for two weeks. I'd like to cry the same way myself—so I'm patient about her, though I don't even know in which apartment she lives.

I remember my first day in New York, ten years ago. A bride, God help me, athrill with the wonder of marriage, of my work and his, of this gigantic city. Something had gone wrong with his finances just before we were married and we were penniless save for a ten-dollar bill. So much the more romance for me who could be in very truth a helpmate! We found a back room in a brown-stone front on 42nd Street. New York rooming-house landladies are a harsh, profane, suspicious sort of people. All the time I lived in rooming places I felt like the creature of a nightmare. The ten dollars did not last long, and I felt that Arthur ought to go out and get some money. That's what men did in my experience: they went to the office regularly and they paid the bills regularly. But not Arthur!

I discovered immediately that he liked to lie abed late; that he never kept hours; that, though he never complained about the simplicity of his meals, he was very exacting about their quality and flavor. And I rise here to state that for a bride reared in a rambling New England house the cooking of a meal on a tiny alcohol lamp, with a quilt over the transom to fend off the landlady, has difficulties not to be described to the uninitiated.

OUR first quarrel was because I served soup that was too cool. I was at first indignant, then wept and begged for forgiveness—a bride running true to form.

Our second quarrel was begun timidly enough by me. The ten dollars were gone and I thought he ought to go out and sell an article, or at least that he ought to have an office to go to. I told him I might as well be married to a minister. Bride as I was, adoring him as I did, I wanted the poor room to myself during working-hours. His reply became classic for our future conduct:

"I thought this was a real partnership. You agree that it is. Then why should I go to an office more than you? Why should I go out and get an order more than you?"

It was a just enough reply, except for the fact that he had a market for his wares and my market was yet to be made. I tried to think of the matter impersonally, routed out a portfolio of sketches and forthwith began the battle for bread. That struggle was long and not without its comedy, but the story of it has no place here except as it affected Arthur's work.

The first year I earned two hundred and sixty dollars. And it was with this first money that I made my fundamental error: I turned it in to our joint account to be used for food and rent. I should have given it to the Salvation Army, or have thrown it, check by check, into the North River—for with it I began to undermine a man's working capacity, to rob him of his sense of responsibility to his talent and to his wife. Both of these are essential to a man's manhood.

If I had been a thousand years old then, as I am now, I'd have clung to his neck weeping for bread—and he would have gone out and got it. But I was young and called myself a feminist. I believed that a woman owed as much to her talent as a man did; that, if there were no children, she ought to be a full partner in the money-earning sense. I believed that men were inherently not parasitical; that the greatest hope for civilization lay in reorganizing society so that women could cease to be parasites. I believed, God help me for it—

poor little fool—that wives had a right to develop their brains by competitive earning, a right to taste the unutterably sweet bread of independence, a right to the self-respect derived from a free mental life.

So I went about my picture making and selling with a naive pride in the accomplishment. But Arthur's leisurely ways worried me. He wrote quite when and what he pleased, giving at first, it is true, about the same amount of time each day to his work as I did, but making vastly less effort at selling his product than I. To my protests he said, "You are a better salesman than I. Your work is much more obvious than mine—and so, much more satisfactory. I work for months digging out material for an idea, only to find out that some one else has done it and sold it. But in your profession, editors supply your ideas. No one can imitate the style you are developing. You earn money much easier than I. As a matter of fact, you use your brains far less than I do!"

All of which was true. And for a year or so I crowded back my uneasiness, choked it with love; and when it roused itself, I thrust it back by performing the thousand humble little services which any devoted wife is happier in giving to her husband than she is in painting the noblest portrait in the world.

WE HAD been married about three years and were very, very poor when Arthur was offered a job. A great laboratory wanted him to make a report on the experiments they were conducting in certain gas reactions. Arthur didn't want to take it; he said the gas-fumes were frightfully obnoxious. But by this time a certain premonitory heart-sickness in regard to Arthur was growing within me. I persuaded him to take the work, which after all would be of only six months' duration. The experiments, for reasons which need not enter here, were conducted in the Maine woods. We were to live in a cottage near the laboratory. I was delighted. The opportunities for sketching were new and endless.

The first day of the job I spent in the woods, and when I returned to get supper I was happier than I had been in many months. I found Arthur lying in the bed, his face and eyes inflamed by gas-fumes. I began to express sympathy, but he would have none of it. "I don't ask you to work in Hades," he said bitterly. "If you don't, I don't. I gave them my resignation. We go back to New York to-morrow."

I turned on my heel and went back into the woods. I sat down on a log on the edge of a pond. It was early Spring; tree trunks were bleak against a red afterglow; frogs boomed and crooned; there was the smell of budding leaves. I had a decision to make. For the first time I stripped love from my eyes and faced my marriage as it was.

Arthur, I acknowledged, was lazy, was selfish, was slowly but surely developing an ugly temper. What was I going to do about it? Suddenly a voice louder than the mating frogs at my feet spoke within me: "Be true to yourself," it said. "You no longer respect him. Your love will go. Stop now. Leave him. Live your own life, taking care of your God-given talent."

My very heart-beats stopped at the clarity of this voice. I went back deep into myself and thought—thought—thought. It was dark when I rose to my feet. My resolve was taken: I would stick by him; I would force myself to love him; I would develop his talent simultaneously with my own. And I returned patiently and docilely enough to the cottage.

Don't misunderstand me. I had no sense of sacrifice in this decision. Arthur's mind was still thrillingly interesting to me. I was hurt—yes, hurt, that marriage should be so, that men could be ungentle. But I had the most enormous faith in my ability to influence and help him. I had as much natural craving for responsibility, I suppose, as he had aversion to it. I had wanted marriage to be so—different, such a real sharing of effort and accomplishment. But if it was not to be so, well, then there was excitement, the gambler's excitement, in what was left to me. I would take it and enjoy it.

God, if this were enough,
That I see things bare to the buff
And up to the buttocks in mire,
That I ask nor hope nor hire,
Nut in the husk
Nor dawn behind the dusk,
God, if this were enough.

But it's not enough. Not enough for marriage, with its subtle and impossible intimacies, where hope and faith are the essentials that must reinforce even the most gallant courage—not enough for a woman whose talent forces her to see life in color, in warmth and beauty and sweetness and whose soul in starving while her brain is fed.

"Life, like a dome of many-colored glass, stains the white radiance of eternity—

"Until death"—no not death, O Shelley of poignant memory! but more life itself—"shatters it to fragments."

The next five years passed slowly, filled with unbelievable effort. We left the city. My drawing went well; it was my refuge and my strength. The better it went, the more money I earned. All that I earned I turned into the general family account. I wanted it to be so. I wanted to save Arthur any pangs of hurt from my success and his—no, not failure—his lack of success. There's a vast deal of difference.

COURAGE

By W. L. George

Author of "The Intelligence of Women," etc.

EVERY day, many a woman asks herself: "How shall I approach my life? How best shall I attain what I desire: love, power, riches, as the case may be? And above all, how shall I resist the cruel wrongs the world is so willing to do me?" Thus she questions herself, if she is wise: only the unwise woman remits herself with blindfolded eyes to the current of life which so readily carries her away to the rapids.

There is only one answer, an answer made up of a single word: Courage! That word is generally associated with man, the warrior, the hunter, with scenes of conflict and carnage; it is too easily assumed that the lady waits in the tower while the knight goes out to fight; but it is a mistake to think that man needs courage more than woman. While the task of man is to act, the task of woman is to endure. Without courage nothing can endure against a cruel world. Thus woman, still more than man, needs a staff to lean on. The bright, clean courage which she can draw from her spirit, even when it is fainting, can alone support her steps upon the long road of existence. More often than man, woman must bear "the pangs of despised love;" more often is she the victim of faithlessness; more often, too, is she compelled to keep silence, watching with a beating heart the deeds of men on whom she depends; she needs courage while they take risks in business, courage to let them venture her bread in a speculation; above all, she needs courage while men silently hesitate to love her. A woman may not speak nor suggest; she must watch. What shall cheer her on such a vigil except courage, and only courage? It is courage that enables her to realize that the one to whom she gave her faith is not worthy of the tears she sheds for him; courage that raises her from her abjection and causes her—clear-eyed, aloof from past misery, confident of future joys—to sow the seed of new life in ground made sandy by the storm.

Courage can assist her to bear a state more cruel, perhaps, than love despised—namely, love absent, unlove, the loneliness of heart that only women know when no man cares or no man cares enough. She is alone, but she can have a pride of loneliness; life does not touch her; she can withdraw from life; life has not been good to her; perhaps for her it was not good enough. A woman may know poverty, and courage will nerve the pride, the silent fortitude with which she bears the spectacle of wealth that falls into other women's hands. Indeed, does it matter? Is happiness so necessary to life? Can a woman not look with clear eyes upon material joys and then be sure that they are illusions rather than joys? It needs courage. It needs more courage to be lowly than to be great, if one is to keep down envy and all uncharitableness—the envy which turns upon one like a snake to bite the breast that harbors it. Courage, and always courage—there lies the only approach to a long life; there is the comforter even of age, the companion that will stand by a woman's side as she approaches an end that can be serene, when she looks out of this life, with bravely open eyes, into a future without terrors because she is without fears.

I am not sure that I was so much less lazy than Arthur. The snarl of the wolf at the door energized me and did not energize him. I had a greater horror of poverty than he. Little by little the normal positions in marriage changed. I was the earner, the financial head of the house. And I didn't want to be. I developed so elaborate a system of make-believe for the benefit of our friends and of Arthur that I deceived Arthur himself. Arthur was so well deceived that he gave up none of his male prerogatives. He never took any responsibility whatever about the household menage, retaining only the right to criticize service and expenditure. He clung to these prerogatives with a blindness and persistence as humorous as it was pathetic.

Little by little he permitted himself to give longer periods of study to each topic which he undertook to develop. His mind, I observed, turned more and more to details which he tended to work out *ad infinitum*. He dreaded more and more going among people. Particularly did the dread of attempting to sell his product grow upon him.

I went through years of pitying him. "Don't worry so because you don't sell. Do the investigating. Write down your reports. Just keep everlastingly at it. I'll back you till you go over the top."

"But," querulously from Arthur, "why doesn't it sell? What is the matter?"

It was long before I knew the answer. But after several years I got it and gave it to him straight from the shoulder. "Your mind has gone fat. Your articles, your investigations reflect it. I may be hurting you by lifting the money responsibility from your shoulders."

Instant flare of the ugly temper now growing familiar. "That's right! Roast me! Scold me! Nag me! That's all you do. Your success has gone to your head. You go out of your way to insult me and belittle me."

Perhaps I did. God knows, not I. I only know that for ten years I tried by every means in my power to make a steadily productive human being of him. I was willing to do anything under heaven but hurt him enough possibly to cure him; I was willing to do anything but the hard, wise thing—because I was a woman, and the man depended on me.

It was not a sudden flare of wisdom that drove me to the logical conclusion of the situation. It was the gradual dawning on me that Arthur's increasing ugliness of temper was wearing down through my loyalty, through my gay deceptions, through the protective wrappings of my work to the place where I lived—a place that I began to realize was extraordinarily solitary. Though I knew that the ugliness was the result of a growing sense of failure, it broke me none the less.

No, it is not enough that one see life bare and acknowledge it to be so. Seeing, one must act, or the will atrophies and the soul decays. It is not bravery to ask nor hope nor hire. That is mere quiescence. The brave thing, the thing one owes the world, is to fight for the right to give nobly, for the right to have that which is given used for the purpose for which it is given.

I DON'T remember on just what occasion it dawned on me that Arthur was losing his respect for me. But I do recall that I was riding along on a train about two years ago when, thinking—thinking to the tune of the clicking wheels—I was conscious of the fact that in his most recent outburst he had spoken with biting contempt of my work. And then I let myself see the utter loneliness of that place in which the real me lived.

It appalled me.

Was this then all that life was to mean to me? How far was I to let that profound weakness of character, the fear to hurt, carry me? Had not this and this alone wrecked a life, and was I not being carried down in the wreckage?

With this began the terrible battle—not the battle with Arthur's weakness, mind you, but with my own: this too much of tenderness—bah! why give it a soft name?—this *cowardice!*

The battle lasted for two years. When it was over, I had ceased to be a feminist or an artist. I saw it biologically. I saw that, without regard to sex, the average human animal is as parasitical as it can manage to be. I saw that a man placed in a position of financial dependence will become as despicable in most ways as a woman in like position. I saw that the human soul is so constituted that unless its owner makes adequate return for values received, the soul will not.

The feminists who rage against the dependence of wifehood are fools, protesting out of a vast unknowledge of life. The dependence of the wife is the fact that keeps the man a man. It's the fact that writes the great books, builds the bridges, subdues the wilderness, governs the empires.

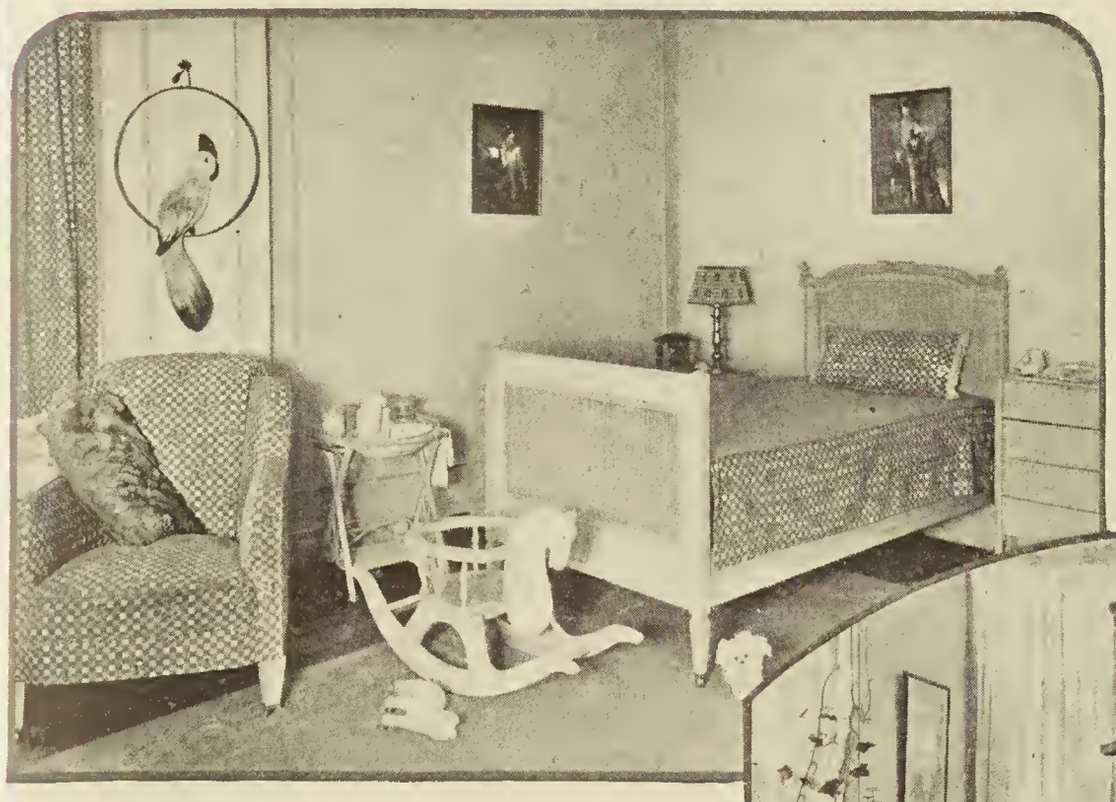
And for that keeping of the man a man with all the stupendous facts that follow, the woman must pay

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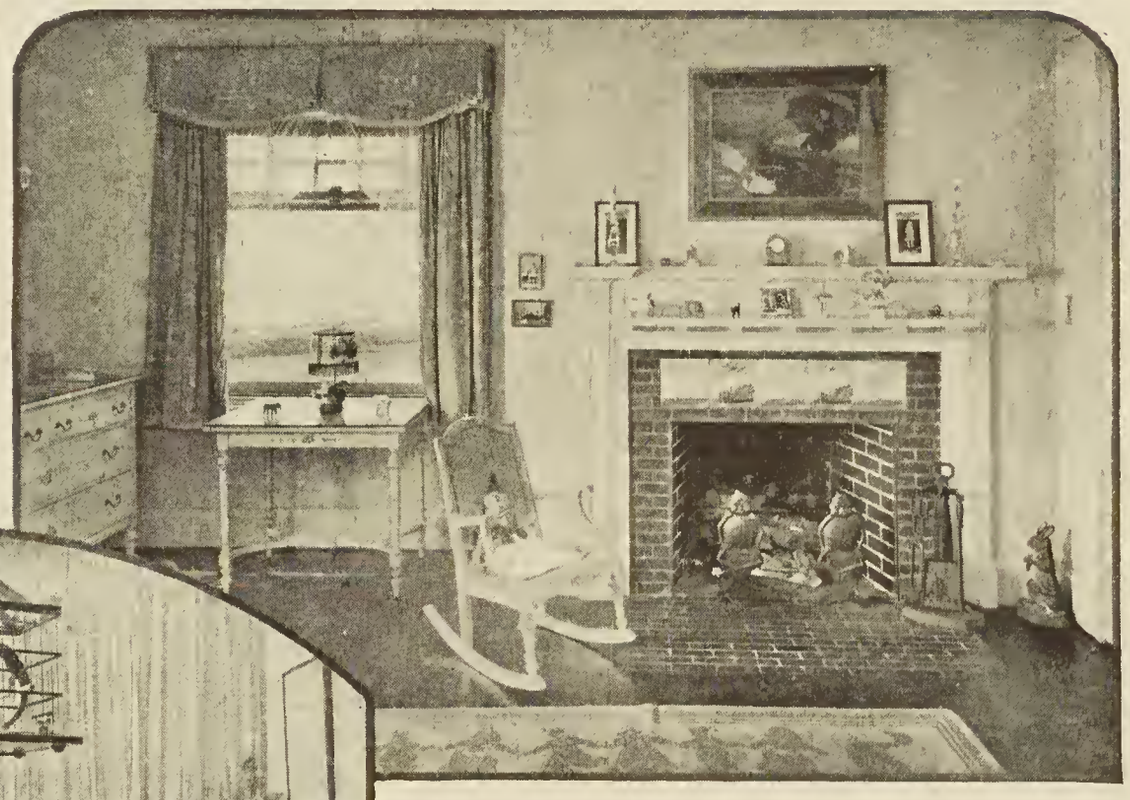
WHAT TO DO IN NURSERYLAND

Fifth article on the furnishing of a six-room house

By MRS. CHARLES BRADLEY SANDERS



HERE ROSE-AND-WHITE GINGHAM CREATES THE COLOR SCHEME OF THE ROOM



IF DRAPERIES ARE USED, BE SURE THEY WILL ADMIT PLENTY OF SUNSHINE

"What do they do in Babyland?
Dream and wake and play,
Laugh and crow,
Shout and grow—
Jolly times have they."

AND now that we have arrived in Nurseryland, how different they all seem from the nurseries of our grandparents or even our parents! Who would have thought in the days gone by of having special nursery wall-paper, chintzes and carpets, with Mother Goose rimes printed in story friezes telling with vividness the tale of "Old Mother Hubbard" or "Alice Bo-Peep?" Then, too, there seemed to be no thought of changing the type of decoration as the child grew in years. The old nursery was considered satisfactory with flowered papers in pale pinks or blues; and with a much beribboned and laced crib and one or two low chairs the setting was thought complete.

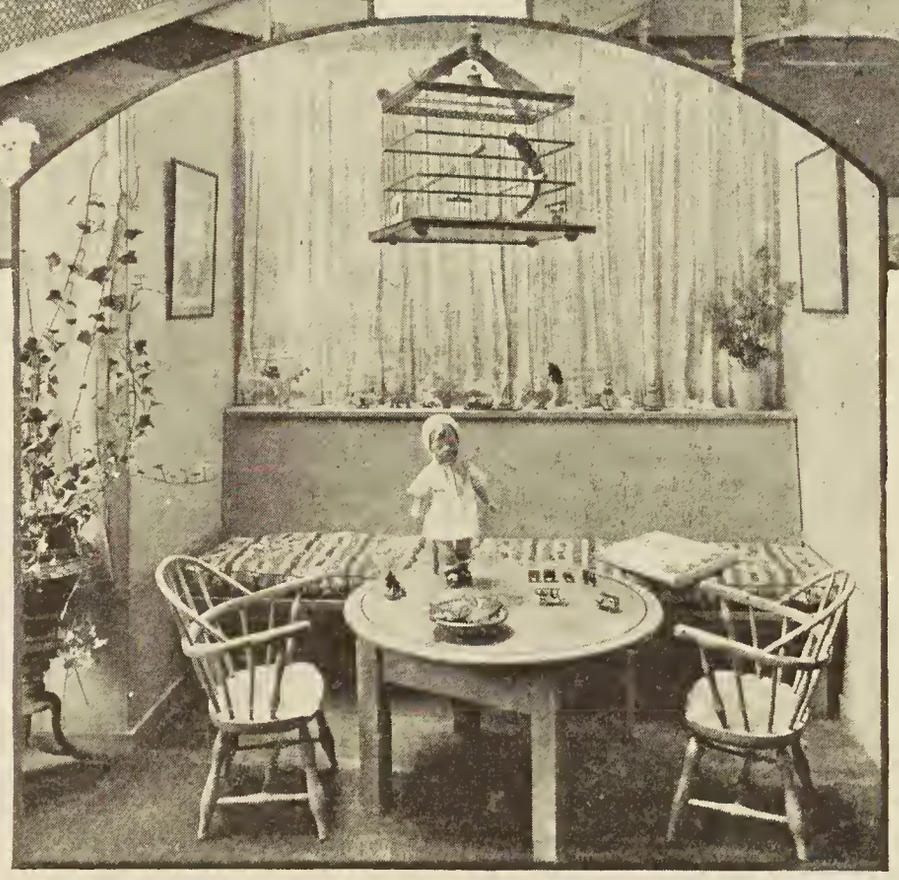
The chief requisites of a nursery to-day are that it be cheerful, airy, simple and comfortable. To meet every requirement of the little occupant, the nursery should be planned from the point of view of the child who is to occupy it. Remember, it is the particular little wonderland of a certain particular child, and the color schemes and furnishings must suit the age, temperament and sex of that child. Too often nurseries are cluttered with ingenious playthings and expensive furnishings, leaving no room for childish imagination or the working out of the multitude of childish ideas which revolve so constantly in small heads.

It is in the nursery that a child receives his early impressions of people, objects and color, and child-study has proven that these early impressions have a lasting influence on the mature taste and adult life of a child. The responsibility of planning the nursery is, therefore, a big one, and the work should be carefully undertaken.

For the nursery a room with a southern exposure is greatly to be desired, though a room with a southern and western exposure is ideal, as the sun enters such a room nearly all day; a northern exposure should not be considered, as sunlight enters only indirectly.

For safety and convenience, built-in features such as outside blinds that will darken the room without keeping out the air, and light iron or wooden guards fastened across the windows to prevent the children from falling out should not be neglected. Some of these guards are in the form of wooden fences or smooth boards on which little trees are painted. These boards are fitted into grooves so they may slide in and out.

If built-in window-seats with soft tufted cushions are placed under each window in the room, they will make delightful vantage-points from which to watch the older children at play. One of these window-seats may be designed after a large chest, making a convenient and tidy box in which to tuck away toys when bedtime comes. Shelves placed low so that small hands may reach them and plenty of low-built cupboards and bookcases make it easy to put things away and will assist in teaching children neatness. Part of the wall-space may contain a blackboard set into a frame of molding. The frame can be made to appear as part of the room if painted or finished like the woodwork. Built-in features become part of the house and relieve the expense and clutter of furniture.



LOW TABLES AND CHAIRS WITH ROUNDED CORNERS ARE ESSENTIAL TO THE HAPPINESS AND COMFORT OF A CHILD

AS FAR as possible the background should be neutral. It not only helps to create a restful atmosphere, but permits the color and objects in the room to be changed to conform with the broadening and growth of the child. Ivories, pale yellows, putty or cream are far better colors than white, pinks or blues. White reflects light, causes a glare and is often the cause of irritability. Tinted or painted walls permit the use of a variety of soft, mellow colors—such as light tans or grays—and make appropriate backgrounds for pale-green or primrose-yellow curtains, bedspreads and bureau covers. Some simply designed, all-over patterns in wall-papers make equally good wall decorations, while some fairy-tale friezes are attractive and afford opportunity for color and individuality. These, however, should be chosen with the greatest care. Glaring borders of impossible people and animals are most inappropriate, as looking at them day after day, week after week, even to a child, becomes tiresome. Charming borders in pastel colors of fairies and birds, or even Mary and her famous garden of beautiful flowers and shells, can be used successfully, providing the colors are soft and subdued. When planning for the use of friezes, be sure to place them not more than three-quarters of the way from the floor and have a plain-color paper or paint above and below the frieze. This type of wall decoration obviates the use of pictures.

To be sure, children love color, so there should be bright spots here and there for them to enjoy and fondle. The most natural and attractive means of introducing color or color combinations are the curtains, bedspreads and draperies. While draperies are not essential, they may be used. If a gay-flowered material is decided on for the nursery windows, be sure that the background is white or cream and the flowers clear and fresh in their coloring. Chintzes bound with rose, green or blue in plain colored materials make bright and cheerful hangings and may be scalloped or left straight at the edges. Sheer mull, organdy, colored swiss and cheese-cloth make most attractive soft window-curtains and can be selected or dyed to match bedspreads of seersucker, cotton crêpe, poplin or gingham. Bureau-scarfs and sofa-cushions may be made of the same material as the bedspreads. Large downy cushions with washable covers for the floor or window-seat are indispensable in guarding against floor-drafts, etc.

IN CHOOSING furniture, select a bed that is simple in design and one that will not soon be too short. Only single beds should be considered for a nursery that more than one child is to occupy. For a very young baby a large basket or bassinet is safe and appropriate, but be sure to choose one built on simple lines, as nothing is more deplorable and unsanitary than a mussy, over-elaborate bassinet. Never place the crib or bed where a direct light from the windows or fixtures will shine in the child's eyes. Low tables, chairs, a chest of drawers and stools are all necessary pieces and may be chosen in either a light natural wood or in any of the soft, mellow colors of the more popular painted furniture. A most convenient and inexpensive piece of furniture is the clothes-rack or clothes-tree; with them children learn to hang up their clothes in an orderly fashion and know exactly where to find them in the morning. Make certain of rounded corners in no matter what type of furniture you select, and be sure that the size of the table and chairs is suited to the child. A low desk or table with its legs cut to suit the child, supplied with plenty of paper and pencils, makes a place to scribble and cut to its heart's content. A comfortable wicker or overstuffed chair should not be overlooked for the nurse or grown-up.

If pictures are indulged in, be sure they are of some simple, wholesome topics. Children love animals, but still-lifes are meaningless to them—they like subjects where there is plenty of life and action.

The floor of the nursery is best covered with a good-grade linoleum—plain colors are more appropriate than tile or wood patterns. This type of floor covering is very desirable for both cleanliness and quietness; but as it lacks warmth, one large or two smaller rugs should be indulged in for the center of the room. Soft wool braided rugs or plain colored velvet rugs seem most in keeping in the happy kingdom of the nursery.

WOMEN WHO HAVE WON

What woman has done, woman can do

FROM MUSIC TO BANKING

Women bank-depositors respond quickly to the home atmosphere in business



Charlotte Fairchild

Mina M. Bruère

"WOMAN'S place in banking is as natural as her place in any other business or profession," declares Mina M. Bruère, head of the Woman's Department of the Central Union Trust Company, New York City. "The same economic evolution which has brought women into business offices, the law and medicine has created a place for women in banks. Women bankers are not unique; they are not freaks, but are as human as other women and have the same type of minds."

Miss Bruère, who is today one of the most successful banking women of the East, had quite another career in mind in her youth. She was born in a small Missouri town, into a family of four sons and five daughters. Although her parents were able to provide a comfortable living, the children all understood that as soon as they were properly equipped it would be necessary for them to earn their own way through life. She chose to study music, and, in lieu of a college education, she was sent to New York and abroad to develop her contralto voice. She devoted fifteen years to her singing and was a very successful soloist in a church choir when she suddenly decided that, although music would always be her pleasure in life, it should not be her life's business. She had been close enough to her art to realize that she would not make a great singer, and she refused to entertain the thought of a future perhaps robbed of its glory by the necessity for pot-boiling.

When she was in her thirties, Miss Bruère faced about and started out in business. A social secretaryship and an investigation for social agencies in New York took her attention in turn. Then chance, and the reputation she had gained in her brief business career, took her into the office of the National City Bank of New York as the secretary to its president, Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip. From her vantage-point in the president's office Miss Bruère caught a picture of the bare skeleton of banking structure, stripped of the confusing or mechanical, if always essential, details, as she assumed important executive duties. A new impression of banking replaced her old idea that banks were simply money-changers. Banking became clarified in a new significance. She recognized it as the whole credit structure, the foundation of all our economic life.

AFTER Mr. Vanderlip resigned from the National City Bank, Miss Bruère was invited to take charge of the Woman's Department of the Central Union Trust Company. In her work here she gives every service that any other bank executive can give. She opens and closes accounts, arranges letters of credit, purchases securities and deals in foreign exchange. There is nothing that comes up in a day's business at a bank with which she is not competent to deal. Her department is set apart from the regular banking-floor. Here women clients do their banking as leisurely as they wish; the atmosphere approximates the quiet of their own homes.

Miss Bruère believes that every service that affects life will be performed better when it has the all-round cooperation of both men and women. She holds that a woman's work in a bank, as in every other business, is not competitive with the work of men but is complementary to it. Among the contributions which women are making to banking are, in Miss Bruère's opinion, a sensitiveness to detail and an imagination which helps them to anticipate needs.

Miss Bruère radiates a genuine brightness. She confesses that she often sings about her work. She is quick and active. There are flowers on her desk, and between her book-ends a copy of "Trees and Other Poems," by Joyce Kilmer, has a place beside "The Status of Stocks and Bonds." After talking with Miss Bruère and watching her at her work, one goes away convinced that the trees and other poems of music, art and nature are always close beside the stocks and bonds of her life.

AN ARTIST IN ARTIFICIAL TEETH

She has opened a special field for mechanically inclined women



Florence R. Neuman

MISS FLORENCE R. NEUMAN, of New York City, is the artist behind the dental chair. She does the expert dental work which most dentists are not skilled enough to do or else have no time for. She is a dental technician, an artificial-tooth sculptor. She specializes in modeling porcelain teeth which have every appearance of natural teeth. She is also expert in making indirect gold inlays.

After only one year of high school, Miss Neuman secured a position as a dentist's assistant. Her natural aptitude and her keenness for learning the laboratory dental work were soon recognized by the dentist, and he taught her to do more and more difficult pieces of technical work. While she was learning dental technique in this office, she continued her general education in night-school. Three years later she received a high-school diploma. After this she attended special classes and clinics conducted at Columbia University by prominent dentists and technicians. In most classes she was the only woman student.

After several years she obtained a position in the laboratory of one of New York's best dentists who likewise taught dentistry at Columbia University. Under the tutelage of this dentist, in his classes and in his laboratory, Miss Neuman's work continued to improve. During the Summer months, when her employer went out of town, she worked in other laboratories for private instruction and soon attained a high degree of perfection in her work. She now presents the laboratory technique to postgraduate dental students in classes at Columbia.

WHEN her teacher and employer retired from private practise last Summer, Miss Neuman established her own laboratory. She is already so well thought of by the dental profession that she can not accept all of the work offered to her. She is probably the only woman dental technician in New York who owns and operates her own laboratory. She is under thirty years of age.

According to Miss Neuman's theory, the perfect artificial tooth is the imperfect one. The usual artificial teeth, she explains as she deftly puts lines of character into a porcelain jacket crown on which she is working, are those turned out by a factory. They are all after the same pattern. Although they may match in color the natural teeth, by their high polish and flawlessness they loudly proclaim themselves the work of man and not of nature. Miss Neuman matches perfectly in porcelain the shade of the patient's teeth and builds up a tooth painstakingly until it is perfect anatomically. Here, where the factory work ends, her special work of modeling begins.

She studies the mask she has made from the dentist's impression of the whole mouth of the patient and notes the irregularities in outline and imperfections on the teeth. Then she makes a scratch across the surface of the new tooth, or a depresssion or raised place, or an irregular corner in keeping with the natural teeth in the mouth. When she is quite satisfied with the character she has given the tooth, she puts it into the furnace oven. After it is baked properly and slightly polished it is delivered to the dentist to be inserted into the mouth of his patient.

Except for the unfamiliar dental instruments in it, Miss Neuman's laboratory reminds one of a good housewife's kitchen. She has her sink, her working cabinets, bins and scoops, mixing-bowls, pans and a small electric furnace.

Miss Neuman is absorbed in her work. She feels that there is a great future in it for her and for other women who are mechanically minded and not afraid to work with their hands. She believes that women have a patience and pride which inspires them to turn out the most natural-looking artificial teeth, and that their smaller hands give them an advantage over men in working with the tiny bits of porcelain and gold.

A FANCY-POULTRY SPECIALIST

Breeding aristocrats of the barnyard pays this woman handsome returns



Mrs. Edwin Smith

ONE successful poultry-woman in New Jersey raises chickens that rarely go to market; she sells eggs that seldom find their way to a table. No thrifty housewife would care to serve a pullet priced at fifty dollars or eggs that cost from sixty-seven cents to one dollar and sixty-seven cents each—yet these are the prices commanded by the line-bred stock and hatching-eggs from Laurelwood Farm, Pequannock, New Jersey. This eighteen-thousand-dollar improved farm, owned and managed by a woman, Mrs. Edwin Smith, was built and paid for by her entirely through the sale of her breeding-chickens and hatching-eggs.

Mrs. Smith is the only woman in her State who has interested herself in raising line-bred stock of any kind. For the past sixteen years her annual exhibition entries have never failed to win first prizes and special recognition at local and national exhibits which have had as high as six thousand entries. She has three generous-sized boxes filled with blue ribbons and special diplomas from poultry shows in Madison Square Garden and Grand Central Palace, New York, and in cities as far west as Chicago.

Mrs. Smith is known in fancier circles as "Mrs. Chicken Smith." She received her inspiration for raising chickens from visiting a poultry exhibition twenty years ago. She had almost no capital, but once determined to launch on her venture she searched until she found twelve acres of woodland in New Jersey which she was able to buy on easy terms. On this land she built a temporary house and a barn.

Her next move was to buy one hundred common brown Leghorn baby chicks at ten cents each and a poultry guide-book. Later she selected from her brood a little brown pullet that looked like velvet. For thirty-five dollars she bought a cockerel which had taken a prize at a Syracuse fair, and the thirty-five-dollar cockerel and the ten-cent pullet became the progenitors of a long line of prize-winners. They were the great ancestors, eighteen years removed, of "The Guidon," Mrs. Smith's last cock entry at Madison Square Garden. He was judged the most beautiful bird of his class that had ever entered the Garden. For "The Guidon" she refused a sales offer of five hundred dollars.

MRS. SMITH attributes her success in breeding to her never-tiring care of her birds. None but the most perfect are allowed to carry on her distinguished line, and nowhere has a foreign strain been allowed to creep in. She sells to poultry-raisers all over the United States, and her authority on line-bred chickens is recognized even in Europe.

Mrs. Smith has made more than a science of chicken-raising—she has made an art of it, too. Her chickens are more richly plumed than one can imagine. These aristocratic birds keep their feathers so primed that when Mrs. Smith selects one for entry in a poultry show all she needs to do is to pick it up and crate it for shipping. If the exhibition is in the vicinity, she perches the bird on her finger and personally conducts it to the fair.

As she takes her visitor on a tour of Laurelwood, Mrs. Smith introduces the mature celebrities by name and explains their right to their titles. Or, stooping to stroke a young cockerel dandy, she prophesies, "Here's a gentleman that you'll hear from soon."

The aristocratic cocks who have the honor to carry on the name of Laurelwood Farm sometimes become restive under the monogomous régime. But this accounts for their perfection of breeding. The Laurelwood hens have lost that apologetic air so noticeable in other barnyards. Each velvety brown-striped beauty holds her head proudly erect, dignified by the knowledge that the blue-blooded and blue-ribboned dandy who shares her pen is her spouse and hers alone.

THE NEW IN NEW YORK

By EVELYN DODGE



Photograph of Barbara Bennet by Nickolas Muray

PADDED TUCKS are the new trimming seen on the short box-coats of French costume suits in the light-weight wool materials. The jackets and skirts are made usually in navy blue or sand wool rep or poplin, serge, kasha or the new wool ratine and eponge.

BLACK-THREAD embroidery was used in a wide band placed just below the hip and on the coat collar of a putty-colored wool jersey suit. The jacket was straight and the upper part of the dress was of black jersey and quite untrimmed. It was extremely smart.

STRAIGHT SCARFS instead of furs are used with the new tailored suits of herring-bone suitings, tweeds, etc. The scarfs are of wool jersey or silk tricot, and in the plain colors they carry the wearer's monogram in a large oval at one end. The Spring tailor-made has a belted coat with big pockets, the classical notched collar, and is worn with a plain skirt. The French version of it is supplemented by a short cape of the same material for motoring and traveling, while the shops that specialize in English tweeds, etc., recommend the double-breasted ripple top-coat with leather buttons for the same purpose.

THE MONOGRAM BLOUSE in crêpe de Chine or wool jersey is used with either the tailored or semi-tailored suit. It is made in hip-length like practically all the new blouses. The only exception to this rule is the flat collar blouse worn under sweaters and the frill blouse used with the tailored suit.

HIP SKIRTS are the latest development of the low-waistline movement. They are wrapped around the figure about five inches below the normal waistline, and one must be careful to get them on at just the fashionable level on one's anatomy, for if you try to lift them to the waistline they will be too large at the waist, too small at the hip and five inches shorter than the fashion law demands. You simply lap the draped side over the other, clasp it at the hip and let it fly and flutter as it will to windward. It should be worn over a slip and a long body blouse. These skirts are new and excessively smart, and the best Fifth Avenue shops are showing them in satin crêpe, Canton crêpe and printed crêpe. For a day costume the black skirts are usually worn with a long blouse of printed silk. The skirts themselves are sufficiently elegant to answer for a restaurant dinner dress with a blouse of white crêpe silk embroidered with silver or gold, with white silk and crystal beads, or with the wax-red beads that Worth uses on dinner gowns of this type. With the two blouses and the wrap-around skirt you have two costumes—one for afternoon and one for evening. The afternoon dress can be worn with a blouse jacket making a costume suit, the evening dress with a cape. Under a jacket the blouse can be of a plain-colored crêpe instead of a printed silk. Orange or tangerine embroidered in king's blue or silver are new. Jade is very smart.

The solid colors are frequently used without trimming, but the trimming gives the new figured effect that is having such a vogue.

ACCORDION PLAITS are very exquisite in crêpe de Chine and Georgette and silk crêpe. They are used in long-body dresses and in separate skirts which have the effect of an afternoon frock when worn with a long blouse tied at the hip and topped by a bertha collar. At tea at the Ritz a very fair, ash-blond girl was wearing one of these new skirt-and-blouse combinations made in pale-gray crêpe de Chine with a bertha collar of gray lace, amber earrings and amber beads. The separate skirts that are used in this way are mounted on camisole bodies of white China silk which preserves the straight line between bust and hip and makes an excellent foundation for the blouse.

SOULIÉ'S SPRING SKETCHES SENT FROM THE DELINEATOR'S PARIS ESTABLISHMENT



For a gay Easter on the côte Basque is Doenillet's "Biarritz," a suit of amber yellow velours de laine worked with steel threads. The blouse jacket is worn over a dress with flaring pockets at the hip

Bud-green drapella bound with white cotton braid is used for a sports coat of the new Spring length with a collar which ties itself to the coat at one side and an original pocket on the other. From Premet

Premet, with an eye to early Spring at Monte Carlo and Cannes, makes a suit of white wool poplin trimmed with green and black kasha. The jacket is belted at the low waistline and plaits are laid in the straight skirt at the side

Godet ripples swing to the front of a delightful dress made of sapphire-blue crêpe romain embroidered with small stiff roses worked in steel and set in panels. The sleeve is of blue chiffon and ties at the wrist. From Beer

Jenny's love of color can not be snbdued even by the black dress. White and linen-blue cotton braid, square red buttons and a goffered frill of white organdy are the flag colors on a dress of black poplin

Steel and silver and the supreme elegance of Doeuillet make a straight dress with a skirt of metal ganze heavily embroidered in silver below a bodice of silver lace



Lovely in line and color is a cascade dress of rose-pink crêpe Georgette caught to the figure with roses of diamonds and turquoise from which descend tassels of pearls. From Beer





Another sash dress from Renée is a simple thing of Empire green crêpe satin with a box-plaited skirt and a long body that ties at the hip—a useful frock for restaurants and theaters even in these days, or rather nights, of les grandes toilettes

Like the bow which all les gentils enfants francais *wear on their sleeve for their first Communion is the bow Renée ties on the left arm in a dress of brown jersey crêpe, short of sleeve and irregular of hem*

One sees seventeenth-century Venice in the magnificence of the gold lace and black-and-gold brocade of an evening wrap with a bolster collar roped with massive gold cord which ends in loops and tassels. From Jenny



Coat 4320



Dress 4303



Dress
4267



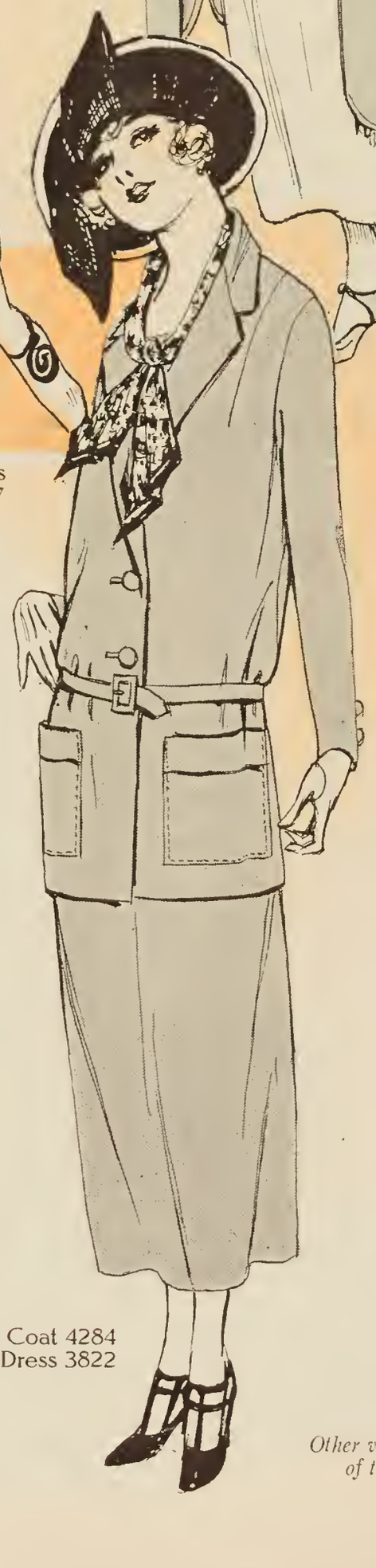
Cape 4287
Dress 4255
Embroidery design
10127



Dress 4294



Box-coat 4135
Dress 4303
Embroidery design
10922



Coat 4284
Dress 3822

Other views and descriptions of these garments are on page 98

COAT DRESSES RANK WITH THREE-PIECE COSTUMES COMPOSED OF A BLOUSE COAT OR BOX-COAT WORN WITH A DRESS OR BLOUSE AND SKIRT



Dress 4239 Blouse 4264
Skirt 4117



Coat 4266
Dress 4303



Coat 4293
Dress 4239
Embroidery design 10118



Box-coat 4299
Blouse 4264
Skirt 4117
Tam 3157



Blouse coat 4265
Dress 4294

Coat dress 4298

Other views and descriptions of these costumes are on page 98



Dress 4303



Dress 4294
Embroidery design 10877

Dress and cape 4289
Guimpe 3749
Tam 3157

Dress 4285

Coat 4273
Hat 4318
Smocking design 10134

Blouse coat 4297
Hat 4318
Embroidery
design 10120

Dress 4223

Dress 4295
Embroidery
design 10627

Suit 4305
Embroidery
design 10939

Other views and descriptions of these garments are on page 99

Dress 4271
Embroidery
design 10115

Dress 4279
Monogram
design 10858

Dress 4282
Embroidery
design 10890



Dress 4306



Box-coat 4269
Dress 4189
Hat 3325

Dress 4300
Embroidery
design 10123

Blouse coat 4243
Dress 4158



Dress 4309

IN THE THREE-PIECE COSTUME, YOUTH CONCEALS A DRESS UNDER THE BLOUSE COAT OR BOX-COAT



Dress 4189
Embroidery
design 10973



Dress 4158

Dress 4311



Dress 4274

Other views and descriptions of these costumes are on page 100



Dress 4292



Dress 4296



Dress 4280



Dress 4292

Dress 4313



Dress 4313 Dress 4296 Dress 4249

Dress 4249
Embroidery
design 10847



Dress 4280
Embroidery
design 10994

Other views and descriptions of these gowns are on page 101

A SPRING NOTE IN EMBROIDERY, ORNAMENTS, BRAIDING, OR PRINTED FABRICS



Dress 4267

Dress 4272
Embroidery design
10127

Dress 4290
Embroidery design
10925

Dress 4286

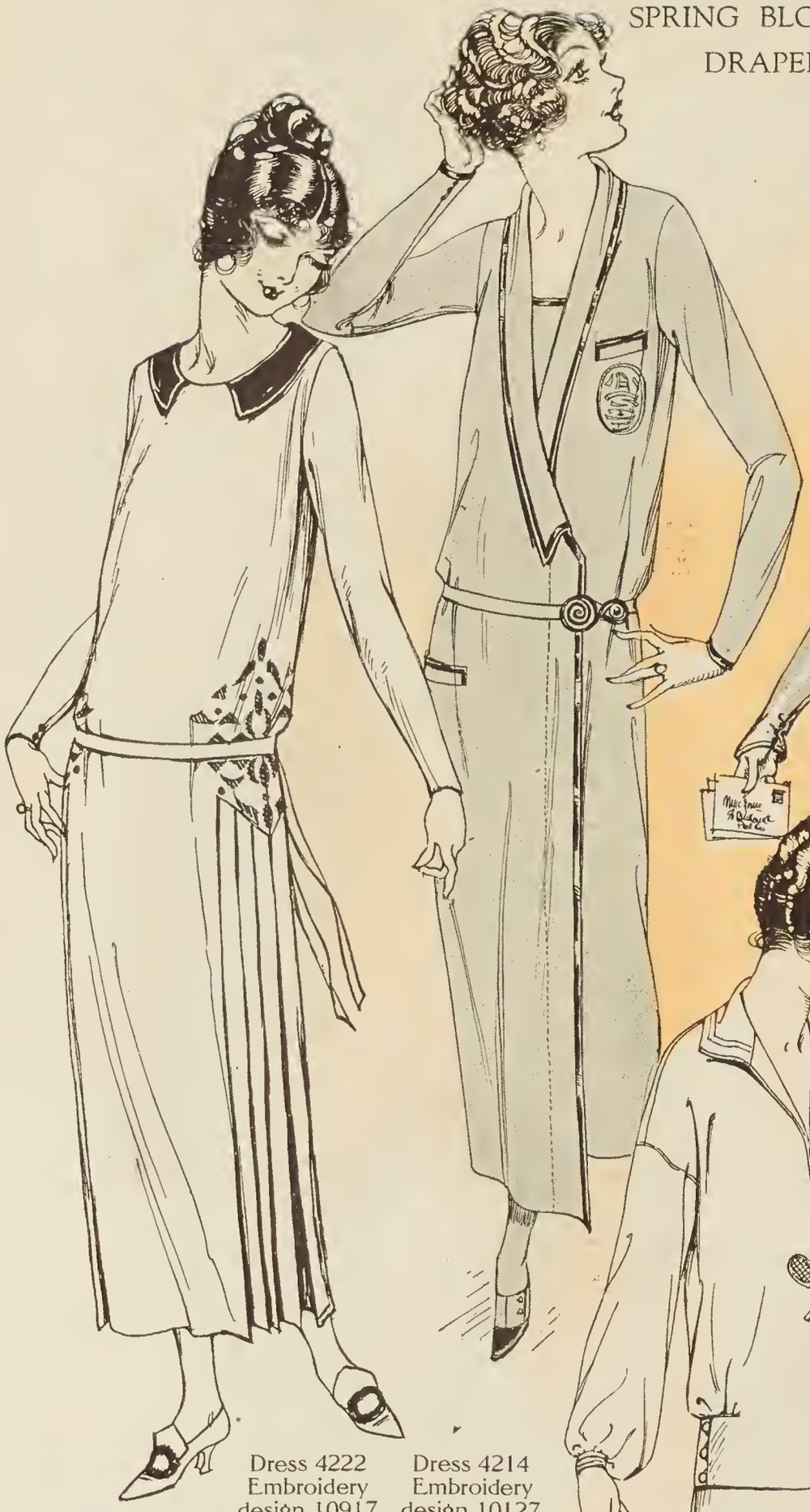
Dress 4288
Embroidery
design 10120

Dress 4212

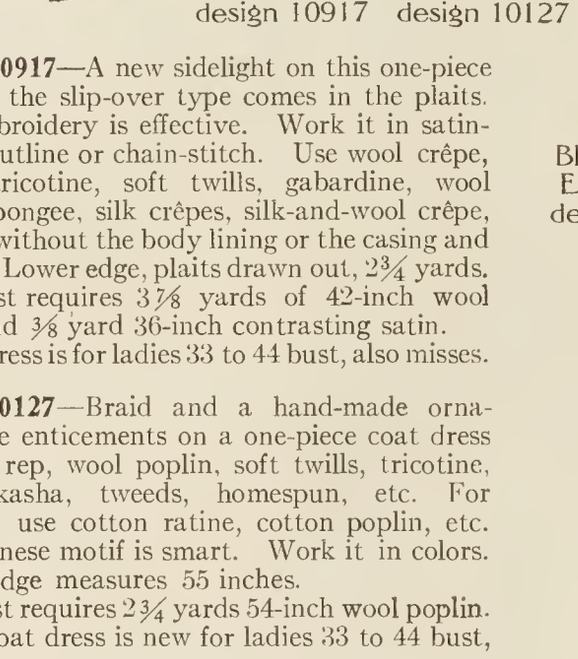
Dress 4237

Other views and descriptions of these dresses are on page 101

SPRING BLOUSES BAND THE HIPS AND THE DRAPED SKIRT WRAPS THE FIGURE



Dress 4222
Embroidery
design 10917



Dress 4214
Embroidery
design 10127

4222—10917—A new sidelight on this one-piece dress of the slip-over type comes in the plaits. The embroidery is effective. Work it in satin-stitch, outline or chain-stitch. Use wool crêpe, serge, tricotine, soft twills, gabardine, wool jersey, pongee, silk crêpes, silk-and-wool crêpe, with or without the body lining or the casing and elastic. Lower edge, plaits drawn out, 2¾ yards.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards of 42-inch wool crepe and ⅜ yard 36-inch contrasting satin.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4214—10127—Braid and a hand-made ornament are enticements on a one-piece coat dress in wool rep, wool poplin, soft twills, tricotine, serge, kasha, tweeds, homespun, etc. For Summer use cotton ratine, cotton poplin, etc. The Chinese motif is smart. Work it in colors. Lower edge measures 55 inches.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards 54-inch wool poplin.

The coat dress is new for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4323—A lace bertha and the soft side fulness are new on this blouse of the slip-over type. Use crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, crêpe marocain, of one material or with lace or Georgette bertha; or use printed Canton crêpe, crêpe de Chine or silks with Georgette bertha; or Georgette, cotton crêpe or cotton voile alone, etc.

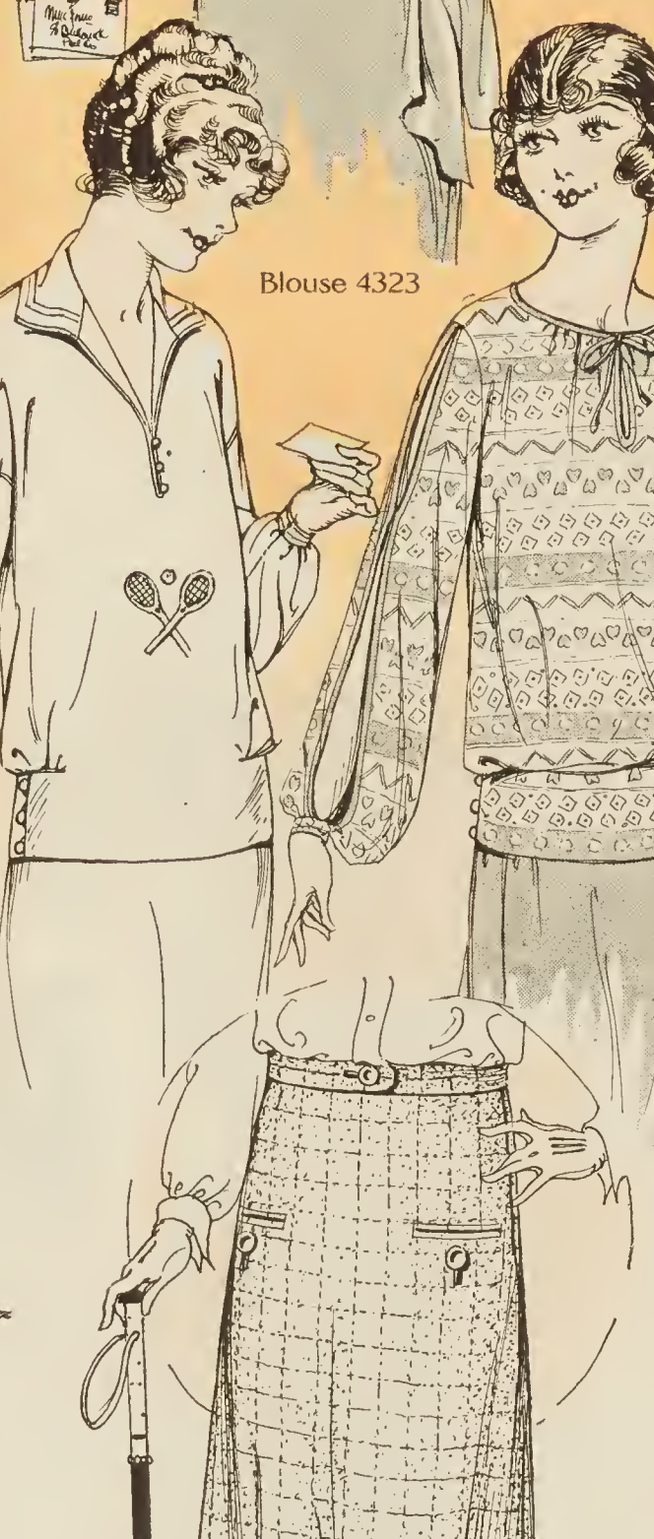
36 bust requires 2⅛ yards 39-inch crêpe satin and ¾ yard 36-inch lace.

The blouse is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4316—10104—The very newest blouse shows an unbroken front and back, distributing the side fulness in a band over the hips. It slips on over the head. Crossed tennis rackets are novel. Work them in outline one-stitch or satin-stitch. Use printed crêpes, crêpe satin, etc.

36 bust requires 2⅛ yards of 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The blouse is becoming to ladies 32 to 46 bust.



Blouse 4323

Blouse 4316
Embroidery
design 10104



4222



4214



4316 4323



Skirt 4283



Blouse 4321

Blouse 4312
Skirt 4314

Morning dress 4317



4312



4314



4317



4283 4321

4312—4314—A slip-over blouse in printed crêpes, printed crêpe de Chines, etc., is a fitting top to a one-piece draped skirt in satin crêpe, Canton crêpe or printed crêpe. The skirt is wrapped in the new way around the figure at the hip about 5 inches below the normal waistline. The loose panels may be accordion or side plaited.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2 yards 39-inch printed crêpe and 3⅛ yards 39-inch crêpe satin.

The blouse and skirt are good for ladies 32 to 44 bust and 35 to 47½ hip.

4317—Side tabs, a long collar and a vest have a slenderizing effect on this one-piece morning dress on the slip-over order. Use gingham, chambray, percale, madras, Japanese crêpe, cotton prints, chintz, linen-finished cottons, cotton ratine or sateen. This is a good style for stout figures. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

36 bust requires 4¾ yards 32-inch check gingham and ⅜ yard 36-inch contrasting material.

The morning dress is for ladies 32 to 50 bust.

4321—The band effect over the hips brands this blouse as ultra-fashionable. It slips on over the head, and in printed crêpes, printed crêpe de Chine, printed silks, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, silk crêpe, cotton voile, etc., it is smart. In Georgette or cotton voile it should be beaded or embroidered to give weight.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 39-inch printed crepe (cut crosswise) and ⅜ yard 36-inch contrasting material.

The blouse is graceful for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4283—Comfortable width for walking and a slight fulness that eases it across the back are the virtues of this two-piece skirt in homespun, tweeds, wool eponge, basket weaves, prunella, wool crêpe, wool poplin, tricotine, soft twills, etc. It may omit the set-in pockets and has a 1¼-inch inside belt. Lower edge 1⅞ yard.

38 hip requires 2⅛ yards 44-inch plaid wool.

The skirt is excellent for ladies 35 to 52 hip.

FASHION WAVES FROM PARIS BROADCAST VIEWS OF A COAT FROCK AND BLOUSE COAT AND NEW DRAWN-WORK TRIMMING



Dress 4330



Dress 4325



Dress 4332
Embroidery design 10120



Dress 4228
Embroidery design 10135



Coat frock 4334



4333

Coat 4333

4330—Drawn-work in twisted thread makes a French hand-trimming for a one-piece dress in wool crêpe or cotton eponge. The dress slips over the head. With other trimming use serge, tricotine, soft twills, heavy printed silk crêpe, crêpe satin, satin crêpe, charmeuse, etc.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 39-inch wool crêpe. Lower edge 56 inches.

The dress is attractive for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4325—A twisted girdle and hand-made ornament are the only trimming necessary on this dress of the slip-over type with a two-piece circular skirt joining the body at a low waistline. Use printed silk crêpes, printed satin, printed crêpe de Chine, printed silks, silk crêpes, satin crêpes, crêpe satin, charmeuse, etc. Lower edge in plain outline 2⅞ yards.

36 bust requires 4⅜ yards 40-inch silk crêpe and 5¾ yards velvet ribbon.

The dress is new for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4332—10120—The panel front and back in a four-piece circular skirt joined at a low waistline are commendable in this dress on the slip-over order of wool crêpe, soft twills, wool rep, wool poplin, tricotine, serge, crêpe satin, charmeuse, heavy silk crêpe, etc. The embroidery is new. Work it in Oriental colors.

36 bust requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch tricotine. Lower edge 2½ yards.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

4228—10135—This one-piece dress of the slip-over type in soft twills, tricotine, serge, wool crêpe, or crêpe-back satin makes a compromise with its straight lines in the side sections. The embroidery adds just the right touch of color. Work it in one-stitch. Lower edge 53½ inches.

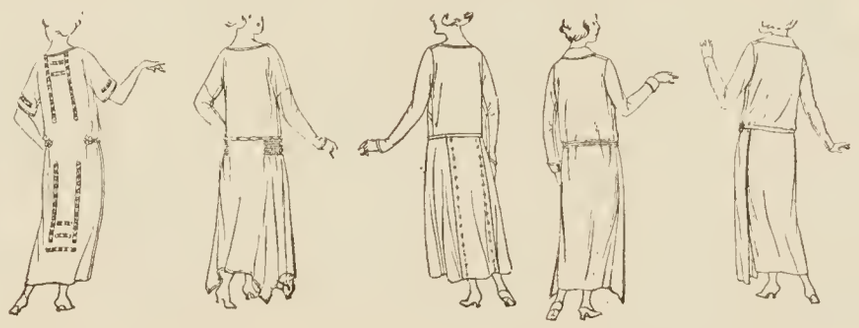
36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch serge and ¾ yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine for collar and vest.

The dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust; it is also nice for misses.

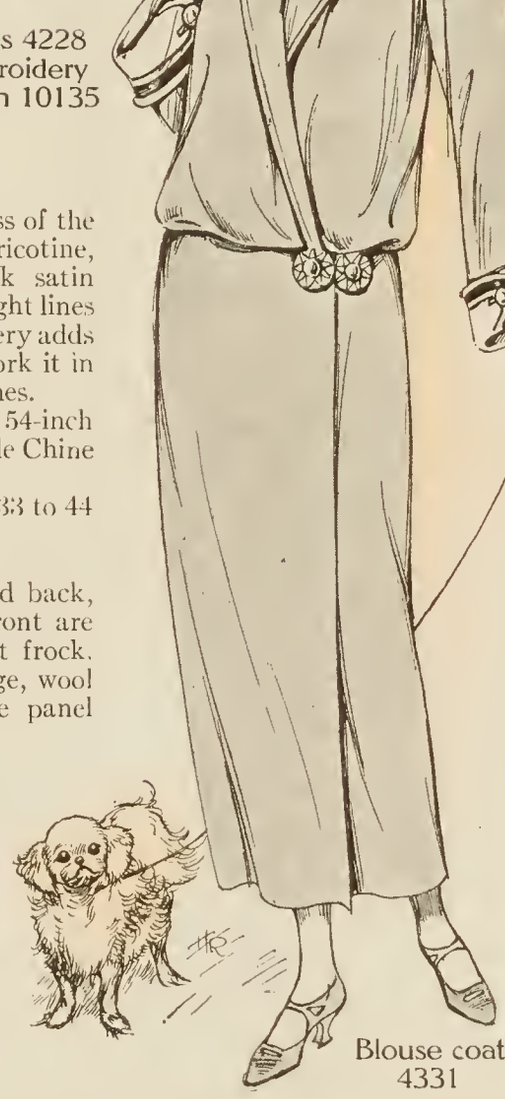
4334—A surplice effect, a bloused back, and drapery at the side of the front are innovations on a one-piece coat frock. Use soft twills, tricotine, soft serge, wool rep, wool poplin, etc., with loose panel of crêpe de Chine, etc.

36 bust requires 2½ yards 54-inch soft twill and ¾ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine.

The coat frock is smart for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.



4330 4325 4332 4228 4334



Blouse coat 4331



4331

4333—An open road invites one to motor in this mannish coat. It is on kimono lines, may be shorter, and has an underarm gore above the belt. Use tweeds, camel's-hair coatings, homespun, fleecy coatings, Teddy Bear cloth, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 54-inch camel's-hair.

The coat is new for ladies 33 to 44 bust, and for misses.

4331—The lining is the invisible aid toward the bloused effect of this coat. The lower part is joined at a low waistline. Use soft-surface woolen coatings, matelassé, etc.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards 54-inch coating and ¾ yard 36-inch contrasting material. Lower edge 54 inches.

The blouse coat is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4272—10873—Gathers over the hips and straight lines are commendable on a one-piece dress of the slip-over type with a straight lower edge. It may have a body lining. The cross-stitch is smart. Work the design in peasant colors. Use wool crêpe, soft twills, tricotine, serge, homespun, tweeds, etc., for this dress. Lower edge 49½ inches.

16 years or 33 bust requires 2 yards 54-inch serge and ⅜ yard 36-inch silk.

The dress is new for misses 16 to 18 or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.



Dress 4272
Embroidery design 10873



Dress 4276
Embroidery design 10120



Dress 4288



Dress 4324



Dress 4322
Embroidery design 10122



Dress 4328

THE YOUNG GIRL TRANSFORMS HER SILHOUETTE BY NIGHT



View B Hats 4318 View A View A-1 View B-1

4315—The long body is an invitation for braiding on this slip-over dress with a two-piece skirt. Work this design in braiding, couching, outline or chain-stitch. For the dress use tweed or homespun with silk jersey or silk crêpe, or wool rep, wool crêpe, wool poplin, soft twills, tricotine, serge, cheviot, etc., with printed crêpes, printed silks, etc.

16 years requires 1⅝ yard 39-inch wool crêpe and 1¼ yard 39-inch silk crêpe for body. Lower edge 53 inches.

The dress is new for misses 16 to 20, also small women.

4324—Mother will rejoice at a new one-piece school dress to bridge the time until vacation days. This dress slips on over the head, closes at the left side in front, and has stitched plaits at each side of front and back. Use serge, wool crêpe, Poiret twills, pongee, etc., with removable collar of oilcloth or linen.

14 years requires 2½ yards 54-inch serge and ¼ yard 36-inch linen.

The dress is becoming to girls and misses 8 to 18 years.

4322—10122—One can swirl at parties to her heart's content in a dress which slips on over the head and has a two-piece circular skirt joined to a long body. The flower embroidery is dainty. Work in appliqué, outline or cross-stitch. Use taffeta or gros de Londres, all one material or with bertha of lace or Georgette.

12 years requires 3⅛ yards 35-inch taffeta.

The dress is smart for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

4318—A little shirred hat of taffeta, crêpe de Chine, or velvet will bring the smiles on Easter morning. Handmade trimming is very smart on views B and B-1. For these latter, use taffeta, satin, corded silks, etc.

View A requires ⅝ yard 35-inch taffeta, View A-1 ⅝ yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine, View B ⅝ yard 35-inch corded silk, and View B-1, ⅜ yard each of 35-inch silk and contrasting silk. The hats are for girls of 4 years.

The hats are becoming to girls 2 to 12 years.

4288—A graceful bertha sets well on youthful shoulders under this one-piece dress on the slip-over order. It may have elastic and a casing at the low waistline. Use soft twills, wool crêpe, wool poplin, tricotine, serge, with a bertha of Georgette, silk crêpes, etc. Lower edge 48 inches.

17 years or 34 bust requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch tricotine and ⅝ yard 39-inch Georgette.

The dress is good for misses 16 to 18 or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.



4272



4288



4324

4276—10120—A braided girdle and embroidery adds the Spring note to this one-piece dress. It slips on over the head and may have casing and elastic at the low waistline. Embroidery emphasizes the Russian closing. Work it in outline and one-stitch, etc. Use wool crêpe, wool poplin, wool ratine, wool eponge, homespun, tweeds, twills, tricotine, kasha, etc. Lower edge 50 inches.

17 years or 34 bust requires 2¼ yards 54-inch serge.

The dress is for misses 16 to 18 or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.



4322



4315



4276



4328

4328—A robe de style costumes one for the George Washington ball. It has a fitted waist, slightly long and joining a full straight skirt. If one uses lace or organdy there is a short drop skirt. Use silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, taffeta, gros de Londres, organdy, or a lace skirt with taffeta bodice, etc.

16 years requires 4⅛ yards 35-inch taffeta. Lower edge of skirt 3 yards.

The dress is charming for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

VACATION WEAR FOR YOUNG GIRLS AND PARTY OR PLAY FROCKS FOR SMALLER FOLK



Dress 4280

4280—For the young girl a one-piece dress is a find. It slips on over the head, has a straight lower edge and may have elastic in a casing. Use heavy silk crêpe, crêpe satin or wool crêpe; or heavy printed crêpes, Persian challis, with Georgette, silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine bertha, etc.

16 years requires 2⅞ yards of 39-inch heavy silk and ¾ yard of 44-inch organdy.

The dress is graceful for misses 16 to 18 or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

Dress 4310

4310—The Easter dancing party is an opportune occasion for the début of this one-piece dress in taffeta, printed crêpes, printed crêpe de Chine, printed silks, crêpe de Chine. It slips on over the head and has a straight lower edge.

12 years requires 2⅜ yards of 35-inch taffeta.

The dress is dainty for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

4229—10934—One can be generous in a slip-over dress of pin-check gingham, chambray, cotton prints, cotton crêpe, cotton voile, pin-dot swiss, dimity, pongee, taffeta or crêpe de Chine. The separate bloomers are practical. Pocket motifs are bright. Work them in outline or appliqué.

4 years requires 2¼ yards of 32-inch chambray and ¼ yard of 36-inch contrasting material.

The dress is quaint for little girls 2 to 6 years.



4280 4310 4229 4290



Dress 4290



Dress 4292

4290—"Steppin' proud" is perfectly unconscious in this one-piece dress of the slip-over type. The sleeves are sewed into a body lining. Use wool crêpe, wool poplin, wool rep, soft twills, tricotine or serge, of one material etc. Lower edge 47½ inches.

16 years requires 2⅝ yards of 42-inch wool crêpe.

The dress is attractive for misses 16 to 18 or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

4292—Side drapery in front and a hand-made ornamnet is a French touch on a one-piece dress of the slip-over type. It blouses in back, closes on the left shoulder and under the arm, and the sleeves are sewed into a body lining. Use wool crêpe, wool poplin, etc.

16 years requires 2⅞ yards of 40-inch crêpe satin and ¾ yard of 39-inch printed crêpe. Lower edge 48 inches.

The dress is becoming to misses 16 to 18 or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.



Cape 4287

Dress 4215

4287—It's a mad March wind which can penetrate this circular cape. It may have a scalloped lower edge and be shorter. Use soft-surface woolen coatings, camel's-hair coating, tweeds, homespun, fleece coatings, pile weaves, Teddy-bear cloth, plaid coatings, wool rep, soft twills, tricotine, serge or kasha.

16 years requires 3 yards of 56-inch plaid wool. Lower edge in longer length 3⅜ yards.

The cape is smart for misses 15 to 16 or 32 bust; it is also becoming to ladies.

4215—Fabric rosebuds bloom early on a party dress in taffeta, gros de Londres, silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine or flowered silks. It slips on over the head and the draped straight skirt joins a long body lining. The neck is suitable for day or party frock.

12 years requires 3 yards of 35-inch taffeta.

The dress is lovely for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.



Dress 4229
Embroidery
design 10934

Dress 4326
Smocking
design 10134

4326—10134—One is ready for a full day in this dress on raglan lines and with separate knickers. The smocking and cross-stitch add color. It is an easy design to do. Use cotton crêpe, gingham, chambray, cotton pongee, dimity, plain lawn, crêpe de Chine, pongee or wool jersey for this dress.

4 years requires 1¾ yard of 32-inch cotton crêpe and ⅛ yard 36-inch linen.

The dress is new for little girls 1 to 8 years.



4292 4326 4215 4287

OUTDOOR AND WORKING CLOTHES FOR ALL AGES

4327—Marbles and ball call a boy outdoors, and for such sports a suit in tweeds, worsted, homespun, cheviot, serge, mixtures or corduroy is useful. For Summer use crash, linen suitings, etc. Straight trousers with a coat may be used instead of knickerbockers.

12 years requires 2¼ yards of 54-inch wool mixture.

The suit is serviceable for boys 6 to 14.

4291—3870—A sure aim is certain if one wears a sports blouse and knickerbockers with an underwaist. The blouse has a convertible collar and the knickerbockers may have leg-bands or elastic, and a fly. Use cotton shirtings, percales, galatea, etc., for blouse.

10 years requires 1⅞ yard of 32-inch chambray and ⅞ yard 54-inch tweed.

The sports blouse is nice for boys 4 to 14 and the knickerbockers for boys 3 to 12.





Coat 4293
Dress 4300



Coat 4302
Hat 4318



Box-coat 4299
Dress 4315
Embroidery design 10955



Sports blouse 4291
Knickerbockers 3870

Smock and tam-o'-shanter 4308
Trousers 4233



Rompers 4277

4329—One can be hilarious over the return of outdoor sports in a single-breasted overcoat for school or play. Make this overcoat of tweeds, mixtures, homespun, gabardine, cheviot, lightweight chinchilla, whip-cords or covert.

10 years requires 1¾ yard 54-inch homespun.

The overcoat is useful for boys 4 to 16 years.



4293—4300—Under a coat bloused in a band effect and with a lining to hold the blouse in place, a slip-over dress completes the three-piece costume. The straight skirt may be gathered and the coat has a deep armhole. Use heavy silk crêpes, matelassé, moire silk, wool poplin, twills, etc., for coat, and Canton crêpe or crêpe de Chine of one material, etc., for dress. Lower edge 2⅞ yards.

17 years requires 4⅛ yards of 39-inch silk crêpe for skirt and facings, 1⅜ yard 39-inch contrasting silk crêpe for body and 2⅛ yards 39-inch matelassé for coat.

The coat is smart for misses 16 to 18 or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies; the dress for misses 16 to 20, also small women.

4302—4318—Easter morning—and a new coat with bloused back, in soft-finished woolen coatings, wool rep, etc. It has a lining to hold blouse in position. The hat is becoming in taffeta, satin, corded silks, etc.

12 years requires 1¾ yard 54-inch wool rep, ½ yard 35-inch satin and ⅞ yard 35-inch contrasting satin.

The coat is becoming to juniors and girls 8 to 15, and the hat for girls 2 to 12.

4299—4315—10955—A three-piece costume of soft twills, wool rep, wool poplin, tricotine, serge, wool ratine or wool eponge, with a box-coat with a deep armhole over a slip-over dress with a two-piece skirt joining a long body in printed crêpes, printed silks, silk crêpes or soft satins, is smart. The embroidery is new. Work in outline, etc.

16 years requires 2½ yards 54-inch wool rep and 1⅜ yard 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 53 inches.

The box-coat is new for misses 16 to 18 or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies; the dress for misses 16 to 20, also small women.

4308—4233—A smock which is an aid to artists has roomy pockets. A tam-o'-shanter in sateen, velvet or washable satin is artistic. For the smock use linen-finished cottons, chambray, chintz, sateen, pongee, etc., and for trousers, serge, flannel, etc.

38 breast requires 4⅛ yards 36-inch linen-finished cotton for smock, ¾ yard 35-inch material for tam.

The smock and tam-o'-shanter are practical for artists 32 to 44 bust or breast, and the trousers for men and boys 26 to 50 waist.

4277—One-piece rompers with a peg top are a dainty Spring garb for children. They may be laid out flat when ironed. Use pin-check gingham, chambray, linen-finished cottons, cotton gabardine, cotton poplin, madras, Japanese crêpe, etc.

2 years requires 1¼ yard 32-inch chambray and ½ yard 32-inch gingham.

The rompers are quaint for children 1 to 4 years.

SPRING ITEMS FOR MOTHER'S SEWING LIST

Nurse's apron 4304

Slip 4270

4301

4319

4270

4304

Apron 4301
Embroidery design 10131

Dress 4319

Slip 4307
Embroidery design 10590

4307

4304—Any sister to the sick will want this five-gored apron in nurse's linen, sheeting or cambric, with a joined or separate bib. A cap of lawn or organdy and linen cuffs are the regulation.

38 hip requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch nurse's linen, ⅜ yard 36-inch lawn for cap and ⅜ yard 36-inch linen for cuffs.

The apron is for nurses 35 to 52 hip.

4319—A dress suitable for nurses or housewives has a shirt-waist with a convertible collar, joined to a five-piece skirt. There are removable collar and cuffs for colored materials. Use nurse's linen, Indian Head, etc. The waistline is slightly low.

36 bust requires 4 yards 36-inch Indian Head. Lower edge 1⅞ yard.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

4270—Transparent dresses call for this slip with a straight lower edge. One can include a hip-depth, shadow-proof hem, or use a three-inch hem. In silk jersey it is worn under tunic blouses.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards 36-inch radium. Lower edge 1½ yard.

The slip is new for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

4301—10131—A slip-over apron in unbleached muslin or black sateen may be trimmed with bright-colored cretonne, bindings, wool embroidery, etc. This one has pocket motifs. Work in outline, blanket-stitch and appliqué, etc.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards 36-inch cotton crêpe. Lower edge 54½ inches.

The apron is for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

4307—10590—A slip just like Mother's in radium, silk jersey, crêpe satin, etc., will please daughter. It has the good points of 4270. The bird is a bright touch. Work it in outline and satin-stitch. Crêpe meteor or satin make a useful slip. Lower edge 50 inches.

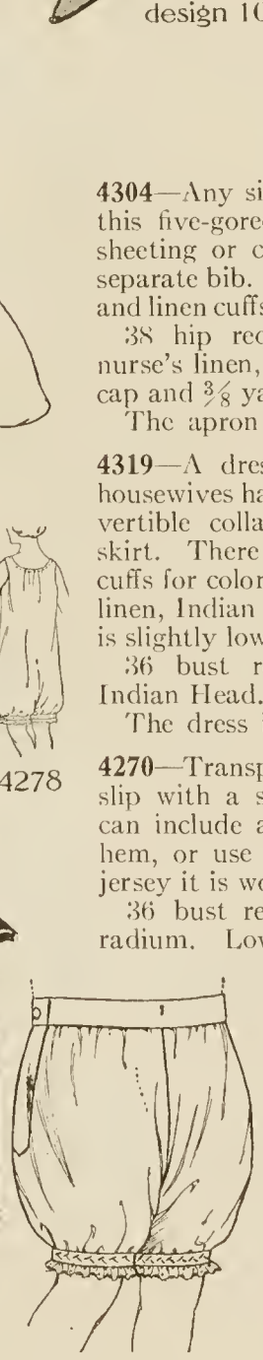
16 years requires 2¼ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine.

The slip is useful for misses 16 to 20.



Combination 4278

4278



4275

4278—Spring lingerie must be delicate for wear under transparent new blouses. For this combination undergarment use nainsook, long-cloth, batiste, cotton crêpe, cotton voile or crêpe de Chine. It has French open drawers.

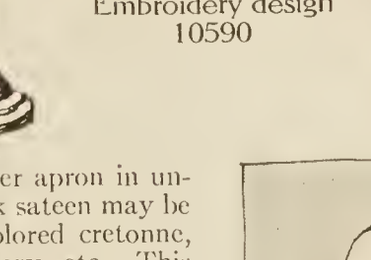
36 bust requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch batiste.

The undergarment is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4275—Mother can make these knicker drawers quite easily. They should be made of cambric or nainsook, or, for strenuous wear, of muslin.

4 years requires ¾ yard 32-inch cambric.

The knicker drawers are good for children 1 to 6.



Knicker drawers 4275

4281—One can aim at record breaking in an undershirt and drawers of madras, cross-bar, crêpes, percale, pongee, fine cottons, muslin or wash silks.

38 breast requires 3 yards 36-inch muslin.

The undershirt and drawers are practical for men or boys 24 to 54 breast.



Undershirt and drawers 4281

4281



Box-coat 3677
Dress 4200





Coat 4240
Shirt-waist
3598
Dress 3822



Blouse coat 3974
Blouse 4145
Skirt 4251

Coat 4011
Blouse 4184
Skirt 4187

THE THREE-PIECE COSTUME UTILIZES

COATS IN BLOUSE, BOX, OR STRAIGHT

LINES AND THE CAPE

3974—4145—4251—A one-piece blouse coat settles down so comfortably over a blouse with a Russian closing and an accordion-plaited straight skirt. The coat has raglan sleeves and in wool rep, soft twills, camel's hair, tricotine, or serge, is most becoming. The skirt may be side plaited and join a camisole body or a 1¼-inch inside belt. Use worsted jersey, embroidered all over in self or contrasting color, crêpe de Chine, embroidered, or heavy crêpes, embroidered, striped, printed, etc., for the blouse. Use satin, charmeuse, satin crêpe, Canton crêpe, etc., for skirt.

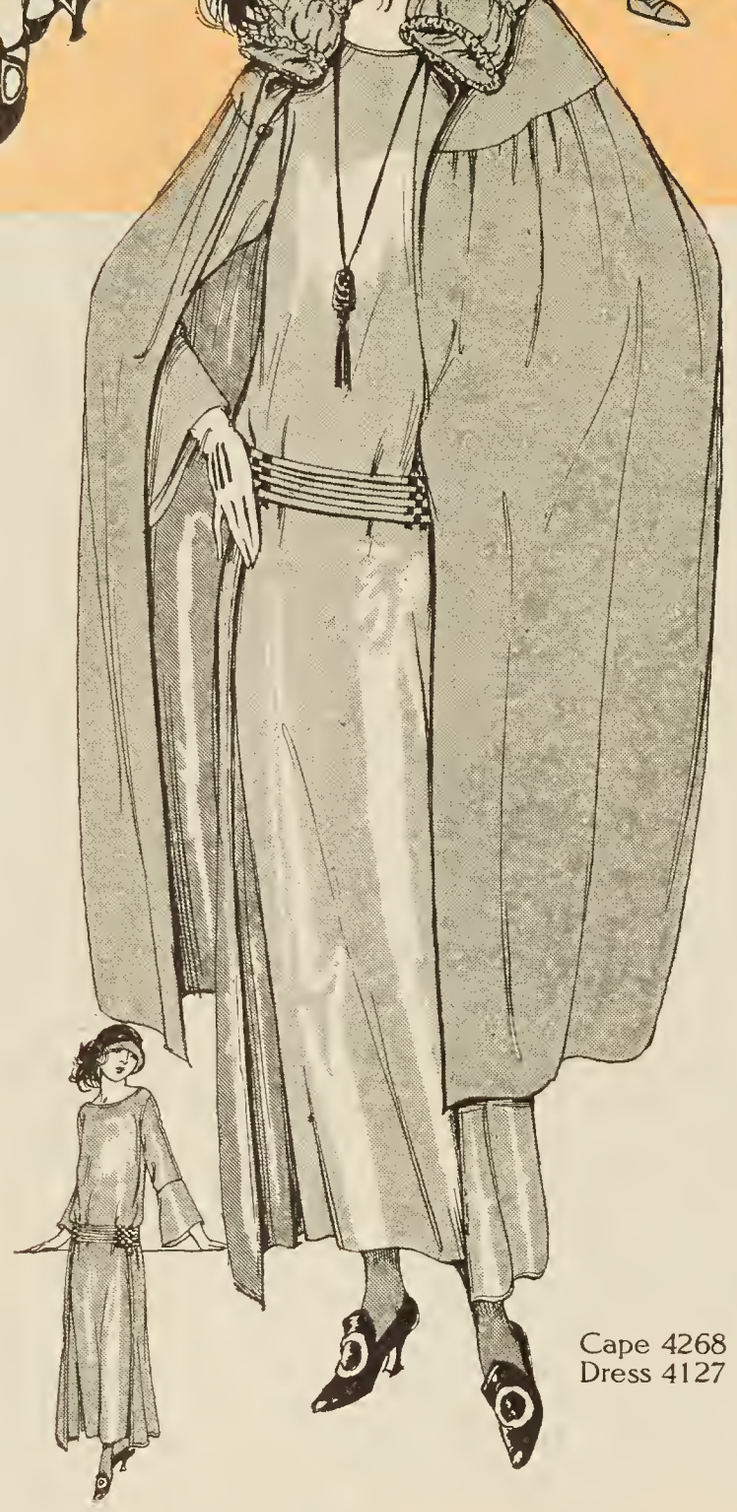
36 bust and 38 hip require 2⅞ yards 40-inch matelassé for coat, 1⅞ yard 39-inch printed crêpe for blouse, and 2¾ yards 42-inch wool crêpe for skirt. Lower edge of skirt, plaits drawn out, 2⅞ yards.

The coat, skirt and blouse are smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust and 35 to 42½ hip. The coat is nice for misses.

3677—4200—The brilliant note of contrast in the three-piece costume is often the body of the dress which may be glimpsed through the open front of a box-coat. The coat may have a flat collar. The dress has a draped skirt joined at a low waistline. For this costume use wool poplin, soft twills, serge, or tricotine, all one material or with the body of satin or silk crêpe in self or contrasting color, etc. Lower edge of dress 48 inches.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards 54-inch wool poplin and 1⅝ yard 39-inch printed silk for the body of the dress.

The box-coat and the dress are attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust. The box-coat is also good for misses.



Cape 4268
Dress 4127

4240—3598—3822—For every woman there is a three-piece costume; even the sportswoman is not overlooked. This coat with the straps put on in Norfolk style is most appropriate worn over a one-piece dress in jumper effect and a shirt-waist. The dress slips on over the head and may have a casing arrangement of elastic and the shirt-waist may have a shoulder yoke. Make the suit of tweeds, homespun, cheviot, serge, striped suitings, etc., and the shirt-waist of pongee, crêpe de Chine, radium, tub silks, tub satins, dimity, linen, etc.

36 bust requires 4⅛ yards 54-inch tweed and 1⅞ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge of dress 1½ yard.

The coat is for ladies 33 to 46 bust, also misses, the dress and shirt-waist for ladies 32 to 48 bust, also misses.

4011—4184—4187—This is the exemplary suit for Spring, one which may be worn on the street or for traveling, etc. The coat may be 32 or 38 inches long at the back and the two-piece skirt has a 1¼-inch inside belt and set-in pockets. The blouse in cotton voile, batiste, handkerchief linen, crêpe de Chine, or Georgette, has a choice of shoulder yoke, and its frill makes a soft front. For the suit use twills, tricotine, serge, wool poplin, etc.

36 bust and 38 hip require 3⅜ yards 54-inch twill and 2⅛ yards 36-inch handkerchief linen for the blouse. Lower edge of skirt 55 inches.

The suit is correct for ladies 32 to 48 bust and 35 to 47½ hip, and the blouse for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

4268—4127—The straight cape plays a French rôle in the three-piece costume. This cape has a bolster collar and a round yoke, and the one-piece dress she wears underneath, slips on over the head and has side panels which hang free at the front edge. Make such a costume of wool crêpe, soft twills, serge, silk crêpes, etc. Lower edge of the cape measures 1⅞ yard.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards 42-inch wool crêpe (with piecing at center back) and 3¾ yards 39-inch crêpe satin. Lower edge of dress 47½ inches.

The cape is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also misses; and the dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.





THE CITY DOLL'S KITCHENETTE

GET a cigar-box—the fat, short kind. Then get a tin tea-box about three inches square for a stove. Turn the box upside down, and along one side, about a quarter of an inch from one edge, punch two holes with a sharp-pointed nail. Then take the lid and in one edge of it punch two holes the same distance apart. Fasten the lid and the box together with brass paper-fasteners. Fasten the lid to a cocoa-box on top in the same way.

Punch a big hole in the bottom of the box and in the cocoa lid before you fasten them together, and put a big nail in the holes for a stovepipe.



(Unless you're pretty big, ask mother to punch all the holes, so you won't hurt your fingers.)

To make the door, cut a piece of cardboard the right size, punch two holes in the front of your stove and fasten on the door with brass fasteners. Another fastener makes a knob, and one stuck through the side of the stove will give you a place to hook the piece of string with a knot in the end, which holds the door in place.

Make the frying-pan from a small round tin lid. Punch two holes in the side, near the bottom, put a wire hairpin through and twist it for the handle.

For the tea-kettle, get a tiny tin box such as adhesive tape comes in and punch two holes about half-way down the sides, exactly opposite each other. Fasten a wire hairpin in these holes for the handle. Just below one hole, punch another. Then roll a one-inch square of paper very tight and stick it in the hole for the spout. Punch a hole in the lid and put in a brass fastener for a knob. For the sink, get a shallow oblong tin box, punch two holes in one side and fasten it to the lid (or door) of the cigar-box with thumb-tacks. Use the top of the box for the draining-board. Press two tacks into the lid and slip the edge of the draining-board behind them.

For the faucets, use two small brass hooks. Bend a wire hairpin and fasten it above the sink for a towel-rack.

To make the clock, cut out a clock-face from a magazine, paste it on the tin top of a bottle, and drive a carpet-tack through both and into the lid of the cigar-box. The lid is thin wood, so it is best to nail a small thin block on the outside for the ends of the faucet screws and the thumb-tacks to go into.

Put up a small square lid in the corner for a shelf, using two thumb-tacks as you did for the draining-board. The top of a salad-dressing jar, with a wire hairpin handle, makes a splendid pail. For a mop, use a sucker-stick. Cut two notches half an inch from the end, one on each side. Take white darning-cotton and wrap it around three fingers for twenty turns. Arrange this around the end of the stick and tie tight with strong thread, letting the thread go into the notches to keep it from slipping. Turn the ends over and tie again, trim it even, and there is your mop.

You can make a tiny dish-mop in the same way, using a match-stick for the handle. A churn can be made from a junket-box and a sucker-stick.

THE LITTLE DELINEATOR

MARCH, 1923

EDITOR—HARRIET IDE EAGER



ASK MOTHER TO EXPLAIN HOW MARCH COMES IN LIKE A LION AND GOES OUT LIKE A LAMB

MY LITTLE PAGE

DEAR children: So many of you have asked me to print the names of prize-winners that instead of writing you a letter, I'm using MY LITTLE PAGE for the list. There will be more names next month. Good-by, Chick-chick-chick-chick-chickadees. (I hope you don't mind my calling you that?)

HARRIET IDE EAGER.

PRIZE-WINNERS

August "Be Kind to Animals" Contest—First prize, a camera, Ruth Simon.

Monkey Clip-Clip Scissors: Marian Allen, Virginia Wilhelm, Eugenia Scott, Margaretta Hirsch, Mary L. Warner, Mildred Randall, Arlien Jorstad, Jean Horn, Thelma Huffman, Clyde Jr. Meadows, Myra O'Neal, Robert O'Brien, Doris Henderson, Martin Lutz, Isabelle MacLennan, Helen Kibble, Betty Runkle, Marion Cox, Betty Donaldson, Mary W. Bush, Beatrice Iverson, Annette Brenner, Mildred Caswell, Frank Lewis and Elizabeth Matthew.

September Cover—Kathleen Custer.

September Kitchen Knitter—First prize, Knitter Book, Natalia Watson.

Monkey Clip-Clip Scissors: Edwin Willis, Isabelle Bridgeman, Geraldine Brown, Mamie B. McNeil, Esther Detweiler, Norma Shay, Lorraine Stucky, Hazel Lattimer, Emily Kruskopf, and Jane Adams.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY CONTEST

EACH of the pictures at the bottom of this page stands for some city in Ireland. Write out the correct names, then write a letter to your editor telling what page in THE LITTLE DELINEATOR you like best this month. The correct list with the most helpful letter will win a big picture like the cover, nicely framed. Letters must be in this office by March twentieth. Address St. Patrick's Day Contest, THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, care of the Big DELINEATOR, New York City.



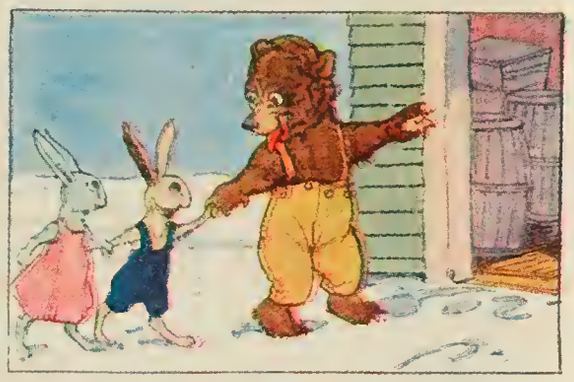
SOME "BE-KIND-TO-ANIMALS" PRIZE-WINNERS



LITTLE DELI-BEAR AND THE RABBIT TWINS



"Fine weather for coasting," young DELI-bear said.
But the white Rabbit twins each shook his sad head:
"Not for us," they sniff-sniffled; "we haven't a sled."



"Boys, I have an idea!" cried young DELI with pride,
So out to the wood-shed they followed their guide,
Where he chose a good barrel, quite empty inside.



Then whistling and smiling and looking quite wise,
DELI-bear fetched his tools, which were just the right size,
While the two Rabbit twins stared with wide open eyes.



And now he was sawing and hammering away,
So happy and busy that work became play,
And the twins nudged each other and felt very gay.



Two boards for the runners, a cushion inside,
Which Ma DELI-Rabbit had lent for the ride,
Then: "Oh, goody! A sleigh!" both the Rabbit twins cried.



So, every one happy, *whizz! whizz!* off they flew.
Now why can't a child make a barrel sleigh, too?
I believe you could build one like DELI'S, don't you?



GOOD NIGHT, LIGHT!

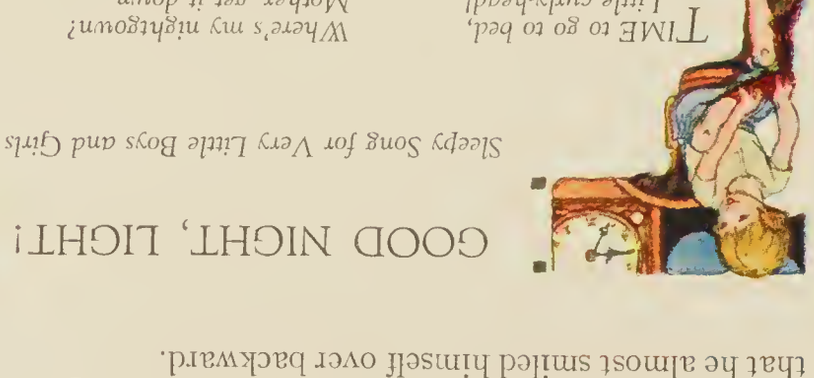
Sleepy Song for Very Little Boys and Girls

TIME to go to bed,
Little curly-head!
Time to undress.
Yes, yes, yes!
Time for sleepy snooze.
Take off my shoes,
Take off all my clothes,
Wash my little nose,
Wash my little neck,
Quick, quack, quack!

Where's my nightgown?
Mother, get it down.
Nightgown over head,
Hip hop in bed.
Mother, tuck me in,
Tuck my chimney-chin.
Now kiss me, mother,
One cheek, then the other.
Now make it dark,
Nice deepy dark,

Nice darky-deep,
So little eyes can sleep.
Now put out the light!
Shut your eye tight,
Big old yellow light,
Shut your eye tight!
Good night, light!
Good night, light!
Goo—oo—d ni—ght,
li—ght!

THE SAD QUEEN OF THE GOLLOMALOPPS



Maids mopping up the tears

keeping them out of the rain, I can tell you!

But somehow even the wonders of this magic city failed to stop the queen's weeping.

"Let's go and visit the magic-lantern garden," said the Bo-Lo.

The queen nodded her head and they were off.

At the gate of the garden the queen had to pick a lantern off a peach-tree and light it by the red of the Bo-Lo's left foot. You see, this was the magic ceremony for entering the garden.

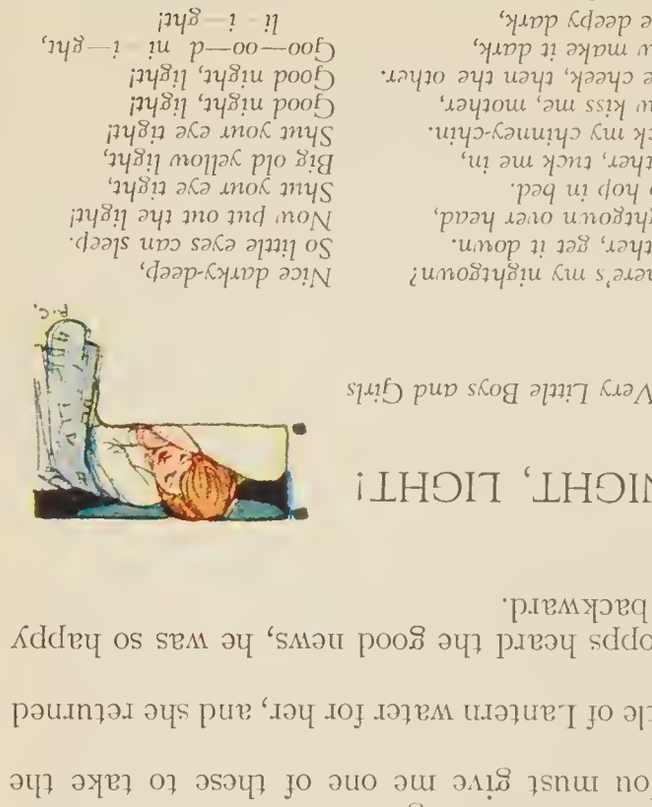
But, alas, when they got inside neither the beautiful Lantern flowers nor the tall Lantern trees interested the queen a bit. Things did look black for the Bo-lo, when suddenly the queen saw the Lantern goldfish.

"Oh! Oh!" she exclaimed. "You must give me one of these to take the place of my poor dead pet."

So the Bo-Lo put one in a bottle of Lantern water for her, and she returned to the castle, no longer weeping.

When the king of the Gollomalopps heard the good news, he was so happy that he almost smiled himself over backward.

THE STORY OF



The Bo-Lo

By

GEORGE NEWELL

QUEEN'S VERSE

Here's the queen who cried and cried
Because her goldfish went and died.
Her tears were such a torrent that
They almost drowned the kitchen cat.

BO-LO'S VERSE

I am the Bo-Lo from Lantern Town.
Like a firefly I fly up and down.
My daily food is rich foam-cake,
Which never gives me the tummy-ache.

KING'S VERSE

Hammer head, hammer head, rawkus gling!
O'er all the Gollomalopps I am king.
My realms are so wondrous,
Even splen-dun-der-ous,
That merely my mention is quite star-tel-ling.

EVER since her pet goldfish had died because he couldn't find a word to rime with geranium, the queen of the Gollomalopps had been weeping. She cried so hard that all the court had to wear rubber boots and it kept fifty maids busy mopping up the tears. And, even though the king of the Gollomalopps scoured his kingdom for something to cheer her up, he found nothing. At last, in desperation, he sent for the Bo-Lo.

"I'll tell you what," said the Bo-Lo, "let me take her to Lantern Town."

"Great!" exclaimed the king. "The very thing!"

So the next morning, before the sun had eaten his breakfast, the unhappy queen and the Bo-Lo were riding toward Lantern Town. Here all the houses are lanterns. The people are made of smoke and eat only foam-cake. Then the birds and the beasts are of colored chalk and the Bo-Lo had his hands full

THE HOME-MAKERS' DEPARTMENT



Edited by
MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER
Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

THE habit of saving on personal and household expenditures is not always or necessarily the conclusive factor in improving family welfare. On the other hand, expenditures or purchases which do not contribute to permanent gains in right standards of living are to be questioned. If there is an exceedingly limited income, expenditures must naturally center around bare necessities; but if there is a possible margin of money and a fastidious taste to satisfy, there is always the temptation to spend freely to prevent disagreeable associations from interfering with enjoyment. The spender may be aware that with a smaller outgo of money a meager living might be eked out, but the enjoyment of life might be lessened. The question which should be brought up is, "Are these expenditures warranted?"—the measure of that warrant being some permanent benefit. Many a spender would probably reconstruct her budget were she to classify her expenditures under the headings of permanent gains and purely temporary enjoyments. The justification of expenditures for artistic or other enjoyment is in the benefits which they may effect in increased physical ability or greater mental or spiritual growth. A person satisfied to live upon a merely subsistence allowance, sufficient only to keep body and soul together, is not developing high social standards. Progress demands a surplus to be spent for the refinements of life and for such conditions as take account of those comforts which create self-respect. It also demands that persons with high standards of living and the ability to satisfy them give both moral and material help to the less efficient which will enable them to raise their lower standards. The value of human labor needs to be raised above the poverty line, otherwise the necessity to sacrifice normal standards of living lowers the level of community life.

The best way in which to insure better standards of living in which all may have a share is through community enterprises. These should aim to give to every soul in the community the benefits of high educational and esthetic standards. Money spent for community enterprises has provided public schools and public libraries, beautiful streets and parks; it is setting up rest-rooms and community houses, the appointments of which express the domestic life of the community. They are a great factor for making known to all in the community the abiding things for which incomes may be spent and from which permanent satisfaction may be derived.

Martha Van Rensselaer









BETTER-SCHOOLS CONTEST

ONE of the chief tasks in the fight for better schools is to convince the taxpayers that money spent to improve schools is worth while. A large proportion of our contest letters told how taxpayers were convinced by being inveigled into their inadequate school-buildings to observe conditions. Entertainments, fairs, meetings—any excuse for getting people inside the schools—served the purpose. Once there, cramped classrooms, poor gymnasiums, bad sanitation, shabby walls, inadequate equipment and small playgrounds spoke eloquently of the need for better conditions.

A live parent-teacher association is one of the most powerful forces for awakening citizens to the need for betterment.

According to our letters, some of the great needs in American schools to-day are better buildings, better-paid teachers, the consolidation of rural schools, buses to carry the children to distant schools, teacherages where teachers can live comfortably at moderate expense and better facilities for the health of children, such as playgrounds, gymnasiums, organized athletics, hot school lunches, physical examinations and visiting nurses.

The letters that were submitted for this contest were of such a high character that it was extremely hard to choose the prize-winner. Contributions by the following people were seriously considered for the prize: Edith Belmens, Denver, Colorado; Mrs. Esther K. Brown, Westminster, Maryland; Mrs. R. R. Burns, Burns, Mississippi; Mrs. L. A. Hakes, Winter Park, Florida; Bertha Hughes, Evansville, Indiana; Mrs. F. C. Osborn, Detroit, Michigan; Mildred V. N. Patterson, Rensselaer, New York; S. Ruth Sturm, Marion, Indiana.

PRIZE-WINNING LETTER

HOW WE IMPROVED OUR SCHOOLS

By Mrs. Carrie S. Flanders

WESTBORO, Missouri, is a small village with less than three hundred inhabitants, but it has a splendid farming community surrounding it and there is a fine spirit of cooperation between the country and the town.

Seven years ago this town had an inadequately equipped school with but two years of high-school work. The building was frame, the rooms were small, there was no ground for sports of any kind and the salaries paid the teachers were too small to secure well-qualified ones.

Feeling the need of better educational advantages, enterprising citizens agitated for a consolidated district. The question was carried at the first vote. Bonds were voted to erect a brick building with room for the grades, a high school, a gymnasium, an assembly-room and domestic-science and manual-training departments. Eight acres of land were purchased. In one year the new building was ready for occupancy by the grades and the four high-school classes.

This is what has been accomplished in the seven succeeding years:

The school boards have raised the standard of teachers. A modern home-economics department has been added and is doing good work. A hot school lunch is served during the bad months of the year. (This feature has proved self-supporting.) This year manual training and music have been added to the course.

The grounds have been greatly improved. In order to have an athletic field it was necessary to put in a cement drain costing one thousand dollars. The parent-teacher association took up this work. A committee of six, together with the members of the school board, borrowed one thousand dollars, gave their personal note for the amount and put in the drain. Then they went to work to earn the money. In one year they paid five hundred dollars on the note and the interest and had one hundred and twenty-seven dollars in the treasury, besides putting out vines and shrubbery. The ground has been terraced and sodded around the school-building and a cement walk made.

How did we do it? The teachers and pupils put on three school entertainments. The committee from the parent-teacher association gave a musical, a negro minstrel show, a box supper, a bazaar and a chicken-pie supper. All the available talent in the community was used. The entertainments were excellent, and they were well advertised and well attended.

The grading, which probably represents six hundred dollars' worth of work, was all donated. Sometimes a dozen teams and from fifteen to twenty men worked all day. The mothers served dinner to the workers.

The gymnasium had a cement floor, but a wooden floor was desirable for basket-ball practise. One superintendent and his high-school boys solicited money to buy the lumber and during the Christmas vacation they laid the floor. Through the efforts of the school board and teachers we now have vitalized agriculture, football and basket-ball. An orchestra and glee-club are being organized.

The parent-teacher association gives programs to keep up the interest in the work. A carnival is being planned to raise money to pay off the school-ground debt.

PRIZE-CONTEST ANNOUNCEMENT

HAS your community some particularly fine way of celebrating a great national day such as the Fourth of July? This month THE DELINEATOR offers a prize of fifty dollars for the most helpful essay of not more than five hundred words on "How We Celebrated a Patriotic Holiday." Tell just how such a celebration was organized in your community, who took part, who bore the expense, and give the program.

All contributions must be mailed before midnight of March eighth. Contributions for this contest can not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address Contest Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Publishing Company, New York City.

"RECIPE" DEFEATS "RECEIPT"

ACCORDING to our recent Home-Makers' Ballot-Box returns, DELINEATOR readers have elected the form "recipe" over "receipt" for a cookery formula by a majority of seven to one. Therefore "recipe" will be used uniformly in THE DELINEATOR.

FOOD CALENDAR FOR MARCH

THIS is the month for fish, oysters, cheese, eggs and other Lenten dishes.

Celery, asparagus, mushrooms, anchovies, sardines, herring, ham and bacon are among the favorite associates with eggs.

In the selection of fish, choose for proportion of waste and for flavor. The use of frozen fish distributes the supply over the year and tends to decrease the price. Frozen fish of good quality is as good as fresh. If cooked while still frozen, both texture and flavor are better than if thawed first.

Canned fish makes excellent dishes. Besides salmon and sardines, remember gray-fish, tuna, shrimp, crab and lobster.

Fish does not need to be cooked to make it tender: it need be cooked only enough to develop the flavor and change the texture; overcooking toughens the protein. Fish needs fat frying or oil dressing and piquant sauces to add flavor.

Smoked fish, herring or finnan-haddock are excellent breakfast or luncheon dishes.

There is always another new way of serving oysters, but never use a high temperature in preparation, else they will be tough.

Don't neglect to note St. Patrick's day on your food calendar. The coloring pastes of good quality are harmless and offer delightful possibilities for the "Wearing of the green" on your menu. All the green vegetables, such as canned peas, spinach and Lima beans, are good St. Patrick's day foods; while canned green plums, citron and angelica decorations and candied green fruit can make dessert green.

EATING FOR HEALTH

MARCH marks the time of the year when eggs are most plentiful and at their cheapest. It is the time for the cold-storage man and the housekeeper to put down their eggs for Winter use. Fresh eggs are not absolutely necessary for cooking purposes. Storage eggs and eggs preserved at home in water-glass or by other methods are suitable for nearly all household purposes. The fact that the cold-storage egg can be boiled without cracking, while it is necessary to prick a hole in the end of a home-preserved egg to prevent this, and that the white of the former is clearer and whiter than that of the latter, makes the storage egg more popular, but both are equally good for cooking purposes. It is well to remember, however, that both the storage egg and the home-preserved egg deteriorate rapidly after removal from storage, and, of course, the flavor is never quite as good as that of a perfectly fresh egg.

Eggs constitute one of our most valuable foods. An egg contains all the material for producing a chick. It is rich in one of the best muscle-building proteins, in iron for red blood corpuscles, in phosphorus and lime for bone-building, in sulfur for producing good hair, in the fat-soluble vitamin for promoting growth, and it furnishes considerable heat and energy to the body. In short, it not only furnishes all kinds of body-building materials, but fuel and body regulators as well.

There are several tests for freshness in eggs: The shell of a fresh egg is rough and has a "bloom"—it is not smooth and shining. A fresh egg will sink when placed in a glass of water; a stale egg will float. A fresh egg makes no audible sound when it is shaken. When in doubt as to the freshness of an egg, break it into a separate container.

In buying eggs, perhaps the first rule is to purchase from a responsible firm that can and will guarantee the quality of its eggs. Do not buy more than a week's supply at one time unless buying for preservation. For preservation buy only clean eggs; eggs should not be washed before preservation, but should be washed before every other use. Whenever possible, it is wise to return all poor eggs.

Eggs should be kept in a rather moist, clean, cool place away from foods that possess distinct odors. Egg-whites or egg-yolks that have been removed from the shell should be put in a tightly covered container before being put in the refrigerator, otherwise the egg dries and becomes unfit for use. Crushed egg-shells may be mixed with coffee to aid in clarifying it.

All eggs or dishes containing eggs in large amounts should be cooked below the temperature of boiling water. When using eggs as a thickening, as in the case of custards and cake fillings; or for coating food, as in frying cutlets; or as a binding agent, as in mixing croquettes, the whole egg should be beaten only until the white and yolk are well mixed. When eggs are to be used as a leavening agent, as in meringues, omelets and cakes, the eggs should be cold and fresh and the yolks and whites carefully separated, allowing no drop of yolk in the white. The egg-white is then beaten until it will not fall from the container when it is turned upside down. The addition of a few grains of salt will aid in beating. If a close texture is desired, a Dover egg-beater should be used; if a coarser texture, a round confectioners' whisk; and if a still looser texture is required, a flat egg-beater.

SAVE A DOLLAR

For the woman who has time and money to spend but not to waste

Each suggestion has been tested and approved by the Home-Makers' Department







THE DELINEATOR will pay ten dollars each month for the best suggestion for saving the housekeeper's money, labor, food or fuel. We will pay five dollars for the other suggestions we use on this page. Items sent in March are not printed until four months later. When duplicate suggestions are received, we consider the first idea to reach us. Unavailable suggestions can not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send your ideas to the Home-Makers' Department

PRIZE-WINNER

USES FOR VINEGAR

A TEASPOON of vinegar added to the pot-roast or kettle of other meat makes inexpensive cuts of meat more tender than is possible without the use of vinegar. To prevent mold from forming on bacon or ham, wipe the meat with a cloth dampened in vinegar before placing the meat in its covering each time after cutting from it. If mold has already formed, scrape it off, wipe the meat carefully with vinegar and the mold will not form again.

A few drops of vinegar poured over mayonnaise after it has been placed in a small container will prevent a hard crust from forming. Brass and copper utensils are easily cleaned with vinegar and salt. Add the salt to the vinegar and rub the utensil vigorously with this mixture. Vinegar also cleans curtain-rods and brass door-knobs.

A drop or two of vinegar in the water in which eggs are to be poached coagulates the white of the egg and prevents it from spreading about in the water and being lost.—MRS. ELLA SCHUMANN, Strawberry Valley, Calif.

SAVE OLD RAIN-COATS

DO NOT throw away the old rain-coat. Rip the coat, wash it and then make it into a large apron for wash-day, cases for sponges and brushes or a cover to tie over the laundry-basket.—MRS. J. L. SHURTS, Lebanon, N. J.

COIN-BAGS FROM TIES

CROCHETED neckties for which the man of the house has no further use can be made into attractive little coin and handkerchief bags for children to carry to school. Using the larger ends of the crocheted necktie, open the seam and whip or crochet the two sides of each and the bottoms together. Make a small hem at the top and through this draw a silk cord. Children are delighted with these attractive little coin-bags.—MRS. GEORGE B. DOAN, Philadelphia, Pa.

SAVE COOKIE-CUTTING

THE slow job of rolling and cutting cookies may be greatly simplified. Roll the dough into a long cylinder the ends of which are the size desired for the cookies. Place this in the refrigerator, leaving it until it becomes cold and firm; then slice the mixture with a sharp knife very quickly. Cookies made in this way are excellent and require little time to make.—MRS. J. M. KIMBALL, Beverly, Mass.

SAVE ON EGGS

WATER is an excellent egg extender in making meringues. Add one teaspoon of cold water to each egg-white before whipping, then it will not be necessary to use as many eggs for your meringue as if no cold water were added.—MRS. J. O'CONNOR, Pocatello, Idaho.

CEREALS IN SOUP

ADD left-over breakfast cereals to the soup stock. Children who are tired of oatmeal cereal will eat oatmeal in soup. To six cups of stock use one-fourth cup of cooked cereal, two cups scalded milk, two tablespoons butter, two tablespoons flour, and salt and pepper.—MRS. R. M. SIMONDS, Arlington, Mass.

CLEAN FUR AT HOME

INSTEAD of sending your fur to a cleaner, save several dollars and clean the fur yourself. Powdered starch or any other substance that absorbs fat may be sprinkled over the fur. Let the starch remain on the fur for twenty-four hours, then shake it out and brush the fur well. White furs cleaned in this way may be restored very successfully.—MRS. CARLSON, Somerville, Mass.

SAVE ON FURNITURE

A SAVING of more than a hundred dollars was realized on the furniture in one of my bedrooms. I have oak bedroom furniture purchased some twenty-five years ago. Dresser and mirror were covered with heavy wood-carving; the bedstead was high. I discarded the commode and had a carpenter cut the head from the bed, lowering it to a height of four and a half feet, and then remove the wood-carving from the dresser, leaving just the chest of drawers and a plain mirror. I took off the bronze handles and replaced them with wooden knobs, then cleared the room of everything but these pieces, covered the floor with a large canvas and began to sandpaper. I sandpapered all the furniture with medium paper, then gave the furniture four undercoats of flat ivory paint and a finishing coat of enamel. With a small camel's-hair brush and a tube of brown paint I followed the narrow grooves on the different pieces of furniture. The furniture is very attractive. There are five pieces: a bed, dresser, mirror, table and two chairs. The entire cost was eight dollars and thirty cents.—MRS. WILLIAM MILLERD, Geneva, N. Y.

SAVE ON RUBBER SHEETING

SEW tape to the sides of the rubber sheet in the baby's bed at intervals of ten inches and tie these to the rails on both sides. This prevents the sheet from wrinkling and greatly prolongs its life.—MRS. CHRISTIAN MILLER, Brookston, Ind.

PREVENT SHINY CLOTHES

PROVIDE members of the family who are at work in offices with flat dark velvet or corduroy cushions or with pieces of felt for their office chairs. Their clothing will not get shiny nearly so quickly as if they sat on a leather-covered chair or one that is of wood.—MRS. R. C. HURST, Chico, Calif.

SAVE STEPS

BUILD a small shelf on the inside of a closet door near the bottom where the three-year-olds may keep their shoes. Above the shelf, but within their reach, place several hooks. By teaching small children to hang up their clothes and keep their shoes in place you will save yourself many steps.—VIRGINIA FRASER PRATT, Decatur, Ga.

FIRE PRECAUTIONS

AVOID fire danger. Do not use a pasteboard waste-box in the kitchen; a tin or wire one is much safer. Do not leave the electric iron connected when you go out of the room. Never hang away clothing in which there are matches. If safety-matches are not used, store the matches in tin containers; do not leave them uncovered in pasteboard boxes. Do not mistake gasoline for kerosene. Paint the gasoline-can red. Do not use a large cloth about the cooking-range; there is less danger of fire if you use holders. Have the chimney cleaned each season. The collected soot may take fire and the fire may spread to the roof.

If your clothing catches fire, do not rush out-of-doors; smother the flames with a rug or some other heavy material. Memorize the directions printed in the telephone book for calling the fire department in case of fire. Keep the fire insurance paid. Make a memorandum on your calendar of the date it will expire.—MRS. JERRY O'CONNELL, Boone, Iowa.

SAVE LAUNDERING

WHEN you have a severe cold, use soft paper napkins instead of handkerchiefs. These may be burned immediately and thus the handling of soiled linen is unnecessary. There is also less danger of spreading the cold than when the handkerchiefs are used and are kept until next wash-day.—MISS MARGARET UTZ, Santa Cruz, Calif.

SAVE FOOD FROM DUST

WARM food which is put aside to cool should not be covered tightly, yet it should not be exposed to dust and insects. Satisfactory covers may be made from embroidery hoops of different sizes. Over these hoops stretch two thicknesses of cheese-cloth. It is a very simple matter to remove the cheese-cloth and replace it with fresh materials. Keep several sizes of hoops in the table drawer.—MRS. H. W. WATERS, Marietta, Ohio.

SAVE ON MAYONNAISE

MAYONNAISE which is made in the usual way may be extended to double the amount by adding to it half the volume in corn-starch paste. This is made by cooking together two level tablespoons of corn-starch and one cup of water. When the corn-starch mixture is thoroughly cooked and partially cooled, beat it into the mayonnaise and add seasoning.—MRS. T. C. TOBY, Oakland, Calif.

SAVE ON CAULIFLOWER

LEFT-OVER cauliflower makes very delicious soup. This should be chopped fine or put through the colander before adding it to the white sauce. The flavor is quite like that of soup made from vegetable oysters.—MRS. LOIS DAVIS, Halstead, Kan.

TO KEEP CLOTHES FROM FREEZING

BY ADDING a handful of salt to the water in which the clothes are rinsed, the clothes do not freeze on the line in Winter.—MRS. J. H. WHYTE, Kars, Ontario, Can.

SAVE ON RETUFTING MATTRESSES

TO RETUFT a mattress upholsterers charge a large amount. By investing less than a dollar in materials the work can be done at home at a saving of several dollars. Buy an upholsterer's needle, a ball of hard-twist cord and some mattress tufts. Push the needle, threaded with the cord, through the mattress and tufts while holding the cord on the opposite side firmly, then push the needle back through the mattress again and knot the cord in exactly the same way as it was originally tied.—MRS. C. E. JONES, Oak Park, Ill.

SAVE TIME IN THE SEWING-ROOM

A BRASS curtain-rod small enough in diameter to permit spools of thread to be slipped over it is an excellent addition to any sewing-room. Fill the rod with spools of the threads which are used most frequently and fasten it in a convenient place on the wall.—MRS. OWEN DOUGHERTY, Boone, Iowa.

SAVE ON BOOK-COVERS

CHILDREN'S books which are handled a great deal may be protected by varnishing with a clear varnish. A cover so treated may be cleaned with soap and water when soiled. This treatment need not be limited to children's books; we have treated our print-shop dictionary in this way. The book has been in use two years and is still in good condition.—MRS. W. H. CRARY, Echo, Oreg.

SAVE ON IRONING

PLACE two or three of the larger flat pieces to be ironed on the ironing-table. Smaller articles, such as pillow-slips, napkins, handkerchiefs and towels, may be ironed on these larger articles. When you have finished, the larger articles will be nicely ironed and may be folded and put away without any further work.—MRS. J. H. BOOTHE, Gonzales, Tex.

SAVE WITH THE FIRELESS COOKER

MANY people who own fireless cookers do not realize their many uses. They can be made to save both time and fuel. In making rice pudding in a fireless cooker, for example, it is not necessary to soak the rice first nor to partially cook it. Neither is it necessary to stir the pudding or add milk from time to time. Just heat the two dishes and place the container of pudding between them on the rack of the cooker. Leave the pudding in the cooker for two and a quarter hours.

Ham cooked in the fireless cooker is delicious in flavor. Cover the ham with water, place it on the stove to boil and after it comes to a boil let it simmer from one-half to three quarters of an hour. Then place it in the fireless cooker and leave it in until the next morning.

Some cereals may be cooked in the fireless cooker without heating the stone, but it is well to use a stone in cooking cracked wheat or corn-meal. Cook the cereal in the smaller container; fill the larger one with boiling water. Place the smaller dish containing the cereal in the larger kettle, cover tightly and place on a hot stone. If the cereal is placed in the fireless cooker at night, it is ready to serve in the morning.—MRS. JOHN NEALE, Brooklyn, N. Y.

INDEX OF LEFT-OVER RECIPES

SAVE time and left-over food by keeping a card index of recipes in which all such foods may be used. Head separate cards with such names as chicken, beef, lamb, sour milk, sour cream, egg-whites and egg-yolks, and under each heading list recipes using this ingredient. Write on the card just where each recipe may be found, giving the page and title of cook-book, and the quantity required, in order that you may know at a glance whether you have enough on hand. Also make a note of any other ingredient called for which you may not always have on hand; this will save you from looking up a recipe only to find that it is impracticable at the time.—MRS. H. L. BONE, Bangor, Me.

SAVE ON REPAIR BILLS

IF YOUR electric meter is not locked when the electric lights go out in several rooms or all over the house, try fixing them yourself instead of sending for an electrician. Buy a ten-cent fuse-plug (ten amperes) and insert it as you would an electric bulb in the square porcelain block which you will find near your electric meter. If you should screw it in the wrong socket, remove it, screw the old plug back and try another socket in the same block. If your block is a double one with four sockets, try the lower side for downstairs and the upper side for lights on the second floor.—MRS. CONSTANCE MCINTYRE, Goldsborough, N. C.

LINOLEUM TABLE-TOP

LINOLEUM cut the exact size of the table and fastened on to it by rubber cement or with brass tacks around the edge makes a serviceable top that is easy to clean and durable for a wooden table. A coating of thin varnish or shellac helps to preserve it.—MRS. W. B. NORRIS, Annapolis, Md.

SOUP MAKES THE WHOLE MEAL TASTE BETTER

I make puree the Campbell's way
To get the finest flavor.
It's smooth as silk or creamy milk
And always meets with favor.





The right way to make a purée

Just try it and see how simple and easy it is. Stir slowly into Campbell's Pea Soup an equal quantity of cold water, adding only a little at a time and each time mixing until smooth. (Use a spoon or egg beater.) Heat but do not boil. You will taste Pea Soup at its very perfection!

Serve this Cream of Pea!

Campbell's Pea Soup is made from the tiny, sweet-tasting peas that yield the most delicious flavor. Rich butter of fine quality is in the blend. When you have guests or for a very special treat at lunch or dinner, serve it as a Cream of Pea, prepared with milk or cream instead of water.

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

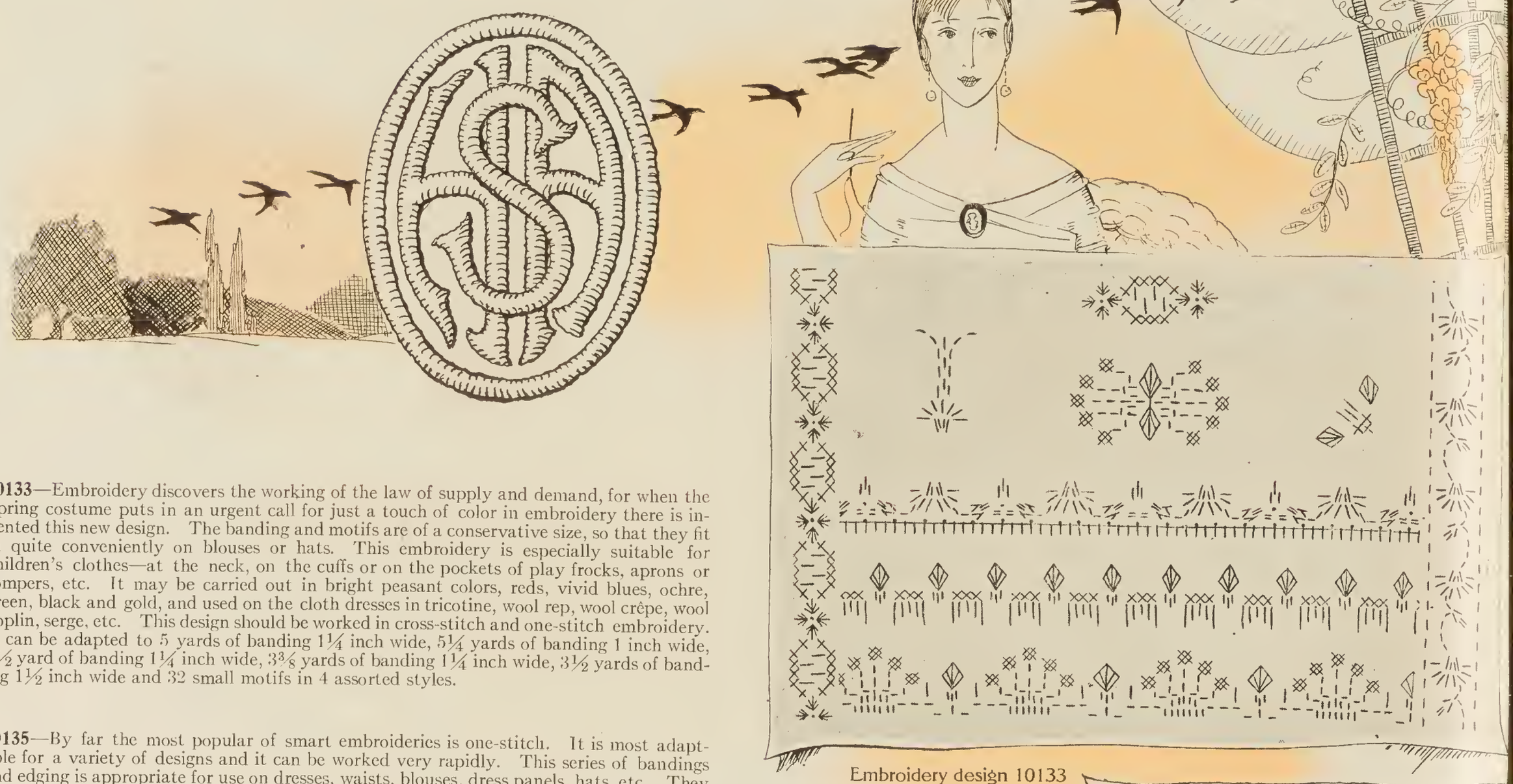
Campbell's Soups for the Lenten menu

Campbell's Pea Soup, Tomato Soup, Celery Soup, and Asparagus Soup are richly supplied with nourishing vegetable foods and are made without meat. They are delightfully appetizing and refreshing. Each of these inviting purees is enriched with golden butter and delicately seasoned by Campbell's famous chefs. Extra substantial served as Cream Soups.

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

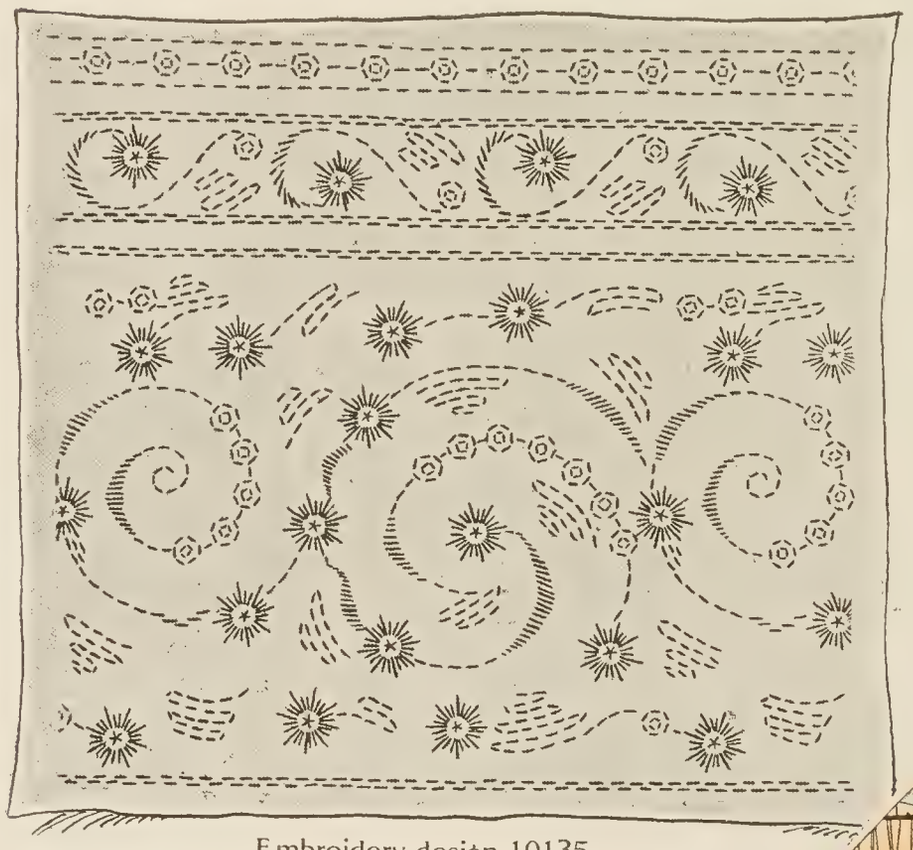
EMBROIDERY PAINTS THE COLORS OF SPRING IN ONE-STITCH OR CROSS-STITCH AND DISPLAYS GUEST-ROOM LINENS



10133—Embroidery discovers the working of the law of supply and demand, for when the Spring costume puts in an urgent call for just a touch of color in embroidery there is invented this new design. The banding and motifs are of a conservative size, so that they fit in quite conveniently on blouses or hats. This embroidery is especially suitable for children's clothes—at the neck, on the cuffs or on the pockets of play frocks, aprons or rompers, etc. It may be carried out in bright peasant colors, reds, vivid blues, ochre, green, black and gold, and used on the cloth dresses in tricotine, wool rep, wool crêpe, wool poplin, serge, etc. This design should be worked in cross-stitch and one-stitch embroidery. It can be adapted to 5 yards of banding 1¼ inch wide, 5¼ yards of banding 1 inch wide, 1½ yard of banding 1¼ inch wide, 3⅜ yards of banding 1¼ inch wide, 3½ yards of banding 1½ inch wide and 32 small motifs in 4 assorted styles.

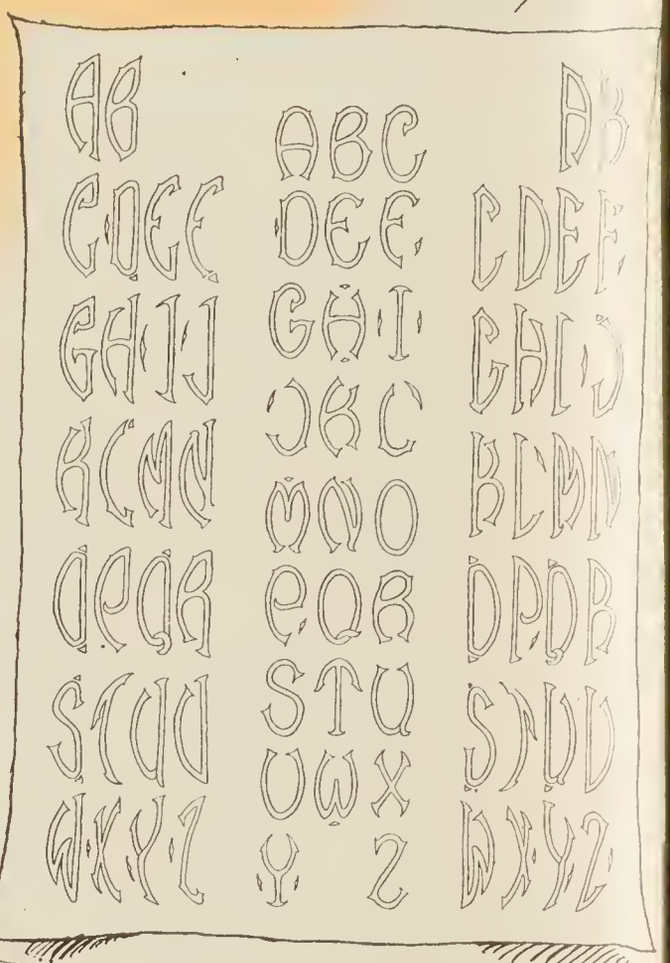
Embroidery design 10133

10135—By far the most popular of smart embroideries is one-stitch. It is most adaptable for a variety of designs and it can be worked very rapidly. This series of bandings and edging is appropriate for use on dresses, waists, blouses, dress panels, hats, etc. They may be worked in color or in metallic threads, copper, silver, antique gold, or in black on blouse coats or over-the-skirt blouses for Spring. The three-piece costume often makes use of such a design on the blouse coat or on the body of the dress, especially if the body is in a contrasting material. Hats made of a fabric to match one's costume are attractive worked all over in such a design. This design can be adapted to 2⅝ yards of banding 9½ inches wide, 4⅞ yards of banding 1⅞ inch wide and 7⅝ yards of edging ¾ inch wide.

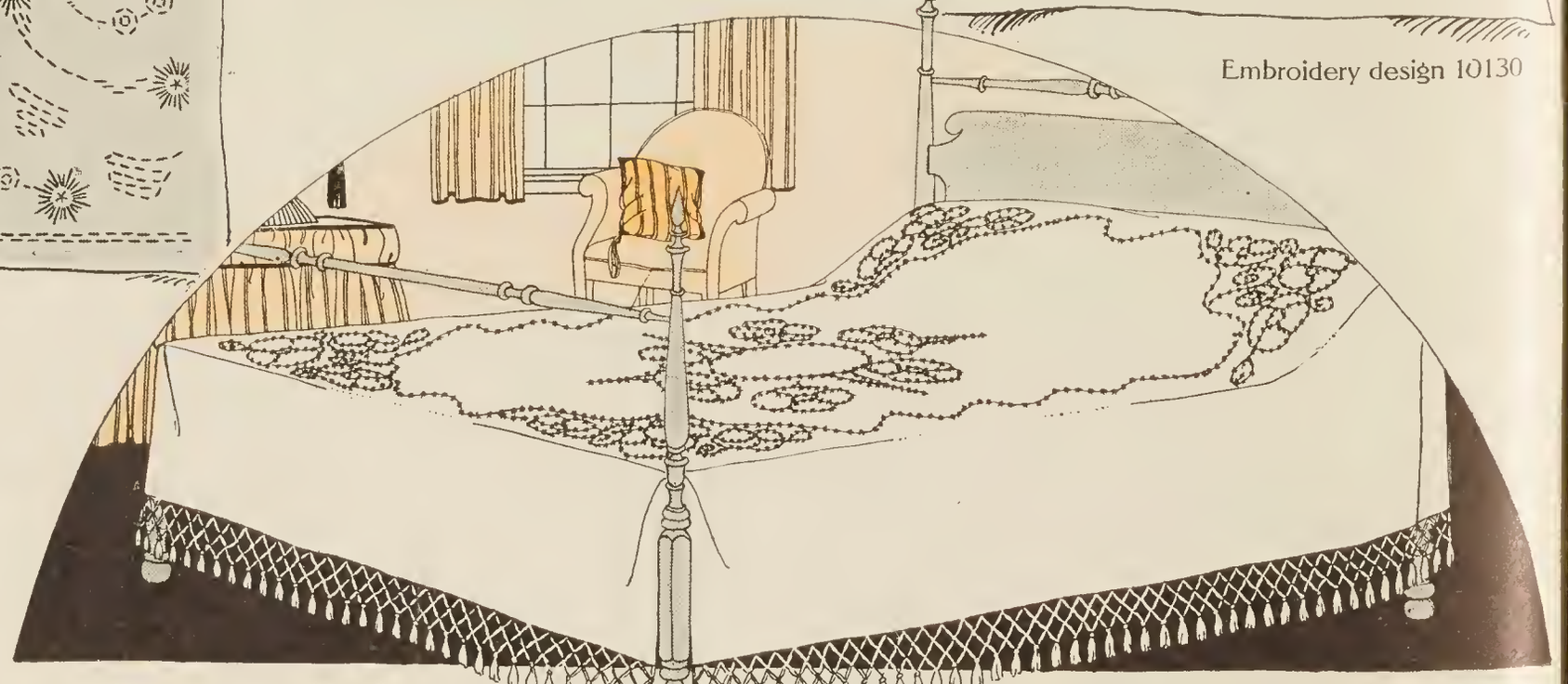


Embroidery design 10135

10130—To be fashionable this season one must be quite open about one's monogram and wear it for all to see on the front of a dress, a sweater or a new blouse. These should be worked in satin-stitch embroidery or French stemming. The letters are very graceful and come in three styles, which offer one a wide choice for grouping in a single monogram. These monograms are very smart for the front of the dress with a straight silhouette. Household linens, such as scarfs, guest-towels, pillow cases, kitchenette sets, etc., may be decorated with any one of these monograms. Bath sets are effective when monogrammed. The design can be adapted to 6 complete alphabets which are so shaped that it requires 3 alphabets to make a single monogram. You can make 2 monograms 4 by 5¼ inches.



Embroidery design 10130



Embroidery design 10128

10128—High time to think of the annual Spring invasion of the bedroom! It must be made fresh and clean, Winter drapery exchanged for transparent curtains and guest linens renewed, pillows recovered and bureau scarfs re-furbished. The bed is the first point of attack and this new design offers attractive corners and motifs for a bedspread. It should be worked in candle-wicking or French-knot embroidery. A fringe adds to the beauty of this bedspread. The design can be adapted to 4 large corners with sufficient banding to join them for a single, double or three-quarter bed, and 2 motifs for the center of a bed.



Many successful housekeepers order Fels-Naptha Soap in the convenient ten-bar carton.

With the one double-duty soap always handy, cleaning is simplified.

How many soaps on your kitchen shelf?



Real naptha! You can tell by the smell

Use water of any temperature with Fels-Naptha. *Boil* clothes with Fels-Naptha, if you wish. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go, no matter whether the water is cool, lukewarm or hot.



The original and genuine naptha soap, in the red-and-green wrapper. Buy it in the convenient, ten-bar carton.

Wouldn't you welcome *one* soap that does the work of several?

Because Fels-Naptha Soap has the cleaning ability of splendid soap and the cleaning ability of real naptha, combined in one sanitary golden bar, it is wonderfully efficient all over the house.

Fels-Naptha washes sheets and shirts and sheerest waists *hygienically* clean with speed, thoroughness, and safety. For dishwashing it is amazing how Fels-Naptha dissolves the grease, and leaves the dishes streakless and glistening. And for scrubbing floors and cleaning painted woodwork, it routs dirt so thoroughly that germs starve for lack of nourishment.

Fels-Naptha does *all* soap-and-water cleaning better because it is more than soap. It is more than naptha. It is *splendid* soap and *real* naptha so blended that you get the benefit of these two great cleaners in one compact, economical bar—two cleaners each gentle, yet efficient in action.

Fels-Naptha's double-cleansing lightens your work, saves you time, and will cut down your yearly soap bill.

Get Fels-Naptha at your grocer's today. Make your home radiant with *Fels-Naptha Cleanliness.*

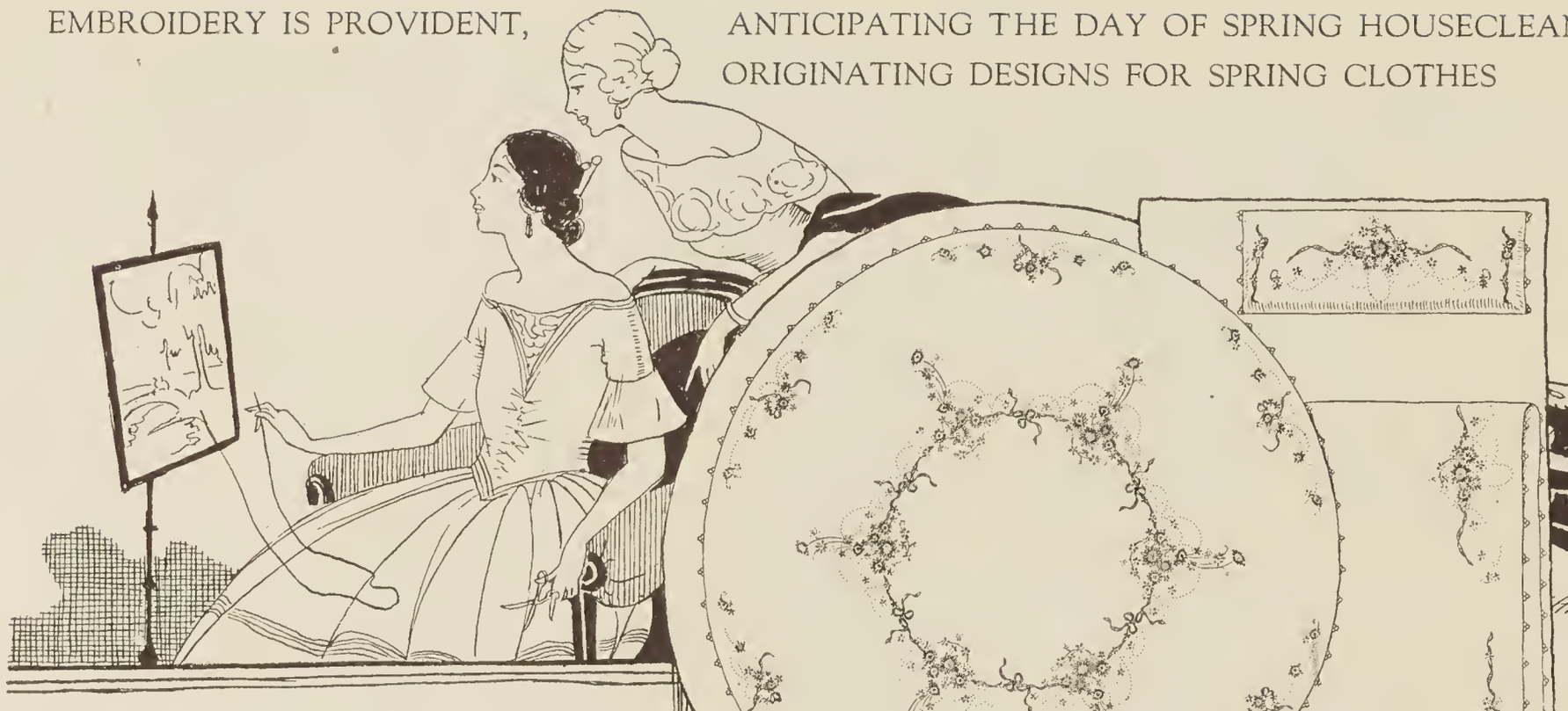
PROVE Fels-Naptha's labor-saving ability. Send 2¢ in stamps for a sample bar. Address Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

© 1923, Fels & Co. Philadelphia

EMBROIDERY IS PROVIDENT, ANTICIPATING THE DAY OF SPRING HOUSECLEANING WITH NEW LINENS AND ORIGINATING DESIGNS FOR SPRING CLOTHES

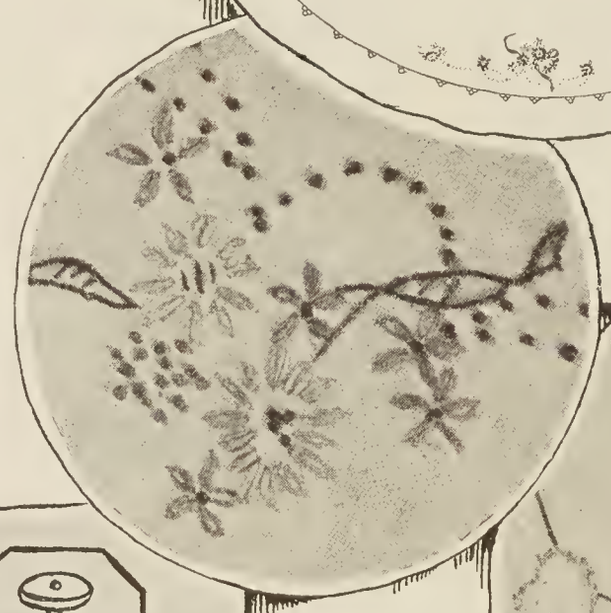


Embroidery design 10129

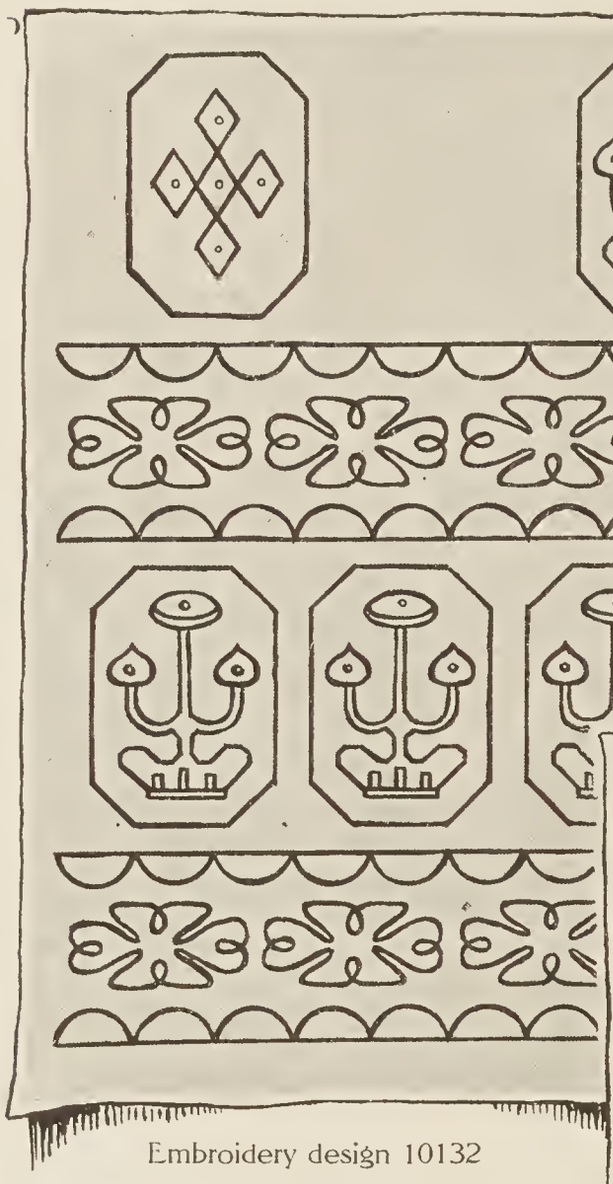


10129—Embroidery speaks in terms of flow on Spring linens and places decorative spra on scarfs, pincushions, or even cushions for t home's Spring opening. The centerpiece a motifs should be worked in a combination lazy-daisy, French-knots and outline embroide on linen in white or ècru or on linen-t nish cottons. The design can be adapted to 1 cent piece 36 inches in diameter, 6 sprays 9½ 1¼ inches, 6 sprays 4¼ by ⅞ inch, 3 sprays by 5 inches and 3 scarf ends.

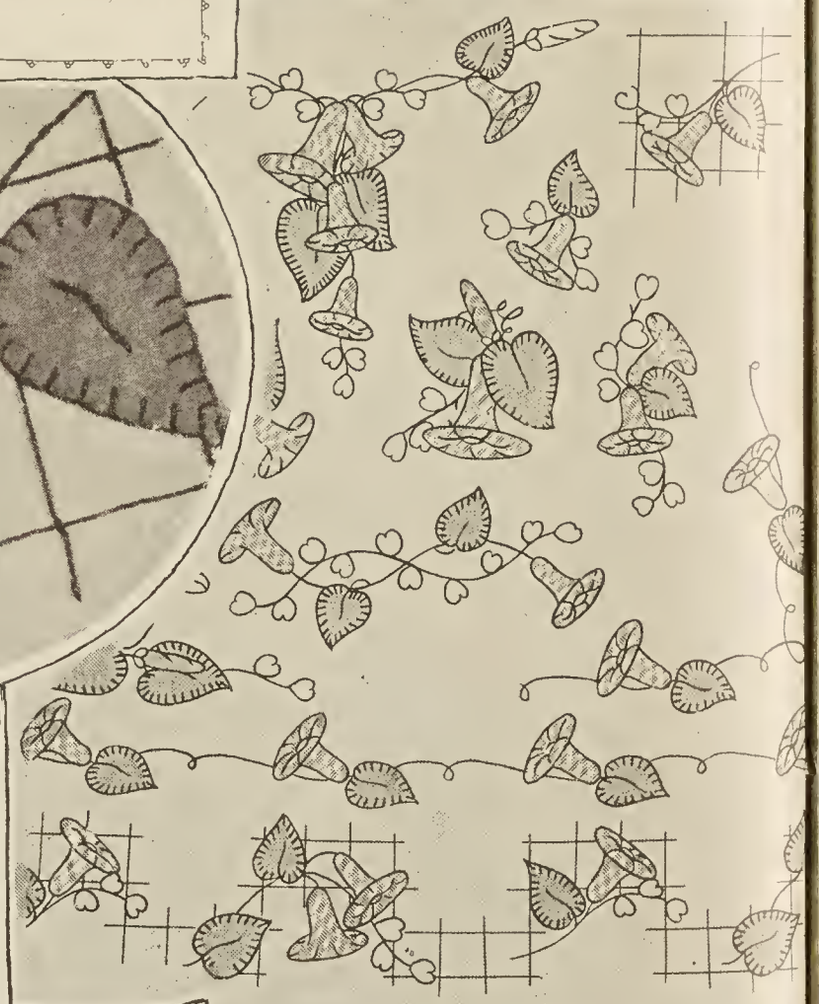
10132—Eccentric geometric scrolls and symbolic designs are quite effective on the new dresses, blouses, dress sleeves, and dress panels. The banding and motifs of this design are also suitable for coats and hats for Spring. They may be done very easily and rapidly in outline embroidery, in couching, or appliqué. The design can be adapted to 3⅜ yards of 10-inch banding and 4 motifs 2½ by 3¾ inches which can be separated to form 6½ yards of 2¾ inch banding, and 38 motifs 2½ by 3¾ inches.



10129



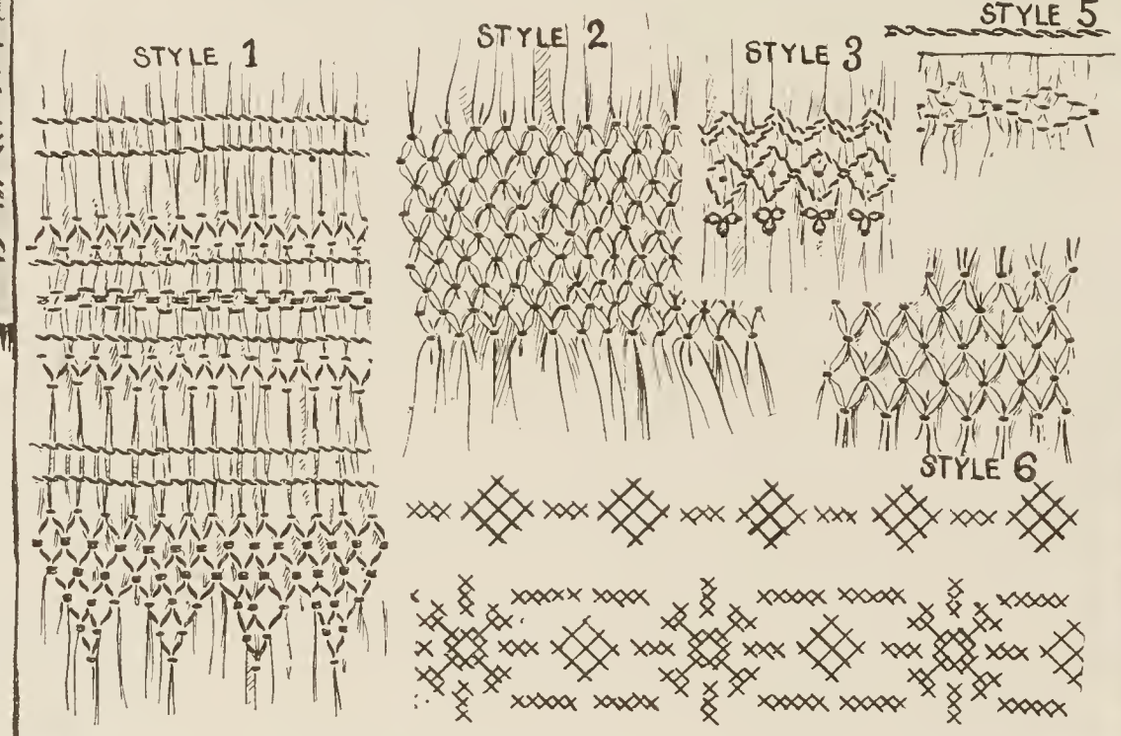
10131



Embroidery design 10131

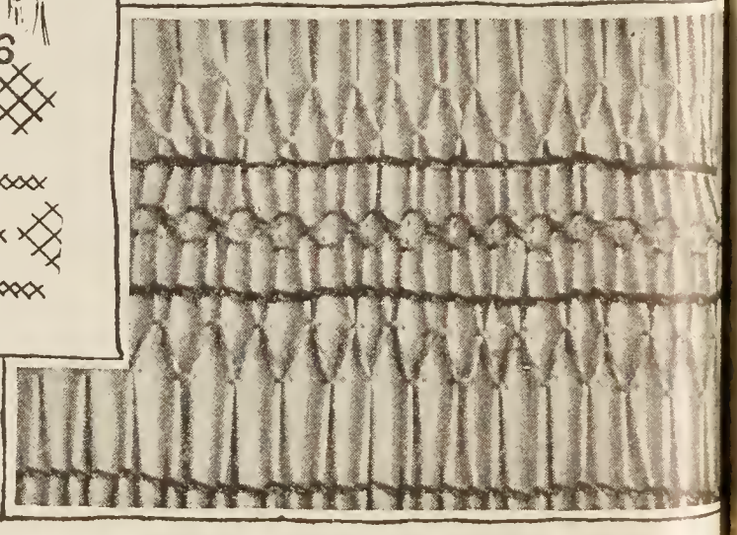
Embroidery design 10132

10134—When smocking and cross-stitch join forces the effect is very attractive on children's frocks, play aprons, or underwear. This design is an ideal way of adding color to children's clothes. The design can be adapted to 1⅜ yard of smocking dots (Style 1) 4½ inches wide, 14 inches of smocking dots in ¼-inch spacing (Style 2) 4½ inches wide, 1¾ yard of fancy smocking dots (Style 3) 1½ inch wide, 1⅛ yard of smocking dots (Style 4) ½ inch wide; and 30½ inches of cross-stitch edging ½ inch wide, 29 inches of cross-stitch border 1¼ inch wide and 14 corners and motifs in 3 different styles.



Smocking design 10134

10131—Graceful gingham morning-glo climb a fine trellis on children's clothes, apr or household linens in appliqué. The bandi and motifs of this new design may be used dresses, blouses or hats, and it should be work in a combination of outline and blanket sti or outline, blanket-stitch and appliqué. design can be adapted to 2½ yards of band 4 inches wide, 3½ yards of banding 2 inc wide, and 42 motifs and corners in 10 assor styles and sizes.



Now the physician can watch the glands of your mouth at work

A new instrument brings wider knowledge of how the glands protect the unreplaceable enamel of your teeth

SCIENTIFIC studies of human beings and animals now show that there are glands which determine whether we shall grow to be giants or pigmies, others which regulate the speed at which our body shall work, and still others which control our youth and vitality.

Equally important are the six tiny glands in the mouth which protect us against colds, tonsilitis, pneumonia and many other infectious diseases. With a new instrument—the *sialometer*—the physician can watch with his own eyes these glands pour out their healing, germ-free fluids.

This instrument teaches us also that it is their steady stream of fluids that protects the precious, unreplaceable enamel of your teeth against the deadly acids of decay.

All day, all night, they wage this constant struggle

In the warmth of the mouth minute food particles ferment just as milk turns sour when left in a warm, moist place. The acids thus formed immediately begin to attack the enamel, forming cavities.

Brushing the teeth, while absolutely essential to mouth cleanliness, will not keep the acids from forming. Trying to fight the acids by brushing alone is like trying to keep your wind-shield polished on a foggy night. Even if you brush your teeth after every meal (and not one person in a hundred does) enough food remains to feed myriads of acid-forming bacteria.



The acids which destroy the enamel of your teeth are constantly forming—just like mist on your wind-shield on a foggy night

To provide protection against the acids, nature intended the salivary glands automatically to flush the mouth and teeth every moment in the day and night.

The fluids with which they bathe your teeth and gums are *alkaline* in character. They neutralize and wash away acids as fast as they form.

Although the glands are small they can win their fight against the acids if they can be made to function normally. In a healthy mouth they secrete more than a quart of fluid per day.



"This new instrument—the sialometer—is teaching us the enormous importance of the six tiny glands of the mouth"

But the way we live today makes it difficult for our glands to work at anything like their normal rate. Nature expected us to stimulate and exercise them by long-continued chewing of hard, tough foods. When we are chewing they are 20 times more active than when the jaws are at rest. The soft foods, quickly swallowed, that we eat today do not keep the glands active and healthy.

How to keep the glands of your mouth at work

For keeping their salivary glands at work, thoughtful, intelligent people all over the world for twenty years have been using Pebeco.

Pebeco is a dentifrice prepared especially to assist the natural processes causing these glands to work. It does for us what long-continued chewing of hard food did for our primitive ancestors.

Pebeco is neither acid nor alkaline. By its mere presence in the mouth it causes the salivary glands to flow for a long period of time. It never exhausts them as do strong acids—it never checks their natural action as do soapy alkaline substances.

For washing the teeth and keeping the outside surfaces polished, no better dentifrice than Pebeco can be made. It works quickly and efficiently without wearing away the enamel or injuring the edges of the gum. Its constant use gives you teeth as beautiful as nature intended you to have.

After a thorough cleansing with Pebeco—it has just enough tang to it to exhilarate—your mouth feels as refreshed as does your body after a bath—and you have the convincing feeling, too, that you have done for your teeth and mouth all that science can teach you to do.

Take home a tube tonight and note its pungent and refreshing taste. It will keep the glands of your mouth active and your teeth sound and beautiful. 50c at all druggists. Manufactured only by Lehn and Fink, Inc.

This simple test will show you

Send us ten cents today for the material for testing whether your own salivary glands are active enough to protect you against these deadly acids. We will include a junior size tube of Pebeco and our booklet—"How the Glands Protect the Teeth." Lehn and Fink, Inc., Dept. C-3, 635 Greenwich St., New York.

*The care of the teeth and psychological efficiency

In a recent dental inspection in one of the public schools 856 children were examined—97 out of every 100 were in need of dental treatment.

27 of the children whose teeth were in the most serious condition were examined medically and psychologically. They were backward in their school work, their physical development was poor, most of them were unruly and wayward, sulky and insubordinate.

The teeth of these 27 children were put in first-class condition. Then they were instructed in the care of the mouth and teeth.

Tests made six months afterwards showed a marked improvement in general health; all had improved markedly in school work. The average improvement in all tests was 37.4%.

What is true of school children is largely true of American people as a whole. If the teeth of adults were cared for properly, the general efficiency of the race would be greatly improved.

The first step in the care of the teeth is a visit to your dentist. Take time to have all cavities filled and every vestige of tartar removed, especially where the tooth and the gum meet. Otherwise the germs of pyorrhea may find there a breeding ground. Once lodged they soon begin their deadly attack upon the membrane which holds the teeth firmly to the bone socket.

When you have a clean bill of health from your dentist, form the fixed habit of brushing your teeth at least four times every day (oftener if you eat between meals). Before brushing your teeth in the morning, clean the tongue well with a brush, coarse cloth, or a "tongue-scraper." Use a dentifrice which cleans and polishes without scratching and one which stimulates the salivary glands to increased activity without exhausting them. A copious flow of saliva is the best preventive against pyorrhea and tooth decay.

** One of a series of scientific articles written by an eminent authority for Lehn & Fink, Inc.*

WHAT TO DO NOW IN YOUR GARDEN

Soil preparation, a necessary preliminary

By G. T. Huntington

BETWEEN the garden that is well tilled before planting and the one that is not lies a marked difference in productiveness. Plant roots are surprisingly strong and hardy, but nevertheless they benefit greatly if provided with a light, fine soil through which they can easily penetrate and reach the chemical food that is essential to the well-being of the top growth which they support.

One of the first tasks of the season, therefore, is the thorough spading-up and raking of the space to be planted. If the area has not been previously cultivated and is perhaps covered with coarse grass or sod, shave it off with a spade down to the bottom of the grass roots and stack the sods upside down in some out-of-the-way corner where they can be left to rot and form a valuable compost for use later on. Should any stones be encountered, even small ones, take them out, else they will be forever turning up to plague you.

Old, well-rotted manure or other fertilizer for the flower-beds should be thoroughly worked into the soil at the time of spading. In the vegetable garden, where virtually all crops will be grown in rows, the fertilizer need be added only where actual planting is to be done, unless the soil is in very poor condition and calls for general enrichment. Bone-meal is an excellent flower fertilizer, as are the general "garden mixtures" for the vegetables.

All the above work should be done as soon as the frost is entirely out of the ground. In this way the garden will be put in condition to receive the earliest plantings and start them on their way under the most favorable auspices.



The new garden space should be definitely marked out before you start digging. Stakes, a mallet and ball of cord are the implements to be used



In removing limbs from trees, make the first cut with the saw on the under side of the limb, close to the trunk—then the bark will not tear loose

A CALENDAR OF MARCH GARDEN WORK

"The tillage of the earth shall be thy labor, which, if it be accomplished right lustily, the rewards thereof shall be of goodly measure."

The dates given for these garden activities are based on the growing conditions normally found in the latitude of New York City. As one goes north or south from this point, the season becomes later or earlier, requiring corresponding variations in the dates. Approximately five days should be added or subtracted, as the case may be, for each one hundred miles distance from the latitude specified here

THURSDAY

1. Before the sap begins to flow in the fruit-trees, roses, foliage trees and shrubs, the last of the pruning should be finished. Regular pruning-shears in good condition are the best implement for cutting out the smaller wood. For limbs, a saw is the thing. Make all cuts cleanly and avoid breaking the remaining bark.

8. A careful check-up of garden supplies before the rush of work starts is an excellent idea. A sprayer, a line for marking out rows, poles and brush or wire for beans and peas, a measuring stick, tomato supports and flower stakes are some of the things you should have. A good wheel-hoe is a splendid investment.

15. If any of your trees, particularly the smaller ones, have not been growing satisfactorily, you can probably stimulate them by digging a trench a foot or two wide all around them and filling it with good rich earth. The trench should be four or five feet out from the main trunk and as deep as the main roots.

22. Any covers of straw, burlap, etc. that may have been on the roses or other shrubs for Winter protection may be taken off now. If their roots have been mulched with manure, dead leaves or compost, dig this into the ground around them. Otherwise (or also) work in bone-meal or some other good fertilizer.

29. Lawn renovation is in order about this time. The Winter's litter of dead leaves, twigs, etc., should be raked up and all irregularities or soft spots tamped down or rolled. If you have any wood-ashes, scatter them evenly over the surface as a stimulant, but do not let them lie in piles or lumps.

SATURDAY

3. An early start with the vegetable-seeds is most desirable, as it will lead to early crops. Shallow boxes, well drained and filled with light, fairly rich earth, are the thing. Plant the seeds in them and place in a sunny window. Celery, lettuce, tomatoes and eggplants are some of the things to try.

10. If you are getting any new shrubs or other nursery stock this year and it arrives before you are quite ready to plant it, be sure to "heel" it in to protect the roots from the sun and air. This simply means laying it on its side and shoveling earth over the roots until they are well covered.

17. Grapes, blackberries, raspberries and other small fruits can be planted now. Solid stakes strung with heavy, horizontal wires a foot or eighteen inches apart make durable and neat supports for the vine and cane fruits. The latter (blackberries, etc.) should not be allowed to grow loose and unsupported.

24. Should you wish to make any new lawn-spaces this season, you will do well to prepare the ground for them well in advance and sow the seed as soon as growing-weather comes. Choose a quiet day for sowing and go over the space in opposite directions so as to spread the seed as evenly as possible.

31. Rhubarb is one of the first hardy vegetables to start growth in the Spring, but it is not generally known that barrels stood over the plants will get them going even earlier than usual. The rhubarb bed will also be benefited by enriching it with manure or other good fertilizer dug in about now.

TUESDAY

6. The sooner you can get at radical changes in your grounds, such as moving shrubs and trees, shifting perennials, making new walks, etc., the better will be the results. If work like this is done as soon as the ground is free of frost, everything will have settled down before the real growing-season begins.

13. A great many annual flowers, like some of the vegetables, can be given an early start by sowing the seed in boxes indoors and transplanting outdoors later on. Among the kinds which can be treated in this way are zinnias, marigolds, balsams, pansies, stocks, asters and salvia. Have the soil light.

20. Manuring of the strawberry bed now will bring worth-while results in crop improvement. If any straw or other mulch was used to cover the plants during the Winter, it should be taken off carefully. A general clean-up and cultivation of the soil must not be overlooked, as strawberry growth begins early.

27. Most of the Winter mulching materials, especially manure and dead leaves, will make valuable additions to the soil now that their protective work is over. They should be dug in around the shrubs and in the beds. Get them well down into the earth and see that they are thoroughly mixed with the soil.

When the hounds of Spring are on Winter's traces,
The mother of months in meadow or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain.

SWINBURNE.



Pruning should be all finished before the sap begins to flow. A sharp knife may be used for small branches if you have no regular shears



The main cut, of course, is made on the upper side of the limb. In all pruning work, be careful not to injure any of the remaining bark



The boxes for starting seeds indoors should be shallow and have plenty of drainage material underlying the soil. Oyster-shells or broken flower-pots are good. Holes should be bored for draining



An early start is a great advantage to almost every kind of vegetable. Seeds sprouted in a sunny window of the house, or a hotbed, are transplanted to boxes later on and finally set in the open



If you have the necessary space and plan a real garden, by all means build a hotbed and cold-frame. They will enable you to start a large number of seeds long before outdoor-planting time

Keep Your System Regulated
Eat Dried Peaches and Figs
and Fig Products

HEALTH-FRUITS FROM CALIFORNIA





Where Dried Fruits are at their best

In no other section of America, or other parts of the world, do Dried Peaches and Dried Figs reach the high point of perfection of those produced in California and marketed under the BLUE RIBBON trade name.

In California every condition is ideal for the production of quality fruit. Continual sunshine and clear skies during the growing season develop the very finest flavor and generous sizes. Modern methods in drying fruit out in the open, and in caring for the fruit, bring California BLUE RIBBON Dried Peaches and Figs to you absolutely pure and clean and full of health-producing, energizing qualities.

The highest authorities on health and nutrition pronounce these fruits ideal because they contain protein, vitamines, fibre, fruit acids and other elements which make for better health. They possess these properties in far more generous quantities than most other fruits and foods.

Better health is assured if these fruits are eaten daily. They are delightful in sauces, puddings, pies, cakes—in fact many foods can be made better if dried peaches or figs are added.

Always insist on California Dried Figs and California Dried Peaches. Ask for the BLUE RIBBON Brand, which means the highest qualities and absolute cleanliness. *Sold by grocers everywhere.*

A post card addressed to DEPT. "B" will bring to you an interesting booklet showing many ways of using these fruits in the daily menu. It is free. Send for it today.

PRODUCED AND PACKED BY THE

CALIFORNIA PEACH AND FIG GROWERS

Over 8500 Grower Members

MAIN OFFICE *FRESNO, CALIFORNIA*

Peach Sauce
Made From Dried Peaches

Every breakfast should start with fruit of some kind, so the health authorities say. Eat the various seasonable fruits, but, when they are not obtainable, utilize dried peaches and figs, which health authorities will tell you contain even more beneficial properties than fresh fruits.

Fresh Fig Pie
Made From Canned Fresh Figs at Your Bakery

Now you can have Fresh Fig Pie all the year around, for a new process has been discovered which makes possible the canning of figs as they are picked ripe from the trees. These figs are sold to bakers who use them in making Fresh Fig Pie.

This offers you a rare treat.

Fig Meat
A Nutrition Food

Fig Meat comes to you in attractive, sanitary cartons. It is made from crushed dried figs, and welcomed everywhere by health institutions which have learned that Fig Meat is the greatest food in the world for those who are in need of a food that will give them strength and stamina.

Fig Brownies

Children in particular will take a keen delight in eating "Fig Brownies." These are made from Fig Meat in convenient mouthfuls. They come in 5c cartons and also are sold in bulk at 2 for a penny. Pure figs slightly sugared; ideal for "between meals" eating to allay that hungry feeling.

Stewed Figs
Made From Dried Figs

Every mother knows that figs are the greatest natural regulator, so serve Stewed Figs for breakfast. Stewed Figs are also a very welcome dessert at the dinner table, especially nice, clean, California Figs with their wonderful flavor and appetite appeal.

Dried Figs are inexpensive, easy to prepare in sauces, and are very desirable in making Cakes, Pies, Salads, and other good things to eat.

Preserved Whole Figs
From Fresh Figs

Probably the finest and most wholesome fruit in the world today is California Preserved Whole Figs.

They have long been considered a rare delicacy, but not until recently has it been possible to offer them in grocery stores at a price within reach of everybody. The world's finest figs are produced in California, and now a preserving process has been invented so that this wonderful fruit can be brought to the table of the American people.

Fig Preserve

Fig Preserve is made from crushed figs. Those who delight in jams and marmalades will find in Fig Preserve a rare delicacy indeed. The very best of California Figs are used in making this product, which will receive a hearty welcome in every household where it is introduced.





BLUE RIBBON
Dried Peaches & Figs & Purple Ribbon Fig Products

FAT ON THY BONES



By Celia Caroline Cole

There isn't one woman out of a hundred who couldn't be better looking, more charming, more lovable, if she would give a little thought to it. If you need advice, write to Celia Caroline Cole, Editor of the Beauty Department of THE DELINEATOR, whose mission in life is to help other women to be happier. Don't forget to enclose a stamp for her reply

WHEN we first began to be a writer—if we are one—we were a society reporter on a small-city newspaper in the Middle West. And we got thinner and thinner and thinner, until we reached the place where we never passed a mirror without looking into it to make sure we were still visible here. Finally we did what we always do when we're in trouble: went to the Best Book to get help. We always open at random, and sometimes the first verse we read is the guidance we're after, but sometimes we have to read on quite a bit before anything speaks right out to us with a voice of authority and understanding.

This time we opened to read "Leave off from speaking foolishness and the Lord will put fat on thy bones." Yes, we did! The very first verse.

And immediately we left off and began to write sermonettes and short stories and things we liked better than society columns—and flesh began to sit upon our bones!

This sounds as though we were going to write about how to get fat—and we are a little bit, but we're going to talk first to the too plump ladies who write us and tell them how to make fat be reasonable.

It isn't true, we know, that all fat comes from being happy and from ceasing to speak foolishly; some of it is born, some of it is attained by greediness, and some of it just *is*.

BUT whatever it comes from, there are three things that will do away with it: calories, some exercise and backbone. And the greatest of these is backbone.

When some one accused Billy Sunday's conversions of not being permanent, he said, "Neither is a bath."

If you were born to have fat, lots of it, on thy bones, you might as well make up your mind to reasonably diet and exercise to the very end of your connection with this too fleshy world, just as you'll have to keep on being decent and plucky and as much in love as possible if you want to get any fun out of living.

Regularity is what gets results. And regularity calls for backbone. In this business of being pleasant to look upon, there is no escape from faithful regularity. That's that!—without any reprieve. But in this business of being humanly thin, you can do a violent thing every now and then and eat normally for a while afterward, or you can put your appetite permanently where it belongs—under your nice, thin heel—and be forever a free, lithe, lovely woman.

The strenuous, violent methods nearly always make you pay with loss of health, depleted energy or at best with a saggy look and undernourished skin and wrinkles. The skin needs some fats or it will look dry and badly nourished.

Fat, you know, becomes a disease, decreasing lung capacity, wrapping the heart in a blanket of fat or, far worse, causing infiltration of the muscular fibers of the heart, thereby weakening its power of contraction and making it work harder to send the blood through the arteries and veins, until finally the poor old thing wears out and gives up the ghost.

But long before fat becomes a disease it is unsightly: all the lovely, flowing lines gone, the look of spirit, of charm, vanished.

If any of the more strenuous methods of reducing are to be followed, it is well to have your heart examined and to do the work under a director, until both heart and lungs get back to normal.

But the best way to get thin is regularity in some sane reducing process. Balance your rations by calories. The number of calories needed depends upon the kind of life you lead and the amount of your physical activity indoors or outdoors, and weather conditions.

There are two excellent books for reducing. One is a book on calories and the other on exercise, showing how to reduce fat locally as well as generally.

The first signs of overweight in women come at the waist—the "tummy" getting aggressive, hips—and then it begins to show under the chin and at the back of the neck and on the shoulders.

There is no better exercise to reduce the waist than to lie flat on the floor and, keeping your eyes on the ceiling, lift your body, with the shoulders leading. When you get to the most difficult point in lifting yourself to sitting position, hold that position as long as you can, then let yourself down again. The lifting must be very slow—slowly or not at all. This exercise is an integral part of the system of the best beauty specialist in the world. She has found it able to take off an inch, and even two, a week.

FOR the back of neck and shoulders get a good reducing soap—there are one or two harmless and effective ones on the market—and follow implicitly the directions accompanying the preparation. Then get a hand-roller, unless you can go to a good gymnasium and have it done with an electric rolling-machine. Use this hand-roller vigorously on the afflicted parts and they will come back to normal with incredible swiftness, if you use the hand-roller in conjunction with general exercise and a caloric diet.

Touching-the-floor exercises are not so good for women—they push down the pelvic organs. It is better to take lifting exersises such as the one described above and this one: Stand with back against the wall and with heels about four inches from the base. With head, shoulders and buttocks touching wall, contract abdominal muscles until entire back touches wall.

Good general exercises are:

Feet together, arms outstretched, describe as large a circle as possible. Good for round shoulders and fat backs. Work up to fifty times. Smile.

Arms outstretched, swing to right and to left as far as possible at least fifteen times each.

Revolve the body upon the hips from right to left at least ten times, and left to right the same.

Hand on door or wall, swing each leg back and forth at least fifteen times, to the side fifteen times. Turn head, raise arm and tense both.

Step on chair with each foot at least ten times. Good for calf and thigh muscles.

PLACE a chair in front of you. Hands on chair seat, arms, body and legs rigid, supported by arms and toes. Raise and lower body by means of arms, touching abdomen on chair each time. Fine for back and abdomen. Fifteen times.

Lie flat on floor, legs extended, arms at side. Inhale; rise to sitting position, reaching forward until you touch the toes; hold on to the toes and exhale. Inhale while in this position and go back slowly to the first position; exhale. Do three times.

Lie with knees bent. Inhale; raise feet over head and down slowly to first position; exhale. One exercise to each breath. Repeat three times.

As you grow stronger, this exercise can be made more difficult by starting with the legs extended straight out, lifting them as far back over head as possible. Repeat three times.

Lie flat. Inhale; place hands on hips and push body upward until you make a bridge of it, holding for six counts, keep hands on hips and sink to first position; exhale. Three times.

Stand with feet about twenty-four inches apart. Stretching sideways to the right, weight on right leg (bent), left knee straight. One, swing down toward the opposite side; two and three, circling the hands twice between the legs behind the heels; four, swing down to the right side; five and six, circling hands twice behind the heels; seven, swing up to the left side. Repeat this series three times.

These exercises are chosen from the two books mentioned above. But it is better to own the books and be faithful to their order.

A calory is a unit of measuring heat and food. It is not heat, not food—just a unit of measuring. And if you want to reduce, you *must count calories;* begin to think in calories. Instead of saying "I'm going to eat a slice of bacon," you must say "I'm going to eat about twenty-five calories." And if you've just bought a pound of chocolates, you must acknowledge firmly that you've just bought about two thousand nine hundred calories.

And calories make fat. One thousand calories less food a day equals four ounces of fat lost daily—about seven and a half pounds a month.

The book on calories gives you a complete table of food and its calories. And it's the only sure, sane, comfortable diet we know.

After three or four days of it you wouldn't go back to the old days of overeating. Now and then you'll be hungry at night. Don't try to go to sleep hungry—drink a glass of skimmed milk.

When you start out to reduce, go one day without any food at all—fast. It will not only do your soul good, if you'll keep your mind off your "tummy," but it will shrink your stomach, and that's what you're after.

But nothing that calls for backbone and self-denial *is* much fun unless you're the fighting kind. And if you are that kind, you probably aren't fat. But, as a nice fat woman we know says, "It's better to be a little hungry than to have apoplexy," and we Celia Cole, add, "It's better to be grimly developing character and a sweet slimness than to have people say *'Ouch!'* when they look at you.

And now one tiny word to the thin ones who want to have a little more fat sit gently on their bones:

Stop fussing about unimportant things or even important things. Stop bringing yourself or anybody else up by hand. Let go of the universe and let God run it. If it was your fault, go back and make it right, and if you can't do that, see to it that it never happens again. If it wasn't your fault, all right—it isn't your problem. Don't use up all those nice calories in you worrying.

HEALTH is the natural thing—*nature is health*, give her a chance. Worry, joyless living, *fussing inside* at life makes your glands send out poison instead of food, and then your food isn't assimilated—and you simply can't gain unless your food is assimilated.

Let go! And smile. Relax. Drink milk, if you can, in between meals and before going to bed. Have cream (real cream) sauce in your vegetables. Olive-oil. Malted milk. And bacon. And stretch your stomach for a while by making it take more food than it wants. You've probably contracted it with nerves.

Take the same exercises that we've given above, only take them leisurely with frequent change and stop right after you begin to perspire.

Then get a good skin food and pat it gently, very gently, into all the hollows. And rub a fine feeding oil we know on your sharp elbows.

And, as a parting shot—fat or thin—leave off from speaking foolishness. The world needs silence. The Occident needs meditation. And everybody everywhere needs beauty.



"A Skin You Love to Touch"
By Grant Reynard

You too, can have the charm of "A Skin you love to touch"



THE beautiful fresh clear skin you long for—with the right care you can possess it!

Any girl *can* have a smooth, flawless complexion.

Each day your skin is changing—old skin dies and new takes its place. This new skin you can make what you will!

In the booklet around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap you will find special treatments for each type of skin and its needs.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today and begin tonight the right treatment for *your* skin. See how much you can improve your complexion by just a week or ten days of this special care.

The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles make it ideal for general use. A 25 cent cake lasts a month or six weeks.

A complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
Together with the treatment booklet, *"A Skin You Love to Touch"*

Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1903 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. *If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1903 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.* English Agents: *H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.*

WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

Copyright, 1923, by The Andrew Jergens Co.

THE DELTOR MAKES A HEADY COMBINATION OF BRAINS AND BEAUTY IN REPRODUCING FRENCH HATS, HEADBANDS AND ACCESSORIES



For ten or twelve dollars one can buy a braided band of silver to circle a new evening coiffure. Or you can make it in your odd moments for the proverbial song with the Deltor of Butterick pattern 4091



Paris trims a small hat of black taffeta with flattened roses of vivid king's-blue silk. They can be made from the Deltor of Butterick pattern 3842



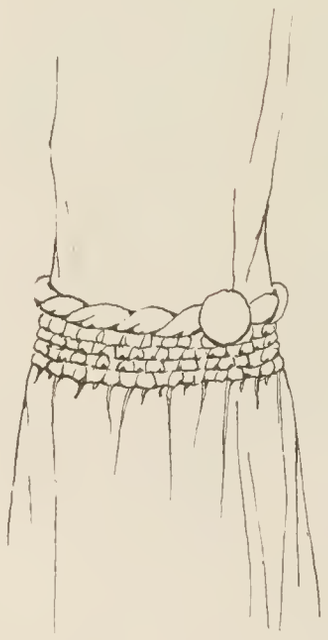
French hats are trimmed with fabric flowers—of silver on cocoa color or black, of gold on dark green. They can be made from a Deltor of Butterick pattern 3726



Turban-shaped hats are trimmed with braided tubing of gold or silver or copper or of gold and silver used together, or with jade or king's-blue metal cloth. The tubing can be made from the Deltor of Butterick pattern 3952



Silver-blue and black velvet twist themselves into a bandeau such as you can buy in the shops for twelve dollars. With the Deltor of Butterick pattern 4123 you can make it from the scraps of your dinner dress



For five or six dollars you can buy these twisted girdles made of metal cloth. But if you want one to match your dress, make it from the Deltor of Butterick pattern 4144 for the price of the material



Butterick Pattern 4260 Butterick Pattern 4183

If your taste is discriminating and runs to hand-made collars and berthas trimmed with little French flowers, you can pay upward from five to twenty-five dollars for them, or you can make them, flowers and all, from the Deltor



A good gown will go wrong these days unless its single touch of trimming is a costly ornament such as one can buy for fifteen or twenty dollars or make with a few strings of beads from the Deltor of Butterick pattern 4043



A smart little hat that first saw the light in Paris was trimmed with a puff of black satin such as is used for a girdle of Butterick pattern 4224. It can be made from the Deltor



Butterick Pattern 4193 Butterick Pattern 4193

Illustrated on this page are bits of Paris, similar to imported hats, ornaments, berthas, etc., that can be bought in the best shops from five to fifty dollars. Women who find such prices prohibitive, even for a French hat or a gilt and silver girdle that is the making of a dinner frock, now have the means of making them with the Deltor, which in progressive pictures reproduces the delightful work of that great artist in a small way—the Parisian midinette



French hats make simplicity a fine art when their sole trimming is a twist of satin, silk or silver to edge their wide brims. It can be made from the Deltor of Butterick pattern 4045



Embarrassed fingers that shrink from scrutiny – or charming fingers that seek the light!

WHICH would you have? It is merely a question of choice. You need not have unattractive hands, unless you wish. Even though they lack "sculptured lines," your hands can still be fascinating, if they have that something which the French call "chic."

It is entirely a matter of grooming. And Cutex manicuring has made perfectly groomed hands possible for every one.

Cutex Cuticle Remover is the basis of the Cutex manicure. This cleansing, antiseptic liquid (developed by Science for the care of the nails) is truly wonderful. You just dip an orange-wood stick wrapped with cotton in the liquid, work it under the nail tips, and around the base of the nails, gently pressing back the cuticle. Then, rinse the finger tips in water, and wipe off the loosened flakes of dead skin and surplus cuticle.

Simple, is it not? And so very satisfactory. Every bit of stain will be gone from your nails, the cuticle will be prettily curved, smooth and lovely. Hangnails vanish, and those ugly, ragged edges of cuticle disappear.

Then, for that beautiful rose-pearl finish which Cutex Polishes alone can give

In the marvelous Cutex Polishes, you have choice of five—the cake, paste, stick, powder, and liquid forms all giving a brilliant and lasting lustre. The new Powder Polish is practically instantaneous. Just a few strokes of the nails across the palm give you a dazzling finish which is as quickly renewed. The new Cutex Liquid Polish dries instantly and leaves a delicately tinted lustre that lasts a week.

CUTEX

EVERYTHING FOR THE MANICURE



For a Smooth, Even Cuticle—
Cutex Cuticle Remover

Don't cut the cuticle. Cutting not only makes the cuticle thick and coarse, but it is really dangerous, because of the infections which often come from little cuts made by scissors that penetrate to living tissue. Use Cutex Cuticle Remover. It frees the nails from hangnails and dead skin, and keeps the cuticle properly shaped, smooth, lovely, and unbroken. Endorsed by doctors and nurses. Recommended by beauty experts. Price 35c.

Cutex Powder Polish



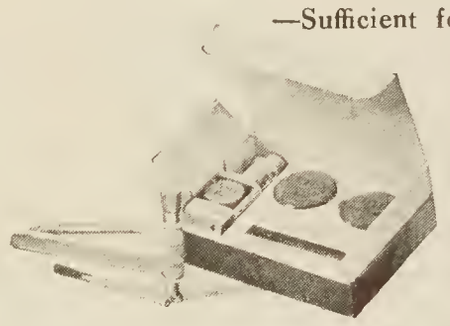
A scented, rosée powder of velvet smoothness that gives a dazzling lustre. No buffer required. Just a few strokes of the nails across the palm brings out a full and brilliant polish that lasts for many days. In the attractive rose and black Cutex package. Price 35c.

Cutex Five-minute Set, $1.00



This new Cutex Set brings you the manicuring essentials all together in the handiest form—Cutex Cuticle Remover, Powder Polish, Liquid Polish, in full-size packages, with orange stick and package of emery boards. Other Cutex Sets are the "Compact Set," the "Traveling Set," and the "Boudoir Set," priced at 60c, $1.50 and $3.00 respectively. At toilet goods counters everywhere.

Send for this Introductory Manicure Set
—Sufficient for Six Complete Manicures—*only 12 cents*



Fill out the coupon below, and mail it with 12c in coins or stamps for the Cutex Introductory Manicure Set containing trial sizes of Cuticle Remover, Powder Polish, Liquid Polish, Cuticle Cream (Comfort), emery board, and manicure stick, enough for six complete manicures. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York, or, if you live in Canada, Dept. D-3, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

Mail this coupon with 12c to-day

Northam Warren, Dept. D-3
114 West 17th St., New York City

I enclose 12c for Cutex Introductory Manicure Set.

Name.....

Street
(or P. O. Box).....

City.....State.....

THE STAGE TRAINS ITS INGÉNUE CURLS TO A HIGHER LIFE



Photograph by White Studio

Flora Sheffield's hair waves back softly and is pinned close to her head at the back. The close hair-dressing is new but the young girl does not follow it to the sleek conclusion of the Spanish coiffure which originated with Dauvergne and is extremely smart for women

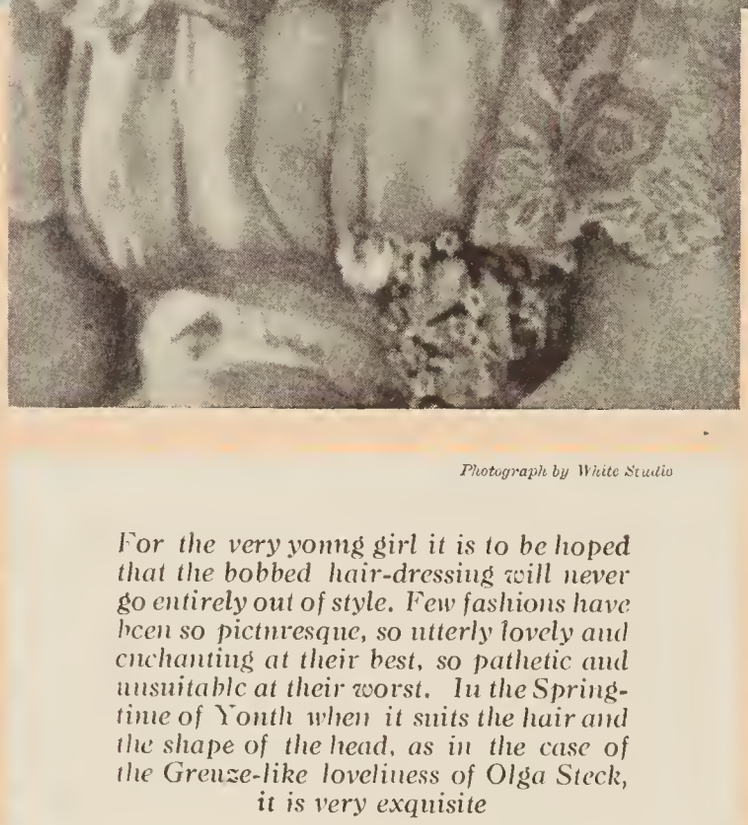


Photograph by Nickolas Muray



Photograph by White Studio

A much-curled Victorian hair-dressing that takes care of bobbed hair until it grows out sufficiently to be put in place at the back or on the top of the head. The hair drawn back from the face requires a low forehead. Posed by Marie Burke



Photograph by White Studio



For evening, whether the hair is bobbed or dressed after a more mature fashion, the bandeau is very smart. Florence Walton wears a band of silver laurel leaves edged with brilliants

Vivienne Siegel's lovely burnished red hair is parted on one side, and waved across the forehead. This Winter the simplest coiffures are the smartest, and older women are beginning to show their ears



Photograph by White Studio

For the very young girl it is to be hoped that the bobbed hair-dressing will never go entirely out of style. Few fashions have been so picturesque, so utterly lovely and enchanting at their best, so pathetic and unsuitable at their worst. In the Springtime of Youth when it suits the hair and the shape of the head, as in the case of the Greuze-like loveliness of Olga Steck, it is very exquisite



The 2 Chief Causes of poor laundry results

How to prevent them

This season brings days when clothes must be dried indoors—with no sunlight or fresh breezes to help the soap.

Therefore, you should have an unusually careful eye on the laundry work. For clothes washed with soaps which *need help* from the sun will come out gray and dingy when dried indoors.

P and G The White Naphtha Soap *needs no outside help.*

P and G requires no *hard rubbing*, no *bleaching*, no *sun*, to help it make clothes white.

P and G makes clothes white by washing clothes *clean,* and rinsing out *thoroughly.*

Thus it does away *automatically* with the two chief causes of poor washing results.

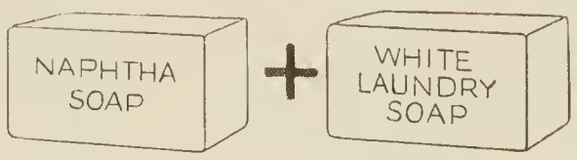
1. *Unloosened dirt,* which makes clothes gray;

and

2. *Unrinsed soap,* which makes them yellow.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

Not merely a naphtha soap,
Not merely a white laundry soap,
But the best features of both combined

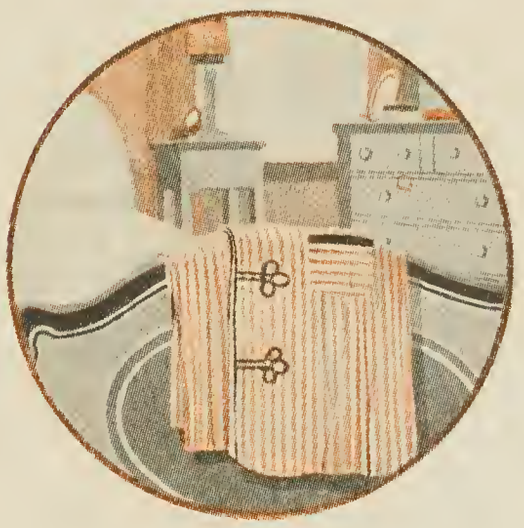


Speed + Safety

Copyright 1923, by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati



Rubbing *tears* lace curtains. Boiling *fades* cretonne curtains. Wind- and rain-blown grime is quickly and easily removed from curtains by P and G and lukewarm water. No boiling or hard rubbing necessary. P and G acts on *dirt,* not on fabrics or colors.



Laundry odors cling to pajamas and nightgowns if soap fails to rinse out thoroughly and promptly. P and G makes a *complete* solution with water and rinses out thoroughly, leaving no trace of odor.



Time and effort spent daily in cleaning bathroom porcelain and enamel are cut to the minimum with P and G—a light wiping with a cloth soaped with P and G instantly removes scum streaks and dried lather.





This kitchen designed by J. Harold Geissel of Philadelphia, Pa.

Let HOOSIER Make YOUR Kitchen Work Easier

THE average woman has no idea of the amount of unnecessary work caused by the arrangement of her kitchen. But when she gets a HOOSIER in her kitchen, she soon realizes that she has been wasting time and strength—and can both see and *feel* the difference.

HOOSIER Makes Your Dreams Come True

If you were to dream of creating for your kitchen a magical fixture which would give you a work-shop as convenient as any ever designed

—a pantry that would come to you instead of forcing you to go to it

—an office for the keeping of recipes and the filing of household accounts

—and a work-table that would eliminate the hardest muscular strains of the kitchen

—the HOOSIER would be the realization of that dream.

HOOSIER concentrates your tasks in one spot.

With it you are saved miles of steps, hours of time, and numerous waste motions each day. You not only get out of your kitchen earlier—but in better spirits.

There is No Substitute for the HOOSIER

And that is not all. A kitchen cabinet is made to last a life-time. You only buy one once. Therefore, you can not afford to take chances on securing anything less than the best.

According to the verdict of its two million users, the HOOSIER is that best cabinet. There are so many exclusive HOOSIER improvements that there is no substitute for the HOOSIER.

By all means, do not purchase any kitchen cabinet until you have seen the helpful HOOSIER at your dealer's.

A HOOSIER for Every Type of Kitchen

Even if your kitchen is elaborately equipped with built-in cupboards and cases, you need the HOOSIER. For built-in equipment causes you to scatter your steps—unless you also have a HOOSIER.

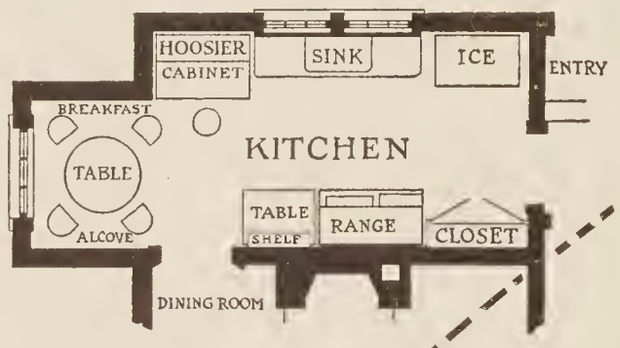
Special HOOSIER models have been created for every type of kitchen. Some even fit in under the window. So no matter what type of a kitchen you now have, there is a HOOSIER to fit it—and to fit your purse.

Easy Terms Enable You to Afford the HOOSIER *NOW*

The best news of all is the fact that you do not need to go on doing your work in the hard, old-fashioned way while you save up money to buy the HOOSIER. Your dealer will put the HOOSIER in your home on dignified, easy terms. Be sure to ask your HOOSIER dealer about these terms, or if you do not know your HOOSIER dealer, write us for his name and for complete illustrated literature concerning our proposition.

Home Builders— Get the FREE BOOK of Kitchen Plans

The kitchen in this ad is from our book of kitchen plans, compiled from the best plans submitted in competition by 343 architects and architectural draughtsmen. If you expect to build a new kitchen or rearrange an old one, be sure to write for your free copy of this book. Use the coupon at the foot of the page.



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To the HOOSIER Manufacturing Co., 323 Delaware Street, Newcastle, Ind.:

I shall appreciate receiving FREE your book of model kitchen plans.

Name .....

Address .....

GIVING CABBAGE A NEW CHARACTER

By Freda Winn

All recipes have been tested and approved by the Home-Makers' Department

CABBAGE has many good qualities. It is always in season. In the Spring there are early young cabbages from the South; for other seasons there are the older cabbages that have been stored. Cabbage keeps well—all it needs is a moderately cool, dark place—and is a valuable addition to the diet.

It is easily prepared for cooking or may be eaten raw. The old way of cooking it was to put it in a pot of water, cover slightly and boil it long and violently. The result was a dark-brown, ragged-looking mass of decidedly unpleasant flavor and odor and capable of producing digestive disturbances. But prepared and cooled properly, cabbage is a mild-flavored vegetable, not objectionable in odor and easily digested.

The best cabbage for boiling is the Savoy, although the Drumhead and Sugar-loaf are also used. Select a head protected by a few coarse outside leaves, firm and heavy for its size, weighing about three or four pounds. Remove the wilted outside leaves, cut the head in fourths and remove the stalks. Then plunge the cabbage in sufficient boiling water to cover it well and cook in an uncovered vessel only until it is done (this will require from twenty to thirty minutes according to the age of the cabbage). As soon as it is done it should be thoroughly drained.

Cabbage may be served in a variety of ways. The simplest method is to chop it fine and season well with pepper, salt and butter, and then reheat it and serve at once. Another way is to pour over the cabbage thus seasoned a sufficient quantity of cream or top milk to make a gravy and let the mixture come to the boiling-point. A third way is to make a thin white sauce, using one tablespoon of butter or tasteless fat and one tablespoon of flour to one cup of milk. Melt the fat and cook in it one or two tablespoons of chopped green or red pepper. Add the flour and mix thoroughly. Then add the milk and heat the whole, stirring constantly until it boils. Then add the chopped cooked cabbage and serve.

CREAMED CABBAGE

AS A variation of creamed cabbage, put alternate layers of boiled cabbage with white sauce in a casserole, cover with buttered crums and place in a moderate oven until it is heated through and the crums are browned. This may be varied by adding a layer of grated cheese to each layer of sauce.

CABBAGE COOKED WITH PORK

IF ONE has a coal-range, one of the best ways to cook cabbage is with salt pork. Allow about one-half pound of pork for a small cabbage. Cook the pork for about three hours, add the cabbage, prepared as for ordinary boiling, and cook for thirty or thirty-five minutes or until tender. Cut the pork in very thin slices and serve with the cabbage.

Bacon or ham may be substituted for the pork. Cabbage may also be boiled in water in which corned beef or tongue has been cooked.

CABBAGE WITH SAUSAGES

CABBAGE may also be cooked with sausages.

1. Allow six sausages to one quart of chopped cabbage. Cook the sausages until they are crisp and brown. Remove them and pour off all the fat except three tablespoons. Add the cabbage and cook for six minutes. Arrange in a mound on a hot dish, garnish with the sausages and serve with mashed potatoes.

2. Cut Vienna sausages into one-inch lengths and brown with butter. Add chopped, cooked cabbage and toss until the mixture is heated through.

CREAM-OF-CABBAGE SOUP

2 or 3 cups chopped cabbage
2 cups water
2 cups milk
1 onion, chopped
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon minced red or green pepper (may be omitted)
2 tablespoons flour
2 tablespoons butter
Pepper

COOK the cabbage in the water until it tender. Melt the butter, add the oni and pepper and cook for five minutes. A the flour and cook, stirring constantly un the mixture bubbles. Add the milk and co with constant stirring until it boils. Add t cabbage and seasonings. Let it come to t boiling-point and serve at once.

Cabbage is excellent for salads. It may served plain with dressing or combined wi other materials. Be sure that cabbage f salad is crisp and shredded fine. It may chopped, but it looks more attractive wh shredded with scissors or a sharp knife.

CABBAGE IN SALADS

Cabbage with Peppers—Mix three cups shredded cabbage with two green peppers c in strips. Add salt and pepper and one te spoon of celery seeds. Toss in mayonnai serve on lettuce. Garnish with mayonnai

Cabbage with Pineapple—Mix equal pa of diced celery and chopped pineapple, add equal amount of shredded cabbage and a f maraschino cherries cut in fourths. Toss mayonnaise. Serve on lettuce and garni with a cherry.

Minced red pepper may be substituted f the cherries, and Russian dressing, dilut with salted whipped cream, may be us instead of the mayonnaise.

Cabbage with Apple—Mix two cups shredded cabbage with one cup of unpeel diced apples with red skin and one-four cup of chopped nut-meats. Add a f chopped dates or raisins if desired. Toss mayonnaise and serve on lettuce.

Cabbage with Celery—Use one head lettuce, one tablespoon of horseradish, o cup of chopped cabbage, one cup of chopp celery and three-fourths cup of Fren dressing. Mix and serve on lettuce.

A bed of shredded cabbage instead lettuce makes a very satisfactory backgrou for a salad. Sliced beets and hard-cook eggs on a bed of shredded cabbage mix with mayonnaise makes an attractive sal

Chopped cabbage may be substituted f celery in tuna-fish or chicken salad.

Cabbage may be preserved either b making it into sauerkraut or a relish.

SAUERKRAUT

CUT cabbage in fourths and remove t hard cores. Shred the cabbage (use sharp knife or, for large amounts, a vegetab slicer). In an earthenware crock or in wooden keg place a layer of shredded cabba about four inches deep. Sprinkle this wi table salt, and with a wooden potato-mash or similar instrument, press and pound t cabbage until the juice appears. Add laye of cabbage and salt, pressing each successi layer, until the vessel is full. Put cle cabbage leaves on the top and cover t whole with a wooden or earthenware cov which fits the top perfectly and then weight down. Use salt in the proportion of o pound of salt to forty pounds of cabbag Keep the cabbage at a temperature of fro fifty-five to seventy degrees Fahrenheit f from four to six weeks, when it will be rea to use. Discard the soft leaves on top an keep the part not used well covered in liqui

TO COOK SAUERKRAUT

PRESS out the liquid and cook the saue kraut in a little water with a piece of sa pork for about three hours. Serve eith with slices of pork or with sausages or fran furters and mashed potatoes.

PICKLED CABBAGE

RED cabbage is best for pickling. Shr the cabbage not too fine. Sprinkle wit salt and let it stand overnight. Dra thoroughly, pressing out all the brine. U sufficient vinegar to cover the cabbage. Ad one-half to three-fourths cup of sugar f each gallon of vinegar, two tablespoons celery, some pepper and a teaspoon of a spice. Boil this for five minutes and po over the cabbage. Pack in stone jars, cove and store in a cool place. More sugar an cinnamon and mace may be added to th vinegar if desired.



The highly porous nature of wood is shown by this greatly magnified section of a wood chopping bowl

Chop onions or peppers in your wood chopping bowl, and how long the taste and odor linger, in spite of careful washings! On account of the porous, absorbent nature of wood, it needs the sweetening, purifying action of ***Sunbrite***

Double action *yet costs less*

Your wood utensils need Sunbrite's *"double action"*

It not only scours but also sweetens and purifies

Wood utensils present a special cleansing problem. For wood is full of tiny pores which soak in impurities and retain food odors and flavors.

Your bread board and rolling pin, your chopping bowl and wood spoons, your planks for fish and steak—ordinary soap-and-water cleaning will not keep them sweet and free from impurities. On account of the porous, absorbent nature of wood, they require special measures.

What they need is the *double action* cleansing of **Sunbrite**—which not only scours and cleans the surface but really *sweetens* and *purifies*.

For **Sunbrite** has in its composition a mild but effective purifying agent which contributes a new quality to household cleanliness. It scours off stains and cuts the grease, just as all good cleansers do, but in addition it purifies and eliminates all taint of food odor and flavor.

There is just enough abrasive substance in **Sunbrite** to scour thoroughly without scratching. It is not hard on the hands because there are no harsh chemicals to irritate the skin.

Housewives are finding in **Sunbrite** still another advantage—its low price. The production facilities of Swift & Company make possible a price much lower than you often pay for ordinary cleansers. And every can of **Sunbrite** carries a United Profit Sharing Coupon.

With **Sunbrite,** the double action cleanser, the same process scours and sweetens; polishes and purifies. Save extra work; get this double cleansing all at once. Keep your wood utensils absolutely clean with **Sunbrite.**

Swift & Company, U. S. A.



Wash thoroughly in soap suds the knife with which you have cut an onion; then cut a lemon or an apple with it—and the onion flavor is still there! A ***Sunbrite*** *cleansing not only polishes the knife but destroys every trace of the onion flavor*

See how your favorite cooking authorities use HAWAIIAN CRUSHED *or* GRATED PINEAPPLE

YEARS ago the pioneers of the culinary art—cooking authorities and famous chefs catering to the critical tastes of metropolitan diners out—discovered CRUSHED or GRATED Pineapple. Now American housewives in all parts of the country are realizing what a saving of time and energy it means to have pineapple in this convenient, usable and economical form.

You will find that Sarah Tyson Rorer, Marion Harland, Fannie Merritt Farmer, Janet McKenzie Hill, and many others have specified this form of pineapple in some of their most successful and delicious recipes.

Crushed or Grated Pineapple—What It Is

CRUSHED or GRATED Pineapple is identical in quality with the Sliced Pineapple that you already know so well. It is grown on the same Hawaiian plantations, sun-ripened in the field, and packed in the same modern canneries the very day it is picked. Its flavor and aroma are in fact that of the natural ripened fruit as it comes from the field—far superior to the so-called fresh pineapple offered for sale in your local markets.

Why It Is Preferred by Cooking Authorities

Better than almost any other fruit, pineapple gives "character" and distinction to a salad or dessert and is used for this purpose again and again by the best-known cooking authorities. They usually specify CRUSHED or GRATED Pineapple, for the reason that in many dishes Sliced Pineapple is not practical—or at least would require extra labor on the part of the housewife.

In its crushed or grated form, it is ready at a moment's notice for use in the preparation of tempting menu treats—desserts, salads, puddings, pies, tarts, punches, fruit cups, cocktails and thirst-quenching drinks.

Furthermore, a can of CRUSHED or GRATED Pineapple offers two contributions to the menu—the drained fruit makes a salad or dessert, and the rich, fragrant juice, a punch or julep.

Why Dieticians Recommend It

Dietetic experts declare that pineapple contains mineral salts which help to purify and tone up the system. Its fresh tempting flavor is in itself an aid to digestion and imparts new zest and relish to the other foods with which it is used.

CRUSHED or GRATED Pineapple is packed in convenient-sized cans so that, whatever the size of the family, there is a can that holds just the right amount for economical service.

Order by the dozen cans. You will find it a great convenience to have this most popular and useful of canned fruits always on hand for emergencies.



Six Proven Recipes by Women You Know

PINEAPPLE SHORTCAKE

Make a rich biscuit dough slightly sweetened and bake in 2 parts, or a round cake fully an inch thick. If the latter, split while hot and butter. For the filling use Crushed or Grated Hawaiian Pineapple. Before filling, drain off the surplus juice and use it with whipped cream as a sauce.—*Emma Paddock Telford.*

MARSHMALLOW AND PINEAPPLE DAINTY

Whip 1 cupful of thick cream, then add ½ pound of marshmallows cut in quarters, and 1 can of Crushed or Grated Hawaiian Pineapple. Mix and serve in dainty glasses.—*Marion Harris Neil.*

PINEAPPLE PATTIES

After draining juice from a can of Crushed or Grated Hawaiian Pineapple, add sugar to taste and a spoonful of butter. Set over the fire in a porcelain vessel and simmer from 8 to 10 minutes. This filling is rich amber in color, and delectable in odor and taste. Have ready a number of pastry shells lightly browned. Arrange them in a broad baking-pan and fill to overflowing with the conserve. Put into the oven and bake until a film forms upon the pineapple. Ten minutes should suffice. Eat cold.—*Marion Harland.*

HOT PINEAPPLE SOUFFLE

Scald a can of Crushed or Grated Hawaiian Pineapple and a cup of water in the blazer; stir in half a cup of any quick-cooking tapioca, cover and let cook over hot water until the tapioca is transparent, then stir in ½ cup sugar and fold in the whites of 2 or 3 eggs beaten dry. Let stand, covered, until the egg is "set." Serve hot with sugar and cream.—*Janet McKenzie Hill.*

HAWAIIAN CREAM PIE

Drain 1 can Crushed or Grated Hawaiian Pineapple. Beat ¼ cup butter to a cream, add the yolks of 2 eggs, beat and gradually add 1½ cups sugar; when very light add the pineapple juice. Mix 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder and 2½ cups flour, sift twice, and add to the first mixture. Beat the whites, stir them in carefully at last and bake the mixture in square or round layer-cake pans. While they are baking make the CREAM. Put a pint of milk in a double boiler, add a level tablespoonful of cornstarch moistened in ¼ cupful of cold milk. Stir and cook 5 minutes, then add the yolks of 2 eggs beaten with ¼ cupful of sugar; cook a moment, take from fire and beat it a little with an egg beater. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add 2 tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and beat until dry. Remove the "pie" from the oven as soon as done. Remove 1 layer, place it on the inverted pan, heap the meringue on it, dust it heavily with powdered sugar and return it to the oven to brown. Remove the other layers, place one on a platter, put over a thick layer of the drained "crushed" pineapple, dust with powdered sugar, then another layer of pineapple and sugar and the top layer with the meringue. Pour the cream in the bottom of the dish and send to the table.—*Sarah Tyson Rorer.*

BAKED APPLES AND PINEAPPLE

Pare and core the apples. Fill the centers with Crushed or Grated Hawaiian Pineapple to which has been added a little butter melted and some sultana raisins. Put the apples in a pan with a little water to which has been added a teaspoonful of lemon juice and bake until tender, but they should not lose their shape. Baste frequently, remove from the oven and sprinkle with granulated sugar to which has been added a little cinnamon.
—*Helen Louise Johnson.*



Send for this free book!

Here is a notable contribution to cookery—the ninety-nine best ways of serving pineapple in salads, desserts, pies, etc. Send for your copy today. Address Department 30,

Assn. of Hawaiian Pineapple Canners
451 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif.

ADDING THE CHEF'S TOUCH

By Louise Fox Connell

THE knack of making food look pretty adds joy to life and often makes simple food seem like the creation of a chef. Sprigs of parsley or cress, a few blanched celery curls or lettuce leaves, strips of pickle, pimiento or sweet peppers, olives and rings of hard-cooked egg are easily arranged to make meat, fish or salad look smart and different; while cucumber, lemon quarters or thin lemon slices dipped in finely chopped parsley add a chef's touch to fish. Celery curls are made by cutting the stalks into thin strips and throwing them in cold water. French chefs garnish with tiny cubes, triangles or circles cut from very stiff jelly; sweet jelly is used for cold desserts, sweet salads and cakes, while aspic is used for cold meat and salads.

Exclusive New York tea-rooms charge high prices for old-fashioned blanc-manges and jellies served in fancy individual forms. A set of individual jelly-molds fluted in any of a dozen pretty forms will give new charm to plain desserts and jellied meats and salads. A supply of fancy molds is invaluable for dressing up plain foods. Incidentally, jelly is more easily removed from a fancy mold than from a plain one.

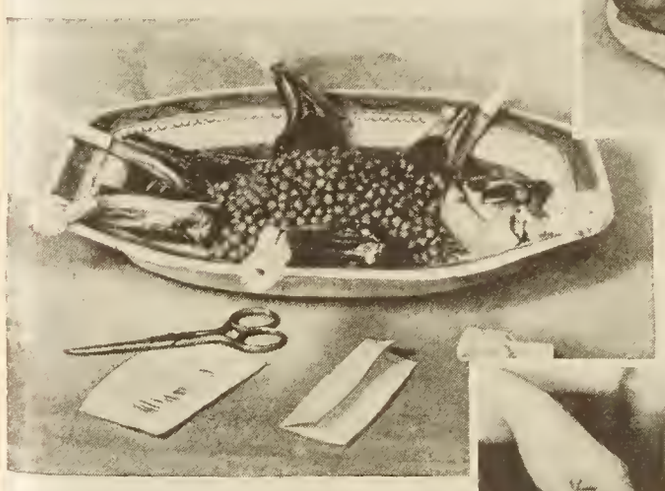


For tiny cakes, hollow cakes and fancy cookies and cake cutters come in almost as many pretty shapes.

A large jelly-mold with a pretty flower form or with deep points will make many desserts and salads, as well as jelly, look attractive.

Other good molds to have are a special hexagonal or other large salad-mold, a fish-shaped fish-mold, a steamed-pudding mold and a set of timbale-molds for the unsweetened custard-like mixtures so delicious as entrées.

For ice-cream, besides the large melon-molds and flower-shaped molds there are individual molds that freeze ice-cream into fruits, flowers, animals, airplanes, automobiles and every imaginable fanciful form. Cooky



At the left—Paper frills are easy to make for chops and all leg bones

Besides the usual cake-molds, it is well to have one that makes a hollow cake so that the center can be filled with fruit or ice-cream. Cake-molds that make fancy tiny tea-cakes are also an asset for a very little cake prettily iced seems fancier than the same cake made in the regular cup-cake size.

Paper collars for chops, ham bones, chicken legs or other leg bones are easily made. Cut a piece of stiff white paper to about three inches by five inches, fold about an inch in from the long edge, and cut the folded edge in a fringe. The paper is then rolled on the finger tightly or loosely according to the size of the bone to be dressed. Pull out the center to make several rows of fringe. Slip over the bone and fasten with an elastic band, a ribbon or a coarse white thread.

A pretty garnish for the edge of a platter of meat or fish is made of mashed potato or purée of peas formed with a pastry-tube. Put the soft food in a pastry-bag and push the vegetable through the pastry-tube in the end of the bag. Icing, whipped cream and meringue garnishes for sweet dishes, or fancy mayonnaise garnishes for salads, may be made in this way.

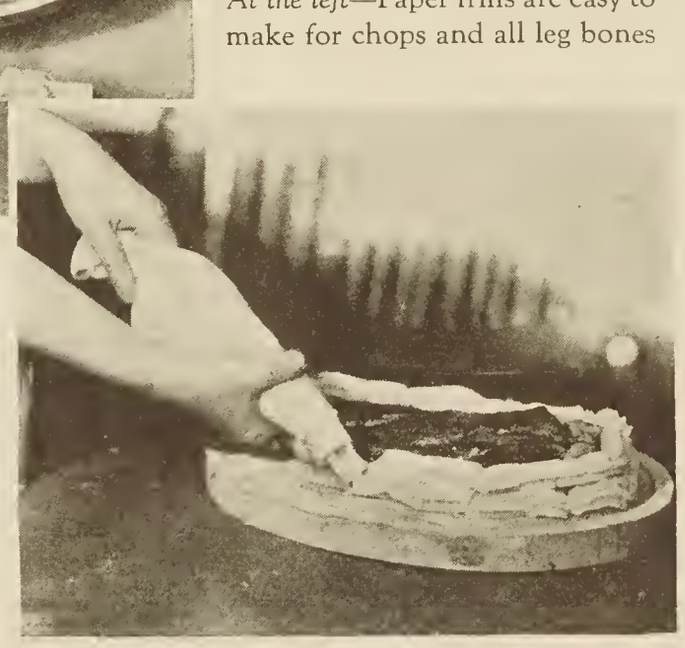


Pretty molds for jellies, fish, timbales and pudding

An addition to both the appearance and taste of lean roast meat is made by threading a larding-needle with narrow strips of the fat of salt pork and pushing them through the meat in several places before roasting it. In veal, pot roast, corn beef and other meats the strips show in the slices and look tempting and appetizing and improve the flavor. Imagination will suggest other pretty garnishes.



Above—A larding-needle easily threads the lean roast with fat



Pushing potato through a pastry-tube



Food—good Food! Your strength and vitality depend on it

NO one ever did real justice to himself or his work, if undernourished. You may get plenty of food, and still be underfed, if your food doesn't contain the elements for proper nutrition.

If you eat "de-mineralized" food—food robbed of mineral elements—you are bound to lack the energy and endurance you should have. This is one of the reasons why Grape-Nuts should play an important part in your regular diet.

Grape-Nuts is a highly nutritious food made from wheat and malted barley. It contains the vital mineral elements that are needed to build up strength and vitality.

Grape-Nuts is ready to serve—no cooking necessary. A package contains many servings, costing about one cent each. Your grocer sells Grape-Nuts, and it is on the menus of hotels, restaurants and lunchrooms.

Where you don't find Grape-Nuts you won't find people.

Grape-Nuts FOR HEALTH

"There's a Reason"

Made by Postum Cereal Company, Inc.
Battle Creek, Michigan

POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY HEALTH PRODUCTS



Even her 18-year-old rugs are still in good condition

Once or twice a week for nearly fourteen years, Mrs. Maertz has beaten, swept and suction-cleaned her rugs with The Hoover. She has twenty-four rugs; the newest are twelve years old, while the oldest are eighteen. And she keeps roomers.

"My rugs are frequently admired for their bright and clean appearance, yet I never have to pay to send them out for cleaning—*I use The Hoover*. People can scarcely believe it when I tell them the age of my rugs, for nothing is harder on your rugs than roomers."

And Mrs. Wm. F. Maertz whose house at 880 First Street, Milwaukee, is pictured above, adds: "I have been told by people who knew nothing about The Hoover that it was injurious to rugs. My own experience causes me to believe that rugs not Hoover cleaned wear out twice as fast. I know that The Hoover has paid for itself over and over by making my rugs last many years longer. Besides it makes sweeping a pleasure."

Surely she is qualified to speak with authority!

"Some of my friends," continues Mrs. Maertz, "liked my Hoover so well that they sold their cleaners and bought Hoovers. Others are sorry they didn't know about The Hoover before buying. Many people are satisfied with their cleaners until they see The Hoover work.

"Personally I have tried other cleaners since I have had The Hoover and am convinced I would have no other."

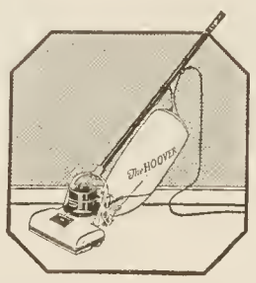
Write us for names of Authorized Dealers who will gladly demonstrate The Hoover on your rugs—no obligation. On the divided payment plan, 17c to 23c a day soon pays for a Hoover.

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO

The oldest and largest makers of electric cleaners
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The HOOVER

It BEATS ... as it Sweeps as it Cleans



SWEETS OF THE TREE

New recipes for the maple's products

By Lucile Brewer and Alice Blinn

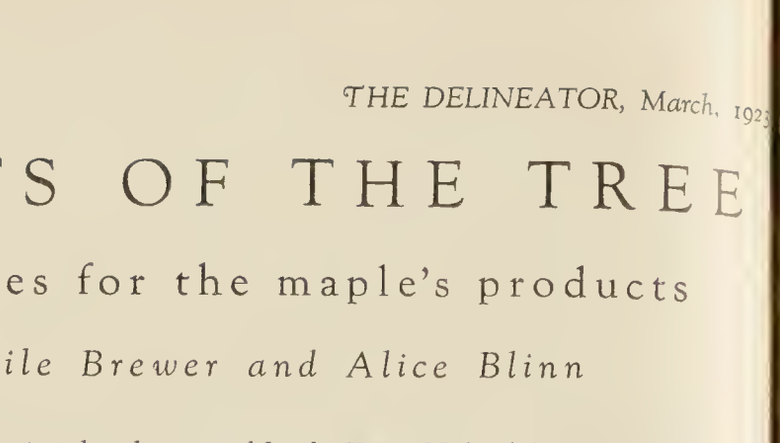
All recipes have been tested and approved by the Home-Makers' Department

THE sweet of the hard, or sugar, maple-tree is truly an American delicacy produced only in the United States and Canada.

Maple is slightly sweeter than sugar for cooking: at least one-fourth less sugar is required to give the same degree of sweetness. In cake-making it is usually best to use some cane-sugar with the sirup.

In baking, the use of maple products gives a close, fine texture. Crusts of baked foods made with maple sirup or sugar are slightly tougher than those made with cane-sugar and have a rich brown color. Cakes made with maple keep well; the crust softens on standing. No spice or flavor should be used with the sirup or sugar. A very little lemon-juice or other food acid may be used to accentuate the flavor. Nuts—particularly the rich, oily nuts, such as hickory or butter nut, woods associates of the maple—blend well with its flavor.

Separate the yolks from the whites of the eggs and then add the other ingredients to the beaten egg-yolks. Beat the whites until stiff, and fold them into the mixture. Turn it into a buttered baking-dish. Set the dish in a pan of hot water and bake in a slow oven (300 degrees Fahrenheit) until firm.



The pastry in these tarts holds luscious maple filling topped by a maple meringue

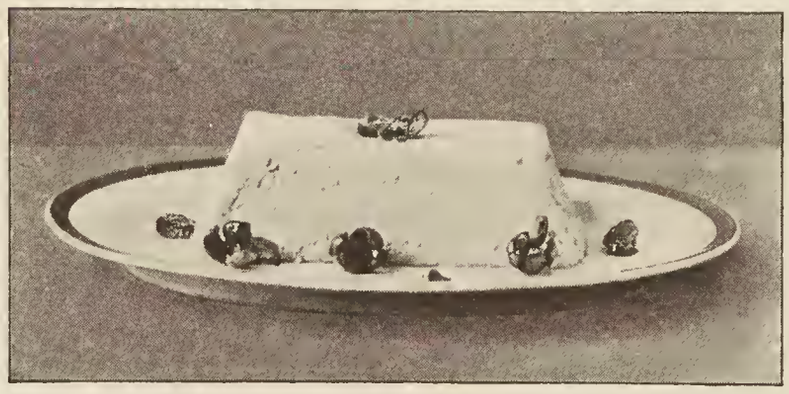
LUM LUM

2 cups diced cooked sweet potato
1 cup diced tart apple
4 tablespoons maple-sirup
3 tablespoons bacon fat
Salt
½ cup water

MIX the potatoes and apples together and add the sirup, fat and salt. Bake in a cov red dish until tender, remove the cover and brown. The flavor is much better if baked at a temperature of 300 degrees Fahrenheit for about one hour.

ARLINGTON APPLES

SELECT good cooking-apples of uniform size. Wash them and remove the cores. In the center of each apple place a small piece of butter and two tablespoons maple-sirup. Place the apples in a baking-pan and add hot water to one-fourth the depth of the apples. Bake until tender. If the apples are very tart or a sweeter product is desired, add more sirup or a little brown sugar. Apples baked in this style are very delicious. Serve them cold with or without cream.



Maple marshmallow mold has the delicate flavor of maple in its creamy marshmallow consistency

MAPLE DISGUISE

1 pint tomatoes, canned or fresh
½ cup cold boiled ham, ground or cut in small pieces
¼ cup cheese, grated or cut in small pieces
¼ cup cut minced celery or crushed dried celery leaves
1 tablespoon minced onion
4 tablespoons maple-sirup
¼ cup bread-crums
1 tablespoon butter
Salt and pepper

MIX the ingredients well together and turn into a buttered baking-dish. Bake uncovered in a moderate oven (350 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit) for forty-five minutes.

MAPLE DIXIE

2 eggs
1 cup canned or cold boiled cu corn
1 cup milk
3 tablespoons maple-sirup
1 tablespoon butter
Salt
Paprika

MAPLE DREAMS

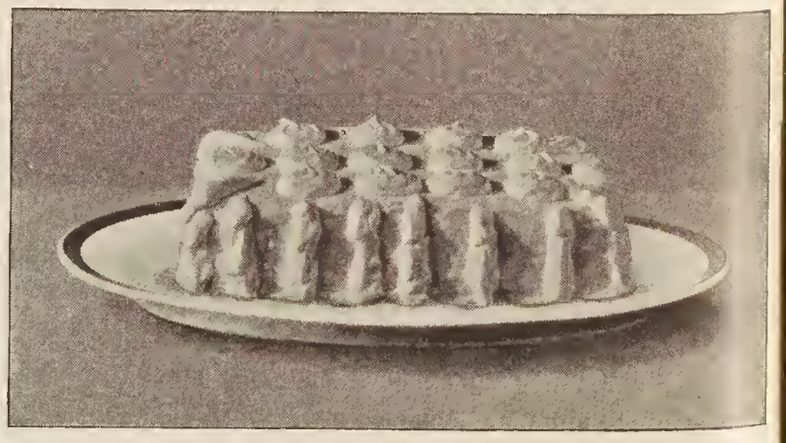
CUT stale bread in slices one-fourth inch in thickness. Remove the crusts, butter half of the slices lightly and add a thin layer of chopped dates spread evenly over each slice. Butter the remaining slices and place them on top of the slices spread with dates, pressing them lightly together to form sandwiches. Cut in any shape desired. Dip each sandwich in a mixture of one egg slightly beaten with one cup of milk. Sauté to a delicate brown in a little butter. Serve with maple sauce.

MAPLE SAUCE

1 cup maple-sirup
¼ cup cold water
1 teaspoon corn-starch
1 tablespoon butter

HEAT the sirup and add the corn-starch moistened in the cold water. Cook until clear and then add the butter. Pour the sauce around the "dreams" and serve at once.

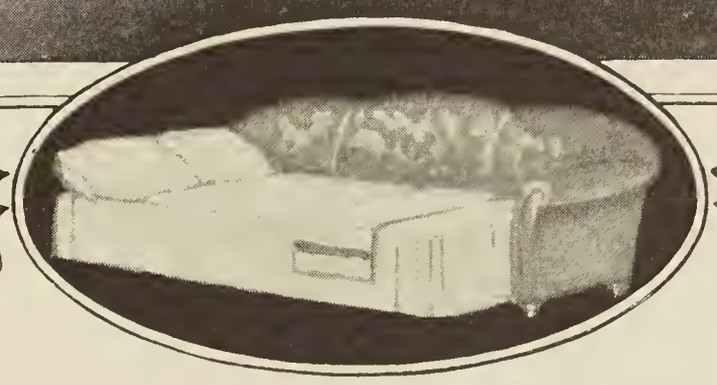
Concluded on page 74



A maple-sirup cake with boiled maple frosting is a feast for eyes and for epicurean tastes

THE INVISIBLE BE-D R O O M





LATE AFTERNOON sunlight drifting through sheer-curtained windows. A slender beam aslant the big Kroehler davenport—its lovely, rich coloring aglow with light. The tea-cart drawn close, silver glinting, kettle singing.

How charmingly luxurious and restful the room appears! How inviting the davenport—low and easy of line, deep and soft of cushioning.

Nothing to mar the good taste of a delightfully furnished room. Indeed, a subtle air of distinction, in which the fine lines, subdued coloring and soft luxury of the Kroehler davenport play an important part.

Yet, when bedtime comes, that same Kroehler davenport will provide the extra sleeping space which the presence of a guest requires.

No disrupting of the household. No hurried making of a makeshift bed. Just one simple motion, opening the Kroehler davenport bed. Revealing sheets, blankets, pillows all in place. Offering nighttime comfort as great as its daytime beauty—all the restfulness that such a wide, roomy bed, deep, yielding springs and thick, soft mattress can give.

Surely you would wish to have the convenience and beauty which a Kroehler davenport offers. And you would gladly save the expense of an extra bedroom.

Kroehler davenport beds may be had in overstuffed, colonial and period designs, in any wood finish, with chairs to match; upholstery of mohair plush, tapestry, velour, genuine leather or leather substitute. In prices they meet any requirement.

Leading furniture dealers everywhere sell Kroehler davenport beds for cash or easy payments. Do not accept a substitute; look for the Kroehler name-plate, shown here, on the back. Write for booklet and nearest dealer's name.

KROEHLER —MADE— CHICAGO NEW YORK —STRATFORD CAN.—

KROEHLER MANUFACTURING COMPANY, CHICAGO and NEW YORK

Factories at KANKAKEE, ILL., NAPERVILLE, ILL., BINGHAMTON, N. Y. *Canadian Factory:* STRATFORD, ONTARIO

KROEHLER

Davenport Bed















Taffeta and lace is a favorite combination this Spring. This model shows the circular skirt and the bertha so charming on the young girl.





This frock gathers its drapery to the front where it is held by a flower-like ornament. Its sleeves open both to the right and the left.

This coat is the third variety the costume suit delights in, which blouses over a narrow belt at the low waistline.

The youthful box-coat is a favorite for this season's costume suit. The skirt of the dress is slightly draped.

Very straight is this graceful coat frock, slashed to the hem and perversely ornamented with buttons and buttonholes.

Butterick presents the costume suit with the blouse jacket, fastening snugly at the hips, worn with the youthful plaited skirt.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS



Spring brings four silhouettes and the costume suit with three types of jacket — waist-lines remain practically unchanged

The draped gown leads, circular, straight and bouffant modes following close — short jackets all important — you yourself can make the newest models with all the perfection they demand

THIS season with its fascinating wealth of styles makes it seem almost necessary to have three or four costumes in each of the dominant modes. And hundreds of women are rejoicing in the knowledge they can make the things they want so perfectly that no one would believe they were ever made at home.

Take the newest note of the season — the costume suit. Street clothes are all-important in the Spring! There are three favorite types for its short jacket—the box coat, the blouse jacket, or the short coat bloused over a narrow belt at the low waist-line. Formerly making a suit might have seemed an undertaking to some women, but today they know they can do it easily and successfully with the Deltor. With the Deltor cutting layout you cut out your coat, and the frock that goes with it—which may have a draped, circular, straight or accordion pleated skirt—with the sureness and style of an expert. The cutting layout you use is made by cutting experts.

How the different silhouettes are created

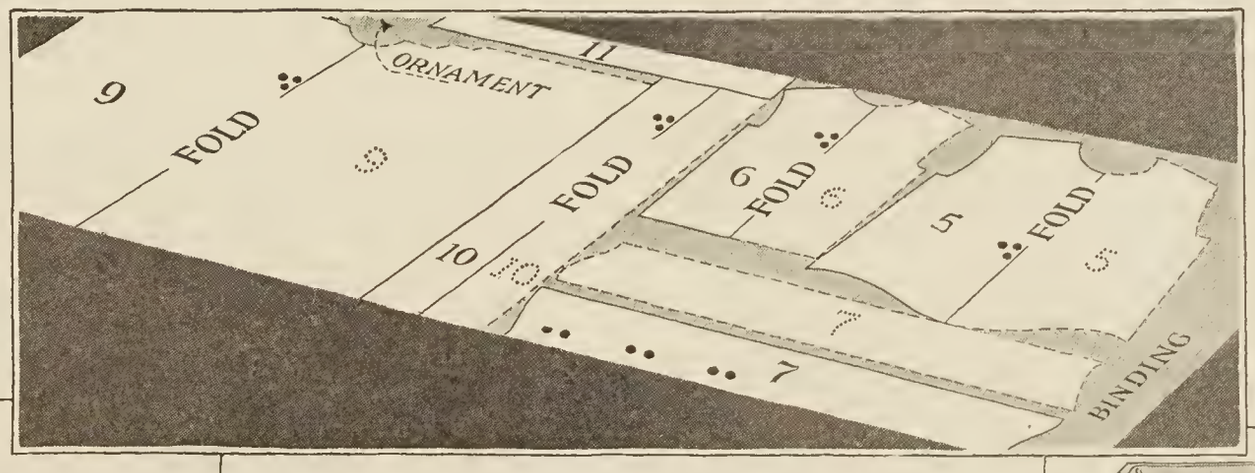
When you come to putting together your costume suit the Deltor shows you exactly how to create the silhouette your model conforms to. You manage a draped skirt, or insert a circular movement as successfully as you ever basted a seam, for you have expert guidance on each individual bit of making. And the jacket you find as simple to make as one of the new straight blouses—you set in sleeves and tailor your coat triumphantly. The professional guidance the Deltor gives you makes handling collars, cuffs, even an interlining —if you want one, the easiest thing imaginable. You just follow the pictures. The work itself is very simple—it is all in knowing how—which the Deltor shows you.

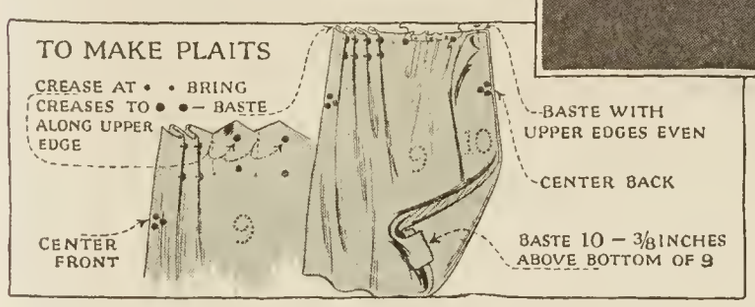
Couching in bright wool, and metallic thread embroideries enliven the season

When it comes to finishing your costume this Spring the Deltor is all important. For this season many dresses have the upper part brightly embroidered with metallic threads or with couching in vivid wool put down with another color or with silver or copper thread. The Deltor shows you exactly how to make the finish your dress calls for.

Every new Butterick pattern now gives you this complete and unique service. Not general instructions such as you find on most patterns but individual guidance on every step in making and finishing your dress. Stop at the pattern department today and look at the new Spring styles and the Deltor.

When you are in Paris stop in at the shop where more patterns are sold than at any other in the world, our Butterick shop, 27 Avenue de l'Opera. And our London shop, on Regent Street, is a delightful place to spend a morning. Butterick, New York — Paris — London.



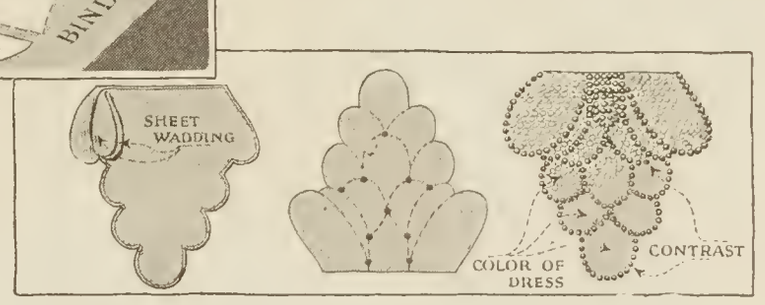


You make the new dresses perfectly

This is one Deltor putting together picture for a draped dress. See how clearly these particular steps are visualized for you. You work simply, securely, following the Deltor, and your dress when done is perfect because you have put it together the correct professional way.

You will be delighted at the material you save

You select the cutting layout that exactly meets your need—for the view you have chosen in *your* size, laid on the very width material *you* are using. It saves you from ¼ to 1⅜ yards on everything you make. The Deltor cutting layouts are made for you by men who specialize in cutting. They save you material as only an expert can. And the lines of your dress are right because each piece has been cut on the proper way of the goods with professional judgment.



You achieve a French finish

Every detail of the finishing of your dress the Deltor shows you just as graphically as these pictures of how to make one of the new ornaments. None of the new effects is difficult for you because you have the Deltor. And consequently your dresses look as lovely, as up-to-the-minute as imported clothes.

WITH THE DELTOR *Now on Sale*

French women know the charm of balanced menus



If there is any one thing more than another that characterizes French cooking, it is the touch of elegance which French cooks know how to add so thriftily to even the simplest menus.

In a large measure, this reputation of French cooking rests upon the careful "food balance" that is planned for every meal. No good French menu is complete without its fruits or vegetables. And these two elements—with their tonic mineral salts and natural fruit acids—give just that touch of freshness and flavor-contrast so essential to good health and good dining.

No Secret About It

Any woman can secure this desirable balance of food elements by a more careful use of fruit. And at any season—even in winter! Though fresh fruits are now almost unobtainable or very expensive, remember that DEL MONTE Canned Fruits and Vegetables are always at your command—ready to provide, conveniently and easily, those light diet elements which tone up heavier protein foods and add flavor and zest to every meal.

Serve Them Economically

DEL MONTE Products, too, offer that feature of thrift which marks French cooking so much. Although packed in the world's finest orchards and gardens—with full, fresh flavor—these many varieties cost no more than if canned by yourself. Furthermore, there is no waste. A single can will often provide a fruit for breakfast, a salad for lunch and a dessert for dinner, if served with an eye to the nicer economies of utilizing both juice and fruit.

Send for This Book

No doubt you already use DEL MONTE Fruits. But why not put them to even wider use these winter months? Why not serve them often—in adding new and thrifty appeal to every-day meals? Our book, "DEL MONTE Recipes of Flavor," will help you. It contains over 500 suggestions and recipes for putting new zest into every-day meals. For a free copy

Address Department 28
CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION
San Francisco, California

Del Monte



Recipes originated and tested by Partridge & Conklin. Put them in your cook book.

PEAR SALAD PARISIAN—Heat the sirup from 1 can Del Monte Pears. Mix 1 teaspoon of grated horseradish, ½ teaspoon salt and 3 tablespoons each of flour and vinegar. Add to the hot sirup, stirring constantly, boil 5 minutes and cool. Cut the pears in pieces and add ½ cup sliced celery and ¼ cup chopped onions. Mix with dressing and serve on lettuce.

PEACHES GLACE—Caramelize ¾ cup sugar, add the sirup drained from 1 can of Del Monte Peach Halves and cook slowly 10 minutes. Pour over the peaches arranged in sauce dishes and sprinkle with shredded roasted almonds. Chill and serve.

FRENCH BREAKFAST TOAST—Beat 1 egg, add ¾ cup sirup from Del Monte Apricots and dip triangles of bread in the mixture. Brown in melted fat in hot frying pan. Serve apricots on the toast.

PINEAPPLE SIMPLICITY—Mix ¼ cup sugar, ½ cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder and ¼ teaspoon each of cinnamon, clove and salt. Add ½ cup bread crumbs, 1 cup drained crushed or grated Del Monte Pineapple, 1 egg and 4 tablespoons melted fat. Pour into a greased mold and steam 1½ hours. Serve hot with hard sauce to which 2 tablespoons of sirup drained from pineapple have been added. Garnish with some of the crushed pineapple.

YOUR FRIEND THE POTATO

Recipes for daily and dress-up menus

By Winifred Moses

All recipes have been tested and approved by the Home-Makers' Department

THE potato is too often carelessly prepared. In the first place, potatoes should be carefully selected—those of medium size either with smooth or with regular netted surfaces and shallow eyes should be chosen. The smooth-skinned, known as waxy, potatoes are considered best for salad, for creaming and for frying. Mealy potatoes or those with netted skins are preferred for boiling and mashing; they contain from eighteen to twenty per cent. starch.

To prepare the potato, it should be washed thoroughly with a scrubbing-brush and all blemishes removed, for the cooked skin of the potato is edible and contains valuable food material.

It is advisable to cook the potato in its jacket, for the mineral salts which it contains are distributed in largest quantities next to the skin, and if the potato is peeled before cooking, a considerable portion of this may be cut off—to say nothing of the fact that there is a greater loss in the cooking from a cut surface than from one protected by the skin. Therefore, if the full food value of the potato is to be obtained, it should be cooked with the skin on.



For potato-balls use a small round cutter; for French fried potatoes use a knife; use special knives or a board for potato-chips

BAKED POTATOES

IF ONE considers only the nutritive value, the most economical method of cooking and serving the potato is to bake it. For baking, select medium-size potatoes with smooth, unblemished skins and shallow eyes. Wash them thoroughly, so that the skins may be eaten if desired, and put them into a hot oven. If you have an oven fitted with a heat-regulator, set it at 375 degrees Fahrenheit. Cook the potatoes for forty to forty-five minutes. Test them by sticking with a fork. As soon as they are done, break them open to allow the steam to escape. A baked potato should be served the minute it is done. It is disastrous to the quality to allow it to wait.

STUFFED BAKED POTATO

AFTER baking, cut the potatoes in two lengthwise, scoop out the contents, put it through a potato-ricer or mash thoroughly. To each pint of the mashed potato add one-fourth cup of hot milk, two tablespoons or more of melted butter, and salt and pepper. Beat with a fork until light and fluffy. Refill the potato-shells with this mixture, brush the tops with milk, and return to the oven long enough for the tops to brown.

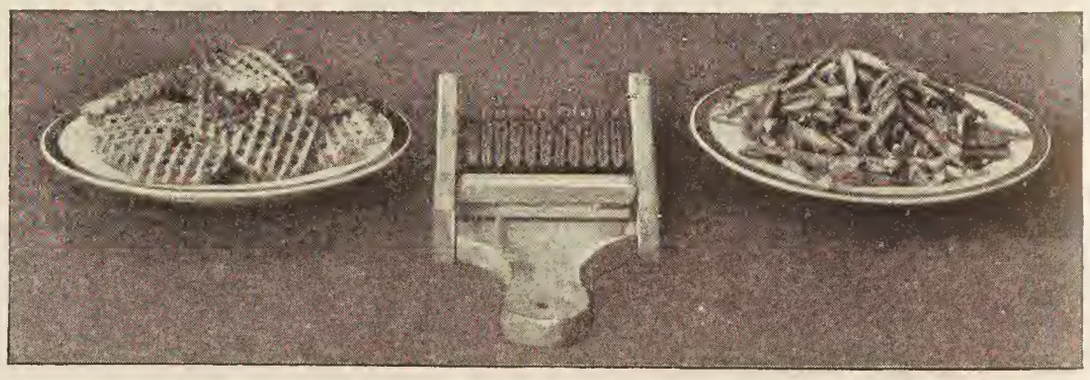
This may be varied by adding one-half cup of chopped cooked bacon, ham, chicken or other meat or grated cheese to each pint of the mashed potato.

BOILED POTATOES

TO GET the greatest food value from boiled potatoes they should be cooked in the skins and the skins removed just before the potatoes are to be served. However, the potato does not appear quite so white and mealy when cooked with the skins on. This difficulty may be overcome by peeling a strip around each potato and then putting them into sufficient salted boiling water to cover and boiling them continuously, but not violently, until they are done. Drain thoroughly, remove the skins and serve at once.

There are several ways of serving a boiled potato: If it is a part of a meal that contains a creamed meat, fish, eggs or a gravy in some form, it may be served plain. It may have melted butter and finely chopped parsley poured over it, or a thin white sauce may be added and the dish served as creamed potatoes.

Frequently, boiled potatoes are served as mashed potatoes. To obtain good mashed potatoes observe the following rules: Select mealy potatoes, those with netted skins; cook as for boiled potatoes and mash thoroughly, preferably using a potato-ricer; heat the milk and butter before adding them to the mashed potato and season well with salt and pepper; beat the mixture until it is light and fluffy and serve hot. A variety of dishes may be made from left-over mashed potatoes.



Lattice potatoes or shoe-string potatoes also make attractive garnishes. Both are made from the vegetable-cutting board shown here

POTATO CROQUETTES

1 pint hot mashed potato
1 egg
1 tablespoon butter
1 tablespoon milk or cream, *if needed*
2 tablespoons chopped green or red pepper
1 tablespoon onion, if desired

ADD the milk, butter, chopped pepper and onion to the mashed potato and season to taste with salt and pepper. Beat the mixture until light and add the well-beaten egg. Shape into balls, cylinders or pyramids, roll in a slightly beaten egg to which two tablespoons of water have been added, then in sifted bread-crums. Place them in a wire basket and fry in deep fat at a temperature of 365 degrees Fahrenheit. Drain on brown paper and serve.

Concluded on page 75



This New Food

Lends Desired Variety to *Your Lenten Menus*

DURING Lent you will especially appreciate this food which has for years been a favorite in foreign lands.

It is unknown to many in this country, although extensively sold in some sections. And its popularity grows as women everywhere learn to know it.

Now our production facilities are adequate to keep pace not only with the large foreign demand, but also with the growing demand in this country.

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Tasty—Nourishing

THIS delicious food is known as F. E. Booth's "Food-Sardines," Dinner Size.

They are large, nourishing fish which can be served as the main dish of a delightful dinner—not just dainty tid-bits or an appetizer.

And with their genuine sardine flavor and firm, tender meat, they combine vital nourishment. For F. E. Booth's Food-Sardines are rich in protein and provide more than 900 calories—heat energy units—to the pound.

Fried Food-Sardines

The larger sized fish are preferable for this dish. Dip into beaten egg, roll in cornmeal or cracker crumbs, and fry in olive oil until nicely browned and crisp. Serve on slices of hot toast, garnished with lemon slices.

Try this tasty food. Learn the many ways it can be attractively served. See how convenient it is for quick, easy luncheons, busy-day dinners and late-at-night lunches.

You'll serve F. E. Booth's Sardines regularly every week. And they are economical, too. If you choose, you can serve the main dish of a dinner for four people for as little as a quarter.

Your entire family will approve, once they know this food. You'll find it a wonderful help, especially during Lent.

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YOU can get F. E. Booth's Food-Sardines in three tasty sauces, tomato, mustard and in vinegar and spices. Easy new surprises for each week.

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Mail the coupon for a free copy of our famous "Booth's Food-Sardine Recipes," which suggest many attractive ways for serving this food.

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COLGATE & CO. *Dept. 53* 199 FULTON ST.
PARIS NEW YORK

PARTIES

By Elsie Cleveland Mead

THE DELINEATOR will be glad to answer any question on good manners. Address the Etiquette Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York City, and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for a reply

A STUDY of the conventions which have arisen about formal entertainments reveals the fact that they owe their growth to the desire to give the greatest amount of pleasure to the greatest number. We respect certain forms because they have proved their value. The hostess responding to the present-day clamor for informality often defeats the main purpose of her party by ignoring traditions that have been recognized for generations as interpreting the spirit of good-will, which, after all, should be the inspiration of all entertainment.



Elsie Cleveland Mead

I should like to describe what I call an ideal evening party or dance or reception. Let us imagine that an invitation like the following is sent to old and young alike:

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Smith
request the pleasure of
Mr. and Mrs. Colby's
company on Friday evening, January thirty-first at eight-thirty o'clock
at the Woman's Club
Dancing

Every one would know from this form that an answer must be sent, and "dancing" indicates that young people will be included as well as people of Mr. and Mrs. Colby's age. The immediate occasion for the party is the fact that the daughter of the house is home from college for the midyear holidays and has her chum staying with her.

Mrs. Smith has asked everybody that she knows well enough to call on, making a total of about two hundred and fifty. About twenty more young men than girls are invited. A few days ahead of time, she asked ten of her son's most intimate friends to come together and she explained to them the experiment she wanted to try out. She dubbed them "ushers," and suggested that they supplement her duty as hostess by circulating freely among the guests.

TWO hundred acceptances were received. Regrets came from people who were away from town or in mourning or otherwise engaged, and at the last minute one or two notes arrived from people who had previously accepted explaining that sudden illness prevented them from coming. The night of the party the Woman's Club was attractively decorated, and Mrs. Smith and her daughter and her guest stood in line in the order mentioned at the door of a small room opening into the assembly-room in which the dancing was going on. People began to arrive at nine o'clock, and after they had removed their wraps in the dressing-rooms and had greeted their hostesses they were met either by Mr. Smith or one of the ten "ushers," who escorted them to the assembly-room, where the older people found seats to watch the dancing or passed on to another room where card-tables were installed. It was the duty of the "ushers" to introduce dancing partners and to keep the ball rolling. Since there were ten of them, this task never became a great burden. Likewise they helped pass the buffet supper and arranged for jolly groups of young people to sit together. By that time Mrs. Smith could leave her place by the door and circulate among her guests. A short time after midnight most of the older people went home, leaving the younger ones to dance an hour longer.

Thanks to the planning and foresight of the hostess, every one had a good time. She was particularly congratulated for having included old and young in her invitations. The "ushers" all assured their hostess that they had had jolly fun and that their responsibility added to their enjoyment.

This method of insuring the help of substitute hosts for large gatherings provides against what might become a cliquish party, when just a small group enjoy themselves while the rest sit about on the fringes. This system of "ushers" may be used with propriety whenever it is not feasible to use the system of dance-cards with prearranged partners that is usual in college dances.

Not long ago at a dance in a public hall I saw a man leave one partner standing in the middle of the floor while he went to secure another at the farther end of the hall. A man should always escort his partner to a seat, preferably with some friends, and then excuse himself by saying he had been promised the next dance, and, whenever possible, it is courteous to introduce another partner. A little cooperation on the part of men at a party would insure a good time for every one. A man need not be rude in order to avoid being "stuck" with a girl.

A girl, by introducing her partners to another girl, can often make this girl enjoy herself more. A kindly spirit at a party will do much to infuse an atmosphere of jollity.

DINNER-PARTIES, another means of formal entertainment, are the usual means of social intercourse in large cities, especially among married people. They are also planned for groups of young people who may be proceeding together to a dance later in the evening. For a dinner-party in the medium-sized house, ten is probably the maximum number of guests that could be taken care of; often six or eight people would be better.

An invitation to one of these affairs—given, let us say, to welcome the wife of Mr. Smith's superintendent—should read something like the following:

March 12th, 1923

MY DEAR MRS. COLBY:

Will you and Mr. Colby give us the pleasure of your company at dinner to meet Mr. and Mrs. Jones, on Thursday, March the twentieth, at seven o'clock?

Trusting that we may have the good fortune to find you free for that evening, believe me,

Sincerely yours,
ALMA SMITH.

Mrs. Smith's dining-room can not hold more than eight, so she invites two more couples whom she thinks Mr. and Mrs. Jones will enjoy meeting, and plans carefully for a simple dinner, trying no experiments, but serving the dishes she knows her cook does well.

Good form demands that written invitations should be on attractive personal stationery. Paper that looks at all commercial should never be used. It is many times in good taste to extend party invitations informally by telephone; but in writing, traditional forms should be adhered to. Invitations issued on a postal-card are particularly discourteous.

In planning for small parties in one's own home, the greatest effort should be made to assemble a congenial group, rather than concentrating all your attention upon providing a sumptuous and expensive feast. One seldom remembers, even the next day, the food that was served, but often one's whole life is enriched by meeting at such close range sympathetic and stimulating people!



Fruit Salad

One cup pineapple (diced or crushed), 2 cups white grapes (halved and seeds removed), 1 cup celery, cut in small pieces; ½ cup Diamond Walnut meats, chopped; ¼ cup apples, chopped. Serve with Golden Salad Dressing.



Walnut Oatmeal Cookies

Four tablespoons butter, 4 tablespoons lard, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 5 tablespoons milk, 1¾ cups rolled oats, 1 cup Diamond Walnut meats (chopped), 1½ cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon soda, ¾ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon cloves, ½ teaspoon allspice, 50 Diamond Walnut meats (halves).

Cream butter and lard together and add sugar gradually while beating constantly. Add egg well beaten, milk, rolled oats, chopped Diamond Walnut meats, and flour mixed and sifted with salt, soda, cinnamon, cloves, and allspice. Drop from tip of spoon on a buttered sheet, one inch apart, place Diamond Walnut meat half in center of each, and bake in a moderate oven fifteen minutes.

Walnut Chocolate Sundae

One square chocolate, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons corn syrup, ⅓ cup boiling water, 1 cup sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 1 quart vanilla ice cream, 1 cup Diamond Walnut meats.

Melt chocolate over hot water, add butter, corn syrup, and pour on gradually the water. Remove from hot water, bring to boiling point, add sugar and boil five minutes, cool slightly and add vanilla. Put a scoop of vanilla ice cream in dessert glass, pour chocolate sauce over ice cream, and sprinkle generously with coarsely chopped Diamond Walnut meats. Serve at once. This sauce may also be served over plain cake.



Meat's Flavor Without Meat

Get it in Delicious Walnut Dishes

One of the most appetizing and nourishing meat substitutes for the Lenten season is Walnuts. They add variety and appeal to foods of all kinds.

In salads, cakes, desserts, and hundreds of other dishes, Walnuts perform a most attractive and nutritious service.

To meat substitutes they lend a delicious, meaty flavor at the same time that they provide even more nourishment than meat.

96 per cent Nutrition

They contain 3180 calories—the scientific measure of food value—to the pound, three to four times as many as most of the meats, fish and vegetables which you serve regularly. They are over 96 per cent pure nutrition—almost no waste.

The superior Walnuts provide more meats per pound although they cost about the same as other kinds. They are selected from the output of 4,000 of California's finest groves.

Selected Walnuts

They are hand-sorted, crack-tested and chosen for you with long-time skill. Their thin shells permit the big, fine, delicious meats to be extracted whole.

These fine Walnuts are called Diamond Walnuts. Be absolutely sure of this satisfactory quality by insisting that the grocer fill your order from the sack marked with the Diamond trade mark, like the one on this page.



CALIFORNIA WALNUT GROWERS ASSOCIATION

A Purely Cooperative, Non-profit Organization of Over 4,000 Growers
Our Yearly Production More Than Forty Million Pounds

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

DIAMOND Shelled Walnuts are packed in a high vacuum to preserve indefinitely the fresh, sweet flavor characteristic of the newly matured California Walnut. The can contains halves for topping and facing, as well as pieces for filler and salads. The glass contains only carefully selected halves for table use and fancy dishes.

MANY recipes just as tempting as those on this page are contained in the revised edition of "100 Delicious Walnut Recipes," which includes the favorite dishes of the Wives of the Walnut Growers, as well as those of a leading culinary expert. You may have one on request. Address Dept. 207.

DIAMOND

DIAMOND *California* WALNUTS

Crackin' Good Walnuts



A new use for Lux–dishwashing

The new way to wash dishes

Rids your hands of that three-times-a-day-in-the-dishpan-look 54 dishwashings in a single package

Lux for washing dishes! *At last* there is a way to wash dishes without coarsening and reddening your hands.

It isn't like experimenting with something new and untried. Of course Lux would be wonderful for dish washing. You would know it yet you feel as if you had made a delightful new discovery. Lux saves your hands. It is as easy on them as fine toilet soap.

Your hands are in the dishpan an hour and a half every day—sometimes even longer! That is why it is so important to use a soap for washing dishes that won't irritate your skin, that won't dry the indispensable natural oils.

Just underneath the surface of the skin, Nature placed these oils—secreted them in millions of tiny sacs. They nourish the chiffon-thin outer skin, keep it soft, pliable and resistant.

But Nature didn't provide against the ravages of kitchen soaps. If your hands wash dishes in harsh, alkaline soap suds three times a day these abundant oil sacs are drained dry. Your fingertips, those sensitive organs of touch, grow rough and scratchy. Your hands show unmistakable signs of the dishpan.

With Lux in your dishpan your hands won't be robbed of their natural oils. Lux is so pure and gentle it can't dry your skin. These delicate flakes preserve the satiny softness of your hands; they won't redden or roughen the most sensitive skin.



As easy on your hands as fine toilet soap



One teaspoonful makes the water soapy all through

Just one teaspoonful to a pan

Flip one teaspoonful of Lux into your dishpan. Turn on the hot water. Now watch these fragile flakes break into instant suds. Just one teaspoonful—it sounds incredible, but try it!

A single package does at least 54 dishwashings—all the dishes, morning, noon and night, for almost three weeks. Not just the china you use on special occasions, but the regular everyday dishes as well.

Dishes so clean and lustrous!

No cloudy, dull surfaces left on your tumblers, no soapy streaks on silver and dishes.

Just a swish of your dishmop in the pure Lux suds—and out come your dishes—clean and sparkling.

Lux is so speedy—so wonderfully satisfactory.

Instead of tiresome waiting for bar soap to melt or fussing to beat up a lather with an awkward soap shaker—all of the old time "getting ready" to wash dishes—here are tissue-thin flakes that dissolve the very instant the hot water touches them.

Keep a package of Lux handy on your kitchen shelf. Use it for the dishes always. Don't let that hour and a half in the dishpan every day be a hardship to your hands. Begin washing today's dishes with Lux. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

FOR THE CARD-PARTY HOSTESS

Comfortable furniture and accessories of unique and individual design

By Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders

THE fascination and ever-increasing popularity of card-playing compels the attention of the careful hostess to the necessary appointments for card-party occasions.

Whether it is to be for a quiet game of four or a party of twenty-four, novel and interesting decorative suggestions are always welcome. To begin with, a sturdy table and four comfortable chairs (preferably some which have been made to suit the height of the table) are important items. Inconspicuous in color and design, they should be carefully chosen and placed so as not to interfere with the arrangement of the more permanent furniture in the room. Folding tables and chairs are by far the most convenient, as they may be tucked away in a very small space when not in use.

All important, too, is the question of illumination. An adjustable lamp placed at the side of a table, with an amber or pale-yellow shade, sheds a mellow and pleasing light. Lamp or bracket arrangements should always be placed and shaded so that the light will fall on the table, and not in the faces of the players.

A FEW interesting suggestions for table-covers and score-pads might be listed thus: Washable covers may be made of linen or linen-finished cotton, with cut-off corners about two inches from the edge. These may be made more decorative by embroidering or painting a card motif about two inches from the edge of the cut corner. Black sateen, taffeta or satin make the most agreeable covers. These may be bound, however, with a contrasting color, or may be simply hemmed and have appliqué flowers in the corners. The flowers or motifs may be cut from other materials. It is necessary that each table have a score-pad. A novel and economical pad may be made from a child's slate. The slate may be decorated with paints or enamels and, to make it more interesting, tiny flowers may be applied over the coat of paint or enamel. The slate illustrated has a tiny sponge and slate-pencil hung by a yellow silk ribbon made fast to the side of the slate by a tack.

Table markers may be made of wood or from ordinary house numbers and should be painted black. These are indeed a necessary item when entertaining more than two tables.

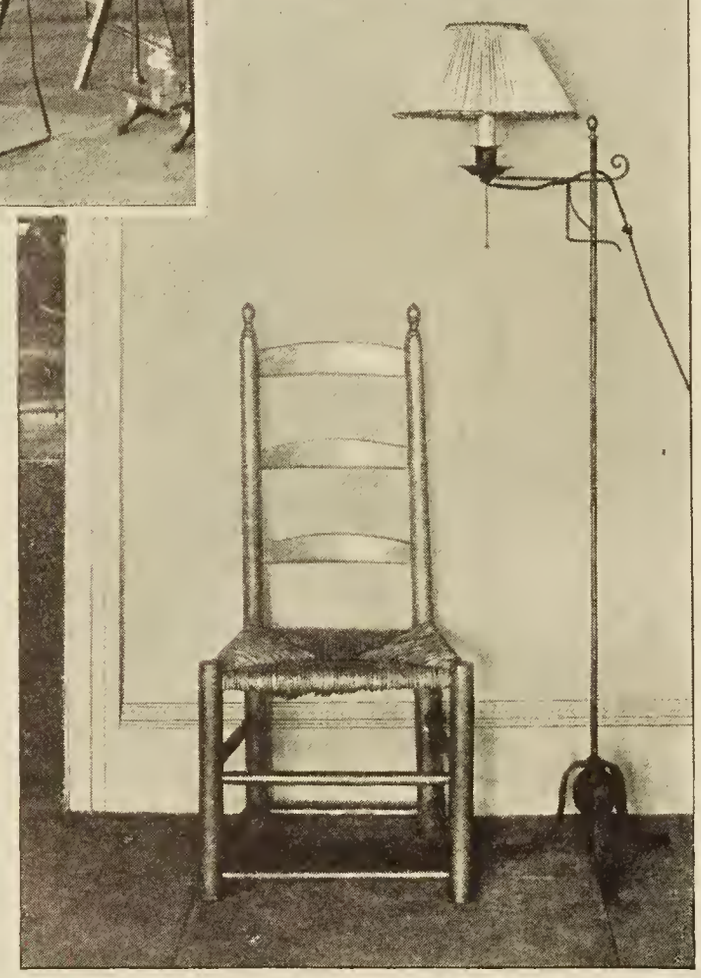
Acceptable prizes may be sofa-cushions, books, writing-paper or packs of cards, as there is nothing quite so agreeable as playing with fresh, crisp cards, either at home or in company. Glass or china candy dishes and ash-trays should ever be handy. If they are of some interesting shape or unusual design, they make pleasing accessories for the hostess to display to her card-playing guests and friends.



Above—A child's slate painted black, with a decoration of yellow flowers, makes an everlasting score-pad. Little wooden table markers and black-and-red ash-trays complete the setting over this black sateen table-cover



At the left—Nothing could be more convenient than this solid-mahogany table with four folding chairs. Its simple design combines inconspicuously with any type of house decoration. When not in use, it may be stored away in a small space



A wrought-iron adjustable lamp is not only a correct lighting fixture for a card-table, but excellent for the hall or living-room



Make This Gown Yourself with Belding's Silks

The silk for this gown in size 36 will cost about $10.50 for Belding's Taffeta, $11.90 for Belding's Crêpe de Chine, or $16.90 for Belding's Crêpe Faille. Use Butterick Pattern and Deltor No. 4313, View C, requiring, in size 36, 3½ yards of Belding's 36-inch Taffeta, 3⅜ yards of Belding's 40-inch Crêpe de Chine, or 3⅜ yards of Belding's 40-inch Crêpe Faille.

For the sleeves and facings, you will require an additional ⅛ yard of 40-inch material.

Belding's—Good Silks for Sixty Years

BELDING'S Silks have kept faith with American women for sixty years.

Your gowns, your linings, your lingerie—every garment in your wardrobe will look smarter and wear longer if it is made with Belding's Silks.

Be sure you see "Belding's" in the selvage of the silks you buy.

Belding Bros. & Company, 902 Broadway, New York City

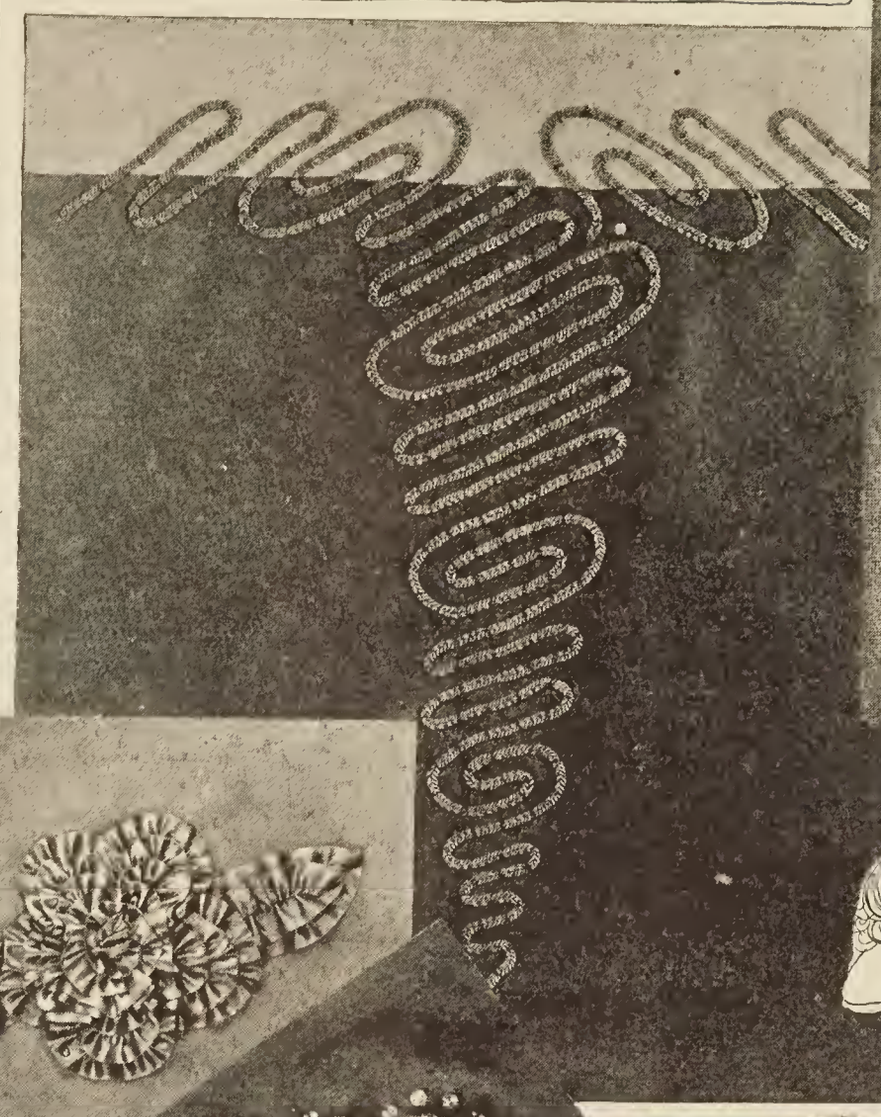
Belding's

Makers of Enduring Silks—Fabrics—Embroidery—Sewing Silks

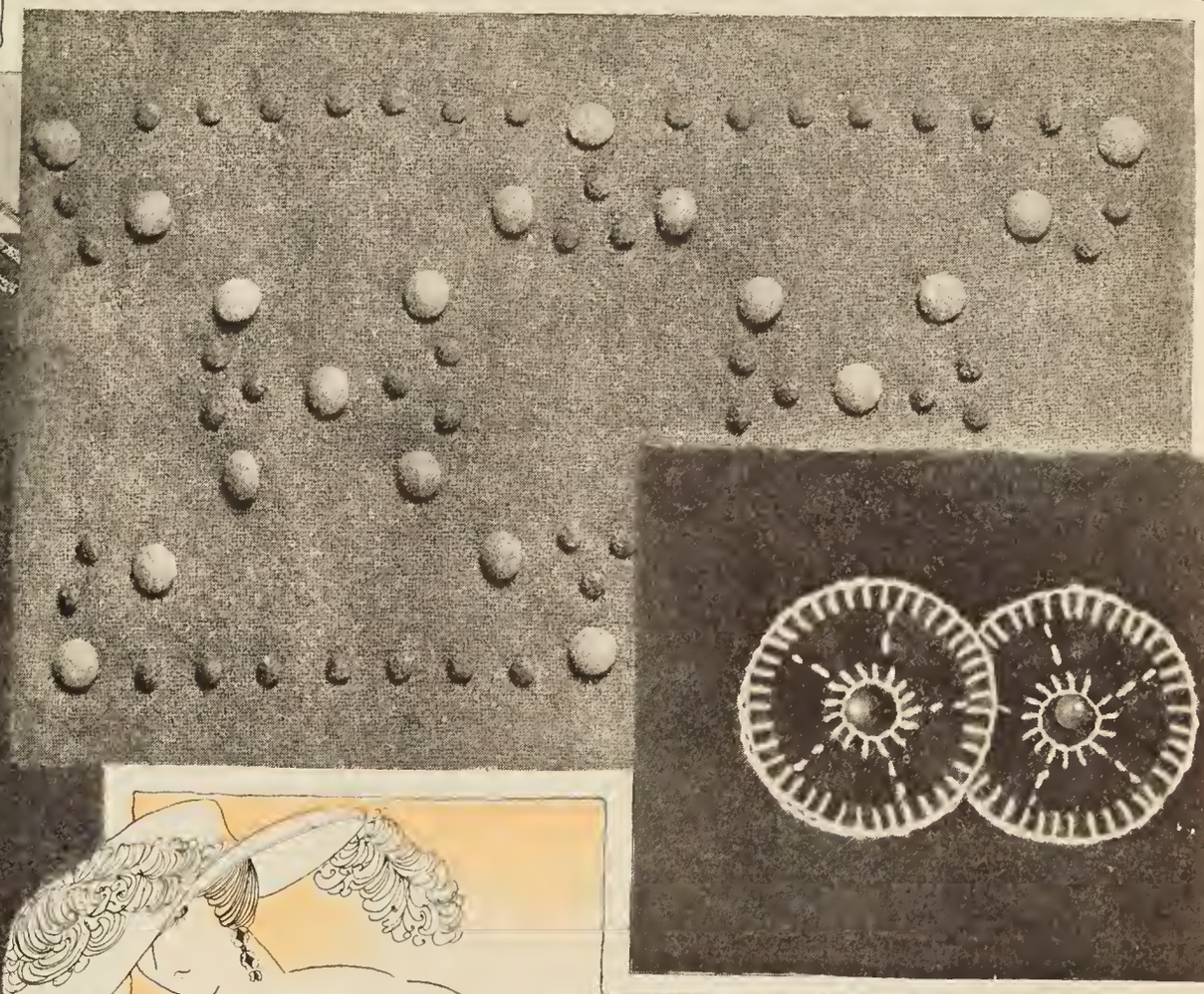


WDT

Embroidery design 10999



Brilliant green and gold braid, bound down with couching in black, contrasts vividly with blue and tan broadcloth



Embroidery design 10995

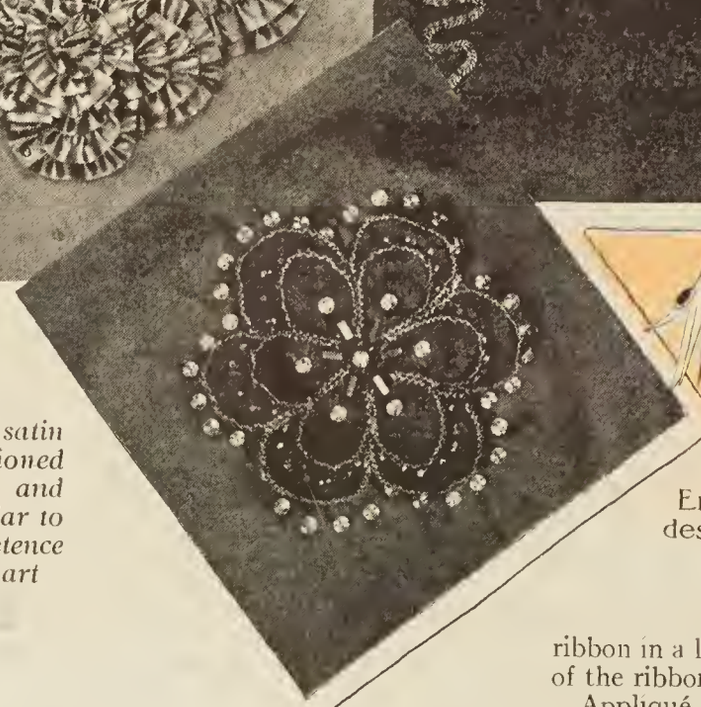
Covered button molds in different sizes in contrasting colors are a fashionable substitute for beads on Spring clothes

A brilliant red wooden bea fastens down the centers of th cartwheels to navy broadcloth The edges are free



Embroidery design 10985

Double-faced satin ribbon fashioned into leaves and flowers goes far to prove the existence of a ribbon art



Embroidery design 10987

Green silk in picot outlines the edge of the double-petaled flower held down to black taffeta with green glass and bronze beads

THE

QUEST FOR THE RIGHT

TRIMMING LEADS ONE

FAR IN EMBROIDERY'S

PLEASANT PATHS

THE way of the trimming transgressor is hard, for a new gown may be ruined by an injudicious selection or a careless application of trimming. The new styles offer sleeves, panels, berthas, or the body of a dress as the most likely points for adding color or contrast to a costume. Often the body of a dress is embroidered all over in self or contrasting color, or metallic threads, or splashed here and there with gay motifs. There are ways of carrying out a design, both speedily and neatly. Any one of these embroidery designs may be done very quickly in an effective manner.

Embroidery design 10999 proves what an attractive effect results from the application of braid in the newest way. On a tan and navy broadcloth, a narrow gold and green braid may be laid side by side and couched down on the fabric with black silk embroidery twist. This is the newest method of trimming the tailored or street costume. Braiding may be applied in this fashion on hats or tams as well.

Double-faced satin ribbon gives a French touch to the afternoon frock for Spring. The motif from beading design 10985 may be carried out on old blue Georgette in old blue and rose double-faced satin ribbon. Gather the ribbon and outline the flower in the design with the ribbon. This will form the first row. Fill the flower in solid with the gathered ribbon, placing each row one-half inch nearer to the center, ending the ribbon in a little twist in the center. Work with the blue side of the ribbon on the outside.

Appliqué is long-lived as a trimming because it is so very attractive and so very easy to do. These circles are held down only in the center. Navy broadcloth was an inspiration for this trimming. To work this design apply the large single motif from embroidery design 10995 on navy broadcloth. Outline in blanket-stitch with white yarn. Then apply the motif on two pieces of navy, and blanket-stitch the design with white yarn. Blanket-stitch the center of each one of these pieces to the center of the motif on the material. Sew a large round red wooden bead to the center of this cartwheel. The edge of the circle is not sewed down.

Buttons are an original media for carrying out the wide banding of embroidery design 10891. If one is planning a dress in ratiné, the most obvious trimming is button-molds covered with different colored ratiné. Tiny buttons of old blue ratiné and a larger size in gray ratiné are very effective on rose ratiné.

A black taffeta flower with double petals stands up realistically from the fabric of the dress. To make this flower, apply the motif to two pieces of the taffeta or whatever fabric you use. Apply it again on your material. Have one extra motif picoted along the outside edge. Have the second extra piece picoted along the inside row of dots, using green thread. Now place one on top of the other and sew to center with green glass nail-beads and long beads. Sew tiny green glass and bronze metal beads around the petals of the first large picot flower. Then sew green glass nail-beads around the outside edge of the design applied on the material.

Big spangles and braid make a French latticework on a frock of tan broadcloth. To carry out the banding from embroidery design 10955, use narrow black braid for the lines, and sew large flat, square iridescent spangles over each dot.

Blue silk on black taffeta makes an attractive combination in embroidery design 10913. To gain such an effect apply the wide banding to the fabric. Then have the design hemstitched along the inside edge. Cut hemstitching. Then place a piece of blue silk in the back of the design and with black floss work a row of one-stitch over the lines of the design. With gold metallic thread, work a backstitch through the center of the one-stitch.

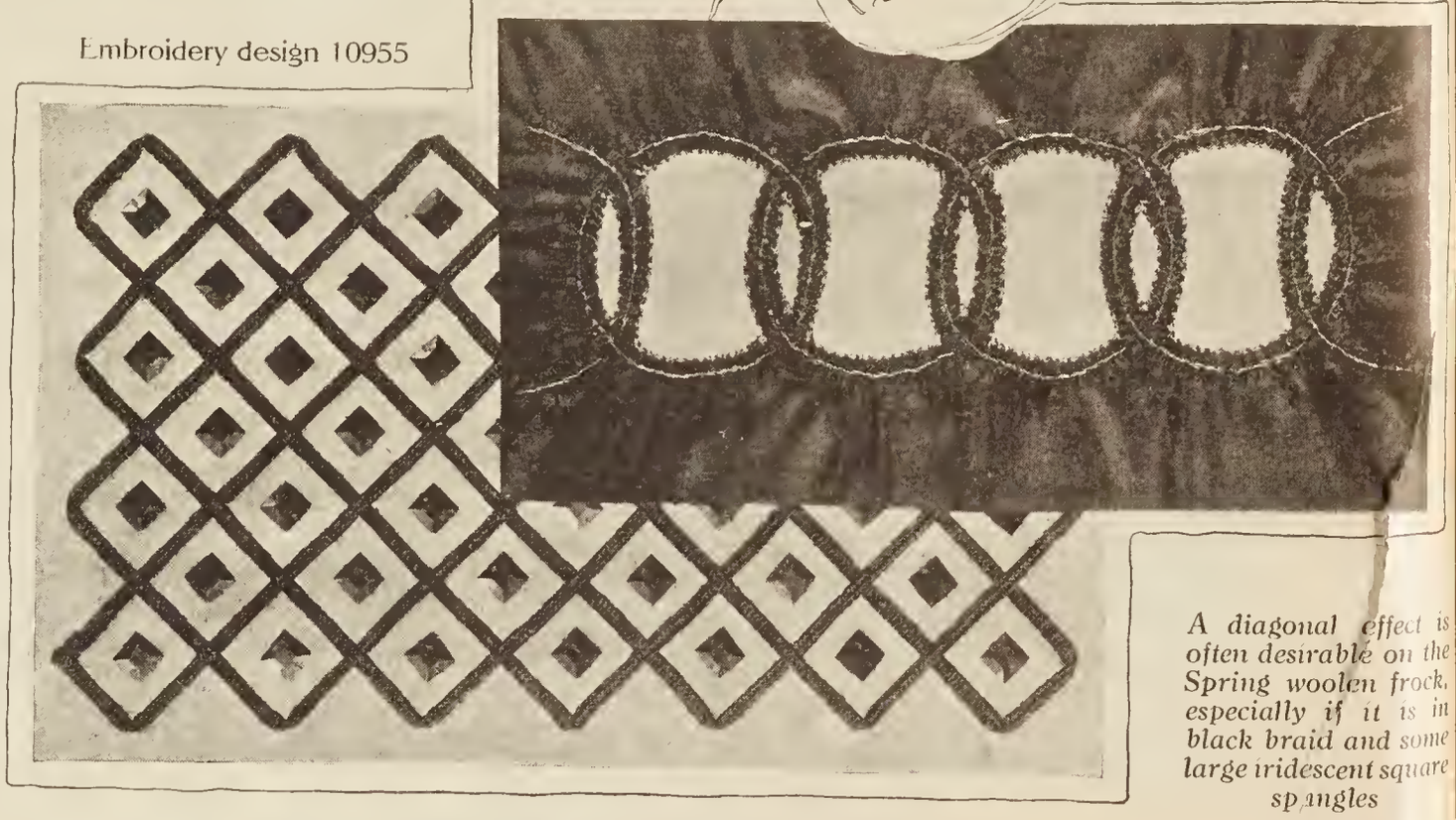
Any of these trimming ideas may be carried out in different colors in such combinations as harmonize with the shade and texture of the fabric one uses for one's costume.



Blue silk circles are interlocked on black taffeta with one-stitch and back-stitch worked in gold metallic thread

Embroidery design 10913

Embroidery design 10955



A diagonal effect is often desirable on the Spring woolen frock, especially if it is in black braid and some large iridescent square spangles

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BABIES

The Happy Child is the healthy, properly brought-up one. Give your child the benefits of the expert advice of the greatest child specialists in America. Dr. L. Emmett Holt is the Chief Adviser of THE DELINEATOR'S campaign for healthier children. Four pamphlets are available, any one of which may be obtained for ten cents in stamps: "The Expectant Mother and the New Baby," by Dr. Ralph Lobenstine, "The General Care of the Baby" and "Maternal Nursing," by Dr. L. Emmett Holt, and "Good Posture," by Dr. Alan De Forest Smith. The price of "The Baby's Record Book," by Dr. Bird T. Baldwin, in cloth binding is one dollar a copy, which includes postage.

HOUSEKEEPING

The Home-Economics Department has prepared, under the direction of Martha Van Rensselaer, a list of leaflets which will lighten the housewife's burden and make scientific home-making an easy art. These leaflets range from milk recipes to the technique of laying the table. Mention specific subjects or write for a list.

HOUSE DECORATION

Your Home Betrays You. Its furnishings and care reveal your own personality as a home-maker. Ugly and depressing rooms no longer are necessary because they may be transformed with little ingenuity and less money. Make your problems clear by listing your questions and giving dimensions, exposure and full description of the rooms you wish to decorate. All questions relating to floors and curtains may be answered by the purchase of Bulletins 1, 2 and 3, entitled "Good Floors," "Curtains and Draperies" and "Walls, Woodwork and Ceilings," respectively, price twenty-five cents each. Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders, Director of the Home-Decoration Department, will be glad to help you with all other problems.

CHILDREN

The Story Hour is a pretty important time in childhood. Do you know what books to read to your children? The Children's Department has prepared lists of books for children of all ages, which will assist in the parental job of forming good reading habits. Write in to the Children's Department, too, for a Page of Prayers for children to learn.

BEAUTY

The Best Face Foremost in any phase of life is good feminine philosophy. Any woman can improve her complexion with a little time and carefuly study. The Beauty Editor will answer special questions and will send folders prepared by experts on the care of the hair, skin and hands, posture, exercises, lotions and cosmetics. Tell us what subjects interest you most.

ETIQUETTE

Are You Uncertain about the ways of the social world? Mrs. John Cabot Kimberley will send you a number of useful leaflets on manners and form, covering every social quandary. "Weddings," "Calls and the Use of Cards," "Letter-Writing," "Etiquette at the Table," are some of the titles. She will answer any puzzled inquirer.

ENTERTAINMENT

The Entertainment Department offers suggestions for dinners, dances, parties and entertainments. The Electrical Party is novel and jolly. Tell us about the party or dinner, or dance, or church fair you would like to give and we will help you out. "Entertaining without tears is our specialty."



ROYAL SOCIETY
EMBROIDERY-PACKAGE-OUTFITS

Art Needleworkers—every woman who appreciates the dainty charm of embroidered articles need but to insist upon Royal Society Package Outfits to be sure of satisfaction.

You are undoubtedly already familiar with the "new gray package" which was introduced with the Spring line in January, taking the place of the former manilla envelope.

The same high quality that has always distinguished the contents of Royal Society Embroidery Package Outfits has been retained—and where possible improved. An increased variety of new ideas have been included—in dainty things for women, children and the home.

Every package is complete—stamped article, beautifully made of best quality material with sufficient full skeins to complete the embroidery.

You do not require any knowledge of embroidery to complete a Royal Society Package Outfit Design—because the diagram sheet in every package is a picture lesson that shows how every stitch is made. Try just one article. Then you will realize how simple it is to embroider.

Send for illustrated circular of new spring designs

The Royal Society trademark is accepted by women everywhere as a guarantee of perfection and durability in Art Needlework Materials.

Embroidery Floss—Fast Colors and White
A size for every kind of embroidery

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Colors that withstand hard boiling

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All colors for dress and decorative embroidery

Sweater Twist—An Artificial Silk

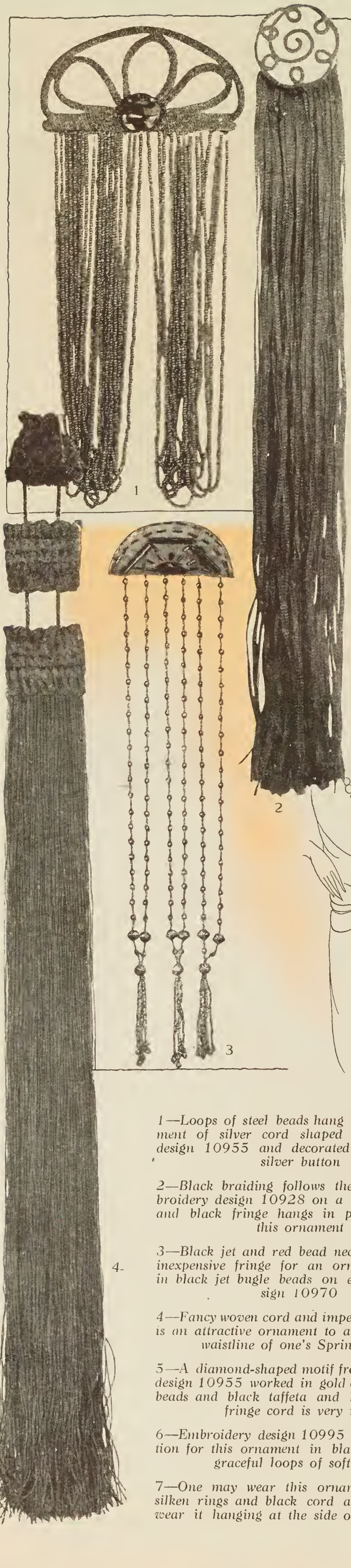
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19 Union Sq. W. H. E. VERRAN Co. Inc. New York City

Prices quoted apply only to U. S. A.

FASHION DISPLAYS HER CONQUESTS IN THE TRIMMING FIELD AT THE LOW WAISTLINE OF A FROCK



1—Loops of steel beads hang from an ornament of silver cord shaped to embroidery design 10955 and decorated with a large silver button

2—Black braiding follows the lines of embroidery design 10928 on a blue silk circle and black fringe hangs in profusion from this ornament

3—Black jet and red bead necklaces are an inexpensive fringe for an ornament worked in black jet bugle beads on embroidery design 10970

4—Fancy woven cord and impenetrable fringe is an attractive ornament to add to the low waistline of one's Spring frock

5—A diamond-shaped motif from embroidery design 10955 worked in gold cord, gold net, beads and black taffeta and hanging black fringe cord is very new

6—Embroidery design 10995 is the foundation for this ornament in black taffeta and graceful loops of soft cord

7—One may wear this ornament of green silken rings and black cord as a girdle or wear it hanging at the side of the waistline

FOR every dress, its ornament; and these may be made quite easily and at very little expense. Braid and beads are quite elastic for such use and are most effective at the low waistline or to mark the beginning of graceful drapery.

For the ornament 1, you will need 6 bunches of steel beads, (counting 1000 to a bunch), ¾ yard of silver cord, a 1-inch silver button, 5 inches of herring boning and embroidery design 10955. Using ½ of the oval motif from embroidery design 10955, shape the silver cord according to the design. Sew a piece of cord along the straight line of the motif; then sew herring boning in back of the straight edge. Sew loops of beads, counting 300 beads to each loop, along herring boning. Sew large button in the center.

For the ornament 2, you will need 1 yard narrow black cord, ⅛ yard narrow ribbon fringe 19 inches long, and embroidery design 10928. Apply the small motif from embroidery design 10928 on blue silk and outline the design with braid. Cover a 2½-inch circle of cardboard with this motif. Fold the fringe double and sew the end behind the circle.

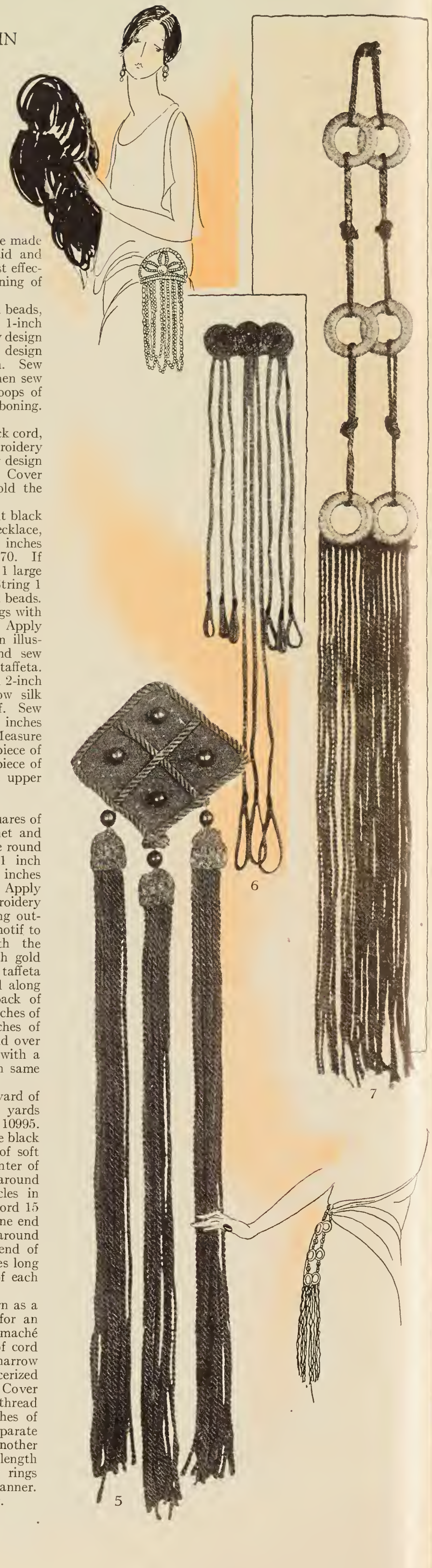
For ornament 3, you will need 3 necklaces of ten-cent black jet beads with 3 red beads at the bottom of each necklace, 1 bunch of black jet bugle beads, 3 black beads 1¼ inches long, 1 black oval bead, and embroidery design 10970. If you cannot buy these necklaces, string 5 small beads, 1 large round jet bead until the string is 11½ inches long. String 1 large red bead, 5 small beads, 1 large jet bead, 5 small beads. Make other half in same manner and finish both strings with a red bead and jet tassel. Make 2 more such strings. Apply the motif on taffeta and embroider with beads as in illustration. Shape the taffeta on the lines of design and sew to canvas. Sew strings of beads to the straight edge of taffeta.

For ornament 4, you will need ½ yard fancy woven 2-inch braid, ⅛ yard 26-inch silk fringe, and ⅓ yard narrow silk cord. Fold fringe in half and cut narrow cord in half. Sew each piece to folded fringe. Cut 3 pieces of braid 5 inches long and sew 1 piece of braid around fringe and cord. Measure 1 inch fringe braid and sew another piece of braid around cord. Sew remaining piece of braid to ends of cord. Gather the upper edge of this piece.

FOR ornament 5 you will need 2 squares of taffeta 5 by 5 inches, dull gold net and buckram, ⅔ yard of gold cord, 7 large round wooden beads, ¼ yard gold lace 1 inch wide, ¼ yard of black fringe cord 16 inches long and embroidery design 10955. Apply the diamond-shaped motif from embroidery design 10955 on buckram. Cut along outline of the design. Apply the same motif to taffeta. Cover buckram first with the taffeta with motif applied then with gold net. Place cord over the lines on the taffeta and sew beads over dots. Sew cord along edge of covered buckram. Cover back of buckram with black taffeta. Cut 3 inches of fringe and gold in half. Cut 3 inches of gold lace and fold in half. Sew braid over fringe. Join tassel to taffeta motif with a black bead. Make 2 more tassels in same manner. (See illustration)

For ornament 6, you will need ⅛ yard of canvas, ⅛ yard of black taffeta, 3 yards soft cord, and embroidery design 10995. Apply 3 small circles on canvas. Place black taffeta over canvas. Cut 15 inches of soft cord, allowing ½ inch of black in center of each circle. Sew soft cord around and around on canvas. Make remaining 2 circles in same manner. Cut 6 pieces of soft cord 15 inches long. Make a 2-inch loop at one end of each cord and wind black floss around end of loop. Sew 3 cords to each end of circles. Cut 3 pieces of cord 25 inches long and make a 3-inch loop at one end of each cord. Sew to center circle.

For ornament 7, which may be worn as a girdle or hung straight at the side for an ornament, you will need 6 papier maché rings 1¾ inch in diameter, ¼ yard of cord fringe 17 inches long, 1 yard of narrow black cord, 6 skeins each of mercerized embroidery floss and metallic thread. Cover the rings with silk and metallic thread winding them together. Cut 12 inches of cord. Slip cord through 2 rings. Separate rings by knotting the cord. Join another ring to one of last ring with same length of cord (see illustration), separating rings with a knot. String all rings in this manner. Sew 2 inches of fringe to each end ring.



The prettiest baby in Galveston—

Betty Jane Fivel was the proud winner of the first prize in the Galveston Baby Parade—the prettiest baby in the whole city!

Her parents are Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Fivel, 1509 21st St., Galveston, Texas. On her doctor's orders Betty has been fed on Eagle Brand since she was five weeks old. "She scored 100% with three pounds to the good" in a test at John Sealy Hospital recently. "We owe it to Eagle Brand" say her parents.



In fact— perfect babies by the thousands

PICTURES of prize winning babies like this one pour into the offices of the Borden Company. Thousands and thousands of perfect babies. Children who have won prizes for their vigor, their development, their beauty.

Every one of these prize winners owes his health to Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.

The amazing record of Eagle Brand for infant feeding has made it the standard baby food all over this country. It has brought health to generations of babies and happiness to thousands of grateful mothers. Doctors recommend it in difficult feeding cases—for it is thoroughly digestible.

If you cannot nurse your baby, feed him the safe Eagle Brand way. Eagle Brand is the natural milk for baby when mother's milk fails—just whole milk and cane sugar, pure, safe, sure in its results.

Write for our new authoritative book —"Baby's Welfare." It's free but the edition is limited—so write *today*. The Borden Company, 153 Borden Building, New York.

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EAGLE BRAND
CONDENSED MILK

RAISIN RECIPES

By Gladys Beckett

All recipes have been tested and approved by the Home-Makers' Department

RAISIN STUFFING

AN EXCELLENT raisin stuffing for chicken can be made from

⅓ cup fat
1 cup boiling water
1 cup crums
¼ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon butter
⅛ teaspoon poultry seasoning
½ cup seeded raisins

MELT the fat in the boiling water and pour it over the crums, add the seasoning and toss lightly; then add the raisins and mix throughly.

RAISIN-FLAVORED ROAST

MAKE small gashes in the outer layer of fat on your rib roast and insert a few raisins. As the fat browns, the flavor from the raisins penetrates.

MALAGA-RAISIN PUDDING

¼ cup fat
¼ cup sugar
2 egg-yolks
¾ cup fine bread-crums
½ cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
½ cup seeded raisins chopped fine
2 egg-whites

CREAM the fat, add the sugar and the egg-yolks beaten until light. Add the crums and milk alternately, and the vanilla and raisins, and fold in the beaten whites. Bake in a greased baking-dish in a moderate oven. Serve with hard sauce.

PLUM PUDDING

A PUDDING rich in fruit is made from

1 pound currants
¼ pound candied orange-peel
¼ pound citron
1 pound raisins
½ pound chopped suet
½ pound stale bread-crums
1 cup flour
1 cup brown sugar
1 teaspoon nutmeg, grated
1 tablespoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon allspice
1 cup weak coffee
4 eggs

WASH and dry currants. Cut orange-peel and citron very fine. Stone raisins. Mix all dry ingredients together. Beat eggs. Pour them over the dry ingredients, add the liquid and mix thoroughly. Pack into greased molds and steam three hours at time of making and three hours when wanted for use. Serve with hard sauce.

RAISIN PIE

2 cups seeded raisins
1 cup boiling water
3 soda crackers
1 cup chopped walnuts
Juice of 2 lemons
Juice of 1 orange

COOK the raisins in boiling water for five minutes. Make fine crums of the crackers and add to the raisins. Cook until the mixture thickens. Then add the nut-meats and fruit-juice.

DELICIOUS BANBURY TARTS

1 cup chopped seeded raisins
1 cup vinegar
Juice of 1 lemon
1 cup of water
2 soda crackers rolled into crums
2 tablespoons butter or butter substitute

MIX all the ingredients and cook to a thick jam. Make a flaky pie-paste and roll it thin. Cut the pastry in circles about four inches in diameter and put two tablespoons of the tart mixture on one half of each circle. Fold the other half of the pastry over it. Moisten pastry edges with water and press together. Bake in a hot oven.

RAISIN ICE-CREAM

SOAK until plump 1 cup of seeded raisins, with 1 tablespoon of lemon-juice, in 2 cups of water. Then simmer slowly, while closely covered, until raisins are tender and ½ cup of water remains. Dissolve 1 tablespoon of corn-starch with a few grains of salt in 4 tablespoons of cold water; add to the raisins. Cook until clear, being careful not to crush raisins while stirring. Add ¾ of a cup of sugar, remove from fire, keep covered and let it get cold. Whip 1¼ cups of heavy cream until stiff. Then fold the raisins, with 1 teaspoon vanilla, into the cream and freeze.



Babes in the Wools

All through the winter, babes play out-of-doors wrapped snug and warm in furs and wools. Caps, coats and leggings go forth each day as clean and comfortable as the mother's loving care can make them.

To help mothers keep warm winter wraps clean, Colgate & Co. have made FAB—cocoanut-oil soap flakes.

The cocoanut-oil in Fab makes the tiny flakes dissolve like snowflakes in warm water. No bits of soap can stay in Fab-suds to stick to woolly threads and shrink or mat them.

Fab-suds bring back the snowy white to mittens, leggings and sweaters. Fab-suds wash softly the little frock and flannels beneath.

Over 115 years' experience in making fine soaps has gone into the production of FAB. No effort was spared to make these cocoanut-oil flakes safe for children's clothes.

COLGATE & CO.
Est. 1806
NEW YORK

FAB

A color print, for framing, of this Saida (H. Willebeek Le Mair) painting for six cents in stamps, Dept. F-63



"If more people knew of its merits, there would be less sickness and suffering in the world"

Letters from Physicians and Public

Tell how Nujol has overcome many thousand cases of constipation

IN OUR FILES are thousands of letters from users of Nujol—voluntary tributes of gratitude inspired by the good work Nujol has done. Daily they come pouring in, each with its earnest, human story of sickness conquered. These letters bear eloquent testimony to the ability of Nujol to overcome constipation in people of all ages and conditions of health. We quote a few extracts from letters picked at random.

"Relieved her without affecting the baby"

"When the same trouble (constipation) began with our third child, our physician said there was no laxative medicine for my wife that would not hurt the baby. I then persuaded my wife to try Nujol. It relieved her without affecting the baby; as a result we have the healthiest, happiest child I ever saw."

"Constipated for two years, relieved by Nujol"

"I don't think there was ever anybody more constipated than my little three year old boy. He had been constipated for two years. I tried Nujol, and it relieved him. From a mother who will always be thankful for your great remedy for constipation."

"Relieved hemorrhoids"

"For two years I suffered with hemorrhoids. I spent about $800 before I discovered Nujol. To-day, after five bottles, I am feeling as well as the day I was born, as far as knowing what pain is."

"A wonderful product" —Says doctor

"I beg to say that Nujol is a wonderful product. I have quite a number of patients now using it and all are pleased with it."

"Nujol all it is claimed to be"

"Nujol has given me new life, strength, hope and comfort. It possesses a wonderfully soothing effect upon the intestines, without any of the hot, burning, weakening sensations that usually result from the use of pills or other purgatives. Nujol is all it is claimed to be by its makers, and if more people knew of its merits there would be less sickness and suffering in the world."

"Sure to give relief without griping"

"I am seventy-four years of age and had chronic constipation for years. Have suffered much at times trying to get relief by using physics. Now I use Nujol every morning and find it sure to give relief without griping pains of any kind. I cannot say too much in favor of Nujol as the best remedy for constipation. My friends use it with the same results; never fails; no griping; no physicking; no inconvenience. I surely recommend it to all sufferers from constipation, old or young."

Nujol overcomes constipation by the so-called lubricating method. When you are constipated there is not enough of Nature's lubricating liquid produced by your system to keep the food waste soft and moving. Doctors prescribe the gentle lubricant, Nujol, because it acts like this natural lubricant and thus replaces it. Like pure water, Nujol is harmless and pleasant.

Test Nujol yourself. Your druggist sells it.

For Constipation

Nujol

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

A Lubricant—Not a Laxative

Mistol *a new product, for Colds in head, Nasal Catarrh, Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Hoarseness and acute paroxysms of Asthma and Hay Fever. Made by the makers of Nujol.*

Guaranteed by Nujol Laboratories — *Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey).*

Tested and Approved by the GOOD HOUSEKEEPING BUREAU OF FOODS, SANITATION AND HEALTH Conducted by GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE

FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

Nujol, Room 802-P, 44 Beaver Street, New York. For this coupon and 10 cents, stamps or coin, to cover packing and postage, please send me a trial bottle of Nujol and 24-page booklet, "Dangers of Constipation." (For booklet only, check here ☐ and send without money).

Name..... Address.....

TESTS FOR GOOD HEALTH

The importance of regular physical examinations

By Harlow Brooks, M. D.

MODERN medicine has greatly increased length of life and has added much to our happiness and comfort. Through public medicine and sanitation, all of the infectious diseases have been lessened.

The occurrence and mortality rate of typhoid fever have been so reduced that this formerly terrible epidemic disease has become almost rare. Diphtheria has been robbed of its terror. Each year thousands of cases of tuberculosis have been prevented and as many more cured by early detection, hygiene, milk inspection and the routine examination of herds, together with the new application of old knowledge concerning the care of the tubercular patient.

Yellow fever, thanks to Walter Reed and his heroic associates, has almost vanished from our shores. Malaria and hookworm are now entirely and easily controllable. Proper food inspection and the spread of knowledge concerning infant feeding and care insure the lives of our babies.

But while infectious diseases have lessened, heart disease is on the increase. Premature old age is more frequent. Kidney disease is undoubtedly increasing. In spite of better food and better methods for its preservation and preparation, diseases of the stomach, intestine and digestive glands occur more frequently. Even with our added knowledge concerning cancer, this too is claiming more victims. Nor is insanity abating in its melancholy toll.

These conditions are largely due to the increased speed at which we live—the strain and stress of this age typified by the automobile, the aeroplane and the radio.

Unlike the infectious diseases, little can be done for these ailments through public measures or group sanitation. They are diseases of the individual and are under his control. But doctors possess the knowledge which, applied in time, will prevent and cure these troubles, and each individual has only to take advantage of the opportunity for better health and longer life which modern medicine offers him.

Every individual should go regularly to a physician for a complete physical examination. Most of us have been educated to the point of going twice a year to the dentist for an inspection of our teeth, whether or not we have a toothache; but we have not yet learned that it is an equal economy of life, health and money to go regularly to a physician for a similar inspection of our bodies, whether or not they seem ill.

A man who owns a car has it overhauled regularly for possible unsuspected trouble, yet the condition of his own more valuable human machine he takes for granted.

The armies and navies of the entire modern world, many of the great industrial institutions, schools and colleges, even the jails and reformatories, practise this individual preventive medicine. Yet how few private individuals are willing to do for themselves what nations, corporations and institutions have found it pays them to enforce.

THE lesson of regular physical examination is one which the women of this nation especially should take to heart, for it is they who influence and guide youth.

Examinations should not be done in a haphazard and half-hearted way. They should begin with the baby and should be given at about yearly intervals through infancy. As a matter of fact, more wise mothers already follow out this practise as long as the child is in her arms, but she is too likely to forget that very many of the disease processes which crisp and narrow and finally terminate life also begin in the 'teens and in the twenties. Certainly every child and every youth should be examined at at least two-year intervals.

Has your child infected tonsils? If so, this is one of the most common points of origin of disease of the heart valves; it predisposes to pneumonia, to scarlet fever and to most other air-borne infections, including, perhaps, tuberculosis also. A little attention will suffice to remove this danger and thereby greatly lessen the likelihood of serious heart, kidney or glandular trouble.

Are adenoids present in the throat and posterior nares? They invite after-disaster in the form of defective hearing, running ears, mastoiditis. As with tonsils, adenoids are often the portal of entry from which a serious heart or kidney disease may develop.

Are the teeth coming in in a normal and regular way? Corrections of dental faults are easily made in child ood and may save your child from disagre able disfigurement. Bad teeth mean bad mastication, malnutrition and chronic disease of the digestive tract, perhaps ending in such ineffective work that life itself is ruined. Perhaps mouth and dental deformities may even lead to deficient mental development. At least we know that correction of these defects is often followed by increased mental activity, better scholarship and—can you wonder?—better temper.

In the early and middle 'teens tremendous metamorphoses are taking place both in your boy and girl—not only critically important physical miracles, but also mental and moral tides. The character of the man or woman, both physical and mental, depends infinitely on the little quirks, mental or physical, which may appear at just this particular time.

IS THE little woman anemic? Is her blood sufficiently rich so that she may properly develop in these tremendously important ways? Is albumin present in the urine? If so, probably a little change in diet, in exercise, in her school-hours, in her play—perhaps even a little thoughtfully considered medicine—may save you from mothering a cross, incomplete, invalid woman, instead of the splendid creature that she might become.

Are your boy's athletics too much for him? How is his heart standing up under the grilling of the football squad? All these questions can be simply answered by your family physician, and on the application of this easily acquired knowledge depends the future of a citizen and man.

Is your young collegian able to carry on with his work? If not, may it not be due to some present or developing disease which a competent examination would detect and easily correct? Perhaps you have earnestly desired that he train himself for some special business or profession and he is, perhaps, too immature to choose for himself or too dutiful to insist on his own desires. Psychological tests will certainly indicate at least what lines of mental activity he is most adapted for.

Has your child proven dull, melancholy; does her face appear unintelligent; does she learn with great effort and forget automatically? Perhaps the secretion of her thyroid gland is defective. A physician can readily tell you, and no miracle is more startling in all science than that of this vital agent in those who are defective in it. A fool may become a sage, a monster a beauty under its marvelous effects, *if detected early.*

Many of us have grown up under mental depressions, horrors or superstitions perhaps developed from the tales of some ignorant or vicious nurse or playmate. Are you afraid of lightning or the open square? Do you fear your fellows and shun contact with them?

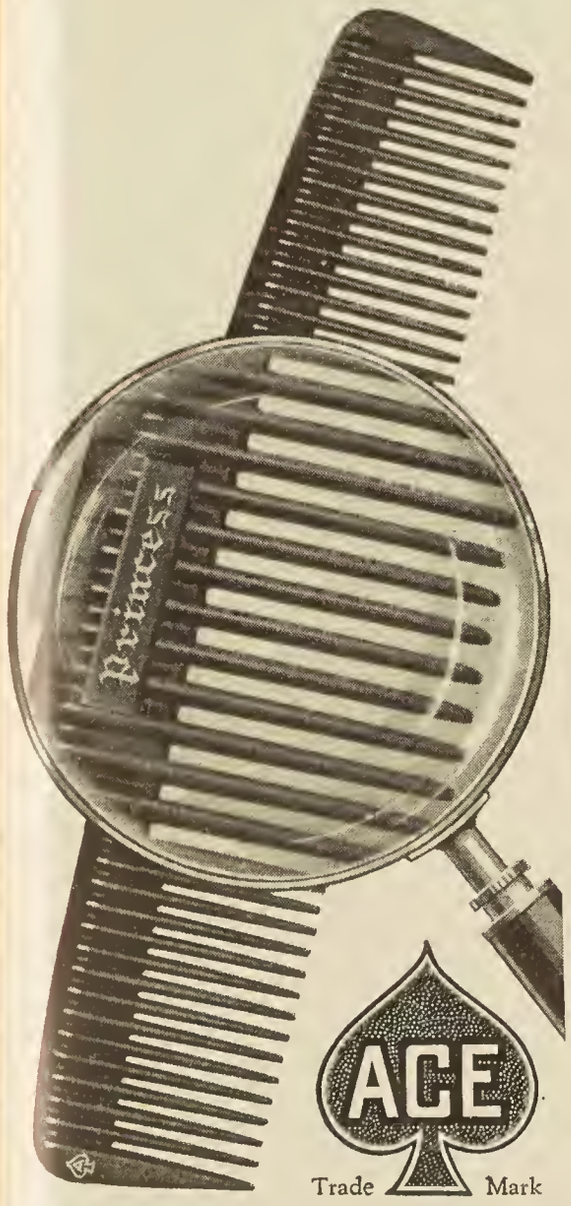
We know that very many of these clogs to mind and morals may be removed and "dissipated, as it were, into thin air" if detected early and if properly discussed with some understanding and intelligent friend such as the family doctor will be—if you will let him.

A great physician, Oliver Wendell Holmes, said long ago that many criminals were hurried to the jail when they should have been sent to the clinic. All thoughtful criminologists recognize this now, but how few of us realize that a condition corrected in our children may prevent mental perversion or crime.

Regular physical and mental examinations are just as necessary for adults, especially as they approach those ages when the degenerative diseases are most likely to appear.

The young woman or man about to marry should know if they are in such physical and nervous condition as to give what they expect to receive—love, companionship and

Concluded on page 97



Your hair passes freely through parallel teeth.

BETWEEN the V-shaped teeth of ordinary combs the hair wedges, pulls and breaks. But the rounded parallel teeth of Ace Quality Combs slip freely and smoothly through the heaviest hair.

For every member of the family, for every need and taste, there is an Ace Quality Comb.

You will find an assortment at drug and department stores.

HERCULES
Princess
Unbreakable
GOODYEAR 1851
are leading brands of

ACE COMBS
For Men and Women

Manufactured by
American Hard Rubber Company



FATHER'S DAY

Concluded from page 2

Then there stretches before him a vista not dreamed of while he worked below, head bent to the task.

The father who has never fathered his children has a vague feeling of emptiness, futility, disappointment. His children have not meant what he had hoped for in the beginning. They came—they are gone. His house is empty. He is a world-wearied man, too numb even to question.

The children feel the gap keenly. They sense the empty place that father should have filled. They steal wistful glances toward the father who is living joyously with his children and now and again drop a word or two that speaks of the longing and loneliness of the fatherless child.

ONE night it happened that such a child was with two children whose father had come a long distance to visit them at their Summer camp. It was a flying visit. The judge had to hurry back the next morning, so the children were allowed to stay up long past their bedtime to play with him.

The lonely little boy stayed, too, sitting in the corner of the settle and watching the fun with great hungry eyes. Too timid to go near the big man and too fascinated to lose a motion, he sat listening and watching breathlessly. The judge made place for him, but he could not gather courage to take it.

The fun grew hilarious. Father took handkerchiefs from pockets that were guiltless and pennies from hands that never held them and made little voices come out of vases and from under the mats and down the chimney. The little fellow crept nearer. Never in all his life had he seen such a father as this.

When the last game had been played and the last story told, the delayed bedtime signal swept them all toward the stairs. As the little stranger trudged up with many a backward glance, he said to his mother, "You know, I think that is what God must be like—only bigger, much bigger."

Isn't that what father is like when he is really father? An embodiment of God, the Father, who creates and loves and protects and guides His own, His little children.

DESPOILED

Concluded from page 18

with the sacrifice of her best keenness of intellect, with her talents, with all those splendid mental contacts with life which come alone from competitive earning.

She can pay her way with the babies.

If she does earn money by her talent, let her give it to charity.

I debauched Arthur's manhood as surely and as completely as if I had given him drugs instead of money. Even his big brain could not stay this insidious undermining of his character. The greater fault, the greater weakness was mine.

And so I reached the shattering decision: "Sink without mercy." And it has been done.

It is his one chance to save his brain alive.

This is the story of my divorce. It has taken many hours of many days to write this much. There is a certain relief in setting it down. But it hurts me——

AGAIN I am conscious that I am steeling myself against New York, roaring in at my window. Sound and fury—as the greatest poet of them all said of life—sound and fury, signifying nothing.

Ah no, not that! The very unbeauty of New York is stupendous—a raw dream, groping its noisy way toward realization. Its fury is only desire gone amuck.

Only out of pain and passion and hope deferred does nature permit new life to come.



No Home can Have too much PYREX

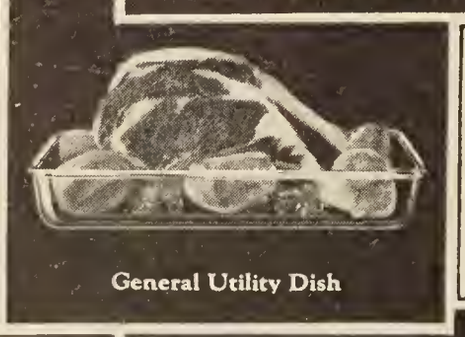


Deep Square Baking Dish

Individual Bakers or Ramekins with Serving Tray or Meat Platter



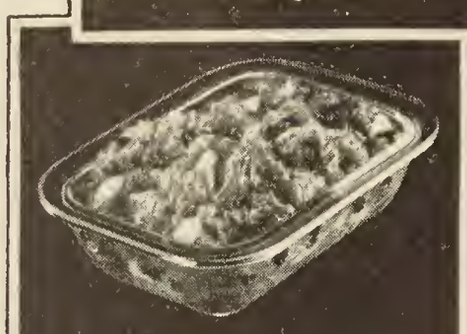
Double Compartment Vegetable Dish



General Utility Dish



Wide Flange Pie Plate



Oblong Baking or Pudding Dish

What Pyrex does for the home

MORE PYREX dishes are needed in every home. Every one more than pays for itself in food improvement and in the reduction of work, to say nothing of the pride it gives you in having your table correctly and beautifully served.

You can completely outfit your home from the 100 styles and sizes of

PYREX

Transparent Ovenware

Buy more PYREX of any dealer in housewares.

Pyrex Sales Division
CORNING GLASS WORKS, Corning, N. Y.
Originators and Patentees of Oven Glassware



SWEETS OF THE TREE

Concluded from page 58

MAPLE PUDDING

4 tablespoons corn-starch
¼ cup cold water
1 pint milk scalded
¼ cup maple-sirup
1 tablespoon sugar
Salt
½ teaspoon vanilla
1 egg-white
½ cup Grape-nuts

MIX the corn-starch with the cold water and add it to the scalded milk, stirring constantly until smooth, then stir occasionally. Add the sirup, sugar and salt. Cook for about fifteen minutes. Remove from the heat, add vanilla and Grape-nuts, and fold in the stiffly beaten egg-white. Mold and serve with orange sauce.

ORANGE SAUCE

1 cup milk
2 tablespoons sugar
1 egg-yolk
1 teaspoon grated orange-peel
1 teaspoon orange-juice
Salt

HEAT the milk, add the sugar gradually and pour the mixture over the egg-yolk. Cook over hot water until the mixture coats a spoon. When cold, add the orange peel and juice. Mix well and serve at once.

MAPLE MARSHMALLOW CREAM

1 tablespoon gelatin
¼ cup cold water
1 cup milk
½ cup maple-sugar shavings
2 egg-yolks
10 marshmallows
1 cup sour cream, whipped
½ teaspoon vanilla
Salt

SOAK the gelatin in the cold water. Heat the milk and dissolve the sugar in it. Add the egg-yolks and cook until the mixture coats a spoon. Add the gelatin and the marshmallows cut in small pieces; beat well. Place the mixture in a pan of cold water. When it begins to thicken, fold in the cream which has been beaten until stiff. Add the vanilla and salt, and turn into a mold.

MAPLE CUSTARD

1 egg
1 cup milk
Salt
3 tablespoons maple-sirup

BEAT the egg lightly, add the milk, sirup and salt. Stir well and turn the mixture into buttered molds. Place the molds in a pan of hot water in the oven. Bake slowly until the custards are firm. The oven should never be so hot that the water around the molds boils.

MAPLE RICE WITH PINEAPPLE

1 tablespoon gelatin soaked in 4 tablespoons cold water
2 cups boiled rice
½ cup stirred maple-sugar
⅔ cup grated pineapple
1 egg-white

SOFTEN the gelatin in cold water and dissolve by placing it over hot water. Combine the gelatin with the rice and sugar. When the mixture begins to thicken, add the pineapple and beaten egg-white. Turn into molds and serve with maple sauce to which one-fourth cup of chopped English walnuts has been added.

MAPLE TARTS

1 cup maple-sirup
1 tablespoon corn-starch dissolved in ¼ cup cold water
1 egg
2 tablespoons butter
½ teaspoon vanilla

HEAT the sirup. Add the corn-starch (dissolved in cold water) and the beaten egg; cook until clear. Add the butter and vanilla and beat well. Line individual baking-tins with plain pastry and bake until straw color. Fill with maple mixture, cover with maple meringue and brown in a slow oven.

MAPLE MERINGUE

BEAT the white of an egg until dry and stiff. Add three tablespoons maple-sirup. Beat well and use at once.

MAPLE MOUSSE

1 cup maple-sirup
3 egg-whites
1 teaspoon granulated gelatin
¼ cup cold water
1 pint cream

BOIL the sirup until it threads (217 degrees Fahrenheit). Add it gradually to the beaten egg-whites. Add the gelatin, softened in the cold water and dissolved over hot water. Beat the mixture until cold. Whip the cream until stiff and fold it into the first mixture. Mold, pack in ice and salt and let stand three hours.

RICE BALLS

STEAM rice until thoroughly done. To one pint of cooked rice add one-fourth cup of blanched almonds cut in fine pieces and a few maraschino cherries sliced. Press the rice mixture into buttered molds. Unmold and serve with maple-sugar shavings and thin cream or with maple sauce.

MAPLE TEA-CAKES

1 cup maple-sugar shavings
¼ cup sugar
⅓ cup fat
½ cup milk
1 egg
2 cups flour
3 teaspoons baking-powder
½ cup finely chopped English walnuts
¼ teaspoon salt

CREAM the sugar and fat and add the well-beaten egg. Sift the dry ingredients together and add alternately with the milk. Bake in small muffin-tins.

MAPLE-SIRUP CAKE

½ cup sugar
⅓ cup fat
¾ cup maple-sirup
½ cup milk
Salt
2¼ cups flour
3 teaspoons baking-powder
3 egg-whites

CREAM the sugar and fat together. Add the sirup and stir well. Add the milk and flour alternately. Fold in the beaten whites and bake in an oblong pan. When the cake is baked and cool, place it on an inverted cake-pan and cover with boiled maple frosting.

BOILED MAPLE FROSTING

1 cup sugar
¼ cup water
2 egg-whites
½ cup maple sugar or sirup

STIR the first three ingredients over the fire until the sugar is dissolved. Cover and boil for two minutes. Uncover and cook without stirring until the sirup threads when dropped from the spoon. Pour the cooked sirup slowly over the beaten whites of eggs, beating constantly until cool enough to spread.

MAPLE CREAM

2 cups maple-sirup
¾ cup milk
1 tablespoon butter
Salt

COOK sugar, milk and salt together to the soft-ball stage (238 degrees Fahrenheit). Cool and beat until creamy. Use as a filling for cakes, cream-puffs or tarts.

MAPLE ICING

¾ cup maple-sirup
¼ cup sugar
1 egg-white

COOK the sirup and sugar together until it spins a thread (217 degrees Fahrenheit) when dropped from a spoon. Pour the sirup slowly over the beaten egg-white and beat until cold. This icing is quickly made and may be used to give a maple flavor to simple, inexpensive cakes or cookies.

ICED TEA

MAPLE-SIRUP and sliced orange give a new and pleasing flavor to iced tea.

For recipes for maple-flavored candies, maple caresses, maple fudge and maple nuggets and a new drink, maple kick, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address the Home-Makers' Department, THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York City.*

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Mail the coupon for a trial package of this coffee without caffeine



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There is now a coffee without caffeine. You can drink it to your heart's content, drink it at any hour. Children can enjoy it, too.

It is simply pure coffee—an exquisite blend. You never tasted more delightful flavor.

All we remove is the tasteless drug, the source of coffee's harm. All the coffee delights at their utmost are intact.

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You miss no coffee joy. The caffeine we remove is practically tasteless and odorless.

You miss no kick, for the caffeine stimulation does not come until two hours after drinking.

You miss no bracing effects, for they come from aromatic oils and heat.

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Kaffee Hag is not a coffee substitute. It is coffee at its best! The most expert taster cannot discover that anything has been removed. The finest hotels the world over now serve it. Millions of homes have adopted it.

It is simply a delightful coffee, which anyone can drink at any hour without the fear of harm For 95% of the caffeine is removed.

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Coffee without caffeine

Please try it

Someone in your home wants Kaffee Hag. Perhaps a child to whom coffee is forbidden. Perhaps an adult who must be careful, or whom coffee keeps awake.

Ask us for a 10-cup package and learn how folks enjoy it. Cut out the coupon now.

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HEINZ
Tomato Ketchup

There's more ketchup in a bottle of Heinz Tomato Ketchup than in a larger bottle of ordinary ketchup. More tomato and less water. Sound tomatoes and no artificial preservatives. Luscious red ripe tomatoes and no artificial coloring matter.

H. J. Heinz Company



YOUR FRIEND THE POTATO

Concluded from page 62

The mixture may be shaped into flat cakes and browned on both sides in a frying-pan containing a small amount of fat.

A third way, which may be used if one is in a hurry, is to melt some butter in a frying-pan and add the mixture. Stir until it is well heated and then allow it to brown on the under side. The egg may be omitted when this method is used. This recipe may be varied by adding one and one-half cups of cold chopped meat or shredded fish. Salt fish which has been freshened and boiled until soft may be used in this way. Small bits of left-over vegetables lend variety to the flavor.

FISH OR SHEPHERD'S PIE

ANOTHER method of using left-over mashed potatoes is to combine them with fish. Moisten the mashed potato with a little white sauce and line a greased casserole or baking-dish with a layer about one inch thick. Fill the center with fish mixed with white sauce. Cover the whole with a layer of the mashed potatoes. Sprinkle with buttered bread or cracker crums and put in an oven long enough for the mixture to become heated throughout and to brown the crums on top.

Meat may be substituted for the fish.

Another use for mashed potatoes is in stuffing for ducks, pork or fowl.

POTATO STUFFING

1 pint mashed potatoes
1¼ cups bread-crums
¼ cup butter
1 teaspoon sage or other seasoning
Salt
2 finely chopped onions

MIX the ingredients and stuff the fowl. The surplus may be mixed with a beaten egg, formed into balls and cooked in the pan with the bird.

USES FOR COLD BOILED POTATOES

COLD boiled potatoes lend themselves to a variety of uses. The waxy potatoes are best for this purpose.

Creamed potatoes are easier to prepare with cold boiled potatoes than those that are just freshly cooked. Dice cold potatoes and reheat them in a thin white sauce. Or vary by putting the creamed potatoes and grated cheese into a buttered baking-dish in alternate layers, sprinkling the top with butter and putting the whole in the oven long enough to heat through. Care should be taken not to toughen the cheese by cooking this dish too long or in too hot an oven. Chopped green pepper or pimiento gives variety to this dish.

Cold boiled potatoes may be used also as the basis of many delicious salads.

POTATO SALAD

1 pint cold boiled potatoes cut in ½-inch dice
1 cup diced celery
1 small cucumber, diced
1 small onion, diced or minced
4 tablespoons salad-oil
2 tablespoons vinegar
Salt and pepper to taste
Salad-dressing

ADD the salt and pepper to the diced vegetables and marinate them with the oil and vinegar. There should be enough of the marinade to form a thin film over each piece of vegetable, but not enough to settle in the bottom of the dish. Allow the potatoes to stand for an hour or more. Potato salad is one of the few salads that is improved by standing. Mix with mayonnaise and serve on lettuce leaves.

This salad may be varied by adding any of the following: chopped olives, green peppers, pimiento or green pickles, sliced hard-boiled eggs, cooked peas, string-beans or diced cauliflower.

FRANCONIA POTATOES

AN ATTRACTIVE method of preparing potatoes to serve them with a roast is to peel them, parboil them for ten minutes, then cook in the pan with the meat for forty-five minutes. The color is improved if they are basted a few times during this cooking.

SCALLOPED POTATOES

PEEL and cut raw potatoes into slices about one-eighth inch thick. Put these in layers in a casserole, adding flour, butter, pepper and salt to each layer. Add milk to about three-fourths the depth of the potatoes and cook in an oven at about 350 degrees Fahrenheit for an hour or until tender. (Too hot an oven or too long cooking may give a curdled appearance to the milk.) This makes a dish well adapted for serving with broiled meats, such as chops or steaks.

Chopped onions, pimiento, green pepper or cooked bacon may be added. Tomato-juice may be substituted for milk.

CHOWDERS

CHOWDERS form the basis of what is called the one-dish meal. Potatoes are one of the most important ingredients of this dish.

POTATO CHOWDER

2 cups diced potatoes
½ cup diced carrot
1 onion cut in slices
⅓ cup salt pork, cut very fine
Salt and pepper
½ cup diced turnip
1 stalk celery
½ green pepper or pimiento, minced
2 cups hot milk

FRY out the pork and cook until the pieces are crisp and brown, but not burnt. Add the vegetables and brown them, then add sufficient boiling water to cover them and cook until tender. Add the hot milk and serve with hot buttered toasted crackers or bread. If desired, mix two tablespoons of flour with a little cold water and add before putting in the milk.

For fish chowder, omit the turnip and carrot and add one cup or more of fish. Salt fish that has been soaked or fresh fish boned and cut in small pieces may be used. When fish is used, tomatoes, added at the last moment, may be substituted for half the milk.

For corn chowder, substitute one can of corn for the turnip and carrot.

STEWED POTATOES

ONE of the quickest ways to prepare potatoes is to stew them with onions. Allow one potato, one onion and one-half tablespoon of fat for each person to be served. Peel and slice the onions first, then the potatoes. (Potato helps to remove the onion odor from the hands.) Put the fat in a frying-pan. Add the sliced vegetables and season with salt and pepper. Add water to about three-fourths the depth of the vegetables. Cover and cook slowly for about twenty minutes or until the vegetables are tender. More fat may be used if desired. Just before the vegetables are done, add a little cream and finish the cooking in the oven.

FRIED POTATOES

POTATOES may be fried in deep fat and appear as Saratoga chips, French fried or Julienne. For Saratoga potatoes, cut the potatoes in slices almost as thin as paper, soak in cold water for an hour, then put them in fresh water with a piece of ice to chill them thoroughly. Drain a few slices at a time and dry them on a napkin. Put them in a frying-basket and immerse in fat heated to 383 degrees Fahrenheit. Keep the potatoes separated and remove them from the fat as soon as they are slightly colored. Turn into a colander or spread on paper to drain; sprinkle with salt. Continue frying, putting those that are drained on a piece of paper in the oven before adding the second lot to the colander.

For French fried potatoes, cut the potatoes into any shape desired, soak in cold water for one-half hour and fry as for Saratoga chips. Potatoes for frying may be cut in fancy shapes with special cutters; slices, strips, lattices or balls make attractive garnishes for broiled meats.

There may be three objections to serving fried potatoes: first, they must be peeled and soaked in water, which lessens the food value; second, there is considerable work involved in their preparation, and in order to be at their best they must be served at once; third, fried potatoes are not considered the best of foods for old people, children or persons who are troubled with digestive disturbances.

Potatoes may also be concocted into soups, omelets or soufflés.

Table talks
By Mrs. Knox

Is Your Family Like Jack Sprat's?

PERHAPS May doesn't like fish, and Bobby is too fond of pies, and father won't eat certain vegetables. Most families are like that, and mother has certainly a hard time to please them all. But here are two of my dishes—a Dessert and a Salad—that have been *unanimously* voted delicious in thousands of American families. Perhaps *your* family will like them too.

Chocolate Sponge

Making Enough for Six People

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
¼ cupful boiling water
1 teaspoonful vanilla
2 squares of chocolate or 6 tablespoons cocoa
½ cupful of sugar
3 eggs
Few grains of salt

Soak gelatine in cold water until soft, then dissolve in boiling water. Add cocoa or melted chocolate. Beat egg-whites until stiff and add well-beaten egg yolks, one at a time, to the whites. Add sugar, then the dissolved gelatine, which has been beaten well. Beat and add flavoring. Pour into wet mold, chill and serve with whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk.

Fruit Salad Supreme

(*Ten Servings*)

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
½ cup cold water
2 cups boiling water
½ cup mild vinegar
½ cup sugar
3 cups fresh fruit, cut in small pieces

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, and add boiling water, vinegar and sugar. Strain, and when mixture begins to stiffen, add fruit, using cherries, oranges, bananas, or cooked pineapple, alone or in combination. Turn into mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Remove from mold to nest of crisp lettuce leaves; accompany with mayonnaise or boiled salad dressing—Substitute vegetables for the fruit and you will have a delicious vegetable salad.

NOTE. By omitting the lettuce and salad dressing, this may be served as a dessert, and raspberry or other fruit juices may be used in place of the cold water to give a different flavor.

Free—150 Recipes

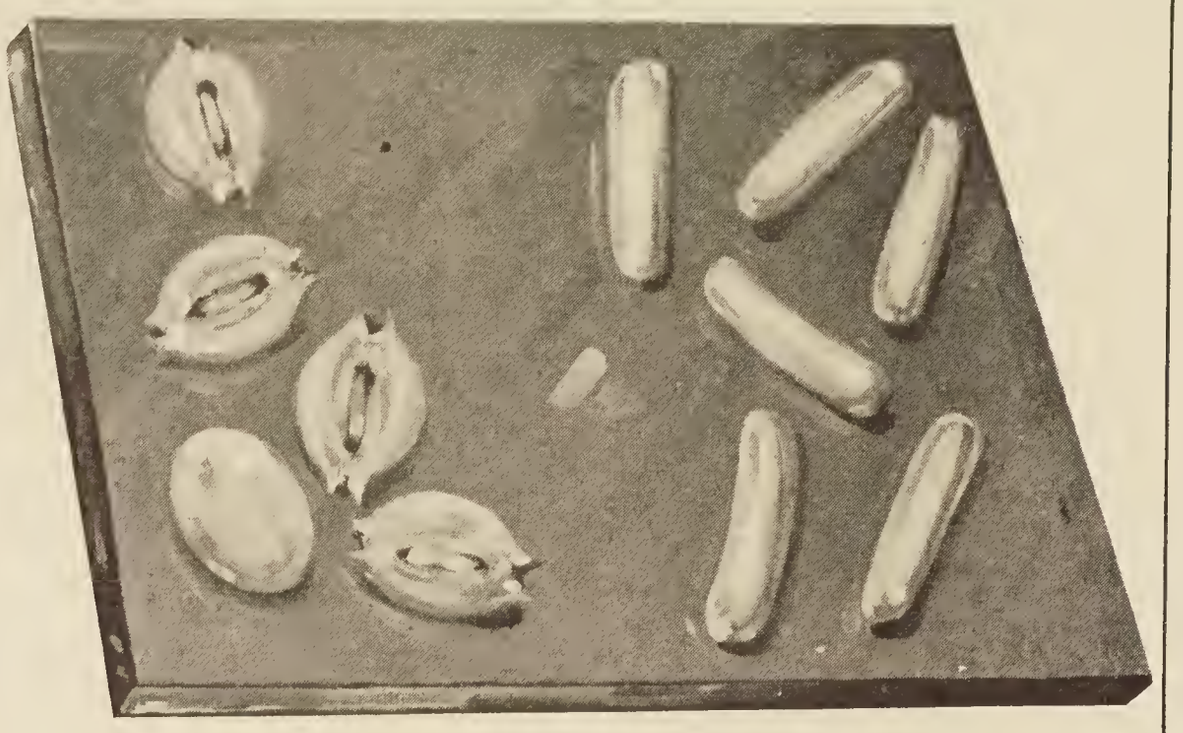
There are over 150 economical, easy-to-make, carefully explained recipes in Mrs. Knox's books, "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy." Free, if you will send your grocer's name and four cents in stamps to cover postage.

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"ALWAYS the HIGHEST QUALITY"





Wheat or Rice

Puffed to 8 times normal size
Every food cell steam exploded

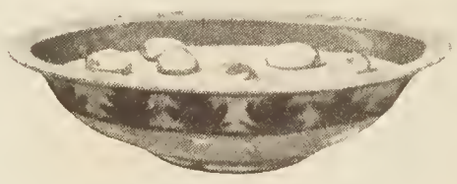
Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are the foods invented by Prof. A. P. Anderson.

The grains are sealed in guns, then revolved for an hour in a fearful heat. The bit of moisture in each food cell is thus changed to steam.

When the guns are shot the steam explodes. In every kernel there occur 125 million explosions. Thus every food cell is blasted for easy, complete digestion.

A grain of wheat contains 16 elements, all essential foods. That's why whole-grain foods are important — so children will lack nothing that they need. But the food cells must be broken to digest.

That's the reason for Puffed Grains. The food cells are all blasted so that every granule feeds. One gets the entire benefit of a whole-grain diet.





Bubble Grains

Flimsy, flavory, toasted, crisp
Delightful food confections

Puffing also makes these foods enticing. The texture is like snowflakes, the taste like toasted nuts.

Thus whole grains are made tempting. Children revel in them. They eat them in a dozen ways, morning, noon and night.

Puffed Rice with cream and sugar forms the finest breakfast dainty children ever get.

It also forms a delightful blend with fruit.

Crisp and douse with melted butter, and it forms the ideal after-school confection.

Puffed Wheat in milk is the supreme dish for suppers, luncheons or at bedtime. A practically complete food made easy to digest.

Millions of children are better fed because Puffed Grains were invented. Millions of meals, every day, are made more delightful.

What other food can you serve a child which so meets all requirements?

Let no day pass without them.

Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice

The Quaker Oats Company Sole Makers



THE RAFT

Continued from page 8

There were a few who recalled that the Greer estate held Charley Hayes' note for a sum that would have seriously embarrassed Charley had he been pressed just then to meet it.

At any rate, Lucy Hayes called, if a bit stiffly. "I don't think we ought to be uncharitable," she said afterward. "Especially when we don't know anything *positively*. She had the most delicious almond cakes for tea. The veranda is simply lovely: green wicker and chintz. She says," added Lucy wistfully, "it would be awfully nice for parties—only she doesn't know enough people."

Lucy Hayes had a horror of doing anything different from her friends. Since she had been forced by circumstances to step outside the mass, she could bear it better if some one stepped with her. She had not asked Ruby to her own house, but somehow before the end of her call she had found herself involved in a promise to let Ruby drive her to Hammondsport next day. So she asked Ada Biggers to go with them.

Ada Biggers was lively and discontented. She found Ruby amusing. She brought the two Connant girls, dying of ennui, to call. And Ruby, discovering that the oldest Connant girl expected a young man from the city for Saturday and Sunday and was at her wits' end to know what to do with him, offered her veranda, her phonograph, her cook. And the Connant girl, in her gratitude, accepted the little dance on Saturday and furnished the guests.

After that Ruby Greer was high and dry on the raft. Before the Summer was over she was guiding its course. But no one suspected it. She had the appearance of offering everything with abounding good nature and expecting nothing. Her house was always open, her laugh always ready. Women calling on her out of curiosity came again because they had found there was laughter there—life seemed jollier, more expansive, more lavish. Into the somewhat niggardly routine of their lives Ruby's teas and luncheons introduced a touch of the sophisticated and the affluent.

AND see, they said, how good-hearted she was. Was there sickness in the neighborhood, Ruby appeared with delicacies; she sheltered and fed the entire Dolan family when their house burned down; she gave her lawn to the Red Cross festival; her energy went far to make a lively success out of the firemen's annual carnival.

Doctor Will, thinking of these things, ran his hand up through his hair with some perplexity. "Blamed if I know what I ought to do," he thought.

It was not the legal side of the situation that troubled him; she had probably been divorced from old Dahlgren before she married Mortie Greer. There were no heirs to the estate, and so far as he could see, Mortie's widow was making better use of the money than Mortie had ever done. What perplexed him was Ruby herself. She was on her good behavior now, she was trying hard—but no amount of trying could obliterate those hard lines around her mouth, that watchful expression of her black eyes. And she was a Toland from Toland Hollow.

On the other hand, there was the curious fact that she was likable. There was something pathetic in her eternal lavish giving, her eagerness to feed people, to give them a good time. And then there was the fact of the long, long way she had come.

Doctor Will glanced back along the lonely woods road toward Huckleberry Ridge. In that desolate valley she had been born, of a clan poverty-stricken, shiftless, half degenerate. And she had fought her way out somehow, by tooth and nail, through some superb, resistless will-to-survive.

"By George!" he exploded, "I don't know but what I admire her more than I mistrust her!"

He started his car and drove on to the corkscrew road down to Marysport. As he passed the Greer place and observed that a tea-party was in full swing on the veranda, he gave an irrepressible rumble of amusement in his ragged beard. Beyond a foreground of clipped lawn and brilliant flower-beds he could see the old house: smart in new paint, well cared for after years of neglect. He could hear a phonograph and Ruby's ready laughter. He thought:

"Be funny if I'd step up and say: 'Excuse me, ma'am, but there's a dead bark-peeler up in Laurel Mountain camp belongs to you. What do you want done with him?'"

Then he saw again the poverty-stricken room in Toland Hollow with the twinkling new brass bed in one corner, and his face softened. He turned out of upper Main Street into his own driveway with more than his usual absent-minded recklessness. For he was thinking:

"No, no; best wait a while and see how she behaves."

For nearly forty years Doctor Will had known all too well the aches and pains of Marysport, but he had been compensated by knowing also what went on in his patients' heads and hearts, and he now found himself immensely fascinated by a comedy being played against the background of his town. Week after week he watched Ruby Greer go on her conquering way.

ONE powerful ally she had in the town's perfectly deadly lack of amusement, especially among the married couples of Ada Biggers' and Lucy Hayes' age: poker in the back room of the drug-store, jogging in little cars over roads everybody already knew to weariness, the bridge club twice a month, fine sewing on the verandas. Life for the younger middle-aged was slow in Marysport.

But Ruby changed all that. Her open door, her lavish and energetic hospitality began to stimulate a social consciousness Marysport had never had before. Ada Biggers got her husband's dinner-coat out of its moth-balls; Lucy Hayes made her husband buy himself one; Mrs. Elias Fellows whose husband was president of the bank, opened the shutters of their large and gloomy house, took the covers off the furniture and gave a Sunday-afternoon reception that was as impressive as it was embarrassing.

"But I wonder," mused Doctor Will, "just when and how the Toland in her—and what she has been—will break out."

He thought he was prepared for anything, but he was as astonished as every one else when Ruby finally made her outrageous gesture, her unbelievable break. It happened that he had been out with a gun and his old setter dog all one golden Autumn afternoon and when he reached home he found a note from young Doctor Willie, asking him to follow him over to the Jenningses. The old doctor was just hastening out of the door when Doctor Willie came in.

"Too late, dad, but it's all right. I pumped her out."

"Who?"

"Martha Jennings. She tried to kill herself this afternoon."

"Good Lord! Why?"

Doctor Willie began scrubbing his hands. "Because," he said calmly, "Mrs. Ruby Greer said she isn't respectable."

"Said Martha isn't respectable? Good Lord! But a girl doesn't try to kill herself because some one says she——"

"Ah, but you see, dad, there was more to it than that. It seems Martha was dropped from the bridge club when Mrs. Greer became president and began to run things—at least, so I gathered from Martha's mother, who was having hysterics—so Martha said that if her friends deserted her she wanted to die. There happened to be a little laudanum in the house, so she drank it."

THE old doctor looked wild with bewilderment. "But how could anybody say that Martha Jennings isn't respectable? Why, if anything, she's *too*——"

"Oh, some one's dug up that time she fell in love with the sewing-machine man who turned out to have a wife in an asylum. Anyhow, the Greer woman seems to have it in for Martha. She has laid down the mandate that no one ought to be in the bridge club who has been talked about. Can you beat it?"

"I can not," admitted his father weakly.

The old doctor felt stunned before the incredible effrontery of Ruby Greer—she that was Ruby Toland. And suddenly he knew that he was more angry than ever in his life before. He could feel the blood surging to his head. He went out and walked up and

Continued on page 77

FAULTLESS
"Wearever"
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NOTHING better typifies Faultless high standards than No. 40 "Wearever" Water Bottle. *Moulded-in-one-piece* of fine live rubber—no seams to leak, no bindings to come loose. Its Patented Oval Neck makes it strong where other bottles are weak and makes it easy to fill and comfortable in use. Sold at a reasonable Pre-War Price, but no better bottle can be bought by paying more.

No. 24 "Wearever" Fountain Syringe is also *moulded-in-one-piece* of fine live rubber. Has full length, extra large, best quality tubing and full equipment of correct design pipes. Insist on getting the most for your money. Ask for these goods by name and number. Sold by good dealers generally. If not obtainable conveniently, write us and we will tell you where you can get them.

The Faultless Rubber Co., Dept. 2023, Ashland, Ohio

Faultless RUBBER

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Tea Aprons
Children's Aprons
Sanitary Aprons

Are becoming more popular every day. Featured by the leading stores. No expense for laundering—merely wipe off with damp cloth. Made of rubber in surprisingly dainty colors.

Faultless No. 11 Work Aprons—(see picture) are strong, serviceable, long-wearing, generous in size and greatly appreciated by every woman. All-rubber made in blue, or green body with white binding or gray body with gray binding. Price, $1.25 each.

Faultless No. 10 Tea Aprons are so attractive and so artistically designed that they blend beautifully with any afternoon gown. Trimmed with ruffles in contrasting colors and finished with two-color straps. All-rubber, red, blue or green body with white trimming or white body with red, blue, green or white trimming. Price, $1.00.



No. 11

Faultless No. 14 Children's Tea Aprons—"just like mother's"—that's why every little girl wants one. All-rubber, decorated with appropriate cut-out designs. Red, blue or green body with white trimming or white body with red, blue, green or white trimming. Price, 85c.

Faultless Sanitary Aprons—top section made of open mesh fabric for coolness; lower section all rubber. Entire apron white, bound with white tape and two white tape tie strings and two white tape garter loops. Small (No. 30), Medium (No. 35) and Large (No. 40), each 60c.

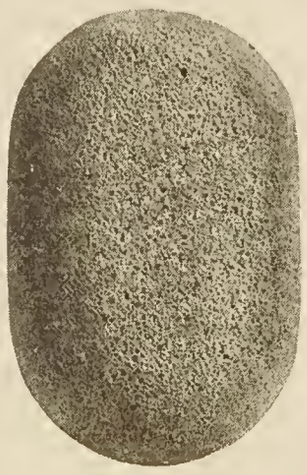
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The Faultless Rubber Co., Dept. 2023, Ashland, Ohio

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Gives Longer Service

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The Faultless Rubber Co.
Dept. 2023, Ashland, Ohio



THE RAFT

Continued from page 76

down among his chrysanthemums, up and down, and presently he saw Ruby's big car swing up in front of her house. Ruby, clicking her high heels smartly, went up the walk.

Doctor Will hurried around to the garage and drove out his little car. He drove across the street to the Greer place, walked up to the porch and spoke, somewhat ceremoniously:

"Mrs. Greer, I should be pleased, ma'am, if you will take a short drive with me. There's something I'd like to discuss with you."

A shadow of uneasiness went over Ruby's face, but she assented affably. The doctor did not speak until they had reached the river bridge and were climbing up toward the Laurel Mountain road. Then he said: "This afternoon, Martha Jennings tried to kill herself."

Ruby Greer's black eyes distended. "No!" she exclaimed, hoarseness in her suave voice.

"Yes; she said that if her friends deserted her, she had nothing to live for. I understand that you had her put out of the bridge club."

Ruby lifted her chin with an effort. "Well, what if I did? That has happened to other people before, and they didn't commit suicide."

"But Martha Jennings is a peculiarly sensitive, rather morbid old maid. She has very little to live for: they are poor; her only love-affair was unfortunate; and to her the bridge club meant that her friends stood by her."

Silence on Ruby's part. She sat looking straight ahead, her rather handsome profile hardening. The doctor stole one glance at her and then he, too, hardened. He increased speed and turned off the main road into the narrower one that led past Huckleberry Ridge to the lumber-camp. Almost the moment he turned, Ruby started. She looked about her quickly. "Wait! You can't go this way," she exclaimed. "The road is terrible—you can't—— "

"I KNOW this road as well as you do," he rejoined quietly.

"Oh, well—" she laughed uneasily, "this is your party."

But he knew that her eyes were going this way and that, and when without warning he turned swiftly into the rutted thread of a road that led over the Ridge to Toland Hollow, she half started up from her seat and grasped the wheel. "Where are you going?" she cried sharply. "This road don't—don't lead anywhere——"

"It leads to Toland Hollow, as you very well know," he replied grimly.

She shrank back and seemed to grow smaller, while her eyes became sharp with fear. At the top of the Ridge he stopped the car abruptly. The Hollow lay spread out before them, achingly desolate in the half-light.

"Well, Ruby Toland, I've brought you home."

She started, looked at him defiantly. Then slowly she turned, leaned forward and stared at the valley where she had been born. He heard her say:

"My God, I hate it!"

Then to his astonishment a shudder went through her, she put her hands over her face and sobbed. The sound went on increasing in violence as if the floods of years were loose. Her hand groped for the handle of the door. He opened it for her, divining that she wanted to get away from him, and she stumbled out. He watched her go blindly toward the woods at the slope of the Ridge above the Hollow. When she thought herself hidden from him, she made a movement that was at once a curse and a gesture of despair. Then, as if her knees gave way, she went down. She groveled and pounded the ground with a clenched fist, and he could hear the sound of her sobs, difficult and hoarse like a man's.

After what seemed a painful age, she came slowly back. There was a terrible and

Concluded on page 78



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THE RAFT

Concluded from page 77

absurd incongruity between her gaudy silk sweater and her blotched face. He realized for the first time that she had long since left youth behind her.

"Get in, Ruby," he said gently.

He turned the car and drove back toward the Laurel Mountain road. But at the turn she stopped him. "Might as well have it out here. I guess you hold all the tricks. I suppose this will be all over town tomorrow?"

For answer he laid on her knee the wedding certificate. "Found it among Ole's effects. Did you know that he is dead?"

"I buried him," she said indifferently. "Or I sent money to my folks to do it. That's more than the dirty hound would have done for me. They gave him a good funeral, too."

"When you married Mortie, did you know that Ole was alive?"

"No; I thought he was dead," she said, and there was a simplicity in her tone that made him believe her. "I saw him drown—or I thought I did. It was at night. He and another Swede got into an awful fight. I was sixteen years old. Ole and I'd been married three months. I was black and blue all over where he'd beat me up. Two of my fingers was tied up in a rag where he'd bit me."

Her voice broke off raggedly. She sat staring along the lonely road toward the ridge. He could almost read the bitter and violent memories that had been let loose in her heart by that sight of the Hollow.

"DO YOU know why I had it in for those Jenningses?" she demanded unexpectedly. "Well, I'll tell you: When I was a kid I used to walk to Marysport sometimes to sell berries—five miles, barefoot. I was the only one in the Hollow that had gumption enough to do that. One hot day I went around to the back door of the Jenningses' house with a pail of berries. Their hired girl came to the door and she called out to Mrs. Jennings: 'Here's one of those kids from Toland Hollow with berries.' And I heard Mrs. Jennings say: 'No! I couldn't stomach anything those dirty Tolands had touched!' "

Ruby paused. "I had never known I was dirty until then. I knew it well enough after that," she added grimly. "I was about ten then. I begun to say to myself that I'd get out of the Hollow—I'd show the people in Marysport some time what a dirty Toland could do."

"That's why you married Ole—to get out of the Hollow?"

"It was the only way I *could* get out. In Marysport they wouldn't even have a hired girl that was a Toland. It was a bad way out, though. Ole was rafting logs down the river, and I went along. All day I cooked and washed for the men on the rafts, and at night Ole beat me for amusement. That's what they got to fighting about—him and the other Swede. They was both half soused. I saw 'em roll off the raft. The river was high. I watched 'em go down amongst the loose logs and trash, and after a long time, when only one of 'em come up—and that wasn't Ole—I run into the cabin and took Ole's money out of the mattress and I lit out across the boom to shore. I worked my way down to Pittsburgh, and I never saw or heard of Ole again."

Doctor Will sat silent, hunched over the steering-wheel. And Ruby went on with her story, an obscure and checkered Odyssey, but always with one clear thread gleaming through it: a deathless and magnificent will-to-survive.

"I was always looking ahead," she said.

She told it to the silently listening old man as if with relief. Dish-washer, waitress, hat-girl in a road-house, clerk, manicurist, but always inching up with tooth and nail, a step higher, keeping as near as possible to what would give her beauty—class, she called it. In a hotel beauty-parlor—it was probably in this period that Tully Foster knew her—a wealthy old woman liked her hands and helped to stake her to a shop of her own. She worked fourteen hours a day, saved, schemed, kept her eyes open. And after a while she had four assistants and was wearing French frocks of gray chiffon in the shop. When she met Mortie Greer, she called herself the widow of a prominent lumber-merchant, forced to earn her own living.

"I could have made something out of Mortie if he had lived. At first I just meant to have a good time on his money. It made me laugh every time I thought of a Toland spending a Greer's money. But Mortie was more decent than you know. He said we'd begin all over again. So I told him about Ole and how I was sure he was dead. But he said I must get a divorce, so I did.

"And when I come back to Marysport to bury Mortie and I saw all the comfortable houses and women sitting on the verandas sewing, I thought Mortie would like it if I cleaned up the old place. And I remembered how I'd sold berries to some of those women when I was a kid, and I thought how funny it would be to come back and make 'em all come running."

THERE was a faint ironic smile on her wide mouth, but after a moment it faded. "Most of the time, though, I meant well. I like to feed people and give 'em a good time."

"But you pushed another woman off the raft."

"What?" She did not understand him.

The doctor started the car and drove along the woods road until at the turn into the main highway Marysport lay below them. He nodded toward the drowsy checkerboard.

"The way I look at it, a person's town is like a raft. We swim out of nowhere and make a place for ourselves aboard it. But it's crowded, and there have to be rules. The first is that you've got no right to push another person off it."

"You mean Martha Jennings?"

He nodded. "You broke a rule."

A rueful smile came to her lips. "I was feeling my oats," she admitted frankly. "And I hated her mother. I'm sorry I did it—honest."

"But there's no telling when you'll break another rule."

She sat looking intently down at the town. "I've never had the chance those women had. But I've always been able to learn quick. If there was anybody to tell me——"

But he started the car with a jerk. He was thinking that he was too old and tired for any more responsibilities. He only wanted to live peacefully and undisturbed amidst his chrysanthemums. He tried to think of duck-shooting and Walt Whitman and his lumbago that threatened to come back, but on the river bridge he heard himself asking:

"Who gave your folks that new brass bed?"

"I did," replied Ruby listlessly. "I send things over from Hammondsport. They're a shiftless, no-account lot. They never did anything for me but get me into the world."

"Then why do you help them?"

"I don't know," said Ruby.

IN FRONT of the Greer house the doctor alighted and with some ceremony gave a hand to assist Ruby out of the car. The old place was dignified and mellow in the twilight, well cared for, hospitable.

"I've got so I like it. I like to take care of it."

Ruby's voice was low. She looked at him, trying to read his face, with an anxiety that made her haggard. "I suppose I can move on," she said at last, her shoulders drooping.

Doctor Will took a step toward the car, took another back again. "Look here," he blurted finally and rather desperately, "you go over and apologize to Martha Jennings, make her come back into the club. You'll do that?"

"I was going to do that anyway," she breathed eagerly.

"And then you——"

He put up one foot to climb into the car. Was he weak and sentimental in his old age? He ought to say: "And then you get out of town." But instead, he muttered in his beard:

"This is too much for me. I'm not God!"

Then he gave her a handful of bulbs from his pocket.

"Plant those on the south side of your house and you'll have the best tulips you ever saw next Spring!"



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THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 11

Three days later they were at home again: it was the dinner-hour, and Margaret was in the conservatory off the living-room discussing with Jim the housing of three tiny turtles when she heard the closing of the front door, the familiar quick step and—at last!—the voice she was half-consciously awaiting.

"Hello, Foote! Telephone Rudolph and have him bring round the roadster, will you? And I'm late!"

Jim rushed out and a moment later Stan came in, Jim hanging eagerly to his hand.

"Turtles, hey?" Stan said. And then: "Hello, Miss Yorke. Who wished these turtles on to us?"

"The Fernald boy," Margaret said thickly and incoherently. She could not look up—she could not look up.

Stanley inspected for a moment the little newcomers coasting and slipping upon their rocks. Then he leaned over her and said lightly and kindly:

"Don't make me sorry I like you. You don't want Aunt Hat to get on to this, you know!"

"No, I know!" Margaret said quickly and sensibly, ashamed of her confusion. She showed him a face suffused with color, dark eyes full of gratitude and friendliness, and they smiled at each other.

Then he was gone, and from that time on he made no effort to see her alone. She fancied that he was rather more often absent than was usual; she knew there was no fancy about the kindliness and tact and gentleness with which he made her feel entirely at ease with him.

THESE qualities in the supposedly undeveloped and insensitive Stan annoyed Margaret more often than they pleased her. She tried in vain to restore her old impression of him: a polo and golf playing idler, spoiled by women, too sure of himself. It was oddly disturbing to her self-esteem to have this particular man showing delicacy and consideration and a real appreciation of her position and her feelings. It was for her, and not for him, she felt, to decide just how distant and how guarded their relationship should be; he baffled her by assuming the initiative.

Margaret hated herself for the weakness that made it hard for her to accept his adjustment of the intimacy between them. Forces within her asleep for years were awakened again, and she fluctuated miserably between reluctant admiration and affection for Stan and the scornful indifference and contempt she so wished to feel. She grew nervous and tired and was continually in a state of irritation and restlessness.

One day one of the maids asked her to step into Mr. Crittenden's room to see about the arrangements for the papers.

Margaret had not been there for weeks; there was rarely occasion for her being there. But to-day, as she realized with a faint and unpleasant shock, it was thrilling to find herself touching his books, looking at his pictures, handling his belongings generally. She carried a camera and his golf-sticks into the dressing-room; that was his pongee wrapper; beyond was the shower, and the sponges and talcums and brushes he flung about the bathroom so untidily every morning.

While she was there, he came flying in unexpectedly; he wanted the old racket that had been restrung. Margaret was decorously stacking books; he interrupted her. She gave him the racket and stood discussing the subject of his temporary move to other quarters. Would he tell Foote to-morrow about such clothes as he needed?

Stanley, thumbing the racket, answered abstractedly. Presently he looked up with his friendly smile:

"They made a good job of this!" he said in satisfaction.

Continued on page 80



Why Women Smile

As they never did before

Teeth are prettier today—Millions combat film

Most pictures are now taken with a smile, showing pretty teeth.

Look about you. Note how many smiles now show glistening teeth. That was not always so.

Millions of people are now using a new teeth-cleaning method. Every day they are combating the dingy film on teeth. You will also do so when you make this test and see the quick results.

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It is film that makes teeth dingy—that viscous film you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. If not frequently removed, it may form cloudy coats. It is also the basis of tartar.

That film absorbs stains, so the teeth look discolored. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

Very few escape

Despite the tooth brush, all these troubles have been constantly increasing. Very few people escaped. The ordinary tooth paste does not effectively combat film, so brushing left much of it intact.

Dental science has long been seeking ways to fight that film. Two ways have now been found. Together they act to curdle the film and then remove it.

Able authorities have proved their efficiency. Now leading dentists the world over are advising their daily use.

A new-type paste

A new-type tooth paste has been created, to comply with all modern requirements. The name is Pepsodent.

These two film combatants are embodied in it. Millions of people have adopted it, largely by dental advice. To the homes of fifty nations it is bringing a new dental era.

Pepsodent brings two other very important effects. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise cling and form acids. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

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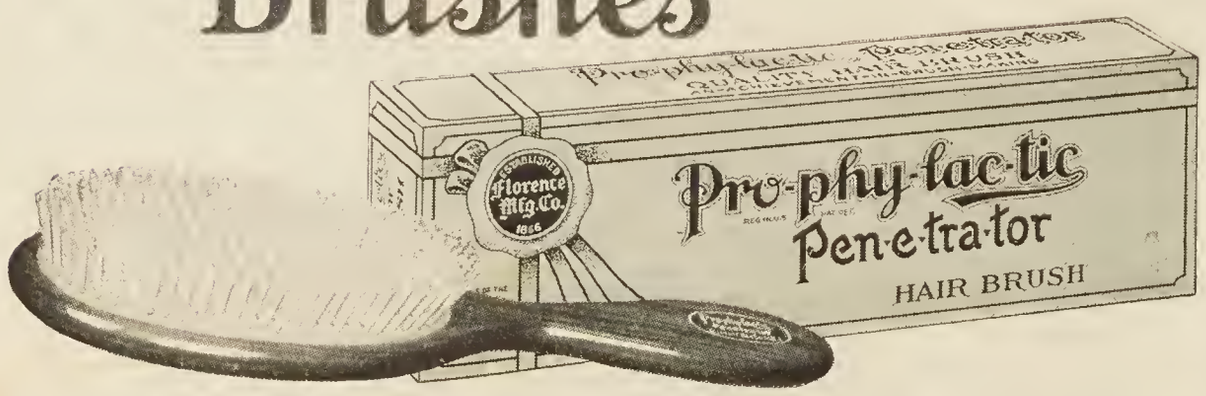
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Brushes





THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 79

Margaret was furious to feel her heart begin to pound and her senses to swim. Standing here in the pleasant airiness of his big room, with the Summer sunlight tempered by drawn shades and Carrie unobtrusively carrying away photographs, it was maddening suddenly to lose the thread of the conversation, suddenly to feel herself become irrationally shaken and weak.

"I—what did you say?" she stammered, flushing darkly as she looked at him.

Instead of answering her with a casual and bright repetition, as he might have done, as she supposed he would and heartily wished him to do, Stanley in turn flushed a little and looked at her with a quizzical grin, himself somewhat at a loss without knowing why.

"What—what is it? Everything all right?" he asked uncertainly. The tone, as Margaret felt with a sort of desperation, once more touched the transition ground between calm and quiet conversation and the stormy emotional heights she so feared and hated.

"Isn't everything always all right—for you?" Margaret, quite without her own volition, heard herself saying. A faint stress on the last syllable made Stanley's expression darken resentfully, and he said quickly, but with his usual smile:

"Well, if everything isn't all right for you, Margaret, some time when I'm not so rushed —Ed Rivers is waiting for me—why can't we talk it over and try to straighten it out?"

The words, with their hint of annoyance and impatience, made the hot blood come stinging into Margaret's face.

"I didn't mean— Everything is perfectly all right," she added coldly, beginning again. And when Stan, with a nod, had left the room, she stood still, her heart in an uproar of shame and anger. "He thinks—he thinks I am trying to make myself interesting," she said to herself half a dozen times. And finally, forcing herself once more to resume the dismantling of the shelves and tables with Carrie, she added in simple wonderment to some imaginary confidante: "Now will you *please* tell me what possesses me whenever that man is around? What a fool—what an absolute *fool*—he must think I am."

AND that evening, and for several days thereafter, she was frigid to the point of absolute rudeness with Stan, who decided with some little heat that she was the moodiest girl he had ever seen in his life, and whose manner perforce assumed a stiffness and uneasiness that made the occasional moments that they spent alone together equally uncomfortable and unprofitable to them both.

About a week after the strawberry fête Mrs. Theobald came to the country club. Again she was exquisitely dressed and again irreproachably sponsored. This time she was with the Wainwrights, the most conservative members of the old guard.

She remained only a few minutes; stopped to speak to one or two plainly unresponsive old friends, nodded to a dozen more and sauntered down the steps from the porch with young Bill Spears. The Calverts unmistakably cut her direct, Mrs. Wylie unquestionably pretended not to see her, and young Harry and Beatrice Castleman, Elise de Vilbiss's cousins, deliberately turned their backs and walked away from her. But Shirley carried her head high, her manner was unruffled and sweet as ever. She dismissed Bill when she saw the little Cutting boy walking along with Miss Yorke, and Jim put his little hand in hers, and Margaret smiled at her.

"We're walking home to lunch, for the good of our souls," said Margaret. "Jim and I ride too much, and Jim wants to be an athlete some day."

"To play half-back!" said Jim manfully.

"I wonder how Stan felt about Mrs. Cutting adopting this child?" Shirley asked, with a glance downward at Jim, but with no sign of having heard him.

"He seems very fond of him," Margaret answered coldly. She had the child-lover's dislike for a person who ignores children.

"I daresay! He'll only do him out of about half a million!" Shirley said, laughing. "Where did Aunt Hat—I always used to call her that, I suppose she'd bite me now if I tried it!—where did she get him?"

"Through Trowbridge, the old New York lawyer, I believe. She had had him three months when I came to California."

"Trowbridge! I know that old tightwad. All Cuyler's business goes through him, and a nice time we had with him! By the way, do you play bridge?"

"Yes," Margaret said, surprised at the casual way with which Cuyler Theobald could be mentioned by this woman who was his wife.

"And are Stanley and his aunt going to the Murray party to-night?"

"I think—I know they are."

"But you're not?"

Margaret laughed.

"In our part of Ireland you wait until you're asked!" she said, not unwilling to show a little inclination toward friendliness in her turn.

"Couldn't you come down and have dinner with me?" Shirley said. "Mrs. de Vilbiss is coming, and an old friend—a man who happens to be here from New York."

Margaret suspected that the card-table must be filled, but still it seemed to her charming in Shirley to think of Mrs. Cutting's companion as the necessary fourth at bridge, and she answered with a smile that took all possible sting from her words:

"I'D LOVE to. But perhaps I had better speak to Mrs. Cutting first——"

"By all means, but you don't have to," Shirley assured her good-humoredly. "She'd have a hard time, my dear, replacing *you*. I asked Elise de Vilbiss how it happened *she* hadn't kidnaped you. Hattie Cutting would let the baby go before she would you, so don't worry! But speak to her by all means, and then telephone me."

Mrs. Cutting was lying down, and Margaret found the simple matter of the Theobald invitation unexpectedly awkward to introduce. She went into her employer's room, as she was always privileged to do, and found her resting, with Carrie brushing her thin hair.

Margaret took her sewing-basket, sat down and began a résumé of the day: what Jim had said, who had praised him, and how splendid an account of his baby French he had given to old Madame La Motte. Oh, yes, and Mrs. Theobald had been at the club.

"Anybody speak to her?" Mrs. Cutting asked interestedly.

"I don't know, because I had Jimmie and the Pope little boy at the slides. But the Wainwrights brought her, and their maid told the Bishops' chauffeur—" Margaret interrupted herself to laugh. "This is below-stairs gossip with a vengeance!" she said.

"Never mind—go on—what did she say? I don't need you any more, Carrie, thank you!" said Mrs. Cutting eagerly.

"Well, she said that Mrs. Theobald had found the Wainwrights' dog—you know that prize dog they're so mad about. He'd run away, it seems, and that Mrs. Theobald had said she was coming to the club and asked them if they would give her a lift!"

"Isn't that *exactly* like her!" breathed Mrs. Cutting in a tone of triumph. "She probably stole the dog," she added, with deep amusement, and even surprise, at her own humor.

Now was the time to repeat the invitation Margaret introduced it casually. She had been asked to fill a bridge-table; she would be entirely willing to telephone Mrs. Theobald and say that Mrs. Cutting had given her something to do this evening.

But to her surprise Mrs. Cutting hesitated. No, she said finally; perhaps it would be a good idea for Miss Yorke to go, if she didn't mind. She implied that Shirley Theobald would be the talk of the hour, after all, since every one would be thirsty for details concerning her and it might be as well to be the dispenser of these details. It was many moons since the gossips in Burlingame had had so choice a titbit as the return of this beautiful offender.

"Elise is simply making herself ridiculous about it," pursued Mrs. Cutting. "She has the whole story: what Cuyler did, and how young Shirley was when Tom Duncan bewitched her— I don't propose to be

dictated to by Elise de Vilbiss, and yet I don't think there's any question but what it'll all blow over, and I'd as soon do it now as later! I don't like the girl—never did—but I shall ask her to my tea!"

"She didn't seem at all upset to meet Mr. Crittenden this afternoon," Margaret suggested.

"Oh, that's all over!" his aunt said confidently. And after a moment she added, more thoughtfully, "That's—all over."

Margaret felt the situation to be one of the strangest in her life when she sat at Shirley Theobald's dinner-table a few hours later. The little Ferguson house was an architectural jewel, and the room in which the meal was served and the softly lighted porch where they had their game afterward seemed to Margaret almost the loveliest she had ever seen. All about in the darkness were the sleeping gardens, and the fragrance of watered flowers moved through the starless night.

Mrs. Theobald wore a black dress; her hair, her complexion, her jewels were perfection under the lamps. She was a delightful hostess, merry and amusing, and long before the evening was over Margaret could forgive Elise de Vilbiss her capitulation, or indeed forgive anybody who found it easy to be kind to Shirley Theobald. The fourth member of the group was a handsome middle-aged man.

"Your face is familiar to me, somehow, Miss Yorke," he said unexpectedly during the deal. His fine, smiling eyes were shrewdly fixed upon her; his dangling left hand caressed the ears of Shirley's police-dog.

"Mine?" said Margaret, flushing brightly over her soft dark skin.

"Yours. Do you know New York?"

"I lived there when I was a little girl."

"But not lately?"

"New York hasn't been my home for ten years."

"That's funny. Where *are* you from?"

"From—the Middle West."

"Ah, I don't know the Middle West at all. My say, is it?" He considered his cards. "You passed, Mrs. Theobald. I say—by. H'm! That's very funny."

"Three hearts," Margaret said serenely. But Shirley noticed that her breath was coming quickly and that her mouth was a little strained.

THE two women parted at midnight with the air of old friends, and after that an odd indefinable relationship sprang up between them. Shirley, who was restless, lonely and resourceless despite her gallant attempts to fill her time, longed for company, for an audience—any audience. She wanted, like a child, to "show off," to interest some one in her beauty, her affectations and accomplishments and her dramatic situation.

Margaret knew that Mrs. Cutting's companion would not have been the brilliant Mrs. Theobald's choice, but with Shirley it was not a question of choice. She got into the habit of stopping Jim and Margaret in the roads, of luring them in to tea, even of coming across the little square lane behind the Wylies' garden and joining Margaret when she was gathering roses below the Cutting lawn.

Margaret, under her charming manner, found her, as she had expected to find her, a complete egotist; there was only one person in the world to Shirley Theobald. She wanted to justify herself, to blame herself, to analyze and describe herself, to beautify herself. A flaw in her perfect skin would blot from her mind all other considerations while it lasted.

But she did this with unusual charm. Perhaps some instinct of self-protection taught her to make this favorite topic charming to other persons. Margaret thought her nothing short of fascinating in the cold and calculating selfishness that was so perfumed, so prettily garbed, so wittily presented.

Among a hundred other triumphs, she told Margaret all about the long-ago affair with Stan, and Margaret winced—inwardly at the thought of Stan with Shirley in his arms—at the picture of Stan furnishing a home for Shirley.

"Fool that I was!" said Shirley frankly. "It would have been ideal in every way. I would have been here, among my own people; we'd have had children! But—" she sighed—"but there's *always* been a crazy streak in me!"

Of the elopement—that was the real cause of society's censure—she never spoke. Now and then she made some vague allusion to her "utter foolishness as a kid" or to the "things one will do rather than be bullied by a family of prigs," but to Tom Duncan she never alluded.

And she was really generous in many ways, really kind. Margaret was experienced enough to know that this sweetness and kindness must win in the end. Shirley loved to do pretty things, send tactful notes, embroider exquisite linen and then give it away, stretch out her hand to any one who was in trouble. Women friends in New York and Los Angeles wrote her affectionate and admiring letters: "Dearest old Shirley," "Shirley, you angel." Margaret analyzed her as being one of the women to whom sex, in life, is far too important and to whom her own beauty and attractiveness appear as nothing more than weapons in the old game of sex.

For despite all her talk of giving up the thought of men and marriage, once and for all—her description of herself as a totally disillusioned woman—there was something primal, elemental about Shirley, something that went much deeper than any little surface resolution she might make. She read love-stories, she talked of love-affairs, she measured every man she met simply as being a possible or as not being a possible admirer of herself. Even the jokes she told disgusted Margaret, not always by their coarseness, but by the extraordinary knowledge of the world's uglier side that they betrayed.

SOMETIMES seeing her with Elise or her sister at the club, all daintiness, fragrance, exquisite pride and reserve, Margaret used to marvel that the shell could be so lovely and the woman within it so sophisticated, so cold, so calculating.

Stanley Crittenden, cutting across the little connecting lane between the Wylies' and his aunt's gardens, chanced to meet Shirley at twilight upon a certain hot evening in late August. It had often seemed odd to him that they did not meet more often; she was occasionally at the club, he knew; she was often wandering about the neighborhood that held both their homes. But except for the moment at the lawn fête and an occasional nod and smile from a distance they had not yet seen each other.

They stood and chatted for a moment—Shirley raising that flowerlike, happy face to his, her big dog springing about under the white hand she kept upon his collar.

"Come in and see me for a moment, Stan. I'm all alone."

She had opened her gate as she spoke and behind her he saw prim hollyhocks making a brilliant background of tissuelike pink flowers. The sunlight slanted brightly upon the flowers, the big dog and the smiling girl.

"I—I oughtn't—" He did not really want to go in. Shirley did not particularly interest him, and he was going home to dinner. But he nodded, bent his tall head to go through the curved top of the gate and followed her up a demurely bricked and planted back yard and on to the deep, cool, orderly porch.

Shirley threw herself into a long chair, tossed aside her broad hat and rang for something cool to drink. It was restful here, secluded and quiet, and Stan, comfortable in his own chair, heard a clock somewhere strike a silvery five and told himself that if he reached home—two hundred feet away—even in an hour he would still be earlier than they expected him.

But Mrs. Cutting's clocks had sounded seven before he came hurrying in; Margaret and she were dressed and waiting for him. They understood, they told him: business was business. It was all right!

And meanwhile—two hundred feet away—Shirley, who had flown up-stairs to the mirror above her dressing-table and flashed up a score of lights, sat staring at herself as if she were bewitched, as, indeed, perhaps she was.

Her cheeks glowed, her eyes shone liquidly, her breath was coming quickly. She loved herself, this radiant woman of thirty who had not yet lost her power over men.

After a while she laughed aloud. Her colored woman, coming up with her dinner-tray, smiled in sympathy, and Shirley caught her about her neck and kissed her, laughing again.

"Stan," she said to him a week later, when for a third time he had stopped on her porch for a talk on his way home, "do you know that's an extremely pretty woman, Miss Yorke?"

"We don't think so," Stan answered, smiling. And as Shirley looked up in pleased surprise, he added good-naturedly: "We think she's beautiful!"

Continued on page 82



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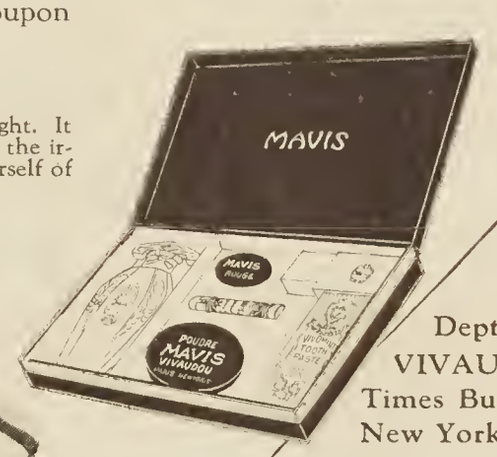
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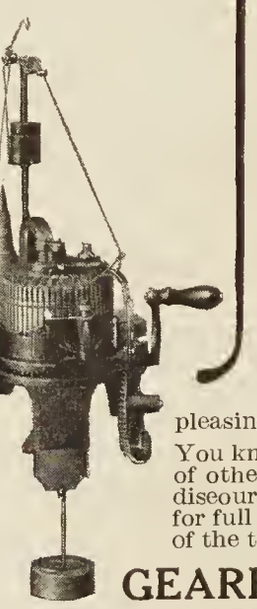
Said MRS. LEAKE.

Some amounts we paid for home knitting, week of Nov. 13th, 1922:

Mrs. Albert . . .	$10.50
Mr. Tabaska . .	6.48
Mrs. Bradney . .	17.00
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Send me, without obligation, particulars about Gearhart Home Knitting, description of machine, samples of work it does and your Home Earning Guide Book.

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THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 81

"Well, I wouldn't say *that*," Shirley protested, somewhat taken aback. "No, but do you really think so, Stan?"

"Well, I don't know," Stanley said, with an air of not treating the subject too seriously. Shirley was one of those restful women with whom all men know that no subject is serious. "Doesn't she seem so to you?" he added indifferently.

"Yes—I never thought of it. I suppose she is— In that sort of dark way," Shirley added thoughtfully and disparagingly. "Tell me about her!"

"I don't know a thing about her," Stanley said. "She can mind her own business better than any one I ever saw! She's clever, she manages everything, my aunt thrown in, with one hand, and the kid adores her, and Aunt Hat does, too——"

He grinned, looked down at his drink, and finished it, leaving his sentence in the air. Shirley, an effective little figure against the gaily flowered cretonne of her big chair, looked at him sharply:

"Look out, Stan!" she said lightly.

"Oh, my dear—" He shrugged, glanced up with a smile, and looked back at his clasped fingers, hanging between his knees.

"You know I'm not going to let any one marry you, Stan," Shirley said saucily, with a pretty air of warning.

"I can assure you, my dear," Stanley said dryly, "that Miss Yorke has no intention of changing her position! As a matter of fact, she doesn't like me—shuts right into her shell the minute I speak to her. She's rather a cold type, you know."

"No, but tell me," Shirley said interestedly and eagerly, "has she a suitor? She's such a close-mouthed creature! I'm dying to hear about her! Has she a beau?"

"She has had," Stan answered briefly. Perfectly aware of Shirley's attitude toward him and not unwilling to tease her, he added, with his boyish grin: "She had—me."

SHIRLEY was thunderstruck. Color came into her face and she smiled incredulously; she would have been glad to think that Stan was not serious. She had not been at home for a month without realizing exactly what brilliant prospects she had thrown away ten long years ago. Stan Crittenden, who was merely a rich man's nephew then, whom half a dozen Cutting children might easily displace as the heir, was a rich man himself now, and would be much richer some day. Shirley had come back to find him the darling of the whole group, easily the handsomest, the most charming, the most conspicuous of all the unmarried men. There was not a girl among his acquaintances who would not have given up any other prospect for the favor of Stanley Crittenden.

Shirley knew him to be oddly simple, old-fashioned in his ideas of women, almost—by her standard, at least—a prude. No modern smoking, drinking girl would get him—but an experienced, devoted woman might. Shirley had before this made up her mind that he was well worth watching, well worth winning back to friendship at least, if no more.

It was therefore painfully disconcerting to have his own admission that all he had to offer had been already laid at the feet of Margaret Yorke. Shirley felt an impulse of actual hate toward the poised, mysterious, superbly handsome girl who could listen to another woman's confidences and chatter—and withhold this plum of her own.

"Stan, you don't mean it!" she said. "She—I wonder why she never told me?"

"I don't imagine she's the sort that would ever tell anybody," Stanley said quietly, and Shirley realized, with anger, that she had given him one more reason to admire Margaret.

"No, but tell me about it—tell me about it!" she coaxed him. Stanley shrugged.

"Nothing to tell, my dear. We had a house-party at the ranch and she managed us all: the crowd, my aunt, the kid, the staff—it all went like clock-work. After it was over I got to thinking that she was the whole thing, she'd made it so wonderful, and I went back and told her so, and asked her to take the job. She—declined."

"In the name of heaven, *why?*"

"Well, she has other plans, possibly."

"You mean she's engaged to somebody else?"

"Oh, no; I don't imagine so. But isn't it conceivable that she doesn't love me?"

"No, it's not!" said Shirley, shortly and crossly, and Stan laughed outright at the childish anger in her tone. "You don't love *her!*" Shirley stated positively, watching him out of the corner of her eye for a possible denial.

But Stanley answered only by a slight shrug.

They sat on in silence for a few minutes, Shirley thinking deeply. She had never thought of Margaret Yorke as a real person, much less as a rival, before. But Stan thought her beautiful—Stan had asked her, however casually and impulsively, to marry him. Margaret's position was changed, where Shirley was concerned, once and for all. She began to think of Margaret's appearance; those dark, glowing women were dangerous. Her voice, her slender Gipsy hand Shirley remembered with misgivings.

"I wonder why she refused him?" she asked herself a hundred times. And a hundred times she added, in her heart, "She'll never have another chance!"

AFTER that she sometimes met Stanley in San Francisco for luncheon, a very simply managed matter, for it merely meant her telephoning him late in the morning that she had a trifling bit of business, or a troublesome letter, to manage. Gradually she took him into her heart of hearts; she talked to him of Cuyler, of her finances, of her alimony, and she reminded him in a thousand ways that on the twelfth of the coming October she would be free. Stanley came to know the perfumes she liked, the gowns she was planning, her different hats—the corn-flower one and the parrot hat.

At first she would not lunch where any one could see them; she said that the world had been too cruel to her already—it would be sure to misunderstand whatever she did. It was Stan who laughed at her, who finally persuaded her to join him openly at the St. Francis, where all the world lunched on Mondays, or at the Fairmont, where there was always wonderful music.

They murmured over their lunches, talking, talking, talking. Stanley reminded himself of her history, reminded himself that ten years ago she had talked, confided, laughed in just this way. But her insidious charm began to win him in spite of himself, and he found that her constant invitations and her importunity made it unusual for him to live for twenty-four hours without at least a glimpse of Shirley. When he was with her he did not particularly admire her—he grew tired of her abuse of Cuyler and her defense of herself—but something stronger than reason, his lazy good-nature and pliability, drew him back to her again and again.

One night when he got home he found that Margaret and his aunt had unexpectedly remained at the farm, to which they had taken Jim and a few small friends that morning for an all-day party. Stan stood with a thoughtful face, considering the message. It was just six o'clock; he could telephone Uplands and be there in an hour.

He could run over and see Shirley for five minutes and still be at the farm for a half-past-seven dinner. Shirley had been cut to the heart, he knew, by being excluded from the Adamses' big dinner-party next week. The Adamses had known her abroad and she had been of some service to them in Paris, and this was ingratitude of the blackest type. To make it worse, Elise had blandly accepted, even though she knew of the slight to Shirley. Elise came out of mourning in a few weeks, and she was becoming somewhat unmanageable.

Shirley had told Stan about all this with a gallant smile. It made his heart ache to think how decent she was about it, how far she was from blaming any one. Society could be pretty hard on a woman, thought Stan.

So he ran over, just to see her for a few minutes before he telephoned to Uplands. She was alone.

Stan rushed back to the house at ten minutes past seven and dressed for dinner and he and Shirley had it alone in the ex-

quisite dining-room before a snapping wood-fire. The evening had turned foggy and cold, the garden was obliterated behind a score of milky veils and there was not a leaf stirring in all the shrouded gardens and woods of Burlingame.

Shirley's dining-room was small and panelled in blue-gray eucalyptus. The hearth was of blue-white tiles wherein a hundred miniature fires crackled and blazed. At the windows, where on a bright morning exquisite pictures of gardens and brick walls and oaks were framed, the blue velvet curtains had been drawn to-night. Stan, contrasting the Italian simplicity of the room with his aunt's crowded pictures and chairs, candlesticks and vases, thought it perfection. On the mantel were two slender candlesticks in old colored glass and between them a portrait of Shirley as a girl in a fencing-costume, with a red heart over her own heart and a foil in her hands. Painted for Tom Duncan's money. Stan reflected and winced.

After dinner they went into the adjoining room, a room quite as beautiful in its own way, and shared another fire with their coffee and liqueurs. Shirley admitted now that she had been depressed all day; she was unusually silent, stretching a slender ankle and a silver slipper to the blaze, and drinking her coffee with half-shut, speculative eyes.

"Stan, I've often wondered—" she said presently. "I know how they all blamed me. A girl of nineteen—I seem a perfect baby to myself, now! But, I've often wondered—did you blame me?"

Stan, who had been sitting in some uneasiness of spirit, realizing just the power of this woman and this hour, and just his own foolhardiness in placing himself in this position, under their spell, answered only with a laugh.

"No, but did you?" she persisted, a little hurt.

"Blame you? I don't remember, Shirley. I wasn't very old myself, you know: twenty-one or two. A boy isn't much at that age. I—yes, I guess I was pretty well cut up."

The fire snapped, the air was soft and warm; Stanley was tired and willing to relax, to think of his own affairs. He should not have come here to-night. The afternoon call was enough; it was going too far to return to dinner. He would go home early, pleading fatigue, and get an early start to the ranch with whatever men he could find to accompany him to-morrow, which was Saturday.

He always felt uneasy, lately, with Shirley, in spite of his incessant desire for her company. It would be good to get to Uplands and find his aunt in the amiable, sleepy mood she always felt in the country, and Margaret her simple, self-contained self, busy with Jim, the puppies, the calves, the garden, the thousand interests she always found at the farm.

"Stan," said Shirley, out of another silence, "I want to tell you something—I want to confess."

AND to his slight disquiet she came to a hassock at his knee and sat upon it, one rounded warm arm laid across the wide arm of his chair, her beautiful body, in its thin silk draperies, curved to crouching position and her face turned toward him, although her eyes were averted:

"I want to tell you something," she said. "I was more of a fool than most girls, Stan, in some ways, and I was older than the girls I knew in others. I'm not defending myself! But I grew up too quickly. I had an offer of marriage before I was fifteen, and two more before I was sixteen!"

"Kids," Stan suggested, trying to preserve a fatherly amusement at these revelations.

"Kids! One was Foster Priest—he was twenty!"

"And who were the others?" Stanley asked interestedly, for he had known her and all her circle then.

"Joe Pope and Blake Pond—afterward Blake married my sister Cora!" she supplied promptly. Stanley laughed; it was amusing to hear all this, and he was quite sufficiently interested in women, as women, to enjoy this story of a woman's heart.

"Then you came along, my dear, and I adored you—except that I was always afraid of you! Oh, yes, I was," she reiterated quickly, as Stan laughed incredulously. "And then we had the Randolph theatricals. You remember that Tom Duncan drilled us, and that I had the leading part? I know—I know—" she interrupted herself quickly, as Stan, at the mention of Tom Duncan, made a mouth of distaste—"I didn't like him either, Stan! But he was enormously rich, you know, and he had that air of always having had everything his own way. And I was nineteen. I always thought of him as an old man—he was forty-eight. He was twenty-nine years older than I—think of that!

"Well, anyway, he showed me that he admired me tremendously. I knew about his wife and children—I was mad about you——I didn't want Tom Duncan, never thought of such a thing! But mama, who was buying my trousseau, you know, got into horrible money troubles—and it wasn't as if I was marrying a rich man, Stan—" She broke off to say pleadingly and prettily, "you hadn't anything, you know, and I suppose the various dressmakers and milliners knew it. Anyway, one day I cried and told Tom about it, and he gave me a thousand dollars in bills—imagine it! I'd never seen so much money in my life. I didn't give mama all of it, you may be sure of that! Well, and after that I liked him. And so, two weeks before our wedding, yours and mine—don't we seem the children, looking back?—two weeks before, when I was all excited and tired anyway, he came to me suddenly——"

She paused. Stanley, who was gazing down at his locked hands, did not look up. The selfishness, the shallowness, the greed, had been her mother's before her, he reflected. Poor little nineteen-year-old Shirley—she had grasped life as best she could.

"He came to me," she went on, "and I honestly think he mesmerized me, Stan! He said I was to leave with him for the East next day, and he gave me tickets—I simply obeyed him like a dummy. I remember moving about for a few hours as if I were in a dream, and going down to the Third Street station the next morning with my suitcase, and sitting in the train—and all the while thinking 'Why am I doing this? Why am I doing this?'

"WELL, the glamour didn't last long. He had promised to put me on the stage, you know, and buy a big play for me—I remember he always said, 'A Pinero play, like "Quex".' I didn't know anything about the way plays were bought; I believed he might launch me!

"He *did* give me money," she added thoughtfully, and something deep down inside Stan winced and revolted. "But what could I do with money—a child my age in a New York hotel? He used to laugh at the hats I bought, and I had no friends. I cried myself sick—I cried for weeks, and that made him furious. Finally, he said we would go abroad—and a few days later he was taken ill. We got a doctor and a nurse—they both thought I was his daughter. And he gave me a check for ten thousand dollars—it had just come in, and I think he knew he was going to die and leave me, without even a divorce from his wife thought of. So that was all of that.

"My mother came East and we went to Europe. *Ugh!* how I hated it. I kept remembering the glorious times my crowd was having here: Elise marrying millions, and all the dances and all that. I used to want to kill myself—I don't know why I didn't. Marian Adams came over there, you know, after her divorce, and I lived with her, and then I stayed with the Potters' mother. When they had to come back, oh, how bitterly unhappy I was!

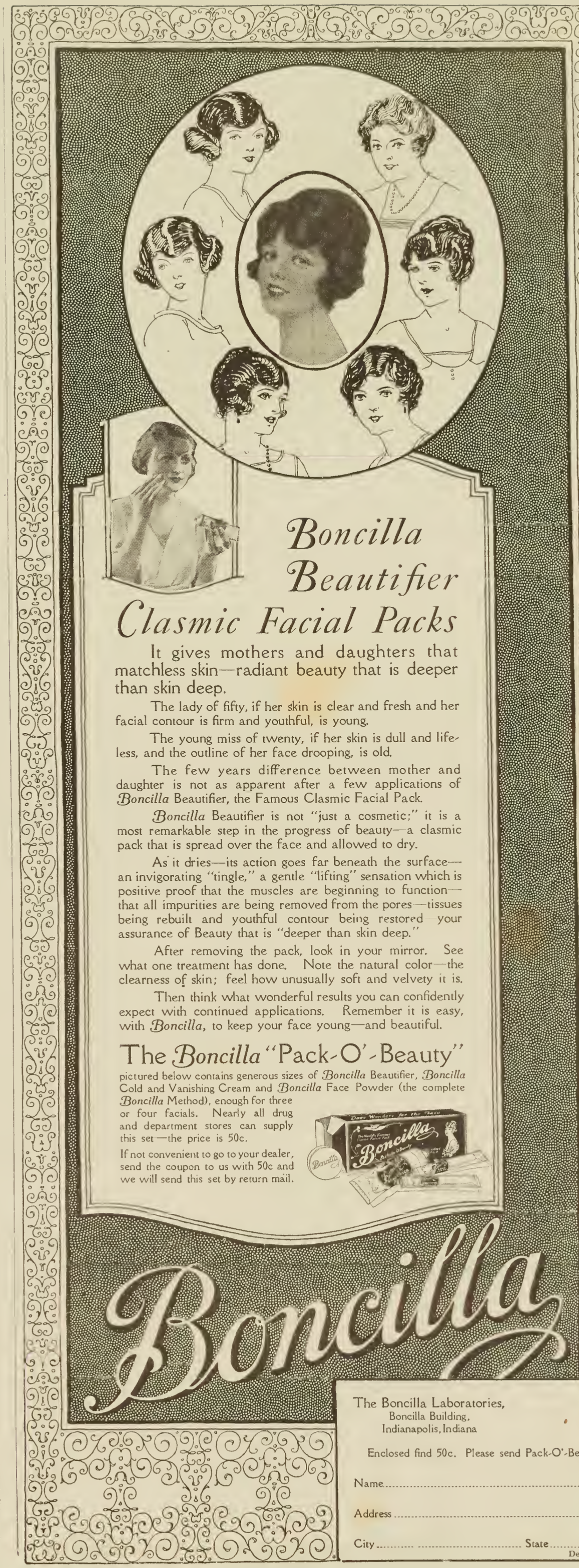
"I met Cuyler Theobald again in Italy—you remember, we'd all known him here years ago? He'd been getting a divorce in France. He was a sport, Stan—a heavy eater and drinker and gambler, but he was handsome and he liked me from the start, and this wretched first marriage of his—to some actress or other—had embittered him. I married him to try to make a success of my life, and his, if it was possible. I really did try! I met his friends, I wore the clothes he liked, I took care of him when he couldn't stand——

"It wasn't possible! I had almost four years of it, Stan—four years in hell. And then suddenly, this Spring, struggling and puzzling and fighting and worrying, suddenly it didn't seem to me worth while. I gave up. I told him I'd had enough—I couldn't stand any more. It seemed to me that if it took a year—if it took me ten—to work my way back here where I belong, it was worth it! So I came home.

"I'm not going to try to convince most people that I'm not simply a bad woman, running away with one man and then divorcing another. But you know better, and I *am* going to try to convince you. I want you to know that if ever a silly, blind girl paid for her folly, I am that girl! And the tragedy of it all is——

"The tragedy of it all is," finished Shirley,

Continued on page 84



Boncilla Beautifier

Clasmic Facial Packs

It gives mothers and daughters that matchless skin—radiant beauty that is deeper than skin deep.

The lady of fifty, if her skin is clear and fresh and her facial contour is firm and youthful, is young.

The young miss of twenty, if her skin is dull and lifeless, and the outline of her face drooping, is old.

The few years difference between mother and daughter is not as apparent after a few applications of *Boncilla* Beautifier, the Famous Clasmic Facial Pack.

Boncilla Beautifier is not "just a cosmetic;" it is a most remarkable step in the progress of beauty—a clasmic pack that is spread over the face and allowed to dry.

As it dries—its action goes far beneath the surface—an invigorating "tingle," a gentle "lifting" sensation which is positive proof that the muscles are beginning to function—that all impurities are being removed from the pores—tissues being rebuilt and youthful contour being restored—your assurance of Beauty that is "deeper than skin deep."

After removing the pack, look in your mirror. See what one treatment has done. Note the natural color—the clearness of skin; feel how unusually soft and velvety it is.

Then think what wonderful results you can confidently expect with continued applications. Remember it is easy, with *Boncilla*, to keep your face young—and beautiful.

The *Boncilla* "Pack-O'-Beauty"

pictured below contains generous sizes of *Boncilla* Beautifier, *Boncilla* Cold and Vanishing Cream and *Boncilla* Face Powder (the complete *Boncilla* Method), enough for three or four facials. Nearly all drug and department stores can supply this set—the price is 50c.

If not convenient to go to your dealer, send the coupon to us with 50c and we will send this set by return mail.

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It overshadows even beauty

WOMAN'S charm is a subtle thing. The slender fingers of its magic often cast a strange hypnotic spell. And then you hear people say: "What can he possibly see in her!"

But Mary was different. She was simply and obviously beautiful and every one said so; even the girls who envied her most.

Yet she had fox-trotted blithely through that period when a girl is supposed to pause over marriage as a more serious thing than it appears to be at twenty.

And now she was rapidly approaching those more serious years that pendulum about the thirty-mark when friends begin to be just a little concerned.

All of the girls of her set were either married or about to be. She was not—and, very apparently, not about to be.

In spite of all her charm, some invisible something was eclipsing her beauty and holding her back.

If any of her friends knew why, no one dared to tell her.

And she, least of all, knew the reason. * * *

The insidious thing about halitosis (the medical term for unpleasant breath) is that you, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually —and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle.

It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. So the systematic use of Listerine this way puts you on the safe and polite side. *You know your breath is right.* Fastidious people everywhere are making it a regular part of their daily routine.

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antiseptic and has been trusted as such for half a century. Read the interesting booklet that comes with every bottle. —*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

For HALITOSIS *use* LISTERINE





THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 83

very low, "that I have come to see, Stan, what I threw away. Too late!"

The eyes with which she suddenly faced him were smiling, but there was a flash of tears on her lashes and her mouth shook.

Then for a long time there was silence in the room.

"My dear girl," Stan said awkwardly, ending it, "I don't blame you, God knows, or any other woman who gets rid of a brute. You've had a rotten time. I only hope that things are going better with you, and that—that in time you'll feel as happy here as you ever did."

"And you'll be my friend, Stan?" she asked, with a little air of emotion, although she was watching him keenly, and he knew it.

"Well, of course!"

"Then that's all I ask!" Shirley said, with her April smile. But she did not move from his knee; she turned to face the fire, her body bowed, her hands linked in the soft silky sweep of her gown. Stanley wondered if he could not now rise and say his good nights.

"I am wondering," said Shirley, "if I can't help you, Stan. I'm older than Miss Yorke, and I think she likes me. I don't think anything in the world would make me so happy now as to feel that your happiness was safe. Some time, when it's just the family going to the farm, persuade Mrs. Cutting to let me come, and I'll see how the land lies."

"My dear, there is nothing doing there," Stanley said abruptly and unencouragingly, but laughing. "I don't know which was the most surprised at my asking her, she or myself! Since then she hasn't said a civil word to me. She's a strange girl—mysterious, somehow. And she has a genius for making me feel an absolute fool!"

"HAS she ever been married, Stan?" Shirley asked presently.

"Why, I don't think so!" he answered, looking up in a little surprise and distaste.

"She's exactly the type to be supporting a good-for-nothing man somewhere," Shirley said shrewdly.

"I don't believe it," Stanley said firmly, partly because he did not wish to believe it and partly because he was hurt by Shirley's half-contemptuous, half-amused summary of Margaret's character.

"Well, it doesn't matter!" Shirley laughed. "Because I am going to be your little fairy godmother and dance at your wedding. Shall you like me for a fairy godmother, Stan?"

The words were silly, even to some secondary consciousness that Stan had, but Shirley said them so softly and with so winning an expression upon her young and lovely little face that he found himself oddly touched.

"I—I think I will!" he said a little gruffly, smiling.

"Most as much as you did before?" she whispered.

"Maybe!" Stan admitted boyishly.

Shirley's brown eyes, fixed upon his and very close to them, filled slowly with tears. She was still smiling, and the dazzle of her childish gaze through the shower was strangely appealing and pitiful.

"Thanks, Tanny!" she said softly, her lips trembling. He remembered that she had called him Tanny years before, when he had hoped to make her his wife. She was a beautiful, doll-like child then; it seemed to him she was even more attractive now—suffering and humiliation had developed her.

Immediately she rose, went to the chair opposite and began to talk in her usual animated vein. She was going to the city the next day and was to lunch with Elise at the Town and Country. But how about tea at five? Their usual table at the Palace and their usual talk?

"I shall feel so differently after a while, Stan. But just now it's horrid. After October twelfth—oh, blessed day!—I shall be free. Free from Cuyler Theobald, after four years. That's *over*. I wish," she added frankly, "that I didn't have to touch his money! I only asked a thousand a month, you know, that's less than a fifth of what we used to spend. But even that—hurts me!"

"I wish you needn't," Stanley concurred briefly. It was one of the things she said that jarred.

"But where would my poor little hundreds be all by their little selves?" the woman asked whimsically. "I've come back to reestablish myself, Stan, and you can only do that by forcing yourself down people's throats. I knew that if I took this place and brought my car and my maids, they'd all take me much more seriously than if I went to a boarding-house somewhere—and they have. The least—the *least* that Cuyler Theobald can do for me is give me a fresh start. Don't you think so, Stan?"

She was very feminine, very soft and appealing and young under the mellow lamplight, and Stanley, watching her smilingly, found it hard to judge her dispassionately. A woman divorced, or with a divorce pending, was at a terrible disadvantage anyway, he thought. Shirley would find new moorings one of these days, and have the background, the establishment, the dignity without which a woman of her type is lost. She was at a sort of crossroads now; she belonged nowhere in the social scheme, she was an outlaw. But she was clever, where her own safety was concerned, and she would win.

THE half-hour after ten struck; Stanley rose. He had to go, he said, instinctively stifling an impulse to add that it was to the ranch. She would be quite capable of suggesting, as an adventure, that she accompany him!

"Don't forget," she said, coming close to him for farewells and laying her little white hand against his coat-lapel, "don't forget that I'm to be asked down to the ranch one of these days!"

"You know you're in Aunt Hat's black-books, Shirley!" Stan reminded her, smiling tolerantly.

"Yes, but aren't you master there?" she asked saucily. "It seems to me I would be, in your place!"

"Oh, you would, would you? You could run the whole place with one finger, couldn't you?" Stan asked, looking down at the fluffy golden head and the twinkling jewels in her ears and about her throat.

"And you included!" she answered, with a demure upward sweep of her eyelashes. "Don't forget, when you're married to your quiet, dignified, cold-blooded Margaret," she added naughtily, "that bad little loving Shirley is your fairy godmother! Kiss me, Stan!"

"Why not?" he said laughing. He put his arm about her and she quite readily raised her red, childish little mouth.

Instantly the whole soft, fragrant little body was limp in his arms. Her complete surrender, here at night in the softly lighted empty house, alarmed Stanley, and it was with a sense of danger as well as self-contempt that he freed her, freed himself and hurriedly and apologetically repeated his good nights.

Ten minutes later the roadster was flying down the empty road in cold clear Autumn moonlight toward the ranch. The dark orchards rushed by him, the crossroads glimmered whitely across them at sharp angles. Stanley drew great breaths of the soft, cool air, shaking his head now and then with the gesture of a dog shaking off water.

"*Whew-w!*" he said more than once aloud. "I wonder why I let myself in for that? *Whew-w!*"

Morning broke cloudless and warm at Uplands. Stanley, awakening at eight and lying in bed, could hear the sounds he loved all about him. Cattle were lowing far down at the barns and there was the incessant, brazen "*Blaa-blaa-blaa!*" of young calves; a motor-engine started at the garage and was still; the windmill moved and creaked lazily and he heard the splash of water.

Fragrance poured in from the garden; all the homely border-flowers were thick with sturdy bloom and the roses were having a second season. In the damp, dewy shadows of the big trees birds were flirting and darting and there was even the prohibited "*Tuck-tuck*" of a motherly hen who had worked her brood cautiously about from the kitchen yard.

Presently voices were added:

"Jimmie, don't chase her! Just follow her slowly, dear. If you chase her——"

"Go on, ole hen—go back, ole hen!" This from Jimmie, in a breathless and laughing shout.

Continued on page 85

Every Mother Knows This Fact

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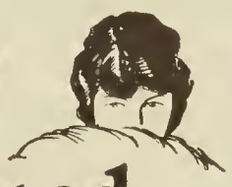
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Graying, Faded or Discolored



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Gray hair, faded hair or hair discolored by some dye which didn't work need not be endured any more.

My Restorer brings back the perfect, original color to hair disfigured from any cause just as surely as it does to graying hair. Prove it by accepting the Free Trial bottle which backs every word I say. Try it on one lock of hair and be convinced.

Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer is not a new preparation still in the experimental stage. I perfected it many years ago to restore my own gray hair. All explained in my patented Free Trial package. Send for it today and learn how this clear, colorless liquid restores your hair to the perfect, natural color—satisfactory results assured.

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While my Restorer is a perfect preparation which millions of users have found satisfactory, my laboratories recently made another important discovery. This discovery is in the form of a special preparatory powder, which acts as a tonic and antiseptic, putting your hair in perfect condition for the use of the Restorer. Henceforth a package of this powder will be packed in every carton of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer and a trial package is included in my special patented free trial outfit.

The action of this powder on the hair is so beneficial that I can hardly say enough about it. I consider it next in importance to the discovery and perfection of my Restorer itself.

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Send today for the special patented Free Trial package, which contains a trial bottle of my Restorer and full instructions for making the convincing test on a single lock of hair. Indicate color of hair with X. Print name and address plainly. If possible, enclose a lock of your hair in your letter.

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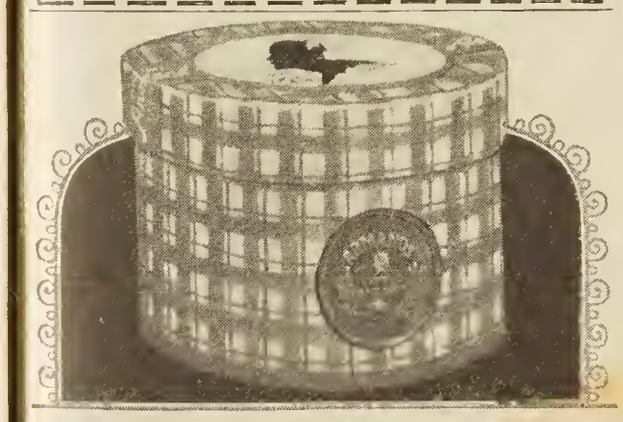
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For 25c. we will send you an Armand Week-end Package, containing a generous box of genuine Armand Cold Cream Powder—that marvelous powder, so soft and smooth and wonderfully adherent; two other delightful Armand powders; a tiny box of rouge; cold cream; vanishing cream; talcum, a little cake of fragrant soap and the Armand "Creed of Beauty." You will love it! Send for yours to-day.

ARMAND—Des Moines



THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 84

"But, sweetheart, you'll frighten the little chickens and you'll wake Uncle Stan." Margaret was talking cautiously; the next sound was of a kiss. "Shall we open the gate and just follow them gently—gently—through it?"

Jimmie assented riotously. He was evidently in her arms or she was kneeling beside him, because she next began, in a tone not much removed from the motherly "*Tuck-tuck*" of the hen:

"Your button's gone again, dear—your new bathing-suit, too!—and you're all pulled about. Stand still one second—don't twist that way, my darling. Now give Margar a kiss and say 'I love my Margar.'"

Jimmie having complied with this not-too-difficult request, the voices and footsteps went away out of hearing. But Stan was aroused now by the allusion to a bathing-suit. If Jim were in his, then undoubtedly Margaret was in hers, and they were going to swim. He got into his own and his wrapper and followed them to the pool.

He reached the opening in the woods just in time to see Margaret dive like a seal from the spring-board, her slender body cleaving the water cleanly, and her bright laugh breaking forth as her head reappeared in a splash of clear blue waves ten feet up the pool. The morning was intoxicating, the water clear, the tree shadows mellow and the sunshine already warming and heartening everything up here above the hill.

STAN plunged after her and they swam about the pool with glorious swift flings of their arms. Presently both were panting beside Jim in the shallows, laughing, breathless, exhilarated.

A swimming-lesson to the small boy followed, Stan and Margaret sharing the responsibility of towing him out into deep water and encouraging him to trust himself to the inflated inner-tire tube that served him for swimming-wings. Jim shouted, plunged, gagged, wept and laughed again.

"Fancy—and he's only four!" Margaret said proudly. "He's going to make a magnificent swimmer."

"Where did *you* learn?" Stanley asked, delighted to find her in a happy, friendly mood.

"In Nassau," she answered unreflectingly. And instantly he knew that she regretted the admission. "I had been working too hard," she said, "and I—I was there for three months. I didn't think," she added, hurriedly and nervously, "that one could learn to swim after childhood, you know! But I was nineteen, and I did learn. And oh, how I loved it—loved that glorious water!" she added passionately, "in spite——"

Her voice stopped suddenly. She began to tousle Jim's hair with the big towel that had been warming in the sun and spoke to him inconsequentially and hastily, obviously anxious, Stan saw, not to follow up the indiscreet word. He plunged back into the water and Margaret dexterously changed the dripping little swimmer into a warm, dry, hungry little boy before Stanley came back.

"Now, you lace your boots, Dimski," Margaret said, with one more kiss upon the damp back of the child's little neck, "and we'll take another swim and then go in to breakfast."

Then she and Stan were off again, plunging, diving, splashing, circling in the delicious freedom of the water.

"You get on the edge, that side, and I will this," she directed him, "and we'll both dive and swim underneath until we meet and then come up together! Did you ever do that? It's wonderful!"

Stanley duly went in at her signal and swam along in the translucent green shadows and lights under the water, looking sharply for her. Only a few instants, and then he saw the moving, shapeless blackness ahead and the dark face streaming with water, with

Continued on page 86

Pyorrhea Strikes Four—Misses Only One



When the gums bleed, be on guard

All too few are immune to Pyorrhea.

The odds are overwhelmingly in its favor.

Dental records show that four persons out of every five past forty, and thousands younger, contract it.

Tender, bleeding gums are the danger signal.

When Nature's kindly warning is unheeded, the gums recede, the loosened teeth drop out or must be extracted, pus-pockets form at their roots, and the poison in them floods the system to breed neuritis, rheumatism and other diseases.

After you have gone to your dentist for tooth and mouth inspection, brush your teeth, twice daily at least, with Forhan's For the Gums. It is an efficacious, healing dentifrice, the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.

Forhan's For the Gums, if used consistently and used in time, will prevent Pyorrhea or check its progress. It will keep your teeth white and clean, your gums firm and healthy.

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FOR THE GUMS

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Forhan Company, New York
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Apply as it comes in the can. Nothing to mix or fuss with. No stirring. It's dry overnight and the heaviest heel cannot scratch it white.

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THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 85

wide smiling eyes gleaming even in the heart of the pool. They came up close together, hands gripped, and shouting with laughter.

"Oh, I love that!" Stanley cried. "Come on, let's do that again! It's glorious!"

And again in the dapple of white and pale-green and deep-blue shadows they met, and their hands met, and they rose dripping and breathless and shouting.

Then Margaret said that they must go in, and they walked along the pathway again, between the walls of stock and gillies and wallflowers and blazing zinnias and corn-flowers, to the house.

"I suppose—" Stanley said reflectively and irrelevantly when Jim had run ahead to Nora and breakfast—"I suppose there is good reason for all this mystery?"

Her face flushed over its exquisite dusky pallor, but she tried to laugh.

"Women love to make themselves mysterious, you know!" she assured him lightly. The fencing was so deliberate that Stan was rebuffed. He thought of Shirley, the eager, angry self-defense with which Shirley was always so ready: Cuyler was selfish, Tom Duncan had been a liar, Shirley had been young and ignorant, mama had been to blame—every one had been to blame——

"I don't want to urge you, Margaret," he said seriously.

Margaret's dark-blue eyes met his gravely, but she did not speak. For a moment they walked on in silence.

"There is a reason," she said presently, biting back the "Stan" that annoyed her with its desire for utterance. "I can't tell you—or anybody. I can tell you that I don't think I was *all* wrong! Things—other persons——

"No, but I was stupid, and wrong, too," she interrupted herself bravely. "To tell—even you!—would be to lose everything—everything I've worked so hard to gain! I want to tell you," she broke off suddenly, "because I want your—respect! But I can not."

"A PROMISE?" he hazarded. Her hair was already beginning to curl upon her brown smooth shoulders.

"A solemn promise," she answered briefly.

"As for my respect," Stan said, grinning, "that you know you have—and more, too."

"That is all I can have!" she answered quickly and uneasily. "And more—more than I ever thought life would give me again."

"You've not done anything wrong, Margaret, I know that," Stanley said, troubled at her agitation.

"I didn't *think* it was wrong!" she answered, with a look straight into his eyes.

"It was a man?" Stanley asked, with a sudden and unexpected sense of anger.

"Yes," she said quietly, after a pause, and with a great sigh.

"And you loved him?" the man asked, almost without being conscious that he asked it.

"I gave him everything I had to give," Margaret answered, very low, her eyes upon the blossoming yellow marguerites against which her thin, beautiful brown hand was resting. "I've wanted you to know—you've been thinking me everything that was—innocent and young—I'm not—a girl. I've suffered—I've borne—everything a woman can!"

Stan was silent, stupefied with surprise and an unexpected pain. Margaret gave him a fleeting look, and twisting a plucked daisy in her fingers, went slowly down the path and into the house.

When they met again at breakfast, Mrs. Cutting and one or two women friends she had persuaded to remain at Uplands after the children's party were between them. Margaret was lovely in a dark, soft, flowered gown in dull blue and brown: it was almost transparent; it was limp and soft and seemed just fitted to the heat and brilliance of the day. Her dark hair, still damp, was smoothly netted; she looked cool and quaintly womanly, with Jim, who usually came in for tastes of the grown-ups' breakfast after his own, pushing his curly head against her arm like a puppy.

He might have known that she was not a child, Stan thought, drawn nearer to her by her confession than he had ever been. He might have known that there had been tragic hours in the life that had given that beautiful mouth its disciplined lines, that there had been love and passion back of the voice that had so poignantly human a note. Her attitude toward Jim: that was not the way girls of twenty-four usually felt toward children! But this girl had been hurt, crushed, cruelly used, hammered into thankfulness for mere peace, for mere usefulness, for the love of a mere child.

Who was the man? He wondered. A beast that she was supporting? Her husband, or less than her husband? Was it blackmail that was keeping her so quietly here? Stanley, under his cheerful conversation, his concern with coffee and rolls, wondered what power a man had used to break down the reserve, the dignity of such a girl.

After breakfast it was arranged by Jim that while Nora and Carrie made beds he and his Margar should drive with Uncle Stan to the lower gate. Accordingly Margaret packed herself and the child expertly in the roadster, and Stan drove them away.

He seized this opportunity to say to her suddenly:

"YOU'VE not forgotten that you were to tell me, when you felt yourself free?"

He had hoped for a moment of softness, for a look at the dark-blue eyes, for perhaps a faltering word of gratitude that her morning revelations had not altered his feeling. But he was disappointed. Margaret looked at him calmly and coolly; there was no flutter of indecision or emotion about her.

"I shall never be free," she said quickly. "There are circumstances—there are conditions—" She paused.

"The happiness of the person I love best in the world," she began again definitely, "depends upon my living here, as I am, and attempting to make no life of my own. That is the condition upon which—I live. My—bondage is not an ordinary bondage; I am tied by no ordinary conditions. I can't explain it; it just—*is*. If I could ever feel that I might thank you—that I *might* show you——"

Her voice shook suddenly and he could see by her quick rise of color that she was angry at her own weakness.

"But that will *never* be," she said. "The situation isn't of my making! I'm grateful to you for sympathizing—but that's all!"

Stanley did not speak again, nor did she, until they had reached the big wooden gates that gave upon the highway. Then she and Jim jumped out and waved him farewells.

He left them starting up across the burned brown meadows, Jim valiantly shooing ahead of him the lazy cows that moved languidly in the grassy shadow of the oaks. Still, sweet warmth lay over the rising hills and the wooded cañons, larks whirled up with giddy bursts of song, crickets were already shrilling and the air was scented with tarweed and ripening fruit.

Margaret, in her filmy dark gown and wide shady hat, was gathering great spears of bronze-brown yarrow when he lost sight of her. The child, a pink blur in the brightness, rollicked beside her.

Stan dreaded the city. He hated the noise of it, the jaded men and women, the hot shadows of the buildings, the long hours. He had doubts of being able to get back to the ranch to-night until after dinner.

Suddenly he remembered his engagement with Shirley; that would come after his office-hours and before a six-o'clock business appointment. He had no real illusions about Shirley, but in spite of himself he looked forward all through the long tiring day to that little oasis in the big dim tea-room, to the thought of her fragrance and beauty, her laughter and her flattery.

She was awaiting him when at last the late afternoon came, punctual to the second, and she gave him immediately the pleasant sense of being important in her scheme of things. Her bright brown eyes shone at him from under a beautiful hat; when they were seated, she pulled off her gloves and gave him a quick touch of a satin-smooth white hand

Continued on page 87

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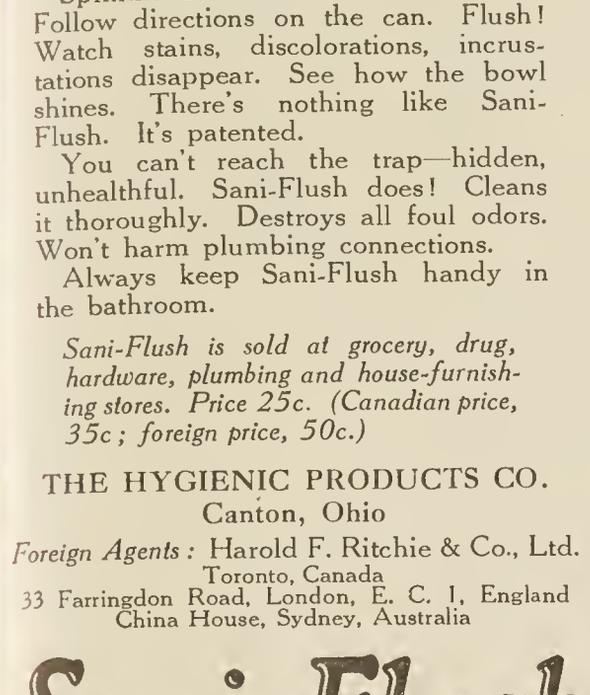
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THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 86

and another greeting, "Well, isn't this fun?"

The tea-room was full of friends and acquaintances, and all these, because of her company, were careful to bow to pretty Mrs. Theobald. Stan saw it and was enough the primitive male to enjoy the sense of protecting her, of championing her. This beautifully gowned, self-possessed little woman in the trimly veiled hat so smartly crowned with golden wheat-sheaves was making a gallant fight, he thought.

It amused him, and it seemed to add a sort of glamour, a romantic quiver, to their conventional, friendly greeting when he remembered that he had kissed her good night in her own drawing-room the night before, that this chattering, aloof little beauty had been that other woman, too, of the silken draperies and the clinging arms.

When she got up to cross the room and speak to Dollie McVeagh, who was getting her own divorce and so could not be too particular about her associates, Stan watched her with a little reluctant admiration in his heart. She was a wonder—Shirley.

So she wanted him back again? The nerve—the sheer unmitigated nerve of it! He could contemplate her little maneuvers without conceit and without any particular blame of the small craft that was so desperately seeking a safe harbor from perilous seas. But the gall of her!

Stanley had no objection to a little flirting, a little trifling. But Shirley Theobald need never fancy for an instant that her flatteries, her affectations, her innocent confidences were not all more clearly and openly obvious to Stan even than to herself!

HE HAD a business appointment to-night, but Shirley had to be in the city until seven too, it appeared, so they had a little simple dinner at Solari's and he drove her home. Later there was a game of bridge with two men who were delighted to come over from the club and play at Shirley's house, and Stan went home at midnight without having had a minute alone with Shirley and feeling oddly disappointed at the omission.

The next morning, Saturday, he telephoned his aunt at the farm. Mrs. Cutting, with a distressed face, immediately came to find Margaret.

"Miss Yorke, Stanley's coming down at four. And—you'll have to have your upper cabin put in order—he's bringing Shirley Theobald with him!"

"Bringing Mrs. Theobald!" Margaret echoed blankly.

"Yes; he said she didn't feel very well and she'd like to go off and rest somewhere. He says he may have to go back if they have a directors' meeting, and that she knows it, but that she just wants to rest! It sounds like her," said Mrs. Cutting bitterly. "I wish I had said that we were coming back to-day—I wish I had thought of it! I almost told him no—but how could I? He said, 'You've been so kind to her, Aunt Hattie, asking her to your tea and all that!' I *hate* the woman!"

Margaret stood still and all the sweet hot day darkened and grew cold about her. She had been living in a dream since yesterday—a dream of the pool, the confidences, the look in Stanley's eyes and the tone of his voice. Now she was awakened.

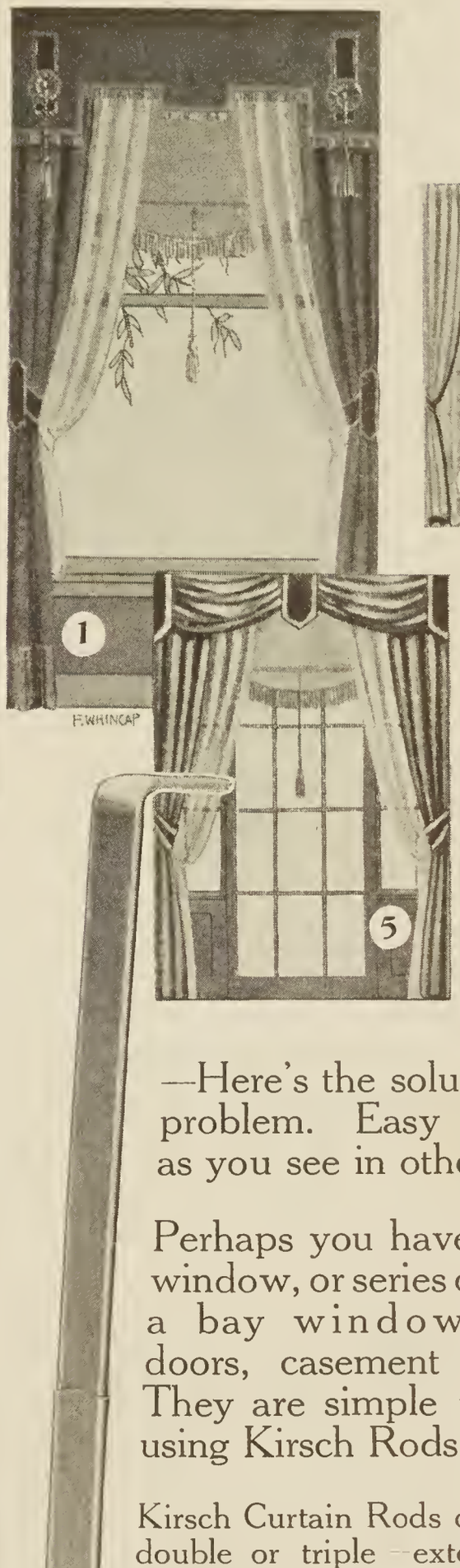
"You don't suppose—" she began slowly, walking back beside Mrs. Cutting—"you don't suppose, after all he knows about her, that Mr. Crittenden could possibly——"

"I suspected it—I felt it all along!" Mrs. Cutting broke in miserably. "I had a premonition!"

Margaret's heart sank—sank.

"Suppose that he may be falling in love with her?" the older woman finished Margaret's uestion. "My dear, with a woman like Shirley Theobald you may safely *suppose* anything!"

Continued in the April DELINEATOR



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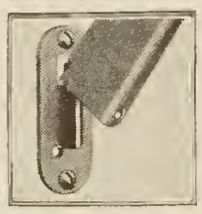
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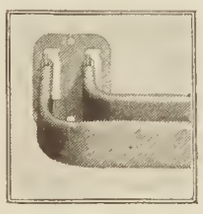
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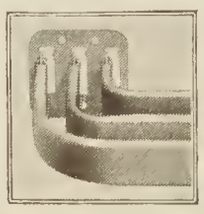
Kirsch CURTAIN RODS



SINGLE
Picture at left shows Kirsch rod being attached by tilting. No. 4 at top is draped on a single rod.



DOUBLE
At left, bracket and end of Kirsch double rod, such as used in illustrations 2 and 3 at top.



TRIPLE
Bracket and end of triple Kirsch Rod shown at left—such as used in draping windows Nos. 1 and 5.

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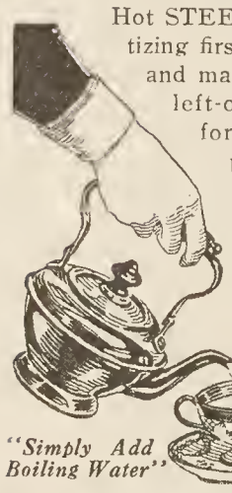
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FOR GRAHAM BRADY

Concluded from page 6

and Lola Sarone have been together constantly, and I have said nothing. You have stripped my heart till it's gone—I've said nothing. If anything has happened to the ring, I don't know it. Please, Graham, spare me a little."

She left us alone, but I didn't want to stay with him. I put my bread on the table and looked straight at him, and all up through me came the feeling of Kelly Kaye fighting with blood in his eyes. I will never forget the way my heart saw my father that minute.

"Once you told me I should send for Kelly Kaye if you hurt my mother," I said to him. "To-day I'm going to do it!"

My mother and Mary looked for that ring. They turned everything where he said he had left it. We hunted and hunted, but nobody found it. Father came home, went away, and came home—just a jumble of hours it seemed, going by without day or night or anything between. Father didn't have much to say, but one breakfast-time, after a week, he looked at my mother—and I saw her fingers tremble on the table.

"Verol," he said, "I don't suppose I'll ever see that ring again, but I want to tell you I wouldn't take all the money I've got for that, and if you'll——"

Something in my mother's face stopped him, and he left the table and left the room.

Mother sat for a long time looking at the door where he had gone, then she called to Mary.

"Mary," she said, "leave everything, will you? We're going to find that ring *to-day*."

And in the afternoon we *did* find it—snarled in the fringe of the Indian rug where the foot of the table had kept us from seeing it.

MOTHER turned it over and over in her fingers. "L to G" was written inside of it. Mary watched her, then she shut her fists on the window-sill.

"Miss Verol," she said at last, "if that was *my* man's doings—I'd kill him!"

Mother looked at Mary a minute, then smiled and dropped the ring in her apron pocket.

"To-morrow's his birthday," she said. "I'll give him this to surprise him. I don't know anything he wants so much."

Mary looked at her sharply. "You ain't going to—*give* him that *back?*" she cried. "You ain't givin' it *back?*"

Mother nodded.

"Yes," she said, slowly; "because he wants it. That ought to show him the faith I have, better than anything else I would do. I'm *so* glad we found it."

We put flowers on for the birthday night. It was raining outdoors and the grate was lit and mother looked so sweet in her thin pink dress. Someway she seemed mother again, almost—her cheeks were pink, her fingers warm. And tied in a square little gray-kid box by father's place—was his birthday gift.

"He'll be so surprised and so pleased," she laughed. And she watched for dinner-time like she couldn't wait. Mary didn't understand it.

"You're crazy, Miss Verol," she scolded. "Ya' are."

"Maybe so," mother said, "but it seems to me that somehow this ring's going to bring it all right again. Somehow it seems that to-night's the end!"

When father came and we sat at the table, mother watched him, her fingers catching the table-cloth. On a card on the box she'd written his name: "A little surprise—happy birthday," it said.

He glanced at the box, then put it aside and served us our dinner and asked about Carter.

Mother told him Carter was still in the hospital—that she'd sent him a book and a bottle of wine.

When dessert came, mother reached across the table and pushed the box by his plate again. But he moved it away and ate without talking—then left the table and went in by the fire with his paper.

Mother finished her coffee and watched him and waited. Then she took that gray box and followed him in. She went up behind him, her hands on his shoulders, and dropped the box in his lap.

"Graham," she said, "life is queer sometimes, but if this little thing I'm giving you will make you happy, I want you to have it. Look at it, won't you?"

Father picked up the box and thumped it on the chair arm.

"Verol," he said shortly, "I've asked you just one favor. I've told you I never wanted anything as much as I want that ring of Lola's. Nothing you can give me will replace it. And I'll be honest with you: whatever you've bought me, I don't want."

Mother left him and went to the stairs.

"Well, Graham," she said quietly, "maybe you don't."

She called me to go to bed, and we went up together, but at the top she whispered to me to go on alone—she wanted to see him open it.

She sat on the top stair, slim and so pink. Through the railing she looked down at him—waiting to see. I leaned down to whisper good night, but she shook her head and put up a finger for me to be still.

My father had the box in his fingers. He turned it over, fussed with it a minute—and then mother suddenly slapped her hand over her mouth and her eyes seemed to cry out loud.

I looked over her shoulder and there was that box—with the string still undone—tossed on the red ashes of the fire!

BY HER hand I took her to my room. I tried to reach up to her, but for the first time she put even *me* away.

"Shall I bring him up," I asked her, frightened. "Shall I go and get him?"

"No—no," she said, quick, with her lips but no voice. "Not Graham—don't bring Graham——"

Then, her back to the wall, her hands out against it, her fingers trying to catch the dark wood, she whispered out to the dark night for the only thing God ever gave to answer a minute like that.

"Mother," she whispered—oh, like her heart talking—"come mother—please—mother—come find me—and take me——"

I stood still and looked at her, afraid to touch her or speak to her. It seemed as though the part of her I could touch wasn't there—but only a something like the thing that is life itself, that fingers would not dare to touch, nor any voice dare to speak to.

She talked and talked, but only little sobbing words I couldn't understand. She'd cry—then, with the tears still wet, she'd smile and tell how we'd hunt the old path in the orchard——

"My white room has tree branches and a robin's nest in the window," she said in a whispering, crying, trembling way. "Nothing to hurt you—and mother—my mother."

I reached up again to touch her, but she pushed down my fingers.

"No, Dickie," she said. "Oh, your arms are too little. I want just to rest with my head on her shoulder."

She frightened me. I went for Mary. But on the stairway Mary was coming up—her face frightened too.

"God help us! The letter we wrote!" she said, catching me. "He's here!"

I looked down past Mary. My father was gone, but there by the fire, dark and tall, was a man wet with rain—with a scar on his head!

ONE morning then, I sat on the steps in the sun, watching robins. Inside my mother was laughing—almost like old times when we played in the garden at home—and buttoning into a pink gingham dress.

"Mother, I'm only twelve again," she said, but she didn't laugh then. "Come tie my apron-strings!"

So we found the path, and the old stave swing, and the purple grapes loading the trellises down. Then the mother we'd come to find called from the fence.

"Darlings, here's your jam and bread," she said, and my mother took my hand and we ran to trade it for kisses.

I thought of my father—Graham Brady—you—at the table, with your face that wouldn't smile. I thought of us waiting and watching for you, when maybe you came then and maybe you didn't. Who are *you* that she needs you?

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SEND us One Dollar (check, money order, bill or stamps) and we will send you "American Cookery" for the rest of 1923, starting with the March number, which contains recipes and directions for Onion Soup à la Clemenceau, and if you send promptly, we will include—as long as they last—a February number of "American Cookery." Address

AMERICAN COOKERY
Pope Bldg. Boston, Mass.

During Lent Serve

SKINNER'S

The Superior Macaroni



FEEDING AFTER INFANCY

Continued from page 16

Breakfast—7 to 8 A. M.

1. *Fruit*—Orange or grapefruit juice, baked apple, pears or stewed prunes.
2. *Cereal*—Farina, Cream of Wheat, Pettijohn, oatmeal, rice, cracked wheat, Wheatena or corn-meal mush, etc. Or, in place of the cereal, substitute a soft-boiled, poached or scrambled egg, or milk toast with grated yolk of hard-boiled egg, or bacon, crisp.
3. Cup of milk or cocoa made with milk.
4. Slice of toast, stale bread, bran bread or whole-wheat bread and butter.

Dinner—12 to 1 P. M.

1. *Soup*—Chicken, beef or mutton thickened with peas, barley or rice. All kinds of vegetables can be cooked in broth and strained. Milk or yolk of egg can be used in soup with vegetables.
2. *Meat*—Chicken, rare roast beef, lamb chop, rare steak or boiled or broiled fish.
3. *Vegetables*—Baked, boiled or mashed potato, boiled sweet potato, asparagus, carrots, spinach, lettuce, peas, string-beans, new beets, stewed celery, boiled cabbage, stewed tomatoes.

One potato and one green vegetable can be taken at one meal. All vegetables should be thoroughly cooked and mashed or put through a sieve. Macaroni, spaghetti or rice may be given instead of potato.

4. *Dessert*—Custard, junket, corn-starch, rice, bread or tapioca pudding, floating-island, baked apple, baked banana, home-made ice-cream once a week.
5. Cup of milk or stale bread and milk.

Supper—5 to 6 P. M.

Milk soups, milk toast, bread and milk, crackers and milk, and well-cooked cereal, stewed fruit, apple sauce, plain sponge-cake, cup of milk or cocoa, stale bread and butter.

FOODS TO AVOID

THERE are a number of foods which must be avoided, as they are unsuitable for young children.

Meats—Corned beef, dried beef, liver, ham, pork sausage, rich sauces and gravies, dressings from roast meats or poultry.

Vegetables—Fried vegetables of all varieties, green corn, cucumber, all raw articles—such as celery, radishes, onions, etc.—pickles, salads, baked beans.

Bread and Cakes—Fresh bread, hot breads, rolls, rich and spice cakes, griddle-cakes, waffles.

Desserts—Candy, especially lolly-pops, ice-cream cones, nuts, pastry, pies, pop-corn, peanuts. All particularly bad when eaten between meals.

Drinks—Coffee, tea, soda-water.

IMPORTANCE OF MILK

MILK is without doubt the best all-round food for children. It is easily digested and contains in proper proportions, all the elements for body-building. However, the toddler must not be allowed to live on milk alone. We do not want him to get the "milk habit" and refuse to take solid food. A pint and a half of milk a day is sufficient for nearly all children. Those who dislike to drink milk can take it disguised in cocoa, chocolate milk, cooked with the cereals, and in soups, custard and other desserts. Milk should be looked upon as a food, not a beverage or thirst-quencher, and should not be given between meals.

SUGAR

SUGAR is a useful part of the diet, but not in the form of candy or granulated sugar. Other carbohydrates can be amply supplied in the cereal, fruits and vegetables. A tablespoon of granulated sugar a day, including all that is used in the food, is quite sufficient. An excess of sugar and very sweet foods destroys the appetite for the more necessary

Concluded on page 90

Would More Money Make You Happier?

Wouldn't this old world be a better place to live in if you had another $5 or $10 or $15 every week?

I Can Help You Get It



Would you like to dress better? *Are you ambitious to own a home?* *Do you want a bigger bank account?*

IT'S easy for people to talk. But it's pretty hard to keep happy and content if your pocketbook or purse is always running short.

Pretty hard to keep your spirits up if lack of money is always cheating you out of something you need or want, something you've got your heart set on.

Pretty hard to keep cheerful with that old joy-killer "Can't-Afford-It" always staring you in the face.

Every ambitious woman has some goal, some pet desire, some pent-up hope or wish or longing that depends on money for its realization. And it's pretty hard to keep from getting blue and discouraged when you don't know where the money's coming from.

Maybe your long-denied ambition is to dress better. Maybe to travel—to visit far-off relatives or see the country. Maybe to own a home. Maybe to buy a car. Maybe to get a better education or to send a son or daughter to college. Maybe to pay old bills and get out of debt. Maybe to have a comfortable bank account as a reserve against emergencies or old age. Maybe it's to live better, to get more pleasure and enjoyment out of life.

But let's look the facts straight in the eye. No one ever did or ever will get anything in this life just by *wishing* for it. There's only one sure and dependable way to have more money in your purse—that's by *earning it yourself*.

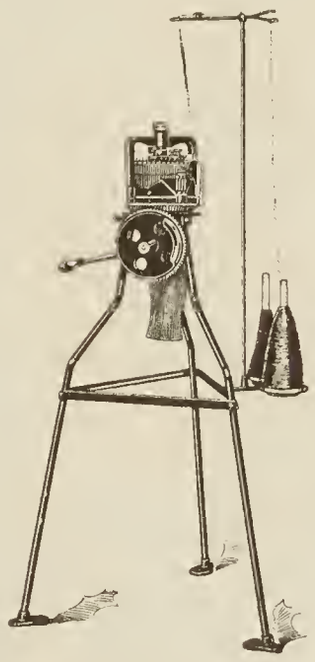
And I can show you a way to do it. Just by using your spare time—time that so many women idle away. You can earn it right in your own home. You don't have to take a single step away from your own door.

All In Spare Time

No matter what your pet wish or ambition may be, no matter what you want more money for, if an extra $3 to $10 or $15 every week or so will help make you happier and better satisfied, then I can show you how to get it.

I have provided profitable and pleasant spare-time home-work for hundreds of people—both women and men. Now I want to start at least a thousand more. The work is interesting. In fact, some of those who have taken it up tell me it is positively fascinating—more like a pastime than work. You can do it entirely at your own convenience—sit down and work at it any time of the day or evening that happens handy—start and stop whenever you like. It needn't interfere a particle with your regular duties.

It's a kind of work that you can take pride in doing. From every angle it's an ideal way to turn your spare hours into dollars—knitting wool socks for the Home Profit Hosiery Company on our famous Home Profit Knitter. It is many times faster than hand-knitting. That's why home-knitting on this skillful little machine pays so well. That's why so many users of it call it their "Purse-Filler."



The Master Knitter

The Home Profit Knitter contains many features and improvements never before seen in any home knitting machine. We guarantee that after a little practice you can do perfect work on it, simply by following our plain and clear instructions.

The Home Profit Knitter has a portable stand, and can be picked up and carried from room to room and used anywhere in the house. It is the Master Machine of all knitters.

If They Can Do It So Can You

Some of those who have taken up spare-time home-knitting on the Home Profit Knitter, are making around $3 to $5 a week at it. Some around $10. Some around $15. Some even as high as $20 or more. The amount each earns from week to week is always in proportion to the amount of time and effort given to the work. And every dollar thus earned is *extra money*—a welcome *addition* to the regular family or personal income.

Some of our many spare-time home-workers are married women. Some are school teachers—using their free time after school and holidays. Some are young unmarried women who would rather earn money at home than work in a store or office or factory. Some are men. A few give all their time to home-knitting—finding it pays better than anything else they can do.

Some live on farms, some in small towns, some in large cities—where one happens to live makes no difference whatever.

No Matter What You Want Extra Money For Here Is a Way To Get It

Fast or slow, just as you turn the handle, this skillful little knitter knits and shapes each sock from cuff to toe. It knits either a ribbed or solid weave, and either a plain or fancy top.

You know the rage for wool hose. Everybody wearing them—men, women, children. There's a steady year-around demand for the quality of socks so easily knitted on the Home Profit Knitter. That's why we want more and more home-workers who are willing to do spare-time knitting for us.

You Get Good Pay

You don't need to know a single thing about knitting to take up this work. We show you how. Complete instructions that make everything plain and clear come with the knitter. With practice, anyone who follows directions—anyone who really wants to *earn* money instead of merely *wishing* for it, anyone who is willing to make a little effort and do his or her part—can soon be turning out perfect socks—and getting good pay for every pair.

The pay is sure. The Home Profit Hosiery Company guarantees to take every pair of socks you knit for us on a Home Profit Knitter in accordance with our simple instructions, and guarantees to pay you a fixed price for each pair as fast as you finish the socks and send them in. But if preferred, you have the privilege of selling part or all of the socks you knit direct to friends or neighbors or local stores, at your own price.

Make Your Wish Come True

If you have been wishing you had more money coming in, here is your chance. All you need is a Home Profit Knitter, a little spare time, and the willingness to do your part. How much you earn will always be in proportion to how much time and effort you give the work. You can do as much or as little knitting each day and each week as you choose. You are always "your own boss." If you like, other members of the family can take turns with you and help you along—for with practice almost anyone can knit socks on the Home Profit Knitter. And whether you knit a dozen or more pairs every day or only a dozen in a week or month, you can be sure of good pay for all the finished work you send us.

Just send me your name and I will send you full information about this spare-time home-work plan that is bringing in extra money for so many others. That won't cost you anything. Yet it can easily make a vast difference in the happiness and satisfaction you get out of life—it can mean hundreds of dollars a year to you. Simply fill out and mail the coupon at the bottom of this page. It's a good idea to do it now—before you forget about it.

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This is one of the fifty designs in "The Home of Beauty."

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Send for these booklets:

"The Story of Brick" is an attractive booklet with beautiful illustrations of modern homes, and discusses such matters as Comparative Costs, Basic Requirements in Building, and kindred subjects. Sent free.

"Face Brick Bungalow and Small House Plans" embrace 96 designs of Face Brick bungalows and small houses. These houses are distinctive in design, economical to build, and convenient in floor plan. The plans are issued in four booklets, showing 3 to 4-room houses, 5-room houses, 6-room houses and 7 to 8-room houses. The entire set for one dollar; any one of the books, 25 cents.

"The Home of Beauty" contains fifty designs of Face Brick houses, mostly two stories, representing a wide variety of architectural styles and interior arrangements. The houses were selected from 350 designs submitted in a nation-wide Architectural Competition. Sent for 50 cents.

"Orienting the House" is an illustrated booklet, with a sun dial chart and explanation for placing the house with reference to light and shade. Sent for 10 cents.



FEEDING AFTER INFANCY

Concluded from page 89

and nourishing foods. It is a very common cause of stomach and intestinal disorders, malnutrition and decayed teeth in children over two years of age. It produces a craving or appetite which may be as dangerous to the nutrition of a child as alcohol is to an adult. What the nation needs is a Volstead Act prohibiting candy and sweets to the young!

CEREALS

CEREALS are very useful foods when properly cooked and should comprise about one-third of the diet. A well-cooked cereal should be given at least once a day. A wide variety is desirable. Cereals can be cooked in milk and served with thin cream or butter and not more than one teaspoon of sugar. Brown sugar or grated maple-sugar can be used to tempt unwilling children. The dry or prepared cereals should not be used for small children. Sliced ripe bananas, chopped dates, stewed prunes, etc., can sometimes be mixed with cereal before serving. Two or three cereals cooked together appeal to the tastes of some children.

Farina, Cream of Wheat, Wheatena, etc., require at least one hour of cooking, while the coarser grains, such as oatmeal, cracked wheat, rice, corn-meal, etc., require at least three hours' cooking in a double boiler.

The addition of a tablespoon of bran to the cereal is helpful for constipated children. Bran bread is also laxative and has a high nutritive value. The following recipe, which must be baked for two hours, is relished by most children:

3 cups bran
2 cups white flour
1½ cups milk
1 cup molasses
1 teaspoon soda

LACK OF APPETITE

LACK of appetite in the tiny toddler disturbs many mothers. When this is associated with fever or any signs of illness, no food should be given without the advice of a physician. The most frequent cause in other circumstances is found in the psychology of early childhood. Nearly all children fortunately pass through a so-called "negative phase," when they persist in doing the opposite to what is requested or desired. They also crave attention. They love to be in the center of the stage and in the limelight. They will eat if the stage-settings are satisfactory and when there are one or more persons as an audience who will coax, tell stories or otherwise entertain them. Some children who find that by simply refusing food they become objects of greater attention will persistently and stubbornly refuse to eat. The management and control of this refusal is simple when its true nature is recognized.

WEIGH THE CHILD REGULARLY

THE scales and tape measure are valuable guides to progress in growth and nutrition. Normal nutrition manifests itself both in gain in weight and growth in height; while the opposite condition, malnutrition, results in loss of weight and retarded growth in height. If the child is losing weight, something is going wrong and there is danger ahead. Every child of the nursery age should be weighed each month and the amount charted or recorded for comparison. He should be measured and have a thorough physical examination made once a year.

Every tiny toddler is a feeding problem unto himself, and the mother's task is to regulate the diet for her own individual child. She should understand and appreciate the underlying principles of food and feeding, and when in doubt or perplexity consult an experienced child specialist, if possible, or the best physician available, and not wait until signs of malnutrition and sickness appear. The doctor's greatest privilege and duty is to help you keep your child healthy and well and to prevent sickness and disease which so often is unnecessary.



Do *Your* Floors Reflect Your Taste?

Woman has found a delightful new opportunity for the expression of her individuality in the home. Her floors may be harmonized with the color scheme of walls, woodwork, tapestries, drapes or furniture. From the airy, golden color of sunlight, to the richness of walnut or mahogany—the exact shade which your taste demands may be secured if you floor with Maple, Beech or Birch.

Write for This Book

"Color Harmony in Floors" will reveal these new decorative possibilities to you. If you plan to build, or if you have a neglected room which you would like to floor economically and beautifully, read this book illustrated in 12 actual colors. We'll gladly mail a copy free if you write.

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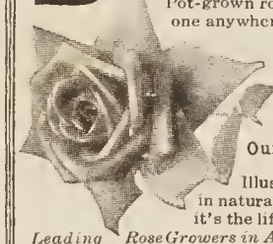
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This is true to some extent of any fat. But here is one advantage of Wesson Oil. It will not absorb the odor or flavor of any food cooked in it—not even fish nor onions. You may use it over and over again for frying different things.

And Wesson Oil is not altered much by heating to cooking temperature. Much cooking fat has to be thrown out after you have used it a few times. But Wesson Oil is altered so little by heating that you can use it up and not waste it. It is almost as good the last time you use it as the first.



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Nurserymen - Landscape Gardeners - Florists



A WINTER'S TALE

Continued from page 13

"See, baby! There's your first Christmas tree," said Marcia.

They stood still in the snow and Foxhall held the baby high.

"How nice," said Marcia, as she followed Foxhall and the baby, "to have a baby come to town Christmas week."

When they reached Marcia's home, Foxhall insisted on coming in and watching.

"Marcia, you know," he said, "I've seen you drive a car and lead a woman's-bill meeting and make an omelet—but I never did see you care for a baby. I hope," he added simply, "that this isn't the only one I'll see you care for."

"So do I," said Marcia quite as simply.

And Foxhall reflected that once it was considered immodest—save the mark!—for the betrothed to speak of this high hope of all life.

"They never could have fooled Marcia into being ashamed to hope for a child," he thought with satisfaction. "In the depths of the Dark Ages she would have said: 'So do I.'"

MARCIA'S mother was little and fussy, after the manner of—1890, perhaps it was: later than hoop-skirts, but before short skirts. She had no gift for the casual. Every occurrence of life she regarded with italics and received with an embrace or declined with a thud.

The arrival of the baby elicited the thud.

"I can't be bothered with it," she affirmed with decision. "In the morning, Marcia, we'll take it back."

"There isn't any back," Marcia explained, "and I'll take care of it, mama."

"You know nothing about babies."

"I took a baby course at school," Marcia reminded her.

"A mother," said Mrs. Banks, "knows more about a baby in ten minutes than a college course in ten years!"

Marcia might have said: "They used to talk like that about amateurs in nursing and journalism and farming." But she said nothing. Marcia was a genius at saying nothing and still not appearing to scorn or to reproach or to use self-control in a mean way. She could say nothing and yet insult nobody.

"Have you ever handled a baby?" Mrs. Banks demanded triumphantly.

"Every time I could get a chance," said Marcia imperturbably. "And besides, I take to it."

Foxhall hardly heard the plaints of Mrs. Banks which went on for some time. He merely sat and watched Marcia. And Marcia didn't forget him—she was too deeply in love ever to be unconscious of him for a moment—but she was excludingly absorbed in the baby. She had found some small night-garments of the younger children and she overrode her mother with a lovely consciousness of being in the simple right. Mrs. Banks might have some good sense, but she had not always a deeper wisdom.

"Foxhall, am I crazy?" Marcia asked, when her mother had said for the third time that she washed her hands of the child and had swept from the room.

"I don't think I'd bother much about that," said Foxhall slowly. "You're on the job—that's usually enough, isn't it?"

THE news that Liz Fred and Liz Henry had been left in a bare house for their final week in Katytown made Katytown indignant.

Every one had been feeling a surreptitious relief that the two were off their hands for good, but there was nothing but condemnation for the summary proceeding of removing their furniture.

Bart, the drayman, claimed to act on instructions from Ben Tilson, who was local poor-commissioner.

"King and Country!" said Ben remorsefully, "I never thought. I got a chanct to

Continued on page 92

O-Cedar Polish Mop

Have you tried the new O-Cedar WAX? Protects and Beautifies—use it on your car and all waxed surfaces. Try it. For Sale At All Dealers.

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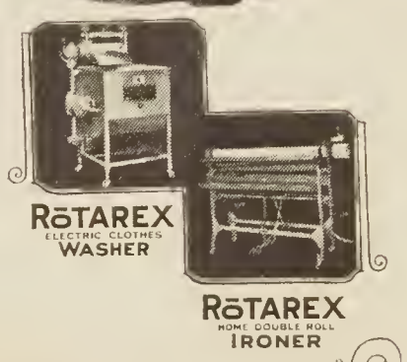
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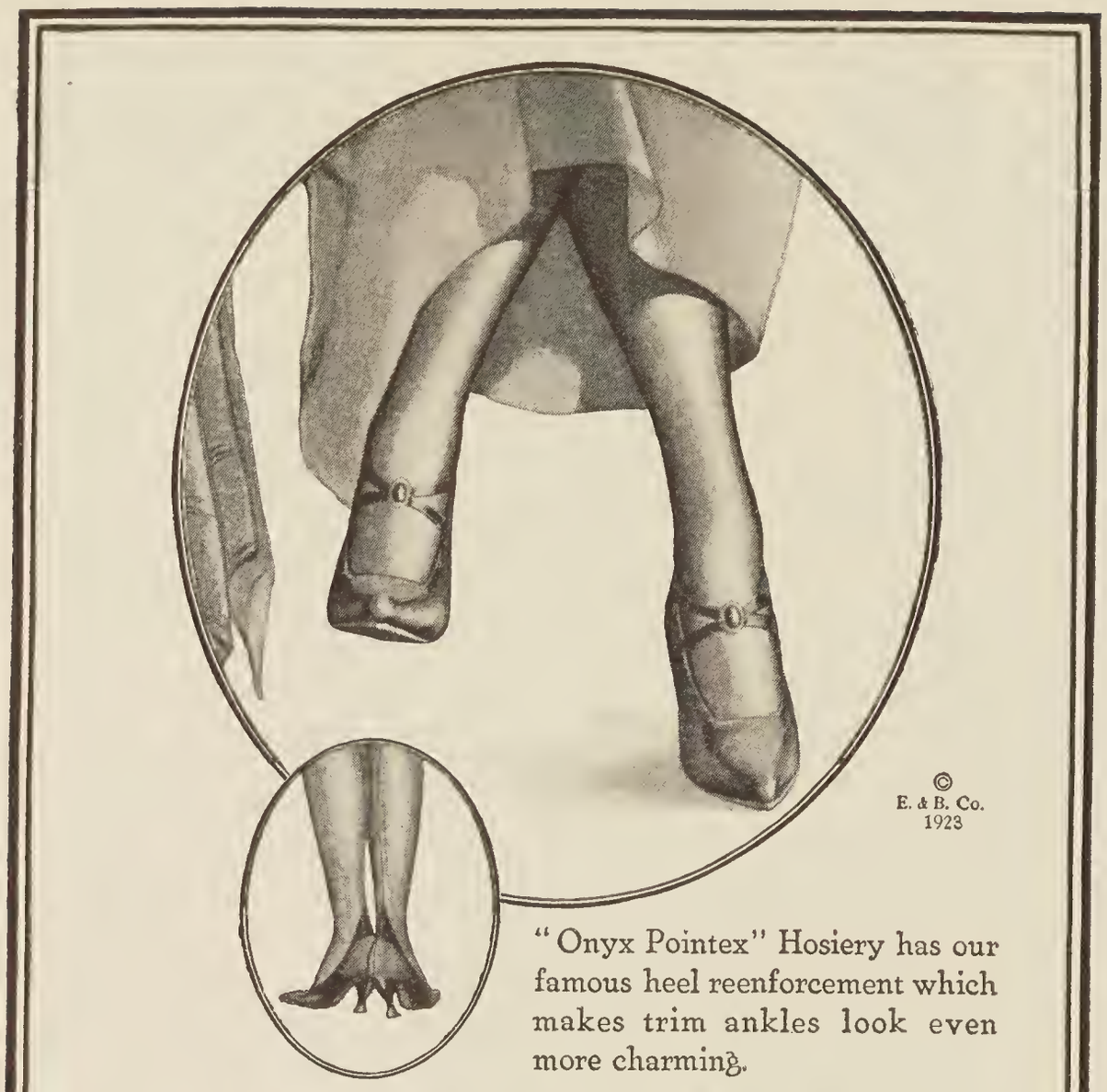
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A WINTER'S TALE

Continued from page 91

sell the stuff to the rummage sale in town and, thinks I, 'Say! It'll be a good sight easier for them two to leave their house with nothing in it than it would if it looked homelike.' "

His reasoning did not satisfy the townpeople, nor did his suggestion that the two women be taken down to the poor-farm at once instead of a week later as they had been told. Christmas week, they thought, was no time to administer the blessings of the county's charity.

The situation seized on the imagination of the Katytown women, and they hurriedly arranged matters. A chair was spared from here, a rug from there, a table from somewhere else. By noon of the day following Luther Falk's onslaught, the sitting-room and dining-room of the old house were again habitable.

"It's only for the week," everybody said. "Let's make 'em as comfortable as we can for their last week. And let's carry them in all the food we can."

So not only the plain, nourishing food with which Katytown had been wont to sustain these two now found its way to their doors, but cakes and pastry and odorous casseroles. The little pantry overflowed and the deal table in the kitchen was laden. Those who dropped in to call were carried off to the kitchen to admire. Every dish was known to Liz Fred and Liz Henry by the name of the giver and was so told off in the display.

"It's almost like having wedding presents," Liz Fred said with her twisted smile.

Under this unaccustomed sun Liz Fred and Liz Henry themselves took on a Wintry bloom. Every morning, having now no work to do and not knowing who might drop in to bring an offering, the two put on their decent best—merinos with white lace fronts.

"Because we won't have no place to wear them when we get—where we're goin'," said Liz Fred sagely, "so we might as well flam out in them now."

SITTING thus one evening, in their black merinos, upon all the borrowed furniture, it was Liz Henry who brought forth first a groan and then an idea.

"Four days left," she said. "I keep thinkin' of the things I meant to do for folks."

Liz Fred said nothing. She was moving her shoulders in a little rocking motion as if she hurt all over.

"I s'pose," Liz Henry continued, "it's some like dying—you're never quite ready. I was thinking about the poppy-seed I promised Mis' Spate. Now I can't take it to her."

"There's Mis' Walker I promised to go in and set with and read to a while," Liz Fred said. "I ain't done it."

"An' I never showed Mis' Plant that new lace stitch. Nor helped Lyddy with her sewing for the little girl she took in."

"What's the use now?" said Liz Fred harshly. "No use raking up all that now."

Liz Henry began to cry. "I feel like I'd died and been buried," she said, "with all my sensations in me."

Suddenly Liz Fred said, "Say!"

Liz Henry looked up, startled and sniffing.

"We got our four days left. Why not get such things done anyway?" said her sister.

Liz Henry continued to cry forlornly. "We couldn't," she said. "Not with the snow so deep and all."

"They ain't got our galoshes," said Liz Fred. "Not yet they ain't. Come along—let's do some of 'em anyway. Let's make a list and start out now."

Liz Henry was apathetic, but as the list began to grow under Liz Fred's fingers, she joined in:

"We promised Marcia Banks our fuchsia, but she could get that after we're gone."

"Why not have the fun of taking it to her ourselves?" said Liz Fred.

The snow was falling gently and beauti-

Continued on page 93



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A WINTER'S TALE

Continued from page 92

fully when the two set out next day. They were passably well dressed—a stranger seeing them would have taken them to be two motherly villagers, carrying a well-wrapped plant to a friend. When they opened the gate to Marcia's comfortable home, they looked like any of her mother's visitors. Indeed, until a month ago, when the poor-farm had been decided on, that was what they were. It was as if that decision, at one blow, had robbed them of station and consideration. Now they seemed to have no identity aside from that day, four days hence.

When Liz Henry and Liz Fred arrived, Marcia was sitting by the fire with the baby.

"Say, that's the baby, ain't it?" said Liz Henry. "We heard all about it."

Liz Fred said nothing, but with her thumb and fingers she touched the baby's arm. She looked at Marcia shyly: "Kitten," she said, "ain't it?"

"We brought you our fuchsia," said Liz Henry, and unwrapped it. "We had it five years—we raised it. Ain't it a handsome thing?" And when Marcia demurred at taking it now, Liz Fred cried: "Shucks! We wanted the fun of giving it away."

"We ain't never had much of that sort of fun," said Liz Henry, and, if she had any stray tendency to tears, they dried under the mandatory look of Liz Fred, who cried:

"Oh, Miss Marcia, we been having the *best* afternoon! Yes, sir—and we're going to have three days more just like it."

They poured it all out, the story of the done and the undone.

"*You* know," said Liz Fred, "all the things you always think you're going to do for folks and never get 'em done? They're consider'ble of a drag now, but if you come back from the dead they'd be quite some fun." She told of the poppy-seed for Mis' Spate, and the visit to old lame Mis' Bardwell, and the old newspapers long promised to Jake in the harness-shop.

"AND to-night," said Liz Henry, "I'm going to teach Mis' Plant to make 'three-and-five.' And to-morrow all day we're going to help Lyddy sew."

"And next day I'm goin' to read to old blind Mis' Walker. There's some more, too—if the commissioners would let us stay over," Liz Fred laughed.

"We've got time to go to old Mis' Weber's yet to-night," said Liz Henry. "We been putting it off ever since she took sick in the Fall."

Marcia had never seen them so human, so alive. She realized that she was on their list, to be given the fuchsia—it gave her a curious and salutary feeling to be visited, on a list, instead of visiting. Marcia was conscious of a dignity and a presence in both these women which she had never seen—perhaps, she thought, because she had always unconsciously held these two to be negligible, or at best merely to be ministered to.

She thought: "Oh, I'm going to tell them now. If Foxhall has the papers, he must come up and we'll tell them now."

She left the baby with them and ran to telephone to him. Then she insisted on their staying for tea.

"Tea," said Liz Fred, when it came, "out of solid silver. I've read about it in books."

Foxhall came in and Marcia turned to him with a restful sense of sharing, which was one of the happinesses of her love.

"Foxhall's voice is so deep and furry," she had once said, "you just have to love him."

The deep and furry voice had never been gentler than when he told Liz Fred and Liz Henry what he and Marcia proposed doing—and spread the deed before their eyes.

"We want you to live there as long as you like," he finished. "And Marcia has been dying for an excuse to give a few music lessons. She proposes to do that and earn what you need. Is that satisfactory?"

Never afterward could Marcia and Foxhall

Continued on page 94



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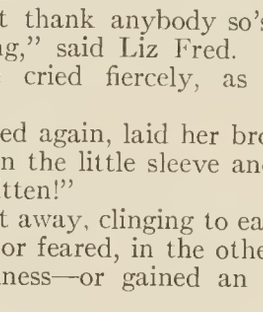
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A WINTER'S TALE

Continued from page 93

think of that hour without a kind of shame that any human being should be so abjectly grateful for food and shelter—"For the rudiments of food and shelter," as Foxhall put it. These two women trembled and wept and poured out piteous disjointed fragments of all that they had been through. It was only now that there became evident the depth of desolation which the poor old beings had suffered.

"Raised from the dead—that's what it is," said Liz Henry. "I ain't much—and Liz Fred, she ain't much either—but we thank you and God."

"We can't thank anybody so's it sounds like anything," said Liz Fred. "You *gotta* know!" she cried fiercely, as they were leaving.

She stopped again, laid her brown thumb and finger on the little sleeve and muttered thickly: "Kitten!"

They went away, clinging to each other as if each felt, or feared, in the other an undetected weakness—or gained an undetected strength.

Half an hour later Bart Robey called Marcia over the telephone.

"It's an awful shame, Miss Banks," he said. "I'm sure they done the best they could—but the baby's ma—she died."

To Marcia's startled question he had no satisfactory reply. No, not a word. Never really right in her head since they took her in. Died without sensing anything save that her hands kept groping around for the baby. No, no idea what her name was: no papers, no cards, hardly any money in her purse—nothing.

"I'll have the society come and get it, Miss Marcia," he added reassuringly.

"Don't be in a hurry about the society, please," Marcia told him crisply. "Don't do anything till I let you know."

The chief of police took his orders understandingly. Marcia wished that hers had been half so plain.

SHE went back to the library and told Foxhall. She had left the baby in the depths of a great chair, but when she returned he had her in his arms.

"Well then, darling," he said when Marcia told him, "what are we going to do about the baby?"

"How exactly like you not to say 'What are *you* going to do?'" she told him.

"I'm in on this," he said. "Shall we keep her?"

She sat down before him and said:

"Oh, Foxhall! We can't keep Liz Fred and Liz Henry going, in that house, and take the baby, too."

"Oh, thunder!" said Foxhall. "So we couldn't."

The baby awoke and joined in the talk with aimless gestures and emphatic kicking. Mrs. Banks came in and, because it seemed to be her due, they told her everything. And Mrs. Banks was like the great adamant voice of certain "sane" public opinion: Nonsense. The child must be turned over to the society. Liz Fred and Liz Henry should have gone to the poor-farm—but that couldn't be helped now, since "you two have been so headlong. And a mercy, too, if it keeps you from saddling yourselves for life with a waif."

"Mother, *dear!*" Marcia said helplessly.

"Oh, your mother knows best," said Mrs. Banks. "And this reminds me: I have a fresh coffee-cake for Liz Henry and Liz Fred. I'll run over with it now."

"Oh, Foxhall," said Marcia when she had gone, "isn't there a better idealism than common sense?"

"You bet there is," said Foxhall.

"Dearest," said Marcia solemnly, "*can't* you see why it is that I adore the ground you walk on?"

"Blessed if I can," said Foxhall, "but you—oh, Marcia!"

Continued on page 95



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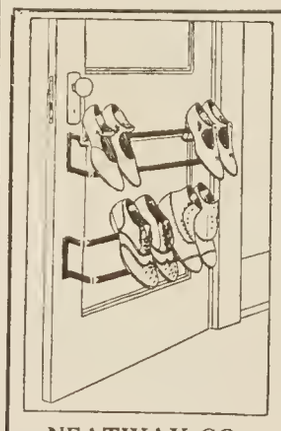
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A WINTER'S TALE

Continued from page 94

They spent an hour over the figures. They stretched and squeezed their little budget. But they dare not let it include the adoption of two old ladies and a baby at one stroke.

"It's no use," said Marcia at last. "I'll telephone Bart to-morrow."

"But we're doing the less useful thing—the less social thing," said Foxhall. "Liz Henry and Liz Fred aren't so important as this baby."

"We're keeping our word," said Marcia. "That's social."

Liz Henry and Liz Fred were in the kitchen, before a savory slice of pot-roast, freshly heated, and a dish of baked macaroni and cheese.

"Though I dunno I'm sure how we can expect to eat at all," said Liz Henry. "Oh, ain't it heaven—ain't it heaven!"

"It's like having a hill rolled off your chest," said Liz Fred. "Here we had an afternoon like other folks—and now this."

"We haven't much furniture, but it'd be paradise to live in the kitchen," said Liz Henry. "And I just thought of this: That farewell night we dreaded, there won't be none!"

"Most folks dunno what they got," said Liz Fred. "Glory be—and *nothing* can take it away from us. Eat before it gets cold," she finished, and laughed with happiness.

Mrs. Banks knocked at the side door.

"Come in and have a taste of something," Liz Henry besought her. "Come in and help us celebrate."

"We're women folks to home again," said Liz Fred, "all owin' to your young folks. Oh, Mis' Banks——"

"Marcia told me," said Mrs. Banks, warming her hands at the cooking-stove. "And I must say, foolish as I think it was, I'm thankful, after all."

"Oh, now that's good of you," Liz Fred cried.

"Yes," said Mrs. Banks, her thin lips tightening about her words, "if it hadn't been for you two and the house, we'd have had a baby saddled on to us."

MRS. BANKS told it, with the Katytown manner of savoring the news in her enjoyment of it. In her pleased preoccupation she did not observe that Liz Henry and Liz Fred said nothing; that when, being talked out, she went away, they still said nothing save to thank her for the coffee-cake.

"Don't mention it," said Mrs. Banks. "I love doing things for folks."

When the door closed behind her, the two old women sat staring at each other. In that hour they seemed to have grown very old.

"What we goin' to do?" said Liz Henry at last.

Liz Fred threw up her head. "Do? Why should we do anything?"

"But the baby——"

"The baby'll find a home somewhere else."

"But Miss Marcia—she'd like to keep it——"

"She'll have one of her own."

"But, Liz Fred——"

"Don't 'Liz Fred' me! I got a home. I don't have to be on the county. I got a place to stay the rest of my days. Do you think I'm going to be fool enough to give it up?"

At this Liz Henry began to cry her terrible owl-like quavers.

"Nor me. Oh, I dunno what to do either!" she wailed.

"Well, I do," said Liz Fred. "I'm going to stay right straight here." She hurried up-stairs to her room.

Liz Henry rose and locked the door and blew out the lamp. Then she sat down by the cooking-stove. In the room above she could hear her sister's chair rock on a board by the kitchen stovepipe which heated her room. The stovepipe holes showed no light —Liz Fred, too, was sitting in the dark

Continued on page 96

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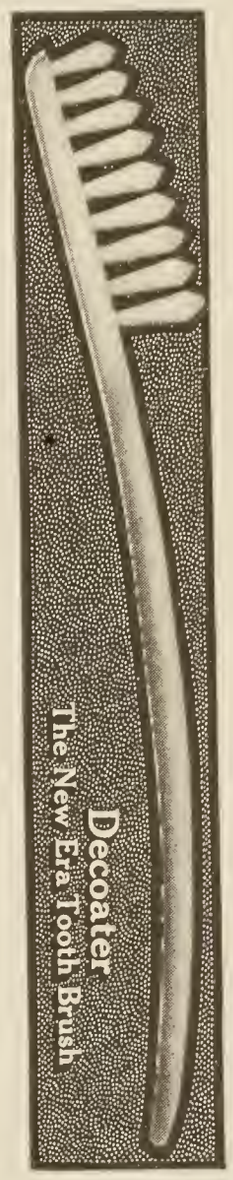
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It must attack film-coats and other deposits. It must effectively reach all tooth surfaces. It must penetrate between the teeth.

It must be adapted to the rolling method—brushing from the gums toward the tooth points. That is the way to brush teeth.

It must massage the gums to maintain their health and vigor.

The best type made to meet all these requirements is known as the Decoater. This is the authoritative type, and careful people are everywhere adopting it, largely by dental advice.

Decoater

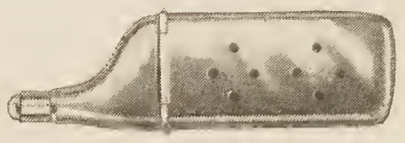
Carry it with you

Dentists also advise that you carry a tooth brush with you. Teeth should be brushed after every meal. People who eat away from home, like school children and workers, should carry a pocket brush.

To travelers and motorists this is especially important.

The pocket Decoater is made for this purpose. It folds into a ventilated metal case, vest pocket size. The handle-case is permanent. One simply buys refills as brushes wear out. This is the sanitary, convenient way to always have a tooth brush with you.

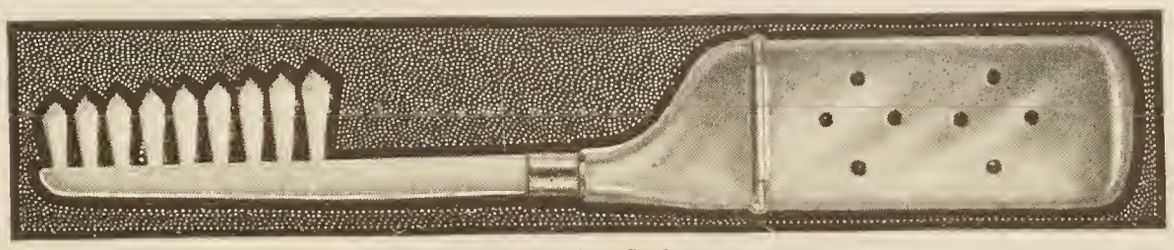
Decoater Brushes cost 50c; Pocket Style, $1.00; Refills for Pocket Style, 50c.



Most druggists now sell Decoaters. If you fail to find them, remit to us.

Folds into a case like this

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A WINTER'S TALE

Continued from page 95

Twice some one came rapping, perhaps bringing in fresh supplies—but they rapped and went away. On the table the pot-roast and the macaroni cooled, untasted. Twice Liz Henry could no longer contain her misery and lifted her voice in that strange wavering cry. Each time Liz Fred called out irritably, "Oh, stop that!" and, "Do stop, for mercy sakes!" And once Liz Henry snapped back at her, "Mind your own sins!" Then silence and darkness, save when Liz Henry mended the fire and save for that creaking board under the rockers in the room above.

Some time after midnight Liz Henry rose and lighted a lamp. She went upstairs to her own room, across the passage from her sister's closed door. For half an hour she worked, gathering up her few belongings and laying them in order. She could hear Liz Fred moving about and thought she was preparing for bed. But when at last she came out of her room, Liz Fred's door was wide open and she herself stood in a litter of the contents of bureau drawers.

"Are you—are you goin'?" asked Liz Henry breathlessly.

"Yes," said Liz Fred listlessly, "I am."

"To the poor-farm—are you goin' to the poor-farm?"

"Didn't I see *you* was bent on it?" cried Liz Fred harshly.

Liz Henry crossed her threshold. They were both blinking, blinking and bent—still more aged since they had last met.

"It ain't no such thing," Liz Henry cried shrilly. "If you're goin,' you're goin' for your own reasons."

"You don't know what I'm going for!" Liz Fred blazed furiously.

Liz Henry stood for a moment, rubbing at her forehead.

"Well," she said at last, "it's so late now let's lay down with our clothes on. That way there won't be no farewell night."

EARLY the next morning, before the sun rose clear in a white east, the two went three times from the little house carrying light bundles: casseroles and tins were left here and there; and a store of food—roasts, macaroni, coffee-cake—at old lame Mis' Bardwell's and blind Mis' Walker's and sick Mis' Weber's door. Toward eight o'clock the two climbed the stairway to Ben Tilson's rooms.

Ben opened the door in a rushing aroma of breakfast. He was never sure whether his visitors were real-estate clients or poor-commissioner cases, but he was always hospitable.

"King and Country!" said he collectedly. "Come and have a cup of coffee."

They said no, that they had had coffee.

"We wanted to know if we could go—where we're goin'—now," said Liz Fred. "On the eight-forty-five."

"Now?" said Ben. "This morning?"

Quick to sense that this was a moment which had better be taken advantage of, Ben said that he thought it could be arranged—and arranged it. He did not question them. When they persisted in having had breakfast, he ate hurriedly alone. Before he had finished, the car honked below.

"Couldn't—couldn't our things be sent after us?" Liz Fred said low.

"If they're ready, might as well stop for 'em now," said Ben obliviously.

So the two sat in the car before the white house while Ben and the driver brought out the shabby old valises. As he turned from the locking of the door, something in the aspect of the two still figures in the car smote him with unwonted urgency.

"Kind o' tough," he said to them awkwardly.

To his amazement they both looked round at him and smiled.

"We are going," said Liz Fred with dignity and distinctness, "entirely from choice."

Concluded on page 97



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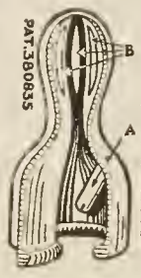


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Absorbine, Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT



A WINTER'S TALE

Concluded from page 96

"Our own free choice," echoed Liz Henry.

"Of course," mumbled Ben, not comprehendin

"And Mr. Tilson," said Liz Henry, "on the way back from the depot we want the man should leave this note for Miss Marcia Banks. He won't forget, will he?"

"Let's leave it now," said Ben. "Plenty time."

When the door-bell rang, Marcia was bathing the baby and crying quietly. Her mother brought her the note. It waited for her while she dried the baby and rolled her in her blanket. Then she read the ill-spelled lines:

DEAR MISS MARCIA:

We decided on the farm after all. We think it will be an eazey life and we're both getting lazey. Much obliged all the same and love. Love agen.

LIZ HENRY AND LIZ FRED.

TESTS FOR GOOD HEALTH

Concluded from page 72

healthy association. Have they any right to parenthood? A great lawyer, expertly familar with divorce in all of its unhappy forms, once told me that in most instances physical defects, or mental disparity due to disease, was the most frequent cause for divorce. An examination before marriage, even such a one as the astute stockman insists upon for his carefully bred herds, would doubtless save all this unhappiness in many instances.

Every man and every woman should know in at least two-year intervals the condition of the heart, lungs, kidneys and of the digestive and generative organs. Early detected heart, lung or kidney disease can in many cases be cured, in most cases relieved and in practically all cases life may be prolonged by suitable management based on early detection. The same is true of nearly all other chronic or progressive diseases. *Everything depends on early recognition.*

THERE are two great outstanding diseases which strike horror to the mentality of most people, doctors as well as laymen—cancer and tuberculosis. Cancer unless detected early is practically hopeless and in most instances causes intense suffering. Any one who submits to examination at regular intervals, particularly in the period after forty, would detect this early and could probably be cured. Early discovery of tuberculosis leads in most instances to cure when the patient can and will cooperate with the physician. Tuberculosis may appear in almost any tissue and at any age or in any person. It can be usually recognized relatively early.

This routine examination is entirely within the capabilities of the average physician. Where special examinations are required, as of the mind or in highly specialized branches as in the disease of the eye, your family physician can direct you where to go. If you have no real family physician, you have missed a valuable friend who is usually true and loyal, but you may apply to any clinic or hospital where, if such work is not done, you will be at least directed to a suitable place. A record of the examination should be made for subsequent comparison. Among other important data which should be particularly recorded are the weight, temperature, blood pressure, the condition of the blood and urine and a specific statement as to the condition of the throat and nose, of the heart and arteries, of the lungs, of the kidney, digestive tract and of the generative organs. Prevention is always better, and it is infinitely cheaper, than cure.

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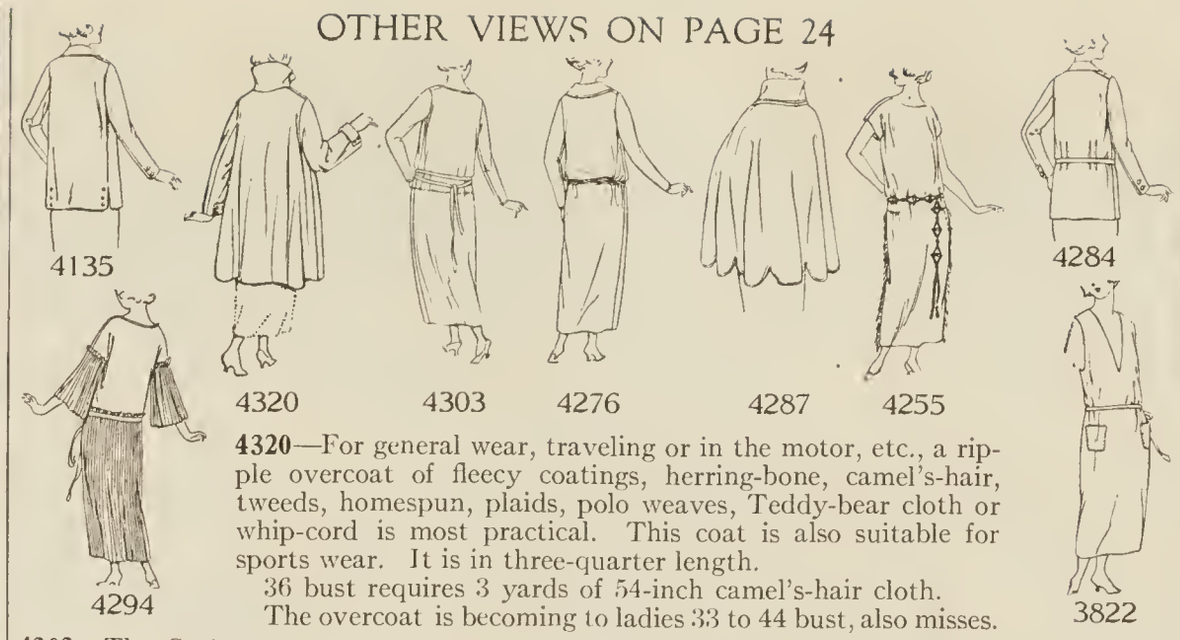
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OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 24



4320—For general wear, traveling or in the motor, etc., a ripple overcoat of fleecy coatings, herring-bone, camel's-hair, tweeds, homespun, plaids, polo weaves, Teddy-bear cloth or whip-cord is most practical. This coat is also suitable for sports wear. It is in three-quarter length.

36 bust requires 3 yards of 54-inch camel's-hair cloth.

The overcoat is becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4303—The Spring dress is quite sure that its upper half will be original. This dress has a two-piece skirt joined to a long body and slips on over the head, with a separate long camisole lining. Use tweed or homespun with silk jersey or silk crêpe, or wool crêpe, wool rep, wool poplin, etc., with printed crêpes, printed silks, etc.

36 bust requires 1⅞ yard 39-inch figured silk crêpe and 1¾ yard 39-inch plain silk crêpe. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is new for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4287—4255—10127—A circular cape in soft-surface woolen suitings, camel's-hair coating, tweeds, etc., goes nicely over a one-piece dress of the slip-over type. The monogram is new. Work in Oriental colors. The cape may have a plain or scalloped lower edge, and may be shorter. Lower edge of dress 54 inches. Lower edge of cape 3¾ yards.

The cape is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also misses, and the dress for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4135—4303—10922—A double-breasted box-coat is very French over a dress of the slip-over type with a two-piece skirt joining a long body. The banding is effective. Work in soutache or Hercules braid in ½ or ¾ inch widths. Use tweeds, homespun, soft twills, with body of dress in silk jersey, etc.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch tweed and 1¾ yard 36-inch silk jersey for body.

The costume is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust. The box-coat is also for misses.

4276—The Russian closing is a great favorite for Spring and in a one-piece dress is becoming in wool crêpe, wool poplin, wool ratine, wool eponge, homespun, tweeds, twills, tricotine, kasha or serge. It may have elastic in a casing. For a Summer dress use cotton ratine, cotton eponge, cotton matelassé, linen or pongee.

36 bust requires 3 yards of 42-inch wool crêpe. Lower edge 53½ inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4294—As a happy harbinger of warmer weather, this dress anticipates the season. It has a straight skirt which may be plaited or gathered, and joins a long body. Use crêpe de Chine or Canton crêpe of one material, in two colors, or printed with plain or satin crêpe, or charmeuse of one material, etc.

36 bust requires 1⅞ yard 39-inch figured silk crêpe and 2¾ yards 39-inch plain silk crêpe. Lower edge, plaits drawn out, 2⅞ yards.

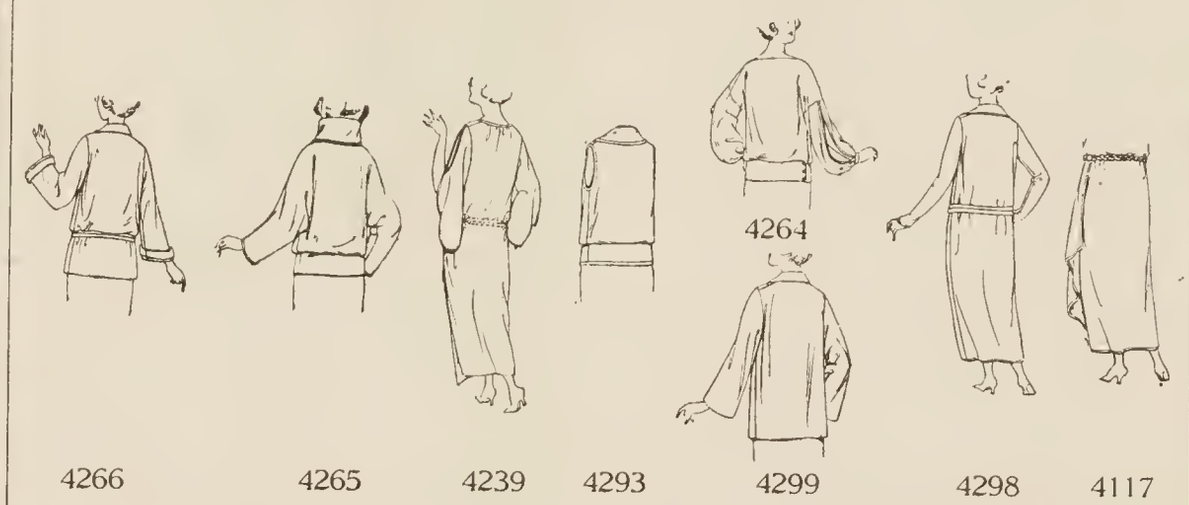
The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4284—3822—The three-piece costume takes a practical turn and places a coat over a slip-over one-piece dress in jumper style. The coat may have stitched or pressed dart plaits at the back, and the dress slips on over the head. Use tweeds, homespun, wool-pile fabrics, cheviot, serge, tricotine, twills, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch wool rep.

The coat is practical for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; the dress for ladies 32 to 48 bust, also misses.

OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 25



4266—4303—The long body of the dress under this coat is trimmed with braid and belted at a low waistline. The coat may have a removable vestee and hang straight, and the dress slips on over the head, with a two-piece skirt joining the body. Use wool poplin, wool crêpé, twills, tricotine, serge, etc., for this costume, and printed crêpes or silks, heavy silk crêpes, etc., for body of dress.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 54-inch wool poplin and 1⅞ yard 39-inch figured silk crêpe for body of dress.

The coat is smart for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; the dress for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4299—4264—4117—3157—A three-piece costume involves a box-coat and a bandanna blouse on the slip-over order, and a draped skirt. The coat has a deep armhole and is trimmed with the new padding in tuck effect. The tam is attractive.

The box-coat and skirt are becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust and 35 to 47½ hip. The blouse is for ladies 32 to 44 bust and the tam for ladies. The coat is also for misses and the tam for misses and girls.

4293—4239—10118—The hand-made trimming on a coat bloused in band effect is the color of the dress body. The coat has a deep armhole and a lining to hold the blouse in place over the low waistline of the dress, where its one-piece skirt is joined. The dress slips on over the head and closes under the left arm. The metallic embroidery is smart. Work in outline, running stitch and satin-stitch. Lower edge 48 inches.

36 bust requires 4¾ yards 39-inch crêpe satin and 2½ yards 39-inch contrasting crêpe.

The coat is new for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; the dress for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4265—4294—A lining holds the blouse in position in this coat of matelassé, moire silk, etc. The dress has an accordion-plaited or gathered straight skirt joining a long body and slips on over the head. Use crêpe de Chine or Canton crêpe all one material, etc.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards 39-inch silk matelassé, 3⅝ yards 39-inch silk crêpe and 1⅞ yard 39-inch contrasting silk crêpe.

The blouse coat and dress are smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4298—The coat dress is a fashionable attenuation of the three-piece costume. This dress has a separate slip and is becoming in wool crêpe, wool poplin, twills, tricotine, kasha, serge, all one material or with satin, silk crêpe or silk jersey, etc.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch tricotine and 1⅜ yard 39-inch contrasting tricotine. Lower edge of slip 1½ yard.

The coat dress is smart for ladies 32 to 48 bust.



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The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio

OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 26

4285—A slip-over dress in wool crêpe, soft twills, tricotine, serge, etc., with silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine, has a straight skirt joining a long body in decorative fashion.

10 years requires 1⅛ yard 39-inch silk crêpe and 1⅛ yard 42-inch wool crêpe.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

4273—4318—10134—A coat with smocking or shirring is a soft style for silk crêpes, cashmere, henrietta, crêpe de Chine, etc. It has a plain lining. The shirred hat is quaint in taffeta, crêpe de Chine, etc. The smocking and cross-stitch is dainty.

The coat is demure for little girls 1 to 5, and the hat for girls 2 to 12.

4289—3749—3157—The Spring costume for the growing girl is the circular cape and sleeveless frock of homespun, tweed, wool eponge, etc., a guimpe or blouse of cotton voile, etc., and a velvet tam.

The cape and frock are for juniors and girls 6 to 15, the guimpe for girls 6 to 15, the tam for girls, children, misses and ladies.

4297—4318—10120—This blouse coat, with a lining to hold the blouse in place, is just like Sister's coat. A hat of taffeta, satin, corded silk, etc., is new, and the coat embroidery is smart. Work it in outline, one-stitch, etc.

10 years requires 2 yards 54-inch soft twill.

The blouse coat is smart for juniors and girls 8 to 15, and the hat for girls 2 to 12.

4223—Hand-made ornaments better this dress with a straight skirt joined at a low waistline, and a Russian closing is new.

14 years requires 1⅛ yard 42-inch wool crêpe for body and 1⅜ yard 42-inch contrasting wool crêpe.

The dress is new for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

4305—10939—At the end of one's rope, a new suit with straight trousers and a blouse of the Eton jacket type is a delightful change. The emblem adds a naval touch. Work it in satin-stitch or Kensington embroidery.

5 years requires 1⅜ yard 36-inch linen-finished cotton and ⅝ yard 36-inch contrasting linen-finished cotton.

The suit is good for little boys 2 to 6.

4295—10627—A hand-made girdle is on a one-piece dress in wool crêpe, wool poplin, soft twills, tricotine or serge, etc. It slips on over the head. The hand-work is dainty. Work in satin-stitch, eyelets, buttonholing and French stemming.

10 years requires 1½ yard 42-inch wool crêpe and ½ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

4271—10115—The gathers at the neck make a dress of the slip-over type in cotton prints, pin-check gingham, etc. It has a straight lower edge and separate bloomers. Embroidery is attractive. Work in one-stitch, cross-stitch and lazy-daisy.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6.

4279—10858—A tie may create the quaint effect on this one-piece frock of the slip-over type, in wool crêpe, serge, tricotine, twills, etc. The monogram is smart. Work it in satin-stitch or outline.

13 years requires 2¼ yards 54-inch serge.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

4282—10890—Separate bloomers boost the practical virtues of a slip-over dress in pin-check gingham, Japanese crêpe, chambray, etc. The pocket motifs are smart. Work in appliqué, outline or satin-stitch.

5 years requires 2⅛ yards 32-inch gingham.

The dress is good for little girls 2 to 8.



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OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 27

4306—For a costume suit one wears a dress with a one-piece skirt draped to join the decorative body at the low waistline and a Russian closing. Use wool crêpe, wool poplin, twills, tricotine, etc., with silk crêpes, etc.

16 years requires 1¾ yard 42-inch wool poplin and 1¾ yard 35-inch figured silk. The dress is for misses 16 to 20, or small women.

4269—4189—3325—10973—The virtue of a box-coat is in the opening it gives for the display of the gay body of the slip-over dress beneath. The coat may have a detachable vest. The hat has a distinctive air. The embroidery is characteristic. Work in satin-stitch, outline, and beads, etc.

17 years or 34 bust requires 3⅞ yards 42-inch wool crêpe for coat and skirt, and 1¼ yard 39-inch silk crêpe for body.

The box-coat is new for misses 16 to 18 or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies, and the dress for misses 16 to 20, also small women. The hat is good for misses and ladies.

4300—10123—This attractive dress slips on over the head and the straight skirt, whether accordion plaited or gathered, joins a long body. Embroidery runs riot on the body of the dress. Work in metallic threads in running or outline stitch. Use Canton crêpe, or crêpe de Chine, charmeuse, etc.

17 years requires 4⅛ yards of 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 2⅞ yards.

The dress is becoming to misses 16 to 20, also small women.

4243—4158—The three-piece costume is composed of a blouse coat in matelassé, moiré silk, heavy silk crêpe, etc., worn over a dress of the slip-over type, with draped skirt joining a long body of different color. The coat has a lining to hold the blouse in position and may omit sleeves.

17 years or 34 bust requires 2¼ yards 39-inch silk matelassé for coat, and 17 years requires for dress 2¼ yards 39-inch crêpe satin and 1 yard 39-inch contrasting crêpe satin for dress body. Lower edge 46 inches.

The blouse coat is good for misses 16 to 18 or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies, and the dress is for misses 16 to 20.

4309—A twisted girdle and long sides are in keeping with the lovely lines of this dress on the slip-over order in taffeta, printed crêpes, silk crêpes, satin crêpes, crêpe satin, etc., with a bertha or organdy, batiste, etc. The two-piece circular skirt joins the body.

16 years requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch crêpe satin and ⅝ yard 40-inch Georgette.

The dress is distinctive for misses 16 to 20.

4311—Even the roses have a French air on this dress with drapery. It closes under the left arm, slips on, and the skirt joins a long body lining. Use crêpe satin, satin crêpe, silk crêpes, or taffeta, of one material, etc.

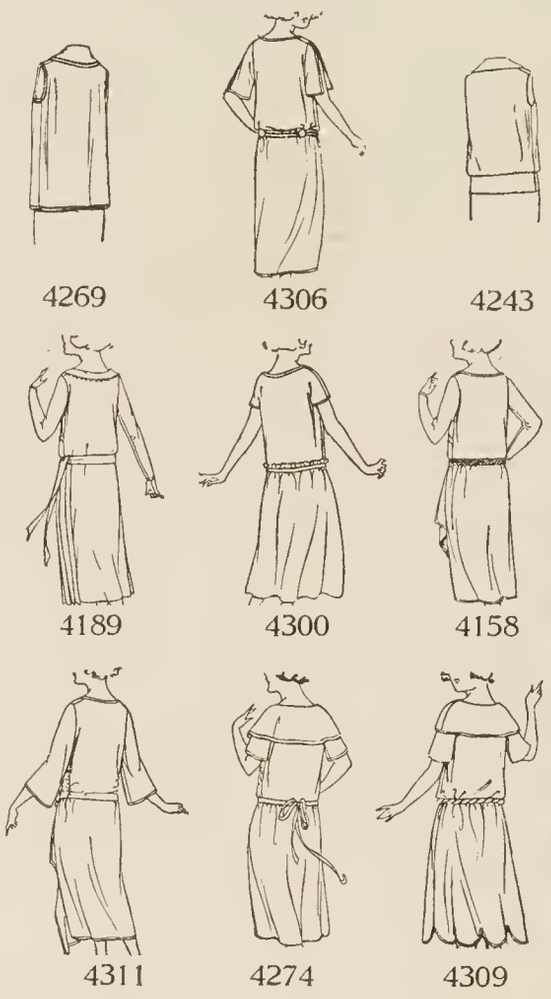
36 bust requires 2¾ yards of 39-inch crêpe satin. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is original for misses 16 to 20.

4274—Under an Easter corsage of hand-made flowers meet the long body and straight skirt of this dress. Use silk crêpes, satin crêpes, crêpe satin, or taffeta with lace, bertha, etc.

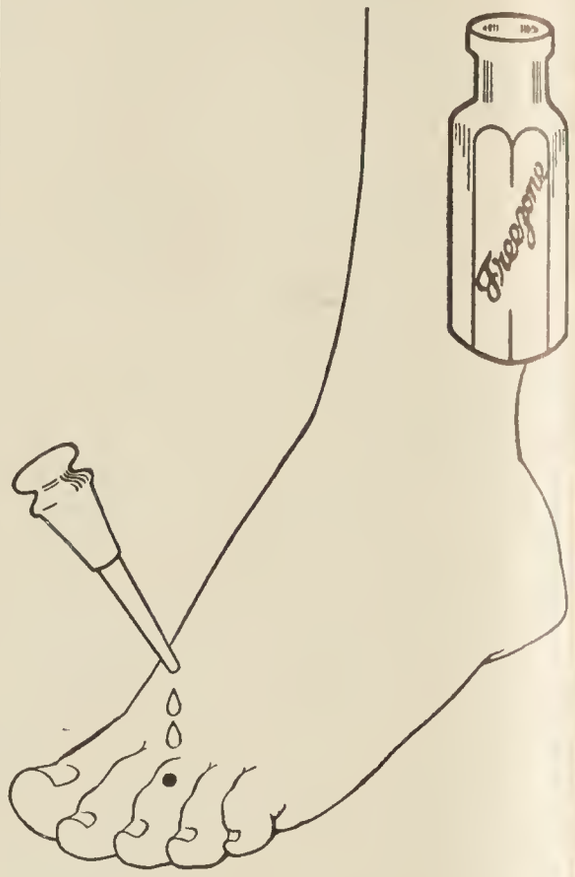
17 years requires 3¼ yards 35-inch taffeta. Lower edge 61½ inches.

The dress is graceful for misses 16 to 20, also for small women.



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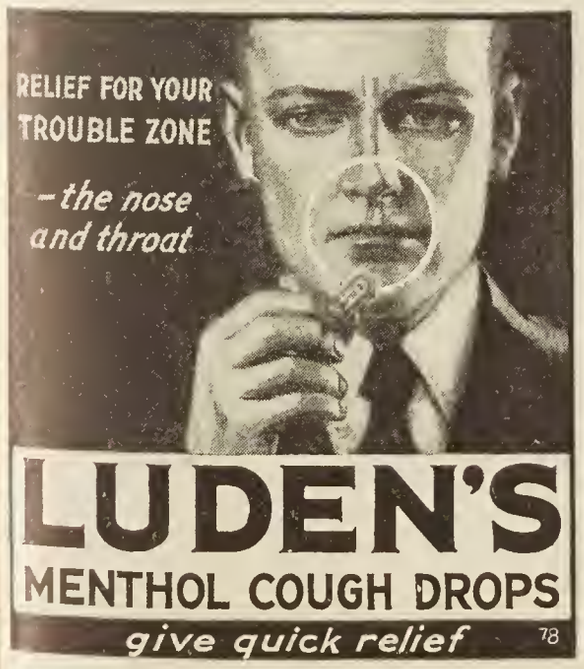
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OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 28



4292 4313 4296 4249 4280

4292—A new one-piece, slip-over dress blouses at the back, closes at the left on the shoulder and under the arm. The sleeves are sewed into a body lining. Use wool crêpe, wool poplin, wool rep, soft twills, tricotine, serge, of one material or with Georgette, silk crêpe or satin crêpe, heavy silk crêpe, etc.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards 40-inch wool crêpe and ¾ yard 39-inch chiffon.

The dress is graceful for ladies 33 to 46 bust; it is also good for misses.

4296—Pre-Lenten engagements call for this type of dress with drapery in a skirt joined to the body at a low waistline. It slips on over the head. Make it of printed silk crêpes, satin crêpes, silks or crêpe de Chine, of one material or with Georgette or chiffon sleeves, or of silk crêpes, satin crêpes, crêpe satin, etc. Lower edge 46½ inches.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch crêpe satin and ½ yard 39-inch figured chiffon.

The dress is excellent for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4313—A hand-made ornament catches up the drapery of the one-piece skirt of this dress on the slip-over order. There is a straight drop skirt. Use printed silk crêpes or silk crêpes, satin crêpes, crêpe satin, or crêpe de Chine of one material or with lace, Georgette or chiffon, etc.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards 39-inch figured crêpe and ¼ yard 40-inch chiffon. Lower edge of drop skirt 45 inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4249—10847—There is distinctive style in this dress of the slip-over type of crêpe satin, charmeuse, silk crêpes, satin crêpes, or heavy crêpe de Chine. It closes under the left arm and is in one piece at the front and back, and the circular sides and foundation are joined at a low waistline across the sides. The embroidery adds much. Work it in satin-stitch, Kensington stitch or outline.

36 bust requires 4¼ yards 39-inch crêpe satin. Lower edge of dress 3⅛ yards.

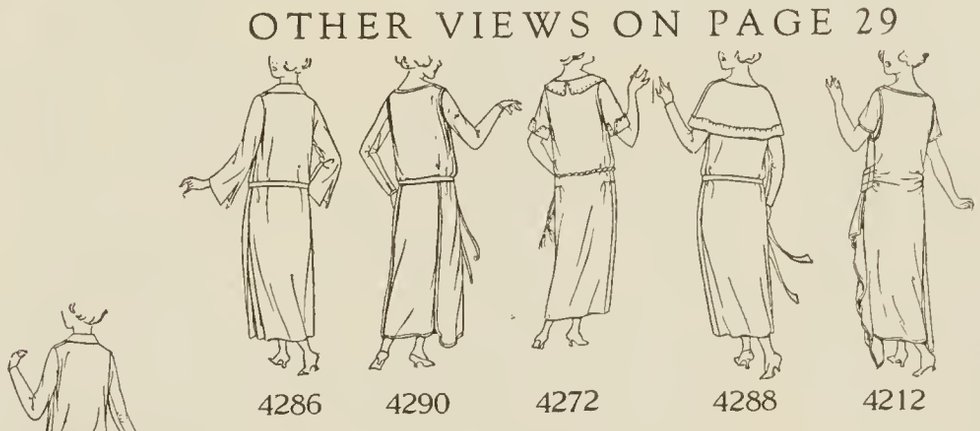
The dress is new for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4280—10994—A hand-made girdle defines the low waistline on this one-piece dress. It has a straight lower edge and slips on over the head. Use heavy silk crêpes, crêpe satin, wool crêpe, pongee or heavy printed crêpes, or Persian challis with a Georgette, etc., bertha. The cross-stitch adds color. It may be worked rapidly. Lower edge 54 inches.

36 bust requires 3½ yards of 39-inch Canton crêpe.

The dress is distinctive for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also for misses.

OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 29



4286 4290 4272 4288 4212



4267

4286—When a woolen fabric and satin combine in a dress with redingote and a separate slip, the result is bound to be smart. Use wool poplin, wool crêpe, twills, tricotine, serge or kasha, of one material, or with a satin, silk crêpe or silk jersey slip or heavy sllk crêpes, etc.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 54-inch tricotine and 1⅞ yard 35-inch satin. Lower edge of slip 52 inches.

The dress is appropriate for ladies 36 to 50 bust.



4237

4267—An uneven hem line and a body of contrasting material attract one to this dress with a one-piece draped skirt. Use wool rep, wool crêpe, kasha, soft twills, tricotine, serge, etc., of one material, or with the body of heavy silk crêpe or satin, or heavy silk crêpe, cotton ratine, or linen. Lower edge 48½ inches.

36 bust requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch soft twill and 1⅝ yard 35-inch figured silk.

The dress is distinctive for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4272—10127—Straight lines always satisfy in a one-piece dress of wool crêpe, soft twills, tricotine, serge, homespun or tweeds, or of cotton ratine, linen, gingham, etc., for Summer. It slips on over the head, has a straight lower edge and may have a body lining. The Chinese motif comes from a design containing touches of various embroideries. It adds color. Lower edge 54 inches.

36 bust requires 3 yards 42-inch wool crêpe.

The dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust. It is also good for misses.

4212—For many a Spring afternoon engagement a one-piece dress with drapery forming a cascade effect at the side, is indispensable. The sleeve is sewed into an underbody. Make the dress of satin crêpe, satin, charmeuse, silk crêpes, etc., all one material or with lace or Georgette.

36 bust requires 4 yards 40-inch crêpe Canton. Lower edge 51 inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4290—10925—Panels are distinctive on this one-piece dress of the slip-over type. The sleeves are sewed into the body lining. The sleeve motifs are attractive. Work them in one-stitch or bugle beads. Use wool crêpe, wool poplin, wool rep, twills, tricotine, serge, of one material or with sleeves of plain or printed silk crêpe, satin, crêpe de Chine or Georgette. Lower edge 52 inches.

For 36 bust 2⅞ yards 54-inch wool rep.

The dress is excellent for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also for misses.

4288—10120—A front view of a one-piece dress gives one a comprehensive idea of the trimming. The dress slips on over the head, with a choice of body lining or a casing arrangement of elastic. The embroidery is in Oriental colors. Work in outline and one-stitch, etc. Use soft twills, wool crêpe, wool poplin, tricotine, serge, with a bertha of Georgette, silk crêpe, etc. Lower edge 54 inches.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 54-inch serge.

The dress is attractive for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4237—Drapery droops at the front and the back is bloused in this one-piece dress of silk crêpe, printed crêpe, satin crêpe or charmeuse. It is straight at the lower part, slips on over the head, and closes under the left arm. It may be made without a body lining.

36 bust requires 4 yards of 39-inch figured crêpe. Lower edge 52 inches.

The dress is a good style for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.



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Height in Inches	Age 20 to 29 yrs Lbs.	Age 30 to 39 yrs Lbs.	Age 40 to 49 yrs Lbs.	Age 50 and Over Lbs.
60	111	116	122	125
61	113	118	124	127
62	115	120	127	130
63	118	123	130	133
64	122	127	133	136
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THE LAST WORD

A Page of Shop-Talk, Gossip, and Comment

Reading Upside Down

It seems incredible that a full-color feature like THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, which has been appearing regularly in this magazine for over a year, could escape the attention of regular readers, but every now and then we receive a letter from some subscriber who has noticed it for the first time. Generally she writes to report her own pleasure or that of her children—and does so with all the fresh enthusiasm of a discoverer. Another kind of letter that reaches us more or less regularly, despite our best efforts to prevent it, is the one from an adult reader complaining that THE DELINEATOR is "hard to read upside down." The part of the page that is upside down falls readily enough into place when the page is taken out of the book and the simple directions for folding followed. Certain post-office restrictions prevent us from making these directions for cutting and folding as explicit as we should like, but there is nothing intricate about the process; a child who is once shown how to do it can easily make his own little book thereafter.

Asking the Impossible

"Will you please print in the next issue of THE DELINEATOR," writes a "faithful reader" from Iowa City, Iowa, "suggestions for the hangings, floor covering and so on for a small room which is furnished in dark oak, the room to be occupied by a seventeen-year-old brunette who is very fond of Oriental things?"

The foregoing is reprinted verbatim from an actual letter addressed to the editor of the Department of Interior Decoration. Other prize bits in her daily mail are requests for detailed advice on the painting, decorating and furnishing of a sixteen-room house, involving answers to four pages of closely written questions; requests for names of architects and builders in the writer's own vicinity; and requests for estimates of building costs, which vary in every locality. THE DELINEATOR takes particular pride in the service departments that it conducts for readers, but the editors of these departments, expert and willing as they are, have human limitations. Brief letters conserve their time; intelligent questions bring complete and satisfactory answers, and in the case of building, renovating or decorating, rough pencil-diagrams and such needful information as exposure, dimensions, lighting, location of permanent fixtures, etc., are invaluable. Last, but in no wise least, comes the two-cent stamp for return postage. Further information about service material in the form of booklets, pamphlets and bulletins, will be found under the heading "Ask THE DELINEATOR" on another page.

Inspiration in a Small Town

When asked to tell something about herself for DELINEATOR readers, Grace Sartwell Mason, author of "The Raft" in this issue, replied that she couldn't supply anything startling of that nature but would give us a few facts about the source of her stories. "I was born in a small Pennsylvania town," writes Mrs. Mason, "in the midst of hemlock woods and some oil-derricks and a few farms, which were second thoughts, as everybody in the country was more interested in timber and oil than in crops. I was by way of being an infant prodigy of sorts. The violin was my specialty, and I meant to become a second Maud Powell. But all the time I was working away at this difficult and temperamental instrument, I was spending all my spare time putting into a sort of diary note-book all the different characters I met, my teachers, fellow-students and townspeople. And when finally I married a music critic who came to one of my concerts to use his critical faculty, I was early informed by him that I had much more talent for writing than I had for fiddling. With an enormous sigh of relief, I then put my violin in its case, for that was what I had secretly always longed to do—to write stories. From that time on I have been trying to put into words the intriguing, subtle and astonishing vagaries of even the commonest human being. From my own small town I frequently dig up a nugget—but, alas, the best of them I can seldom use, for home folks are so very, very sensitive. And I don't want to be met with resentful and dark looks when I go home to visit, even though I spend most of my time in New York and California.

"Human nature seems to be richer with story material in the country. I suppose that is because in a small town, when you have lived there or kept in touch with it for many years, you get the beginning, the middle and the ending of a great many stories. You see families develop and decay, queer traits come out in your next-door neighbor which you can trace directly back to great-grandmother Jones. And you see tenderness, nobility, flashes of wisdom, where in the city you see generally only a polite mask put on in self-defense. That is why I like to write about the small town every once in a while—and my own town in particular—but I must admit that I can enjoy the small town (for a visit) all the better because I lived quite a long time in the Latin quarter of Paris."

The Author of "For Graham Brady"

That is one way of finding story material. At the other extreme is the way of Miss Dixie Willson, author of "For Graham Brady," in this issue, a way that in a measure reflects her own vivid and colorful personality. Miss Willson knows the small town too, especially in the Middle West, but her interests soon expanded to take in a much larger field. Starting as a kindergarten-teacher, she gained an invaluable knowledge of children, much of which has since been put to good use in her stories. Since her earliest years Miss Willson wanted to write fiction, and the course of preparation she elected has been crowded with interesting experiences. Although still in her twenties, she has traveled widely, has been on the stage in both vaudeville and musical comedy, has studied music and dancing, been a professional reader, and all the while kept her pen in practise with stories, poems, songs, children's cantatas and even motion-picture scenarios. A season with a circus provided material for some stories that Miss Willson is now working on for THE DELINEATOR. Perhaps her most successful writing venture is her book for children, "Pinky-Pup," which was published last Fall with a novel supplementary feature in the form of a gingham dog ready to be stuffed. Its popularity with little folks at Christmas-time promises well for the success of the rest of the series the author has in mind. Despite her search for personal contacts with life at as many points as possible, Miss Willson is not a realist. Her stories have their basis in fact, but actual people, scenes and incidents only stimulate her imagination to represent the picture of what might have been.

We Discover a Paragon

In these days of highly specialized abilities, it is refreshing to discover a man who is prepared to write "lucidly, forcefully, interestingly, intelligently and logically" on as great a variety of topics as the modest author of the following. We quote from his letter to the editor of THE DELINEATOR:

"The importunities of many professional friends have caused me to communicate with you, asking for a place on your staff of contributors. A strenuous and eventful life, under the supervision of a beneficient Providence, wonderfully aided in the acquisition of a useful fund of knowledge along many practical lines, and my professional practise has developed the power of discrimination and a facility of expressing the same resulting in preparation that enables me to write lucidly, forcefully, interestingly, intelligently and logically on the application of the fundamental principles governing human activities as expressed in Metaphysics, Philosophy, Art, Science, Mechanics, Commerce and Finance.

"If you desire it, I can furnish you letters of endorsement from officials, clergymen, educators, mechanics and business men and women.

"Hoping to hear from you at your earliest convenience, stating the nature of the subjects on which you wish articles written, and the price you will pay for the same, I am," etc.

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MIX *and* SERVE

Edited with Willing Hands and a Mean Pencil by the Only Mere Man on the Staff

IT LOOKS as if we gave way to an unwarranted burst of optimism last month when we intimated that women were beginning to act like other human beings ✿ ✿ ✿ In a *New Jersey* divorce court, for example, a wife swore she knew her husband was calling on another woman because she smelled the perfume on his clothes and she knew the only woman in town who used it ✿ ✿ ✿ The hard-hearted judge denied her a divorce ✿ ✿ ✿ A *Jersey City, New Jersey*, child lighted a match to search for a penny that had rolled under the bed ✿ ✿ ✿ She found the penny but in doing so set fire to the mattress and destroyed six hundred dollars in bank-notes concealed in it by her mother ✿ ✿ ✿ Considerable light is shed on the suffering of invalid women by the story of a *Kansas City* girl who was observed in *Excelsior Springs*, where she went for her health ✿ ✿ ✿ She played golf all forenoon, attended a foot-ball game in the afternoon, went to a picture-show early in the evening and at night attended dances at three hotels. Her day ended with a "hot-dog" lunch from a street-stand at midnight ✿ ✿ ✿ Ailing young women who are considering a change of climate please write for rates ✿ ✿ ✿ A *Chicago, Illinois*, girl went into a barber-shop to have her hair bobbed ✿ ✿ ✿ After the operation there was a heated difference of opinion as to the esthetic quality of the result ✿ ✿ ✿ The lady had the operator haled into court where she made affidavit that he had mutilated her tresses and ejected her from the premises ✿ ✿ ✿ Just as the judge was about to administer a stiff fine, the complainant asked for a dismissal of the case so as not to prejudice a civil suit for heavy damages ✿ ✿ ✿ The average life of men living in the country is 55.23 years as compared with 57.41 for women ✿ ✿ ✿ Something lodged in a *Brooklyn, New York*, girl's eye while she was walking along the street and a man volunteered to remove it for her. After taking out the irritating object, he gave the young woman a kiss, for which she had him arrested and sent to the workhouse for fifteen days ✿ ✿ ✿ Women represent nearly forty per cent. of all the savings-bank depositors in the United States ✿ ✿ ✿ "Figures don't lie," we are told, "but liars will figure," and what we want to know from the statisticians is how many men keep their bank deposits in some woman relative's name ✿ ✿ ✿ A custom that has our approval prevails in *Denmark*, where an engaged girl wears a plain gold ring on the third finger of the left hand until she gets married, when the ring is moved to the third finger of the right hand ✿ ✿ ✿ Observe that the gent is nicked for only one inexpensive ring, which serves the purpose from the time he is snared until he is strung up, with no time out for the purchase of a solitaire ✿ ✿ ✿ Police-officers who arrested the *Missouri* man who ran away with the prize-winner in a beauty contest describe him as a moth-eaten, drab, spineless little man in gray ✿ ✿ ✿ There is hope for us yet ✿ ✿ ✿ *Pikeville, Kentucky*, gets into the news as the scene of the wedding of Nancy Mullins, age seventy-five, and Israel Keen, sixty-five. The bride was attired in the style of fifty years ago, wore men's shoes and a bonnet, while the groom wore overalls and chewed his eatin' tobacco without restraint during the ceremony ✿ ✿ ✿ In *Los Angeles, California*, Alfred Mass, a professional strongman, sued for divorce, alleging that his wife beat him up so often he was unable to give physical-culture lessons ✿ ✿ ✿ An eighty-one-year-old woman inmate at the *Muskogee, Oklahoma*, old-folks' home was discharged because the authorities discovered a complete wine-making apparatus hidden under her bed, together with several quarts of the finished product. She said she had stolen the grapes from the county farm ✿ ✿ ✿ Half of the nation's candy bill of seven hundred and fifty million dollars is spent by children in the form of nickels and pennies ✿ ✿ ✿ One item in the breach-of-promise suit brought by *Miss Inez Ford*, address lost, is twenty-five thousand dollars for inspiration. It was after looking deeply into her eyes that the defendant, a song-writer, wrote his popular hits ✿ ✿ ✿ This month's obituaries include the *New York City* girl who committed suicide by gas after suffering for two weeks from an unbecoming hair-bobbing and the *Tottenville, New York*, policeman whose revolver was discharged when a woman neighbor tickled him and accidentally pulled the trigger.



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THE DELINEATOR

APRIL 1923



IN THE SOCIAL WHIRL WITH A CONGRESSMAN'S WIFE

Fiction by

KATHLEEN NORRIS JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON ZONA GALE

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THE DELINEATOR



MRS. WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY Editor

W. MARTIN JOHNSON Art Director

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FROM *the* EDITOR'S POINT *of* VIEW

BETTER HOMES

BETTER HOMES mean better communities—a finer nation.

Better Homes mean better babies.

Better Homes mean boys and girls staying at home.

Better Homes mean healthier families.

Better Homes mean happier people.

Better Homes mean better times.

Herbert Hoover, in awarding the prizes for the best demonstration houses in the 1922 Better Homes Campaign, said to the prize-winners: "Your community and the nation owe you a debt for having set a higher standard for American home life. The work you have done this year will be bearing fruit a hundred years from now."

A Better Homes committee of women was appointed in every State. Each town selected a model house and furnished and equipped it as a demonstration of what an American home can be. These houses were open to the public for a week.

THE DELINEATOR started this nation-wide campaign for better homes just a year ago this month. It was a movement sponsored by more than half the governors of the United States and by an Advisory Council composed of some of the wisest and most important men and women in the country: the Vice-President of the United States, five Cabinet officers, commissioners of public education and of public health, Mrs. Thomas G. Winter, President of the Federated Women's Clubs, and Mrs. Lena Lake Forrest, President of the League of Business and Professional Women, by prominent architects and other specialists.

October ninth to fourteenth was designated as Better Homes Week. It was observed in nine hundred and sixty-one cities representing every State in the Union. Seven prizes were offered by THE DELINEATOR for the best demonstrations held during Better Homes Week. A subcommittee of the Advisory Council made a thorough study of the illustrated reports and the prizes have been awarded. From the reports filed with us, the following cities have been selected as prize-winners: New Haven, Connecticut; Spokane, Washington; St. Helena Island, South Carolina; Turlock, California; Larkins, Florida; Hamilton, Ohio; Natalie, Pennsylvania.

A full description of the prize-winning Better Homes demonstration houses will be published in the next issue of THE DELINEATOR. We shall also present to our readers the plan for the campaign in 1923. If your community did not participate in the 1922 national campaign and has no committee formed to develop this important work, write to THE DELINEATOR for information.

CHILD LABOR

EVERY little while we come to a place in the material and spiritual development of this country where we need to halt and look facts clearly in the face. That is one of the hardest tasks which faces us. Facts, cold-blooded facts, do not always agree with the things we wish to believe, and most of us are human enough to try to clothe such facts in the fabric of our desires.

Now we come to the problem of child labor.

Conferences are being held in Washington this Spring to consider the subject. Experts are attending these conferences. Some, in fact most, of the committees are made up of well-meaning, honest men and women, militantly determined to wipe out all child labor.

We have always been opposed to an uncontrolled system of child labor. We believe that the first obligation of the nation is to protect the young race. The young race *is* the nation.

It is possible that we have not reached the point in our civilization where all child labor may be abolished, any more than all poverty may be abolished, but we have surely come to that hour where *all* child labor *must* be regulated. It is reported by the Secretary of Labor that a million and a half of the twenty-two million children in the United States are employed in gainful occupations. That is a staggering statement.

It is true that that million and a half includes the great number of boys and girls who work on fruit and vegetable farms in the well-regulated districts where child life is protected, under conditions that make the work an excellent occupation for children; it includes the boys who are newsboys and messengers before and after school-hours—but it includes also many thousands of children whose fate is a blot on our national honor.

It is not necessary for children to be idle in order to be happy and well. A large percentage of the most successful men and women we have, and the healthiest, had to work as boys. But proper standards *must* be set for the children who labor.

God forbid that the future should see children toiling in the coal-mines, in the rice fields of the South, in the sweatshops of the cities, or that any burden should be put upon their backs except those which they are strong enough to carry. Let us fight with all the power we have for the proper regulation of child labor.

A LITTLE SONG FOR EASTER

The flowers in Lady Mary's hands,
In her white hands this day,
Are simple things that grew one morn
By a rock-bound tomb and gray.
And they are fairer in her eyes
Than all the blooms of paradise.

The jewels on Lady Mary's breast,
They are those tears dropped down
Through a dark night—before the glow
And glory of a dawn.
And they are fairer in her eyes
Than all the pearls of paradise.

THEODOSIA GARRISON.

THEY NEED NOT BE BLIND

NO GROUP in the United States to-day is engaged in a nobler work for humanity than the National Committee for the Prevention of Blindness.

The blind people of the world may be divided into two classes: those who are hopelessly afflicted and those who are needlessly going toward utter darkness.

Much work has been done for the relief of the blind, but until recently very little intelligent action has been taken to save those whose sight is weak. The National Committee for the Prevention of Blindness says that half of all blindness may be prevented.

The work to which public-spirited men and women, especially educators, are now giving themselves is the development of sight-saving classes for children who have what is called from twenty to fifty per cent. vision. There are only one hundred and thirty-one classes in the entire United States for these unfortunate children. It is estimated by the educators that America needs at least twenty-five hundred sight-saving classes.

There is not one school in the United States for training the teachers of the blind, though Harvard and Columbia universities and the George Peabody Training School of Nashville, Tennessee, have extension courses for this work.

To be blind is not to be beaten, but it means that life is made most difficult. Katharine Genin Burke, an honor graduate at Barnard College last year, is totally blind.

There are other conspicuous examples of valiant souls who have triumphed over this handicap, but there are no records of the thousands who have dropped by the wayside to end their days in darkness, helplessness and despair.

It seems obvious that every encouragement and support should be given to the educational and philanthropic organizations which are now struggling to relieve the suffering of the blind.

FOR THE CHILDREN

IF THERE are children in your home, do not let them miss the fun and education in THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, our special juvenile department on page 17. This page comes every month and is to be cut out and folded into a miniature magazine.

The popularity of THE LITTLE DELINEATOR has been proved by the thousands of letters which flood its editor's desk each month. Besides the many delightful and loving epistles from the small fry, the mail always includes some word of appreciation from mothers and teachers.

This is one of the interesting letters from a teacher:

DEAR EDITOR:

As a teacher of primary grades, I have been interested in THE LITTLE DELINEATOR as it appeared from month to month. It has been of very great aid to me in teaching the following subjects: natural history, literature and language work; drawing, paper-cutting and folding; picture study, history and biography. Infusing THE LITTLE DELINEATOR into the above subjects gave the children far greater interest in those subjects.

The animal page or pages seemed to appeal most to my pupils. Those pages also helped me to make natural history interesting. The "Lizard Stories" held too difficult words for the majority of the children, so I read them aloud during morning exercises when the two lower primary grades were in my room. To say that the eyes and mouths and ears of all of those youngsters were literally wide open would not be far from the truth. And questions! I was besieged with them for weeks.

In my humble opinion THE LITTLE DELINEATOR thus far has been a marked success, and in my case, as I have endeavored to show you, "there are reasons."

If there is no child in your home, why not cut out the little magazine each month and send it to a small friend or to the children's ward of the hospital?

A COMPLETE TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 94



THE TEMPTATION

"Again it is written, thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God"

By FREDERICK ARNOLD KUMMER

THE tent stood upon the crest of a high hill, close beside a gnarled and ancient cedar. Westward lay the valley of the Jordan, with the Sea of Galilee but faintly visible through the early morning mists. To the east stretched a vast red plain, rolling its broken wastes to the edge of the distant desert.

The sun had not yet risen, and valley and plain alike were wrapped in ghostly purple shadows. Above, in a paling sky, a few faint stars struggled against the dawn. There was no sound; the earth waited, hushed and expectant, for the coming of the day.

Near the door of the tent stood a man, gaunt and powerful, his single garment of camel's hair bound with a heavy leather girdle. His lean face was brown and bearded; his eyes held the calm vision of those who dwell in the desert. A sack made of skins hung about his shoulders, suspended by a heavy cord. Silent, watchful, he gazed at the tent door as though awaiting a summons.

From the shadows about the cedar-tree there suddenly appeared a second figure, a man of handsome and smiling countenance, richly dressed, with a chaplet of lotus flowers in his hair. Powerful, commanding, he stood for a moment in silence, his gaze fixed upon the watcher before the tent. Then with quick and graceful strides he crossed the rocky slope and addressed him.

"Hail, friend!" he said, and in his voice was the sweetness of old wine. "Is there one here named Joshua, a carpenter of Nazareth, whom the Greeks call Jesus?"

The man before the tent turned, his eyes eager, appraising.

"HE IS here," he said.

"I would speak with him."

"That may not be, until he himself shall give the word."

"Who art thou to deny me?"

"I am John, son of Zacharias, whom men call John the Baptist."

"What doest thou here?"

"I wait, with locusts and wild honey, until my Master, who hath fasted these forty days, shall have need of me."

The two men stared at each other in silence for a long moment. Then the second spoke.

"What need for locusts and wild honey," he laughed, "hath one who calleth himself the son of God?"

The curtain which hung at the door of the tent moved slightly and a man came forth. Slender to the point of emaciation, the eyes which glowed in his sunken cheeks seemed like vivid, living coals. The watcher before the tent fell upon his knees.

"Master," he said, "hast thou need of me?"

The slender man smiled and shook his head.

"My Father will supply all that is needful," he said, stretching out his hand in a gesture that was at once a benediction and a dismissal. The watcher kissed it, then vanished among the shadows at the base of the cedar.

The lips of the man with the flowers in his hair were twisted in a cynical smile.

"If thou art indeed the son of God," he said, "command that these stones be made bread."

The figure before the tent raised burning eyes.

"It is written, O Satan," he replied, "that man shall not live by bread alone but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

"IT IS also written," returned the other quickly, "that He shall give His angels charge concerning thee, and in their hands shall they bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone. Lo, therefore, I, Satan, will take thee up in the hollow of my hand to a pinnacle of the temple, and if thou be indeed the son of God, cast thyself down again."

The slender man shook his head, his smile as bright as the fire in his eyes.

"Again it is written, thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God."

The tempter also smiled, but his smile was as shallow as sunlight on a quiet pool. He strode to the edge of the crest and held out his hand over the mist which shrouded the valley beneath. At once, slender towers, glittering minarets rose through it like golden lilies blossoming on stems of silver. A vast multitude peopled the suddenly radiant gloom, in which became visible temples, palaces, wharves of stone lined with purple-sailed ships, vineyards and fields with crowding flocks, stretching endlessly to the horizon. Caravans threaded their way through the glowing shadows to the tinkle of distant camel bells; armies marched triumphant, their brazen shields clashing. As in a vision all the wealth and splendor and glory of the kingdoms of earth lay spread beneath that outstretched hand.

"Behold!" spoke the Tempter. "All this will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me."

The eyes of the slender man flashed.

"Get thee hence, Satan," he said, "for it is written, thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve."

Satan rested his elbow against a shelf of the rock and gazed somberly down at the fading vision.

"Thy task is useless, O Carpenter," he said, "and all thy labors shall be in vain. How much more shalt thou gain by serving me: the kingdom of the world."

"The kingdom I seek is not of this world, but of the world to come."

Satan laughed.

"A dream," he said, "born of man's wish to live again."

"Who art thou to say which is the dream and which the living truth? In my Father's house the sleeper shall awaken to eternal life."

"It is a message that many have brought before thee, yet do I not still prevail? What truth wilt thou bring to man that he hath not already rejected, as thou wilt be rejected? Since first he crept above the oozing slime there have been those who came, as thou hast come, seeking to turn him from my service with promises of eternal life, yet am I not still strong? Take the power and the glory I offer thee, for it is delivered unto me, and to whosoever I will, I give it."

"Once more, O Satan, I say, get thee hence!"

"Wait. First thou shouldst know what lies before thee. Those to whom thou wouldst bring the truth will turn upon thee with bitter scourgings and slay thee. Between two thieves they will crucify thee and thy only crown will be a crown of thorns."

"Yet shall my kingdom be greater than any of earth, for through it all men shall be made brothers."

Again Satan laughed.

"O FOOLISH one, once more I say to thee, thou shalt labor in vain and all thy suffering shall come to naught. The truth thou wouldst bring to men they shall make into a lie, turning it to their own base uses. Thy word, conceived in meekness and humility and suffering, shall become but the cloak of the hypocrite and the weapon of the strong. Great temples shall men build to thee, tricked out with gold and jewels, but thy spirit shall know them not and beneath their altars truth shall find a tomb.

"War and pestilence shall they make in thy name, and beneath thy banners countless multitudes shall perish for the greater glory of thine anointed kings.

"In thy name brother shall persecute brother, and fathers slay their sons, and while thy ministers dispute

Concluded on page 71



Chaliapin
as Boris Godounow

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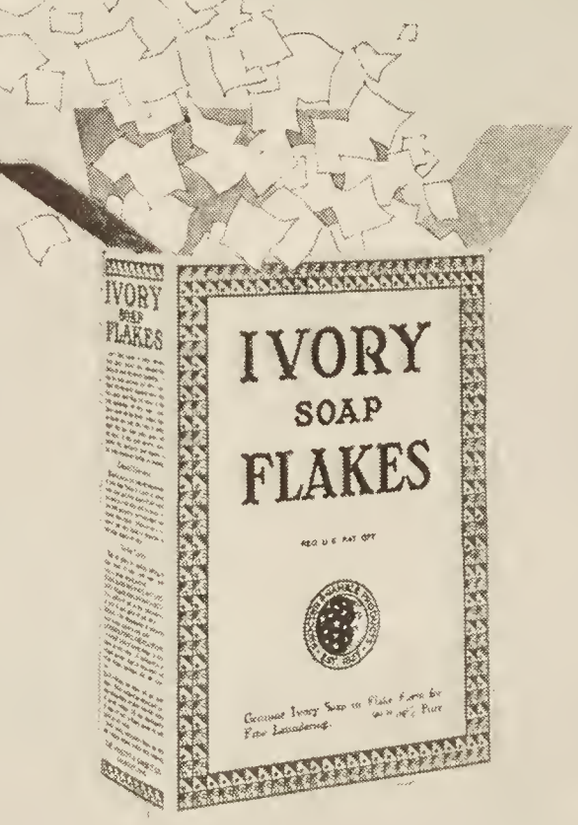
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"WHY, I COULDN'T DO IT," SHE SAID. "I COULDN'T TAKE THE MONEY — MOTHER WOULD HATE THAT"

AN APRIL NIGHT

When real romance came to Katytown

By ZONA GALE

Author of "Miss Lulu Bett," etc.

WILMER sat in the doorway of his father's shop. Katytown called it a store. Wilmer's father called it his business establishment. Others might have called it a haberdasher's shop. The sign read "Gent's Furnishings."

Wilmer looked like the son of the sign. From his hat to his boots he was carefully, even gloriously, turned out. Every penny that he had earned for months was on his back and on his legs—save ten dollars, now burning with a light flame in his pocket. It was an April night.

Down the street from the seven-forty-five came the great gray automobile 'bus lately acquired by the Crittenden House. As it backed to the door of this hotel across the street, Wilmer eyed it languidly. Two, three, five drummers, as usual; a fat elderly woman with her hat on crooked, as usual. Nothing else. Nothing else, Wilmer opined gloomily, ever would stop in this town. What he thought was "strike this burg."

Then he stretched his neck to peer over the top of the 'bus. Something blue had paused to speak to the driver. Blue, tripping, willowy, bobbed. She entered the Crittenden House.

As if at a signal from hidden bells, Wilmer rose, changed the angle of his hat and sauntered into the hotel office. The clerk was just telling her that the dining-room was still open. She disappeared beyond the double wire-screen doors.

Wilmer glanced at the register. In a cramped hand she had written: "Maudie Weathers, New York City."

"New York City—what?" said Wilmer. He had been of late finding convenient places for the use of that "what." Again he changed the angle of his hat.

"Can I get some supper here, Mike?" he inquired of the clerk.

"I'll take your fifty cents if you can't pull it off any other way," replied the clerk Mike expertly, and dropped an eyelid.

Wilmer stared at him haughtily. "Come off—our cook's gone," said he, and strolled to the dining-room.

HIS seat carefully chanced to be at the next table to that of Maudie Weathers and faced her. But to Wilmer's intense annoyance no sooner was he seated than the fat elderly woman, with her hat still crooked, plumped compactly into a chair on his left.

"Do you know this town, sir?" said she.

Wilmer started. Hers was not the fat, elderly tone, vague, worried, quavering; it was a poised tone, accustomed to consider replies. He glanced at her sharply. Erect, detached, rouged and with shrewd narrowed eyes. "Hello!" thought Wilmer.

"It is," said he courteously, "my rotten luck to live here."

"Oh, *very* sorry," she murmured, as if she had hurt his feelings. At the same moment, Wilmer saw her hands—white, wrinkled and wearing one magnificently set ring. "Say!" thought Wilmer.

His eyes wandered to the other table. Maudie had given her order. "Ham and eggs," he heard, and in that order recognized the distress-signal of one who has rarely ordered dinner at a hotel. "Good!" thought Wilmer.

"Ham and eggs," said he to the waitress, and stared steadily at Maudie. She heard, she glanced, she colored and looked down. But then immediately she looked up again and away. "Oh, peach," thought Wilmer, "peach!"

His companion was speaking.

"Do you happen to know," she said, "about a Josephus Cole who died here recently?"

"He was my uncle," said Wilmer.

"Indeed," she commented, and said with a flash of unduly even teeth: "*Then* of course you *don't* know anything about him."

"Only," said Wilmer resentfully, "that he left all his money to a strange woman none of us ever heard of."

"How inconsiderate of me," she murmured. "I am that strange woman."

In a single instant Wilmer forgot the one in blue who awaited her order opposite him—by no means, he was now certain, unconscious of his superior presence. In

fact, she was looking at him openly. He concentrated on the lady at his elbow.

"Are you Mrs. Benjamin Block?" he exclaimed.

"I am Mrs. Benjamin Block," said she composedly.

"Suffering serpents," said Wilmer. "Then you've come to town to get his money."

She lifted her eyebrows. "I've come to Katytown," she said, "to look over the ground, Mr.—is it Cole?"

"Wilmer Josephus Cole," said Wilmer, and bowed imperceptibly at Maudie Weathers, who looked down and up and away—and back again.

"I was," Mrs. Benjamin Block proceeded, "a nurse in the hospital where your uncle was ill for many months. I have never seen him since that time. His will, I understand, was executed that year."

Wilmer was thinking: "And me running my legs off to please him ever since my birth."

MRS. BENJAMIN BLOCK now went briefly into those hospital days. To his amazement, Wilmer learned that his uncle, in the course of his stay there, had given various treats to the other patients—flowers, ice-cream, music.

"I used to read to him," said Mrs. Block. "He told me that I reminded him of his wife who had died."

"His wife!" Wilmer stared. "He never had a wife."

"He showed me her picture," Mrs. Block elaborated. "Very pretty young girl. Died in the South. He was there for some time. In phosphorus lands."

Phosphorus lands was circumstantial. Uncle *Josephus!* An uncle who had the general appearance of a filbert.

For all his absorption Wilmer had been timing his bread pudding to terminate with the cup custard of Maudie Weathers. Now, however, as she rose to leave the room—with that telltale fixity of gaze of the ill-at-ease—he saw that he need not have troubled. She came directly to their table and sat down. So sudden was her onslaught that only after she was seated did Wilmer remember his lately acquired habit of springing to his feet, and did so, and rather foolishly resumed his seat.

"Excuse me," said Maudie Weathers, with her diffidence upon her like a shadow. "I couldn't help hearing what you've been talking about. And it's on this same matter that I came to Katytown."

Wilmer was speechless. Of all the possible beginnings of a conversation with this fair stranger, such a beginning could never have crossed his consciousness. What could *she* have to do with his uncle?

"I—I thought perhaps you would help me," she said, and looked appealingly at them both. A fetching appeal. The eyes were as blue as the frock. When she dipped her head, her bobbed light hair stood out like a very little child's hair.

"Sure, sure, sure," Wilmer to his great annoyance heard himself saying. Where was his "line"?

Mrs. Benjamin Block was equal to the moment. She lifted a glass which hung in her lace and surveyed Maudie Weathers.

"Indeed!" she said. "And what is your connection with Josephus Cole, may I ask?"

Maudie Weathers said, "I'm his daughter."

"*His daughter!*" burst from Wilmer violently. "*My* cousin!" was his second thought.

"How?" he demanded with exceeding foolishness.

"My mother," said Maudie with lowered eyes, "lived in the South. My father was down there to buy phosphorus lands—just as this lady said."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Benjamin Block, and said no more.

THROUGH Wilmer's mind there flashed a devastating suspicion. The lovely and youthful stranger had heard what Mrs. Block had said and was deliberately using it. Maudie Weathers was an adventuress! Wilmer had but the dimmest notion of what should constitute an adventuress, but he felt that he had spotted one.

"What," he inquired, "was your mother's name?" And not in that businesslike tone could he possibly have foreheard himself, when he crossed the street, putting his first question to this stranger in blue.

"Maudie Weathers," she answered. "I took her name when I entered the dramatic school in New York this Winter."

A likely story! Wilmer's suspicions now kindled; it was amazing with how different an eye he beheld this charmer. Wasn't her glance secretive? Wasn't her little face rather hard? Wasn't her blue frock almost loud? *What?*

"I fancy," Mrs. Benjamin Block was saying coolly, "that you have ample proof of your claim?"

Maudie opened her hand-bag.

"There is my mother's picture," she said, "inscribed to my father. There is his picture which he wrote on for her. There are some of his letters to her——"

"But see here," said Wilmer roughly, "why hasn't he been bringing you up?"

"When I was four," she said, "my mother and father quarreled. She took me away and they did not write to each other any more. My mother died when I was six. I was brought up by an aunt in Georgia."

"How did you know my uncle had died?" demanded Wilmer fiercely. He was seeing himself in the rôle of successful discerner of adventuresses.

"My aunt saw it in the Georgia papers," she explained.

"What do you expect to claim?" Mrs. Block inquired practically.

As she spoke, something in her speech which had stirred Wilmer as vaguely familiar took on a name. Her speech was like his uncle's—like his uncle's after he had lived in Georgia.

"Are you from the South?" he inquired bluntly.

"It was in a Georgia hospital that I nursed your uncle," said Mrs. Block.

Abruptly Wilmer was shaken by a second devastating doubt. These two were both adventuresses! They were in collusion! They had somehow obtained their evidence and had come to Katytown for the express purpose of getting possession of his uncle's estate. And he, by the wiles of the devil, had fallen squarely into their trap. He tried to discourage the idea, but it did not want to be discouraged—and he clung to it as one doomed to live in Katytown might cling to any stray romance.

His mind did its best to work rapidly—he saw himself with his mind working rapidly, as if he were in the Katytown opera-house and Wilmer Cole were on the stage. His father? No, his father would be excited and useless—he would shout till all the rows of belts and suspenders would rattle. Mr. Trivet, the lawyer, was of course the man. Wilmer drew down his brows.

"I'll take you both to Trivet, my uncle's lawyer, if you like," he said. He watched closely to intercept a glance from one to the other of these two adventuresses, but he caught nothing. They were, he concluded with satisfaction, very, *very* smooth.

While the two ladies were settling their luggage, Wilmer sealed himself in the telephone-booth and sought out Walter Trivet at his country home.

"SAY, Mr. Trivet," he began, "there's a funny phenomena here. Yeah. Two ladies come into the Crittenden on business with my uncle. Yeah. One *says* she is Mrs. Block and the other one *says* she's his daughter, and my idea is they're both of 'em an adventuress. Yeah. I like to bring 'em to you *now*. Nope—never do to wait till morning. I tell you, Mr. Trivet, there's no tellin' what—all right, then, I'll shoot 'em up there *now*."

Whatever the intentions of the ladies, Wilmer was not averse to stepping forth on Katytown street with one on either hand of an April night. Mrs. Block—now that her hat was straightened—had an air. And as for Maudie Weathers—Wilmer saw that every Katytown youth whom they met gave her his pleased preoccupation. And what a way! She was as unconscious of Katytown as if it had been her audience. She was as conscious of Wilmer as if he had been her leading man. In spite of himself, Wilmer's manner thawed, melted.

"Mustn't give away my suspicions by bein' stiff in the neck," he thought. And, "Say," he said aloud, bending on Maudie the eye of homage, "you're making Katy City sit up all right."

Maudie said, "Am I?" And Wilmer thought: "New York innocence——"

"A village is not fish, flesh, fowl nor good red herring, is it now?" observed the other adventuress.

"What say?" said Wilmer, in his most courtly manner. "Oh, I guess you mean that for a joke, don't you? Katy City is on to herself all right," he bragged, and he added in his breast: "And on to you."

He marched them to the garage and ordered a car. It had not once occurred to him to have the car call at the Crittenden.

The Trivets' farm on Lake Katy had been the family Summer home for the one generation since it had ceased to earn the family livelihood.

Mr. Walter Trivet, Mrs. Trivet, the Misses Trivet, young Bob Trivet and a dinner guest came out on the terrace at The Sycamores and strayed about, waiting for coffee.

Walter Trivet was holding forth—large and glad-looking and decently turned out. One generation had been all that he needed. He had done it and he knew it.

"Commercialized," he said, "absolutely. The whole of life is brute brain against brute brain in the stampede for money power."

"Isn't it?" said Mrs. Trivet. She had been fed three and four and sometimes five times a day all her life and she proved it.

"Oh, papa—not everybody. How absurd!" said Marjorie Trivet. "There are some idealists left, I should hope." She glanced at the Reverend Arthur Brace, jerking on the spiritual hook at which he was nibbling.

"Of course," said Barbara Trivet, "you have to consider supply and demand." One semester of Adam Smith at the State university glowed on her forehead like a number.

Bob Trivet grinned.

"Barbara spilling off economics," said he to the rising moon.

Walter Trivet, as was his custom, waited for a pause.

"Self-interest," said he, "is the ruling passion. Show me anybody and—and—and—I'll show you somebody that's out for himself, no matter how neatly he covers it up. It's the law of human nature. It's self-preservation. It's—it's——"

"Buncombe," said Bob, beneath his breath.

UP THE drive strove a motor-car in that state of spark-plug deficiency which proclaimed the Katytown garage.

"Send for more coffee, Mary," said Mr. Trivet. "This is Joe Cole's nephew—and I'd like to have you have a look at the two women."

For though Mrs. Trivet observed human nature after the manner of one polyp regarding another, her husband implicitly believed in her intuitions.

"Papa," said Marjorie, "Mr. Brace and I will go in and try over that new music."

"Anthems," said the Reverend Arthur Brace in the tone of an alibi.

The two disappeared into the drawing-room.

Slightly in advance of his two companions, Wilmer came down the terrace. Nervous by nature and nervous by the occasion, he was, by the sight of the group on the terrace, rendered virtually galvanic.

"Meet Miss Weathers and Mis' Block—the Trivet family," said he, with an enlivening gesture.

Mrs. Block now presented herself to Wilmer in a new light. She sat in a basket chair, threw back her coat and looked extremely well in a crêpe whose elegance was not lost on the haberdasher's son. The jewel sparkling on the hand which held the coffee-cup, the studded platinum of her glass and a string of remarkably fine pearls were evident to the Trivets.

"Why," she inquired, gazing down the darkling slope of the lake, "does *anybody* want to bother with a city?"

Walter Trivet placed his chair beside hers.

"I understand," he said, "that you are the Mrs. Block who was so fortunate as to inherit the bulk of Josephus Cole's estate."

"Was it really the bulk?" she said. "Twenty-four thousand. I should have thought—" She said no more.

"Such a nice man," observed Mrs. Trivet, "Mr. Cole was. Only," she added with her unconquerable manner of contribution, "he *would* wear such high collars. You are—a relative?" she added trustingly.

"I was Mr. Cole's nurse," said Mrs. Block serenely. She drained her cup and surveyed the moon.

A silence fell. Mrs. Trivet glanced uneasily at her daughter Barbara, whose concentration was electric.

"Do you happen to know the disposition of the remainder of the estate?" asked Mrs. Block.

"Something like eleven thousand," the lawyer told her, "in bequests to Katytown organizations—and to this nephew here two thousand, provided he spends it on an education."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Block. "Easily spent," she added, smiling. No one save Bob Trivet caught in this a possible ambiguity.

BOB had, momentarily, and for the first time since her arrival, glanced up from absorbed converse with Miss Maudie Weathers. Wilmer, who was growing tired of that sustained converse, now leaped in, producing in that serene air an effect of physical displacement.

"But none of us may come in for anything," said he, "if Miss Weathers can prove up. And very glad of it," he added in his gallantry.

Attention being thus centered on Miss Maudie Weathers, she was seen to sustain it with nothing like Mrs. Block's aplomb. She was still upon the edge of her chair, in fact, and turned her eyes, when she turned them, without moving her head.

Under its blue crêpe frock, her little figure was seen to be rigid.

"What's this?" said Walter Trivet tolerantly.

Miss Maudie Weathers made her announcement of the parenthood of Josephus Cole with a simplicity which caused the Trivets varying emotions: in Barbara, sympathy and belief; in her mother, a secret "I told you so!" aimed at the departed Josephus; in Bob Trivet, a "Say!" of homage; in Walter Trivet, narrowed eyes and pursed lips. And when she had told her story, the truth of every word of which Walter Trivet suspected, he proceeded to a gentle and courteous cross-questioning, there in the bosom of his family, on the terrace, under the rising moon:

"How old are you, Miss Weathers?"

"Nineteen."

"May I ask who is chaperoning you in New York?"

"No one."

Continued on page 59

THE CARETAKERS

Two young people turn detective — with astonishing results

By JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON

A TWO-PART SERIAL—PART I

THE street, like so many New York streets laying off the "Great Avenue," was one of curious contradictions. Old Miss Wintham's, on the actual corner, had a wonderful wistaria vine, forty years old with a stem as thick as your waist, climbing up to the porch. But on the other hand, the new and lordly jeweler's establishment just around the corner, facing the avenue, had never been heard of forty years ago, and no shop of any kind would have been possible then in that place. And yet, on still another hand, Glaenzer, the jeweler, with a branch in Paris and another in London, was aristocracy itself compared with the ridiculous little display window of the Supersuction Vacuum Cleaner Company, which stared impertinently from across the street on the south side straight at Miss Wintham's impeccable lace and net and velour window-curtainings. The south side was the poor side. On Miss Wintham's august north side four houses of her vintage still held the fort, but the very next one to hers had a new office, inscrutably titled the Duryea Improvement Association, Incorporated, for its ground-floor tenant.

On a dusty June day of more than premonitory heat, a tall, lazy-eyed young man in worn and unusually well-made sporting clothes lounged in the window of the vacuum-cleaner company and gazed reflectively across the street.

Down the steps of Miss Wintham's put-up-for-the-Summer house there tripped a good-looking girl with that sort of red-brown hair which means a cream-colored skin and freckled cheek-bones. (Sometimes their eyes are brown, and then you had better think twice; but sometimes they are soft, chocolate brown, and then you needn't worry about it. This girl's were the chocolate kind.)



"I BEG YOUR PARDON," HE SAID PLEASANTLY, "BUT WON'T YOU LET ME SETTLE THIS?"

Just as she reached the bottom of the stone steps a short, dark young man in an alpaca business jacket hurried out of the new office next door, made an awkward little respectful salute to take the place of lifting his absent hat, and handed her a letter. She flushed a quick pink under her freckles, drew up a little haughtily, then glanced at the letter, smiled a surprised, pleased little smile and nodded evident thanks, studying the postmark.

"Pretty girl," said the young man to his vacuum cleaners, and no one of them contradicted him.

THE next day he was a little late in leaving, and she was crossing the street, head on for him apparently. He hung fire for a second, but she turned sharply and made for The Willow Teapot, next door but one. He shrugged his tweed shoulders, smiled slightly and went into the Teapot himself. They were the only people, it seemed, who yearned for cinnamon toast and orange pekoe at that moment, and it would be simply silly to deny that they looked at each other, when supposedly unobserved. There was no reason for not doing so, for they were both rather interesting-looking people.

"Reddy," as this reprehensible young man now thought of her (I am sorry to tell it, but he was lacking in delicacy to just this extent), ate quickly and absent-mindedly and came to the bottom of her little teapot before he had begun his second cup. She took a small, flat leather case out of the absurd bag on her wrist, opened it, stared vaguely at the fluffy white object it contained and grew very pink. Her freckles leaped out, golden brown against this glow, and she looked like a seckel pear in the sun.

"Heavens!" she said in a low voice of anguish, "I thought it was my purse!"

The waitress coughed non-committally.

It was a trying moment. With the incomprehensible terror which afflicts all women in any kind of financial crisis (it seems as if money were the only thing in God's world that really frightens them!), Reddy grew cream-colored and dull pink in amazing and fascinating alternation so much so that the young man almost forgot what he was on the point of saying and stared stupidly. Suddenly he came to himself and rose with the pleasant, easy coordination of those who have as yet neither hip nor abdomen to interfere with their gracious progress through space.

"I beg your pardon," he said pleasantly, pulling out a handful of coins, "but won't you let me settle this? You can arrange it later."

The absurd Reddy breathed like *Andromeda*, when, chained to the rock with the dragon at her very toes, she saw *Perseus* flashing through the blue air.

"Oh! *Thank you!*" she gasped. "But—but could you, *would* you be able to wait till Monday? And give me your address?"

"For heaven's sake, of course!" the young man protested. "You can bring it back any day—I'm only next door in the vacuum-cleaner place. There all day. Drop in any time. You'd better hurry now. Is it fifty-five cents?"

"Yes, sir," said the waitress; "thank you, sir."

But Reddy paused.

"In the vacuum—you mean, you——"

Obviously she couldn't understand it, and the young man smiled.

"Yes," he answered, "that's it. I'm there. Don't mention it—delighted I was here. Any day."

On Monday morning Reddy walked into the Supersuction Vacuum Cleaning Company's tiny showroom a little sunburned and very fresh.

"Good morning," she began, quite frank and easy now. "Here is that terrible fifty-five cents and the ten cents you tipped her. You saved my life."

"Not a bit," said the young man. "As a matter of fact, you could have waited till Monday anyhow. They couldn't jail you, you know. Women always think they'll be led off clanking in chains, I believe."

"It's the first time I've been out of the city since I came," she said simply.

"You don't like it here?" he asked easily. His manners were like his clothes: he seemed used to them.

"Oh, it's wonderful," she said, "but—but it's not a bit like what you thought it would be, is it?"

"We-ell," he answered, considering, "that depends a little on what you thought, doesn't it? You see, they let *me* come to see if it wouldn't wake me up—'Put some pep into me,' my godfather said. So when father and mother went abroad, I had to 'hustle for my board,' as my godfather puts it. He's opening up these branches to sell these infernal machines everywhere, and he wanted to have some one in here this Summer to hold down the job till the real salesman got back from the road. He offered me the place—there's a room and bath at the back—if I'd keep it open, so to speak. His idea is that strangers from all over the country will drop in during the Summer. Maybe they drop *somewhere*, but nobody drops in here. Do you know, Miss——"

"Ellsforth," she supplied hastily.

"Miss Ellsforth, this city thrills me!"

"What do *you* do?" he added suddenly.

"What do you think?" she asked.

"We-ell," he began, "I think—I think you must be studying music! It can't be the stage, because you haven't any of the tricks, and you don't wear crazy clothes like an art student—and yet you look what they call 'artistic.' So I think it's music. Piano, perhaps?"

"I'm a stenographer," she said.

"What?" he cried. "Impossible!"

"That's it," she answered mournfully, "it's impossible. Nobody wants me."

He stared doubtfully at her.

"You see, Mr.——"

"Reid," he assured her, "Douglas Reid."

"MR. REID, I learned it at school. I worked awfully hard at stenography and typewriting and Spanish, and I wanted to do something with it. (I took Spanish because the man said it was the business language of the future.) I am perfectly mad about business, Mr. Reid. And I wanted New York. I was secretary to Miss Wintham for a year after that, and she said I was perfectly satisfactory. She's gone to Banff and Lake Louise and everything, and she's asked me to stay here, if I like, as caretaker. Really, all she asks is for me to be here at night, and that lets old Ellen off, if she wants to go. There's a special watchman, and besides Miss Wintham pays the avenue policemen on our corner extra in the Summer. There's really nothing but the furniture left in the house, anyway. And I'm perfectly free. Ellen looks after me for breakfast and supper and I look after myself for lunch. And meanwhile, I'm waiting for a job."

"And there isn't any?" he inquired sympathetically.

"No," she said. "It's not having the experience, I suppose—nor any business-school diploma."

She smiled a complicated little smile.

"I see," he said. "I understand everybody's weeding out, all along the line, and not taking on any new hands."

"That's it," she agreed, nodding competently. "Well, when I do get something, they won't weed me out in a hurry, Mr.—Mr. Reid!"

"I'm sure they won't," he said, and smiled. "You'll win out, Miss Ellsforth! Just stick it out, that's all!"

It didn't occur to either of them that they had been standing for twenty minutes telling the separate stories of their lives to perfect strangers! These things do happen, you know.

They met at tea after that, of course, and didn't even bother, as you and I would, to go to another tea place where the waitress wouldn't know all about them. It never occurred to either of them.

"Have you found something?"

"No, not yet. Have you sold one?"

"Not yet."

It was their regular salutation.

And then one day, about a week later, she ran across to The Willow Teapot for her luncheon—an unprecedented thing—and he, noting it, strolled in for his own. It only needed one look at her.

"You've got one!"

"I should say I have! And where do you think?"

"Good heavens, how could I guess?"

She pointed dramatically.

"Right over there!"

"Not the Duryea Improvement Association? Next door to your own house? Well, of all the things I ever heard of in my life!"

"Isn't it?" she chuckled. "Here I've been chasing about from the Bronx to the Battery—and it was waiting for me next door!"

THEY settled down to it, over a Spanish omelet, and Tweeds (her private name for him, though he would have been a little disgusted, I'm afraid, if he had known it) made a richly appreciative audience.

She studied the *Herald* every day, of course, and as soon as she saw the wonderful advertisement for a stenographer and personal secretary, *no previous office experience desired*, she had leaped out of the house and started for the address without realizing where it was.

It was only nine o'clock, but the room was full of applicants. Luckily there was some rule, evidently, about not beginning until nine, because just as she came in the front door an inner door opened and the most interesting old gentleman came out, dressed in a cutaway coat and pale trousers. He had black eyebrows and a silver-white Vandyke beard, like some one in a John Drew English comedy.

"Well, well, ladies," he said with a polite little bow, "we might as well begin, mightn't we?

"But in order to clear the decks a little first," the old gentleman went on, "we want to ask at once how many of you have had any experience in office work — any whatever?"

More than half put up their hands hopefully.

"That's all right," said the old gentleman briskly. "All those young ladies are of no use to us, I'm sorry to say!"

Imagine every one's surprise, if you can. The unfortunately experienced half flounced out.

"Now, once more," said the old gentleman: "How many of you read and write Spanish?"

Five hands went up, and the others were smiled out of the room.

"Now," said the old gentleman, sitting down comfortably, "we're getting somewhere! May I ask you, madam," turning to the oldest woman, a handsome brunette, "just how familiar you are with the Spanish language?"

"I was born in Cuba," she answered complacently, "and speak it as well as I do English."

"I see," said the old gentleman. "Social and business forms, both, I suppose?"

"My friends are not in business," she said with a smile, "but I shouldn't think there could be much difficulty——"

"Unfortunately, there is," he interrupted, "and I'm afraid that would be the objection, madam. Are you young ladies acquainted with Spanish business-letter forms?"

They were.

"Very nice indeed," said he. "And now I must ask you still another question: How many of you are musical?"

By this time, of course, Reddy was flushing and paling with excitement. Up went her hand and up went the hand of a blonde girl.

"Well, well," said the old gentleman, "it seems as though we were really getting to it, doesn't it? I am sorry to have troubled you, ladies—" and three went out.

"Just to what extent, miss—" he looked at the blonde.

"I sing and play, both," she answered hopefully.

"And you, miss?"

"I don't sing at all," poor Reddy had to answer. "And my playing isn't concert playing at all, of course."

"You are, at least, very honest," he said, smiling, "and now, if you will excuse me, I must consult my partner, Mr. Duryea. I won't be long."

HE WENT into the inner office and the two girls waited in silence.

There was a low murmur of voices through the opening door.

"But in case——"

"In case nothing!" an irritable, sharper voice cut in. "Let it go at that, I tell you!"

The old gentleman returned, looking a little worried.

"This is a little difficult," he said, his hand at his beard. "Either of you two young ladies would do admirably, I am sure. But my partner reminds me that I did not make myself quite clear as to the music. Not being particularly musical myself, I had forgotten a very important detail: Do you, miss," he turned to the blonde girl. "read rapidly and easily at sight? No doubt you do, and in that case——"

The girl rose hastily.

"But I don't," she said decisively. "That was always the trouble. If I could read well, I wouldn't be here, I can tell you that!"

The old gentleman waved his hand deprecatingly.

"My fault, certainly," he said. "I should have mentioned it. Do *you* read easily, miss?"

"Yes," Reddy said, "I do."

The old gentleman drew a long breath.

"Then," he said, nodding his head quickly up and down, "this somewhat trying process is over, and I think, Miss——"

"Ellsforth," Reddy said, hardly daring to believe in her luck, "Anne Ellsforth."

"—Ellsforth, you may consider yourself engaged—on trial, of course—on trial, merely."

"Of course," she faltered.

"If in the end you don't suit us so well as your qualifications seem to insure that you will, or if, on the other hand, we don't suit you as well as we shall certainly aim to"—here he bowed his cordial little bow—"why, all that

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"HOW MANY OF YOU HAVE HAD ANY EXPERIENCE IN OFFICE WORK—ANY WHATEVER?" HE ASKED.

THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

"Man is as wax in the hands of a clever woman"

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

Author of "Certain People of Importance," etc., etc.

"No prisoner—no prisoner was ever so bound as I. No woman ever lived under such fear—and such helplessness." These were the passionate words of Margaret Yorke, treasured companion to Mrs. Cutting and Jim, Mrs. Cutting's little adopted son. To all who knew her she seemed the lovely embodiment of reserve and poise, but she went to pieces completely when she heard that Shirley Theobald was coming home to California. And when Stanley Crittenden (Mrs. Cutting's popular nephew, and her heir) asked her to marry him, she confessed to him that she could never care for any man—that in her quiet life with Mrs. Cutting lay her only safety from a danger which she could never reveal to any one in the world. Shirley Theobald came, and was frowned upon by society because of the scandal she had created ten years before when she ran away with another woman's husband on the eve of her marriage to Stanley Crittenden. But she established herself in a charming house while she waited for her divorce from Cuyler Theobald. She was lovelier than ever—and she threw herself upon the sympathies of Stanley. She was entirely selfish, but she was also very clever, and she succeeded at last in persuading Stanley to take her on a visit to Uplands, the farm he loved, where Margaret and Mrs. Cutting and Jim were staying



"MARGARET," STANLEY SAID CONFUSEDLY, "I DIDN'T KNOW I FELT LIKE THAT!"

PART III

IN THE week that followed, Margaret Yorke and Mrs. Cutting found use for every particle of patience, self-control and philosophy that they could muster. Shirley Theobald took complete possession of Uplands, and everything that occurred there was arranged with reference to her comfort or desire.

The visitor began by being everything that was sweet, enthusiastic, appreciative. She was tired, she pleaded; she didn't want to interfere with anybody's plans; she just wanted to lie here in one of the great wicker chairs and rest.

For this resting she wore delightfully frilly, transparent lacy robes over frilly, delicate petticoats, transparent silk stockings in delicate colors, beautiful little slippers and mules. In her ringed hands, whose nails flashed like pink shells, was more delicate apparel: Shirley was making herself beautiful camisoles and nightgowns, with medallions of lace and bands of creamy insertion. She would sometimes stand and hold these thoughtfully against her little person, measuring.

She did not swim, except perhaps once across the tank and back; to go under water wet her hair, she complained, and gave her headaches. But every day she donned a smart little bathing-suit of puffy black taffeta with a red patent-leather belt, scarlet silk socks that made her bare knees look dazzlingly white and a saucy red cap and basked in the shadow of the big red-and-tan-striped umbrella, marking the dry cement with a wet little finger and murmuring to Stan. Stan, big and

bronzed, would half-sit, half-lie beside her, murmuring in return.

The effect of all this upon Margaret, in her plain suit and black cap, intent only upon diving, plunging, splashing, was to make her feel clumsy, stupid, undeveloped and in the way. After the first few hours, everything that Shirley said and did jarred upon her; she found herself responding heavily and with effort; her smiles hurt the actual muscles of her face, and her whole mental, moral and spiritual being seemed to be metamorphosed into something unmanageable, irritable and strange.

She made no sound; she was once again her old, reserved, unresponsive self. But Jim, if he could have reported—or, indeed, if he could have noticed and appreciated—the moods she showed him when they were away in the woods together might have opened their eyes. She would hold the little body tightly against her, as she sat brooding, brooding, brooding, on the fallen dry, pale sickles of the eucalyptus or on the heavy carpet of the redwood needles and lay her dark head upon his stanch but uncomprehending little shoulder.

SOMETIMES, after one of these silent moments, he would bring her a gold and brown water-dog or a turtle to comfort her, or shove the always curling and burrowing puppy into her arms. And then Margaret would laugh deeply and almost hysterically, with the tears shining on her black, sopping lashes.

"How could Stan be so blind—how *could* Stan be so blind!" she and his aunt asked each other, asked themselves in their souls, a hundred times a day. He was so big, so clean and simple and unspoiled; how *could* he think this pretty, selfish little egotist everything that was admirable and fine in woman?

Yet that he did think her so they could not long doubt. Stan was at first a trifle apologetic at having brought her down to them with only a few hours' warning, but as Mrs. Cutting and Margaret rose to the situation, welcomed Shirley cordially, showed her a white, shaded bedroom full of tree shadows and bowls of flowers, set the bridge-table under the grape-arbor and drew her into the conversation, the conviction that he had done a wise and clever thing grew upon Stan.

His spirits rose; he had a plunge, changed into cool white, strolled about the farm as he loved to do, with Margaret and Jim, extolling the charms and the trials of his guest. They came back to find Shirley all laces, faintly colored ribbons and exquisitely scalloped golden head and diffusing a delicate odor of powders, toilet-waters, perfumes.

Stan's mood rose to actual exhilaration. Perhaps he had had some little misgivings as to Shirley's welcome as they drove through hot Mayfield and Sunnyvale; perhaps he had been just a trifle surfeited with the curls and dimples and the saucy expressions of the red mouth.

But now everything was glorious: Aunt Hat liked her, and Miss Yorke liked her, and everything at Uplands was just what it ought to be! They cut for the deal; and he played with Shirley, four no trumps doubled and a hundred for the extra trick and rubber.

Shirley played well, and thought she played extremely well. She spread out the cards, after the sensational hand, and showed Margaret just why Margaret couldn't have possibly made her double. Margaret was but twenty-three after all, and she was deeply and passionately in love for the first time in all her life. She flushed childishly under Shirley's kindly superiority.

"I had the hearts and the double reentry——"

"Yes; but you hadn't a double!" Shirley assured her, with the superiority of the person holding all the cards.

"She had a perfect double," said Mrs. Cutting briefly.

"Oh, no, she didn't, Aunt Hat, without the top of her suit. She knew Shirley was strong," Stan said argumentatively. Margaret's heart burned; she felt hot, sick, furious. Her heart was thumping so that she missed her bid, and Mrs. Cutting was astounded when the seven spades were laid down on a diamond make.

Margaret, as dummy, leaned back against her wicker chair, her one desire to weep convulsively. By this time Shirley Theobald evidently thought she had a mere schoolgirl with whom to deal. Ah, well, let her think so! For Margaret meant to plead a headache and go to bed before dinner.

Mere generosity prevailed, however; she could not spoil their evening. She put on the limp madras dress and read to Jim about the three little Blackamoors and put yellow medicine upon a microscopic spot of poison-oak between his brown, scratched little fingers and heard his prayers.

This was refreshing, and supper on the "old porch" was pleasant, too. Something of Margaret's native courage came back and she determined to fight; Shirley should not have everything her own way. The twilight died away while they lingered over peaches and coffee; Margaret made herself talk, and was rewarded by Stan's attention. Perhaps he suspected that there was a generous effort behind her words and appreciated it. For suddenly Margaret found Stanley and herself leading the conversation, and—if he had never realized it before—he had reason to realize to-night that hers was no ordinary mind and that hers had been no ordinary education. She had been in Washington, he gathered, during at least a part of the war, and they could discuss the League and the Treaty animatedly. Margaret knew this man, yes, and knew that one. No, she had not met a third. And Stanley had been in the aviation camp so near all the time!

They went back to the card-table: playing now under a luminous great Oriental lantern. And to-night Margaret saw that the luck had shifted and presently had the deep and secret satisfaction of seeing Shirley revoke.

Mrs. Cutting detected it and sharply called attention to it at the end of the game. Shirley of course burst into amazed protest. Even when the trick was spread she would hardly admit the charge. But Stan admitted it, and there was no kindly patronizing little instruction at the end of that hand, and Margaret was satisfied.

But it was a poor sort of satisfaction, after all, and as the next day went by, and the next, Margaret came to despise it and to feel a sort of self-contempt for her own attitude that added appreciably to her unhappiness. After all, it didn't matter what she and Mrs. Cutting thought of Shirley if Stan liked her. And Stan more than liked her.

He was incessantly defending her, calling their attention to her childishness and her charm. Wasn't she cute in that big hat? Didn't Margaret admire her? Women liked to pretend that Shirley was a fool because she was so pretty, but he, Stan, wanted them to know that she was one of the cleverest women he had ever known.

"How could he do it?" Margaret could only repeat contemptuously to herself. "How *could* he believe and admire, and ask them to believe and admire her, knowing what he knew—indeed, feeling what he had felt and expressed about her only a few weeks ago? He was so sensible and so unimpressionable, usually, with women; far more charming, far sweeter and wiser women than Shirley Theobald had tried their arts on him in vain.

Margaret did not admire Stan Crittenden—no, but after all he was a decent, friendly, and—supposedly—intelligent person. He had been kind to her, protective, generous. He had hinted at a real devotion; he had shown her, quite without knowing it, that when love came into his life, love and marriage and home-making, and even fatherhood, these would be sacred things. His attitude in those too few hours when they two had been in sympathy, hours she could not remember now without a vague pain, had been one of almost old-fashioned reverence. It was to be no laughing matter of cocktails, bridge, cigarets, recklessness and daring, the hour that gave him his wife.

BUT now this was all vanished. He was fitfully gay—too gay—feverishly eager always to have some plan afoot, telephoning other people to come down to Uplands and join them or racing off with Shirley in the roadster to attend some party or dinner. And between these spasmodic times of hilarity he was nervous, sensitive, silent. His look was always moving quickly about, as if he suspected pitfalls everywhere—in the conversation, in the domestic routine, in the day's plans. He answered his aunt with a veiled and restrained politeness worse than any abruptness, and he quarreled openly with Hang and Battersby.

Shirley, having once inspected the farm, with her fair little face exquisitely lighted by orange light filtering through the taut transparent silk of her sunshade, felt that she had done her duty. Why do it again? Weren't troughs always troughs and cows always cows? The little adventures, the interests and events of those happy before-dinner expeditions were abandoned. Margaret and Jim usually went alone; and Margaret tried to pretend that the whole thing had not somehow lost its salt. Stan did not come without Shirley—or if he did come, he was not like himself.

For Shirley's conversation he always had a quick, smiling attention, but he paid only an absent-minded, nervous sort of notice to what the others said. Both the women watching him knew that he was not happy. When he was happy, Stan was very different: he was quiet, full of interest in everything, he was pleasant.

Now he was excited, vociferous, anxious to prove that he was having a wonderful time, anxious not to waste a minute, but not—no, not pleasant. Margaret had been able to talk to him quite simply and freely a few weeks ago. Now she had to think before she spoke, select her subject, make sure that it would not offend. If it could possibly be construed into a reflection upon Shirley, then he was furious.

"That's the way women always act to women," Stan generalized largely. "If it was a man, he could be a murderer! But it's a woman, and a pretty woman, and that's enough! All you can do is get together and knock her!"

"Men adore platitudes like that," Margaret observed scornfully, generalizing in her turn.

"This girl is up against it," Stanley said, with a resentful glint in his gray eyes—and immediately he was off upon the theme again. He wanted to complain, reason, soliloquize only about Shirley. Lord, why couldn't they be decent to her?

Margaret, listening in a sort of nausea, would think of Shirley: small, soft, silk and lace clad, dealing with the great facts of life as a child might deal with sticks of dynamite. Elopement, ostracism, marriage, divorce had still found Shirley soft, cuddly, wanting to be spared and petted, wanting to curl up by a fire or under rose-vines and tell other men how badly two men had treated her. She had never had a child, Margaret would think contemptuously—the babyish, innocent, helpless nature had been quite equal to avoiding that complication. But there had been frightful parties, when Tom Duncan or Cuyler Theobald had not been the only ones to overindulge; there had been shrill squabbles over bills and jealousies and angers; there had been tears and resentments and reproaches, and then the beautiful pearls and diamonds Shirley wore had made their appearance, one by one, and she had been all cuddly dimples and babyish smiles again.

The world was full of women like that, Margaret would reflect bitterly and contemptuously. And it was the Stans—the big, fine, simple men, who believed in honor and chivalry and who were incapable of petty selfishness and falseness themselves—who invariably were their prey.

"You don't understand her—she's not a bit what you think—underneath she's just a little girl!" was his argument to anything his aunt might say. He was sure, sometimes buoyantly, sometimes nervously and angrily, that Shirley was being deliberately misjudged.

ON FRIDAY they all went away: the Cannons, the Riverses, Shirley and Stan. Young Mrs. Rivers's mother had a beautiful bungalow at Pebble Beach, and it had been decided that they would all spend a few days there, Stan and the other men going into the city on the train if it were necessary and returning to the beach at night.

A dreadful silence, a silence that seemed to Margaret like that of death, descended upon Uplands when the two big cars had gone. It seemed to both Margaret and Mrs. Cutting utterly unbelievable that Shirley's visit had been of less than a week and that this whole complication had arisen and developed with such rapidity. The echoes of Shirley's high voice seemed still to be ringing upon the porch and lawn; Shirley's big shade hat still hung in the guest-room closet, and on the top of the bridge-pad were still scored the last games.

Stan's aunt had softened greatly toward her young companion in this time of trial. Margaret rarely saw the old snobbishness now, and now and then the formal name was altered to "Margaret," apparently almost without the speaker's consciousness.

"That's falling in love, Margaret!" the older woman said with a sigh. "Poor Stan—poor Stan! If it could have been any other woman——"

"That can't be love!" Margaret said rebelliously. "It's *not*. If he loved her, really, she couldn't make him seem so strange and so nervous."

"Well, she'll marry him!" his aunt predicted.

"You don't think so?" Margaret's heart seemed to miss a beat.

"I don't think *he* thinks so," Mrs. Cutting conceded. "I don't think Stan is any more in love with her now than he ever was! But men don't marry women because they love them, my dear. Half the married men in the world hadn't the faintest intention of getting into it. It's just that one thing leads to another, and this little step is forced and that is forced—and the first thing he knows it's *done*. I think Shirley will land Stan if she possibly can—why shouldn't she? And since he can neither hear nor think at present, there's nothing we can do or say!"

Margaret, inwardly raging, longed to burst out into the denunciation of such weakness that was always on the tip of her tongue. But she was perforce silent, and a day or two later Mrs. Cutting announced that they were to return to the Burlingame house.

Stanley was still at Pebble Beach, and Margaret tried not to think about him. But she was teased with premonitions, uneasy and apprehensive, of something undefined. He couldn't really be falling in love with Shirley Theobald. And yet the hours until Tuesday, when the house-party was to break up, seemed endless to Margaret.

She could hardly believe that it had once been her lot



THE EFFECT OF ALL THIS UPON MARGARET WAS TO MAKE HER FEEL CLUMSY, STUPID, UNDEVELOPED AND IN THE WAY

to see him casually and constantly, every day, several times a day. He had been nothing then, just Mrs. Cutting's spoiled and empty-headed and too-popular nephew. Now—well, now, now, he was still nothing to Margaret Yorke; no man could be anything now to Margaret Yorke. And yet she hungered for the sight of that big, loosely built figure in tweeds and that bronzed, grinning face—she longed for his quick, definite step on the porch. Just to hear his voice saying "Any mail, Foote?" would have somehow eased her fretted soul.

She and Jimmie, returning from a children's party at the lakes on Tuesday afternoon, passed the Ferguson house and heard Shirley trilling at the piano. Margaret felt an instant relief: Shirley and Stan were not together at this particular instant, anyway, said her unreasonable heart.

But this emotion was destined to be short-lived. It was only an hour later, at about half-past six o'clock, that she came down-stairs to the terrace to look for Jim's tiniest bear, a two-inch treasure that was daily lost and daily recovered. Mrs. Cutting was on the terrace, and as Margaret approached, Stanley and Shirley came up from the lower garden—up those same brick steps where once Margaret had leaned upon Stanley's arm.

THE instant she saw them the girl knew the truth, and she had perhaps another three instants in which to rally what she could of pride and dignity. There was nothing for it now but courage.

What first was said she did not hear. Shirley fluttered to her knees beside Mrs. Cutting's chair, and Stan bent over them both with a look at once sheepish, defiant and appealing.

"She thinks she's made up her mind, Aunt Hat!" Margaret heard him say, with a sort of good-natured superiority. "I don't know how long she'll like me, but I think you're going to have a little niece about the middle of November!"

"I'm sure I hope you'll be happy, dear boy!" poor Mrs. Cutting said feebly. Shirley was immediately upon her feet; she was brimming with sweetness and eagerness and vitality. She came to kiss Margaret, holding her by both hands afterward and almost dancing as she talked:

"My dear, you must forgive me for running away with him! But the truth is—I've made a discovery!—he's just the sweetest and dearest fellow in the world, and long before I knew it myself I was just head over heels! Was I terribly piggy down there at the ranch? I didn't mean to be. But I'm going to make it up to you all—you see if I don't!"

She was promising favors already; she was estimating the possibilities of the old house with the frank delight of a child in a toy-shop. Her manner to the servants was gracious, conciliatory; this was her domain now, to be conquered and claimed.

They could not stay to dinner; nobody was to know, of course, but they had told Elise and they were going there. And then they might go over to the club, later; there was a dance to-night, and while—*of course*—the papers mustn't get this thing until Shirley was at least free, it was going to be great fun just to mystify a few people and to tell one or two.

Margaret saw Stan help his promised wife into her loose silk coat; her pretty brown eyes were raised to his with an expression of confidence, happiness and triumph that Margaret could not banish from her thoughts for hours.

She had to talk to Stanley's aunt; she had to manage dinner somehow. But at eight o'clock Mrs. Cutting went in next door to play cards and then Margaret could go up-stairs.

Slowly, with a certain deliberation, she went to her room. She got down Belloc's "Marie Antoinette," she undressed, made herself comfortable in a thin silk wrapper, lighted her bedside light and extinguished the other lights, and then went, still with the same quiet, unhurried air, to the southwest window. There was a big chair here, and Margaret sat down in it and leaned her elbows upon the sill.

And now the agony of jealousy that she had held at a distance all evening came upon her in a full flood. Her breast rose quickly and she knotted her fingers, pressing them against the actual pain of her heart.

"Oh, it isn't right—it isn't right!" she whispered.

To go down-stairs to-morrow, and smile, and listen to Shirley's plans, to share the exultation with which this radiant, triumphant woman would plan all the future, to witness teas for Shirley, luncheons for Shirley, dances for Shirley—all the social machinery set in motion to approve and welcome Shirley, who was taking so sane and admirable a step at last! No; Margaret could not bear it—she could not bear it!

This was the reward of a decent woman, she meditated bitterly. This was what self-denial and dignity and purity accomplished, as against everything that Shirley Theobald represented in womanhood. Stanley knew what she was—he had known the Duncans, years ago; he had known the home from which Shirley, at eighteen, had taken the husband and father. And Cuyler Theobald, sodden with drink, without intelligence, without interests, without God, this had been her second choice.

NOW Stanley, upright, keen, splendid in soul and body, was defending her, was telling people that she was just like a little girl—all she had asked of life was kindness, and Fate had been so signally unkind. Shirley, with those conscious eyes, with those unscrupulous, rouged lips, with that little lace-clad body whose every charm she could estimate so perfectly—Shirley a grieving and innocent child!

She would be accepted, Margaret knew, not by every one, but by a number sufficient to insure her the general excitement and entertaining for which she lived. Society was full of other women none too sure of their social footing; Stanley Crittenden's name was in itself the greatest bulwark that any career could have.

It was no longer a vague fear, to be reasoned with and dismissed. It was a fact! They were engaged.

Margaret's thoughts came back and back to it hopelessly. They were engaged. All the arguments she had used for weeks, the assurance she had felt that, however much Stanley admired her, he *could not* seriously consider Shirley as his wife, died away forever. Logic, reason, common sense were all wasted here; it was over, and they were engaged.

She had fought hard battles in her life before,

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Adviser in THE DELINEATOR'S Child Health Campaign; Physician-in-Chief, Babies' Hospital, New York City, and President of the Child Health Organization

DR. HENRY L. K. SHAW
Recently President, American Child Hygiene Association and Consultant Division of Maternity, Infancy and Child Hygiene in the New York State Department of Health

DR. THOMAS W. SALMON
Medical Director, National Committee for Mental Hygiene

DR. RALPH LOBENSTINE
Chairman of the Medical Advisory Board of the Maternity Center Association of New York City; formerly Obstetrician to the New York Lying-in Hospital

DR. WILLIAM PALMER LUCAS
Professor of Diseases of Children, University of California; formerly Director of the Child Welfare Work of the American Red Cross in Europe

DR. OWEN LOVEJOY
General Secretary, National Child Labor Committee

THE HEALTH OF THE SCHOOL CHILD

His health education in the home

By DR. WILLIAM PALMER LUCAS

HOME and school are essential component parts of any adequate health education for our children. As all children come from the home to the school, the home standards have an immediate effect upon the kind of health education the school must give. It is the mother who determines the home health standards for the child; what she expects the school to do along health lines is the basis of the school's work.

The standards of sleep, rest, food, exercise and other hygienic measures are just as definite for the school child as for the baby. The fact that our boys and girls have begun school should never mean a relaxing of the mother's attention to these matters, if we desire well, happy school children. Too often the family interest in the school child is centered in his behavior and his marks; it never occurs to the parents that there is any relation between these records and the child's health.

An Ample Allowance for Sleep—The minimum amount of sleep for the school child is the smallest amount he can get along with. The individual child may need much more than the schedule provides, but never less than this amount:

Minimum Amount of Sleep

From 6 to 8	years	12 hours
From 8 to 10	"	11 "
From 10 to 12	"	10 "
From 12 to 15	"	9 to 10 hours

Sleep and rest are just as important for the growing child as food, and the mother must adjust the child's life to allow for this if she is to give him a safe margin for health. It is not always easy to do this. It takes the cooperation of mothers and teachers to keep social and school parties within bounds, to keep moving-picture shows from cheating a child out of two hours' sleep besides giving him bad air to breathe and trying eye conditions to meet. Most of all, it is essential to secure the child's own interest in meeting this condition, for until this is secured his health education is not what one might call "a going concern." Sending a child to bed regularly does not necessarily secure for him sufficient sleep. It often happens that fatigue, lack of fresh air, an overheated or a noisy bedroom will cause a child to toss about restlessly long after he has been sent to bed.

But the child's sleep is related to other factors. I knew a bright schoolboy of nine who did not go to sleep until at least two hours after going to bed promptly at eight. His parents often found him wide awake at ten o'clock. His mother could not understand why this was the case. Upon investigation it was found that owing to a hurried lunch at noon, Jim didn't really eat his full quota, so that he came to the supper table hungry, ate rapidly and usually more than was good for him. He was always excused promptly from the table to have "one last play" before bedtime. His mother, knowing vaguely that this was not the best preparation for sleep, would call, as he dashed out: "Now, don't run and get too hot, will you?" Jim would say "No, mother," and vanish. At eight, when called in by father's whistle, he would appear, hilarious and hot, often dripping wet with perspiration from running, with about as much sleep in him as in a clown at the circus and too tired from his long hard play to go to sleep. When father and mother cleverly substituted quieter amusement for Jim and his pals after dinner, eight o'clock began to find Jim sleepy.

It was quite a shock to a modern mother when her little girl of ten brought home Longfellow's "The Children's Hour" to learn and asked quite innocently "What does it mean?" We call this the "children's age"; the Government two years ago proclaimed a "children's year." It would be a greater step forward still if our American homes proclaimed a children's hour.

> "Between the dark and the daylight,
> When the night is beginning to lower,
> Comes a pause in the day's occupations
> That is known as the children's hour."

An hour before bedtime for our school children in quiet, happy comradeship with us grown-ups, with a fascinating story from a book or one father spins, is a great preparation for sleep. I know a president of one of our great universities whose small son climbs up into his lap every night after dinner to hear the next chapter of animal stories that have been going on for years in the history of that family. The grown-ups in the circle linger to hear the story and watch the nine-year-old boy's eyes slowly but surely drop after the high spot of adventure has been reached and his father edges off the tale with a drowsy finish. I sometimes think that hour is the soundest one educationally in that president's busy life.

Out-of-doors Exercise Necessary—Exercise and recreation in the open air are indispensable for the school child. A safe, conservative schedule is the following:

From 6 to 8	years	3½ to 4½ hours a day
From 8 to 10	"	3 to 4 " " "
From 10 to 12	"	2½ to 3½ " " "
From 12 to 15	"	2 to 3 " " "

This should be as regular as the child's sleeping hours. Many children have all their free time out of school filled up with extra lessons, movies, parties and often household chores until the time is gone. Many have just Saturday left in which to play. The result, in many instances, is that Saturday is actually squeezed dry by our eager school children. Too strenuous exercise is crowded into the one day, with the result that Sunday finds a houseful of irritable children, cross from the overfatigue and often with the indigestion which is usually related to fatigue. Father is frequently in the same state from overwork and late hours; and mother, who had perhaps planned and looked forward to a pleasant, happy Sunday with father and the children, goes to bed thankful that the day is over and glad to get rid of them all on Monday.

Exercise and recreation must be a regular part of the daily life if they are to benefit the child. Lack of exercise on Saturday may result in just as irritable a Sunday as too much exercise. Surely this is an aspect of the children's health which requires the closest cooperation between the home and the school. A practical plan for school exercises and home play must be worked out by mother and teacher that will lessen the chances of overdoing and underdoing and at the same time give the children the same respect for mother's program as for the school's requirements.

Training in Food Habits—Food for the school child is perhaps the mother's most difficult problem. It is essential that she grasp the fact that proper food habits are just as necessary for the child as sleep or exercise habits. Hit-or-miss feeding is as bad as hit-or-miss sleep and exercise. Food habits are just as dependent upon the home as his other habits. Children are very easily influenced by the comments heard at the table and by the way the food is presented to them. The child who continually hears that "father does not like spinach" is apt to feel that daddy has done pretty well without spinach, so why should *he* eat it; grandmother says "she never liked eggs or milk when she was little," so why force the child! Children should be taught to eat whatever carefully chosen and properly cooked food is placed before them. This does not mean that a child may never have what he likes. If we have the right, happy atmosphere at the table and properly cooked and chosen food, the children will like their food. They will have favorites, of course, but they can be trained to like and enjoy the normal, wholesome diet.

Necessary Foods for Children—Fresh, clean whole milk is an absolute essential in the daily diet of every

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REST AS YOU WORK

Short-cuts that lighten home-makers' fatigue

By HAROLD CARY

Fatigue is dangerous—it actually poisons the system. Science has developed a great new method by which people can work hard and yet keep rested. In this article Mr. Cary tells just how home-makers can apply this important knowledge to their lives

THE product of fatigue is an actual poison. If you prevent a small animal—a rabbit, for instance—from sleeping for a few days, it will die. When you say "I'm tired to death," you may be exaggerating, but you are on the right track—you *can* get tired enough to die. Exhaustion is a common enough cause of death.

However, it is the overfatigue of every-day life that is most serious. It makes the muscles of the face sag and it produces wrinkles, of course, but much more important it makes you extremely susceptible to disease. From chronic colds to such acute infections as pneumonia or scarlet fever, fatigue is most often the predisposing cause for your catching the disease.

The knowledge of fatigue poisons is not very old. Dr. A. Mosso, of the University of Turin, brought the first facts to light in the last decade. Experimenters are still working to discover more facts about them. Meanwhile other groups have worked on the problem of eliminating overfatigue from work. That is a fascinating job. They have accomplished much and they have dug out facts that every one who ever lifts a finger ought to know and utilize. Practically any one can easily learn how to do his own work with much less effort—how to work without generating nearly so much poison in your tissues, how to win your own battle against the very real danger of overfatigue.

Controlled experiments made upon large numbers of women working at all types of task have shown that to prevent overfatigue you must rest at regular intervals, not just at will, but quite arbitrarily. Wherever regular recesses have been used among women in factories, the workers have more than made up for the time lost. They have become less tired from their labors.

THERE is almost no hocus-pocus and there is no secret about these facts of science. They fit in with good common sense. To adapt them to your own use requires no teacher. You can quickly build up a proper habit of work either at home or at your office.

Under the strain of work the muscles in use actually deteriorate. To recoup strength they require rest. A tired arm degenerates under continued work faster than does a fresh one. Even before Mosso and others explained the reasons why rest-periods might be necessary, Frederick Winslow Taylor tried one of the most interesting experiments with work that has ever been recorded. The name of Taylor is nationally and internationally known. He is the father of scientific management in industry, but in the days when he made this test he was obscure. He trained a group of workmen to do, without getting nearly so tired, almost four times as much work in one day as the ordinary workman could do in the ordinary way. At a job of loading pig iron on railroad cars his trained men handled more than forty-eight tons every day; the others were able to handle only twelve and one-half tons. Taylor's men rested at regular planned intervals so that they were carrying iron only forty-seven per cent. of the time; the other men worked every minute just as hard as they could, but of necessity in a loafing sort of a way.

Taylor said that if a man had tried to work furiously without any rest at this job he would have collapsed by eleven o'clock in the morning. With his system all the handlers of pig iron were taught to rest regularly and all of them increased their wages sixty per cent.

SINCE the day of this experiment rest-periods have been introduced into factories and used by employers of women all over the world. Not many employers know about the facts, but wherever they have been utilized the results have been splendid. The National Industrial Conference Board of America investigated the use of rest-periods in American factories recently. Ninety factories reported fatigue diminished, time saved, actual output increased in spite of the shorter working time, accuracy increased.

In a tannery where ninety per cent. of the workers were on piece rates so that if their output was decreased they would earn less money, the employees voted unanimously to retain the rest-periods. In a printing plant it was reported that the proof-readers were more accurate. At clerical work, in a hosiery-mill, in a paper-mill and in a corset-factory the recess-periods were considered invaluable. In experimental work in one factory it was reported that output was increased fifty per cent. by the introduction of rest-periods two minutes long every ten minutes.

Taylor himself reports at length on his work in a plant which produced ball bearings. He first reduced the general hours of work of the girls who inspected the little steel balls for flaws from ten and one-half hours a day to eight and one-half, quite against their will because they were on piece-work and feared loss of income. He then observed that after an hour and a half the girls began to get nervous and were obviously under tension. So he introduced rest-periods of ten minutes each hour and a quarter, during which the machinery was stopped and the girls got up and walked around to talk and change position. Before he was through he had them earning from eighty per cent. to one hundred per cent. more money and the same amount of work was being accomplished by thirty-five girls which formerly had required one hundred and twenty-five.

It is important to note that Taylor established the working-periods in the last case to correspond with the time that tension was visible. That came in an hour and a half—so he did not let them work that long without rest: the rest was arranged to come after an hour and a quarter. As has been so well said by Frank B. Gilbreth, the authority on motion study in American factory work: "When a man has almost reached the point of fatigue where it is impossible for him to do his best work, he should be made to rest. He must not do anything but rest until he is in that condition which will enable him to fly at his work and perform it with the fastest standard motions."

In a United States public health bulletin on fatigue a little war story is told about digging a trench. Two officers had a race to see which could dig an equal length of trench with his men more quickly. One officer put his men to work and drove them like mad until the job was done. The other divided his men into three groups. Each group worked as hard as possible for five minutes and then rested for ten minutes while the next two worked. The officer who thus spelled his men easily won the race. This bulletin goes on to point out that rest-periods must be obligatory, not discretionary. The reason is that most of us do not rest until we actually need to very much, while the ideal way is to rest just before it is needed most.

JUST how rest-periods should be arranged depends almost entirely on the character of the work. Slow, light work does not require so frequent recesses. Fast, light work, such as folding handkerchiefs, requires very frequent rest-periods. Gilbreth's schedule on this task is given here. His directions also show attention to position, which is important:

Work five minutes and then rest a minute for a total of twenty-four minutes, sitting down.

Work five minutes and rest a minute for a total of twelve minutes, standing up.

Work five minutes and rest a minute for a total of eighteen minutes, any position.

Rest six minutes (actually seven as it includes last rest period).

This completes one hour and then the cycle is begun over again. In an actual factory this method of working and resting, standing and sitting, tripled the previous

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IN THE SOCIAL WHIRL WITH A CONGRESSMAN'S WIFE

By ERMINIE A. SMITH

IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE

The author of these recollections was introduced to official Washington in 1919–21 as the wife of Hon. Frank L. Smith, then Member of Congress from Illinois. Mrs. Smith's own experiences with the rigid and time-honored social code are interspersed with interesting sidelights on less formal social activities and with anecdotes about some of the problems that confront the home-maker and hostess in the nation's capital

WE NEWCOMERS were fortunate enough to find in Washington a pleasantly furnished house, which was in excellent condition and in charge of an almost extinct type of the old-time serviteur, whom I later found was to contribute so much to the comfort of my household. He conducted me through, and at the close of the tour of inspection, seriously informed me that he thought we would get on very well. At these words of approval I felt as though I were treading on air, for I had had forebodings due to various reports as to scarcity of servants, their incompetency and the like.

We arrived about five o'clock one Sunday afternoon in December and found Marshall, the aforementioned servant, at the door. Behind him stood the cook whom he had engaged, and behind her a housemaid, whom he had also engaged, bearing in her hand as a greeting a pink rose which she informed me was the last rose of Summer in the little garden at the rear of the house. Dinner had already been prepared and in a short time it was served—a very simple meal, but well cooked.

I visited "down-stairs" next morning, and after talking things over with the presiding genius therein, received a list of articles needed for the house, principally the kitchen. I received a similar list almost daily for weeks, although the kitchen was in the main furnished. I asked another congressman's wife one day if she had had to buy so many things when she moved into her furnished house. She said she did, but she had made up her mind she would get everything they wanted and after a while it would stop. It ended in about a month.

DURING the period of commercial intimacy established between myself and the various shops about town, department stores, newspaper and coal offices, kindling-wood emporiums and last, but not least in importance, the stationer's, I had the pleasure of experiencing that Southern courtesy of which I had heard so much.

The first time I came in contact with it was in a large department store where I had gone to make some purchases one morning. Having immediate need of the articles, I wished to take them home with me, but found I did not have enough money. I went up-stairs to the credit department and made known my dilemma. They opened an account at once and not only permitted but suggested that I take the things with me. I dare say I have an honest face, but it is exactly the same countenance I have presented to shops in other cities and I appreciated the courtesy of the prompt accommodation that eliminated the usual delay of looking up references and other preliminaries incidental to procuring for oneself the shopkeeper's delight and the husband's despair—an account.

My next visit was to a jewelry shop to have some prisms which had become loose fastened to a candlestick. They could not do the work, but referred me to a plumber. This was the strangest place I had ever heard of to have bric-à-brac mended, but knowing other customs differed in Washington, I thought this might be another instance, so trustingly and confidingly I entered a plumber's shop and to my surprise found that they also sold mantels, lamps, brasses and other such articles. Very much in doubt as to whether they would bother about so small a commission as mine, I made known my errand and to my great relief they performed the delicate operation. They made two or three trips to the rear of the shop for little pincers, and finally completed the task



THE CONGRESSIONAL CLUB WAS ORGANIZED AS A CLEARING-HOUSE FOR DOING AWAY WITH THE HEAVY BURDEN OF FORMAL CALLS

and charged me fifteen cents. In spite of my recent orgy of shopping, I told them then and there that I sincerely hoped I would have to buy something in their line very soon, as I never had known of a firm more accommodating.

My next experience in exceptional courtesy was at a stationer's. When I came to Washington I thought I had enough cards to last through a term at least, but that was before I had received inside information and made mathematical computation as to the number of square yards of pasteboard it would take to reach over so many miles of calls. I went to a stationer's and told the young woman who took my order that I needed the cards immediately. Although they had ceased taking orders for certain filling before the holidays, as it was then so near Christmas, the clerk promised that if she possibly could she would get them out for me. But noting the worried expression which this statement no doubt gave me, she said she would make a special effort to have them ready for me on a certain date if I would call for them. She not only got them out for me but she even had them delivered to my home—and on the evening before the day for which she had promised them.

BEING thus fortified with plenty of material, I started on my rounds of duty. I knew there were some calls to be made that were imperative, some that one should pay but that one could take one's time about and some that were optional. I asked a woman in my official set how many calls she had made and she said about fifteen hundred, but that that was before the war and that during the war and since, calling had lessened to a great degree. It came to my mind that "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good" and I almost said, "Thank God for the war."

I found after many queries that the great bugbear of calls resolved itself into a system that was really quite simple. Upon reaching Washington a new congressman's wife leaves cards at the White House—also upon the wives of the Vice-President and the Speaker of the House as soon as possible. Following these come calls upon one's own State delegation and the members of the particular committee upon which one's husband serves. At one's leisure, first calls should be made upon the hostesses of the Supreme Court justices, the Cabinet officers, senators and members of the House already in office.

While I enjoyed making the "rounds," I must admit that the time came when my exuberance dimmed a little and I rejoiced that there are some calls which have to be made upon congressmen's wives first—the calls from the wives of foreign ministers and all assistant-secretaries of State.

Calling first! That to me was the unpleasant feature of calling. I never quite overcame the feeling of being a little uncomfortable until I had announced my reason for presenting myself—that my husband was a new member of Congress. My formula was something after this fashion: "I am Mrs. S——, wife of the new member of Congress." I felt that I must take some heroic measure to make some sort of impression upon the "working-class," for so I called the hard-working hostesses to myself when I saw them trying to manage the huge crowds that went surging through on the respective "days." And while my name has a perfectly reputable ring, there was nothing about it to stay the already wandering gaze of my hostess when I got the name out—so, as an aid to identification, I added "Illinois." To my surprise, the effect was not electrical. It did not seem to recall much, if anything, to the hostess, and her efforts to place me were generally more or less pathetic. But coming into contact from time to time with my own delegation had a restorative effect.

CALLING got to be such a part of the daily program that I had great difficulty when presenting myself at the "movie" window to refrain from commencing: "I am Mrs. Smith from Illinois." But there was a satisfaction to find that every one in making the "counter attack" was equally conscientious.

I can remember starting out every day in all kinds of weather and at first not making very much headway, for I was accustomed to going to see people and not going to "card" them. I think I must have been quite faithful in the discharge of my duty—at least, I must have created that impression—for one woman said to me, in quite a "commending tone": "I think it is lovely that you take your duties so seriously." Well, to me it was rather a serious thing—these innumerable calls that *had* to be made—and furthermore I felt that in so far as calling was considered a most important duty, I saw no reason why I should not conform to custom and "If it were well it were done, it were well it were done quickly." To me the calls seemed my part of the "job," as I did not regard them wholly in a social light, but for their official significance.

Often when coming home wearied, I found myself wondering whether these calls fulfilled any real purpose. Theoretically, they are to enable the members of the official family to become acquainted; practically, I wonder how many have had an experience similar to the one related to me by the wife of one of our most widely known Western senators:

It happened on the occasion of one of her official calls after her husband had been elected senator. As she had many places to go, she started early, arriving at the first place shortly before four, the hour set for the "At Home." As she timidly entered, the hostess was bidding farewell to some lingering luncheon guests, and not knowing what else to do, the little Western woman went forward and announced her name. Scarcely pausing in the conversation with the other guests, and without looking at the newcomer at all, the hostess held out her arm stiffly, saying, "How do you do?"—nothing more!

Still at a loss as to how to proceed, as there was nothing in the greeting conducive to prolonged conversation, the embarrassed guest crossed to the other side of the room to make a study of the nearest exit.

Shortly afterward they met again, and the hostess of a few days before was surprised to find in her recent guest the wife of a well-known senator. Greeting her most effusively, she asked her why she had not made herself known the previous day. "I did tell you my name and where I was from," replied the senator's wife. The woman afterward showered her with many invitations, not one of which she ever accepted.

Incidents of this kind are not the rule nor are they the exception. Of course if one goes entirely unacquainted one does not get the same attention as when presented by friends, but unless some interest is shown in a stranger, what is the object of the call?

The Congressional Club has simplified the question of getting acquainted with delegations other than one's own. It was originated as a sort of clearing-house for doing away with the heavy burden of calls. Former Governor Lowden of Illinois, when a member of Congress, was one of the first to suggest it. I had heard this, and at dinner one night on one of his visits to Washington I asked him how he happened to think of it. He said: "When I looked at that dear woman over there (pointing to his wife) making those innumerable calls, I thought she was working harder than I was, and so the idea of a clearing-house came to me."

THE result of that idea is the Congressional Club of to-day, a very substantial-looking building with an especially attractive auditorium.

The wives of all congressmen and senators are eligible for membership in the club, which is a purely social organization. Dances, card parties, lectures, musicales and teas are given there, with receptions to various people prominent in official and public life. In this way many pleasant acquaintances are made which may be followed by calls if one so wishes, the newcomer, of course, making the first call.

I shall never forget the feeling of elation that came over me when, instead of being introduced, I made an introduction. I felt then that I was getting on. One has such a helpless feeling trailing around and being introduced to hundreds of people one after the other and wondering if one can remember that "batch" of names, when along comes another battalion.

This remembering of names and people is more or less of a gift, and while to some it comes naturally, I learned from a diplomat's wife that it can be acquired. I had met her at a large reception. A night or two afterward I met her again at another large affair. I was hedged in among a number who had come in together, and looking around to see which way I had better make my way, I saw Madame A——. When she smiled at me and bowed, I resolved to escape in that direction. When I went up to speak to her, she called me by name. Naturally, after the many far-away, interest-gone-aglimmering looks I had encountered in my futile attempts at cordiality, I felt encouraged. In a short time again I met her at a tea, and having a friend with me who had not yet been presented to the ambassadress, I gave her the pleasure, and by way of a little reward for her recognition that I was an entity, I said in making the introduction: "When you meet Madame A—— again, she will call you by name." Instead of the smile and bow that I thought would be forthcoming as an acknowledgment of my tribute, she said very promptly, "Yes, I will." I said to her, "You must have a system." She further surprised me by adding, "Yes, I have." I then said to her, "Will you tell it to me?" and she said, "Yes, I will"—and she did.

She told me that as a girl she had attended a convent. It was the custom of the school to hold receptions from time to time, at which the pupils were required to assist in receiving the guests—special commendation being given to the one who remembered from one reception to another the names of the most people.

When she entered public life as the wife of a diplomat, this training served as the foundation of her system, which was to write the names of every person whom she wished to remember as soon as possible after leaving them and while the face was fresh enough in her mind to be associated with the name.

In the case of calls, immediately after the guest departed she wrote the name she wished to remember in a book. When she returned the call, she wrote the name again as soon as possible after leaving them. After that she seldom forgot the person and the name.

It was always interesting and sometimes delightful to meet and talk with the men whose names are household words all over the United States. I think that I am naturally an idealist and I *know* that I am an optimist, so I invested them all with good qualities and some with great ones. I am forced to admit, however, that sometimes the halo was a little—well, perhaps, not "all there." But there was one whose halo I never doubted, even though its visible manifestation was only a soft black crush hat and a big cigar—Uncle Joe Cannon, that familiar figure of rugged simplicity that links the Illinois of the days of Lincoln to the Washington of to-day.

IT IS not alone in the political world that he is enshrined, for, like Abou-ben-Adhem, he loves his fellow man. This feeling of comradery is such a distinguishing trait of his that one congressman from Nebraska said he could not go home and face his constituents if he had not had a game of poker with Joe Cannon.

I have sometimes heard our women compared unfavorably with the English women, because the latter seemed so much better informed on the leading questions of the day. That can not truthfully be said of the majority of the wives of public men in Washington, for they discuss interestedly and intelligently all public questions of importance. In fact, some are better politicians than their husbands, although I have sometimes wondered how some women acquired the reputation for being politicians when they wore the placard of it, as it were, on all occasions. My idea of a good woman politician is one who has never been discovered as such and who reveals herself only when she chooses.

Nowhere as in Washington does personality enter so into the success or failure of one's life—socially as well as politically. A charming woman, a cave-dweller, told me that personality was the great asset here—that, on coming to Washington, money was not a rare thing to find, nor brains, nor social position, but the great thing that made one stand out here more than any other place was personality, and from my brief observations I am convinced she has made a proper deduction. The three women who stand out in my mind among the hundreds of charming, educated and cultured women do so because of their personality.

I have tested this quality as a matter of curiosity in various ways in regard to these three women. I would ask different people how they liked them and why. Always I received a decided reply; if they did not know them, they had heard of them in some definite way. I mentioned this fact to an acquaintance as being something interesting as well as quite remarkable. Regarding two of them, she answered that, in the case of one of them it was because of her social position, and in the other case it was due to her husband's official position. I thought what she said might be true, so I selected two other women, quite similarly placed in all respects, and in most cases I received an indifferent reply and absolutely no interest regarding them. The third woman was not politically placed nor was she possessed of much of this world's goods, so my critic friend was forced to admit that it was she herself who attracted, and not the glamour of any particular setting.

SOCIETY in Washington should be cosmopolitan, but I am convinced more than ever that "The colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters under the skin." I have often thought what a revelation it would be to some of the women who dispense hospitality so lavishly if they knew how much they provided for the imagination as well. At a luncheon at the home of one of the most prominent hostesses in Washington I heard several women discussing something in a very animated manner. The subject of the conversation was a handsome silver urn which served as a table decoration. It had appeared at several functions and evidently had awakened a curiosity which could no longer be stilled.

One decided it was a wine-urn which could not now be used for its original purpose and so was turned into this; another decided it was a wedding present and that the donor was present and it was to do honor to her; but finally, one woman awed all others into silence by saying that she had heard that the urn contained the ashes of a member of the family.

A few days later I sat next to the wife of the author of *Main Street* at a luncheon and I almost asked her if she would tell her husband that "Main Street" was not confined to Gopher Prairie exclusively.

Concluded in the May DELINEATOR

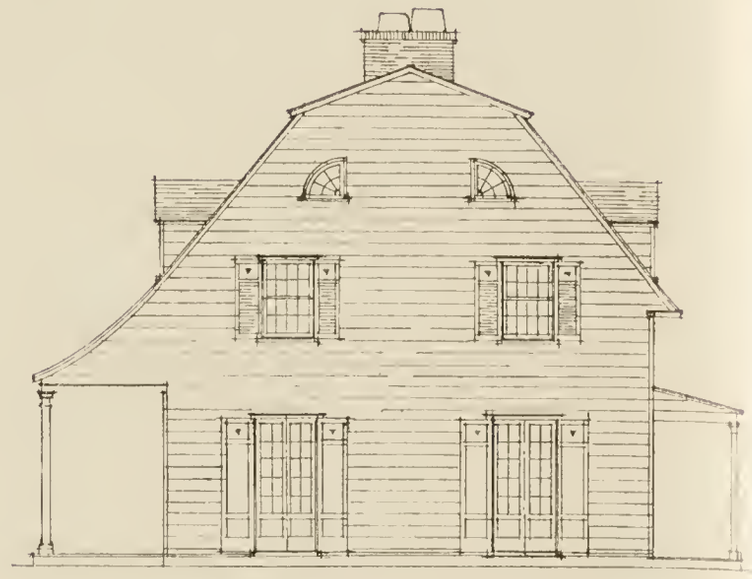
NEW PLANS FOR BETTER HOMES

Number Two: A six-room Dutch Colonial house



FRONT ELEVATION

Mr. Donn Barber, Fellow of the American Institute of Architects, has designed for THE DELINEATOR *a series of small houses, in which this six-room house, known as* DELINEATOR *House-Plan Number Two, is the second.* THE DELINEATOR *will supply, for one dollar, reprints of these floor-plans and elevations with working figures which may be developed into complete working drawings by your local architect. Address the Home-Building Editor*



SIDE ELEVATION



THE house in the illustration is a clever modern adaptation of an old Dutch Colonial farmhouse. In its long sweeping roof, typical of Dutch architecture, there are three dormers, which add much space to the second story and make possible a cross-current of air for ventilation in the bedroom and dressing-room.

The first impression this house gives one is a sense of sturdiness and comfort. The broad cement chimney and the spacious porch contribute greatly toward this impression, and the unusually well-arranged floor-plan leaves nothing to be desired in either design or convenience. The simple, dignified lines of the exterior, the proportions of the living-room, the fireplaces and the built-in features make it rich in possibilities for quaint and unusual decoration.

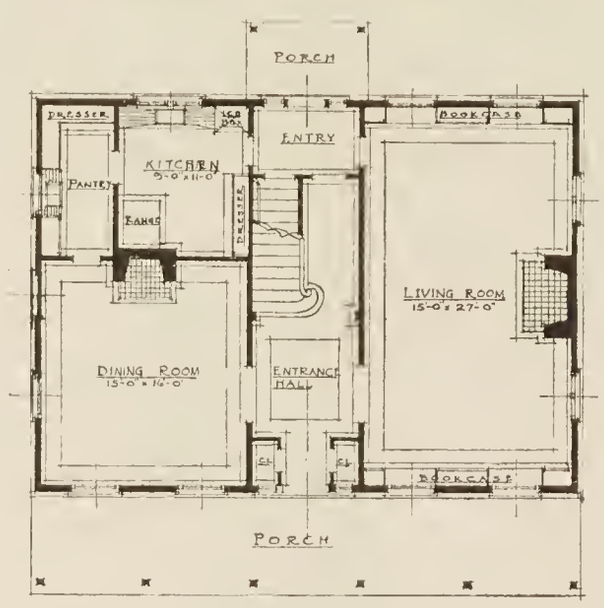
To achieve this type of house, the architect made a careful study of the traditions of another century and modernized them sufficiently to meet the present-day needs.

The setting for this house is of great importance. The entire effect for which the architect labored will be completely lost unless the owner chooses wisely the site where such a house may be built. A piece of ground with a gentle slope and situated on a corner would be ideal, but an acre or two of ground or a broad frontage with enough depth to permit a grass plot or small garden in the rear should be considered.

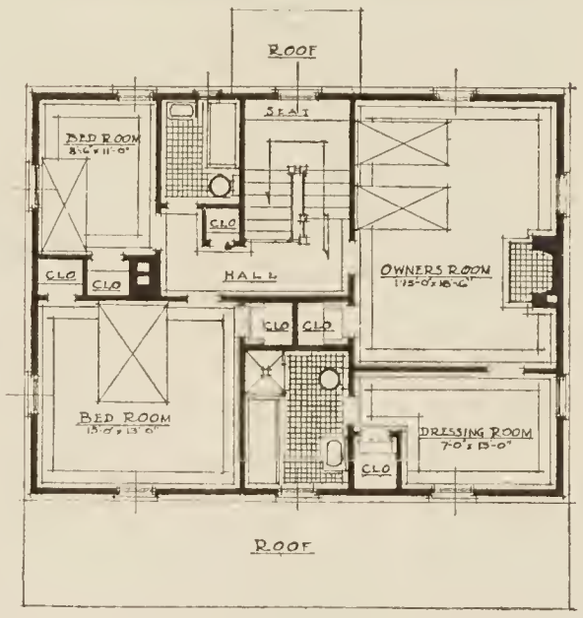
If the house is built on a slope, the ground could be terraced or graded to the street line, and here and there along the slope tulips and hollyhocks could be planted. A long, narrow piece of ground would have a tendency to cramp the broad, generous atmosphere of the house, and the lack of planting and color would make it appear cold and out of its element.

Careful analysis shows that lack of forethought and not lack of money is what makes so many houses commonplace, and as few of us build more than one house in a lifetime, we should choose wisely and carefully.

Some thought should also be given to the placing of the house on the ground, so that the main living-rooms will have plenty of sunshine. If this house faced south, the living-room would have a southern and western exposure, which would make it sunny and comfortable in the Winter and shady and cool in the Summer, and the dining-room would be cheerful and bright to start the day, while the kitchen and pantry would be bright and airy at all times.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN



SECOND FLOOR PLAN

DECORATION

ANOTHER thing which is important to consider is the right color scheme for the house; it adds value to the property and is a joy and pleasure to the community at large. A white or buff-colored house with sage-green blinds lends the appearance of cleanliness and cheerfulness and is most appropriate for houses of Colonial design. Window-boxes and lattice freshly painted each year will help to keep that tidy, well-kept appearance. The main things to avoid are drab colors and patchy color schemes for the exterior. Roof surfaces take on individuality if stained or painted to correspond with the wood trimmings, making sure, however, to have all roof surfaces the same color in either paint or stain.

As we enter the house through an interesting hall, with plenty of closets, we find a living-room on one side and a dining-room on the other. Considering the excellent reproductions of Dutch Colonial furniture and fabrics, let us decide to carry out the Colonial idea in decorating.

Our first important factor is the walls. Perfect reproduction of wall-papers that our ancestors paid fortunes for can be bought at a moderate price and are the proper background for a Colonial house. For the hall, a misty gray paper showing a pastoral scene with light-tan motifs of sheep is a suitable copy, and considering the wide doorways into the living-room and dining-room, the same paper could be used for both of these rooms, though for the dining-room a gray background with Dresden-blue figures would be most charming. As the kitchen faces north, a soft yellow wall-paint and cream-colored woodwork would keep it ever cheerful and bright. Curtains of soft net or sheer marquisette, with over-draperies of old-blue or brown damask, would create a homey, friendly feeling hard to get with the more elaborate materials.

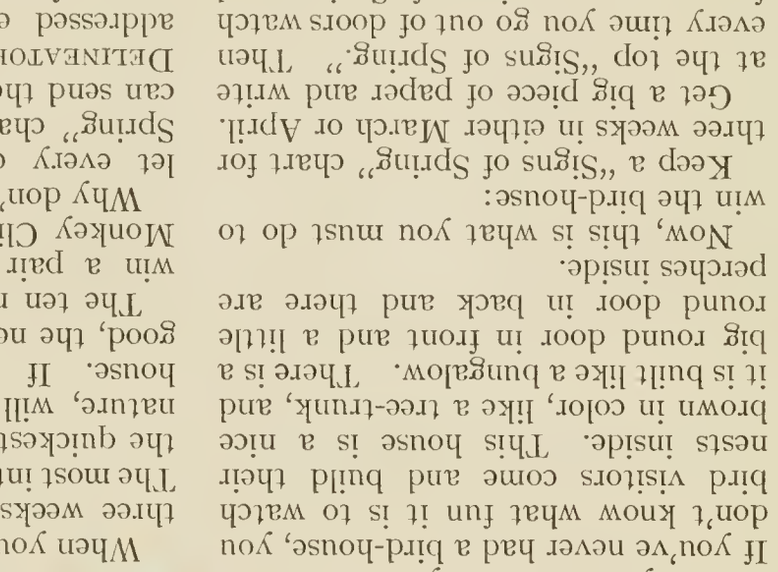
The furniture, either of oak, walnut or mahogany, should be carefully chosen for its Dutch influence. Oval, braided wool rugs, with an occasional hooked or rag rug, would make appropriate floor coverings for the entire house.

No matter how carefully the color scheme is planned for by day, it will be entirely destroyed at night if the lighting effects are not properly arranged. Be sure and provide for plenty of lamps and pretty shades, as ceiling fixtures and side brackets should not be entirely depended on for the best lighting effects.

The second floor of this house has three bedrooms and a dressing-room. For cheerful, dainty effects let us paper these walls with either a pale yellow, a green or a rose-striped paper, or tint them with water-tone paints, using the warmer colors for the rooms facing the east and north and the cooler colors for those facing the south and west.

Furniture for the second-floor rooms may be either four-posters and bureaus in mahogany, maple or pine, or any of the simpler painted furniture in pale green or gray. High-boys, chests of drawers, gilt mirrors, rush-bottom chairs and large chests should be selected for their simplicity and good lines.

Each house is a law unto itself, and the furnishing and building of it presents problems all its own, yet the above fundamentals in decoration and styles in architecture may serve as a guide in the choice of furnishings that will always be in good taste and permanently satisfying.



DO YOU WANT THIS BIRD-HOUSE?

HERE'S a chance to win this fine bird-house to put up on a tree outside your home or your school.

If you've never had a bird-house, you don't know what fun it is to watch bird visitors come and build their nests inside. This house is a nice brown in color, like a tree-trunk, and it is built like a bungalow. There is a big round door in front and a little round door in back and there are perches inside.

Now, this is what you must do to win the bird-house:

Keep a "Signs of Spring" chart for three weeks in either March or April.

Get a big piece of paper and write at the top "Signs of Spring." Then every time you go out of doors watch for some new sign of Spring and write it down on the chart with the date, like this:

"April first—I saw buds on a maple-tree.

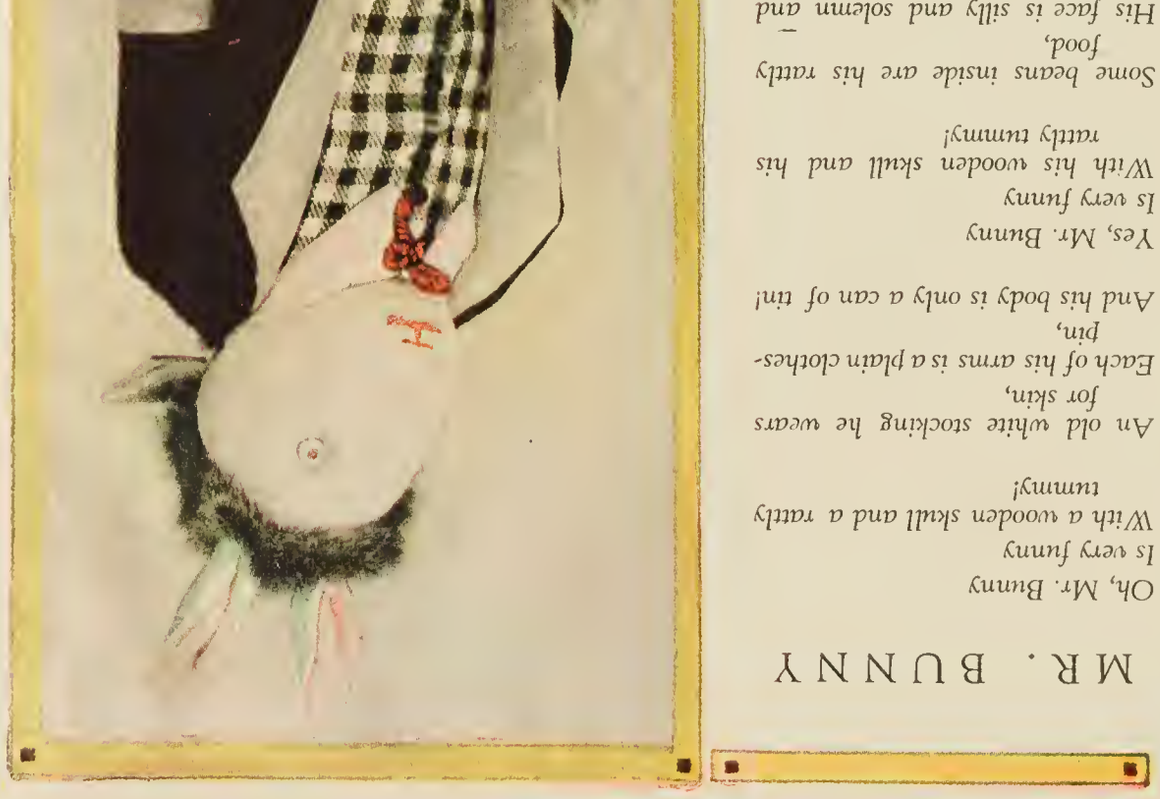
"April second—I saw a flock of crows flying. I saw some new blades of grass."

I trust to your honor to write only what *you* see.

When you have kept your chart for three weeks, send it to your editor. The most interesting chart, that shows the quickest eyes for seeing things in nature, will win the bungalow bird-house. If two charts are equally good, the neater will win the prize.

The ten next-best charts will each win a pair of LITTLE DELINEATOR Monkey Clip-Clip scissors.

Why don't you ask your teacher to let every child keep a "Signs of Spring" chart in school? Then she can send the best ones to THE LITTLE DELINEATOR. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope if you want an answer from your editor. Charts must be in this office by April twentieth. Address: "Signs of Spring" Contest, THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, Care of the Big DELINEATOR, New York City.



MR. BUNNY

Oh, Mr. Bunny
Is very funny
With a wooden skull and a ratty tummy!

An old white stocking he wears for skin,
Each of his arms is a plain clothes-pin,
And his body is only a can of tin!

Yes, Mr. Bunny
Is very funny
With his wooden skull and his ratty tummy!

Some beans inside are his ratty food,
His face is silly and solemn and good,

Hoi Mr. Bunny,
You're very funny
With your wooden skull and your ratty tummy!

THERE isn't room here to tell you how to make Mr. Bunny, but if you want to know just how to make him out of a tin can and clothes-pins and cotton and old stockings and a few things from mother's scrap-bag, send a stamped envelope addressed to yourself. Write to Mr. Bunny, THE LITTLE DELINEATOR New York City.



MY LITTLE EASTER PAGE

The letter that helps your editor most, telling what you like best in this month's LITTLE DELINEATOR, will win a big colored picture like the cover.

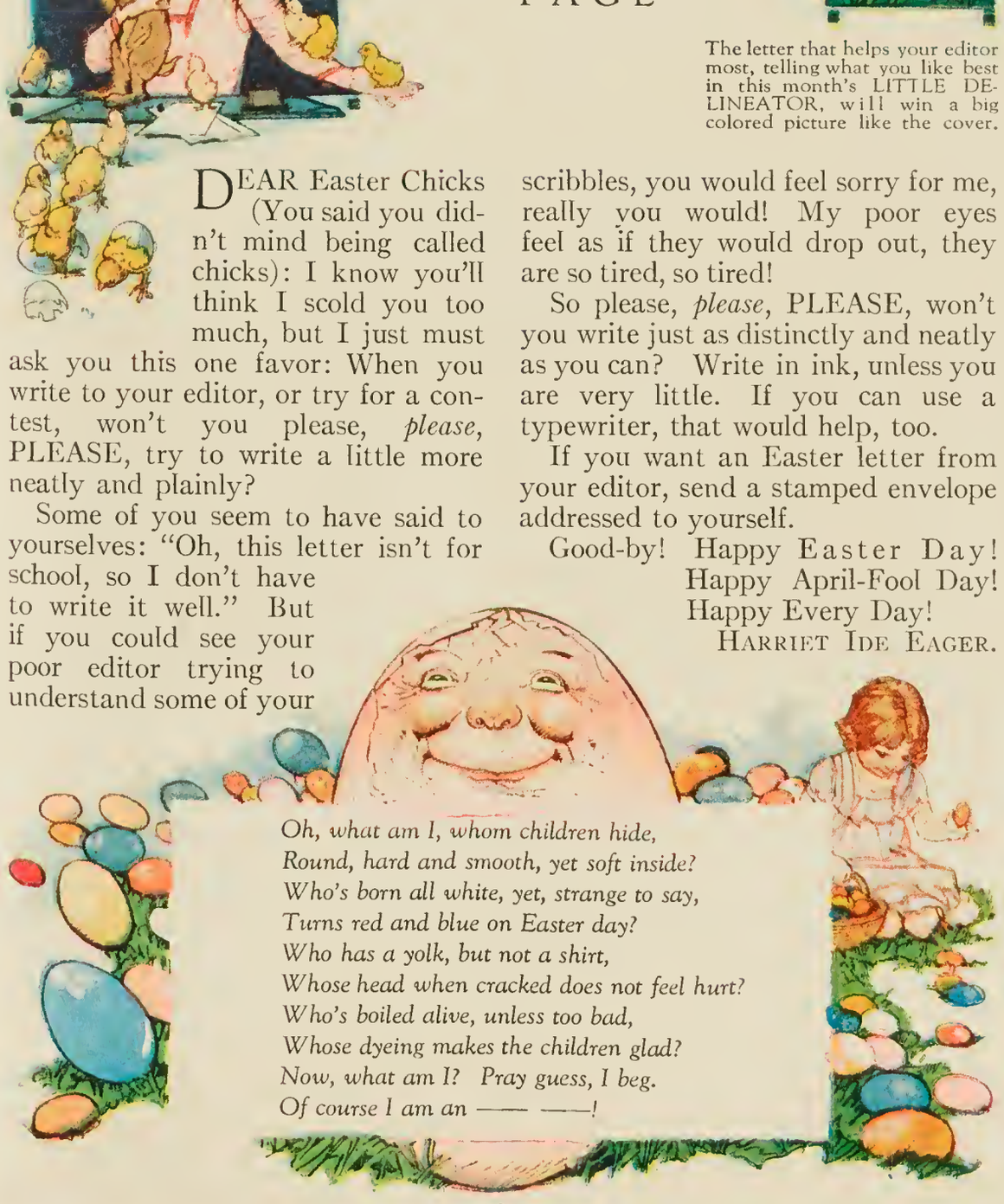
DEAR Easter Chicks (You said you didn't mind being called chicks): I know you'll think I scold you too much, but I just must ask you this one favor: When you write to your editor, or try for a contest, won't you please, *please*, PLEASE, try to write a little more neatly and plainly?

Some of you seem to have said to yourselves: "Oh, this letter isn't for school, so I don't have to write it well." But if you could see your poor editor trying to understand some of your scribbles, you would feel sorry for me, really you would! My poor eyes feel as if they would drop out, they are so tired, so tired!

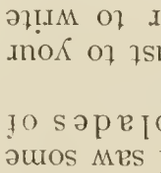
So please, *please*, PLEASE, won't you write just as distinctly and neatly as you can? Write in ink, unless you are very little. If you can use a typewriter, that would help, too.

If you want an Easter letter from your editor, send a stamped envelope addressed to yourself.

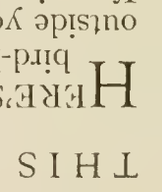
Good-by! Happy Easter Day!
Happy April-Fool Day!
Happy Every Day!
HARRIET IDE EAGER.



Oh, what am I, whom children hide,
Round, hard and smooth, yet soft inside?
Who's born all white, yet, strange to say,
Turns red and blue on Easter day?
Who has a yolk, but not a shirt,
Whose head when cracked does not feel hurt?
Who's boiled alive, unless too bad,
Whose dyeing makes the children glad?
Now, what am I? Pray guess, I beg.
Of course I am an —— ——!



THE LITTLE DELINEATOR



APRIL 1923

EDITOR—HARRIET IDE EAGER



LOOK WHAT HAPPENED TO THE EASTER FLOWERS ON THE BIG DELINEATOR COVER!

GLORY, HALLELUIAH!

Sing sweet carols, night is past,
Glory, halleluiah!
Easter sunlight breaks at last,
Glory, halleluiah!
Hear the angels' song afar
As it floats from star to star.
Sing sweet carols, night is past,
Glory, glory, halleluiah!

Children, join your Easter hymn
With the chanting cherubim.
Sing sweet carols, night is past,
Glory, glory, halleluiah!

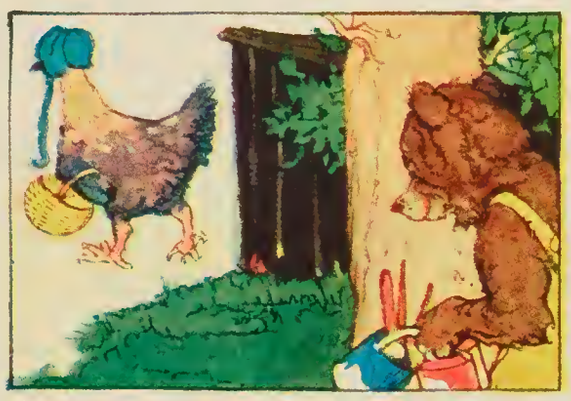
Jesus, by Thy holy arm,
Glory, halleluiah!
Keep Thy little ones from harm,
Glory, halleluiah!

Sing they now, as once of old,
Glory, halleluiah!
Striking on their harps of gold,
Glory, halleluiah!

While our Easter songs we sing,
May Thy children praises bring.
Sing sweet carols, night is past,
Glory, glory, halleluiah!



DELI-BEAR'S EASTER TRICK



"Where is my market list?" clucked Mother DELI-hen one day.
"Let's see: six worms, three grains of corn, and so she tripped away.



But DELI-bear, the naughty boy, was peeking from outside,
And look! Ma DELI-hen's white eggs are now all Easter-dyed!



"Cluck, cluck! Perhaps it's chicken-pox! Oh, oh, my eggs are sick!
"Oh, Doctor Quack! Oh, Doctor Quack! Come quick, come quick, come quick!"



"Dear me," thought DELI-bear. "I didn't mean to be so bad.
"Her eggs won't hatch. Her chicks won't come. Oh, dear, how sad, how sad!"

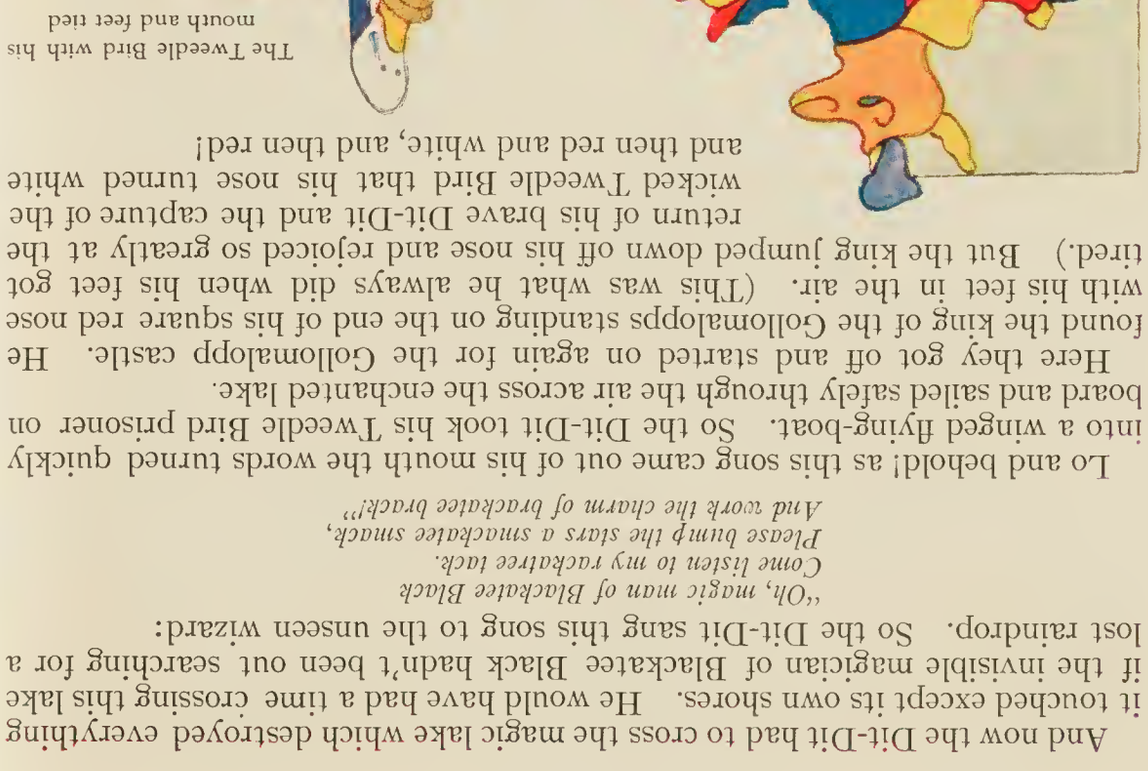


Into the barn ran DELI and crouched upon the nest
And kept the eggs all warm for hours without a minute's rest.



All night he sat, and when Ma Hen on Easter morn returned—
Oh, Happy Easter! All her eggs to colored chicks had turned!

The Tweedle Bird's Mistake



The Dit-Dit butted the Tweedle Bird out of the picture

By GEORGE NEWELL

TWEEDLE BIRD'S VERSE

There lived a wicked Tweedle Bird
Whose temper was most frightful;
He lived among the talking trees,
And they too are most spiteful.
His lack of brains and common sense
Was really very sad,
But those were things you see, my dear,
He hadn't ever had.

DIT-DIT'S VERSE

"Hie-diddle-bit-bit, razzle-razzle-dit-dit!"
Sang a cricket pit-pit, one fine day.
He hopped in my mother's ear, sang the song
so she could hear—
That's why I'm called the Dit-Dit, merry and gay.

KING'S VERSE

The Gollomalopps have a wondrous king
Who does a very peculiar thing:
When his feet get tired he stands on his nose,
Which saves a great wear and tear on his toes.

OF ALL the Gollomalopps, the Tweedle Bird hated the Dit-Dit most. But he made the mistake of his foolish life when he tried to drive this brave Dit-Dit away from the enchanted lake.

The Tweedle Bird hasn't much sense, for as soon as he spied the Dit-Dit his temper boiled over. "Get out!" he shouted, looking around the corner of his face. And strange to tell, the Dit-Dit got out—that is, he got out of *patience.*

In two swallows of a drink of water they were fighting furiously, and for a time the Dit-Dit had much the worst of it. But suddenly he butted the Tweedle Bird so hard that he knocked him completely out of the picture and right off of the page. Then quickly tying his feet and mouth, the Dit-Dit made him a prisoner.

And now the Dit-Dit had to cross the magic lake which destroyed everything it touched except its own shores. He would have had a time crossing this lake if the invisible magician of Blackatee Black hadn't been out searching for a lost raindrop. So the Dit-Dit sang this song to the unseen wizard:

"Oh, magic man of Blackatee Black
Come listen to my rackatree tack.
Please bump the stars a smackatee smack,
And work the charm of brackatee brack!"

Lo and behold! as this song came out of his mouth the words turned quickly into a winged flying-boat. So the Dit-Dit took his Tweedle Bird prisoner on board and sailed safely through the air across the enchanted lake.

Here they got off and started on again for the Gollomalopp castle. He found the king of the Gollomalopps standing on the end of his square red nose with his feet in the air. (This was what he always did when his feet got tired.) But the king jumped down off his nose and rejoiced so greatly at the return of his brave Dit-Dit and the capture of the wicked Tweedle Bird that his nose turned white and then red and white, and then red!

WIN A WOODEN GOLLOMALOPP!

MR. NEWELL, the man who invented the Gollomalopps, will make a big funny wooden Gollomalopp that stands up, for the child who writes him the funniest letter, telling: (1) which Gollomalopp you like best, and why; (2) why the Dit-Dit has pipes down his legs and spots on his neck; (3) why the Tweedle Bird has two eyes on one side.

Make your letter just as funny as you want—the funnier, the better. Whichever Gollomalopp the prize-winner likes best, is the one Mr. Newell will make.

The ten next-funniest answers will each win a pair of LITTLE DELINEATOR Monkey Clip-Clip scissors that you can use to cut out THE LITTLE DELINEATOR each month. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope if you want an answer from your editor. Letters must be in this office by April twentieth. Address Gollomalopp Contest, THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, New York City.

THE NEW IN NEW YORK

By EVELYN DODGE



Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

PEGGY WOOD WHO IS "THE CLINGING VINE" OF THE CHARMING LITTLE COMEDY WITH MUSIC OF THAT NAME

NEW YORK has seen no better days than those that are ahead of it for April and the early Spring. The park is exquisite in the pale glamourous sunshine while on the Avenue the fitful light draws a wavering pattern from the shop-windows, now changing the glass to opaque silver, now falling on the brilliant colors and Indian prints and tinsel embroideries of the show-cases.

THE very general use of prints and print colors—crayon and Indian red, sepia browns, Chinese blues and greens—for day costumes of all types has given a pronounced effect of gaiety to the Spring styles. Many of them are purposely designed for the use of the new prints, combining them with plain fabrics to give a greater value to their color and design. One dress of this genre shown in a Fifth Avenue shop is of white silk crêpe well covered with an Indian print design in apple green. The half-fitting bodice and the full skirt are of the print with a deep hem of white crêpe silk on the wide sleeves and on the skirt which is open at the front over a narrow foundation of the white crêpe. On another dress, a bertha collar and drooping side panels of very pale honey-colored silk crêpe were used on a dress of the same shade printed with arabesques in white that gave the silk something of the look of blond lace.

A DRESS that has recently arrived from Paris is made entirely of the printed silk crêpe with a colllar of a plain crêpe tied on the shoulder with ends as long as the frock itself and with a sash of the plain crêpe tied on the opposite hip. It is very simple but excessively smart. Another French dress of a similar character is usually made entirely of one material—either printed or plain—and has a jabot frill from the waistline at the center of the front and another from the neck in back.

ONE sees the printed silks everywhere—in the new hip-tied blouses, in the upper part of plain colored dresses—especially when they are part of three-piece suits, in bandanas knotted carelessly around the neck of sports blouses, in the linings of draped costume coats worn over slips or dresses of the same printed silk. The Parisian wears her costume coat to tea with just the slip beneath it, but the average American woman refuses to put her faith in a printed slip and prefers a complete dress under her coat, even though it does not show for the coat is dress length, wraps around the figure and is caught up with a draped movement very similar to the coat dress. Black or very dark brown are the smartest colors for these coats and they are being worn in heavy flat crêpe, Canton crêpes, crêpe failles and matelassés fastened with plaques of steel beads.

FOR silk dresses, the Spring ornaments have taken a lighter turn and are being made a great deal in ribbon, with rosettes and bouquets and chrysanthemum-like flowers made of short loops. There are ribbons of black and white and the gay colors of apple green, geranium, and lavender picoted with gilt or silver, the narrow double-faced ribbons in two colors—French blue and lavender, powder blue and rose, marron and citron, jonquil yellow with stem green, silver green with silver gray—endless combinations and all of them perfectly charming, especially for young girls' dancing dresses.

SOULIÉ'S SKETCHES SENT FROM THE DELINEATOR'S PARIS ESTABLISHMENT PORTRAY THE EVENING WRAP, THE DAY-TIME WRAP-AROUND, AND A PRINT DRESS



The intimate parts of the three-piece costume fit together so perfectly that it is difficult to tell whether they compose a coat, a coat dress, or a suit. Philippe et Gaston use gray rep with gray crêpe printed in black and rust color for a suit in which the rep makes the jacket and draped skirt, while the printed silk is used for the bodice and scarf sash



In a coat of Rodier's Tongui tissu the back swings away from the lower part above the belt presenting the effect of an Eton jacket and narrow skirt. The collar and sleeve are trimmed with flat volants of the gray silk. From Lucien Lelong



A chiffon dress that bears the print of the season in black and yellow on a mulberry-pink ground is draped up in front. It has a frill of monkey fur at the shoulders and a bouquet of black-velvet leaves at the belt. From Béchoff

An evening wrap that is both a cape and a coat is made of astrakhan eased into a shoulder yoke and collared and hemmed with gray fox. The cape falls straight at the sides and the coat is bloused slightly over a cord girdle tied in front. From Max

Ermine has had a great vogue this year in white and the pale café au lait color of Summer ermine for the short blouse jacket, and in white over a brilliant color in velvet or brocade for evening. Max uses it for a delightful evening coat with wide sleeves and a deep pelerine collar

THE STRAIGHT-FROM-THE-SHOULDER METHOD PREVAILS IN MANY OF THE SPRING MODELS



Fine plaits step out from the sides of a straight dress of gray crêpella made with a vest of blue crêpe embroidered in a Russian design. The undersleeves are also of the blue crêpe. From Molyneux



For the last days of Cannes and Biarritz Jean Patou designs an ample coat of yellow kashavella with a collar ending in an embroidered scarf of white crêpe with similar embroidery on the dress of white plaited crêpe beneath

A "Robe de Riviera," which presages the frocks of early Summer, is a straight chemise dress of very fine blue voile with insertions of white cotton and deeper blue. It blouses over a narrow belt of blue kid. From Goupy

Black silk takes naturally to snail ruchings and plaited frills, and the rococo styles in trimmings. Georgette uses faille fringed into narrow ruches on a flared coat of black faille with a quaint and graceful sleeve. The Parisienne wears a coat of this kind as a costume for the races or for tea



A charming dress from Nicole Groult is made with a body of yellow serge embroidered with brown, black and cherry color above a draped skirt of black cashmere. The hat, also by Groult, is a black lacquered gauze with an embroidered medallion set in a ribbon ruche

BLOUSES WITH KERCHIEF COLLARS, HIP-BANDS, OR TIES MAKE A NATURAL SELECTION OF NEW SKIRTS



Blouse 4373



4385



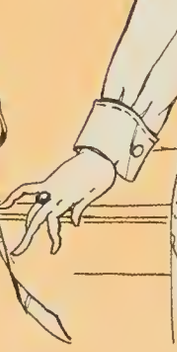
4251



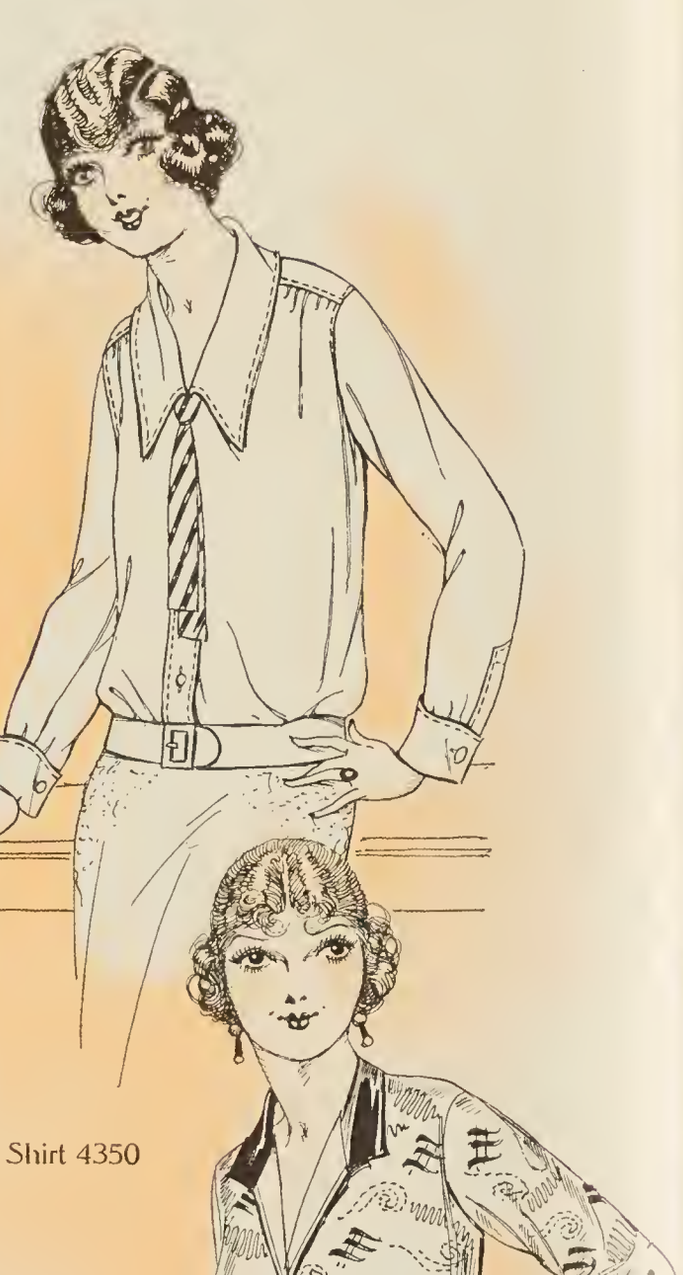
Blouse 4385
Skirt 4251



Morning dress 4391



4391



Shirt 4350



Blouse 4389
Embroidery design 10994



Blouse 4377
Embroidery design 10118

4385—4251—"Score one" is made by a blouse with a handkerchief collar of the slip-over type worn over an accordion plaited straight skirt joined to a camisole body. One may omit the kerchief and the skirt may be side-plaited.

36 bust and 38 hip requires 2¼ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine, 1 handkerchief 31 inches square and 2¾ yards 42-inch wool crêpe (skirt on camisole body). Lower edge, plaits out, 2⅞ yards.

The blouse and skirt are smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust and 35 to 42½ hip.

4391—Gingham, striped madras, percale, cotton crêpe or cotton prints, etc., make a very becoming one-piece morning dress to slip on over the head. One may use chambray, cotton ratine, plain and figured sateen, etc. The lower edge is straight. Lower edge 59 inches.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards 32-inch and ⅝ yard 40-inch organdy for the collar, cuffs, and pocket laps.

The morning dress is new for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4373—Fulness is caught into a band effect at the side of this blouse on the slip-over order, in printed crêpes, printed silks, crêpe satin, heavy silk crêpes, silk eponge, matelassé, pongee, silk jersey, etc. One may use crêpe de Chine, Georgette, or cotton voile, braided, embroidered or beaded to give body to the material.

36 bust requires 2⅛ yards 39-inch printed silk.

The blouse is new for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4389—10994—From Fashion's listening-post come rumors of the popularity of such a blouse of the slip-over type, with a hip-band. The cross-stitch embroidery adds a bright note. Work it in peasant colors. Use printed crêpes, printed silks, crêpe satin, etc., or crêpe de Chine, Georgette, or cotton voile, braided, etc.

36 bust requires 2 yards 39-inch crêpe satin.

The blouse is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4361—One finds an agreeable walking mate in this two-piece skirt of homespun, tweeds, wool eponge, basket weaves, prunella, wool crêpe, wool poplin, or cotton homespun, cotton ratine, etc. It has a 1¼-inch inside belt (the top of the belt coming at a normal waistline) and a set-in pocket. Lower edge 1⅞ yard.

38 hip requires 1¼ yard 54-inch wool poplin (with piecing at center back).

The skirt is for ladies 35 to 49½ hip.



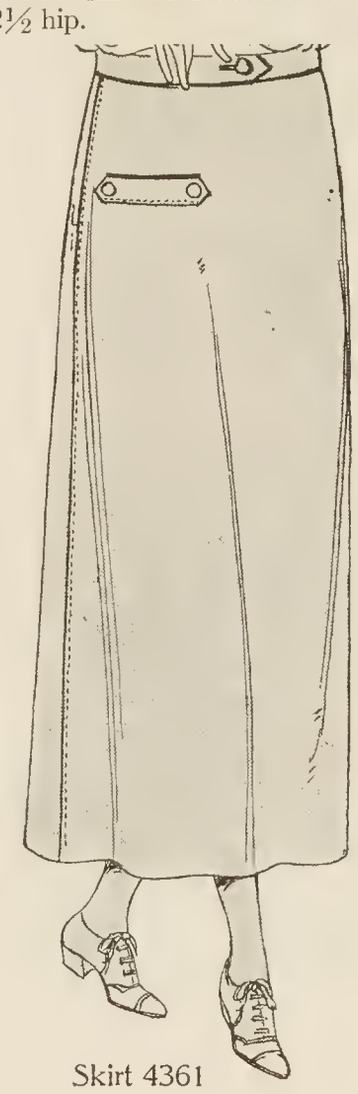
4373



4389



4361



Skirt 4361



Skirt 4370



4350



4377



4370

4350—One finds practical comfort in a shirt in mannish style, with a neckband and a removable one-piece collar or an open neck. The sports length is marked for a shorter length and there may be a French or plain cuff. Use crêpe de Chine, habutai silk, pongee, dimity, madras, etc. It is a practical shirt for stout figures.

36 bust requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch soft radium silk for blouse in shorter length.

The shirt is for ladies 32 to 50 bust.

4377—10118—A tie-on blouse with a surplice opening and an all-over design is smart. Work it in a combination of outline, running-stitch and satin-stitch. Metallic threads are new. Use heavy silk crêpes, satin, crêpe satin, etc., or heavy printed silk crêpes, printed silks, satin or cottons, etc.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 39-inch Canton crêpe.

The blouse is for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

4370—Skirts this season wrap around the figure as this one-piece skirt with a casing of elastic at a normal waistline. Use homespun, eponge, basket weaves, checks, plaids, stripes, tweeds or Canton crêpe, sports silks or satins, etc., or for Summer, cotton homespun, cotton ratine, etc.

38 hip requires 1¼ yard 54-inch novelty stripe wool. Lower edge 48 inches.

The skirt is good style for ladies 35 to 45 hip.

APRIL SHARES HONORS WITH A CAPE, DRAPED COAT, AND THE ETON JACKET OVER NEW DRESSES



4397—A cape to match or of checked material is often a welcome covering to this one-piece dress with a Russian closing. Use wool rep, wool crêpe, twills, tricotine, kasha, serge, duvetyn, tweeds, homespun, or checks.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards 54-inch wool rep. Lower edge 51 inches.

The dress and cape are useful for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4399—10706—A straight cape with a deep yoke, of soft surfaced woolens or duvetyn or silk crêpes, satin, etc., is desirable for day; and for evening one uses velvet or satin all one, etc., Braiding is smart. The design may be done in couching, chain-stitch, or outline. Lower edge 2¼ yards.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch satin (cut crosswise).

The cape is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4398—The Eton jacket may omit the sleeves over the dress with a straight skirt joined at a low waistline and of the slip-over type. Use soft twill. wool rep, soft serge with a dress body of printed or plain silk crêpe, etc. Lower edge 52 inches.

36 bust requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch soft twill and 1¾ yard 39-inch printed silk crêpe.

The suit is becoming to ladies 32 to 40 bust.

4393—Sash ties flutter gracefully from the shoulder and at the waistline of this one-piece dress on the slip-over order. Make it of crêpe satin, Canton crêpe, heavy flat crêpe, or crêpe Roma, crêpe de Chine embroidered or beaded, or of printed satin crêpe, etc.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards 39-inch crêpe satin. Lower edge 53 inches.

The dress is fashionable for ladies 33 to 42 bust, also misses.

4386—The front drapes and the back blouses gracefully on a coat of Canton crêpe, crêpe faille, heavy flat crêpe, matelassé, etc. There is a short lining provided at the back to hold the blouse in position. The new collar is smart.

36 bust requires 5⅛ yards 39-inch Canton crêpe.

The coat is a formal type for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4395—A French-inspired ornament and the two-piece circular skirt joined at a low waistline distinguish this dress as new. Use crêpe satin, charmeuse, silk crêpes, satin crêpe, novelty crêpe de Chine, or soft twills, etc. Lower edge 2½ yards.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch crêpe satin and 1¼ yard 39-inch printed silk.

The dress is attractive for ladies 34 to 48 bust.

4396—The younger generation appropriates the Eton jacket as its own and wears it over a slip-over dress with a straight skirt joining a printed or plain silk crêpe body at a low waistline. The sleeves may be omitted. Use soft twill, serge, etc.,

16 years requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch tricotine and 1⅜ yard 39-inch printed silk. Lower edge 47 inches.

The suit is for misses 16 to 20. It is also nice for small women.

BRIGHT BANDANAS MAKE AN ACTIVE RAID ON YOUTHFUL COSTUMES

4353—There is a distinctly holiday air to this one-piece dress with a dainty guimpe, which is separate and can therefore be rejuvenated. The dress slips on over the head. Use twill, heavy wool crêpe, wool rep, wool poplin, tricotine, serge, kasha with vestee of organdy, linen, silk broadcloth, satin, etc., or use checked or plaid homespun with plain homespun, light-weight tweed, flannel, eponge, etc. Lower edge 49 inches.

17 years or 34 bust requires 2⅛ yards of 54-inch wool rep.

The dress is attractive for misses 16 to 18 or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

Dress 4353

Dress 4335
Embroidery
design 10917

Coat 4369
Dress 4306

4369 — 4306 — Paris proposes this very youthful suit for the young girl, fitting the straight coat very snugly over the hips of a dress with a Russian closing. The dress has a one-piece draped skirt joined at a low waistline. Use heavy silk crêpe, with the coat braided or embroidered and a body of contrasting silk crêpe, or wool crêpe, wool poplin, wool rep, with body of silk crêpes, etc.

16 years requires 3¾ yards 39-inch heavy silk crêpe (including tubing trimming) and 1⅝ yards 39-inch contrasting color. Lower edge 47 inches.

The coat is smart for misses 16 to 18 or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies, and the dress for misses 16 to 20, also small women.



4353

Dress 4379

4335—10917—For shopping, luncheon or the matinée one would find a one-piece coat dress extremely useful. The circular flare is joined at the closing edge. The embroidery is a deft touch. Work in satin-stitch, outline or chain-stitch. Use wool poplin, wool rep, wool crêpes, soft twills, tricotine, serge, wool ratine, wool eponge, heavy silk crêpes, etc.

17 years requires 2¼ yards 54-inch wool poplin and ¼ yard 36-inch flannel.

The coat dress is suitable for misses 16 to 18, or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

4379—A Russian closing is reenforced with one-stitch on this one-piece dress with separate bloomers. Use chambray, gingham, cotton crêpe, cotton pongee, light-weight cotton prints, silk pongee, crêpe de Chine or wool jersey.

12 years requires 4 yards 32-inch silk pongee.

The dress is attractive for juniors and girls 6 to 15 years.

4384—Hand-made crochet balls and trimming beads are appropriate on a dress of the slip-over type. It has a straight lower edge and separate bloomers. Use cotton crêpe, cotton pongee, light-weight cotton prints, gingham, chambray or crêpe de Chine, pongee, taffeta or wool jersey.

4 years requires 1⅞ yard 32-inch checked gingham and ⅜ yard 32-inch contrasting for bands.

The dress is useful for little girls 2 to 6.



4379

Dress 4384



4384



4279

Dress 4279
Hat 4318
Embroidery 10981

Dress 4394



4335



4369



4392

Dress 4392



4306

4392—If one keeps step with grown-ups, a one-piece dress with the new handkerchief neck is a necessity. It slips on over the head and may omit the kerchief and a casing of elastic at a low waistline. Use wool crepe, soft twills, serge, etc., with printed silk handkerchief, or printed silk, etc., or cotton ratine with printed cotton kerchief, etc.

12 years requires 2¼ yards 32-inch pongee and 1 handkerchief 26 inches square.

The dress is attractive for juniors and girls 6 to 15 years.

4279—4318—10981—She may feel a pardonable pride in a one-piece dress of the slip-over type, and a hat of taffeta, satin, corded silks, etc. The peasant embroidery is decorative. Work it in colors. Use wool crêpe, serge, tricotine, soft twills, wool jersey, etc.

12 years requires 2 yards 54-inch serge and ½ yard 35-inch taffeta and ¼ yard 35-inch taffeta for crown of hat.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15, and the hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

4394—An April blooming in this slip-over dress of crêpe satin, charmeuse, heavy silk crêpes, satin crêpes, or heavy crêpe de Chine, is refreshing. It is in one piece at the front and back. The circular sides and a foundation are joined at a low waistline. Lower edge in plain outline, 2¾ yards.

16 years requires 3½ yards 39-inch silk crêpe.

The dress is smart for misses 16 to 20 years.

AN EASTER OFFERING IN FABRIC FLOWERS AND FRENCH ORNAMENTS

4295—A braided girdle and a bertha slashed on the shoulders are partified points on a one-piece dress of the slip-over type. Make it of gingham, chambray, cotton prints, linen, with a dimity bertha, or of pongee with a bertha of the same material in contrasting color, etc.

12 years requires 1¾ yard of 42-inch wool crêpe.

The dress is becoming to juniors and girls 8 to 15.

4358—10799—Easter surprises should include a dress of nainsook, lawn, cotton voile, mull, dimity, handkerchief linen, etc. It may have fulness under the arm by an inverted plait; when there is a straight lower edge, or it can be made with a gored seam. The sprays are delicate. Work in eyelets, satin-stitch or French knots.

2 years requires 1⅜ yard of 36-inch batiste.

The dress is dainty for children and infants up to 3 years.

Dress 4295

Dress 4345

Dress 4358 Embroidery design 10799

Dress 4311

4295

4358

4359

4311

Dress 4359

4359—The styles of long ago have bequeathed us the basque waist of this *robe de style* in taffeta, gros de Londres, or crêpe satin. The quaint puff sleeve and the puffing at the lower part of the full skirt have a fresh look. Hand-made French ornaments at either side of the slightly low waistline are new. The dress closes under the left arm and the straight full skirt joins a slightly long body lining.

16 years requires 4¾ yards of 39-inch gros de Londres. Lower edge 2⅞ yards.

The dress is quaint for misses 16 to 20.

4345—A Colonial bouquet and a shimmering party dress of taffeta or gros de Londres trimmed with French rosettes are the right combination for success at Spring parties. The dress slips on over the head and has a gathered straight skirt joining a long body. The skirt may be accordion or side plaited; if plaited, use Canton crêpe, satin crêpe, taffeta, etc. There may be a body lining.

17 years requires 4⅛ yards of 35-inch taffeta. Lower edge 2⅞ yards.

The dress is smart for misses 16 to 20 years; it is also nice for small women.

4356—10734—One can slip very easily under the spell of such a dress with a scalloped lower edge and fulness over the shoulders. There is a straight lower edge to this dress of the slip-over type. Make it of voile, dotted voile, dimity, batiste, lawn, nainsook, handkerchief linen, cotton crêpe, or of soft pongee or crêpe de Chine. The flower spray is dainty. Work it in satin-stitch, eyelets and French stemming.

6 years requires 1½ yard of 35-inch taffeta.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 8 years.

Dress 4356 Embroidery design 10734

4345

4356

4271

Dress 4271

4309

Dress 4309

4311—It is flowering time for frocks, and fabric roses bloom on the waistline of this dress on the slip-over order. The draped skirt joins a long body lining. Use crêpe satin, satin crêpe, silk crêpes, or taffeta of one material or with a bertha of lace, embroidered net, crêpe de Chine, or Georgette, or use printed crêpes or printed silk with a crêpe de Chine or Georgette bertha.

17 years requires 3⅛ yards of 35-inch printed silk. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is graceful for misses 16 to 20 years.

4309—Sides are almost but not quite floor length on the two-piece circular skirt joined at a low waistline of this dress. It slips on over the head and has a long body lining. Use taffeta, printed crêpes, silk crêpes, satin crêpes, crêpe satin, crêpe de Chine, with a bertha of organdy, batiste, lace, Georgette, embroidered net or crêpe de Chine. Lower edge in plain outline, 2½ yards.

16 years requires 3½ yards 35-inch taffeta and 15½ yards lace edging.

The dress is attractive for misses 16 to 20 years.

4271—One can have a happy Easter in such a dress with straight lower edge and separate bloomers. It slips on over the head. One length of wool jersey tubing will make this dress without bloomers. Use small-figured challis, crêpe de Chine, taffeta, pongee, or use cotton prints, pin-checked gingham, pin-dot swiss, dimity, chambray, cotton crêpe, cotton voile, colored sateen, or black sateen trimmed with bright-colored embroidery, etc.

4 years requires 2 yards of 36-inch cotton print.

The dress is quaint for little girls 2 to 6.



Dress 4280



Dress 4313



Dress 4325



Dress 4341



Dress 4343

Dress 4349

Dress 4351



Other views and descriptions of these dresses are on page 90

Dress 4349

Dress 4339

Coat dress 4335
Monogram design 10130

Dress 4353

Coat frock 4334
Embroidery design 10917

Other views and descriptions of these costumes are on page 90

Dress 4338
Embroidery design 10994

Dress 4310

Dress 4322
Embroidery
design 10823

Dress 4360

Dress 4336

Suit 4354
Embroidery
design 10939

Dress 4362

Suit 4344

Coat 4342
Cap 4378
Smocking design 10592

Other views and descriptions of these garments are on page 91

Dress 4326
Embroidery design 10833
Smocking design 10134

Dress 4315
Embroidery design 10118

Dress 4367

Dress 4328

Dress 4345
Monogram design 10787

Dress 4365

Dress 4363
Embroidery
design 10806

Dress 4347

Dress 4351

Other views and descriptions of these dresses are on page 92

Dress 4355

Dress 4337
Embroidery
design 10120

Dress 4341

Dress 4325

Dress 4343
Embroidery design 10945

Other views and descriptions of these dresses are on page 93



Dress 4346



Dress 4383



Coat 4369
Dress 4349
Embroidery design 10123



Dress 4372



Dress 4368
Embroidery design 10138



Dress 4376



Dress 4357
Embroidery design 10871

Other views and descriptions of these costumes are on page 93

CLOTHES ONE WILL WEAR OUT TO PLAY, TO SCHOOL, OR ON EASTER MORNING



4374—10966—Ready for a day of play in her new dress with separate bloomers! It slips on over the head and has a straight lower edge. Use chambray, pin-check gingham, cotton crêpe, cotton pongee, light-weight cotton prints, or pongee or crêpe de Chine. The pocket motifs are gay. Work in appliqué or outline.

4 years requires 2 yards 32-inch cotton crêpe and ⅜ yard 32-inch contrasting material for collar, cuffs, leg-bands and pockets.

The dress is quaint for little girls 2 to 6 years.

4285—10111—A new dress is of equal importance with one's Easter bonnet. This dress slips on over the head and has a straight skirt joined to a long body in a decorative outline. The embroidery is bright. Work in cross-stitch and beading. Use wool crêpe, soft twills, tricotine, serge, with silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine, or cotton ratine with cotton crêpe, etc.

11 years requires 1⅛ yard 42-inch serge and 1⅛ yard 39-inch silk crêpe.

The dress is becoming to juniors and girls 8 to 15.

4375—10799—April babies wax happy in a batiste dress or nainsook Vassar slip which may serve as a nightgown. Both garments are 25 inches long and may have high or round necks. If inverted fulness comes under the arm, there is a straight lower edge, or there may be a gored underarm seam. The flower sprays on the dress are exquisite. They are easily done.

The infants' dress, View A, requires 1½ yard 36-inch batiste, and the slip, View B, requires 1¾ yard 36-inch batiste.

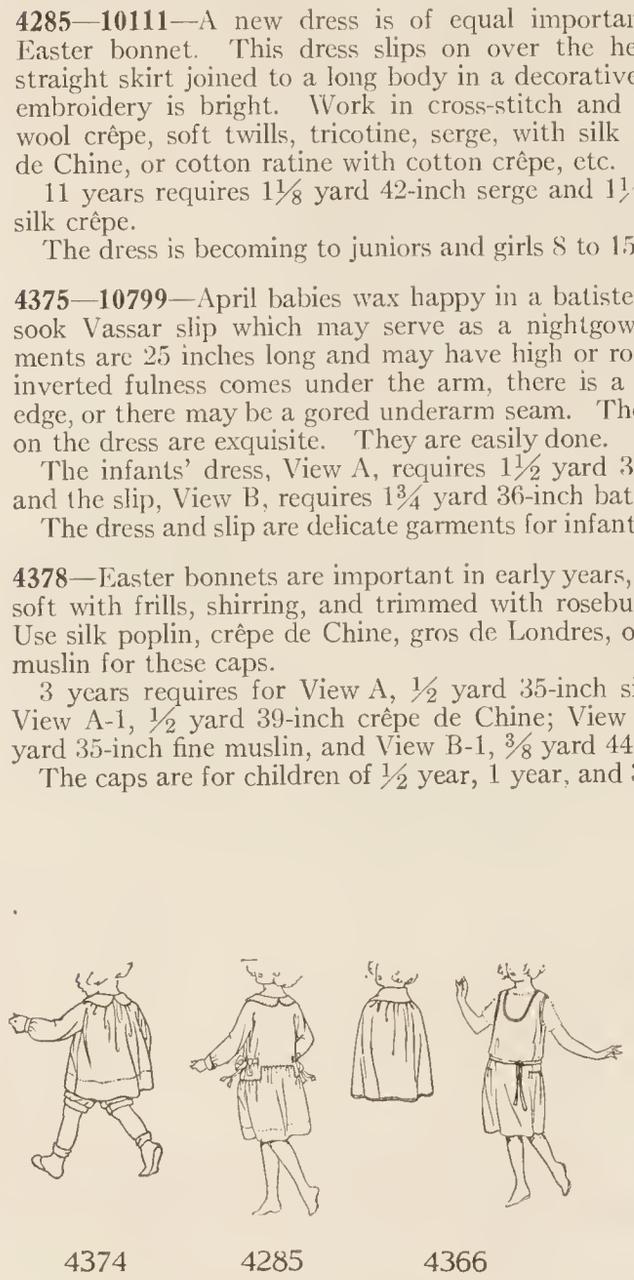
The dress and slip are delicate garments for infants.

4378—Easter bonnets are important in early years, and should be soft with frills, shirring, and trimmed with rosebuds or rosettes. Use silk poplin, crêpe de Chine, gros de Londres, organdy or fine muslin for these caps.

3 years requires for View A, ½ yard 35-inch silk poplin; for View A-1, ½ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine; View B requires ⅜ yard 35-inch fine muslin, and View B-1, ⅜ yard 44-inch organdy.

The caps are for children of ½ year, 1 year, and 3 years.





4366—3749—4318—With a straight ca and sleveless frock of homespun, w jersey, soft twills, tricotine, etc., o wears a blouse of cotton voile, batiste, e and a hat with fabric trimming. T frock has a straight lower edge.

12 years requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch pl and ¼ yard 54-inch plain homespun, the cape and frock, and for the blouse yard 36-inch cotton voile.

The cape and frock are for juniors a girls and the blouse for girls 6 to 15, t hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

4380—One can not fail to be joyful in new suit with jacket over a frilled blou and straight trousers. The blouse crêpe de Chine, pongee, wash satin, Chi silk is worn with a bolero jacket a trousers of velvet, corduroy, silk popl shantung, ratine or moire. One can u cotton poplin with serge or corduroy.

4 years requires 1¼ yard 36-inch lin and 1⅝ yard 32-inch dimity.

The suit is practical for little boys to 6 years.

4352—4018—Spring magic makes o long for a new blouse coat of soft-surfac woolen coatings, wool crêpe, wool re tricotine, heavy silk crêpe, etc., and new hat of ribbon and satin. The lini of the coat holds the blouse in position.

12 years and 21¼ inches head measu require 2¼ yards 54-inch wool rep i coat, 7 yards 1¼-inch ribbon and ⅜ ya 36-inch satin for hat.

The blouse coat is smart for junio and girls 8 to 15, the hat for girls a little girls 2 to 12 years.

4242—4364—Boyish spirits rejoice in sports blouse with a convertible collar flannel or silk shirtings, cotton shirtin madras, percale, and trousers of serg mixtures, flannel, cheviot or corduro chambray, khaki, duck, linen, or cras and which may have a fly.

8 years requires 1⅜ yard 32-inch cha bray and ⅝ yard 54-inch wool mixture

The sports blouse is for boys 4 to 1 and the trousers for boys 3 to 10 years.

ESSENTIAL GARMENTS FOR WELL-ORDERED HOUSEHOLDS



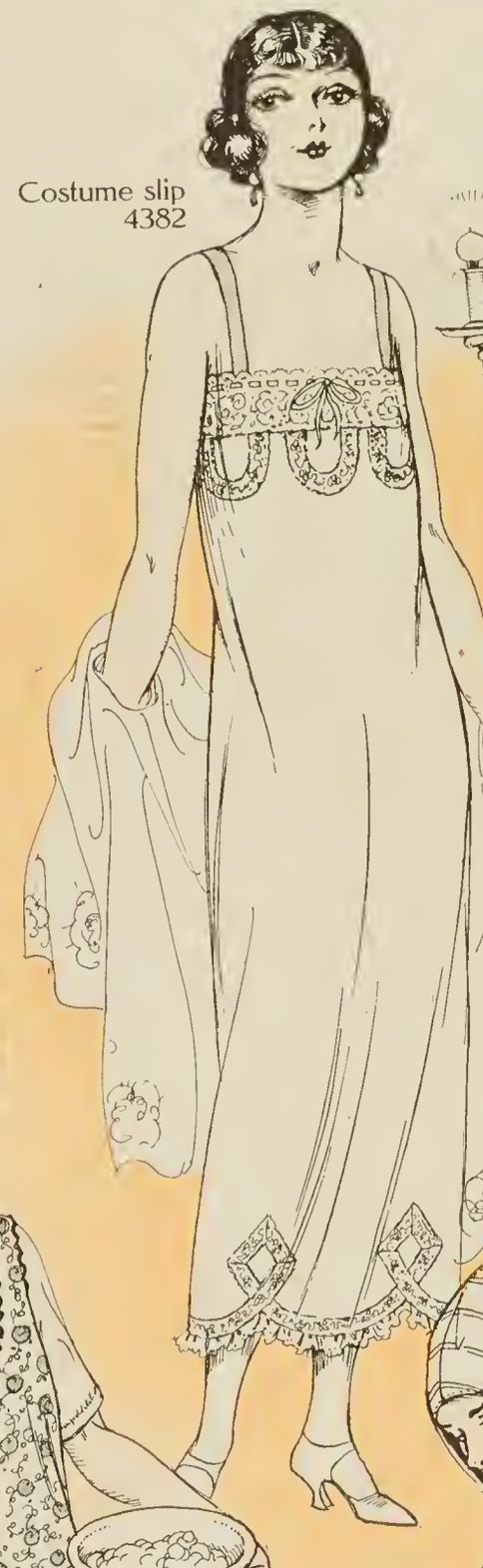
Negligée 4371
Embroidery design 10797

4371—10797—One can coax relaxation in a negligée or lounging robe draped gracefully in front. One may omit the sleeve or collar. The embroidery is delicate. Work in beading or French knots and satin-stitch, etc. Use crêpe de Chine, crêpe-back satin, all one, or with Georgette, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine and 1⅜ yard 40-inch chiffon.

The negligée is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4371



Costume slip
4382

4382—A costume slip is necessary under the transparent or silk dresses of Spring. It has an inverted plait at the back. Use crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, charmeuse, radium, habutai silk, nainsook, etc. Lower edge, plaits drawn out, 1½ yard.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The costume slip is new for ladies 32 to 48 bust.



Nightgown 4381
Embroidery design
10979



Breakfast coat 4387

4381—10979—A new type of slip-over nightgown has a kimono sleeve and straight lower edge. A motif is smart. It may be done in color. Use nainsook, long-cloth, batiste, handkerchief linen, crêpe de Chine, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch radium.

The nightgown is new for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

4387—Quaint shell ruching is used on a breakfast coat or negligée of cotton crêpe, cotton voile, dotted swiss, silk and cotton crêpe de Chine, soft taffeta, etc.

16 years requires 3¼ yards 36-inch taffeta silk.

The breakfast coat is attractive for misses 16 to 20, also small women.



Apron 4348

4348—Cozy kitchen aprons are bright in cretonne, cotton prints, cotton crêpe, percale, gingham or chambray. The large pockets and sash are attractive features of this apron.

36 bust requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch cotton print.

The apron is gay for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4388

4388—Separate hood and feet emphasize the usefulness of this sleeping garment of outing flannel or Canton flannel. It may be worn outdoors or indoors when the weather is cool.

38 breast requires 5⅞ yards 36-inch outing flannel.

The sleeping garment is practical for persons 32 to 48 bust or breast.

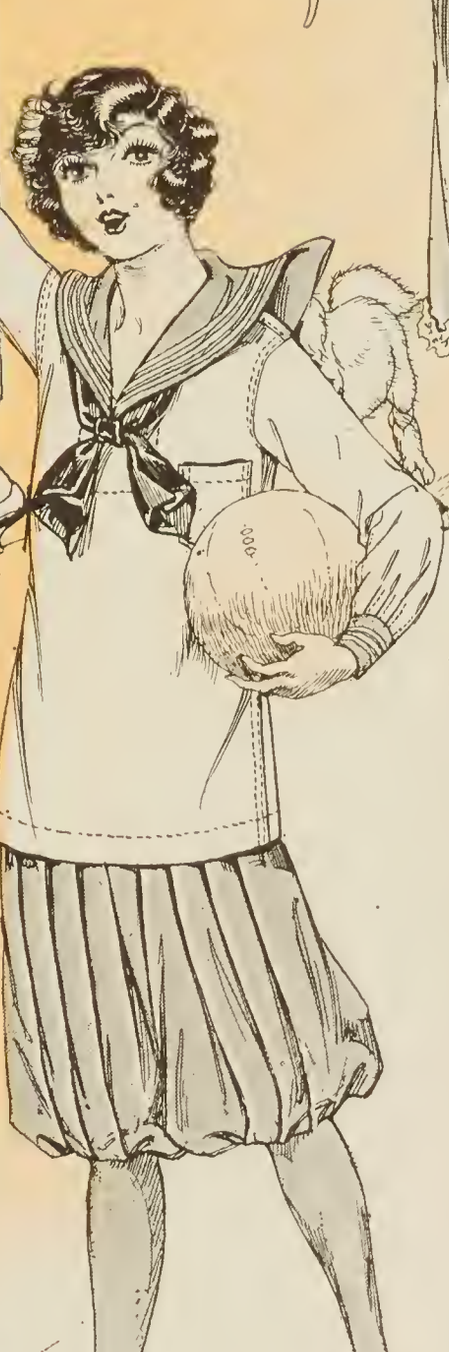
4382 4348



Sleeping garment
4388

Drawers 4340





Middy blouse
3797
Bloomers
4390

3797 4390

4387 4381

3797 — 4390 — A middy blouse of white jean with removable collar of colored flannel or cotton, etc., goes over plaited bloomers with a choice of inside pocket and a gusset, and of serge, brilliantine, etc. They are for gymnasium, hiking, general sports wear, etc.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2⅝ yard 36-inch drill, ⅝ yard 36-inch contrasting material and 2⅛ yards 54-inch serge for bloomers.

The middy blouse and bloomers are for ladies 32 to 44 bust, and 35 to 47½ hip.

4340—Straight drawers of nainsook, cambric or muslin may have a lace edging. They are easy to make.

9 years requires 1 yard 36-inch muslin.

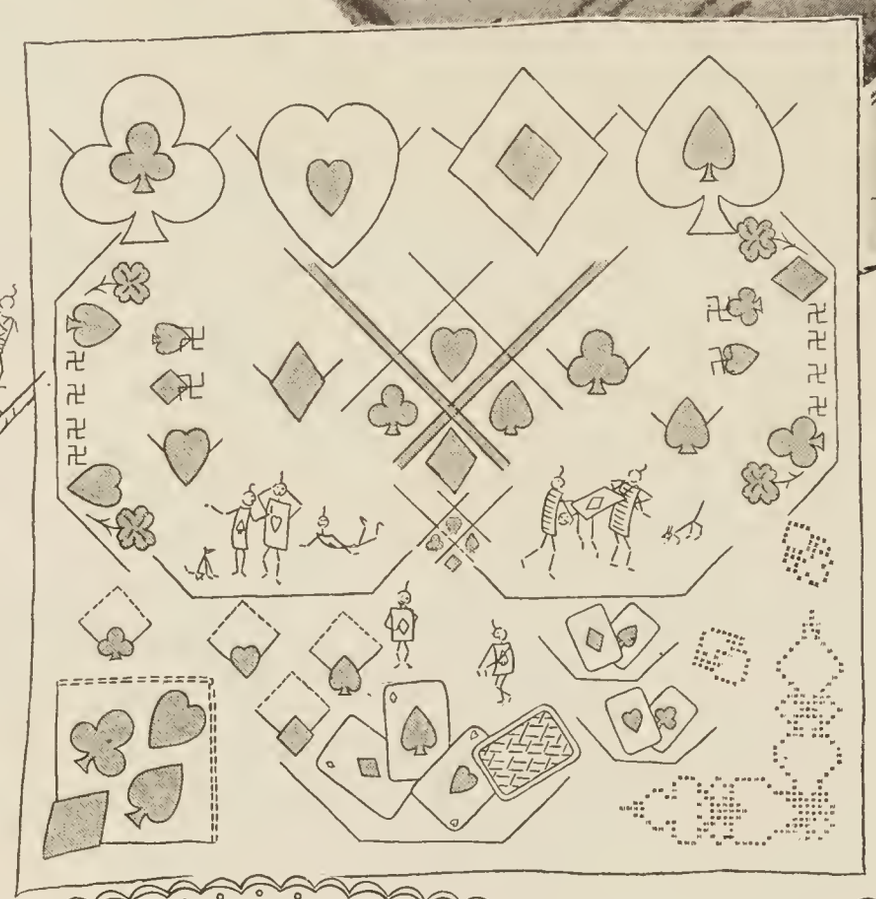
The drawers are nice for girls 1 to 14 years.

A COLOR TOUCH FOR COSTUMES, COVERS FOR CARD-TABLES, NEW DOILIES FOR DINING-ROOMS, AND A FRESH BEDSPREAD



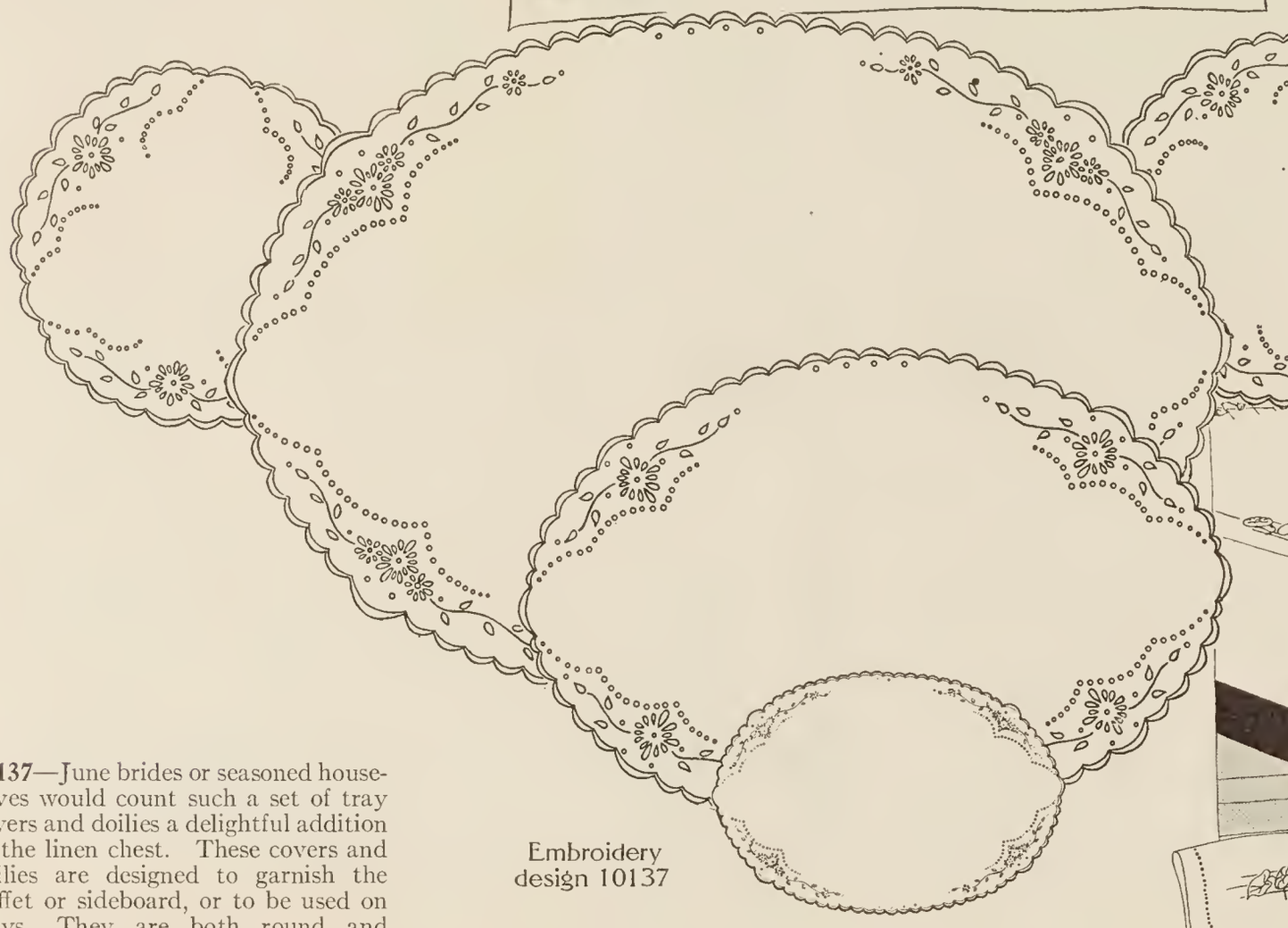
Embroidery design 10138

10138—If one desires just a spot of bright color on a costume and a monogram is not especially suitable, the motifs of this new design are quite the correct substitute. Both the banding and motifs may be worked very easily in a combination of satin-stitch and outline embroidery. They are suitable for use on dresses, the new blouses, children's clothes, and hats, especially of the sports variety. The design can be adapted to 1¾ yard of 3¾-inch banding, 5 yards of 1-inch banding, 1¾ yard of ⅜-inch banding, four corner motifs and seventy-one assorted motifs.



Embroidery design 10139

10139—Clever disguises for card-tables add zest to bridge luncheons and are a most indispensable aid to the particular hostess. The symbolic corners and motifs of this design are to be used on card-table covers and for napkins to match the covers. They should be worked in outline stitch, one-stitch and appliqué embroidery. This design can be adapted to seven card-table covers in seven assorted designs and a double quantity for appliqué with three of these designs.



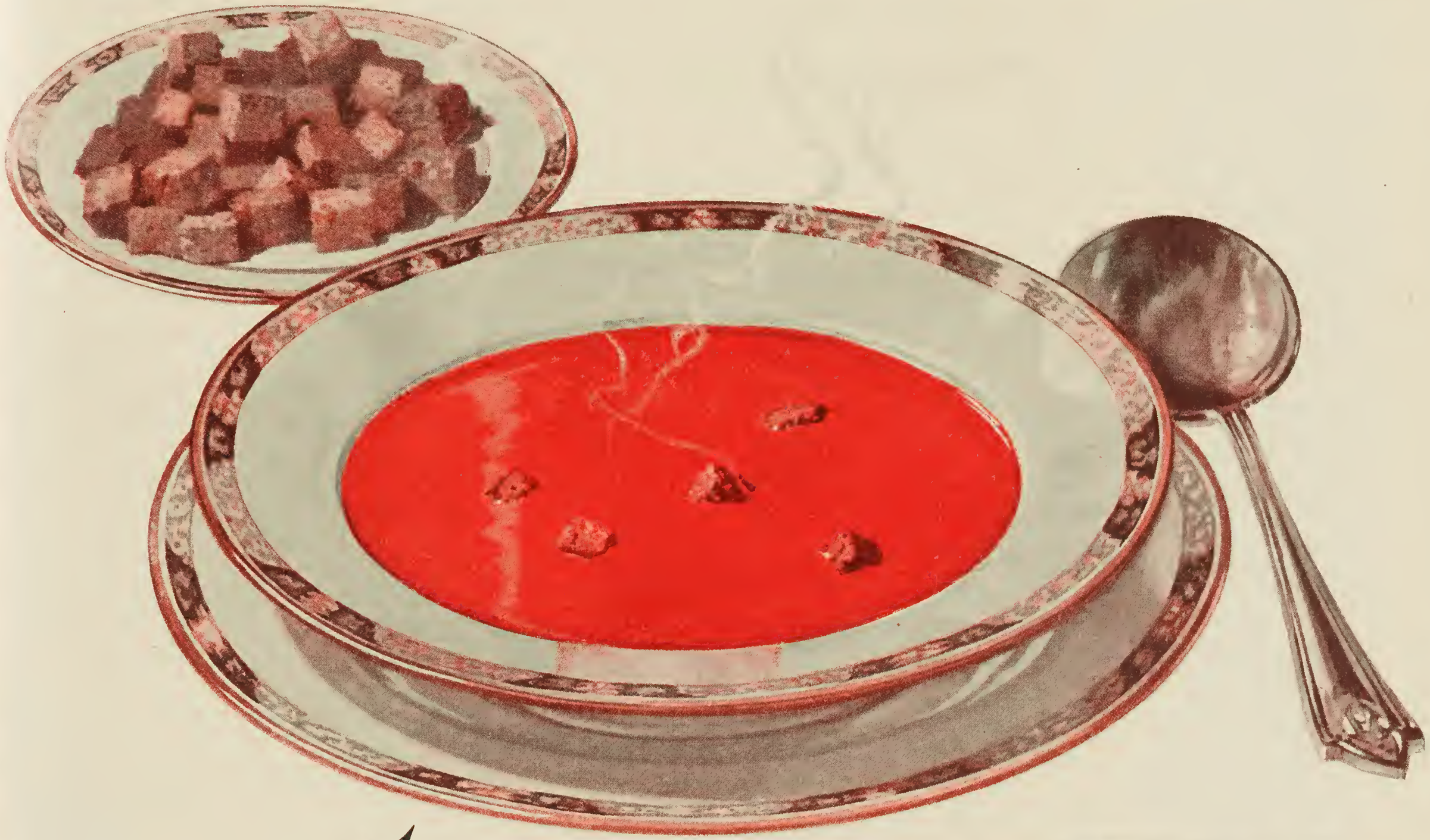
Embroidery design 10137

10137—June brides or seasoned housewives would count such a set of tray covers and doilies a delightful addition to the linen chest. These covers and doilies are designed to garnish the buffet or sideboard, or to be used on trays. They are both round and oval shaped; the oval shape is somewhat newer than round doilies. They may be used on the luncheon or serving table if one desires. The design on these linens goes very quickly in a combination of eyelets, French stemming, padded satin-stitch and scallops. The design can be adapted to one doily 25 by 17 inches, one doily 18½ by 12½ inches, one doily 9½ by 6¼ inches, and two doilies 10 inches in diameter.



Embroidery design 10140

10140—Morning-glories in pastel colorings are delightful decoration for a boudoir. The flowers may even be used on curtains or the cover and pincushion for a dressing-table if one desires to carry out a definite decorative scheme. This design can be worked in a combination of outline and appliqué embroidery. Chambray or linen in pink, lavender, or morning-glory blue make a satisfactory appliqué. The design can be adapted to four large corners with sufficient banding to join them for a double or three-quarter bed, four corners to form a center motif and a duplicate of the end of each flower for appliqué.



A soup to grace any table!

A glance at this rich puree, a breath or two of its delicious fragrance—and your hand is on its way to the spoon! Artist-chefs create this soup. Nature gives to it the tonic spice of pure tomato juices and the "meat" of the finest fruit, strained to exquisite smoothness. Golden butter enriches it and heightens its flavor and nourishment. All the arts and sciences of the famous Campbell's kitchens are lavished upon it. Here is your appetite's temptation. Here is your good health's delightful ally. Here, in each spoonful, you *taste* the worldwide reputation of Campbell's Tomato Soup.

Cream of Tomato made with Campbell's is a dish of special luxury. So rich and velvety that it is a rare delight. Made with Campbell's you taste Cream of Tomato at its very perfection.

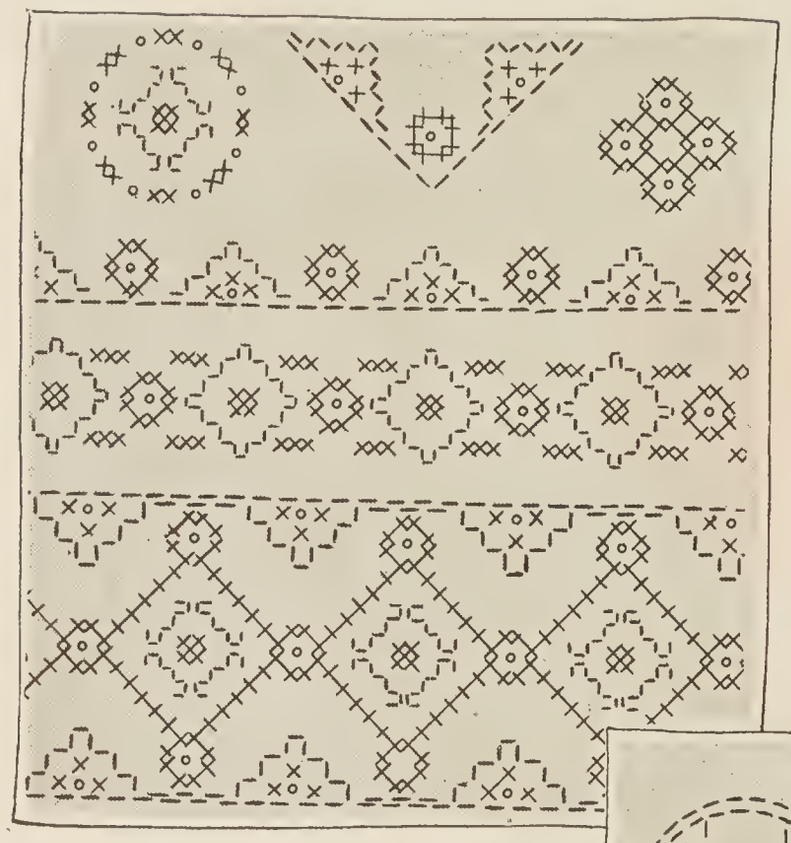


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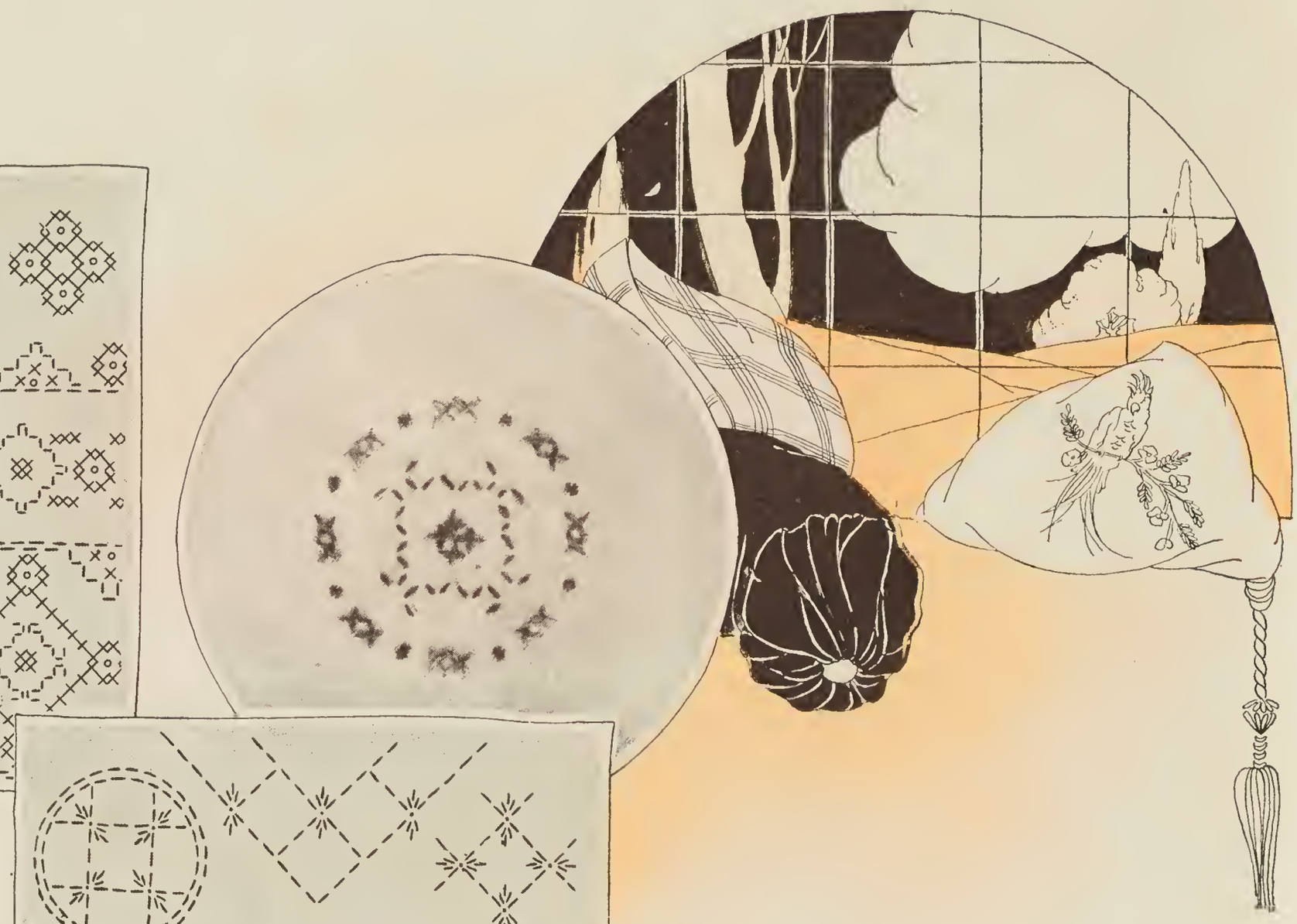
LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

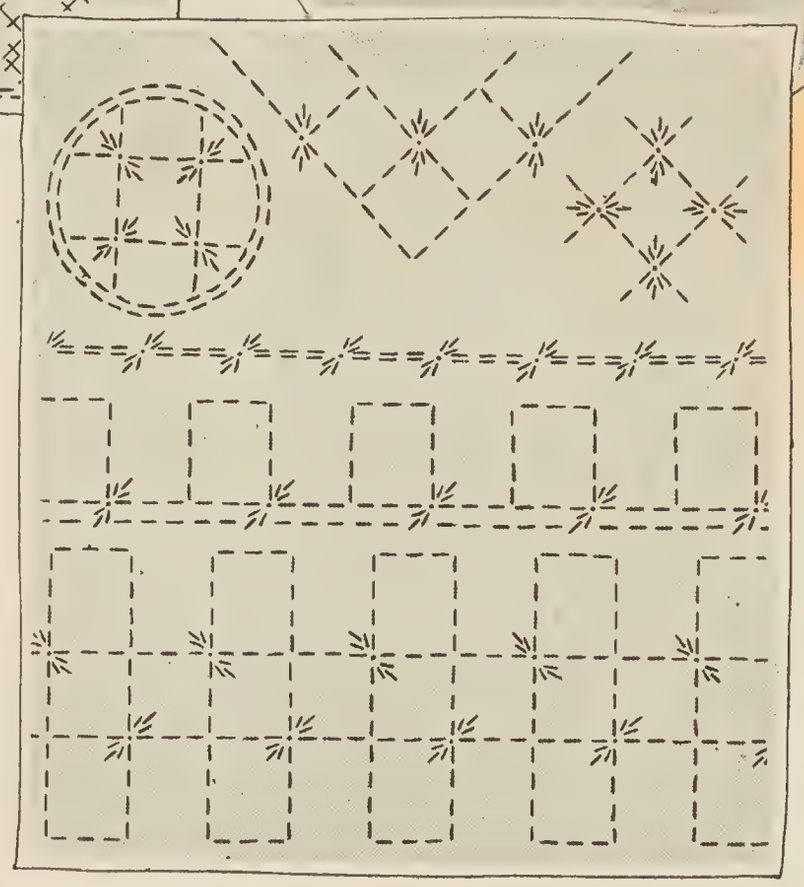
SPRING COSTUMES SHOW A FASHIONABLE PREDILECTION FOR ONE-STITCH, OR ADOPT CROSS-STITCH BEADING OR BRAID AS THEIR TRIMMING



Embroidery design 10141

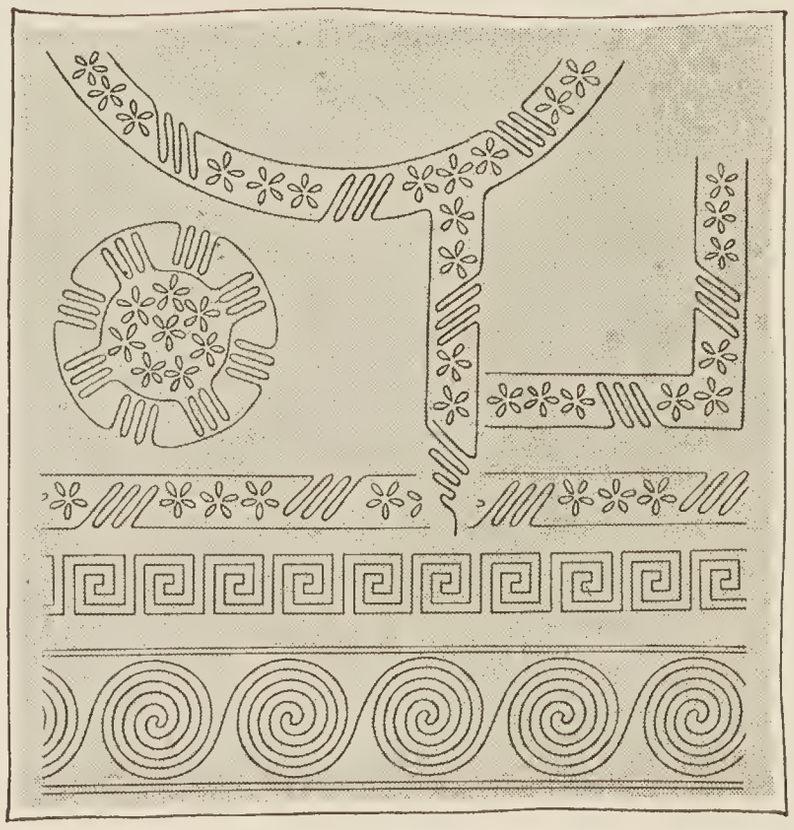
10141—With the vogue of the dress with a contrasting body there is a great field for embroidery to be applied to the body—designs which give the proper contrast to the rest of the dress. This new design furnishes an assortment of bandings and motifs which are suitable to use on dresses, blouses, hats or skirts. It may also be used on children's clothes or on household linens. Work the design in a combination of cross-stitch, beading and one-stitch. The design can be adapted to 3¼ yards of banding 3½ inches wide, 5 yards of banding 1½ inch wide, 4½ yards of edging ¾ inch wide, eight corners and twenty-six motifs in two assorted styles.





Embroidery design 10142

10142—Most of the new embroideries to be effective need only be as simple as this attractive design. It is done very rapidly in one-stitch embroidery and is a becoming decoration for dresses, blouses, skirts, or even coats, particularly the blouse of box-coats which are part of three-piece costumes. It is new on scarfs in wool jersey, knitted silks, etc., and children's clothes often need just such a bit of color. The design can be adapted to 2½ yards of banding 2¼ inches wide, 3¼ yards of edging ¾ inch wide, ten circles 4⅛ inches in diameter, ten motifs 3¼ inches square, four corners and 2½ yards of banding 5¼ inches wide.



Embroidery design 10143

10143—The Spring costume feels quite bare without its customary trimming of embroidery or braid. This design contains a variety of bandings, motifs and neck outlines which one may use on dresses, skirts, blouses, hats. It is quite suitable to use on children's clothes as well. Work it in braiding or outline stitch, or, if one prefers, work it in a combination of braiding, outline embroidery, lazy-daisy or satin-stitch. The design can be adapted to 5 yards of Greek-key banding 1⅛ inch wide, 2⅝ yards of circular banding 2¾ inches wide, 6¾ yards of flower banding 1 inch wide, six corners, three neck outlines and eighteen motifs.



Embroidery design 10136

10136—Peacocks may well be proud and parrots may be vain if they are worked in brilliantly colored silks on cushions for the living-room or scarfs for the library table. These exotic birds are quite suitable for painting in vivid colors on lamp-shades or embroidering tea-cloths. The smaller birds may be used on tea napkins to match the cloth. The design should be worked in satin-stitch, outline stitch and appliqué, or the birds may be done in a combination of outline and satin-stitch or appliqué. The design can be adapted to two peacock motifs 18 by 18 inches, four peacocks 4 by 4¾ inches, two parrots 6¼ by 9¾ inches, twelve small birds in three assorted styles.

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR



Real Naptha! You can tell by the smell

© 1923, Fels & Co. Philadelphia

Healthier homes with the sanitary housecleaner

Begin your Spring housecleaning this year by buying a 10-bar carton of Fels-Naptha Soap at your grocer's. Your house will be *cleaner*; your work *easier*; and your health, and that of your family, *safeguarded*.

Sanitary! Fels-Naptha Soap discourages germ life by *completely* removing grease-spots and other dirt-patches where germs camp and multiply. Fresh air, sunshine, Fels-Naptha Soap—three great purifiers.

Fels-Naptha does all housecleaning and laundry work more quickly, safely and thoroughly because it is really two cleaners in one; a soap-and-water cleaner, and a naptha cleaner. To get Fels-Naptha benefits, you must use the original and genuine naptha soap,—Fels-Naptha.

It is *more* than soap. It is *more* than soap and naptha. It is the exclusive Fels-Naptha blend of *splendid* soap and *real* naptha in a way that brings out the best in these two great cleaners. Order Fels-Naptha Soap today.

TEST Fels-Naptha's wonderful efficiency. Send 2c in stamps for sample bar. Address Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia.

The 10-Bar Carton

The convenient way to buy Fels-Naptha is in the carton shown above. Ten full-size bars, neatly packed. Directions inside each red-and-green wrapper.



Makes dishes really clean

Fels-Naptha makes short work of a boresome job. Won't harm the most delicate pattern. Leaves no greasy streaks.



Removes spots from rugs

The real naptha in Fels-Naptha dissolves grease—cleans and freshens rugs, carpets, draperies, etc. Try it.



Fine for washing-machine

Fels-Naptha, in the washing-machine, loosens the dirt before you start to use the electricity. Chip it in and dissolve, or make a soap-paste.



Renews painted woodwork

Like a fresh coat of enamel, Fels-Naptha restores to woodwork the "smile" that dirt has masked.



Despite Kipling East and West meet amicably in a Hindu turban draped, for the dancing hours of the Parisienne, in antique silver and black fulgurante, and worn well down on the head. From Lewis

THE UNTRANSLATABLE FRENCH OF







A pin à double tête of onyx and brilliants holds back the brim of a hat of red-brown straw lace and satin. From Hélène Goguey

Photographs from Underwood & Underwood



One of those rare hats perfect for all time in its proportions and never to be made ridiculous by changing fashion is of blue satin with a cluster of red roses at the side. From Theo Hamard

THE NEW EASTER HATS FROM PARIS





A small cloche of fine straw carries bravely a great swirl of taffeta almost as large as itself. From Hélène Goguey



Lewis again crosses the palm of fashion with the old silver of a small cloche trimmed with a delicate fantasy of fine feathers



Between the eyes of the Parisienne and the bright sun of the Cote d'Azur Hélène Goguey throws a light veil over a hat of black tagal

You, too, can have the charm of "A Skin You Love to Touch"



Is your skin pale and sallow?

—*How you can rouse it*

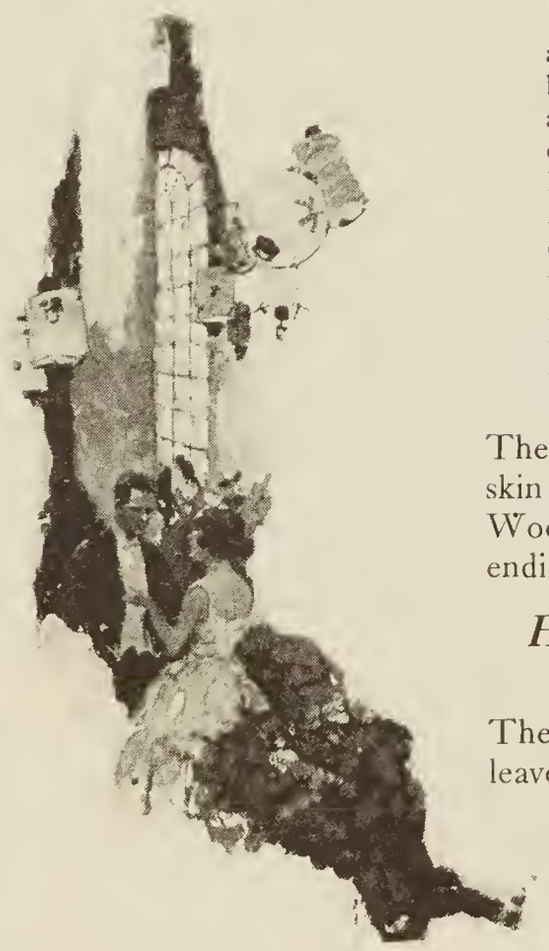
Sleep, fresh air, the right food—all these contribute to a healthy condition of your skin.

But your skin itself must be given special care, if you wish it to have the brilliant loveliness of which it is capable.

Your skin is a separate organ of your body. Neglect of its special needs may result in an unattractive complexion, even though your general health is good.

If your skin is pale and sallow, use the following treatment to give it color and life:

ONCE or twice a week, just before retiring, fill your basin full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over the top of the basin and cover your head and the bowl with a heavy bath towel, so that no steam can escape. Steam your face for thirty seconds. Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury's Facial Soap. With this wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into the skin with an upward and outward motion. Then rinse the skin well, first with warm water, then with cold, and finish by rubbing it for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.



The other nights of the week cleanse your skin thoroughly in the usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, ending with a dash of cold.

How you can tell that your skin is responding

The first time you use this treatment it will leave your skin with a slightly *drawn, tight* feeling. Do not regard this as a disadvantage—it means that your skin is responding *in the right way* to a more stimulating form of cleansing. After a few treatments this drawn sensation will disappear. You will be surprised at the difference even two or three of these treatments will make in your complexion.

In the booklet around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap special treatments are given for each type of skin and its needs.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today and begin tonight the right treatment for *your* skin.

A 25 cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks for regular toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles, make it ideal for regular use.

Send 25 cents for these special Woodbury skin preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a miniature set of the following Woodbury skin preparations:

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.
A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream.
A sample tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream.
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder.
With the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

Send for this set today. Address the Andrew Jergens Co., 1904 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. *If you live in Canada, address the Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1904 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.* English agents: *H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.*

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THE HOME-MAKERS' DEPARTMENT



Edited by
MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER
Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

FOR no person has the spirit of Easter greater significance than for the home-maker. She is the center and source of inspiration and progress in her household. Year by year as she lives in the center of the family, its growth, its changes in ideals, its progress are marked by the strength of her leadership. If the family is to make headway, she must grow and change and progress. All through her life she must seek and find constant sources of rejuvenation and refreshment to pass on to the others. This is the message which the Easter spirit has for her—a message full of the meaning and the possibility of resurrection, of renewal. It tells her that there is no standing still; that hers is the task of carrying on; that to carry on she must yearly bury dead hopes, plant the seeds for new ideals and weed out the worn-out plans; that daily and yearly she must resurrect the big things in life and renew those things which have ceased to count.

This power of modifiability is only kept alive by constant practise—hourly, daily, weekly, yearly resurrection and renewal through conscious effort. It is often said that there is little hope of ever changing or modifying the ideals or ideas of men or women after they are forty years of age. That is unfortunately all too true of a great many men and women. However, body and spirit do not necessarily become so set at the age of forty that they can not be changed. It is only when bodies are not fed and exercised and refreshed and renewed that they become logy and heavy and spirits become old and set. Easter is the time for thoughts of resurrection and renewal.

The Easter spirit might well challenge each of us. How many times during this year just past have we buried dead issues? How many times resurrected living ones? How many times entertained new ideas? How many times projected plans? By these changes may we reckon age and not by years alone. That is the message Easter should bear—the message of growth and progress and change.

The housekeeper who would keep her home freshened and her spirit renewed is constantly improving household practises and renewing her knowledge. She reads new books; she hears new music; she tells new stories to her children; she plays new games; she keeps in touch with the thoughts and feelings the children bring from the outside and she grows in appreciation; new methods appeal to her for feeding and caring for her children, for keeping them well and happy; old recipes do not satisfy her; old types of equipment are not adequate; she constantly grows in her ability and in the comprehension of her lifework. Thus her house and her housekeeping are not allowed to suffer; they, too, express her growth in beauty and efficiency; they, too, manifest the Easter spirit of resurrection and renewal.

Martha Van Rensselaer



FIFTY-DOLLAR CONTEST

THE DELINEATOR'S fifty-dollar prize this month is offered for the best letter of not more than five hundred words on "How We Raised Money for Our Church."

Mention in your letter the purpose for which the money was needed—whether for a new building, an organ, a stained-glass window, a Sunday-school library, missionary expenses or some other cause. Tell how much money was raised and from what sources. Explain how the plans originated, how much time and effort were put into carrying them out and just what individuals or organizations helped.

All contributions must be mailed before midnight of April eighth. Contributions for this contest can not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Address: THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Publishing Company, New York City.

APRIL FOOD CALENDAR

THIS is a good month to use up the canned fruits and vegetables before the fresh ones are plentiful enough in the market to permit purchase.

"Eggs is eggs" for Easter, but don't overcook them. Low temperature, below boiling, will do the trick. If you want them hard, use more time—not more heat.

Don't forget the funny Humpty-dumpty eggs, hard-cooked, dipped in mayonnaise with a little gelatin added to set, and possibly colored a bit, then decorated with cut pickles, pimientos or olives to form the funny faces.

Surprise eggs can be made from meringue baked in egg shapes in a low oven for a long time. Cut them in two, remove the centers, fill with ice-cream and put together.

Is the fireless cooker ready for the Summer? You will want to get out of the kitchen and you will want the kitchen cool when you must be in it.

Have you kept that one little New Year resolution about level measurements in your cooking? It will save materials as well as improve products.

When you bake the cake for Easter, watch your steps. Perhaps you would be ready to enjoy the Easter sermon better if your kitchen were more convenient or if you rearranged the places where things are kept.

Is the garden planned? A garden is worth while, whether it is only a few lettuce and tomato plants in a patch of back yard (or even lettuce growing on a back porch) or whether it is large enough to supply next Winter's canned "green stuff." Have you ever tried making your own hot cross-buns? They are easily made and, without the decoration, the family would like them on other mornings than Good Friday.

A good old-fashioned "mess of greens" is waiting in the front yard, no doubt. Pluck it and cook it. It will do the family, as well as the lawn, an endless amount of good.

Rhubarb will soon be coming out. Look up the recipes and try some baked or in rhubarb pudding, brown betty or shortcake, instead of using all in pies.



EATING FOR HEALTH

FISH

APRIL is the month to revive our interest in fresh fish. While many fish are in season throughout the year and many others are made available by canning, salting, smoking or by means of cold storage and rapid transportation, the real season for most fresh fish is from April to October.

Fish should be a cheap food. Our long seacoasts, our rivers and lakes, our efficient refrigeration and transportation should make available an unlimited supply. But we as housewives do not appreciate our blessings in this respect. We are conservative. It is a tradition to serve fish only once a week. This creates an uneven demand on the supply and tends to keep the price high. We also cling to the well-known varieties with which we have been familiar from our youth, which also tends to send the price up. There are many other fish that are just as good as those the names of which we know. Time was when halibut could not be sold in the fish-market because the housewives were not familiar with it. We would do well to take a lesson from our foreign neighbors who buy for a small sum the fish that we spurn and with the aid of sauces or good cooking concoct delicious dishes. Among these cheaper fish might be mentioned the dogfish or gray-fish, first cousin to the shark and only a little different from our well-known haddock; the skate, a great delicacy with the French; the cusk, an oily, rich fish cheaper than the haddock and delicious when broiled or baked, and the horse mackerel, used by the Italians as a substitute for beef. These are only a few—there are many others. Another factor that keeps prices high is buying out of season, thus adding the cost of refrigeration and transportation to the original price of the fish.

Fish, though cheap, is a valuable food. First, it contains much protein; some kinds contain more protein than meat does. It is especially rich in lime and phosphorus, both of which are necessary for good bones. It also contains some iron, though not as much as meat. Fish contains much gelatin which is lost in boiling, hence boiling is not the best way to cook fish. It contains much water which, while it lowers the fuel value, yet tends to make it more easily digested. Lean fish, that is, fish which have their fat deposited in the liver instead of throughout the flesh, are more easily digested than the oily fish, that is, those that are fat throughout. However, for the healthy individual this fact need not be considered. It is said that fish is valuable in the dietary of the brain-worker or the person of sedentary habits because it is less stimulating and more rapidly digested than meat, but that it is less valuable for the man who is working at manual labor, who requires food that stands by him longer. However, fat fish or salt fish will serve here. Oysters, if properly cooked, are so readily digested that they are considered excellent food for invalids.

The housewife should plan to use fish often, and not confine her purchase to any fixed day. The increased use of fish will tend to lower the cost of it and it will give greater variety to the diet. Not only has the housewife the supply of fresh fish, including the cheaper varieties, to draw upon in season, but she has also the cold-storage fish, which, if properly cared for, are quite as good in quality and flavor as fresh fish, fish put up in cans and those that have been preserved in other ways.



ENTERTAINING THE CLUB

NO ONE is too old and staid not to feel better for a bit of nonsense or a childish game. One of our readers who understands this trait in human nature gave her club the most successful party of the year. She describes her idea as follows:

"Some time before the social meeting of our club was to be held at my home, I wrote to a relative or friend of each member, asking that a letter of news and greeting be sent to that member addressed in my care.

"I hid all the answers to my letters in the drawers of tables and desks.

"After luncheon I passed home-made fudge wrapped in waxed paper like kisses. Pinned to each wrapper was a colored slip (a different color for each guest). The slip read: 'The Kiss of Fate with the Thorn of Circumstance. You will find your fortune after long search and some hardship. Look for it on the bureau in the attic (or on the fifth step of the cellar stairs, etc., as the case might be).'

"On the bureau in the attic was another slip of the same color, reading: 'Not yet can you win. Look on the ceiling-light in the blue bedroom.'

"Many trips were made before the final slips were found, reading: 'Ask your hostess where to look.'

"The letters were read aloud and the surprise of hearing from distant loved ones really delighted every one. Of course this plan is most successful among old friends. It is certainly an inexpensive way to entertain."



THE COURAGE OF TWILIGHT YEARS

A PARTICULARLY fine example of the pluck that the old often show is this story of one of our readers in Detroit. From her youth she had been shielded from economic work or worry. After she became a grandmother, she decided to earn her own way down through the twilight years.

When her eldest daughter was sending her daughter through college and her youngest son had married and transferred his responsibilities to a new home, all of her children had plans for taking care of their mother. The home of any one of them was opened to her, but she declined each offer graciously. She had other plans in mind; she would stay right on in the home where she had lived so fully her life as wife and mother.

The house was already hers and its expenses were not heavy. The vegetable-and-flower garden was too large now for her needs, and besides she had other uses for part of it. While her sons and daughters wondered, she had the garden divided in half and a load of sand dumped on to one half. Two galvanized-iron wash-tubs followed in the wake of the sand, and a hose with sprays was attached to the tubs.

She put an advertisement in the paper announcing that she would care for children of parents who were employed away from home all day. She selected five children from three to seven years old. These children are her wards each day from eight o'clock, when their parents bring them, until five-thirty when they are called for. The days' charge, including a midday lunch of soup, fruit, cookies and milk, is seventy-five cents.

For several hours in the morning the children play in the yard. In warm weather they put on bathing-suits, sail ships in the tubs of water and play under the shower of the lawn hose. In Winter and on rainy days they play in the kitchen, entertaining each other cutting, drawing or sewing. There is always a story hour just before their regular afternoon nap.

Sometimes a child is cared for in the evening for additional pay, and batches of cookies, made in the evening, find a ready sale among parents of the charges. Shampooing and cutting the children's hair further augment the income of this elderly woman, so that she never earns less than twenty-seven dollars a week. Thanks to her ingenuity, shampooing in her house has become a happy rite. Each child lies on its back on a secure ironing-board, one end of which rests on the ledge of her bathroom basin, which is flat like a kitchen sink. Short or long hair then hangs down over the basin, and lathering, rubbing and rinsing are merely part of a delightful game.



Changing the Ideas of a Nation

Advertisement No. 2

Copyright 1923
The Selby Shoe Co.

No. 30200

New Standards of Satisfaction

Even if there were sailing vessels to take us abroad and back free of charge, would any of us be satisfied to travel that way today?

ASIMILAR change in the ideas of the Nation has been effected by the Arch Preserver Shoe. Its combination of foot comfort and foot health with smart style has given women a new standard of satisfaction.

You cannot see any difference between the Arch Preserver Shoe and any fashionable shoe—a smarter shoe cannot be produced—but you *feel* the difference at once.

There is a sensation of freedom, ease, grace, and vigor that you never experienced before. It seems that your weight is taken off your feet. And, really, that is what happens, for instead of your *foot* arch supporting your body, the *shoe* arch supports it.

Unlike the ordinary shoe arch construction which sags under the weight of the body and quickly lets the foot become strained and uncomfortable, the Arch Preserver Shoe has a special concealed built-in arch-bridge that supports the foot arch perfectly no matter how high the stylish heel of the shoe raises the foot arch from the ground.

This support is permanent; it is there during the entire life of the shoe. Incidentally the shoe lasts longer and always looks attractive because the Arch Preserver construction prevents the weight of the body from breaking it down and out of shape.

This unusual measure of satisfaction has given women a new conception of what a shoe should be. The hundreds of thousands who wear the Arch Preserver Shoe know that a shoe should and can be a great deal more than a stylish covering for the foot. Do you?

THE
ARCH PRESERVER
SHOE

ARCH PRESERVER SHOE
TRADE MARK REG U S PAT OFFICE
"KEEPS THE FOOT WELL"

Sold by 2,000 dealers. Look for this trade-mark on the sole and lining.

Made for Women and Misses. Styles for all occasions. All widths, AAAA to E.

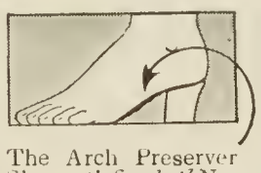
THE SELBY SHOE CO.
123 Seventh St.
Portsmouth, Ohio
Makers of women's fine shoes for more than forty years



Nature plans that the foot rest on heel, ball and outside *arch*.



Civilization demands that heel and arch be *raised*.



The Arch Preserver Shoe satisfies *both* Nature and Civilization.



No. 86

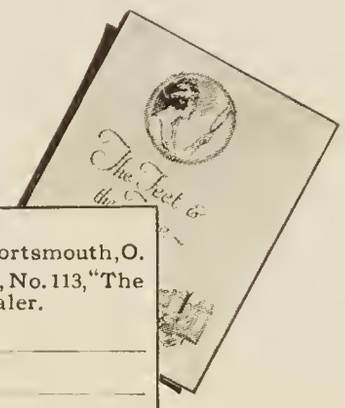


No. 78



No. 28244

Send for this Booklet—



The Selby Shoe Co., 123 Seventh St., Portsmouth, O.
Please send postpaid your booklet, No. 113, "The Feet and the Face," and name of dealer.

Name_____

Street and No._____

P. O._____ State _____

SAVE A DOLLAR

For the woman who has time and money to spend but not to waste

Each suggestion has been tested and approved by the Home-Makers' Department



THE DELINEATOR will pay ten dollars each month for the best suggestion for saving the housekeeper's money, labor, food or fuel. We will pay five dollars for other suggestions that we use on this page. Items sent in April are not printed until four months later. When duplicate suggestions are received, we consider the first idea to reach us. Unavailable suggestions can not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send your ideas to the Home-Makers' Department

PRIZE-WINNER

MY GARDEN PORCH

MY LOW garden table, which my husband built one Saturday afternoon from scraps of lumber that were left when our house was finished, has been a great comfort to me. It is built against the house near the foot of our back steps, where it overlooks our flower-and-vegetable garden, is near the back gate and happens to be close to the hydrant. It is screened from the sun by a lattice over which vines are trained. Our three-year-old son calls it a "baby porch."

The table can be used for a great variety of things; it is an ideal place to sun your bread-box, pots and pans and to refill flower-vases. I have found it particularly useful as a place to prepare vegetables. Corn, tomatoes, potatoes, beans, turnips or whatever vegetables the garden yields are brought here and cleaned before taking them into the kitchen. One can easily imagine the dirt and refuse that is kept out of the house and the help this is toward keeping my kitchen clean.

The fruit and dairy products which I purchase from peddlers are selected at this garden table, thereby preventing the peddlers from tracking up my front and back porches.

Although the cost of the table was little, the comfort and convenience of such an arrangement can not be estimated. It has been my greatest time and labor saver.—VIRGINIA FRASER PRATT, Decatur, Ga.

SAVE FAT IN MEASURING

TO MEASURE butter or other fat in amounts greater than one tablespoon, fill a measuring-cup full of water less the amount of fat to be measured. Add the fat, holding it under the water, until the water reaches the top of the cup. When the water reaches the top of the cup, the amount of fat is equal to the amount which you wish to measure. None of the fat will be lost by clinging to the cup.—MARY F. HENRY, Ithaca, N. Y.

SAVE SILK GLOVES

DAINTY baby socks may be made from the tops of long silk gloves when the fingers have worn. Cut the glove-tops the right length and then cut them according to an old sock pattern and run them around on the machine.—MISS MARY-LEE VAN HOOK, Pasadena, Calif.

SAVE FUEL

POUR boiling water over the potatoes you have selected for baking and let them stand twenty minutes before putting them into the oven. They will bake in appreciably less time and will be more mealy.—MRS. A. R. COLLINS, Belden, Nebr.

SAVE YOUR RUG

HARD beating on the back of rugs with carpet-beaters breaks the sizing, causing the rug to lose its stiffness. The cleaning may be accomplished just as well, or even better, by beating the back of the rug lightly all over with a beater, then turning it over and sweeping off the dirt. Repeat this operation several times and the rug will be cleaned just as effectively and will last longer. Of course the use of a good vacuum cleaner saves even this wear and tear.—MRS. JULIA K. PAUL, Chicago, Ill.

SAVE WITH CHEESE-CLOTH

FOR a bolt of cheese-cloth there are innumerable uses. The cheese-cloth should be snowy white for all purposes and of the best quality for most purposes.

Fine cheese-cloth makes very dainty curtains. These may be ruffled, but are also very attractive when made plain. When they are laundered they should be starched slightly. Cheese-cloth curtains may be dyed to match the furnishings of a room.

I have dyed five yards of cheese-cloth black and five yards orange to make a Japanese kimono, lining one with the other and ornamenting it with stitches in both colors.

From three yards of cheese-cloth I made a drying-hammock by folding the cloth lengthwise and attaching a tape at each of the four corners. In this hammock I place little garments like children's stockings or handkerchiefs to dry in the sun. These are slipped into the open side of the folded cloth, which is tight enough to hold the garments securely between its two thin sides, safe from wind and dust.

Squares and bags of cheese-cloth make excellent strainers for cottage-cheese or fruit-juices. They are excellent for making tea and coffee and holding spices for pickles. They also make good dish-cloths and mops of all kinds, from large ones for pots to small ones for greasing the muffin-rings. Squares weighted in the corners with beads make covers for food.

Whenever I am dyeing materials of a similar nature, I first test the color on a yard of cheese-cloth. This can be used afterward for dusting or for holders.

Cheese-cloth wash-cloths may be made by the dozen. They are easily washed and quickly dried. A square of cheese-cloth wet with kerosene and wrung out, dried and the process repeated two or three times makes a dustless duster.

Cheese-cloth may also be used as a thin lining in cheap cotton frocks. A light-colored cheese-cloth or one dyed to suit the fancy may be used for a covering of cotton batting to make a dainty and inexpensive comforter. Cheese-cloth bags with a draw-string may be used to hold together smaller articles through the washing and boiling.—MRS. WILLIAM D. TRANTHAM, Camden, S. C.

SAVE CHILLED FINGERS

ON COLD Winter wash-days I fasten all of my small pieces into the spring clothes-pins at each end of one type of trousers hangers. I lay handkerchiefs out flat in a pile of a dozen, then clamp them on to one pin by a corner. A half-dozen napkins I clamp on to another hanger, two or three towels on another and socks and stockings on still another and so on until my hangers are filled. Through the loop of the top of each hanger I pin a large, strong safety-pin. It then takes less than five minutes to fasten the safety-pins around the line. Hangers made with hooks instead of the double-wire loops must be bent into loops, as no hook is tight enough to prevent blowing off in a high wind.—MRS. HARRIET NAWN, Hillsdale, N. J.

SAVE ON WINDOW-SHADES

WITH every attempt to lower or raise one of my window-shades, it promptly pulled loose from the roller. Each time little plugs of the fabric were torn out by the tacks. Finally, I took the shade to the sewing-machine and stitched a strip of stout cloth across the top. It was then tacked to the roller through this cloth binding and has held securely ever since.

Another set of shades were too short to be of much use as a screen from the public eye. These shades were carefully removed from their rollers, twelve-inch pieces of cloth in the same color were stitched to the tops and they were then tacked to the rollers by this cloth. This made them long enough to be of service and the piecing was concealed by a valance across the top of the window.

In a room where the shades were seldom pulled below the middle of the window, I had a new-looking lot of shades by simply turning the old ones upside down. Thus the fresh portion of the shade was unrolled and put into use, while the soiled half remained rolled.—MRS. T. E. LIDE, JR., Minter, Ala.

SAVE SALTCELLARS

TO KEEP saltcellars from corroding, heat paraffin and spread it in the lid of the saltcellar. While the paraffin is cooling, use a clean toothpick to open holes through which the salt may sift out.—MISS HELEN E. MISH, Bunker Hill, W. Va.

SAVE FAT

WHEN frying doughnuts, have a pan of boiling water on the stove and dip each doughnut into it as soon as the doughnut is taken from the hot fat. Then place the doughnut on clean paper to dry. This saves fat and the doughnuts are less greasy. The fat can easily be skimmed off of the water when it has cooled.—MRS. CHARLES YOUNG, Appleton, Wis.

SAVE VINEGAR

WHEN using pickles, save the vinegar in which they are preserved. It is fine to use on salads and greens, for it is so well flavored. It may be used also on slaws and for making chow-chow. Vinegar from sweet peach or pear pickle gives a particularly delicious flavoring to dried apples and apple sauce.—MRS. B. C. MEACHAM, Ingleside, Ga.

SAVE SUGAR

POWDERED sugar sometimes becomes hard and lumpy. Run it through the food-chopper, using the medium knife, and then it may be used for icing as satisfactorily as though it had not hardened.—MRS. P. W. CONNICK, Dixie, Wash.

SAVE TIME IN SCOURING

KEEP near the sink an ordinary cork at least two inches in diameter and a cleanser ordinarily used for scouring. Dip one end of the cork in the cleanser and rub over the knives. They are quickly and easily scoured with very little trouble.—MRS. IVAN DECKER KING, New York, N. Y.

SAVE ON FLOOR-WAXING

THIS is the way I made my floor-waxer: To a board eight inches square by one inch thick I tacked a piece of woolen cloth, putting the tacks on the side of the board so that they would not scratch the floor. I then selected two small hooks and screw-eyes from my tool-chest and fastened them to the top of the board. From my scrub-mop I released the lever that holds the cloths, placed the wire on the mop-handle between the hooks and eyes, fastened them and I then drew up the lever and the handle was held firmly in place. With this improvised waxer I care for all of my floors and find it satisfactory. When polishing, I place another soft cloth around the board, release the lever and tuck the end over the wire, closing the lever.—MRS. E. G. GENTRY, Billings, Mont.

SAVE STRENGTH

WHEN sewing or reading continuously place a fairly hard or firm pillow of any desired size on the lap. Eye-strain and backache are prevented by thus raising the work. The pillow also saves the arms in holding the work. If necessary, the sewing can be pinned to the cushion.—MRS. E. KRULISH, Port Townsend, Wash.

SAVE BY SELLING

IT IS as much work to bake bread for a small family as for a large one. When I bake bread, I make enough to fill the oven. What I do not need I sell to my friends. We can thus have fresh home-made bread oftener and I make enough money to pay for the entire quantity of materials used. When making cake, I divide it with my friends, since it is no more work to make a large cake than a small one. I make salad-dressing from the yolks of eggs after making white cake and keep this indefinitely on the ice, selling it to my neighbors as they desire it.—MRS. L. A. HOLLIS, Crockett, Tex.

SAVE MATTRESS-TICKS

MAKE slip-covers of good grade unbleached muslin for all mattresses and fasten at the end with buttons or snaps. They will save the ticking all the soil from wear and handling and are much easier to brush off at cleaning-time than the tufted surface of the mattress itself. After moving-time, the slip-covers can easily be removed and laundered. When the bed has a box-spring, this too should have a well-fitting muslin cover.—MRS. R. J. MORGAN, Scranton, Pa.

SAVE KITCHEN UTENSILS

WHEN the knob comes off one of your kitchen utensils, run a screw of suitable size up through the hole. Take a good-sized cork and gently and firmly press downward and thread on to the screw. You will have an excellent new knob which has the advantage of never growing hot and of being very easily replaced at any time.—MRS. ARTHUR J. CHERRY, Toronto, Ontario, Can.

SAVE CONFUSION

IN A family of several children every child should have a waste-basket in his own room. On Saturday let one of the children empty all the baskets into the largest one and this into the furnace.

Each child should have his own laundry-bag. It keeps the room neat and teaches the child to pick up his own soiled clothes.

A towel-rack should be on the inside of every child's closet door. Every child loves his own linen. Provide every child with several clothes-hangers and insist that he keep his clothes properly hung upon them.

Last, but not least, have several shelves within reach of a child in one or both ends of each closet. The shelf for shoes should be near the floor; higher shelves should be used for the many possessions that would clutter the bedroom itself but which are dear to a youngster's heart.—MRS. CLARA H. BARNS, Peterboro, Ontario, Can.

SAVE GAS

PLACE a piece of sheet iron or heavy tin, wide enough and long enough to cover two burners, on the gas or oil stove. By lighting one burner there will be sufficient heat to cook two articles at the same time. The heat is evenly distributed and nearly half the amount of gas or oil will be saved.—ERMA GRAY, Craig, Mo.

PATCHES FOR PATCH-BAG

FASTEN a large safety-pin on the outside of the bag containing patches. Each time a material is placed in the bag attach a small sample. This will save hunting through the bag to determine whether it contains a suitable patch.—MRS. IRENE ALLEN, Maxville, Ontario, Can.

$5000-in Prizes For Users of Valspar

Nearly everybody knows about Valspar and millions are using it. This wonderful waterproof varnish has proved its worth and quality under circumstances and conditions that are nothing short of amazing.

Thousands of unsolicited letters have reached us from people wishing to relate unusual Valspar experiences. These letters furnish overwhelming testimony of Valspar's marvelous durability and its astonishing resistance to water, heat, acids, alkalis.

And we are convinced that thousands of other Valspar users have had experiences just as interesting. We want to know of these incidents. Accordingly we are offering several thousand dollars in cash prizes for letters telling of experiences with Valspar.

For Instance

That you may understand exactly what we have in mind, we give the following actual experiences as examples:

1. C. K. Perry of Marshfield, Oregon, wrote about a Valsparred dining room table which as the result of a fire last July, was drenched with water mixed with lime and charcoal. The under part of the table (which was not Valsparred) turned white as snow—the Valsparred top, when washed, was found to be in perfect condition.
2. Miss Pauline Dixon of Pueblo, Colo., R. F. D. No. 2, tells us about a Valsparred taboret which was washed away in the great Pueblo flood. Three weeks later when the water receded, a boy found the taboret, almost buried in mud on the river bank six miles from her home. When wiped off, the Valsparred surface was as good as new.
3. Mr. John R. Cotter of Essexville, Mich., tells how a broken radiator-valve flooded his Valsparred floors with live steam and scalding hot water. When the water was mopped up he found the Valspar just as bright and clear as before.
4. During a tropical hurricane in Mobile, Alabama, the chimneys and roof of R. Randolph's home were badly damaged—black sooty water literally flooded the house. Mr. Randolph said although some days elapsed before the house could be dried out, the floors and woodwork, protected with Valspar were just as good as ever.
5. Mr. J. H. Audibert, of Fort Kent, Me., varnished four axe-handles, each with a different Varnish-Stain including Valspar Varnish-Stain. He writes: "The cheapest stain looked all right and dried quicker, but after putting all the handles in a pail of ashes mixed with boiling water, I found the Valspar was the only one that stood the test."
6. One stormy day last November, Mrs. J. B. Kirk of Hackensack, N. J., had to leave her car out in the driving rain and sleet. (Fortunately, her husband had put two coats of Valspar Enamel on it the Spring before.) "After the storm," she writes, "it looked like an iceberg and I thought the finish would be ruined. But the ice and water didn't hurt it at all and today the car looks as fine as when the enamel was first put on. Our garage man marvels at it, because his own car, which he refinished with another make of varnish, looks so shabby and dull."

Unique Qualities of Valspar

Valspar is made in three forms—Valspar Clear Varnish, Valspar Colored Enamels and Valspar Colored Varnish-Stains. All of these can be freely washed with hot water and soap; they never turn white; they resist the action of acids, alkalis and oils. They are very durable; they don't chip, crack or peel. They dry in any weather—dust-free in two hours and hard in twenty-four.

About the Uses of Valspar

Clear Valspar is, of course, used for finishing floors, all kinds of indoor and outdoor woodwork, furniture, boats, refrigerators, linoleum, and for the many other uses of varnish.



The Famous Valspar Boiling Water Test

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Valspar Varnish-Stains possess the same qualities as clear Valspar, but you stain and varnish with one stroke of the brush. They come in six permanent colors—Mahogany, Light and Dark Oak, Cherry, Walnut and Moss Green. Absolutely waterproof and very durable, they are unequalled for finishing floors, front doors, porch furniture, and all other woodwork that requires staining.

Valspar Enamels answer the need for a really waterproof enamel. They are made from the finest pigments carefully ground in clear Valspar, thus combining Valspar durability with exceptional beauty of color. Valspar Enamels are absolutely unsurpassed as an automobile finish and for wood, metal and all other surfaces where enamel is used. They come in 12 standard colors,—*Red*—light, deep and vermilion; *Blue*—light, medium and deep; *Green*—medium and deep; *Ivory, Bright Yellow, Gray,* and *Brown*. Also in *Black, White, Gold, Bronze, Aluminum* and *Flat Black*.

What Can You Tell Us?

If you know an instance where any (or all) of these three forms of Valspar has proved its durability and waterproofness under unusually severe conditions of wear, or under some extraordinary circumstance, we ask you to write us about it. And if you have photographs which add interest to your story we will be glad to receive them.

If you know of several instances, tell us about them all. It makes no difference which form of Valspar has been used—it makes no difference what kind of a Valsparred surface it is. Just tell us the facts.

Requirements and Prizes

There are no restrictions, no intricate qualifications. Write your letter in ink and use *only one side of the paper*. These are the only requirements—with the understanding, of course, that the incident told about actually occurred prior to the first announcement of this contest. And that we shall be allowed to use for publicity purposes as we see fit any letters submitted.

$500 will be awarded to the contestant who sends the letter that the judges agree is the most interesting of all. 5 prizes of $100 to those whose letters stand next in interest—ten $50 prizes, one hundred $10 prizes, and two hundred $5 prizes will also be distributed—more than three hundred (300) prizes in all.

The judges of the contest will be Mr. Lawrence F. Abbott, President of The Outlook; Miss Martha E. Dodson, Associate Editor of The Ladies' Home Journal; Miss Gertrude B. Lane, Editor of the Woman's Home Companion.

We suggest that letters do not run more than 250 words in length, but if the incident requires more words, do not let this suggestion limit you. Length of the letters or literary style will have no bearing on the award of prizes. We want just the facts of your experience.

Address your communications to Valentine & Company, Prize Contest Department, 458 Fourth Ave., New York City, N. Y.

All letters must be received by April 30th, 1923.

The list of prize winners will be announced as soon as the judges have had sufficient time to make careful unprejudiced selections.

List of Prizes

Prizes for Valspar Experiences

1st prize $500.00
5 prizes of $100.00 each
10 prizes of $50.00 each
100 prizes of $10.00 each
200 prizes of $5.00 each

316 prizes in all—Total value of prizes $3,500.00

Prizes for Valspar Dealers

1st prize $250.00
5 prizes of $100.00 each
5 prizes of $50.00 each
10 prizes of $10.00 each
80 prizes of $5.00 each

101 prizes in all—Total value of prizes $1,500.00

Contest Closes April 30th

VALENTINE'S VALSPAR
The Varnish That Won't Turn White

Write Your Experience Now

Let us hear what you know about Valspar. Don't consider your experience as too trifling or commonplace, write us about it. Not everybody can relate a startling occurrence, and it's more than likely many of the prizes will be won by simple, matter-of-fact stories.

Don't let this chance slip by. A few minutes spent in writing your letter gives you a splendid chance to win a substantial prize. Send us *your* story. Send it today.

Prize Contest Department
VALENTINE & COMPANY
458 Fourth Avenue, New York

Every Live Dealer in the United States Sells Valspar

SPECIAL DEALER WINDOW DISPLAY CONTEST

In addition to the contest described above which is open to everyone, including all dealers, there will be a special contest for dealers only.

$1500 IN PRIZES for photographs of the best Window Displays of any or all of the following—Valspar, Valspar Varnish-Stain and Valspar Enamel. It will be necessary to send us a photograph, of course (an 8 x 10 glossy print is best). Also write us a brief letter telling us anything of interest about the display. Only those dealers who have Valspar in stock or have ordered same at the time of the first announcement of this contest are eligible.

Prizes will be awarded as follows: First prize $250; 5 prizes of $100 each; 5, $50 prizes; 10, $10 prizes, and 80, $5 prizes—101 prizes in all. All letters and photos must be received by April 30th, 1923.

Save this page—and work for a prize

BRIGHTENING UP THE KITCHEN

Sixth article on the furnishing of a better home

By Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders



A cozy, efficient little kitchen in which every bit of available wall-space has been made use of by building cupboards and shelves

The unusual decorative note in this combination dining-room and kitchen was struck with a paint-brush and stencil, though not omitting the ever-alluring gingham





This cheerful and convenient kitchen has an ingenious cupboard whose door lets down and becomes a table just large enough for two

Reprints of Mrs. Sanders' articles about the decoration of the living-room, bedroom, hall, dining-room, nursery and kitchen may be had by addressing the Editor, Department of House Decoration, and enclosing a two-cent stamp for return postage

"AND best of all is the kitchen!"—a remark so often proudly made as the hostess approaches the kitchen of her newly decorated house. "We planned it carefully and introduced color." And after all, why not? It is not essential that our kitchens look like laboratories to be well-arranged or clean. Any kitchen can be spotless and still be colorful and interesting. Cooks who excel in the art of cooking never have kitchens that are white, colorless rooms, void of inspiration for artistic, good food. Of course convenience and sanitation are the fundamental requirements in the kitchen, but considering that women spend many hours a day between the stove and the sink, and that preparing meals takes the "lion's share" of her working-hours, there is no just reason why her workshop should not also be gay and attractive.

A cheerful-looking kitchen will make a cheerful-feeling cook, and a well-planned kitchen will make a happy, contented home-maker. The furnishing of the kitchen is no longer a dull task, as the great advance in equipment and labor-saving devices has made the problem a fascinating one.

AS MORE and more thought is being given to making our kitchens convenient, we are apt to lose sight of the fact that a kitchen may also contain charm. We find interesting and delightful precedents in kitchen decorations when we stop to reflect on the kitchens of our Colonial ancestors, with their beamed ceilings, broad hearths, shining pewter and iron pots; the blue-and-white tile decorations of the spotless Dutch kitchens with their quaint furniture and spotless floors; the colorful red-tiled floors, white walls, shining copper pots and, now and then, red curtains of the French kitchens.

With their smooth white walls and terra-cotta brick trimmings, our modern kitchens lend no end of possibilities for attractive decoration and color—clear reds, pale greens, bright yellows and grays can be successfully introduced in a variety of combinations in either paint or materials.

Before discussing the decorative possibilities of the kitchen, let us make sure that the kitchen equipment is so arranged that it saves both steps and labor.

The working-space for preparing food and washing dishes should not contain more than one hundred and twenty square feet, and the room should have enough windows to insure a cross-current of air for ventilation.

If the kitchen is not well lighted by windows, plan for plenty of artificial light. See that there is a good light directly over the stove and near each work-table. These fixtures, if chosen carefully, can be as interesting as those in the living-room. Simple wrought-iron or enamel-finish fixtures with frosted bulbs far surpass brass or cord fixtures, as the latter are at best uninteresting and soon become specked and unsightly.

THERE should be plenty of cupboard space, as there is nothing so important as having plenty of room for supplies and utensils. Kitchen cupboards need not be the towering yellow-varnished dressers found in so many of our kitchens, but can be built low to represent a variety of interesting cupboards, such as a Welsh dresser and corner cupboards. Rows of plain pine shelves and hanging dish-closets can be made artistic and individual with bright-colored paints and simple arrangement of inexpensive materials. When planning for cupboards and shelf space, make certain the main cupboard is at the *left* of the drain-boards, as one naturally works from the right to the left in the washing, drying and putting away of dishes. The proper height of the shelves is determined by the height of the person who must use them. Do not permit high shelves to remain if the mistress of the kitchen is short. Low, broad shelves will, of course, hold as much as high, narrow ones.

Another point to be remembered is to make the most of the inside of your cupboard. If your china helps the color scheme of your kitchen, allow plates and bowls to be displayed in a balanced fashion; but if you are certain the china would be best hidden, hang a curtain to correspond with the window-curtains on the inner side of the glass door. It is often difficult to find jars and boxes for sugar and spices to correspond with the color scheme of the unusual kitchen, but it is possible to paint them with ordinary house paint to match either the furniture or walls. This plan will decidedly brighten and improve the appearance of the kitchen shelves. If there is a broad work-shelf planned for, one kitchen table is sufficient, but if no work-shelf exists, two tables are necessary: one for the preparation of food and the other to serve the occasional kitchen meal on.

SPEAKING of kitchen meals, that is part of the joy of planning a colorful kitchen. A bright, cheerful place in which to enjoy a simple breakfast when the housekeeper employs no assistant, and where a reach of the arm or a step to the oven will produce sizzling hot food daintily served amid pleasant surroundings.

To make the kitchen attractive, the walls should be the first consideration. Painted walls are ideal for kitchen use, especially when they are painted with a paint that can be washed. If water-tones are preferre they can easily and inexpensively be renewe each year. Stenciled borders are little to b reckoned with, as they are never reall effective and detract from the dignity of figured curtain material. In the case of very high wainscoting, a wall-paper can o casionally be very effectively used, but mu be covered with one or two coats of shella

The woodwork for the kitchen may b painted or enameled in plain white or crea or to match in tone the painted kitche furniture. Often when the furnishings an walls are neutral, the woodwork can becom the vivid color note of the room.

Kitchen floors may be either plain painte (several shades darker than the walls linoleum-covered in plain or tiled patterns, cemented, depending on the effect to be d sired. Cementing is becoming increasingl popular, as it may be colored in the mixing laid in two-tone block effects.

FOLLOWING are color schemes of thre moderate-sized kitchens, which I ca truthfully say are the most fascinating litt workshops I know of:

The first is in a country house. The wall are ivory painted and the woodwork is don in a pale apple green. The floor is painte black and varnished. One oval braided woo rug in black and soft old blue. The fur niture, consisting of a table, stool and tw chairs, is painted to match the woodwork with a tiny outline of old blue. The curtain are of unbleached muslin, with wide hem hand-stitched in blue and green.

The second kitchen is in a suburban house It has pale-gray walls with slightly darke gray-painted woodwork. The floors are i bright red-tile cement; the curtains are of bold red-and-white-checked gingham; th cupboards and furniture take the tone of th light gray, with tiny stencils of yellow, gree and red flowers painted on the drawers an doors of the cupboard. For the occasiona kitchen meal, the mistress of this house use red gingham doilies and napkins.

The third and smallest kitchen is in a apartment. The walls and trim of the kitch en are enameled a light blue, while th furniture and cupboards are painted a dee cream, with the inside of the cupboard paint ed a bright pink. At the windows are pin chambray curtains bound with tapes of blu to match the walls.



Don't let diapers irritate your baby's skin

Wash them the safe way that keeps them soft and comfortable

NO matter how carefully you bathe and powder him—if his diapers are washed with harsh soap—his tender skin will suffer.

The irritation, the diaper rash that is the source of such severe suffering to babies is caused by this very thing—washing diapers with harsh soap.

Safe for all his little clothes

Keep your baby's diapers soft and comfortable. Wash them in pure, safe Lux suds. There is no free alkali in Lux to stick to them and make them irritating. No harmful ingredient to inflame the sensitive skin.

The tissue thin flakes melt at once in hot water—a whisk and you have a rich cleansing lather, safe for all the clothes that touch his tender skin. With Lux there is never any possibility of solid soap to cling to little garments, no alkaline deposit to chafe him. The suds rinse out so easily—completely.

Use Lux for all your baby's clothes—his soft woolen shirts and bands, his petticoats and dresses, his diapers and socks.

Get Lux today. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.





To keep diapers from irritating

To prepare diapers for washing: Soiled diapers should have all solid matter removed immediately and then be put to soak in cold water. If diapers are simply wet place them in a covered pail and let them soak in cold water until you are ready to wash them.

To wash diapers: Whisk two tablespoonfuls of Lux into a thick lather in a tub of very hot water. Let diapers soak for a few minutes, then dip them up and down pressing suds repeatedly through them. If suds die down add more Lux. Rinse in at least three waters. Boil diapers once a week using one tablespoonful of Lux to a gallon of water. Rinse thoroughly.

To keep his woolens unshrunken

Whisk two tablespoonfuls of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water until lukewarm. Dip garment up and down, pressing suds repeatedly through soiled spots. Do not rub. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out or put through a loose wringer.

Woolens should be dried in an even temperature; that of the ordinary room is the best.

Shirts and stockings may be dried on wooden forms.

His dresses last longer washed this way

Whisk one tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a washbowl of very hot water. Let white things soak for a few minutes, then dip them up and down. Press the suds through again and again. Do not rub. Rinse in three hot waters and dry in the sun. Press with a hot iron.

These manufacturers recommend washing baby clothes in Lux

Ascher's Knit Goods
Carter's Knit Underwear
Jaeger's Woolens
McCutcheon's Linens
The Fleisher Yarns

A new use for Lux —washing dishes

Won't redden hands

In pure Lux suds you can wash your dishes three times a day with no fear of harm to your well-kept hands.

It is the free alkali in kitchen soap that makes dishwashing so hard on hands. It dries and reddens the skin, makes it rough to the touch.

The Lux way of washing dishes won't redden or roughen your hands even gradually. These pure flakes are as easy on your hands as fine toilet soap.

So quick, so easy—and 54 dishwashings in a single package! One teaspoonful of Lux—a turn of the hot water faucet—and your pan is filled with the most cleansing suds you ever had for your dishes.

Even using Lux three times a day, a single package will do all the dishes for almost three weeks! Try it!

Keep all the clothes that touch his tender skin soft and comfortable

LUX

Send today for booklet of expert laundering advice—it is free.
Address Lever Bros. Co., Dept. 55, Cambridge, Mass.



WHAT TO DO NOW IN YOUR GARDEN

As to garden sanitation

By G. T. Huntington

IT HAS become a standing jest among scoffers that amateur gardening resolves itself into a contest between plant diseases and bugs of various kinds to decide which of them shall have the honor of destroying the last straggling cabbage or disconsolate rose. The pity of it is that there is a certain basis of truth in the joke, merely because of the inexperience or carelessness of some of those who serve as its butt. It is entirely possible to reverse the situation by the exercise of due care and the observance of sane rules of garden sanitation.

In the first place, weeds and débris of all kinds must be kept out at all times, not only from the planted areas, but, as far as possible, from the spaces adjoining them. Accumulations of this sort not only make cultivation difficult and rob the soil of much of its fertility, but also serve as the hiding and breeding places of innumerable disease germs and insect pests, in Winter as well as Summer. They should be removed and burned or otherwise completely destroyed.

Some destructive bugs are sure to appear, no matter what precautions you take. They must be hunted down and destroyed immediately with as much diligence as if they were in the house. The surest means of eliminating them is with good poison sprays: Bordeaux mixture for the germs; arsenate of lead for the caterpillars and others which chew the leaves; nicotine solution for those that suck, like aphis; and poisoned bran mash (five pounds wheat bran, four ounces Paris green, one lemon, one pint molasses, seven pints water) for cutworms.

Ill success with vegetables or flowers is often traceable to sour soil. This condition often exists where fresh animal manures were used. It is remedied by digging in slaked lime in early Spring.



A cultivator-rake is good for loosening soil and weeds in small gardens. The central prongs are removable to permit straddling the vegetable rows



Use the back of the rake to pat the soil down over the vegetable-seeds which are planted in drills, as these rows or furrows are often called by gardeners

A CALENDAR OF APRIL GARDEN WORK

"Now goes the husbandman forth to labor in the fields, that the earth shall give to him fruits and grains for the satisfaction of his stomach and the pleasure of his eye."

The dates given for these garden activities are based on the growing conditions normally found in the latitude of New York City. As one goes north or south from this point, the season becomes later or earlier, requiring corresponding variations in the dates. Approximately five days should be added or subtracted, as the case may be, for each one hundred miles distance from the latitude specified here

TUESDAY

3. Removal of the Winter mulch from the strawberry patch should be attended to early this month, as strawberries start growth quickly. A good top-dressing with bone-meal will stimulate their general development. It should be worked into the soil with a small fork or claw without disturbing the roots or crowns of the plants.

10. If you have been using a hotbed to start the vegetable-seeds, it should have produced thrifty young plants by this time. The hardier kinds, like cauliflower, onion, lettuce and cabbage, can be set out now if they have been well "hardened off" by being gradually accustomed to cool, fresh air. Cover with baskets or papers if frost threatens.

17. The growing of good melons is simplified if the seeds are planted early in well-enriched hills and covered with glass-topped frames. Such frames may be bought or made out of hotbed sash. In effect, they are portable cold-frames, and should be put in place several days before planting, so as to warm up the soil ahead of time.

24. Sweet-peas planted early in especially enriched, sweet soil are well worth all the trouble they entail. They should be above ground by this time, unless the season is backward. When they reach a height of four inches, the soil should be drawn up on each side of the row, so as to support their stems against wind and rain.

THURSDAY

5. Fall is the best time to plant trees and shrubs of practically all kinds except evergreens and some of the fruits, but by the exercise of due care the work can be done successfully before growth starts in the Spring. Give the new stock plenty of water when planting it and tramp the soil down firmly over the roots.

12. Apropos of the garden sanitation suggestions at the top of this page, you will do well to look over your trees now for caterpillar nests and cocoons. They can be burned off with a kerosene or paper torch if you do it before the leaves appear. Do not on any account allow them to hatch.

19. If you want to grow your own primroses, begonias, snapdragons, heliotrope and other flowers to use as pot plants in the house next Winter, now is the time to put in the seeds. Start them in flats or seed-boxes in the house and transplant to open frames outdoors. Follow the directions on the packets.

26. Lima-bean poles should be set in place before the seeds are planted. In order to forestall disaster during some heavy wind this Summer, be sure that the poles are strong and solidly bedded in the earth. Manure or some other good fertilizer for the plants may be mixed into the soil when you refill the holes.

April, April,
Laugh thy girlish laughter;
Then, the moment after,
Weep thy girlish tears!

WILLIAM WATSON.

SATURDAY

7. Coarse salt scattered freely over the asparagus bed will do much to keep down the weeds. Old, well-rotted manure dug in now will be welcomed by the roots. As the stalks come up they may be whitened by drawing the soil up around them, which will be found to be an easy task if the plants are grown in rows as they should be.

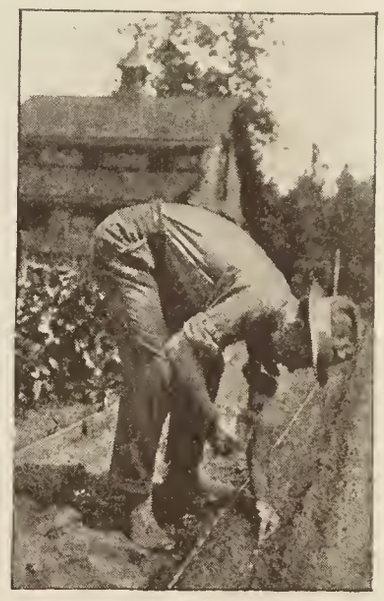
14. Do not confine your soil cultivation to the flower and vegetable gardens. Shrub borders and fruit-trees will also benefit by loosening the soil around them with a fork. Such treatment does three important things: it admits fresh air to the subsoil, renders its food elements more available to the roots of the plants and lessens evaporation during hot, dry weather.

21. No plants of any sort can be expected to attain perfection if their roots or tops are overcrowded. If we could be sure that every seed we put in would produce a plant, it would be easy to arrange adequate space for all. But since this is impossible, we must plant quite thickly and then thin out the young plants later.

28. The garden spraying season is about to begin. Any day now the first pests may appear, so you should have your poison-spray materials ready as suggested elsewhere on this page. A small compressed-air sprayer is the best device for applying them, but a hand-pump contrivance will do just as well for small gardens and is not as expensive as the compressed-air sprayer.



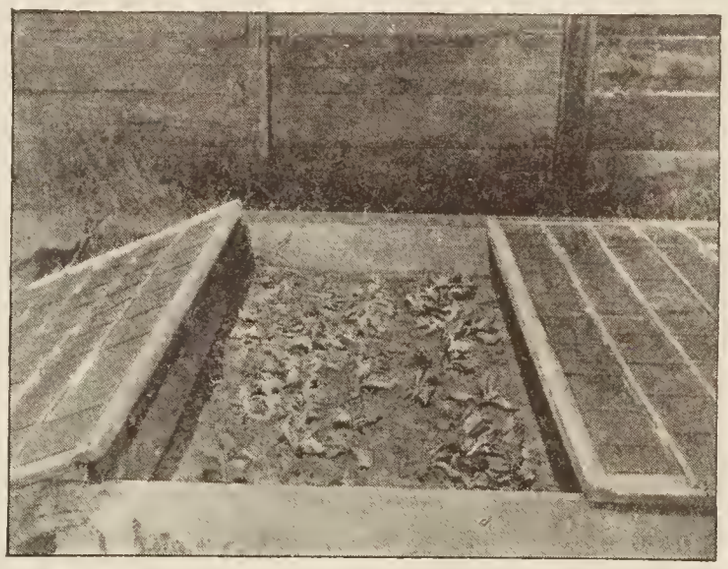
A heavy cord or line is indispensable in making straight rows. Follow it along with the corner of the rake so as to make the drill for the seeds



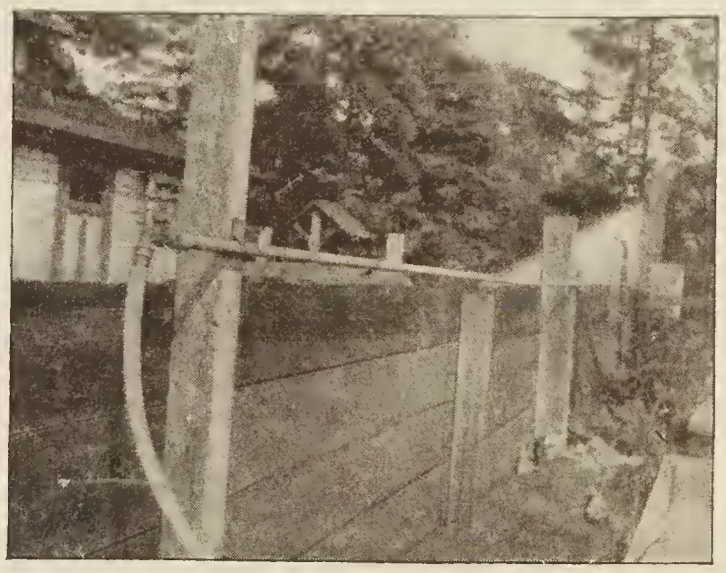
The seeds are placed by hand in the bottom of the drill, whose depth should be regulated in accordance with the directions printed on the packet of seeds



If you plan to put any new ground under cultivation this year, the first step is to remove the sod from it, then dig out to the required depth, throw the sod in the bottom and refill with soil



Vegetables that have been started in frames should be well "hardened off" before you set them out in the garden. This means accustoming them gradually to cool air by removing the sashes



Much bothersome dragging of the hose can be obviated if a galvanized pipe is run along one side of the garden, leading from the house water supply and equipped with connecting faucets at intervals



Nature's Own Color

The soft, rich, green color of Palmolive Soap is the natural color of the rich oils from which it is blended.

Nature put the color in these oils, just as she does in grass and foliage.

It might as well be said that flowers, trees and grass are artificially colored as to say it of the green of Palmolive.

Palm and Olive oils not only impart their color to Palmolive Soap—they also give it their own soothing mildness. The rich, creamy Palmolive lather is lotion-like in its effect on the skin. It is ideal facial soap.

The Springtime of Life

—How to keep that youthful bloom throughout the years

THE joyous time—the time of youth and blooming, when every young girl should charm the world with her flower-like freshness.

This greatest of all attractions is girlhood's rightful heritage as well as the most admired beauty of later years. The pretty girl will mature into the beautiful woman if she keeps that school-girl complexion.

Don't let it fade

All too often this alluring school-girl complexion is allowed to vanish with school-girl days. Yet simple treatment following school-days will retain it as the greatest attraction of mature years.

Be careful how you cleanse your skin—don't let harsh methods rob it of its natural delicate texture. Or, just as dangerous to complexion health, don't omit the daily washing with soap and water for fear that its action is too harsh.

Instead, choose the facial soap which you know is so mild and soothing that it keeps the most sensitive skin smooth and soft.

This soap is Palmolive, as millions of women already know. It is blended from Palm and Olive oils, known since the days of ancient Egypt as nature's beautifying cleansers.

These two rare oriental oils, by whose aid Cleopatra kept her youth, impart their mildness to the smooth creamy lather of Palmolive. It cleanses thoroughly, removing every trace of the oil, dirt and perspiration which otherwise clogs the skin pores. It leaves your skin soft and glowing with a delightful sensation of freshness.

Used regularly, every day, Palmolive keeps your complexion fine of texture and free from blackheads and blotches. Yet it never robs the skin of its own beautifying oil provided by nature to keep it smooth.

Apply a touch of cold cream after gently drying your face with a soft fine towel. Normally oily skins won't need it except possibly when the weather is very cold.

A low-priced luxury

If you imagine that Palmolive, because of its superfine qualities, must be very expensive, you are wrong. While in Cleopatra's days Palm and Olive oil was the luxury of the rich, modern manufacturing methods combined with world-wide popularity makes Palmolive a low-priced soap.

We import these rare oils in enormous quantities and the Palmolive factories work day and night to supply the demand. Palmolive is only 10c a cake—a price which puts it within the reach of all for general toilet use.

Palm and Olive Oils—nothing else—give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Milwaukee, U. S. A.
The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Canada
Also makers of Palmolive Shaving Cream and Palmolive Shampoo

Volume and efficiency produce 25c quality for only

10c





Copyright 1923—The Palmolive Co 1711

Why proper shampooing makes your hair beautiful

How to keep your hair soft and silky, full of life and lustre, bright and fresh-looking



© THE R.L.W. CO

ANYONE can have beautiful hair, if it is cared for properly.

Shampooing is the most important thing.

Proper shampooing is what brings out all the real life and lustre, the natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Proper shampooing, however, means more than just washing your hair—it means thorough cleansing.

The hair and scalp are constantly secreting oily, gummy substances. These substances catch the dust and dirt, and the hair becomes coated with this.

This coating, when it becomes excessive, naturally dulls the hair and destroys its gloss and lustre. It covers up and prevents the natural color and beauty of the hair from showing. It also causes scales and dandruff.

How to prevent this coating

To have beautiful hair, you must prevent this coating from accumulating.

This cannot be done with ordinary soaps not adapted for the purpose. Besides, the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali which is common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo is not only especially adapted to cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly, but it cannot possibly injure. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

The quick, easy way

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water is all that is required.

Simply pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out quickly and easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is. It keeps the scalp soft and healthy, the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for Children—Fine for Men

Mulsified

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Cocoanut Oil Shampoo





KINDLING

Fuels for beauty's altar fire

By Celia Caroline Cole

There isn't one woman out of a hundred who couldn't be better looking, more charming, more lovable, if she would give a little thought to it. If you need advice, write to Celia Caroline Cole, Editor of the Beauty Department of THE DELINEATOR, whose mission in life is to help other women to be happier. Don't forget to enclose a stamp for her reply

UNLESS you've married a man quite a lot older than yourself, there comes a time to most women when they realize that their husbands are staying young and they're getting old. And if they've lived their lives at all observingly, they don't need to be told that it's the beginning of the end of—well, of something. Husband will probably go right on loving—that loyal, sweet kind of friendship that we married-for-years people call "love"—but with the ebbing of a woman's physical charm, a certain delight goes out of her husband's life, a romantic kind of pride, a—well, I don't know what, I'm only a woman, not a magnificent, mysterious man, but I know something *goes!*

You look at your waist. Thick! It's getting thick. You have a pudgy look. Your eye travels higher. That hideous little fat place just below the neck! Or else that awful hollow place with a bone sticking out and sharp shoulder-blades, the born old-maid back suddenly standing out on you.

Then the throat and chin—oh, that tragic middle-age look under the chin! You look like the mother of ten. The sagging cheeks; the skin losing its fine texture; the eyes lined. You're being dragged kicking and screaming into middle age.

And your husband is just in his prime!

If you're an honest-for-sure woman and not just a submerged wife and mother, you don't lie down under this crisis. You take a long look at your needs, and life, and then you button on your wrist-watch, climb into invisible khaki and begin the good fight.

AND that's where the kindling comes in. If you're going to keep the home fires burning, you have to have a neat little stock of kindling always on hand to light a quick blaze under the good solid log of your nice, weathered, wifely soul.

Souls are necessary—oh, yes; there's no happiness without them, but it's wise to give them a pleasant house to live in!

Your dressing-table is your wood-shed. If you're proud and a little queer, you never let on you use kindling; but if you're modern and perfectly sane, you feel about your kindling just the way you do about taking a bath: you don't tell everybody the moment you meet him, but if occasion demands you aren't afraid to tell.

Right along in a row on the back of the dressing-table or in the top drawer is piled your kindling. Or if you want to be chic about it, you have one of those delectable boxes that two or three beauty salons make, beautiful to look at and equipped with everything you need:

First the cleansing cream, soft, soft as whipped cream, to keep the skin smooth and fine-grained and clean. Next a bottle of skin tonic to tone up the skin and bring out the natural freshness. You either buy this skin tonic or make it out of one-third witch-hazel and two-thirds Florida water, or if your skin is oily, make it fifty-fifty. Then skin-food cream to pat under the eyes and at the corners of them to chase off the wrinkles and all over thin faces and necks. Then a small jar of astringent cream for the pores. And if you want to have a really lovely, silken, poreless texture, you buy a little bottle of the right kind of oil and, taking a bit of the cream for the pores into your palm, mix just a drop or two of this oil with the pore cream in your palm, smooth it over your face and leave it on all night. (The foundation of most of these beauty oils is castor-oil, but the manufacturers put some saving kind of other odor in so that you can bear it. Better not try to make it—buy it.) Don't put the oil and cream mixture under or at the corners of the eyes. Never put an astringent around your eyes, as you want to soften the skin there, not contract it.

Another use for this oil is to feed and soften lean and hungry elbows.

If you are at all inclined to be plump, you should have tucked neatly away in a drawer in a little box all its own a patter or a molder or some such device to keep your chin where it ought to be, clean-lined and never doubled, and your cheeks patted or molded up out of their sagginess.

You put your skin food on and leave it on for ten minutes and then wipe it off with the soft tissues you can buy for that purpose or soft, old linen—nothing that has grain or harshness. Wrap some moistened absorbent cotton around your patter or molder, squeeze the cotton out in cold water and fasten it around with a small rubber band. Now wet the cotton with tonic by turning the bottle over on it and quickly back and then pat or mold according to the instructions sent you with your patter or molder. Unless you think you're getting too much kindling, add a bottle of strong astringent to the row and you will get more effective results. And if you're awfully tired, nothing will freshen you more quickly than pads of moistened absorbent cotton wet with astringent placed over the entire face, except the eyes, and a good strong one tied under the chin.

THEN the foundation cream, if you use one. If you don't use it, just smooth a bit of the skin food on again, leave it on a moment or two and then wipe it off. Be sure to get it all out from around the nose and the corners of the eyes.

Next the little box or bottle of rouge. Oh, yes you do! Most of you, anyway. You need it when you're tired, if you don't any other time. If you use a paste, just touch your middle finger to it and rub over the place your natural color used to be. (Don't make your cheeks just alike—they never are in nature.) Put a touch upon the point of the chin. Personally, I love a blur of it on the center of the chest where you burn in Summer.

Now an eyebrow-brush to clean the brows and lashes of powder. Brush them well, always brushing the eyelashes up. If your brows and lashes are light, better have a small jar of eyelash paste or hard cake and sweep your brush lightly across the paste or cake and go over them again after you've got all the powder off.

There are eyebrow-pencils nowadays of brown as well as black. A little darkening of eyebrows with a brown pencil will often give a charming accent to a blond face. One no longer grooms the brows as mercilessly as a season or two ago, but of course don't have them too careless.

And, finally, the dot with the pencil in the outer corner of the eye to give the tilted-up look, if that is your type, or a tiny line to elongate the eyes, if you are that type.

DON'T use chamois skin for your powdering—you're apt to rub the powder in too hard. Get a good, fine, well-made powder and put it on with a puff or pad and it will *stick*. And keep that puff or pad as clean as your immortal soul.

Match your powder to your skin—Nature knew what she was doing. Get ocher or cream face-powder if you're naturally dark; flesh, if you're blond; dead white if you want to be bizarre.

The beauty which you put on to-day and lose by night isn't the kind of beauty Nature intended all women to have.

Build it by giving it twenty minutes attention every day with the kindling.

We wish every woman who has been pretty and is now taking on weight would please, whatever other "vanity" she has to give up, buy a chin-strap, one that fits, and bind her chin up for half an hour every day. These chin-straps are lined with astringent herbs and made so soft and comfy you can wear them all night if you want to. They "honest-Injun" do the work if you're faithful, and that lovely lost line of the throat comes back and whisks away your "matronly" look.

And then there's your topknot. At the east end of the wood-shed of every self-respecting woman should be her bottle of cleansing tonic. We went into the wilds last Summer and forgot the world and with it our cleansing tonic. And our hair pined. And never again so long as we live are we going to separate our topknot from its pet way of keeping clean. More than ever, we know that frequently washing hair isn't the best way to keep it clean and healthy.

And if you have bobbed hair, get military brushes. You can make it shine like satin.

In every wood-shed there's a feeling—the spirit of the place. Sometimes it's a painful one—the memory of chastisement—whack, whack, whack—but sometimes it's the joy of rain beating on the roof, the smell of cedar and pine, the thrill of a forbidden book that makes your hair stand on end and prickles up and down your spine.

In the wood-shed in your room there must be a spirit too, or all your kindling will never light a real blaze anywhere. A passion for living, caring about people and things, staying alive because you've kept your emotions young. You up and *care* whether people are happy or not, things are just or not, if you want to express beauty!

OH, DEAR, please don't anybody get old, not that *old* kind of old! But if somebody must, let father do it! He won't, of course, because he knows better than to put a lot of injurious things on his face that he doesn't know much about. If he puts anything on, he knows it's pure. And then again he knows better than to fuss about trifles. He may explode a little now and then (Of course he does! It's the only way we let him emote!), but down inside of him he turns his back on trifles, and stays young. Besides, he's busy.

But even if he does get old, it doesn't matter so much. You'll go right on loving him—love him a little more, probably, because you've got so much mother in you.

But he won't go on loving you—not in the same way, anyway—if you get old before he does. Man is the idealist, not woman. He's built dreams around you. You are the outward and visible sign of his young dreams, his romance!

When you cease to mean charm and inspiration and stimulation to him, you've robbed him. The charm of you decreases, and he is automatically released. He may not wish to be; his conscience or character may tell him that it isn't fair, but all the same he is released. He is an idealist—and his ideal is falling short.

After all, *mes amies* of the middle years, there is only one kind of person for a woman to marry: A man! You might as well keep him happy and interested.

And marriage means normal living, motherhood, fulfilment. You don't want to miss that.

Hold what you have of charm, and beauty—and husbands.

Keep your little pile of kindling dry and ready.



The Bread *for* Men

—*buy* it for them *ready-baked* at your grocer's or your bake-shop

MEN, as you know, are particularly fond of tasty foods, and you like to please them when you can.

Do it with a luscious raisin bread which you can buy of grocers and bake shops, ready-baked so you needn't bake at home.

Modern master bakers are baking it fresh for you and supplying it to retailers everywhere.

Big, tempting, full-fruited loaves with at least eight luscious raisins to the slice. Not merely "bread with a few raisins in it" but *real raisin* bread!

Try and see how good it is.

Here are the benefits of fruit and cereal combined deliciously—rare, energizing, ironizing food.

Both good and good *for* you and the entire family, children included.

Serve it at least twice a week, since it is so delicious and convenient. Insist on getting a full-fruited loaf. First class bakers will supply it, the kind you've always liked.

Sun-Maid Raisins



Blue Package

Made with luscious Sun-Maid Raisins so the flavor permeates the loaf. We sun-cure the finest California table grapes to make these thin-skinned, tender, juiey raisins. Use them for home eooking.

Sun-Maid Raisins in 15 oz. packages should cost you no more than the following prices:

Seeded (*in 15 oz. blue pkg.*)—**20c**
Seedless (*in 15 oz. red pkg.*)—**18c**
Seeded or Seedless (*11 oz.*)—**15c**
Seeded *in* tins: (*12 oz.*), **20c**; (*8 oz.*), **15c**

You'll use these raisins always if you try them once. Write for free book of "Sun-Maid Recipes."

Sun-Maid Raisin Growers
A co-operative organization comprising 14,000 grower members
Dept. A-204, Fresno, California

NEW WAYS TO SERVE CODFISH

By Winifred Moses

These recipes were especially originated for DELINEATOR readers, and all have been tested and approved by the Home-Makers' Department. Recipes for six sauces to serve with fish will be sent on receipt of a stamped, self-addressed envelope

CODFISH, whether fresh, dried or salted, is particularly rich in iodin, and for this reason it deserves an important place on the menu. Although this theory is not yet firmly established, noted scientists and dietitians are of the opinion that the absence from the diet of sea foods containing iodin is an important cause for enlarged thyroid glands and goiter.

At present codfish is often very poorly cooked and not properly seasoned and flavored. Besides codfish cake and the creamed codfish, there are many other appetizing dishes that may be prepared from salt codfish.

Salt codfish should be soaked in cold water overnight or long enough to freshen it to suit the taste. Then drain, put in cold water sufficient to cover it and bring to the boiling-point but do not allow it to boil, as boiling will toughen the fish. If it is not sufficiently tender, this water may be drained off and the process repeated, or it may be allowed to simmer gently until it is tender. Then it is ready to be used as the main ingredient of many appetizing dishes.

The following dishes are delicious and easy to make and are so combined with vegetables that they form the basis of a one-dish meal.

Instead of serving codfish with cream or white sauce, it may be prepared with many other delicious sauces.



Dutch codfish with toast rings and bacon curls is but one of the appetizing recipes by which codfish may become a delicacy

CODFISH AND TOMATO *EN CASSEROLE*

1 can tomato soup
2 cups cooked spaghetti or rice or macaroni
1 onion, sliced
⅛ teaspoon pepper
½ cup flaked codfish
½ cup buttered crums

SIMMER the tomato and sliced onions with seasonings until the onion is tender, adding a little water if necessary. In a buttered casserole place a layer of fish, then a layer of spaghetti and then one of sauce until the ingredients are used up. Cover with buttered crums and bake in a moderate oven for fifteen minutes.

CODFISH CREOLE

2 tablespoons bacon fat or 3 tablespoons butter
1 green pepper, finely chopped
1 tablespoon pimiento, finely chopped
1 onion, finely chopped
¾ cup canned tomato
⅛ teaspoon soda
1 cup hot milk
¼ teaspoon paprika
2 cups flaked codfish

THIS may be varied by omitting the milk and using one and three-fourths cups of tomato. Melt the fat, add the onion, pepper and pimiento and cook until the onion is a delicious golden color. Add the tomato, soda and seasonings and let it come to the boiling-point. Add the flaked fish, and when it is hot, add the milk and serve at once. This is very attractive served on a platter in a border of rice boiled Chinese fashion, or it may be served with mashed or baked potatoes and with the addition of lettuce and cucumber salad, or a salad made of green peas or beans tossed in mayonnaise and mounded on lettuce leaves, it makes an appetizing meal.

CASSEROLE OF CODFISH WITH VEGETABLES

1½ cups flaked cooked fish
1 tablespoon flour
2 tablespoons fat salt pork cut in dice
2 potatoes
1 carrot
1 onion
1 tablespoon rice (may be omitted)
¼ teaspoon paprika
1 tablespoon tomato catchup
Cold water

TRY out the pork scraps, dredge the fish-flakes in flour and toss them in the hot fat until the flour is brown. Put them in a casserole. Slice the potatoes, carrots and onion and put on top of the fish. Add the rice and seasoning. Rinse the frying-pan with sufficient water to cover the ingredients and pour it over the mixture of fish and vegetables. Cover and cook for two and one-half hours. This may be served with spinach or beet greens or with a lettuce salad.

SCALLOPED CODFISH

1¾ cups white sauce, well seasoned with chopped onion, green pepper, red pepper capers or green pickles.
1½ cups flaked fish
½ cup buttered crums

MIX the codfish, sauce and seasoning. Put in a buttered dish, cover with buttered crums and bake until the crums are brown.

CODFISH SOUFFLÉ

1 cup shredded cooked codfish
2 cups mashed potato
2 eggs, whites and yolks separated
2 tablespoons butter
½ green pepper, diced
½ onion, chopped fine
Pepper

COOK the onion and pepper in the butter. Mix this with the potatoes and fish. Add the beaten egg-yolks. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Bake in a greased baking-dish twenty minutes in a moderate oven. This may be accompanied by a creamed vegetable such as green peas, string beans, cauliflower or onions.

Concluded on page 59

New simple salads for the spring-time Menu



Serve these delightful fruit dishes to put healthful freshness into every-day meals

What finer or better—at this time of the year—than a tempting fruit salad?

No matter what other courses you may serve, the delicious flavor of fruit adds distinction and charm to the whole menu. But even more important—remember that fruit, with its healthful mineral salts and natural light bulk, supplies just those elements most needed to regulate the body after the long winter diet of heavier foods.

Serve fruit in some form every day. Try the enticing fruit dishes here illustrated. They're just as easily and economically made now as at any other season. DEL MONTE enables you to serve the very choicest fruits—in wide variety—whenever you want them—at truly economical cost.

And don't forget that these appetizing salads give just a hint of the year-round opportunity that DEL MONTE offers for serving better-balanced meals. For more than 500 other tempting, thrifty ways to use canned fruits and vegetables for breakfast, luncheon or dinner—just as they come from the can, in desserts, salads and other made-up dishes — write for a copy of our book, "DEL MONTE Recipes of Flavor." It's free.

Address Department D
CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION
San Francisco, California

The recipes below have all been tested and approved by Pauline D. Partridge and Hester M. Conklin, nationally known Domestic Science Experts. They will help you to serve well-balanced meals.

PEAR SALAD LUCERNE—Thoroughly drain the sirup from 1 can of Del Monte Pears. Soak 2½ tablespoons of gelatine in ¼ cup cold water. Add 1½ cups tomato, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 small sprig of celery, 2 whole cloves and 2 tablespoons vinegar to the pear sirup. Bring to the boiling point and cook slowly for 3 minutes. Rub through a strainer, again bring to boiling point and add the softened gelatine. Stir until dissolved and pour into shallow molds or saucers. Set in a cold place until firm, turn out on lettuce and place a half pear on top of each mold of jelly. Serve with mayonnaise.

PIQUANTE PEACH SALAD—Drain the sirup from 1 can Del Monte Peach Halves. Soak 2 tablespoons gelatine in ¼ cup cold water. Add 1 stick of cinnamon and ¼ teaspoon each of salt and paprika to the peach sirup. Bring to the boiling point and add the softened gelatine, stir until it dissolves, strain and add 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Place the peach halves in the bottoms of molds or cups, cut side up. Pour gelatine mixture in and set aside in cold place until firm. Turn out on lettuce and serve with mayonnaise.

CHERRY SALAD—Drain Del Monte Cherries and remove the stones, replacing them with small pieces of celery. Mix with ½ cup of Del Monte Ripe Olives from which stones have been removed, and serve on lettuce with mayonnaise.

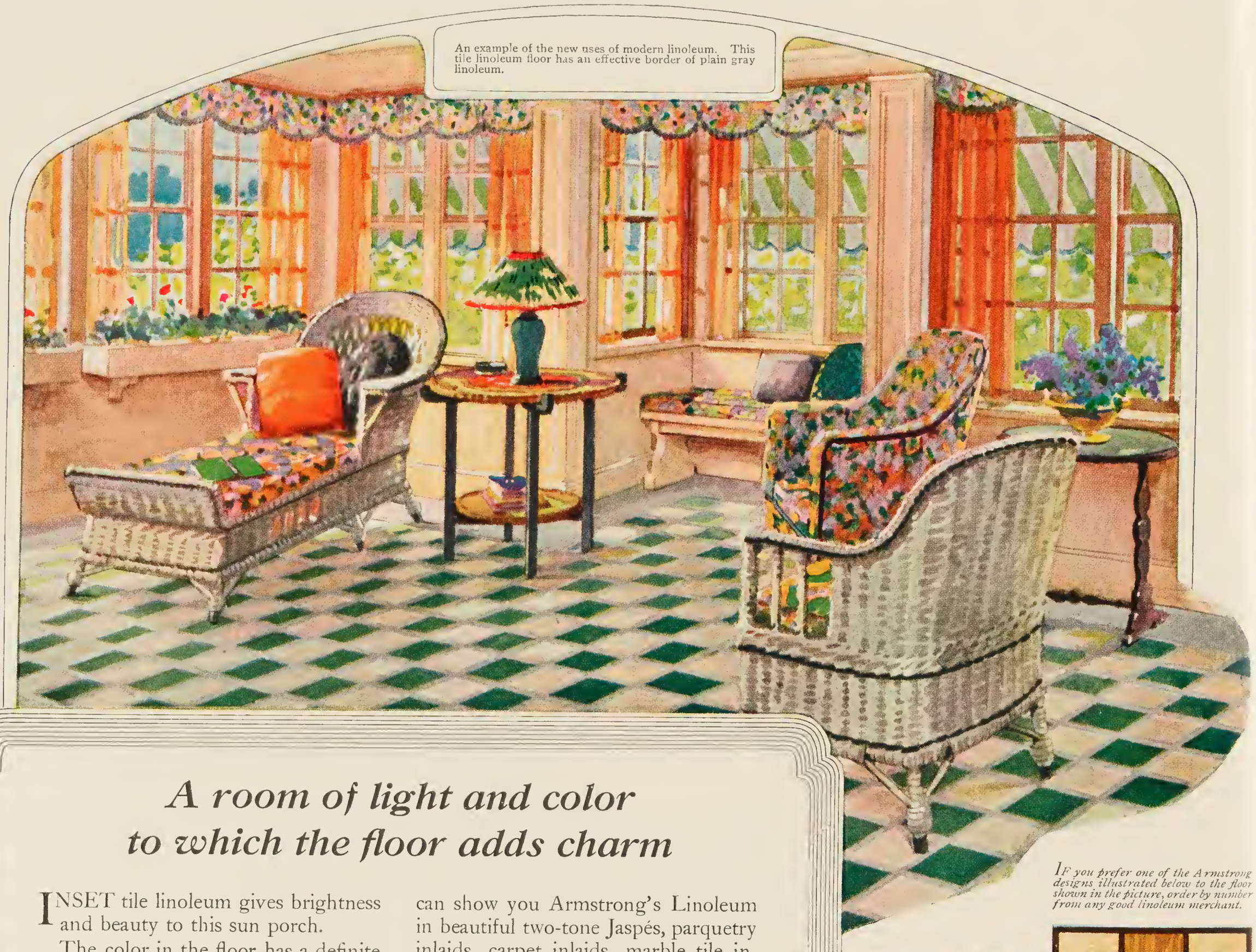
APRICOT SUNFLOWER SALAD—Thoroughly drain Del Monte Canned Apricots. Cut each half in two pieces lengthwise. Arrange lettuce on individual salad plates. In the center of each plate place a marshmallow and arrange the pieces of apricot out from this to imitate the petals of a sunflower. Around marshmallow place stiff mayonnaise and sprinkle with finely chopped California walnuts.

BIRD'S NEST SALAD—Drain the sirup from 1 can Del Monte Crushed or Grated Pineapple. Put 2 tablespoons of the pineapple sirup in a bowl, add 2 tablespoons powdered sugar, ¼ teaspoon each of salt and paprika, ½ tablespoon vinegar and 4 tablespoons olive oil. Mix thoroughly and add ½ of this dressing to the drained pineapple. Cut rings of green pepper and place on lettuce. Heap the pineapple in the pepper rings and on the top place 3 cottage cheese balls which have been sprinkled with paprika. Pour remainder of dressing just before serving.

SUSANNA SALAD—Drain the sirup from 1 can of Del Monte Plums and remove stones. Soften 2½ tablespoons gelatine in ¼ cup cold water, dissolve in 1 cup boiling water, add 3 tablespoons sugar, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon, the plums and sirup. Pour into a ring mold and when firm serve garnished with lettuce. Fill the center with mayonnaise.

Armstrong's Linoleum

for Every Floor in the House



An example of the new uses of modern linoleum. This tile linoleum floor has an effective border of plain gray linoleum.

A room of light and color to which the floor adds charm

INSET tile linoleum gives brightness and beauty to this sun porch.

The color in the floor has a definite relationship to the color of the porch furniture and decorations. This relation of floor-color to room-color is something ordinary floors lack.

But a floor of Armstrong's Linoleum has other advantages besides its decorative color value. It is easy to clean and, when properly installed, permanent, waterproof and durable.

Every housekeeper can appreciate the comfort of a floor that does not stain, splinter, or take up dust. A linoleum floor never needs expensive refinishing. An occasional waxing and polishing is all the care it demands, and this attention it rewards handsomely by looking bright and new.

Good furniture and department stores can show you Armstrong's Linoleum in beautiful two-tone Jaspés, parquetry inlaids, carpet inlaids, marble tile inlaids, the several plain colors, and pleasing printed designs; also linoleum rugs, printed and inlaid. They will give you a new conception of the uses and beauties of linoleum and its adaptability as a floor for any room in your house.

All Armstrong's Linoleum is marked with a Circle "A" trademark on the burlap back. Look for it.

Write to our Bureau of Interior Decoration for ideas as to proper patterns and colors for use in any scheme of home decoration. No charge for this service.

"The Art of Home Furnishing and Decoration" (Second Edition)

By Frank Alvah Parsons, President of the New York School of Fine and Applied Art. Sent, with de luxe colorplates of home interiors, on receipt of twenty cents.

ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY, LINOLEUM DIVISION

804 West Walnut Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Look for the CIRCLE "A" trademark on the burlap back

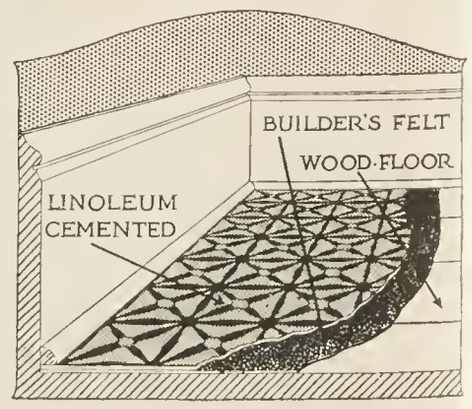
IF you prefer one of the Armstrong designs illustrated below to the floor shown in the picture, order by number from any good linoleum merchant.



Parquetry Wood Tile No. P 80

Marble Tile No. M 64

How to Lay Linoleum on Wood Floors



IN summer wood floors expand. In winter they dry out and contract, with a tendency to open up the cracks between the boards. Your linoleum floor, therefore, should be cemented (not tacked) over a lining of builder's deadening felt which has been previously glued to the bare floor boards. The felt takes up expansion and contraction and gives you a permanent, waterproof, good-looking floor. The added service and wear this method gives are well worth the extra cost.

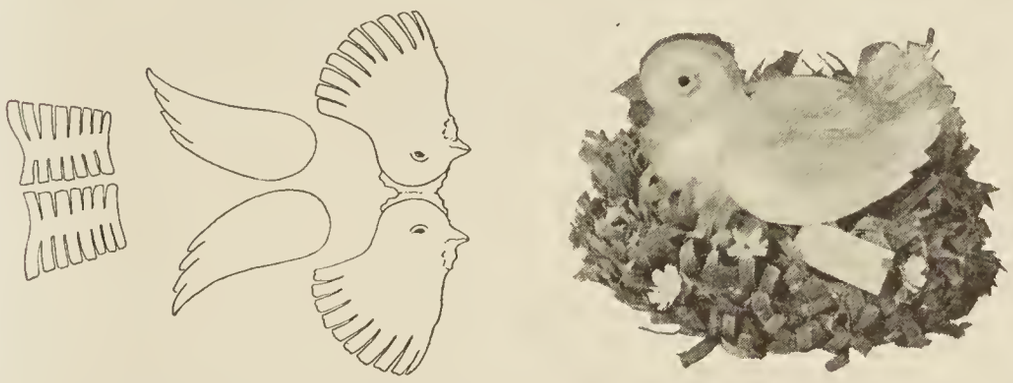
FAVORS YOU CAN MAKE

By Adela Price Jones

The humble egg-shell, plus paint, paper, glue and wire, has made these pretty Easter favors. If you want complete directions for making each article for Easter favors or place-cards, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope right away to the Home-Makers' Department



Egg-shell cups for candies, floating favors which may be used in finger-bowls for place-cards, and Mr. and Mrs. Humpty-Dumpty



A piece of paper drawn, colored and cut as shown at the left when pasted to an egg makes this baby chick for a crape-paper nest



A blown egg painted, glued to a wire stem on which are green crape calyx and leaves makes a pretty tulip bud. Half a shell attached to a wire stem wrapped with green crape paper makes a blossom



Nested in ferns, these egg-shell favors make a most attractive centerpiece



Refreshment without risk

WHEN you feel worn out and nerves are a-jangle from the daily grind—that is nature's danger signal. Good food, a *wholesome* hot drink and rest are the only safe ways to restore vigor and freshness.

A good hot drink, such as Postum, that contains no treacherous stimulant, is one of the surest, safest helps in relieving fatigue.

The genial warmth of this famous cereal beverage, its delicious flavor and "body" give immediate satisfaction. Tired nerves are soothed—not stirred up at the expense of vital energy.

Postum *tastes* like coffee but it does not contain a particle of coffee. Coffee is likely to let you down; but Postum comforts and satisfies without any disagreeable after-effects.

Postum is the world's household drink that every member of the family—young and old—can enjoy.

Your grocer sells Postum in two forms: Instant Postum (in tins) prepared instantly in the cup by the addition of boiling water. Postum Cereal (in packages) for those who prefer to make the drink while the meal is being prepared; made by boiling fully 20 minutes.

Postum

FOR HEALTH

"There's a Reason"





It is Found in Well Appointed Homes

Refinement! Ease! These are the outstanding attributes of the living room in the well-appointed home.

Careful householders who know the Davenport Bed, agree that it is an important part of a really comfortable living room. The Davenport Bed enhances the appearance of the room to the point of exciting the admiration of guests; this is a matter of actual experience.

The variety of styles in which the Davenport Bed may be had, makes it possible for every home to have a tastefully appointed living room. Chairs and rockers may be had to match.

Good furniture stores are pleased to show a variety; they will tell you of its helpfulness, of its ease, of its success in meeting both daytime and night-time requirements. Ask at your furniture store for a demonstration. No obligation.



A handsome brochure, showing sixty-six styles, is yours for the asking. Mention your furniture store if you wish.

DAVENPORT BED MAKERS OF AMERICA
912 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago

The DAVENPORT BED
SERVES BY DAY AND BY NIGHT

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THE REVIVAL OF AN OLD ART

Hooked rugs have come into their own

By Margaret Brice

AMONG the lovers of the beautiful, the old-fashioned "hooked" or "pulled" rugs like our grandmothers used to make are very popular, and well might they be, for they are indeed a work of art.

In shops that carry hooked rugs the prices are such as to keep the majority of us from obtaining one in that way, but any one can learn to make them by the "hook" process, which is a simple yet fascinating art, and when finished you will be so proud of it you would not exchange it for the finest Turkish rug made.

I have seen hooked rugs that were in constant use for fifteen to twenty years and looked as good as new rugs.

THE rugs are worked on strong burlap, which may be stamped by the maker of the rug in designs to suit her individual taste, but for beginners I would advise the buying of the burlap already stamped from some reliable company, which can also furnish a hook for doing the work. We would suggest the use of a coarse hook for beginners.

The other materials required for the making of a rug are rags and a frame. Rags (preferably woolen) of all colors should be used, such as those from worn-out waists, skirts, suits (both men's and women's), old underwear, old blankets, carpets and hosiery. Some will not need to be colored; others, such as underwear and blanket rags, may need to be. After the rags are colored, they are cut up in strips about three-eighths of an inch wide, the width varying according to the thickness of the cloth: thin cloth needs to be cut wider, while the heavy cloth should be cut narrower (this is something which you soon learn from experience, as the work is really very simple).



A design from maple leaves

Some people have a regular frame for the purpose, which can be adjusted to different sizes of patterns, while others just take four straight strips or bars of wood about two and one-half inches wide, three-quarters to one inch thick and long enough to cross at the corners, leaving a space in the center a little larger than the pattern. The corners may be held together with clamps, bolts, screws or nails.

Along the two side strips of wood tack burlap or ticking about two inches wide. The pattern, having been previously bound with braid or a strip of cloth, is then fastened in the frame.

Sew the burlap pattern to the burlap or ticking on the two side pieces of the frames. Now put your frame together, having the end sticks about one inch out from pattern and keeping the pattern drawn tight as you fasten the corners of the frame together. See that the pattern is true and square in the frame and then fasten the ends by sewing with twine through the hem and round the end sticks of frame, having the stitches about one and one-half inches apart and keeping the pattern drawn tight. The frame is then placed in a horizontal position at a convenient height for hooking and the work is commenced.

Take a strip of rag in the left hand and the hook in the right. The hook is pushed down through the burlap, and the end of rag (which is held in left hand under the rug)



Black scrolls with buff background

is pulled up about one-half inch, then the hook is pushed down again, leaving about two threads of burlap between the first and second holes, and a loop of the rug pulled up to the desired height. You can use your own judgment as to the height to pull the loops: some rug-makers like a thicker rug than others; some pull up the loops three-eighths of an inch and some less. This is continued until the whole rug is worked, when the burlap should be completely covered with rags.

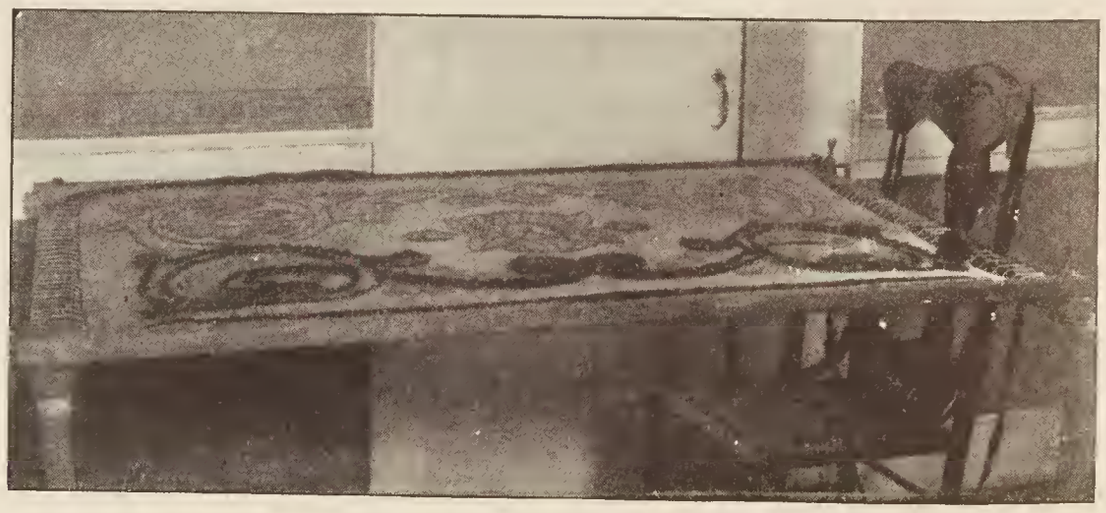
It is wisest for beginners to use the colors as near as possible like those in which the burlap is stamped. It is also best to outline the outer edge of each design before filling the center: for instance, if you are making a leaf, first outline the leaf and stems before filling the center of the leaf.

The rags can not be sewn together like carpet rags, so, in order to make them as long as possible, when you reach the end of a strip do not cut off, but turn and cut down the other side of material. On the under side of the rug the rags are not in loops as they are on the top, but are pulled or drawn close up to the under side of the burlap with the hook.

Work along the sides of the pattern till you have finished your rug as far in as you can comfortably reach, and then loosen the corners of the frame and roll the finished portion of the rug around the side pieces of the frame and fasten the frame together again with the pattern stretched tight—then proceed as before.

Many people use yarn or carpet waste for the flowers and scrolls, pulling the loops up quite high and then clipping them with scissors, giving the rug a most beautiful velvety appearance.

When you come to the end of a rag, always pull the end to the top of the rug as at the beginning and leave extended about one-half inch until the loops are worked solidly around the end, which will hold it fast, when it may be cut even with the loops.



The rugs are worked on strong burlap, which may be stamped by the person making the rug or be purchased already stamped

The varied styles this Spring demand a service other patterns fail to give you

From costume suit to evening frocks you can make clothes you will love to wear

THINK of being able to make yourself one of the new three-piece costumes Paris and New York are wearing this Spring! You can—perfectly! It is simple with the unique dress-making service the Deltor gives you.

First the Deltor shows you exactly how to cut out your costume from a minimum of material and yet have the circular movements or fashionable drapery on the right grain of the goods to hang correctly. Deltor cutting layouts save you from ¼ to 1⅜ yard on everything you make.

When you come to put your dress together you know exactly what to do and when and how to do it. Every necessary step is there before you in pictures and clear directions — something other patterns do not give you.

You might easily shop and shop for some of the season's new trimmings and even for ten or fifteen dollars not find what your dress demands. The Deltor shows you exactly how to make these new trimmings — and at a negligible cost.

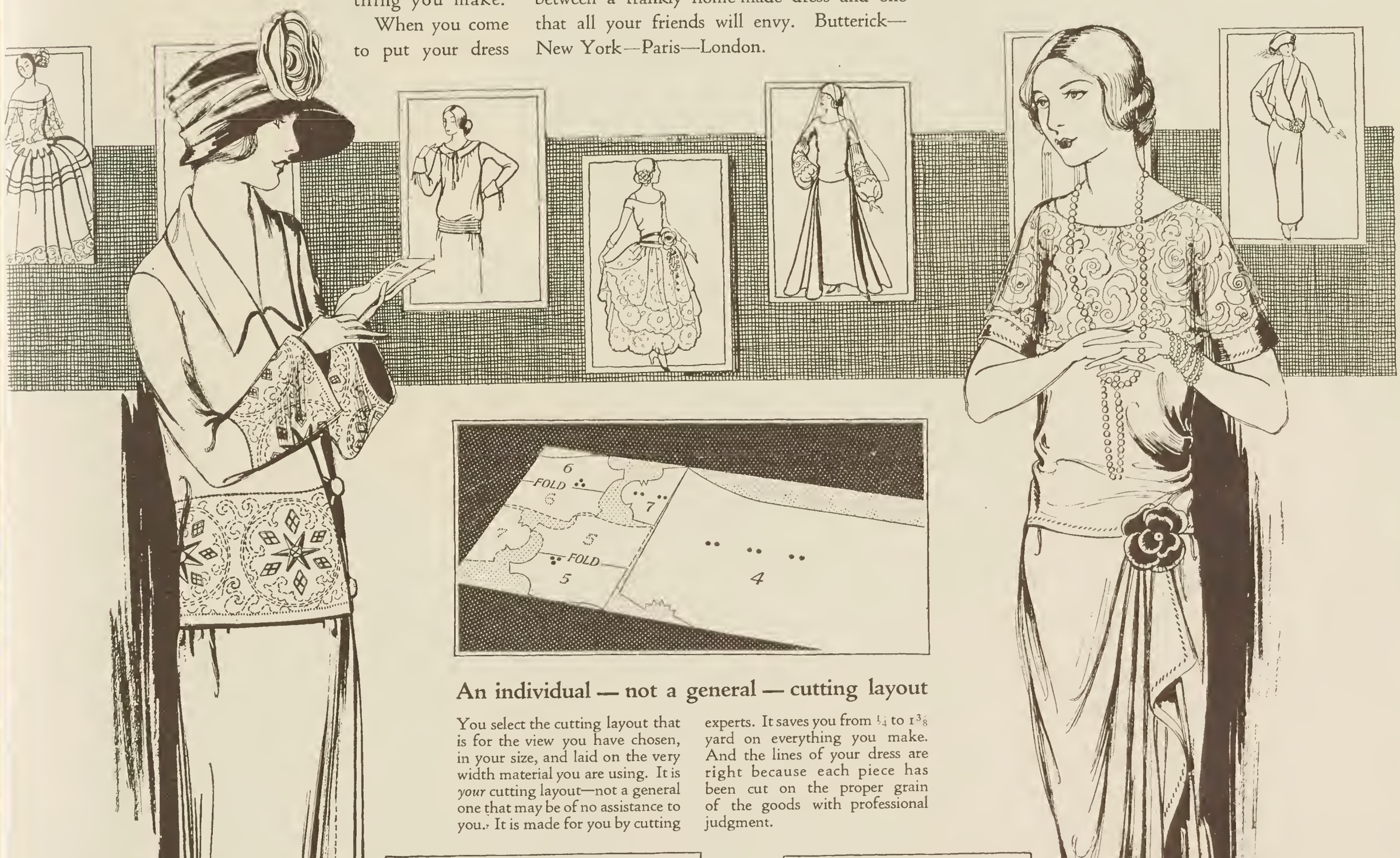
Between the result of the general directions most patterns carry and the Deltor's individual and complete guidance may be the difference between a frankly home-made dress and one that all your friends will envy. Butterick—New York—Paris—London.

Paris says for Spring

Four silhouettes — draped, bouffant, straight, circular—little etons, coat dresses—you handle them all expertly with the Deltor.

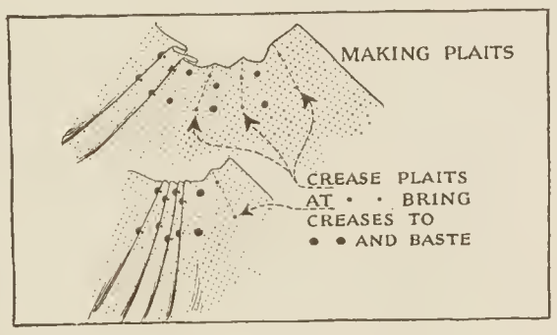
Ornaments, plaques, rosettes, tubing trimming—the Deltor shows you how to make them.

When you are in Paris stop at the shop where more patterns are sold than at any other in the world, our Butterick shop, 27 Rue de l'Opéra. And in London at our Regent Street shop.



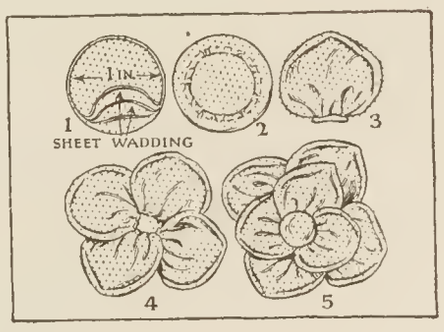
An individual — not a general — cutting layout

You select the cutting layout that is for the view you have chosen, in your size, and laid on the very width material you are using. It is *your* cutting layout—not a general one that may be of no assistance to you. It is made for you by cutting experts. It saves you from ¼ to 1⅜ yard on everything you make. And the lines of your dress are right because each piece has been cut on the proper grain of the goods with professional judgment.



Each step is shown

Every single step in the making of your dress is before you in pictures. You work easily and securely with the Deltor and give your dress the cut, the workmanship, the finish that a professional would, because you work like a professional.



French trimmings

The Deltor shows you exactly how the new French trimmings on your model are made, down to the most minute detail. Consequently, for almost nothing, you give your costume those new little touches you love in imported things.

Straight, hip-fitting coat and frock make this costume suit. Bodice of dress in sketch to right of figure.

Every wardrobe must contain at least one draped dress this Spring. A deep lace bertha lends enchantment.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS WITH THE DELTOR



Make this gown yourself with Belding's Silk

The silk for this gown in size 36 will cost about $9.65 for Belding's Crêpe de Chine. Use Butterick Pattern and Deltor No. 4339, View A, requiring in size 36 2¾ yards of Belding's 40-inch Crêpe de Chine. In addition, you will need 1½ yards of 36-inch lace or 40-inch transparent material for the sleeves.

The silk for this same style with short sleeves of self-material will cost about $13.50 for Belding's Taffeta or Belding's Chiffon de Chine. Use Butterick Pattern and Deltor No. 4339, View B, requiring in size 36 4½ yards of Belding's 36-inch Taffeta or 4½ yards of Belding's 36 inch Chiffon de Chine.

Sixty Years of Enduring Quality

FOR sixty years, "Belding's" has stood for fabrics of *enduring quality* whose beauty conserved all the original strength of the pure silk.

If you really want to be satisfied with your finished garments, look for "Belding's" in the selvage of the silks you buy.

Your gowns, your linings, your lingerie—every garment in your wardrobe will look smarter and wear longer if it is made with Belding's Silks.

Belding's

Makers of Enduring Silks for Gowns, Linings, Lingerie



WDT

WOMEN IN BUSINESS

By Elsie Cleveland Mead

THE DELINEATOR will be glad to answer any question on good manners. Address the Etiquette Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York City, and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for a reply

ONE safe generalization is that a girl who enters the business world must understand that it entails distinct obligations and that she should not drag her social life into business hours. No self-respecting business woman will allow herself to be called on her employer's telephone for personal reasons except in a great emergency, and she herself would be too conscientious to use the telephone for outgoing messages of a personal nature or receive calls during business hours.



Elsie Cleveland Mead

The appearance of a business girl is most important. Neatness should be her ruling passion. The tailored girl is, perhaps, the ideal. There is often a temptation to wear one's more elaborate best clothes and dressy waists in the office; this should be avoided. In some of the largest banks in New York City there are steering committees of the girl employees themselves who advise newcomers as to the proper type of clothing to wear during business hours. A business woman should not wear any jewelry, although an inconspicuous pin, ring or watch might be excepted. It is bad taste for a woman in an office to wear dangling earrings, clanging bracelets and ropes of imitation pearls. In the same breath we must record an indictment against the use of strong perfumes and heavy-scented powders. I have heard many employers refer to this as a distinct annoyance. This is the era of hairnets and their price is well within the reach of all, so a neat head is easily maintained and is a great addition to one's appearance. Carefully attended hands and finger-nails are required, but this does not mean necessarily that the nails must be polished like a mirror.

In these days, when thousands of girls are employed by men, there are many quandaries and puzzling situations. The woman employee should never forget that her own attitude is a guide to her employer's behavior, and she must demand the same courtesy that should exist between a gentleman and his men employees, though she must not be too exacting in small matters, for the same usages that are in vogue in a drawing-room would be out of place in an office.

A VERY safe rule is for a woman never to accept any overtures of a social nature from her employer unless the initiative is taken by his wife in the case of a married man; and the unmarried man, if he is a well-bred one, will so respect a girl in his employ that he will arrange for other points of contact through mutual acquaintances rather than risk embarrassing her by giving invitations himself.

A woman should never accept gifts from her employer except at Christmas, or a wedding or farewell present if she is leaving, and the tactful employer would never make his Christmas gift of too personal a nature. In most business houses it is more usual to give a bonus of money rather than any other gift, and this practise is more in keeping with the accepted business relations. A girl should thank the member of the firm whom she sees the most frequently for a Christmas or wedding or farewell gift, or if the opportunity does not present itself, she should not fail to write a note, which could be addressed quite properly to the head of the firm.

Men very often employ women for the simple reason that their presence creates an atmosphere of courtesy, appreciating that the small amenities often smooth the way amid the rush and monotony of business life. A business woman can hardly fail to feel this responsibility and a pleasant "Good morning" and "Good evening" is not amiss to her superiors as well as to her coworkers.

She should never leave her job without a word of courteous farewell to her employer and her colleagues. It would be proper to make the opportunity to say good-by when one is leaving a position and not just leave it to chance. I have often heard an employer speak in a disappointed tone of an employee who left without a word. This often happens out of delicacy on the girl's part because she feels a little awkward for fear of intruding, but a courteous word of appreciation is never an intrusion. "I want to thank you for all your kindness to me while here" will warm the heart of any one and is one of the well-earned rewards of a thoughtful employer.

The well-mannered business girl avoids making unnecessary noise, such as rustling papers and slamming doors, moves about as unobtrusively as possible and becomes a real asset by being courteous over the telephone. One business house I know of promoted their telephone girl to the title of "Confidential Clerk" and increased her salary accordingly. The promotion was well earned, for by her treatment of customers over the telephone she secured their friendship and good-will.

Efficient service is highly dependent on morale, even more so than upon discipline, and those in authority can by wise example permeate the office with good-will. It is proper for the person in charge of engaging a new employee to introduce her to her employer as well as to her coworkers.

A successful business woman never allows her private joys or troubles to enter her business life, and it is by this appreciative respect for her job that the American business woman has acquired a very high standard.

THE following questions have frequently been asked:

Q. Is it correct for a girl to say "This is Miss Johnson" in answering the telephone in a business office?

A. If unknown to the person calling, it is more business-like to say, for instance, "This is Mr. Smith's secretary" or "This is the bookkeeper."

Q. Are there separate rules in use for introductions in a business office?

A. No. Good form requires that a woman's name should be mentioned first whenever a formal introduction is made, as, "Miss Johnson, may I present Mr. Moore?" Never use the expression, "Miss Johnson, meet Mr. Moore." This is bad form in any contingency. The most natural substitute for a formal introduction in an office would be for the office manager or whoever is responsible for the office force to accompany Miss Johnson to the office of her employer and say, "Mr. Moore, this is Miss Johnson, who has just joined our forces. She will take your dictation."

Q. In a case like the above should a girl expect her employer to rise and shake hands?

A. A man of good breeding would of course rise to acknowledge this first introduction and bid her welcome. He may or may not shake hands.

Q. Should a girl express her appreciation for a gift given by several men in her office by buying them cigars and passing them around?

A. Most certainly this would not be good form. Sincere verbal thanks or a polite note to each of them is sufficient.



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WHAT SURPRISED THE CHEF

Real Cream in Cream Soups

"You don't mean to tell me," exclaimed a noted chef, who was visiting the "Home of the 57," "You don't mean to tell me that you put *real cream* in your cream soups!"

His specialty was cream soups. His exclamation of surprise came when he saw the great cans of real cream, fresh from the dairy, waiting to be made into Heinz Cream Soups.

"Of course!" was the reply. "What else?"

"But I never use cream in my cream soups—or even milk. It isn't necessary. Nobody notices the difference."

He was told, however, that real cream was necessary for Heinz Cream Soups.

Doesn't the label say
"Cream"?

When a Heinz Soup is called "Cream Soup" it is because it is *made with real cream.*

When Heinz Beans are called "Oven Baked" it is because they are *really baked in dry heat ovens.*

"Pure" means *pure*, and there are 57 Varieties of HEINZ *pure food products.*

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

57 Varieties

57

Every Woman Loves Beautiful Things



WRITE FOR SPECIAL PAMPHLET ROYAL SOCIETY *WRITE FOR SPECIAL PAMPHLET*

EMBROIDERY PACKAGE OUTFITS

To women who have long known Royal Society Embroidery Package Outfits the announcing of a change from the former yellow envelope to the new Grey may seem unnecessary—knowing as they do that wherever the Royal Society Trade Mark appears it is a sign of personal responsibility on the part of the makers of these famous packages and means the upholding of every quality standard, regardless of container.

We feel however that in these days of changing values, the consumer needs and is entitled to every reassurance as to quality and worth.

THE NEW LINE presents the greatest possibilities for the fulfillment of every woman's inherent desire and love for things beautiful. The most exquisite and dainty under things, in sheer materials of soft colorings; cute smart apparel for children and babies; novelty sets for use in the home, for entertaining at light luncheons, etc., decorative scarfs and cushions, all of most charming designs and conceptions.

EVEN IF YOU HAVE NEVER TRIED TO EMBROIDER—you can positively do so with the aid of the lesson sheet or stitch guide which makes everything simple and clear.

"Everything is in the package" saving you shopping time and trouble selecting the different articles, floss, etc. The making is all done—you just add the finishing touches of embroidery which affords you both pleasure and saving.

ART NEEDLEWORK MATERIALS—There is an especially made Royal Society Thread for every kind of Art Needlework—and you can choose the kind suited for the work you have in mind, *knowing* that they represent the utmost in quality and durability.

Celesta "The washable artificial silk" is made in a complete line of colors and used extensively to embroider dresses, hats, etc., as well as for artistic decorative pieces. For embroidering children's dresses, towels and articles that are often tubbed and boiled—ask for Royal Society Boil Proof Cottons (Monoselle or Satin Floss).

No matter what kind of embroidery or crochet work you wish to do, insist upon Royal Society.

If your dealer is out of stock of the item you wish, he will order it for you—and we will promptly fill his order.

Royal Society Products are Sold by Dealers Everywhere

25 E. 15th St., Dept. F **H. E. VERRAN COMPANY, Inc.** New York City

Above prices obtain only in U. S. A.



NEW WAYS TO SERVE CODFISH

Concluded from page 50

CODFISH TIMBALES

1½ cups milk
2 tablespoons butter
¼ cup dried, sifted bread-crums
1 beaten egg
1½ cups flaked fish
¼ teaspoon paprika
1 teaspoon grated onion
1 teaspoon crushed pimiento

SCALD the milk and add the other ingredients. Pour into individual greased molds, set them in a pan of hot water and bake in a slow oven till firm. Turn out on a platter and serve with cheese, celery or creole sauce.

CODFISH TIMBALES WITH RICE

1 cup cooked rice or mashed potato
4 tablespoons of cream
2 eggs, well beaten
Salt and pepper
1 cup well-seasoned codfish

ADD the well-beaten egg to the mashed potato or rice slowly and mix thoroughly, season well and then add the cream. Line well-greased individual molds with this mixture, fill with creamed codfish and cover with more of the potato or rice mixture. Put in a pan of hot water and bake in a slow oven until firm. Turn out and serve with caper or cucumber sauce. Garnish with breaded carrots.

A variation of the above is fish-and-potato pie:

Line a buttered baking-dish with well-seasoned mashed potato to about one inch in thickness. Fill with creamed fish well seasoned with green pepper, pimiento, minced cucumber, pickles or onion. Cover with a layer of the potato. Brush with melted butter and brown in a hot oven.

DUTCH CODFISH

2 tablespoons diced bacon or bacon fat
4 cups chopped cabbage
¼ cup hot water
⅛ teaspoon pepper
2 cups flaked cooked codfish

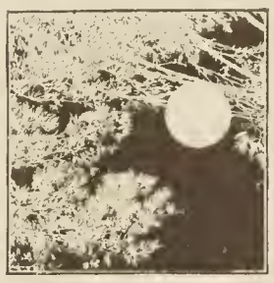
TRY out the bacon, add the cabbage and cook for five minutes, tossing the cabbage to prevent burning. Add the water and seasoning and cook until the cabbage is tender. Add the fish and continue the cooking until fish is heated. Mound on a platter and garnish with toast, slices of lemon or bacon curls and watercress, or slices of hard-boiled eggs and parsley.

FISH-CAKES (WELL-SEASONED)

2 cups shredded cooked codfish
2 cups hot mashed potato
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 well-beaten egg
2 tablespoons milk,
2 tablespoons butter
¼ pound salt pork, cut in dice
1 onion, minced (may be omitted)
½ green pepper, minced (may be omitted)

TRY out the pork and remove the scraps. Cook the onion and pepper in the hot fat for five minutes and remove. Mix the fish, potato, seasonings, butter and pork scraps. Stir in the egg and beat well. Shape into small cakes, dip in flour and sauté in the pork fat, browning them well on each side; or shape in small balls and fry in deep fat; or omit the egg, add two tablespoons of milk, spread in the frying-pan, stir well, press flat, brown well on one side only, fold and serve on a platter. Serve with poached eggs and lettuce, tomato, cress or Spanish-onion salad.

Codfish should be well cooked, properly seasoned and attractively garnished. Tomatoes, onions, green and red peppers, chopped green pickles, capers and bacon all blend well with salt codfish. Codfish likewise combines well with starchy foods, as potatoes, rice, macaroni and spaghetti. Sliced lemon cut in various forms, slices of hard-boiled egg, toast points, cress and parsley are all attractive garnishes for codfish.



AN APRIL NIGHT

Continued from page 6

"With whom have you lived in Georgia?"

"An aunt—my mother's sister—since my mother died twelve years ago."

"A woman of means?"

"No, sir; a bookkeeper."

"Have you never applied to Mr. Cole for money?"

"No, sir; my mother told my aunt never to do that."

"Then why are you doing it now?"

"My aunt thought when he died that his death would make a difference."

"When were your father and mother divorced?"

"They were never divorced. They separated when I was three years old."

"You have their marriage license with you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who are your lawyers?"

"I haven't any."

"Have you ever seen Mrs. Block before?"

"Yes, sir; we came all the way from New York together."

"We met on the train for the first time," interposed Mrs. Block. "We did not know each other's business until this was accidentally disclosed at the hotel here."

"*A-ha!*" said Walter Trivet softly. He added: "Your idea would be to break Mr. Cole's will and be declared his sole heir?"

Miss Weathers glanced at Mrs. Block.

"But then where would she come in?" she said. "I should want her to have her share."

"They're going in fifty-fifty," Walter Trivet thought.

"How about that, Mrs. Block?" he inquired.

"I should wish to see what developed," said that lady only.

"And then," pursued Miss Weathers, "I should like this young gentleman to have his two thousand."

"Oh, say now!" Wilmer burst out. "I don't need any real education——"

"But the other bequests," suggested Mr. Trivet mildly—"they are equally worthy: the Katytown hospital, the crippled-children's school over in Morrison, a library for the Morrison Hosiery Factory and an addition to the home for the blind—all those are worthy, worthy."

"Oh," said Miss Weathers earnestly, "and if I got mine—those couldn't be paid?"

"Hardly," said Mr. Trivet, "hardly. However, if you are the heir at law, you have no right to consider all that."

MISS MAUDIE WEATHERS turned to Wilmer with an engaging air of appeal. In the pale light streaming from the open windows and mingling with the moonlight, she looked beautiful. But it was her manner—her manner of lovely and, so to say, liquid surrender which flooded the heart of Wilmer Cole.

"What," she said to him, "would *you* advise me to do?" and before he could answer: "Oh," she said, "yours—and these others'—why, I couldn't do it. I couldn't take the money. How could I? My mother would hate that."

Mr. Trivet studied her impersonally. Nerve giving out, he decided.

"Have you, by any chance," he said, "your papers with you? Yes? I might examine them right here, while we are alone. Mrs. Block, with your permission— My dear—" he said to his wife, in a manner of uttering a vague direction, and disappeared to the house.

Mrs. Trivet interpreted his vague directions as a mandatory over Mrs. Block, to

Concluded on page 60

Four out of Five is *Pyorrhea's Toll*



Nature warns with bleeding gums

When Pyorrhea comes, the teeth loosen, and drop out or must be extracted. Pus-pockets form at the roots and poison spreads throughout the system.

Comparatively few persons are immune. Statistics show that four out of every five past forty, and thousands younger, are subject to this sinister disease.

Heed Nature's Warning

At the first sign of Pyorrhea, Nature gives her danger signal—tender gums which bleed easily when the teeth are brushed. Fortunate is he who heeds that friendly warning; his teeth may be spared, while he who neglects that admonition may pay the extreme penalty.

At the first sign of tender, bleeding gums, go to your dentist for teeth and gum inspection and start using Forhan's For the Gums at once.

Forhan's For the Gums is the scientific formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S. If used consistently and used in time, it will prevent Pyorrhea or check its course.

In addition to its efficacy in the treatment of Pyorrhea, Forhan's For the Gums is an excellent dentifrice. It contains nothing but the most beneficial ingredients that keep teeth white and clean and the gums firm and healthy.

Remember, statistics are all against you. Science proves that four out of every five are doomed after forty. For that reason it is good health insurance to start using Forhan's For the Gums today.

Forhan's For the Gums is sold by druggists everywhere. Start a good habit today, the habit of strict oral hygiene. Go regularly to your dentist and brush your teeth twice a day with Forhan's. 35c and 60c in tubes.

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS
More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea



Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York
Forhan's, Limited, Montreal

Old English Wax



Free to you!

You will receive a can of Old English Wax free if you buy an *Old English Waxer-Polisher* now. Does two things—it waxes, then polishes the floor. It's a great improvement over any weighted brush, which does not apply the wax, but merely polishes. Lasts a lifetime. Just mail the coupon below.

"You put the wax in here"

The way to have beautiful floors is open to everyone

There was a time when lustrous, rich-looking floors were considered quite a luxury.

Gradually, more and more people learned of the simple, inexpensive treatment that gave floors such beauty.

Lasting beauty

Here is the way: Finish your floors with Old English Wax. As you wax and polish them, the floors will take on a mellow lustre—a hard, lasting finish that cannot be scratched or show heel-marks.

After the first waxing, an occasional "touching up" of the spots walked on most frequently is all that is necessary.

The new, easy way to wax and polish

Many people still use a soft cloth to apply wax and polish the floor, and it will always be a good way. But with the Old English Waxer-Polisher, the work of waxing floors on hands and knees is made unnecessary.

Just as easily as you push a carpet-sweeper, so can you use the Old English Waxer-Polisher. It waxes and then polishes the floor. The only device of its kind. It's quicker, easier, and uses less wax.

Costs less than other finishes

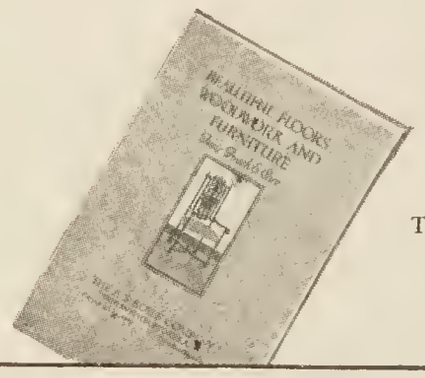
Old English waxed floors cost less than you think. Old English has a high percentage of hard, high-grade, imported wax, so it goes farther, lasts longer, and therefore costs less than most other finishes.

For linoleum floors

Use Old English Linoleum Wax, liquid, a special wax that polishes, preserves, and beautifies linoleum. Recommended by leading linoleum manufacturers.

For dancing

Merely sprinkle Old English Powdered Wax lightly over the floor. The dancers' feet will put on the polish.



THE A. S. BOYLE CO., 1110 Dana Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio
Canadian Factory: Toronto
Manufacturers of wax finishes exclusively for over 25 years

Send for this free book

Filled with information about the treatment of floors, woodwork, furniture, linoleum, etc. Shows how easily and economically you can have permanently beautiful floors. Every housewife should have this expert advice, which is based on over 25 years' experience. Mail the coupon now.

Paint, hardware, drug, housefurnishing, and department stores sell Old English products.

THE A. S. BOYLE COMPANY,
1110 Dana Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio
Indicate with X whether you only want free book or wish to order a Waxer-Polisher.

☐ Send me your free book, "Beautiful Floors, Woodwork, and Furniture—Their Finish and Care."
☐ Send me, all charges paid, an ***Old English Waxer-Polisher*** with a can of Wax Free at the special time-limited price, $3.50 (Denver and West, $4.00; Canada, $4.50; Winnipeg and West, $5.00), which I enclose.

Name.....

Address.....

.....



AN APRIL NIGHT

Concluded from page 59

whom she began uninterruptedly to talk. Bob and Barbara were in some momentary altercation. Wilmer stooped to Miss Maudie Weathers.

"Come with me a minute," said he.

They walked a little way toward the end of the terrace. In the shadow of a great cedar they paused. Wilmer was trembling with the boldness of his resolve. He bent over Miss Maudie Weathers.

"Kid," he said, "we're on to you. I was on to you the first thing—there in the hotel. You might as well give it up and go away quiet—before any trouble comes of it. See?"

Miss Weathers stared up at him.

"We're on to Mis' Block, too," he pursued. "Fixed it up together, didn't you? *She* ain't no nurse—not with the diamonds she flashes. I just wanted to warn you you're both spotted; I'm a friend of yours—see? Now you both best leave town quiet, on the midnight."

Miss Weathers continued to study him.

"You are," she said softly, "a much better sort than you look, aren't you?"

By this he was taken aback. So she admitted everything, *that easy!* He stammered: "Oh, I don't know."

"I hope," she said, "that you will take that two thousand and get an education with it. You could be almost anything, I should think, with an education."

"You really think that?"

"Of course I do. And when—" she pursued—"when you are educated—and married to some nice girl—will you think sometimes of Maudie Weathers, who wouldn't take your money even if she could?"

In her was a glow, a softness. Her hand touched his sleeve. He caught, inexplicably, as youth alone can catch it, that strange fragrance of the hidden being who was herself.

"Kid," he said, "oh, kid! If you was only the way you seem, how I could love you!"

She looked full at him, smiled enigmatically moved a little away.

"I'd forget that I said that, if I were you," she said only.

"WILL you give it up?" he went on. "Just pull out now? I'd hate to see you get into trouble. Will you give it up?"

"You heard what I said to Mr. Trivet," she replied. "I couldn't change that sort of will—neither would my mother."

She turned back abruptly to the others. Mrs. Block was saying to Mrs. Trivet:

"—did the Norway fiords and that sort of thing. Charming Summer. I must have it again."

"Hear her?" muttered Wilmer. "Nurse nothing. Couldn't you *tell* that at a glance?"

In the drawing-room Marjorie was to be heard singing to the Reverend Arthur Brace "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes," a song which he made a clerical joke about, calling it a "dry lyric," probably to excuse its unanthemesque character. From the library Walter Trivet was advancing. He handed her papers back to Miss Weathers and he bowed.

"I should say, Miss Weathers," said he, "that these are in perfect form. So far as I can determine, these seem to be in perfect form—license, certificate and the writing and early photographs of my old friend Joe Cole are undoubtedly authentic. If you can prove that you are the person to whom these things refer——"

"Traveler's checks," said Miss Weathers, "letter of credit——"

"Precisely. Then there would be no doubt that you would have an open way to your claim."

Then Maudie Weathers shook her head. "Really," she said, "I couldn't touch that money, now that I've seen how everything is. No, please; we'll leave everything as it was going to be."

"Do you mean," burst from Wilmer Josephus Cole, "that she is my Uncle Joe's daughter?"

"It is," said Mr. Trivet, "reasonably certain that she is so."

Wilmer stood looking at her in silence. For a defeated young man, for a young man who had brought to his lawyer his own cousin, charged with being an adventuress, he appeared peculiarly without chagrin. He was even smiling. Before them all he crossed to her and held out his hand, and not until she looked at him did he begin to stammer.

They were still trying not to laugh at him when Marjorie and the Reverend Arthur Brace stepped from a long window and joined them. And when they were presenting him, the Reverend Arthur suddenly put out his hand and exclaimed:

"But—Mrs. Block!"

"Arthur!" she said. "Whatever are you doing here?"

"Nothing," said the clergyman, "could make me happier. This," he explained, "is the wife of an old friend in a law firm you may know of, Trivet: Block, Wood and Welty."

The clergyman then stared haughtily at an impossible young man on the terrace who said loudly: "But I thought you said you was a nurse."

"For some years—yes," said Mrs. Block kindly. "How good of you to be interested, Mr. Cole."

"Well, well, well!" said Walter Trivet, and once more, "Well, well, well!" His one generation sometimes slipped away from him. It did so now. "I will," said he, "be jumped up!"

AS WILMER would have handed Maudie Weathers into the motor-car with the throaty spark-plug, Bob Trivet pulled his lax length from his deck-chair.

"Miss Weathers!" said he.

Bob's voice was furry and compelling, its drawl was electric. Of its own will it drew Miss Weathers apart until Bob stood looking down at her in six feet of surrounding seclusion.

"You are," said he earnestly, "the best that I ever saw."

"I beg your pardon?" said Maudie Weathers.

Enigmatically he told her: "I've known it. But you've proved it: That they make them like you."

"You're laughing at me——"

"I was never," said Bob Trivet trembling, "so dead in earnest in my life. And when I come to New York on my way back to school——"

He thought that her voice made music of the mere street and number which she gave him.

He loaned her to Wilmer and the little jumping car.

The Reverend Arthur Brace was to drive down Mrs. Benjamin Block in his roadster.

"Mr. Trivet," Mrs. Block now said, "I came on myself to see whether Mr. Cole's relatives were to be at all deprived—under the terms of his singular will—in which case I, of course, proposed to leave the money in his family. I feel that in any case we must arrange for Mr. Cole's nephew to have his two thousand—without expecting the impossible. And we must arrange to send this sweet, unaffected daughter of his through college."

"Exactly!" cried Bob Trivet with enormous energy.

"After which the bulk of the estate, which I understand myself to have inherited and for which I have no use, since Mr. Block's fortune is ample, must of course belong to her."

"Very noble," said Walter Trivet. "Very noble, Mrs. Block."

She stared at them both in some annoyance.

"Not at all. Merely passably good financial manners," she said.

WHEN the roadster of the Reverend Arthur Brace had rolled away in the moonlight and the Trivet family sat on the terrace alone, young Bob said softly:

"Where's your commercialism in that, dad?" Where's the self-interest—the law of self-preservation——"

"That," said Mr. Trivet with dignity, "is the most remarkable exhibition I have ever witnessed. Where you'll find one such example of the spirit you've seen here to-night, you'll find twenty—forty—ninety-nine of the exact opposite."

"You would, wouldn't you?" said Mrs. Trivet, that practised echo.

"I suppose you would," said Marjorie reluctantly.

"They were merely practising enlightened self-interest," said Barbara.

"Oh," said Bob Trivet loudly, "buncombe!"



A MOTHER'S CARE

MOTHER—the magic word that strikes a responsive chord in every human heart! Nothing compares with a mother's tender love and care. This same watchful care we observe in compounding and perfecting Analax—the laxative that helps preserve the health of your growing children—the generation of tomorrow.

Your family physician no doubt knows and recommends Analax. Ask his opinion. Why continue to torture your child with castor oil or harsh laxatives when "nothing acts like Analax"?

Analax helps bring the ruddy glow of health to cheeks of laughing, happy children. Its candied-fruit form appeals to every child. And it is equally good for older folks.

Back of Analax is 90 years' experience in the preparation of scientific formulas.

Why not ask your druggist for a free sample today, or drop a postal to us?

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Nothing Acts like **ANALAX**

ONE OF THE APPROVED
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A lesson in the new cleanliness that Mrs. Turner never forgot

WHEN her little Catherine was able to be up and about again, the doctor on his last call gave Mrs. Turner some good advice. "I would suggest, Mrs. Turner, that from now on, you form the habit of frequent and systematic disinfection."

Disinfection aids in keeping sickness away

The doctor explained that germs of all sorts multiply by millions in a garbage can; and also in sinks, toilet bowls, cellars, dark closets, and out-of-the-way corners.

He pointed out that ordinary soap-and-water cleaning is inadequate to remove or destroy germs. Frequent disinfection by an efficient germicide is needed. "Lysol" Disinfectant, by killing the germs with which it comes in contact, prevents their further increase and dissemination.

Doctors and boards of health everywhere are urging the new kind of cleanliness that only frequent disinfection can give.

Invaluable for personal hygiene, too

Not only is "Lysol" Disinfectant a satisfactory and efficient agent for household disinfection, but it is also used by doctors and in hospitals everywhere in maternity cases.

It is used, too, by discriminating women for personal hygiene. "Lysol" Disinfectant is more effective than other preparations for similar use. In proper solution with water, it is non-caustic and does not irritate the delicate membranes.

Directions on the package tell how to make and use "Lysol" Disinfectant solution for every purpose as a disinfectant and antiseptic.



The genuine "lysol" Disinfectant is put up in brown glass bottles packed in yellow cartons, 3 oz., 7 oz. and 16 oz. sizes. The name "Lehn & Fink, Inc." is written in red on every bottle of genuine "lysol" Disinfectant. At all drug stores.

Manufactured only by LYSOL, Inc., 635 Greenwich Street, New York City

Lehn & Fink, Inc., New York, Sole Distributors

Canadian Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Limited, 10 McCaul St., Toronto

Lysol

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Disinfectant

Healthy lovely hair

WHEN you see a woman with an abundance of soft, lustrous, wavy hair—you can be sure that her scalp is soft, white and healthy.

Wildroot Taroleum Shampoo is a delicate combination of just the right products to keep the scalp healthy and to make the hair lovely.

Its creamy, abundant lather cleanses.

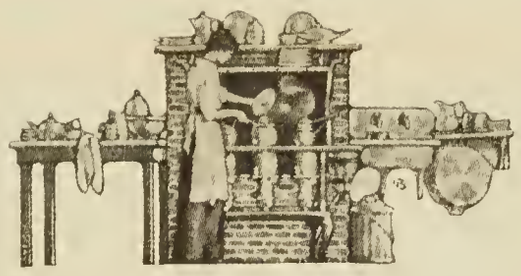
Its purified crude oil and tar feed the scalp.

Its antiseptic qualities keep the hair healthy.

Sold everywhere

in a 6 oz. bottle almost twice this size for 50¢





REST AS YOU WORK

Concluded from page 13

best output of the folding-room. The girls had more fun and suffered much less fatigue.

One of the most interesting examples of the practical use of this system is its application to the young women who are waitresses in the Chalfonte Hotel at Atlantic City. Each one is provided with a chair and each one has three tables to take care of during the meal-hours. When they are hard at work serving diners, they are rapid and skilful. When each particular task is finished and no other is at hand, they must sit down. This is the iron-bound rule of the management. It is a rule which is held to be so important that any girl who violates it with impunity does so at peril of her job. Such violation is cause for discharge. The principle of the rest-period is thus used and the possibility of overfatigue and flatfootedness is minimized.

The energy required in housework is very large and it is no less important to use this scientific rule here than it is in the factory. As Taylor puts it: "Plan your working-hours so that you really work while you work and play while you play. Do not mix the two."

TAKE the task of ironing. You must frequently lift a weight of from three to nine pounds. Dampened linen is heavy, too. With a board of the right height and with the use of a rhythmic stroke you have lightened the labor somewhat. But for every single half-hour you put in at that board you need fully five minutes of absolute rest and relaxation. The ideal method to make ironing easy would be to iron rapidly and steadily for a period of twenty minutes standing up; then for twenty minutes sitting on a high stool; then for twenty minutes either standing or sitting, depending upon which you find easier. Between each period you should rest for five minutes, deep in a comfortable chair or full length on a near-by couch. At the board both the receptacles for unironed work and for completed work should be at a convenient height, not on the floor. The same height will be convenient for both standing and sitting.

There is a very definite technique of washing dishes. With the amount of this work required by the ordinary family, it is best to attack each part of the job separately. Do the washing; rest; do the wiping. You can work much faster than you are in the habit of working unless you are very unusual. Remember the words which have been quoted from Gilbreth, "Fly at your work," and Taylor, "Work while you work." Most of us are amazed to see the speed at which hand operations of any kind are performed in a factory. Now you are doing a kind of work, when you take care of a house, which has an end to it. There is only so much linen to be ironed. It is not as though you were folding all the handkerchiefs turned out by a great machine. Dawdling over work is expensive in energy and it steals away your satisfaction in a job done. You will develop less fatigue poison working rapidly and then resting completely.

THE first day that you try utilizing the rest-period in your work you can not hope to get all the benefit that accrues to a steady use of it. In a recent report of the Public Health Bureau, Dr. Josephine Goldmark points out the case of one of the departments in a plant which was being studied. One worker gained sixteen per cent. output during the first period of observation, which lasted two or three weeks; during the next she gained fifty per cent. of her original output; during the third she gained seventy-six per cent. of her original work done before the establishment of rest-periods. Although it is dangerous to generalize from data of this character, it does seem very likely that in this particular case the general level of working energy was gradually brought up from a depleted condition. Such a situation would explain why rest-periods are more effective with some individuals than with others. It would also explain the fact that there is a greater morbidity of fatigue among women than there is among men. Men are stronger and as a rule stand up better under physical strain than do women. Fatigue is more dangerous to women than it is to men, as Doctor Goldmark has so ably shown.

Overfatigue makes people grow old more rapidly, it makes people much more liable to disease, it makes people dull and stupid. You can enjoy work if you are not overtired; you will hate it if it is too much for you.

Doesn't it seem reasonable to use rest-periods quite faithfully so that you will feel better, save time, enjoy life more and perhaps do a better grade of work, too?

WORK AND REST PERIODS IN HOUSEWORK

(Work very fast for short periods, alternated by rest)

WASHING

Work fifteen minutes; rest five minutes, reclining. Work fifteen minutes; rest five minutes, reclining. Work fifteen minutes; rest ten minutes, reclining. Repeat process.

IRONING

Work thirty minutes, standing; rest five minutes, reclining. Work thirty minutes, sitting; rest five minutes, reclining. Work thirty minutes, any position; rest five minutes, reclining. Repeat process.

DISH-WASHING

Clear table and scrape, standing; rest five minutes in easy chair. Wash dishes, sitting; rest five minutes in easy chair. Dry in any position preferred.

When complete process takes only one-half hour, rest once for three minutes at end of fifteen minutes.

HOUSECLEANING

For the harder tasks, such as sweeping with a broom and scrubbing, recline for five minutes after every fifteen-minute period; for the lighter tasks, sit down for five minutes every twenty minutes. Alternate lighter with heavier tasks, thus: sweep one room, then dust before sweeping the next room.

COOKING

Alternate sitting tasks with standing ones and rest for five minutes after every thirty minutes of work. When chopping on a board, whipping cream and performing other muscular work, rest the hand and arm completely for at least three minutes after every ten minutes.

A steamer-chair, wicker couch or rocking-chair with footstool should be in or near the kitchen for frequent rests. Work at top speed, then rest completely.



She fascinated him

THERE were other women at the dinner party—but he didn't know it.

The charm and loveliness of one beautiful girl took all his attention.

He didn't realize it, but the secret of her attraction lay in her hair—soft, fluffy, full of radiance, — and charmingly arranged.

She had found that Wildroot Hair Tonic brings out the hidden charm that is the key to loveliness for every woman. You can prove for yourself, that you, too, can bring out new charm.

After your Wildroot shampoo, massage Wildroot Hair *Tonic* into the scalp with your finger tips—Then notice the immediate results. Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

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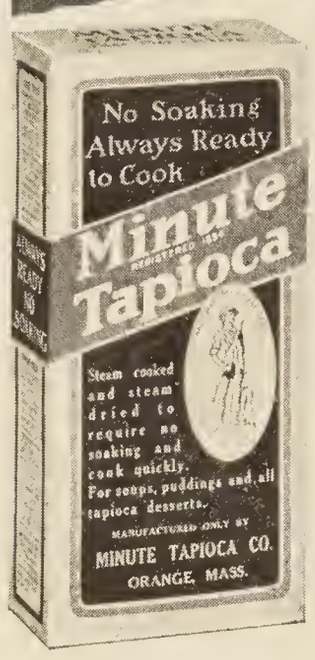
"They licked the platter clean"

JACK SPRATT and his wife would lick the bowl clean, too—provided, of course, that it was filled with Minute Tapioca Cream.

Cool, smooth, substantial—Minute Tapioca Cream is liked by all ages in the family.

You can serve it several times a week prepared in ways that take away all hint of repetition. Make it with fresh or canned fruits, chocolate, cocoanut, or any other way your family would prefer.

Minute Tapioca



It requires no soaking

Any one can make Minute Tapioca Cream. The process is very simple: Minute Tapioca requires no soaking; it cooks thoroughly in fifteen minutes.

You can buy Minute Tapioca at almost every grocery store. Order a package today. The genuine is the red box with the blue band and the Minute Man.

New Cook Book

The new edition of the Minute Tapioca Cook Book, which is now ready for distribution, gives more than a score of ways to use this nourishing food. It will be sent free upon request.

MINUTE TAPIOCA COMPANY
44 Monroe Street, Orange, Mass.

Makers of Minute Tapioca, Minute Gelatine, and Star Brand Pearl Tapioca



THE CARETAKERS

Continued from page 8

will settle itself, I presume, in the ordinary course. What we suggest is two weeks' trial. Is that satisfactory?"

It was perfectly satisfactory and she was dismissed for the day, as some changes were being made in the office destined for her, which was at present filled with old files and packing-cases. Miss Wintham's reference was read and appreciated, and Miss Wintham's attorney called by telephone in careful verification of character and attainments.

"Oh, Mr. Reid, I'm so excited! Suppose I fail?"

"You won't fail," he assured her. "Of course not. What's the business anyway?"

"I didn't ask. He is to explain it to me to-morrow. They don't want anybody who is likely to be 'set,' he said, in a regular office routine—they want to break in all the force themselves. His clerk, a funny little man who came in to ask me what make of machine I used, told me that he was new to office work, too. Isn't it queer?"

"Oh, well, when you come to that, everybody has to begin," Reid decided tolerantly. "Lord knows what an improvement association may do! What do they improve—suburbs? I suppose it's some real-estate scheme."

"He asked if I minded being outdoors, and I said I loved it. He said I'd be wanted to report on conditions out of town."

"It's suburban real estate all right," he repeated. "Well, I certainly am glad you got it and—oh, how's the pay? Good?"

"Thirty a week—to begin!" she announced triumphantly.

"Thirty—to *begin!* By George, Miss Ellsforth, you *are* in luck! Why—do you realize—are you sure that's right?"

She nodded, elated.

"Mr. Alling said their object was to hold the right person," she said, "and not lose her as soon as they'd trained her. But it's understood that I may be busy three evenings a week, and every other Sunday in the country, if they need it. But they pay fares and all expenses."

"Oh, I see. Well, even at that, it's certainly fair enough. Of course overtime makes a difference."

"So he said."

SHE went across the street for her trial and he lounged back to his vacuum cleaners.

It was two days before he saw her again, and by then she was already a responsible woman of affairs.

Things were much easier than she had feared, far less conventional, more leisurely; she seemed very much her own mistress, as yet, and no night work had been required.

Her office was nowhere near either of the partners, but in the rear of the house at the back. This necessitated frequent trips on the part of Nightingale, the clerk, as Mr. Alling could not think of her running about, he said. But when she commented on the inconvenience and suggested the small room in the center of the suite, where she would be within call, he was vexed at the very suggestion. Those rooms were glaring, noisy from the continual repair work going on next door, where a succession of thuds and thumps and bangs resembled a boiler factory more than a boarding-house, and hot and smelly from the street.

"New York is nasty enough in Summer, Miss Ellsforth, not to be as comfortable and secluded as you can be," he said, "and Nightingale is used to being on the go."

It was certainly much quieter and pleasanter in the big back room and she worked very easily there. She had taken several letters to real-estate agents in various Westchester County towns, but the business was evidently well under way before she came into it, for they all referred vaguely to previous transactions and suggested future meetings "on the lines of our last conversation." She had made dozens of copies of a few form letters to hotel managers, and accepted various appointments for interviews with Mr. Duryea at most of the principal hotels in the city. Nightingale spent much time running back and forth to verify and alter these appointments and seemed extremely busy and concentrated, with his alpaca pockets bulging with papers.

"It seems awfully queer, Mr. Reid," she volunteered, after a few days of this, "that I've never seen Mr. Duryea."

"Oh, I don't know. Alling seems to be the man—perhaps Duryea puts in the money."

"No—I don't think so, exactly. I have an idea——"

"Well?"

"Mr. Alling, I'm sure, wants to begin the country work, whatever it is. He's asked me two or three times if I had ever seen the road-houses between here and Poughkeepsie, say, and what kind of food and music they had there. Yesterday I couldn't find Nightingale, and I realized that we had made an appointment for Mr. Duryea at twelve-thirty at the Waldorf and another for the same time at the Ritz. There wasn't time to write again, so I called up the Waldorf to explain and ask if it could be changed, and they didn't seem to know anything about it; then I tried the Ritz, and they didn't either. It was queer, because I had the man's own letter, on their own paper. So I went in to ask Mr. Alling about it, and I heard him saying:

" 'I think we'd better start her now, Jimmy, I really do. We're losing time here.'

"AND Mr. Duryea's voice said, very crossly, 'Now, who knows most about this, partner? Who's on the spot most of the time? When I say the word—go!'

"And then I knocked, and Mr. Alling was awfully vexed at first that I'd telephoned, and called very angrily for Nightingale. He came running up from below somewhere, all dusty and mussy, and Mr. Alling glared at him and asked him where he'd been and what he meant by it.

" 'I've been in the cellar, sir,' he said, very sulky.

" 'Cellar?' said Mr. Alling. 'May I ask you how long you have been paid for cellar cleaning, Nightingale?'

" 'I don't know who's going to sort out those files and presses unless I do,' he grumbled, 'and I can't be everywhere at once. Why didn't she ring?'

"Mr. Alling apologized for him to me and told me he had been with them for years and was as trusty as he was rude, and then he told me not to do any more telephoning without orders.

" 'I know you meant well,' he said, 'but it's a very delicate situation with all these hotels, Miss Ellsforth, and as a matter of fact the appointments were not strictly official, so to speak. We don't want to get anybody into trouble, you know.'

"You—you don't think that's queer, at all, Mr. Reid?"

"Oh, no," he said. "Why? They're trying to get some mailing-lists or inside prices, obviously. It's going on all the time, I suppose. It looks to me as if they might be opening up a chain of road-houses or something like that. The only thing that seems rather queer to me is that nobody seems to drop in to do business with them at all. This Duryea seems to do it all, outside."

The next day and the next he didn't see her at all and on the fourth day he watched till she came down Miss Wintham's steps and waylaid her.

"I was wondering if you were ill——"

"Oh, gracious, no! I'm out all day in the country, reporting on the restaurants and tea places," she explained. "I have five to visit to-day. I think my old gentleman is getting nervous about starting—he's afraid somebody will get in ahead of us. I went out to get Nightingale last week (it's pretty hard on him, for I just know they keep him at those heavy cases in the cellar, and then pretend he doesn't have to), and I heard Mr. Duryea cry out very angrily:

" 'Oh, well, send her, then, *send* her! But don't bother me—I've got too much on my mind! I'm going as fast as I dare, partner, I tell you! Who's running this?' "

"Putting in the money, as I told you," Tweeds commented. "Have you seen him yet? Because I have, and he's not much, I can tell you."

"He's younger, isn't he?"

"Much. Ugly little fellow, with very broad shoulders. Rather straighter than the old one, I should say, though."

"Oh, come now, Mr. Reid, you always had

Continued on page 66



Wholesome food brings Health and Comfort

AS we grow older and pass the period of vigorous middle age, good digestion and the enjoyment of home-cooked foods are among our greatest blessings.

Foods cooked at home the RUMFORD WAY are not only delicious in taste and fine in texture, but nourishing and rich in food values as well. They are so easy to prepare that even the inexperienced housewife can be certain of success.

Rumford, the wholesome baking powder, contains those strength-giving phosphates so necessary to the up-building of health in all of us.

We will send you our booklet "THE RUMFORD MODERN METHODS OF COOKING" for the asking—it contains many interesting recipes you will be glad to know about. Send today to:

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Dept. 24 Providence, R.I.

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RUMFORD
the wholesome Baking Powder



When you chew your food, the glands are twenty times as active as when the jaws are at rest

New instrument gives startling proof of how the glands in your mouth protect the enamel of your teeth

HIDDEN in your mouth are six tiny glands. Every hour of the 24 they are constantly at work—bathing your mouth and throat with healing, germ-free fluids.

Until recently, it has never been possible to watch these glands at work. But now a new instrument—the *sialometer*, which can be worn even while talking and eating—has revealed some startling facts.

Today we know that when you chew your food, these glands are 20 times as active as when the jaws are at rest!

What this means to you

Without the fluids which these glands produce, we could not live. They soften and lubricate our food—actually *digesting* part of it before it reaches the stomach. They help protect us from the germs of many infectious diseases.

In addition, it is this constant bathing of your teeth and gums which *protects the precious unreplaceable tooth enamel from the acids of decay.*

Few people realize that acids are forming in the mouth day and night. The warmth of your mouth causes minute food particles to ferment and turn to acids—for the same reason that milk turns sour. At once these acids begin to eat away the enamel, forming cavities.

How your glands fight this unseen enemy

Brushing the teeth, while absolutely essential to mouth cleanliness, will not keep the acids from forming. Trying to fight the acids by brushing alone is like trying to keep the car window clear on a cold day. Even if you brush your teeth after every meal (and not one person in a hundred does) enough food remains to feed myriads of acid-forming bacteria.



Like the mist on the window the deadly acids begin to form on your teeth as fast as you brush them away. Only your glands can keep your teeth free from these destructive acids.

Only your mouth-glands can fight these acids successfully—by flushing automatically the mouth and teeth every moment of the day and night. The fluids with which they bathe your teeth and gums are *alkaline*. They neutralize and wash away the acids as fast as they form.

Although the glands are small, they can win their fight against the acids if they can be made to function normally. In a healthy mouth they pour out from one to two quarts of fluid a day.

Our soft modern foods make chewing unnecessary—and the glands fail to act

Chewing is the way nature intended us to stimulate and exercise these glands—long-continued chewing on tough, hard foods.



Less than two Eskimos out of 100 have any signs of dental caries. In civilized countries less than three out of 100 escape tooth decay. The rough, coarse, often frozen, food of the Eskimo demands constant chewing. Thus their glands are kept active enough to protect their teeth.

As shown by the sialometer, chewing increases the flow of the glands 2000%, and keeps them functioning thus for a long time. But the soft foods we eat today, quickly swallowed, give the glands neither exercise nor stimulation.

Modern men and women *must* stimulate the glands to protect their teeth. That is why for 20 years thoughtful, intelligent people all over the world have been using Pebeco Tooth Paste to correct "acid mouth."

Pebeco is a dentifrice prepared especially to assist the natural processes causing these glands to work. It does for us what long-continued chewing of hard food did for our primitive ancestors. Pebeco is neither acid nor alkaline. By its mere presence in the mouth it causes the salivary glands to flow for a long period of time. It never exhausts them—it never checks their natural action.

For washing the teeth and keeping the outside surfaces polished, no better dentifrice than Pebeco can be made. It works quickly and efficiently without wearing away the enamel or injuring the edges of the gums. Its constant use gives you teeth as beautiful as nature intended you to have.

After a thorough cleansing with Pebeco—it has just enough tang to it to exhilarate—your mouth feels as refreshed as does your body after a bath—and you have the convincing feeling, too, that you have done for your teeth and mouth all that science can teach you to do.

Take home a tube tonight and note its invigorating and refreshing taste. It will keep the glands of your mouth active and your teeth sound and beautiful. 50c at all druggists. Manufactured only by Lehn and Fink, Inc.

This simple test will show you

Send us ten cents today for material for testing whether your own salivary glands are active enough to protect you against these deadly acids. We will include a junior size tube of Pebeco, and our booklet—"How the Glands Protect the Teeth." Lehn & Fink, Inc., Dept. D-3, 635 Greenwich St., New York.

*A million people in a single city face this menace

In a survey made in the latter part of 1922 in one of our largest cities it was estimated that more than one million men, women and children are handicapped in their daily round of study, work or household duties by lack of care of the teeth.

They suffer from indigestion, rheumatism, diseases of the heart and kidneys—all of which medical science has shown may come from unsound teeth.

Why do these people not go to the dentist and have their teeth put in good condition?

In the first place, dentistry is expensive. The dentist pays a high rental; he must have assistants; his instruments are costly and the materials he uses on your teeth are very expensive.

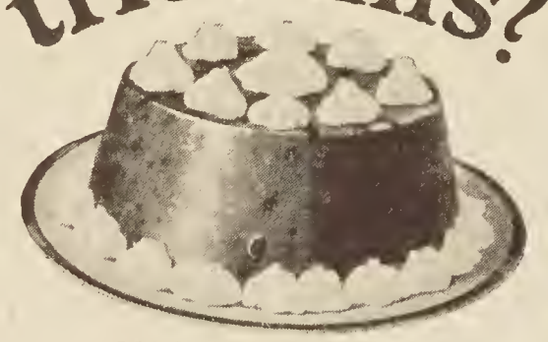
In the second place, there are only 48,000 dentists in the United States. This number cannot possibly care for more than 15,000,000 people. This means that 95,000,000 people in the United States go without adequate dental attention. Furthermore, unfortunately the number of dentists is not increasing according to the increase in population.

The only way we can escape from this dilemma is by more thorough care of the teeth at home. Persistent care of the teeth and mouth from the milk teeth of the 3-year-old onward will eliminate 80% to 90% of dental troubles.

Brush your teeth after every meal and oftener if you eat between meals. Clean your tongue, too, every morning with a brush, a tongue-scraper or a coarse wash cloth. Use a paste which cleans and polishes your teeth without scratching the enamel or injuring the gums. And use one that mildly stimulates the flow of saliva. Saliva is Nature's means of keeping the teeth clean. It goes where a tooth brush cannot reach.

**One of a series of scientific articles written by an eminent authority for Lehn & Fink, Inc.*

Have YOU tried this?



MACAROON CREAM

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
3 eggs
2 cups milk
⅔ cup pounded macaroons or chopped nuts
⅓ cup sugar
Few grains salt
1 teaspoonful vanilla

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Make a custard of egg yolks, sugar, salt, and milk. Add soaked gelatine to hot custard, and when nearly cool, add whites of eggs, beaten until stiff, macaroons, or nuts and vanilla. Turn into individual molds, first dipped in cold water, and chill. To make a "French Cream" add one square of chocolate (melted) to the above custard and serve with whipped cream, if desired.

or this?



TOMATO JELLY

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1½ cup cold water
3½ cups tomatoes, (canned)
½ onion, grated
½ bay leaf, if desired
Stalk celery
2 cloves
Few grains cayenne
2 tablespoons vinegar
Few grains salt

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Mix remaining ingredients, except vinegar, bring to boiling point and let boil 15 minutes. Add vinegar and soaked gelatine, and when gelatine is dissolved, strain. Turn into large mold or after dinner coffee cups, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Remove from mold to bed of crisp lettuce leaves and garnish with mayonnaise dressing or hard boiled eggs. The jelly may be cut in any desired shapes and used as a garnish for salads or cold meats.

Note—To make a more fancy salad—when it has been removed from the molds, cut out a little of the center and fill with chopped celery.

Free—150 Recipes

For more recipes for good things send for Mrs. Knox's recipe books. Sent for 4c in stamps and grocer's name.

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166 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.

"ALWAYS the HIGHEST QUALITY"



Plain Sparkling Gelatine for general use

Same Sparkling Gelatine with lemon flavoring in separate envelope



THE CARETAKERS

Continued from page 64

a grudge on Mr. Alling. He's really awfully kind."

He squared his chin obstinately.

"Women are funny about men," he said briefly.

By the next week she had met the mysterious Mr. Duryea and found no mystery whatever.

"He's very common, I think," she said. "I'm so glad Mr. Alling manages the office. But he's a great deal more of a business man, of course. He gave me some Spanish letters and I'm to be ready to play this evening. I was practising all the afternoon—accompaniments to Spanish songs."

"Who's to sing them?" he asked quickly.

"I don't know."

"Where are you going to play them?"

"I don't know. Why?"

"See here, Miss Ellsforth," he burst out, "you be jolly careful where you go! I wish—oh, well, I suppose I'm—see here, are you just going to go blindfold wherever——"

"I'm not in the habit of doing anything blindfold, Mr. Reid. I certainly shouldn't go anywhere that wasn't proper. Perhaps you think you had better come, too?"

"I should be glad to, certainly," he said stiffly. "Very few stenographers are expected——"

"But I am," she reminded him. "The whole thing was arranged for. I am paid for this and I shall certainly do it, whatever it is. Plenty of others wanted the job."

She left him staring across the street persistently. He never left the shop that evening. At precisely half-past seven he saw, for it was still quite light, the correct Mr. Alling and the square-shouldered, scowling Mr. Duryea escorting a massive black and olive lady, evidently Italian, up Miss Wintham's steps. The drawing-room light flashed up and through the open windows there poured, presently, a stream of melody.

Chord rolled upon chord from Miss Wintham's impeccable piano, and from the vast bosom of the Italian lady melodious gutturals trilled and throbbed upon the street, quiet, comparatively, with the early evening.

Reid climbed upon the little railing over his area and stared into the drawing-room unblushingly.

THERE in the center stood the Italian, a sheet of music in her hand; behind her sat the two men, listening attentively; at one side the back of Miss Ellsforth could be seen, bending pliantly to her work. As the song ended in a triumphant burst of mezzo-soprano bravura, the men rose, applauded politely, shook hands enthusiastically with both ladies, and left the room. Tweeds had just time to scramble down before they hurried down the steps and into the office, where the lights flashed on. Mr. Alling seated himself at his big desk, lit a cigar, took off his inevitable cutaway and plunged into a large ledger. Mr. Duryea lit a pipe and with a wave of the hand disappeared. The music began again and continued, without more than five-minute pauses, until ten-thirty, when it ceased and the lady came down the steps with a roll of music under her well-developed arm. The windows were closed by old Ellen, the lights went out, and Miss Wintham's night-watchman appeared and exchanged audible greetings with the corner policeman.

"Oh, well, it didn't do any harm to make sure!" said Tweeds to the vacuum cleaners, and he went contentedly in to bed in his back room with a pitying glance at Mr. Alling, still immersed in his ledgers, dark against the only patch of light on his entire façade.

Reddy was very busy and happy. Spanish correspondence in the morning, criticism of bills of fare and the musical entertainment offered up and down the Hudson in the afternoon and operatic entertainments in the evening filled her time to the brim. Mr. Duryea was away for days together and Mr. Alling had meaningly inquired as to her possession of a simple evening gown and whether a roomful of people would be likely to upset her while playing. Sample menus of unpronounceable Spanish food were forwarded from Mr. Duryea and typed, to the number of a hundred, by Reddy.

Tweeds was amused and interested when the date was finally announced, and Reddy and madame were advised to hold themselves in readiness, properly attired, for six o'clock of the following day.

"It's to be a motor and we're to wear evening slippers," she vouchsafed. "Oh, Mr. Reid, *what* will it be?"

"My dear girl," Tweeds replied paternally, "the Lord knows I'm not much of a Sherlock Holmes, but you really can't expect me to be a Watson man to such an extent as all that! It doesn't take such a wonderful brain to see pretty well what it all points to, but I'll be shot if I see what all the mystery is for! Duryea is trying out the Spanish road-house, that's all. I wonder, though, he didn't want dancers more than vocal music. But for goodness' sake find out where it is—I want to come!"

"I'll try," she agreed and left him.

At tea-time her face had a different expression from any look of hers he had ever seen.

"What's up?" he asked quickly

"Mr. Reid," she said, "I—I don't know what to do. I don't believe I want to go on with this."

"What do you mean? Why?"

"I—I—you may not understand, but I feel so—I never liked Mr. Duryea, and now—I don't know what to think!"

A DARK red rose to his cheek-bones.

"Do you mean to say—Has he dared to— Let *me* see him!" and Tweeds got up, overturning his chair.

"Oh, no, no," she said, listless and absent, so that he sank back again. "You don't understand. It was Mr. Alling, really——"

"The old, oily fox! The—what did I always say!"

"Wait! Wait!"

He breathed hard, but waited.

"You always worry about the wrong thing, Mr. Reid," she went on, "and you were always wrong about Mr. Alling. He never said or did anything to me that my father wouldn't say or do. It's not like that. But I was so startled this afternoon— Mr. Reid, what was the good of my writing all those letters?"

"You mean they've called it off?"

"Oh, no. But I don't know that I want to go, now. I don't like to be made a fool of——"

"For heaven's sake, Miss Ellsforth, *tell* me."

The oddness of her story was merged, to his mind, in the intense relief of it. Not that it wasn't odd.

She had been sent out to a down-town music shop and returning very quickly she had been surprised to find no one in either office or on the whole floor, though all the doors were open. Hearing an unusual amount of the knocking and banging which always indicated Nightingale's mysterious and harassed labors in the cellar, she had started down-stairs to warn the sulky little clerk of the dressing-down which would be his certain due as soon as it should be known that he had deserted the office floor.

A door stood wide open as she passed a small room near the back stairs that she had always supposed to be a lavatory, and, glancing carelessly in, she observed that it was a small, utterly empty chamber, unlighted except for the ground glass of the door. There was not a stick of furniture in it, but the floor was covered with letters of all sizes, clean and fresh and new-stamped. On the top and near her feet lay the letters she had typed and sent off that very morning, and as she bent, mechanically, to pick them up she saw others of the day before. Half-way across the room lay a heap of long circulars that left her desk the week before, and at the back she saw plainly twenty or thirty odd square envelopes that had been among the very first she had typed. On the floor, in short, lay the result of all her weeks' labors—and none of it had ever left the building!

"Stamped and all?" he queried incredulously.

"Stamped and all."

"You never mailed anything yourself, then?"

"Never. Nightingale took everything. They were left in a big wire basket and he took it three or four times a day."

"For heaven's sake! What did you do?"

"I closed the door," she said, "and went back to my room and sat down. Nobody came up for half an hour, but I knew they

Continued on page 68

Proper strength in VANILLA is Important

by Mrs. Anna Mary Browne

THERE'S a lot of difference in the strengths of various vanilla extracts and imitation vanilla flavors. Some are strong and raw—others so weak you can hardly taste them.

Almost the first thing I noticed about Dr. Price's Vanilla is that it flavors perfectly. Not only is it rich and mellow in taste, but it is absolutely reliable. Whenever my recipe calls for "one teaspoonful of vanilla," I know that I can use just one teaspoonful of Dr. Price's and it will be right. It is the standard recognized by cooking authorities everywhere—the standard on which all recipes are based. Price's Vanilla is never diluted to sell at a cheaper price. It is of just-right strength—neither weak nor too strong.

And it has such a delicious flavor! That's because Price's is the pure extract from the very best vanilla beans. Only the highest grade beans give you this delicate flavor. And then, Price's is aged for a long time in wooden casks—to mellow it.

I know, if you love to cook good things as much as I do, that you are certain to be interested in trying Price's Vanilla. It is so different from the general run of diluted extracts or imitation vanillas on the market. And it gives you such a confident feeling to know that Price's is absolutely pure. It does not contain a trace of synthetic coloring or flavoring as most of the ordinary vanilla flavors do.

For 15c, mailed to the Price Flavoring Extract Co., Dept. 4-B, Chicago, Illinois, a generous trial bottle of Dr. Price's Vanilla and an attractive recipe book will be sent to you, anywhere in the United States.

MRS. ANNA MARY BROWNE.

At your grocer's

Dr. Price's True Lemon, Almond, Orange and other extracts are as true and delicious as Dr. Price's Vanilla.

Dr. Price's Red Fruit Coloring and other pure food colors make many dishes dainty and attractive.



DR PRICE'S
TRUE
VANILLA EXTRACT



WHENEVER you wash anything with soap —woolens, silks, cottons or linens—always use 20 Mule Team Borax. It cleans and *protects* all fabrics and it will soften the hardest water, making the washing easier, surer and much safer. 20 Mule Team Borax is Nature's Greatest Cleanser. It makes white goods whiter, it will not fade the softest colors or injure the most delicate materials and it will not shrink woolens. Its action is mild and sure.

Borax is an antiseptic as well as a cleanser and it makes all fabrics antiseptically clean. It should be used always when soap is used.

20 Mule Team Borax is in all clean kitchens and bathrooms, is it in yours?

At all grocers, department stores and druggists. Send for the Magic Crystal Booklet, giving a hundred important household uses for 20 Mule Team Borax.

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NATURES GREATEST CLEANSER

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Let the Attic Disgorge

CHAIRS, dressers, or tables now resting in dust laden repose should be in active service downstairs.

Save them with KYANIZE Floor Finish, the ideal, easy-working, water-proof varnish. Eight shades, from Light Oak to Dark Mahogany, or clear varnish if you prefer.

Tough enough for floors — *the very reason* it's ideal for furniture.

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Take a Tip from Winthrop Wise: "Save the Surface" with Kyanize



THE CARETAKERS

Continued from page 66

were in the cellar because I heard Mr. Duryea scolding right under me. By and by Mr. Alling came up and seemed rather surprised to see me, but I hardly noticed him, I was so angry. He was embarrassed, of course, at everything being left so, and he began to scold about Nightingale.

"'If you didn't want him in the cellar, why didn't you send him up?' I asked. 'You were there with him.'"

"Good for you! What did he say?"

"He didn't say anything. He turned red and walked away."

"Have you ever been in the cellar?"

"No; why should I? I think the door is always locked. I've often seen a bunch of keys hanging from it, though. I could have, if I'd liked, I suppose. Nightingale is up and down all day."

This surprised him a little and he pondered.

"Well, it's certainly queer—darn queer," he admitted. "Though, after all, it isn't as if—well, you're paid regularly, anyway. I never thought they were straight. Though I don't see why they should take such trouble to get in touch with all those road-houses, if——"

"But they haven't!" she cried impatiently. "All my letters to them are on the floor! They haven't been in touch with *anybody!* Don't you see?"

"But, look here," he reminded her, "he *got* letters. You had to answer them. Weren't they about the business?"

"I never opened any letters," she answered obstinately. "They dictated the answers and held the letters in their hands. I never filed them—only carbons of my answers."

"But they read from them——"

"They pretended to," she said coldly. "They may have made them up."

He burst into sudden laughter.

"When women get suspicious, they'll go any lengths!" he observed. "You certainly aren't stopping at anything, are you? Of course it's humanly possible, what you say, but somehow I can't see the sense in it. What's it all about? I admit I didn't like the idea of you and that fat lady going off, God knows where, to sing. But ever since you told me that they weren't going, but depended upon you to tell them how it went——"

"MAYBE they *will* go," she said.

"Oh, well, then I'll go, too," he announced. "I'll go right over now and tell them I'd like to go along. Shall I?"

"I don't care what you do," she said indifferently, "I'm leaving. I'll tell them what I think of them and leave. I won't be made a fool of."

"It might be just as well," he agreed. "It's fishy, of course. I'd like to know what they're really up to. Not that you can jail anybody, you know, for not mailing some of their letters."

"*All* of their letters."

"Well, all of their letters, then. There can't be anything very terrible in the cellar, can there, when the plumbers were in? Didn't you say they were down there three days?"

"Yes. And the gas men, too. Mr. Duryea complained of the noises in the pipes."

"Well, then. But I don't think you'd better go off alone to-morrow, and I'll step over."

He lounged across the street and pressed the bell. The house was darkish, though not black, and Mr. Alling, who pattered down the uncarpeted stairs to let him in, did not turn on the light, perhaps because his hair was rumpled and his cutaway pulled hastily on. If ever an old gentleman was caught in a nap, he was that old gentleman. All Tweeds' gorge rose at the sight of him, and he realized suddenly that he was going to speak about the unmailed letters, though he hadn't meant to, at the start.

"Good evening," he said abruptly. "I am Mr. Reid, a friend of Miss Ellsforth's, and I came over to say that she has been much troubled since this morning, when——"

"Step in, step in," said the old gentleman. "This is a strange coincidence. I was just saying this afternoon to Mr. Duryea—my partner, Mr. Reid, he and I have been associated for many years—I was saying that I had a feeling that Miss Ellsforth was a little upset——"

Mr. Alling waved him to a chair.

"Do sit down," he said, "and do let me ask you at once, before you get away, whether by any chance you are free to-morrow night?"

"To-morrow night? Why, I suppose I am. Why?"

"You see," said the old gentleman, confidentially, "Miss Ellsforth is a young lady and an attractive one. Although there is nothing out of the way in what we have arranged for her to-morrow night—a few songs for herself and Madame Carraciulo, that will not occupy much above an hour—it is a new experience for her, and I was saying to Mr. Duryea that it would be a little pleasanter—certainly a little more considerate on our part—to offer her the company of some one of her friends in the motor and to escort her back. Though it will not be later than ten-thirty at most, and the driver—from the Old Colonial Company—is most trusty and careful. To say nothing of Madame Carraciulo. You know of her, of course. A magnificent artist. We are floating a little scheme here, Mr. Reid, that may turn into something very big, but we don't want to blow our trumpets too loudly until we have made good. Miss Ellsforth is not, perhaps—well, she has not had much experience, and of course we didn't expect that. Of course *you* know that as a secretary—well, that is not, as a matter of fact, the point. The point is that we expect great things of her to-morrow night—and that is, of course, our real dependence on her. I suppose you have already guessed this?"

TWEEDS felt at once confused and relieved.

"I admit that I am quite in the dark as to what you do expect of Miss Ellsforth," he said, "but I infer——"

"Absolutely," said the old gentleman, "absolutely. And if you could be free to escort her—and madame—to-morrow night, it would be a real relief to me."

"Naturally," said Tweeds. He felt like a man under a faucet. He still believed the old gentleman a queer customer, but he was evidently no abductor of damsels—and wasn't that the main thing?

"And any friend of Miss Ellsforth's—we knew you were a real friend, the night the practising began," the old gentleman added mildly.

Tweeds grew red behind his ears. Had they seen him, then, balancing on the area railing? He felt like a young fool and only wanted to be off.

"I will accompany her with pleasure," he said gruffly and went ingloriously away.

At luncheon Reddy explained, rather constrainedly, her attitude.

"I never thought about madame," she confessed. "It really wouldn't be fair to her, Mr. Reid. You see, she's counting awfully on this concert. I started to tell her about my giving it up, and she nearly died. So I agreed to go to-night. She says all she needs is a start at it, and when they see how well she does, they'll get her a new accompanist."

"Does she know where you're going?"

"Not a bit. And doesn't care. Mr. Alling came over last night and paid her, and me, too. I told him I'd like to leave as soon as he could get somebody else."

"You did? Honestly? What did he say?"

She smiled a little wryly.

"Oh, he took it very calmly!"

"You don't mean it! Didn't try to——"

"Not in the least. He said that in some ways it might be a fairer arrangement for both of us, as from now on there would be less office work and more night work, and they understood I could only manage the concerts occasionally."

"And you mean to say that was all?"

"Every bit. You see, they don't really want me."

Tweeds drew a long breath.

"You know, this is too much for me!" he said helplessly. "The whole thing is positively looney. Now you see it—and now you don't! They're probably escaped lunatics, Miss Ellsforth, and I'm thoroughly glad you're out of it! But I wouldn't miss it to-night for anything—would you?"

Concluded in the May DELINEATOR



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Does your tooth-brush "show pink"?

ALL TOO OFTEN men and women hold back from giving their teeth the good brushing needed because their gums are soft or irritated.

A "pink tooth-brush" is a sign of tooth trouble to come—a warning to restore your gums to a healthy condition.

In this, Ipana Tooth Paste can help you. For it cleans the teeth thoroughly and exercises a gentle healing effect upon soft and bleeding gums.

Ipana contains Ziratol, long used by the profession in the treatment of soft, spongy or bleeding gums.

And flavor! Ipana is smooth, snappy and delightful.

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TOOTH PASTE

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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

Name.....

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THE HEALTH OF THE SCHOOL CHILD

Continued from page 12

child. The usual allowance of milk for children from six to ten years is one quart a day; from ten to fifteen years, at least a pint a day, and a quart when it is possible. Milk is much more important than meat in the school-child's diet. It can be taken in various ways—in the form of cocoa, cream soups, simple desserts, on cereals—and not necessarily as a straight drink.

One or two vegetables a day, including the leafy vegetables, should be eaten in addition to potatoes by growing children to supply the mineral salts for their growth of bone and tissue and the necessary vitamins. These vegetables are abundant and relatively inexpensive in Summer, but in Winter their price is usually high because the supply is limited. At this season more potato may be given, also beets, cabbage, carrots, celery, kale, onions, squash, turnips and other inexpensive vegetables. Spinach and lettuce are often found in Southern and Pacific Coast cities in Winter-time at a low price.

Fruit should be given at least once a day whenever it can be afforded. If fresh fruit is too expensive, canned or stewed dried fruits may be substituted, and it is best to add a third green vegetable every day.

Cereals should be used daily for either breakfast or supper. Meat should not be given more than once a day. A family should never forego fruit, milk or green vegetables in order to give the children meat. Meat three or four times a week is quite sufficient if the other food composing the diet is properly selected. Comparatively few school children suffer from too little food. The trouble is much more frequently with the *mixture*. Every one knows that automobiles won't run on a rich mixture—neither will children. Too much candy, too much cake, ice-cream, cream-puffs, whipped cream and the like clog the machinery and stall the engine. Too much of a good thing is just as bad for the child as too little. Too much starch in the form of bread, cereal, mush, potato, rice, macaroni, spaghetti, tapioca, cake, beans, hot cakes and waffles are all bad, though they may delight the schoolboy and schoolgirl. Some are bad in themselves; others are bad because the effect is to exclude from the diet the necessary protein foods, such as meat, eggs, fish, cottage-cheese and milk. Also the average school-child's diet is usually found to have too much starch and too little fat, such as cream, butter, bacon and cocoa. Sometimes this happens because fats are more expensive than either sugar or starchy foods. But with interest and thought and the many guides in diet available for mothers to-day, wise choices and combinations can be made of the foods which are necessary for health and growth.

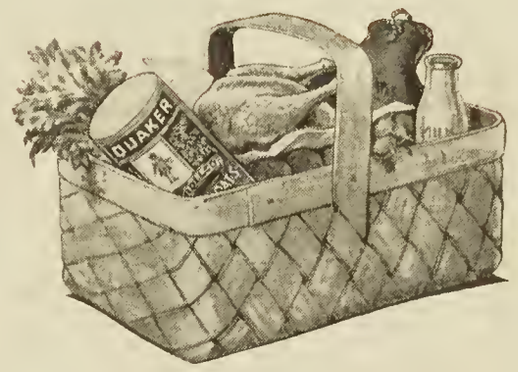
Certain definite rules can be given for the school child that are necessary for sound food habits. The children's meals must be regular, at the same time each day. The "pantry-shelf" child is well known and easily recognized. The child who comes to school without a good breakfast is a handicapped child in every way. The school child should have fruit, milk, cereal and egg with toast or bread and butter before going to school. This is what he is taught at school is necessary for his development. If home conditions allow him to rush off to school after a doughnut or two washed down with a hasty cup of coffee, he is not having a square deal. In time he too will know it, although his loyalty to his home may make him report that "Mother was too busy to get his breakfast."

IMPORTANCE OF A GOOD LUNCHEON

EVERY child should have a good luncheon, with *one hot dish and time to eat it.* If the child comes home for lunch, as most children do, it is "up to mother." How

Continued on page 70





All Foods in One

16 food elements in oats

Millions of well-fed children, all the world over, get their daily dish of oats.

It has been so for many generations.

There is tremendous reason for that.

The oat is almost a complete food—nearly the ideal food. It supplies 16 needed elements.

It contains all the minerals needed.

It is 16% body-building protein.

As a vim-producing food it has an energy value of 1810 calories per pound.

Oats guard children against malnutrition.

They supply some elements which countless children lack—minerals in particular.

That is why it is so important to make oats delightful.

Quaker Oats



With that flavor which won the world

This brand is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds of such flakes from a bushel.

All the world over, this exquisite flavor has made Quaker the favorite oats.

Be sure you get it if you want your people to love oats.

Packed in sealed round packages with removable covers

Boncilla



There Is A Definite Need for Boncilla Beautifier Clasmic (Medicinal Clay) Packs

Present-day methods of living have a most disastrous effect on complexions. Smoke-laden air, crowded cars or automobiles, busy days with their accompanying mental strain, late hours and artificial recreation these are a few of our modern habits which quickly cause complexions to fade.

Obviously, ordinary cosmetics cannot meet this new demand. A new facial treatment a complexion treatment of unusual remolding and revitalizing qualities, is necessary.

This Is Why Boncilla Beautifier Accomplishes Complexion Beauty That Is Deeper Than Skin Deep

Boncilla Beautifier is a blue-gray clasmic clay. It contains certain medicinal qualities that act upon the skin just as definitely and just as efficiently as famous mineral baths correct physical ailments. Both in its origin and in its preparation, Boncilla Beautifier is different from any other clay.

This fragrant clay is simply spread on the face and allowed to dry You can relax while it dries while the pores of your skin are drinking in the healing balsams from the pack, while they are being really cleansed and stimulated, while the clay is remolding facial muscles and tissues.

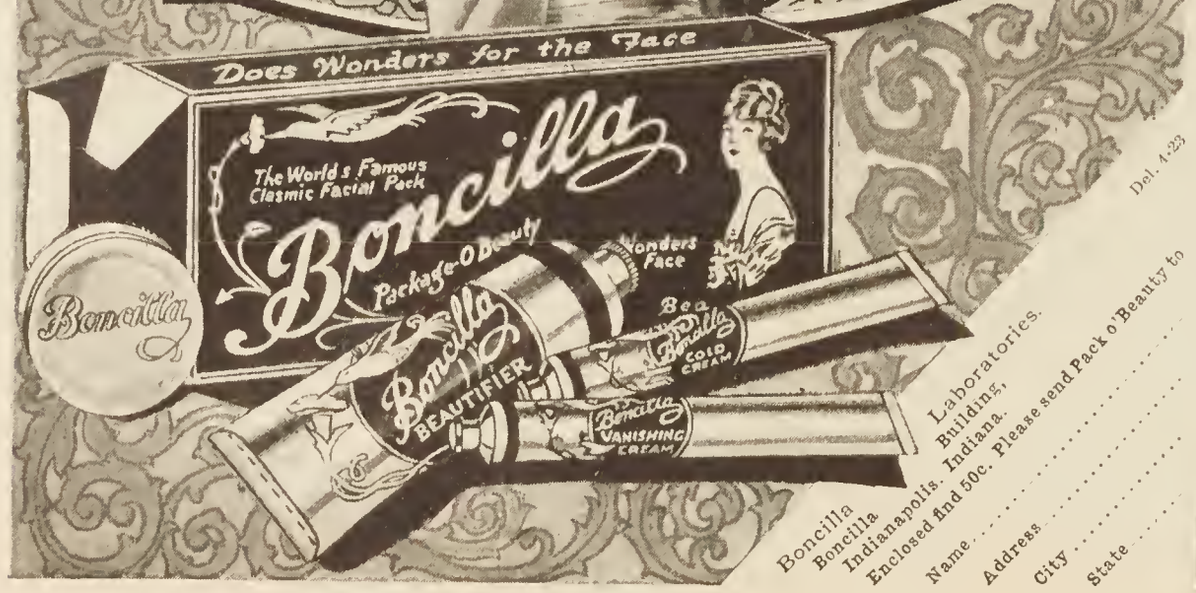
When Boncilla is removed, behold the transformation. Boncilla Beautifier is guaranteed to do these definite things for the face, or your money will be refunded: 1. Clears the complexion and gives it color; 2. Cleanses and closes enlarged pores, removing excess oiliness; 3. Removes blackheads and pimples; 4. Lifts out the lines; 5. Rebuilds drooping facial tissues; 6. Makes the skin soft and velvety.

The Pack o' Beauty Suggests An Inexpensive Way To Try Boncilla

The Boncilla Pack o' Beauty, illustrated below, costs only 50c, and contains enough Boncilla Beautifier, Boncilla Cold Cream, Boncilla Vanishing Cream, and Boncilla Face Powder for three to four complete facial packs.



Department stores and drug stores can supply you with it, or if you cannot secure it immediately you can mail the coupon below, with 50c, and we will mail it to you direct, postpaid.



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Enclosed find 50c. Please send Pack o' Beauty to

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THE HEALTH OF THE SCHOOL CHILD

Continued from page 69

many times does it happen that when Ted rushes in at noon lunch is not ready because mother is late getting back from somewhere! While she hurries to get something, anything left over from dinner the night before, warmed up and put before Ted, he hops around the kitchen talking and nibbling here and there while he waits, his eye on the clock. Then he begins to eat and it's "Hurry, dear, or you'll be late." "Don't talk; eat your lunch quickly, you haven't a moment to lose." And he dashes out, chewing as he runs—and perhaps that very morning at school he was taught that "enough time must be allowed for meals so that food may be well chewed," that "mealtime should be a restful period for children!" Is it to be wondered at if he develops a rather comfortable philosophy of his own about how and what he should eat that baffles both teacher and mother?

The judgment of the average cook as to what to give children for lunch is very apt to be influenced by what is already prepared and by what the children like, rather than by any thought-out menu that supplies their needs. Lunch-tables and lunch-counters often seem to be the dumping-ground for all the indigestible foods on the list. Fried foods, such as meat, potatoes, eggs and fried cakes, and greasy stews, cabbage, cucumbers, cake, pies, bananas and pickles are samples of what is found. As a rule, more intelligence is shown for the average dinner, perhaps because father is home. In too many homes, lunch is a sort of makeshift meal between breakfast and dinner. For the school child it should be the most important one of his three regular meals.

Water is a most important item in the diet and every one should drink plenty of it between meals, at least three glasses daily. Tea, coffee, beer and wine should never be given to children, nor should children be allowed to wash their food down with milk or water. Candy and ice-cream should never be given between meals nor just before meals, but, if at all, after the meal.

OTHER ESSENTIAL HABITS

REGULAR training in bowel movements is just as necessary with the school child as with those who are younger. Morning is a busy time in every household. Breakfast may be late or the child eager to get off to school and the bowel movement is neglected. This results in irregular hours for bowel movements and soon habitual constipation exists. No school child suffering from chronic constipation can have a clear brain for study. To see that the child has the time, and to train him to take the time, to have a bowel movement before he leaves for school is an essential for his health. Coarse breads like Graham and whole wheat, fruits and green vegetables will aid in relieving constipation. But without regularity in habit, nothing is of much avail.

The average schoolroom, when windows are not open frequently for an airing, has an odor about it that means just one thing: lack of baths. A daily warm bath at night with a dash of cold water at the end would improve the air in most schoolrooms amazingly. The Saturday-night bath does not give the child adequate cleansing or skin stimulation and refreshment for an entire week. Any child who has only a bowl of water can be taught to sponge off his entire body and rub briskly with a towel. This would keep him in better condition, his clothes fresher and the atmosphere he creates purer. Parents should welcome every effort on the school's part to provide facilities for cleanliness of the children, and the school should seek to raise the home standard of personal cleanliness.

Concluded on page 71

Protection



Daintiness is an Unfailing Charm

Kleinert's Dress Shields will *keep* your gowns and blouses dainty and fresh. There are styles and shapes for all apparel and all occasions.



A Blue-Line Dress Protector

Sanitary, washable, quickly adjusted—keeps skirts from wrinkling and gives adequate protection under all circumstances.



Why Change Your Frock?

Neither spattering grease nor splashing water can hurt the pretty frock covered with a Kleinert's "Tweentex" Household Apron. The rubber is between two fabrics where it cannot touch you.



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When armholes are wide and it's difficult to put in shields, protect your gown with Kleinert's Dress Shield Guimpe. Made of sheer net, slip-over style, with shields stitched in just the right position.

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In what felt slipper, other than the Capitol Slipper, do you find that soft, thick inner sole of superfine lambs' wool—pure, imported, virgin wool, as it grows on the hide, noted for its warmth, and absorbing qualities. Note the light flexible outer sole of leather and the high quality of felt which gives so snug a fit!

If, when you purchase your next pair, you make careful comparisons, your choice is sure to be Capitol Slippers. Apart from their value and comfort, you will appreciate the great variety of styles and attractive colors, giving you a wide range of choice.

In Capitol Slippers you get the benefit of years of slipper manufacture by one of the largest makers of felt slippers in the world. Also manufacturers of the Capitol Lambs' Wool Sole for women who "knit their own."

Models for Women and Misses, Men and Children, sold at Department stores, Shoe stores and general stores everywhere.

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Worcester, Mass. Hartford, Conn.



Look for the trade mark on the leather sole of every Capitol Felt Slipper

Capitol Slippers

For All the Family



THE HEALTH OF THE SCHOOL CHILD

Concluded from page 70

HOME AND SCHOOL MUST WORK TOGETHER

COOPERATION between the mother and the school is a great help in anticipating troubles and correcting defects of all kinds. The teacher, having the child before her all day, notices many things that often escape detection at home. Bad posture is shown quickly when a dozen school children line up for exercise or sit in rows studying. It takes the interest of the home as much as that of school to find out whether that faulty posture is due to poor food or poor feet, lack of fresh air, night or day, or to poor muscle tone or to real structural defects. The school child with diseased adenoids and tonsils, decayed teeth, swollen glands or defective hearing or eyesight is certainly not receiving proper care at home, however lax the school may be in discovering and correcting such conditions.

Upon the examination of 37,916 boys and 35,309 girls under eight years of age in 1921 in the New York City schools, 22,876 boys and 20,396 girls had defective teeth, 6,502 boys and 5,967 girls had diseased tonsils, 6,105 boys and 5,042 girls had defective nasal breathing and 6,452 boys and 5,924 girls had defective nutrition. Such figures are an interesting commentary on home health standards. These represent approximately what average children start school with.

If the child reaches school age with the proper health habits we have discussed, the teaching of the school should crystallize these for him and strengthen his whole physical and mental life. If the child reaches school age without such health habits, the school must work for their formation insistently throughout his school life.

The size of the health problem confronting our schools is suggested by the fact that of the twenty-two million school children in this country nineteen million children have physical defects, three-fourths of which are preventable or remediable.



THE TEMPTATION

Continued from page 2

learnedly concerning the width of their garments and the nature of their sacraments, the people, asking for bread, shall be given a stone.

"With incense and with candles, with music and with loud song they shall worship thee, yet shall their hearts incline to wickedness and their hands be red with blood.

"Century shall follow century, yet shall the number of those who truly walk in thy footsteps be as a handful of dust in the midst of the desert.

"Kings shall slay kings, and emperors devour emperors until the very face of the earth shall become desolate, yet as they tear at each other's throats the heavens shall be filled with their hypocritical prayers, justifying each his iniquities.

"Whole nations which once acknowledged thee shall rise up and cast thee forth; thy holy vessels shall be melted to serve me, and thy temples shall be given over to swine.

Continued on page 72



Good News

That millions of women tell

Millions of women, all the world over, have found a way to prettier teeth. Some by dental advice, some by this ten-day test.

They have spread the news to others. Now wherever you look you see glistening teeth, and more smiles to show them.

We urge you again to accept this test and prove to yourself what they know.

Must combat film

Pretty teeth cannot exist, coated with dingy film. Nor clean teeth, nor safe teeth—that is sure.

That viscous film you feel on teeth must be combated daily. Otherwise it clings, enters crevices and stays. It forms the basis of cloudy coats, including tartar. It dims the luster of the teeth.

It also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film, and very few escape them.

Why it remains

The tooth brush and the ordinary tooth paste cannot effectively combat it. So nearly everybody, however careful, had teeth discolor and decay.

Dental science has for years tried to combat this condition. Two ways have now been found. Able authorities have proved them, and leading dentists everywhere now urge their daily use.

A new-type tooth paste has been perfected, called Pepsodent. It corrects some old mistakes. These two great film combatants are embodied in it for daily application.

It does far more

Pepsodent does more than that. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise cling and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids—the cause of tooth decay.

It omits soap and chalk, which now are known to bring undesired effects.

Thus to millions of homes in forty nations it has brought a new dental era.



You'll know at once

Pepsodent brings quick results. A week will make them conspicuous. Once you see and feel them you will never go without them, or let your children miss them.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Learn the delights of Pepsodent, with the added protection and beauty it brings.

Do this without delay. Cut out the coupon now. This is most important.

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A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

10-Day Tube Free 956

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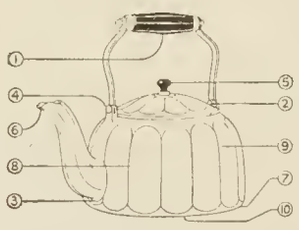
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Only one tube to a family.



The Mirro Colonial Tea-Ball Teapot, a delightful model in every detail and feature

Your final Tea Kettle



1 Replaceable ebonized grip, comfortable and safe.

2 Projection which keeps lid from falling off when kettle is tilted.

3 Spout welded on, one-piece with the body. No dirt-catching joint.

4 Handle ears welded on; designed so handle cannot touch side of kettle.

5 Firm, rivetless ebonized knob.

6 Wide-mouthed spout through which kettle can be filled. Easy-pouring lip.

7 Unusually wide base. Heats quickly and saves fuel.

8 Famous Mirro finish: hard, smooth surface, easy to clean.

9 Beautiful Colonial design. Also made in plain round style.

10 Mirro trade-mark—a sign of guaranteed excellence throughout.

This Mirro Tea Kettle will last for years and years. If you buy it, it will probably be the last tea kettle you will ever buy—but not, we venture, your last piece of Mirro Aluminum.

Why not have this finest of tea kettles *now* and begin to enjoy it? There is nothing to save by waiting, and a deal of satisfaction to lose.

You *will* enjoy your Mirro kettle—its fine Colonial design, its silvery lustre, its balance, its sturdy lightness, its practicality in every detail.

You will find in it the perfect combination of those qualities of durability, economy, and beauty which make aluminum ware supreme when fashioned the Mirro way—*this* way:

We take pure, *thick* metal. We toughen it and make it glassy-smooth by rolling and re-rolling it under enormous pressure. Then we can build utensils that will last—utensils that are strong, generously thick, and so hard of surface that they resist denting and scratching and are always easy to clean.

Mirro is not expensive to buy, and it is exceedingly economical to own. Good stores everywhere sell it. Send for Miniature Catalog No. A14 to learn more about *Mirro*, The Finest Aluminum.

Aluminum Goods Manufacturing Company
General Offices: Manitowoc, Wis., U. S. A.
Makers of Everything in Aluminum

MIRRO
The Finest Aluminum



THE TEMPTATION

Continued from page 71

"All these things shall come to pass because I will it.

"For know, O Man of Sorrows, that I shall cause even thy ministers to serve me, covering up thy truth with their folly and ignorance until it shall be hidden from all men.

"For when shall the truth not fall before the power of my lies? When shall men cease to incline after pleasure? When shall they cease to lust after power? When shall the beauty of women fail to ensnare him, or his belly not ask to be fed?

"The Maker of all things hath placed the lusts of the flesh in my hands, and even He can not take them away from me, lest his creatures cease to multiply, and so perish from the face of the earth.

"For I, Satan, am also a god, and on this earth which is my kingdom none shall gainsay me!"

A fierce pride shone in his eyes; he stretched forth his hand as one possessing unutterable power.

"Go back to thy shop, O Carpenter, and leave man to his pleasures and to me!"

For a moment the lips of the man before him moved in prayer. Then he spoke:

"While the leaven liveth, shall not the loaf be made? Though they slay me, yet shall the truth not die."

SATAN'S laughter was like the tinkling of bells in the dark silence.

"What is truth?" he asked. "Though there be truths of earth and truths not of earth, this do I know: The lust of a strong man in his might, the beauty of a woman in her youth, the savor of food to the famished—these things be truths. For while the sun lies warm on the young grass in the Springtime, calling all living things to mate, while there be hunger to satisfy and thirst to slake, while gold shall keep its sparkle and wine its power to cheer, while earth be earth and flesh be flesh, so long, O foolish one, shall I prevail. Wherefore, then, should I fear thee?"

"Unless thou fearest, why temptest thou me?"

The smile on the Tempter's face became as brass, but he spoke not.

"Thy truths, O Satan," the slender man went on, "are of the earth and the things thereof. Shall a part then compass the whole? Shall not my Father, who hath made all things, put out the light of the sun and wither the earth in the shadow of His hand when it shall so please Him? Thou speakest of the flesh, knowing naught of the spirit that quickeneth it. What have I to do with thee?"

"Thou also art flesh, although thou dost call thyself the son of God. Wert thou not born of woman? Is not thy seed of the seed of Abraham? Or dost thou deny thine own father?"

"There be one father of the flesh and another of the spirit. I render unto each that which is required of me."

"What then wilt thou render unto man? Thy body?"

"Tempt me no more, O Satan, for by thy tempting do I know thee. Yet this will I say: I render unto man the word of God, which is the truth."

Satan's smile was chill as the wind at the coming of dawn.

"What truth canst thou bring," he said contemptuously, "that I should fear it?"

"To love God, and thy neighbor as thyself. More than this shall be required of no man, for it is the whole of the Law. Yet whoso believeth in it, and followeth me, shall never die."

The Tempter drew his golden girdle about him and smoothed his shining hair.

"When thou shalt cause man to do that," he said uneasily, "I shall indeed be undone, yet do I not fear thee. For those to whom it shall be given to spread thy word shall in their pride and their sloth, their ignorance and their folly, corrupt and defile it so that in the end the truth shall be hidden from the

Concluded on page 73

"We are advertised by our loving friends"

Mellin's Food Babies



Kurt C. Becker, Jr., Toledo, Ohio.



Eugene G. Dietz, Windsor, Illinois.

Let us send you our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants," and a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food.

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Boston, Mass.



Two ways to make good coffee

The New Way
1.—With Faust Soluble Coffee

Put half a teaspoonful of Blanke's Faust Soluble Coffee into a cup. Add boiling water and you have a perfect cup of coffee. No pot. No kitchen worries. No waste and no trouble. A 4-oz. can makes 120 cups ($1.45).

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2.—With Faust Pulverized Coffee

A heaping teaspoonful of Blanke's Faust Pulverized Coffee in a Blanke Sanitary Drip Coffee Pot, makes a delicious and more healthful cup of drip coffee. Simply pour fresh boiling water on the coffee.



Scientific research has proved the above methods the two best ways to make good coffee. Your grocer is supplied; or order direct.

Faust Tea also in Soluble form.

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A Change from Meat
SKINNER'S
The Superior Macaroni

MENNEN



The Causes of Crying

—Mennen's Prevents Them

Your baby undergoes tortures that few adults experience. Only when the suffering is intense does the baby begin to cry. Continued crying will exhaust the nervous energy of the healthiest baby.

Science now knows that most of baby's troubles can be traced directly to the skin. Singly and together, three deadly enemies seek to harm the delicate texture of your baby's skin.

ALL MOISTURES—perspiration, or urine, or drops of water that escaped the towel—are highly irritating. Mennen Borated Talcum is therefore made by a process that causes each tiny particle to be highly absorbent like a sponge. Millions of these little white sponges remove dangerous moisture from the skin.

The FRICTION of clothing and blankets, the constant *rubbing* of the skin folds, is another danger. So Mennen Borated Talcum guards the skin with a smooth gossamer film, an *extra* layer of protection against harmful friction.

A baby's skin is almost helpless to resist INFECTIONS. So Mennen Borated Talcum contains a wonderful combination of mildly antiseptic, soothingly protective ingredients.

When baby cries apply Mennen Borated Talcum generously to all parts of the chubby body.

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I enclose 25c (Canada, 35c). Please send me Aunt Belle's Baby Book postpaid in plain wrapper.

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THE TEMPTATION

Concluded from page 72

eyes of men and none shall see it. For I say to you, man in his heart feareth the truth, and none shall take his nature away from him."

"I come not to take but to give. By faith alone shall man overcome thee."

A look of anger swept the Tempter's face.

"Thou speakest of faith," he said. "Hold out thy hand."

In silence the other extended his emaciated palm. Satan snatched a knife from his girdle and set its keen point against the fragile flesh. A quiver of pain shook the starving man's body; in his eyes lay tears. The Tempter stepped back with a sneer.

"Go thy ways," he said. "I have no need to fear thee, for now do I know that thou too art flesh, with all the weakness thereof. Yet this I tell thee: Once more shalt thou be tempted, and to thine undoing. When thou art dying on thy cross I shall come to thee, and by the weakness of the flesh thou despiseth I shall smite thee so that thine own faith shall waver and thou shalt deny thy Father before all men, crying out that He hath forsaken thee. Turn back, O man of flesh, for thou art undone!"

The figure before the tent raised his head.

"Were I not flesh, O Satan," he said, "with all the weakness thereof, how should I be accepted of men? Shall an image of stone understand compassion, or its heart encompass love? By my flesh shalt thou be answered and by my weakness shalt thou be overcome."

For a moment he gazed out over the rocky slope, now lit by the onrushing dawn.

"Father," he whispered, "give me strength."

From the shadows about the cedar came the watcher, his eyes flaming. The other turned to him.

"Thou hast heard?" he asked softly.

"Yes, Master, I have heard."

"Believest thou in me?"

"Yes, Master, I believe."

Jesus turned back to the Tempter with a serene smile.

"While there be but one, O Satan, who hath faith in me, shall I not have faith in myself and in my God?"

He rested his hand for a moment upon the head of the kneeling figure before him.

"Go, John, son of Zacharias," he said. "Tell them I am come."



THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 11

but she felt beaten now. A great weariness and discouragement possessed her; there was only difficulty and struggle behind her; there was nothing ahead.

"I will get over this!" she said to herself lifelessly. "Every one gets over everything!"

And suddenly she put her head down on the window-sill and heart-breaking sobs shook her from head to foot.

She was exhausted and was lying quiet, with her arm resting on the sill, her head on her hand and her breast rising only on an occasional deep sigh, her weary brain idle, too—drifting inconsequentially from one

Continued on page 74

HOW YOU'LL ALL ENJOY Kellogg's delicious CORN FLAKES



TIME'S ripe—now—for a taste-thrill for the whole family—and one certainly awaits you in a generous package of Kellogg's Corn Flakes that's ready to make your friendly acquaintance at the grocer's!

Never was there such a fascinating breakfast—or any-time meal! For Kellogg's Corn Flakes are not only delicious—*they're wonderful;* and, *extra-wonderful* with bananas or other fresh or stewed fruit—and a generous pitcher of milk or cream!

Eaten liberally, Kellogg's Corn Flakes are a perfect meal for any morning—sustaining, refreshing! How much better every one will feel who stands by this delicious menu, adding but the favorite hot beverage! Easy to digest, Kellogg's give the stomach chance to get in action!

How the day's doings will fly when you're free of that "loggy" sensation heavy foods give you! All grocers.

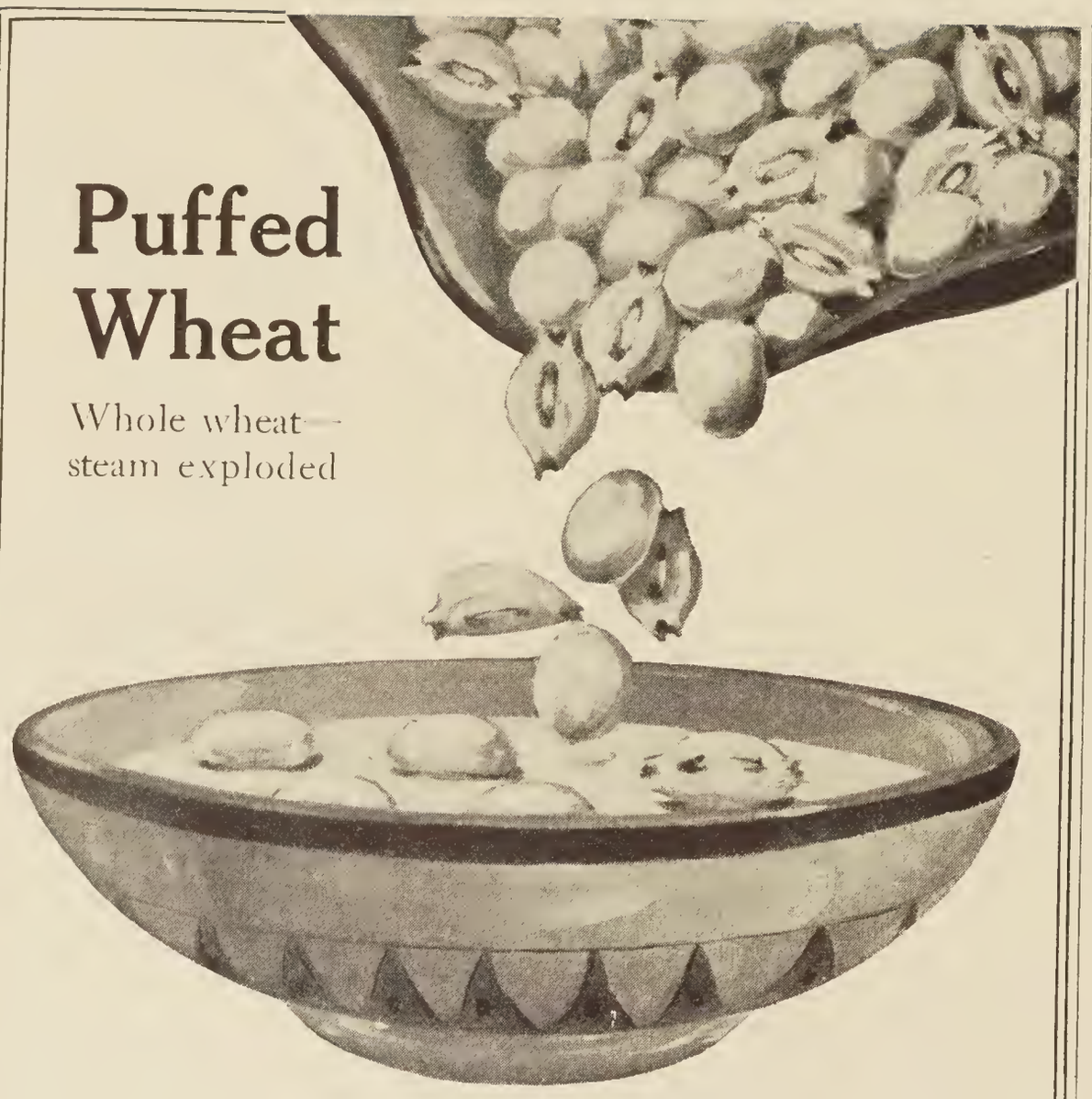
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CORN FLAKES

Puffed Wheat

Whole wheat—
steam exploded



Food Marvels

Grains puffed to 8 times normal size.

Over 125 million steam explosions caused in every kernel.

Every food cell blasted, so digestion is made easy and complete.

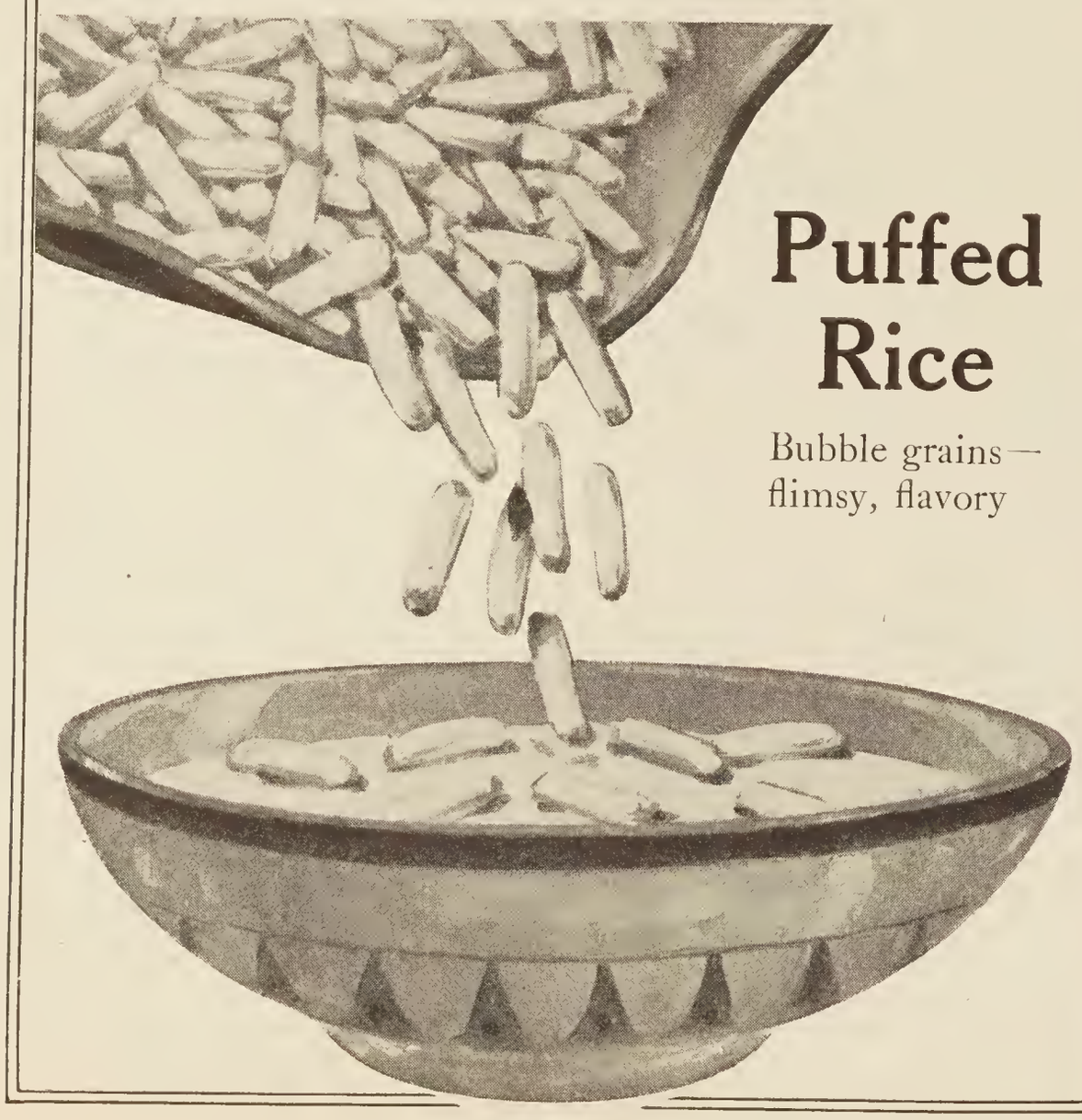
As flimsy as snowflakes, as flavory as nuts.

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Made to make whole grains tempting, for children in general need more than they get.

These are the finest wheat and rice foods in existence.



Puffed Rice

Bubble grains—
flimsy, flavory



THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 73

unimportant thought to another—when a knocking at her door made her heart suddenly begin to beat hard with fright.

Margaret got to her feet, fastened the jacket she was wearing over her lace petticoat. ran her fingers through her disordered cloud of black hair and went to the door. She touched a switch as she reached the door, and, opening it, bent her head a little to avert her reddened eyes from a servant's curious look.

But it was Stanley who stood there, Stanley breathless and in a hurry.

"Margaret, did you see Shirley's—but what's the matter?" he said, interrupting his message at the sight of her tear-stained face.

There was nothing for it now but honesty and courage.

"Nothing. My head aches," she said composedly. "What was it? Are you looking for something?"

"Shirley left her gold bag, with her rings in it, on the terrace," he explained, still interested in her. "No, but tell me, Margaret: You feel rotten, don't you?"

"Her bag?" Margaret said, in concern—touching a bell as she spoke. "I'll ask Carrie or Foote. But I'm sure it wasn't left here!" She gave Foote, who immediately appeared, her directions.

"Tell me, what's the trouble?" Stanley persisted, almost before the man was gone. He came close to her, concerned and peremptory.

Margaret began to tremble; she was afraid. In the soft lights, exhausted from emotion and tears and so close to the splendid strength and sweetness of him upon which in spite of herself she had come to depend, she felt every fiber of soul and body suddenly weaken. Hardly knowing what she did, she put her hands upon his shoulders and the passionate, thin, brilliant face, proud and untamed still, despite the telltale signs of grief, was close to his own.

HELD so—for his big arms instantly went about her—her youth and her dark beauty and the supple slimness of her braced body had their instant effect. Stanley smiled at her a little confusedly, his own laugh a little breathless and his voice unsteady.

"Can't you tell your big brother about it yet?"

"Oh, Stan—Stan—what shall I do?" she whispered.

A troubled look came into his face, and he said slowly:

"If it's money, Margaret, why don't you tell me? And if it's a man, at least I could handle him better than you can!"

Weakness — weakness — weakness — delicious and intoxicating weakness—was running through her being like a subtle wine. She must not—she must not tell him——

"And if it was neither, Stan?" she stammered, against her own will, with all the glory of her dark beauty, proud and reluctant even in surrender, held in his arms.

She saw his expression change—turn from bewilderment and surprise to honest embarrassment. And she knew that she was betrayed. In an instant they had separated: Stanley was standing beside the little table, one big browned hand resting upon it with a strong grip, and Margaret was ten feet away, her fingers locked upon the back of a big tufted armchair.

Their eyes were riveted together; neither spoke. Both were breathing hard; shame and denial and challenge in Margaret's glance, bewilderment and a sort of generous shame, too, in Stan's.

The pause lasted for a long minute. Then Stanley said:

"I'm sorry. I never dreamed it!"

Margaret's proud head drooped.

"I am—ashamed," she said in a low voice.

"That day—at the ranch—you know you said—" Stan began awkwardly. "I thought

Continued on page 75



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MADE *with* MILK

is tasty, refreshing, and delicate in flavor. Folk find it *so* enjoyable. Since it is made with whole milk, you *know* how nutritious it is. There are many delicious ways to serve Junket. Try some of these dainty desserts, so good for little folks and grown-ups as well.

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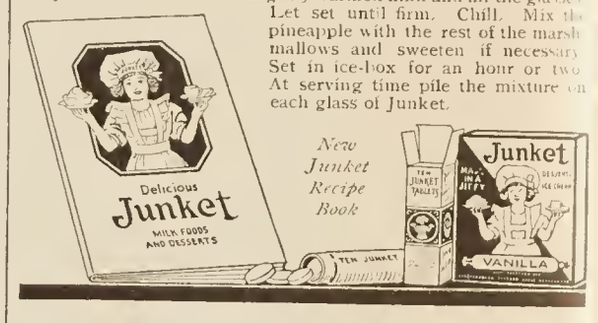
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1 pkg. Raspberry Junket Powder
1 pint milk
½ cupful shredded pineapple
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Shredded cocoanut

Cut the marshmallows in quarters with shears, put a few piece in the dessert glasses with a sprinkling of cocoanut. Dissolv the Junket Powder in the slightly warmed milk and fill the glasses Let set until firm. Chill. Mix the pineapple with the rest of the marshmallows and sweeten if necessary Set in ice-box for an hour or two At serving time pile the mixture on each glass of Junket.



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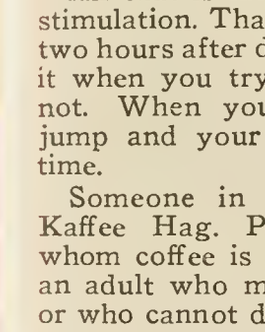
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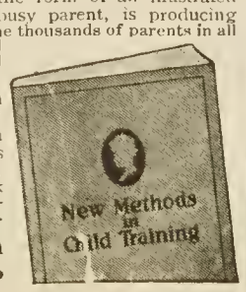
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The Parents Association
Dept. 564, Pleasant Hill, Ohio



THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 74

there was some one else," he added.

Margaret raised her eyes and looked at him, and immediately he came slowly toward her.

"*Could* you have married me?" he asked, close to her now and looking down at the beautiful lowered head and the long, thick black lashes that were still clinging together from her sudden tears.

"No, never. Or any man!"

"But—" Stanley had put his arm loosely about her shoulders again; he put his free hand under her chin and gently raised her face—"but you might have come to care?"

"Yes," she said simply, thickly, looking up briefly and immediately averting her eyes again.

"You feel that you will never be free, Margaret?"

"I know it." He had another flash of the blue eyes and she could even manage a whimsical half-smile as she added: "Do you think—do you think it has been *easy* to have you so near and to let you go? Do you think I am the sort of woman who *likes* to suffer as I am suffering now?"

The slow words, uttered in her exquisite voice, that was touched to unusual cadences now by tears and passion, stirred Stanley to the soul. This honest admission of love, of suffering and renunciation, seemed to lift her, and himself with her, to realms of rarefied air, to a world of emotions and ideals that he had never known.

He kept his arm about her and for a long time they stood motionless, Margaret's light weight resting against him and her closed eyes close to his breast.

PRESENTLY she looked up, smiling bravely, and he saw that although her eyes were still tear-stained and her lashes wet, she was herself again. The nervous, thin, beautiful body was braced, even while he still held her, with all her old resolution and courage. One fine, expressive thin hand went to his shoulder and the quick, stormy breathing that had moved her breast was quieted.

"I don't—this *isn't* characteristic of me!" she pleaded, half laughing, half in tears. "You'll think me a hysterical idiot—to-night of all nights for such a scene! Forgive me, won't you, and forget all this as soon as you can?"

"I'll try!" Stanley said, with his brotherly, kindly grin—not releasing her—as he looked down at her.

"You see, I've been lonely," Margaret explained, a little embarrassed, but smiling, "and there have been ugly things in my life—unkind, abnormal people! You're—you're so normal and sunshiny, and you make life so normal and sunshiny for every one near you!"

"I thought you despised me," he said in simple surprise.

"I tried to," Margaret confessed, with equal simplicity. "I—in some ways, I do," she admitted, frankly, free of his arms now and giving him a composed glance over her shoulder as she walked toward the door.

"You don't seem the sort of woman who takes—this sort of thing—lightly," Stanley submitted, bewildered and hurt by her suddenly changed manner, as he followed her. "I should think—I should think you would either have to like or to dislike a person. I know I always do!"

"Oh, dear me," Margaret exclaimed pityingly, and lightly, as Foote approached the open door from the hall, "that would be a stupid state of affairs!"

Stanley flushed as she interviewed the butler. There was no news of the bag; she expressed polite regret. He felt that he had no excuse for lingering, for the finishing word he so much desired. Just one word, to show her that the impulsive, emotional scene of a few minutes ago meant no more to him than to her——

She gave him no opportunity. Her brief

Continued on page 76



A Famous Chef Says—

One easy turn of the Lorain Red Wheel gives you a choice of 44 measured and controlled oven heats for any kind of oven cooking or baking.

I KNOW of only two ways to roast meats and insure uniformly delicious results. The first is to watch the meat and fire constantly, carefully. The second is to use some device to measure and control the temperature of the oven exactly.

So says Rigo, famous chef of the Hollenden Hotel, Cleveland, nationally known for the excellence of its cuisine.

Although every woman likes to be able to prepare delicious meals, *no* woman wants to be a slave to a stove. What, then, is the answer to the problem? *This*, and *this* only—a gas range equipped with a Lorain Oven Heat Regulator, a device that *measures* and *controls* the heat of the oven—*exactly*.

That which you once cook perfectly in a Lorain-equipped Gas Oven, you can cook *again* and *again* with unvarying satisfactory results and without any attention to food or fire during the cooking process.

Delicious whole meals—soup, vegetables, meat and dessert—can be cooked in this magic oven at one time, while you're miles away. You can do all your canning, too, in this oven merely by setting the Red Wheel at the correct temperature, placing the filled, glass jars on the oven racks and leaving them there for an hour or so.

Summer is near at hand. Now is the time to purchase a Lorain-equipped Gas Range, because it will free you from much of the drudgery of cooking. Somewhere, nearby, you'll find a dealer who'll gladly demonstrate the many advantages of Lorain-equipped Gas Ranges. Remember, there is only one genuine Lorain Oven Heat Regulator. You can tell it by the Red Wheel.

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Henri S. Rigo, famous chef of the Hollenden Hotel, Cleveland, has given to American Stove Company his recipe for Hollenden Baked Ham with Mock Champagne Sauce, a most savory dish always prepared under his personal supervision. To enable housewives to achieve results equal to his own he includes in his recipe the exact time and temperature for baking. Use the coupon in the corner to obtain a copy of this interesting recipe.

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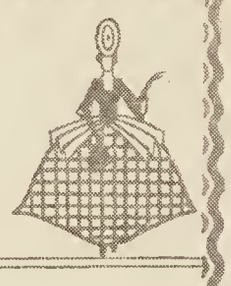
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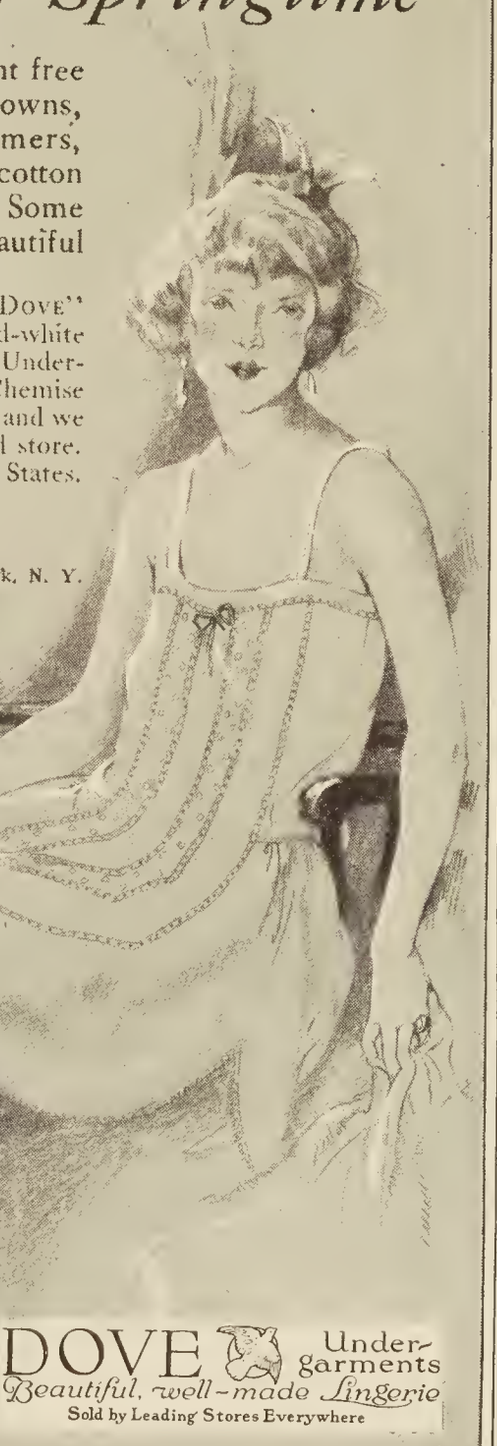
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DOVE Under-garments
Beautiful, well-made Lingerie
Sold by Leading Stores Everywhere



THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 75

good night to the servant was quite as personal as the nod and glance she casually threw to himself. Stanley found himself going back to Shirley in a whirl of feeling that was dominated by pure resentment.

But Margaret, for all her gallant manner, was not happy, although her tears were dried, the storm was over and she had scored. Immediately and quickly she got ready for bed, refusing to analyze, refusing even to recall, the events of the past fifteen minutes. But her cheeks were still burning with excitement and shame.

"What comes *over* me when that man is around?" she asked herself scornfully. "He'll think I'm an absolute imbecile!" Then—"I don't care in the least *what* he thinks," she assured herself, getting into bed and opening her book.

But the page before her grew meaningless; her gaze wandered, her memory brought back Stan's voice——

She could bear it no longer. She leaped out of bed, reached for her wrapper and went into Mrs. Cutting's room to report Shirley's loss. Mrs. Cutting, just returned from her card-party, was positive that Shirley had not had the bag when she came up to the terrace that afternoon.

"But we'll never hear the last of that bag!" predicted Stan's aunt. "That'll mean more to her than Stan does! Oh, my dear, I'm not one bit happy about this. I've been thinking about it—she's not the woman for him, Margaret."

MRS. CUTTING'S prediction proved true. Shirley came in before breakfast the next morning, and although Margaret did not see her greeting to Stan, who was playing with the collie and Jim on the terrace, she knew it must have been but a brief one, for almost immediately Shirley came swiftly into the library, where Margaret was writing checks.

Margaret herself had given Stanley but a fleeting half-glimpse of her eyes when he came out to join her and the child that morning, and immediately disappeared. She had schooled her glance to be merely friendly and impersonal; she was woman enough to be disappointed at receiving exactly the same sort of look in return. Now she was in common civility bound to return to the terrace with Shirley.

"I shall be *sick* if I have lost that bag," reiterated Shirley for the twentieth time. "It was the handsomest one I've ever seen. I *know* I had it at Elise's yesterday, because when I went back after dinner and didn't have it to pay my bridge losses, she said she *remembered* having seen it *in my hand* when I waved good-by. Oh, I *can't* have lost it—it was stolen, of course, that's what it was! And my emerald ring—I laid it right here, on the brick wall, I remember distinctly!"

"I sent Foote down last night," Margaret said, feeling her very soul flutter at the memory of that hour, but without a glance at Stan, "and this morning we've had them all searching the terraces and even in the lane!"

"Ah, well, of course they wouldn't find it," Shirley said, with an ungracious, significant look. "Somebody's got it. I've telephoned for a detective," she added, in an undertone, with a glance toward the French windows that opened into the dining-room, where one of the maids was busy.

"Was there money in it?" Margaret asked.

"Oh, some—ten or twelve dollars and a check of Mary Page's—I've telephoned her to have it stopped. But it was *right* here—" Shirley began again, restlessly searching the terrace, rustling the thick, dusty ivy leaves, kneeling to run her hand under the gnarled ropes of the vine.

For twenty minutes they hunted on while Jimmie finished his breakfast and the hot sunlight crept fully upon the terraces.

"Do go in and get your coffee, Miss

Continued on page 77



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Canthrox

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"—the dress vogue of the day. The discriminating woman, therefore, will give much thought to her coiffure, which is an important part of the complete ensemble rather than a mere detail."

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THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 76

Yorke," the man presently said. "Or tea, rather!" he added, smiling.

Shirley had been up, playing bridge, until after two o'clock. The Pebble Beach party, before that, had been extremely fatiguing. Her engagement, too, had taken a certain amount of energy from her; she must be exhaustingly sweet and responsive with every one now, answer the same questions endlessly and tell the same story. And the loss of her bag and her ring had genuinely agitated her.

So Shirley was at the end of her self-control. Margaret's cool freshness in her thin old swiss dress, her dark composure and her obvious disinclination to consider the loss serious exasperated Shirley. She turned savagely to Stan.

"And do for pity's sake go get your own! A man is absolutely unreasonable—there's no use trying to get a civil word out of him before breakfast!"

Stan made the mistake of trying to conciliate her.

"I'm sorry, dear," he said in a penitent undertone. "Don't be cross——"

"Excuse me, I'm not cross!" Shirley answered sharply.

"No, I know you're not, dear," Stan murmured. "Poor little girl, she lost her gold bag and she puckered up her pretty little face and just pretended to be cross!"

"Oh, please don't talk *baby-talk!*" Shirley cried desperately. "I can't stand anything more this morning."

"You'll find it," Margaret said soothingly, an unwilling third in this little scene. "You've just put it somewhere, and any minute you may remember! And do have some coffee——"

"I know I've put it somewhere, but I was hunting the house over half the night!" Shirley said, not sorry to be appeased. "Oh, dear!" she lamented, standing headachy and despairing in the heat and ready to burst into tears. "Oh, *dear*—why did this have to happen just now! Stan—" she said, after a moment's agitated reflection, remounting the steps on her way to the breakfast-room—"Stan, you'll have to round them all up—every one who was in the house—there's no use having the detectives otherwise——"

"I thought you were coming into town with me?" Stan asked her.

"Oh, I can't!" she answered quickly. "Those men will be down. I shall simply have to stay here until the things are *found*. I suppose there are a thousand places where he could have stuck them——"

ALL morning long the quiet life of the household was demoralized by the search. The day was hot and the hours dragged. At ten o'clock, to Mrs. Cutting's secret indignation, detectives did actually arrive and begin to be businesslike and briskly interrogatory.

Shirley finally wept and went home with a blazing headache. She left Margaret pacifying Carrie and Daisy and Mary, who had been given the third degree, according to their own stories, and were also weeping.

Margaret, seated among them, half-sympathetic, half-amused, tactfully returned the conversation to the simple question of the loss again.

"Girls—girls, she doesn't know you as I do, and naturally she wants to leave no stone unturned!"

"My God, I hope he don't marry her!" Mary exclaimed piously, with the privilege of a servant who had tied Stan Crittenden's napkin about his little chin thirty years ago.

Margaret's smile died and a great coldness and weariness came over her.

"She's not divorced yet, Mary."

"A lot that'd worry *her*," Mary said scornfully. Margaret sighed and left them. Everything was hot and troublesome and tiresome to-day. Even Jim had been naughty, had annoyed Shirley, and Margaret carried a resentful recollection of Shirley's

Continued on page 78



The protection your skin needs



IT IS difficult to find words suitable to tell you how delightful and refreshing the skin feels after using Frostilla Fragrant Lotion. Almost magically it does away with all roughness and chaps, and leaves the texture soft and supple. Its fragrance, the perfume of many flowers, is particularly tempting.

To guard against the biting winds of early Spring, use Frostilla Fragrant Lotion. Apply it, too, after bathing the hands and face to prevent roughness from hard water and impure soap. Keep in mind that the skin must be carefully protected at all times to be kept attractive.

Frostilla Fragrant Lotion as a base for face powder is excellent. It makes the powder cling to the skin much longer.

There are many other every-day uses for Frostilla Fragrant Lotion. For example, for chafing; to soften the cuticle in manicuring; for chapped ankles; for cracked lips; in the kitchen to protect the hands.

For the Men: After shaving, Frostilla Fragrant Lotion soothes the smarting skin. Try a few drops on the wet, soapy brush. Note how quickly the beard is softened.

This year Frostilla Fragrant Lotion is celebrating its 50th Anniversary—convincing proof of undeniable merit. You can obtain it everywhere in the United States and Canada. Regular price, 35 cents. The Frostilla Company, Elmira, New York.



Frostilla

FRAGRANT LOTION



Common Sense Care for Your Skin

WHEN you stop to think that cleanliness is probably the greatest law of health, you naturally realize the importance of a clean skin. To be beautiful, a skin must be healthy. Granting, then, that a clean skin is usually a healthy one, it at once becomes important to discover the best method of keeping your skin clean. Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream is the best skin cleanser you can buy. Use it at night to cleanse your skin thoroughly of the day's grit. It clears out the pores and softens the skin. Above all, it keeps the skin absolutely *clean.*

As most people use make-up in moderation these days, a clean skin is really essential. A dirty skin will not take make-up well.

Get Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream today and try it. You will find it an indispensable aid to your toilet. On sale everywhere. In Tubes, 10c, 25c and 50c. In Jars, 35c, 50c, 85c and $1.50.

A FREE TRIAL—Write for a free tube of this perfect skin cleanser and complexion beautifier. Daggett & Ramsdell, Dept. 1235, D. & R. Building, New York.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S PERFECT COLD CREAM
"The Kind That Keeps"





Whether your hat is sailor or Gainsborough

A HAT must look fresh and hold its shape, or its air of smartness is lost. No matter how faded or streaked it is, Colorite will restore its original color and gloss.

If your sailor has been rain-soaked, lay it on a flat surface and apply Colorite. Let it dry thoroughly before moving and your hat will look like new.

Colorite may be used on any straw hat. There are sixteen fashionable colors from which to choose. If offered a substitute, send us 25 cents for the color wanted.



CARPENTER-MORTON COMPANY
Dept. 208, 77 Sudbury St., Boston 14, Mass.
You can also buy Colorite Fabric Dyes for tinting or dyeing cotton, wool, or silk cloth.
English Representatives:
Henry C. Quelch & Co., 4 & 5 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4

Colorite HAT FINISH



THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 77

acid yet smiling response to the little boy's forced apology:

"Do you know, I think you are a pretty lucky little boy to get off so easily? I think that if *I* were your mama, and you slammed a screen door *four* times after you had been told not to, I would try to make you remember it next time! I think that if a boy I know was sent to bed for the afternoon——"

Nora, boiling with resentment at the investigation, and boiling afresh at this hint of authority from the lady they all now knew as "Mr. Stan's intended," had borne Jimmie sobbing from the scene at this point and Margaret had taken it upon herself to follow the small boy, see him happily established in the shadow of the sand-box, wipe the wet cheeks and hold the throbbing little body in her arms until Jim's breath was quiet again. But the sting remained, and she felt angrily that her jealous, reluctant interest in Shirley was rapidly being developed into something like actual dislike and contempt.

THE episode of the lost treasures quieted down in a day or two, and except for Shirley's occasional bitter reference to her loss, it apparently left no ripple upon all their lives. And yet to each one of the three young people, to the servants and to Jim the event was permanently important.

Jim had never before shown any feeling, in one way or another, to Shirley, but now he disliked her with all the force of his baby power, and she knew it. The servants detested her as being the cause of their mortifying treatment at the detectives' hands, and to Margaret, struggling with the deepest and most painful emotions of her life, Shirley became hateful from this day on. Margaret loathed her baby beauty, her voice, her pretty affectations and her occasional flashes of a mood neither pretty nor affected. Besides that, it was because of the lost bag that Stan had come back to the house that night and that he and she had had that memorable hour. And that hour had filled Margaret with disquiet and heartache. She was not able to blot it out and go on as if it had not been.

To Stanley, although neither Margaret nor Shirley dreamed it, the episode, trifling as it seemed, had been extraordinarily significant. He had seen each woman in a new rôle that night: Shirley agitated, furious, exacting within only a few hours of the time when she had promised to be his wife, and Margaret for the first time broken, gentle, yielding and admittedly suffering.

Stan was not analytical—his mental processes were rather slow—but even without defining it, he marveled, in his own simple way, that Shirley, while thinking herself so admirable, could be so frankly material and suspicious and exacting, and that under Margaret's cold, repressed and unfriendly manner the flame of an endearing, vivid, thrilling personality could burn so bright.

Meanwhile he and Shirley moved rapidly, noisily, gaily through their days. He saw her radiant and pretty in her frail linens and beautiful hats. She fluttered across the clean grass of the golf-greens in striped skirts and bright knitted jackets, she murmured close against his heart in the quiet corners of the club ballroom, of this or that dim library.

Murmured, talked, laughed—but always about herself. Stan wondered that he had never noted that before. Unexacting, unanalytical, he pondered over the long tales she told him, tales of quarrels of all sorts in which she was invariably victor. She had vanquished men, women, chambermaids and waiters, stewards on boats and paying-tellers in banks. She had angled for all sorts of things in her checkered life, and quite innocently and gaily she told Stan about them: how she had managed Cuyler without his knowing it, tricked him into buying furs, manipulated everything when his mother

Continued on page 79



For sister and all the family

BOOTT TOWELS are for every day for everybody. They may be used for face and hands and as bath towels.

For Boott Towels are sturdy, absorbent, and good-looking. They offer a surface delightful to the skin. They are very inexpensive.

Boott Toweling may be purchased by the bolt from your dealer as well as Boott Towels. You can then make towels of all kinds, bureau scarfs, bibs, and aprons at small cost.

Send thirty cents *for sample hemstitched towel similar to those which you can buy in packages by the half dozen or make by buying Boott Toweling by the bolt.*

BOOTT MILLS, Dept. DA3, Lowell, Mass.

BOOTT MILLS ABSORBENT TOWELING AND TOWELS LOWELL, MASS.



Deformities of the Back

Greatly benefited or entirely cured by the Philo Burt Method.

The 45,000 cases successfully treated in our experience of over 20 years is absolute proof of this statement.

No matter how serious your deformity, no matter what treatments you have tried, think of the thousands of sufferers *this* method has made well and happy. We will prove the value of the Philo Burt Method in *your* own case.

The Philo Burt Appliance on 30 Days' Trial

Since you run no risk there is no reason why you should not accept our offer at once.

The photographs here show how light, cool, elastic and easily adjustable the Philo Burt Appliance is—how different from the old torturing plaster, leather or steel jackets. To weakened or deformed spines it brings almost *immediate* relief even in the *most serious cases.* You owe it to yourself to investigate it thoroughly. The price is within reach of all.

Send for our Free Book today and describe the nature and condition of your trouble as fully as possible so we can give you definite information.



PHILO BURT CO.
200-4 Odd Fellows Bldg.
Jamestown, N. Y.

CORNS Peel Off

Old or new, hard or soft Corns and Calluses stop hurting instantly when touched with 2 or 3 drops of "GETS-IT"—

The National Corn Remover

35c Everywhere

"GETS-IT"

E. Lawrence & Co., Chicago, Ill.



This Beauty
Now For You—
guaranteed!



Science discovers falling, lustreless hair due to a simple infection (Sebum) which is quickly overcome—Amazing results in few days

Wonderful hair, silky, lustrous, and a world of it!—*this remarkable new method offers it to you under written guarantee!*

It offers, too, the opportunity for you to test it, without risk or obligation. For if it fails, the treatment costs you nothing. Women by the thousands have recently made this test. Results are almost incredible.

That Infected Sebum

91% of hair troubles now are traced to infected Sebum.

Sebum is an oil that forms at the roots of the hair and frequently becomes infected. It cakes on the scalp. It plugs the follicles and forms a breeding place for bacteria—germs by the millions feed upon the hair and destroy it. Modern dermatology propounds this as the basis in hair treatment.

But note this scientific fact: Remove that infected oil—the Sebum—and soon your hair has the silken loveliness, the sheen and beauty for which every woman strives.

Our method accomplishes that result. It is sold with written guarantee to do so under a 90-day home treatment plan. It is applied a new way and embodies newly accepted scientific principles. Germ-destroying elements are penetrated to the very roots of the hair. The Sebum is removed—bacteria combated. In a few days your own mirror tells the story.

We urge you to make the test we offer. It is safe to do so, for you assume no risk. Go today to your drug or department store and obtain the Van Ess Liquid Scalp Massage, and ask about our guaranteed 90-day treatment. Or, mail the coupon for supply by mail postpaid. Send no money, but pay the postman $1.50 for a single bottle or $4 for 3 bottles—the full 90-day treatment with guarantee. Results will be a revelation.



Note the rubber cap. You massage this treatment directly into the follicles of the hair.

VAN ESS LABORATORIES
5001 Lake Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send..... bottles Van Ess Liquid Scalp Massage, Parcel Post. I enclose no money, but agree to pay the postman when he calls.

Name.....

Address.....

FRECKLES

March Brings Out Unsightly Spots. How to Remove Easily.

The woman with tender skin dreads March because it is likely to cover her face with ugly freckles. No matter how thick her veil, the sun and winds have a strong tendency to make her freckle.

Fortunately for her peace of mind, Othine—double strength, makes it possible for even those most susceptible to freckles to keep their skin clear and white. No matter how stubborn a case of freckles you have, the double strength Othine should remove them.

Get an ounce from your druggist and banish the freckles. Money back if it fails.

Othine Laboratories, Buffalo, N. Y.

Kill The Hair Root

My method is the only way to prevent the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. No scars. Booklet free. Write today, enclosing 3 stamps. We teach Beauty Culture.
D. J. MAHLER, 223-A Mahler Park, Providence, R. I.



THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 78

died, and foiled his avaricious cousins; how she had proposed to her women friends that they "double and redouble everything" in the bridge tournament, and so of course had won the prizes for top scores.

When this sort of thing temporarily failed her or she was tired, she wanted merely to flatter and be flattered. Did he know he was the handsomest man in the St. Francis today? Well, he was. And tell her again the nice thing King Bartlett said about her? Did he? It was sweet of him and she did think she looked nice at the dinner.

Stan realized, before they had been a month engaged, that Shirley was as eager as ever for the admiration of other men. He disliked the idea, even while he told himself that, after all, she would settle down when once she was his wife. But much that she did and said jarred upon him; he would laugh, but it was sometimes a troubled, annoyed laugh.

"Why do you let it bother you, dear?" he said over and over again as October brought the wedding-day nearer and nearer and Shirley showed an increasing inclination to criticize her friends, to resent their various attitudes toward her and her plans, and to force Stan into partisanship of all sorts.

"You'd let anybody walk on your face, Stan," Shirley said, in good-natured contempt. "But I won't. People are going to be decent to me or I'll know why!"

And the vicious little compression of her lips as she spoke and the angry glint in her brown eyes made Stanley feel uncomfortable. He could not quite laugh at it as a childish trick. He felt uncomfortable and ashamed and even curiously pitying of her. Women had always been of one type to Stanley before this: the type that makes peace, that concedes, that is dignified and self-confident. He began to realize that there is a distinctly opposed type and that Shirley represented it.

And when he thought this he would try loyally to remember her good points, and perhaps would ask himself somewhat blankly what they were. What had impressed him so down at Pebble Beach a few weeks ago?

WELL, he would remember, she had always been extremely smart in appearance and she had played bridge and chattered and laughed with the others and she was undeniably pretty—and somehow he had drifted into the idea of marrying her—why not? She had joked about it; it had been merely a farce at first. And then one day she had seemed a little blue, a little lonely and wistful, and she had said, "Let's not pretend, to-day. I want you really to—like me—to-day!"

However, he would remind himself, there was—there *must* be—some real character, some real charm, to Shirley. She was a pretty little creature, she had lots of friends and she had had a hard road to hoe, and Stan was inclined to be generous to her, even in the matter of their engagement. It was important to her to land somebody, and she had landed him. It had been pretty "raw," he would think to himself, with a rueful grin, half contemptuous and half admiring, as he remembered the Pebble Beach days—the drinking, the rushing, the games and meals and excitement, and Shirley, knowing she had the Cannons to back her, stating saucily that she was going to tell them that she and Stan were engaged, "just for the fun!"

Just for the fun—and Stan had realized the significance of it all exactly as if he had been at a play. Who was going to draw the line when it was time to stop the "fun?" Shirley, excited and perfumed and demonstrative? He himself, caught so neatly in her net? Emily Cannon, hysterically and delightedly confirming it with every word she said, or Joe, who was sober not one instant of the whole trip?

Up to that time Stan had liked Shirley. Now he hardly knew what he felt toward her. There were moods when he actually despised

Continued on page 80



The Cause of Many a Smart Effect

Yes, the gown gets the applause, but the wearer applauds her Modart for the effectiveness it adds to the lines of the garment.

Yet, there is not the slightest evidence of being corseted in the usual sense of the word. No one and least of all the wearer is conscious of her Modart.

After you try a Modart you will feel that the designer who created the corset made it especially for you—not to fit you in some places, but every place.

—and you, like well-nigh a million other Modart wearers, will become convinced that there is only one corset for you, and that a Modart. There is no other corset like it.

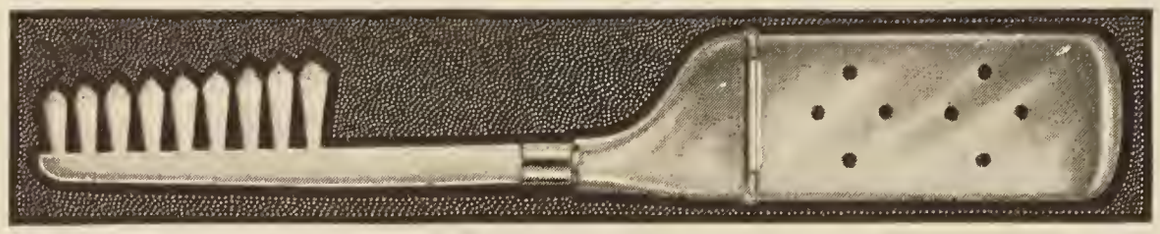
MODART CORSET COMPANY, SAGINAW, MICH.

MODART CORSETS
Always Front Laced

A corset as splendidly designed as the Modart should be individually fitted to your figure. Retail stores that sell Modart Corsets render this service without obligation.



When you see one of these lovely corsets—just the right Modart which sets perfectly to your figure, you will realize that a Modart Corset is the one corset for you.



Pocket Style

Made in the Decoater type which modern authorities urge all to adopt

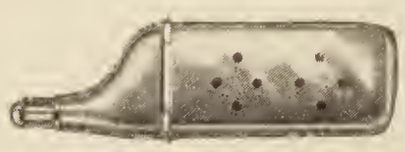
The Pocket Style Tooth Brush

People who eat away from home are being advised by dentists now to carry a pocket tooth brush.

Not travelers and motorists only. To them, of course, a well-kept brush is essential. But school children and workers also need this type. Teeth should be brushed after every meal. Otherwise, one carries unclean teeth for hours.

The Decoater brush, to meet this need, comes also in this pocket style. The brush folds into metal case, well ventilated, vest-pocket size.

The handle-case is permanent. You simply buy refills as brushes wear out.



Folds into a case like this

Decoater Brushes cost 50c
Pocket Style Decoaters, $1
Refills for Pocket Style, 50c

Most druggists now sell Decoaters. If you fail to find them, remit to us.

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Decoater Tooth Brush Dept.
1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Decoater

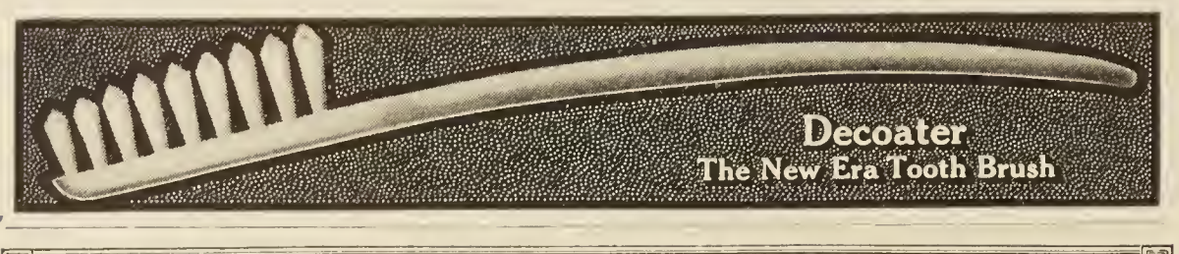
The Decoater is the type of brush on which dentists now agree. It is made to the specifications of dental authorities who have studied this subject long.

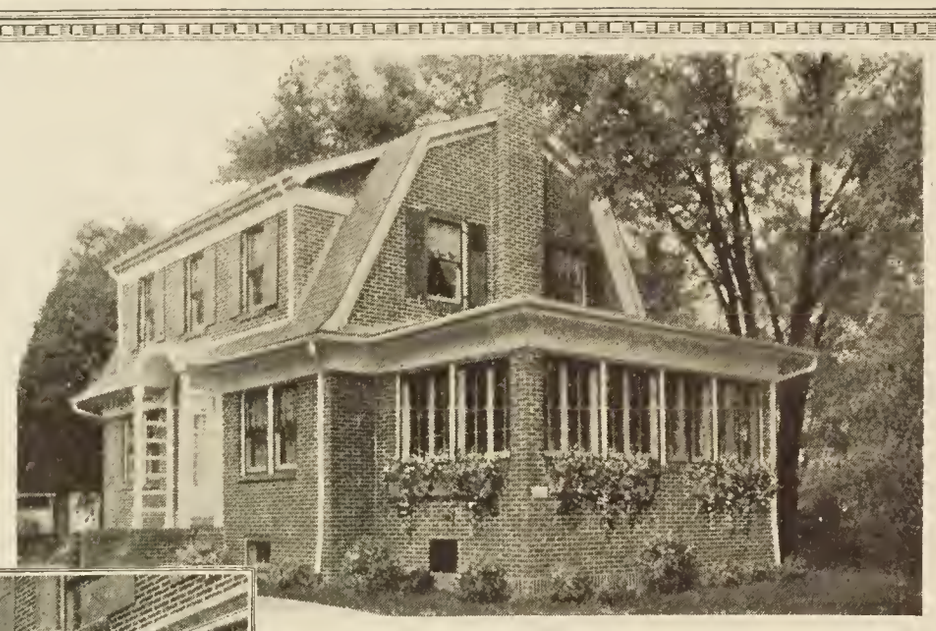
This is now, the world over, the authoritative type.

Modern requirements call for more than merely removing debris. Film-coats and other deposits must be removed. The brush must be adapted to clean every tooth surface. It must penetrate between the teeth.

Teeth should be brushed with a rolling motion—always from the gums toward the tooth points. The modern brush must fit that requirement.

The brush should also massage the gums to maintain their health and vigor. Dentists in general have decided that the Decoater type best meets these needs. And they everywhere advise it.







A. F. B. A. House No. 628
at Park Ridge, Illinois
This is one of the ninety-six attractive designs shown in "Face Brick Bungalow and Small House Plans"

Basic Values in Home-Building

OTHER materials have their merits and make their appeal, but looking at the home-building problem on all sides, no other material approaches Face Brick in the structural and artistic values it offers—permanence, comfort, safety from fire, economy, and beauty. Every home-builder will find it worth while to investigate Face Brick before he builds. The facts are given in "The Story of Brick." For your copy, address, American Face Brick Association, 1728 Peoples Life Building, Chicago, Ill.

Send for these booklets:

"The Story of Brick" is an attractive booklet with beautiful illustrations of modern homes, and discusses such matters as Comparative Costs, Basic Requirements in Building, and kindred subjects. Sent free.

"Face Brick Bungalow and Small House Plans" embrace 96 designs of Face Brick bungalows and small houses. These houses are distinctive in design, economical to build, and convenient in floor plan. The plans are issued in four booklets, showing 3 to 4-room houses, 5-room houses, 6-room houses and 7 to 8-room houses. The entire set for one dollar; any one of the books, 25 cents.

"The Home of Beauty" contains fifty designs of Face Brick houses, mostly two stories, representing a wide variety of architectural styles and interior arrangements. The houses were selected from 350 designs submitted in a nation-wide Architectural Competition. Sent for 50 cents.

"Orienting the House" is an illustrated booklet, with a sun dial chart and explanation for placing the house with reference to light and shade. Sent for 10 cents.



THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 79

her; there were others when all feeling where she was concerned seemed to have dropped from him like an empty garment—he could not animate it again. Then she seemed to him almost inhuman, subject to no code and no rules and impossible of approach.

Stanley at these times experienced an immense blackness. Every word he said to Shirley, every smile and look, seemed strained and uneasy. He was always glad when the critical, uncomfortable mood passed by and some reestablishment of her sway over him made him feel the solid ground under his feet again.

He had no time to think of Margaret. She slipped, quite naturally, into the background of his life. Stanley was rushing so constantly from club breakfast to tea, to dinner, to theaters and dances that her determined effort to keep out of his way during his brief times at home was entirely successful and quite unnoticed by him. Jim was having measles, and Nora and Margaret hardly ever left the nursery.

But when the measles were over, it was arranged that the two women should take the invalid down to Uplands for his convalescence, and on the Friday afternoon Stanley went down there with a cattleman from Washington who had come to rate the herd. Shirley had exacted from him a promise to return to Burlingame for a dinner, for her divorce was granted now and she was telling her friends quite openly of her plans and had set the wedding-day. Stan felt an amused sympathy with the familiar type of harassed married man as he promised her to come back and tactfully explained to the appraiser that he would be obliged to leave him at the farm.

THEY reached Uplands at about four o'clock upon a warm October afternoon. Stanley was conscious of a little quickening of his pulse; he would be glad to see Jim and Margaret again. He looked about for her as he stopped the car at the porch steps and almost immediately her swiftly moving, graceful figure appeared on the porch and she came down to the car.

She greeted the big cattleman unsmilingly, but with all her usual nervous, glowing charm. To Stanley she gave hardly a glance; it was evidently one of her serious days, when she withdrew mysteriously into herself.

Stanley found himself maneuvering for her look. He loved this soft, brilliantly colored mull dress that she so often wore and the Spanish-looking broad-brimmed hat that shadowed her blue eyes and dark hair.

"I think Mr. Crittenden has to go right back, Mr. Kent," she said. "But will you walk about the farm with me while the light lasts? Your aunt is not well, Stan," she added to Stanley. "Will you go in and see her?"

"Right away!" Stan said concernedly. "But where do you get this got-to-go-back stuff?" He had telephoned his aunt that he would have barely five minutes at the farm, but now he felt entirely unwilling to go away.

Margaret gave him a glance and shrugged her shoulders slightly. Stanley felt that she declined to argue with a fool and set off upon their tour five minutes later in a somewhat unsympathetic mood.

But the charm of the place rapidly restored both to friendliness again, and when they came to Battersby's white cottage around the curve of the hill Margaret's face brightened into positive radiance.

"Oh, Stan, your aunt told you about the baby?" she asked eagerly. "There's a new baby here, Mr. Kent," she explained to the visitor; "a week old to-day! Wait a minute——"

She flashed into the cottage, whose walls were not so sturdy but that the men on the porch could hear a certain murmuring within, like the warm cooing of doves, and then

Continued on page 81



Dangerous Germs are Ever Present

They may cause infection at the slightest break in the skin. Apply "Vaseline" Carbolated Petroleum Jelly to all cuts, burns, scratches and abrasions. It is mildly antiseptic and soothing.

See that it is always in the medicine cabinet—for emergencies. "Vaseline" Carbolated Jelly may be purchased at all drug and department stores—in tubes or glass bottles.

CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO.
(Consolidated)
State Street New York



Vaseline

Reg U.S. Pat Off.

CARBOLATED
PETROLEUM JELLY

Every "Vaseline" product is recommended everywhere because of its absolute purity and effectiveness.



Beautifully Curly, Wavy Hair Like "Nature's Own"

Try the new way—the Silmerine way—and you'll never again use the ruinous heated iron. The curliness will appear altogether natural.

Liquid Silmerine

is easily applied with brush. May be used with any kind of curlers. Is neither sticky nor greasy. Perfectly harmless. Serves also as a splendid dressing for the hair. Directions with bottle. At drug and department stores $1.

Parker-Belmont Powder Compact	$1.00
Parker-Belmont Rose Compact	1.00
Parker-Belmont Beauty Cream	1.00
Powdered Barriflower (*depilatory*)	1.00

PARKER BELMONT & CO., 2358 Clybourn Ave., Chicago

Whooping Cough

Asthma, Spasmodic Croup, Bronchitis Coughs, Influenza



No article of any kind can be in constant and growing demand for forty years and more, unless it has unquestionable merit.

Vaporized Cresolene is the most widely used remedy for whooping cough and spasmodic croup.

When children complain of sore throat or cough, use at once.

Vapo-Cresolene
EST. 1879

Send for descriptive booklet 70 A
For Sale by Druggists
THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.
62 Cortlandt St., New York
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FAULTLESS
"Wearever"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
RUBBER GOODS

No. 40 "Wearever" Water Bottle is as good a water bottle as you can buy anywhere for any price. *Moulded-in-one-piece* without seams or bindings, it will not leak. It will give the utmost in satisfaction and length of service. Sold by good dealers generally. If not obtainable conveniently, write us and we will tell you where you can get it.

The Faultless Rubber Co., Dept. 2024, Ashland, Ohio



Faultless

ALL-RUBBER
Work Aprons

Faultless No. 11 Work Aprons (see illustration) are just what every woman needs in her housework. They are serviceable, extra strong, longwearing and generous in size. Made of all rubber in blue or green body, with white binding, or gray body with gray binding. Price, $1.25 each. Sold by good dealers generally. If not obtainable conveniently, write us and we will tell you where you can get them.

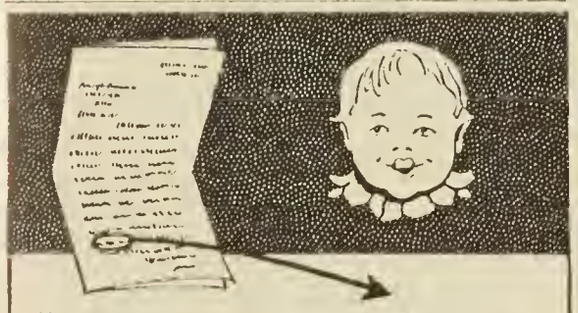
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"WEAREVER"
PRACTICE GOLF BALL
Will Not Cut

The new and improved "Wearever" Practice Golf Ball is truly a wonderful ball. It lowers the high cost of golf—retails for 20c each. Size and weight are standard. Iron or wood clubs *will not cut it.* It drives true and putts well. Expert golfers all over the country praise it highly. Sold by good dealers generally. If not obtainable conveniently, we will supply the *first* dozen from the factory at $2.40 per dozen (postpaid).

The Faultless Rubber Co., Dept. 2024, Ashland, Ohio



"Cutting teeth is made easy"
MRS. WINSLOW'S
SYRUP
The Infants' and Children's Regulator
At all druggists
Non-Narcotic, Non-Alcoholic

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Gentlemen:
I am more than glad to tell you of the experience and result obtained from your wonderful Baby Medicine. Our second baby is now seven months old and has never given us a moment's trouble. The first and only thing she has ever taken was Mrs. Winslow's Syrup. She has four teeth and is always smiling and playing. *Cutting teeth is made easy* by the use of Mrs. Winslow's Syrup. Most sincerely, *(Name on request)*

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PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM
Removes Dandruff – Stops Hair Falling



Has been used with success for more than 40 years.
Restores color and beauty to gray and faded hair.
60¢ & $1.00 at Druggists
HISCOX CHEMICAL WORKS
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When washing hair always use Floreston Shampoo

LADIES ANYWHERE MAKE MONEY CROCHETING LINGERIE; Instructions, complete sample and price, 10c in silver. PARIS ART WORKS, 1-e, New Haven, Conn.



THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 80

Margaret's laugh and then the sudden bitter "*Oo-wah-wah!*" of the new-born child.

Immediately Margaret reappeared, the pacified but still tearful infant upon her arm. Old Kent bent interestedly over the eternal miracle and little Jim pushed his brown face close against the aggrieved little pasty face. But Stanley looked at Margaret and he knew that he was seeing one of the immortally lovely sights of life, a young and beautiful woman with her intense and adoring face bent over the pulsing scrap of flesh and blood that is held with such mysterious expertness in her arms and safe only in such a haven.

"I hear that you officiated, Margaret?"

Her name and his tone and this unexpected hour with him made her heart begin to hammer; she summoned her self-control angrily—she had been so sure of herself only an hour ago!

"When the doctor came," she said proudly, "we had had our bath and we and our muzzer were sound asleep."

And she laid her exquisite warm cheek against the fuzzy head and touched her lips to the wrinkled little forehead.

"Terrible ordeal for a girl like you!" he said, when Patricia Eleanor had been restored to her mother and they were walking on.

"It was terrifying while it lasted; I was so afraid of doing something wrong," she conceded. "But I felt very triumphant when we came out with flying colors!"

"You love children, don't you?" Stanley asked, curiously teased by some inner desire to make her talk, to assure himself that they were friends.

"Oh, yes!" she answered simply, smiling at him and then down at Jim, who had found a heavy spike and was solemnly carrying it.

"Shirley says this one is spoiled and needs discipline," he told her, with an amused glance at the little boy.

"Jim?" she asked sharply. And she paled a little, an odd look coming into her dark, brilliant face. "In what way?"

"I don't think he's spoiled. I think he's the corkingest little kid I ever knew—he's never underfoot!" Stanley hastened to say. "But I imagine Shirley really doesn't know him. She'll like him better later on!"

"IT'S to be the twenty-seventh," Margaret said, reminded by his last words of the approaching wedding.

"Or thereabouts," Stanley answered. And a sudden desolation flooded him. He walked along in silence, busy with uneasy and troubled thoughts. "I have a silly feeling of—homesickness," he confessed suddenly.

"Homesickness for what?" Margaret asked quickly.

"Oh—for all this!" He indicated with a wave of his hand the peaceful Autumn twilight that was so quickly filling the world, the white, low-roofed house from which yellow lights were streaming into the chilly dusk, the blue smoke rising into softer shadows, the dim bulk of the guardian trees and the great circle of the darkening mountains. "Just that smell of old Hang cooking steak and onions and of 'Cension's beans makes my—my heart ache," he said.

"But you're *here!*" Margaret said, laughing.

"Yes, I know; but I'm homesick just the same." And quite without premeditation, in the protecting twilight, his swinging hand caught hers and he held the vital warm brown fingers tightly.

"Please!" she said, in a suddenly shaken voice. "Please don't be silly!"

"Is this silly, Margaret?" Stanley asked, incoherent, unable to think or reason, unable indeed to realize quite what he was doing, and laughing excitedly as he held her back in the thick dusk at the steps of the porch.

"You know it is," she said in a low, shaking voice.

"Then why are you trembling?" Stanley asked, his arms about her.

Continued on page 82



The Message Every Morning Brings

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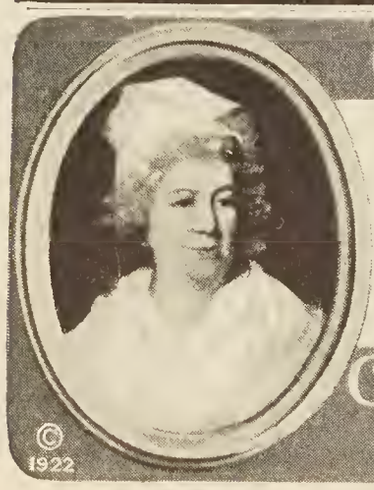
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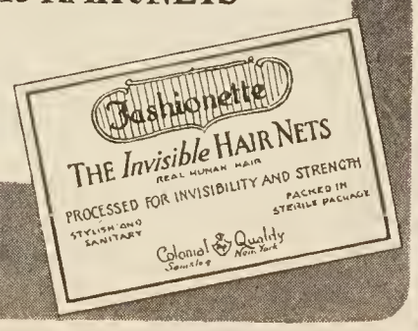


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THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 81

"I don't know!" Margaret whispered. And he saw her eyes glint like star sapphires in the gloom.

Immediately he freed her and she ran up the steps and followed the others into the soft, lamp-lighted cheerfulness of the plain old spacious sitting-room. Stanley, coming in after her, sank into a chair beside his aunt, ashamed, excited, bewildered by his own emotion! He hardly dared look at Margaret.

Her color was flaming, her beautiful mouth set; she had a thousand things to do. She moved about, talking to the guest, to Mrs. Cutting, to Jim and to old Miss Porter—but she never looked at Stan, and his heart began to beat in anticipation of the moment when she must meet his gaze.

"Margaret!" he said at last, when she was busily assorting packs of cards at the table only a few feet away from him. She did not glance at him or give any sign of having heard him.

"Margaret, I'm very sorry that happened!"

"Oh, we *always* say that!" she protested quickly and impatiently in an undertone.

"I don't know what the deuce *possesses* me," Stanley murmured, assisting her now, their heads close together.

"Nor I!" she answered briefly and unsympathetically.

"Margaret," he pleaded, really anxious to reestablish her hurt pride and dignity, "does it matter so much?"

This was not what he had meant to say; he instantly saw that she might construe it, as indeed she did construe it, into a fresh implication of his lack of respect for her.

"Not to you—evidently," she returned.

Stanley flushed resentfully.

"Oh, damn!" he said impatiently as Margaret rose. She left the room without another glance at him and gave him no further opportunity for speech alone with her.

TEN minutes later, with incredible reluctance, he tore himself away from the homely comfort of the scene: the snapping fire, the small boy with his brick blocks, the tumbling Airedale puppy and the card-table at which, with the older trio, this slender, vital girl, with her stormy blue eyes and her nervous, beautiful hands, was composedly sitting. Stan loved every inch of the wide, comfortable old room; he left it with real pain. This was home.

Well, he and Shirley would be living here, sometimes, he thought. But it was not Shirley's sympathetic setting. Shirley liked only to rest and be idle here, or to entertain just as she would entertain anywhere else. He could not imagine Shirley interested in the heifers, the Airedales or even the Battersbys' baby.

Shirley felt awkward with babies. Once, with the frankness of her generation, she had spoken to him of their possible children—or rather, of their possible child.

"I shouldn't mind, in a few years, if you're crazy for one!" she had conceded, with unembarrassed calculation. "We can always have a nurse for it!"

Somehow this speech, this generously offered concession, had affronted Stan more than if she had been an ignorant girl unwilling to consider such responsibilities at all. Such a girl might have ripened, might have changed. But Shirley knew whereof she spoke; she would not change.

Driving north in the chill Autumn night of the high mountains, he thought of Margaret Yorke again. There was a woman hard for any man to conquer. She would fight to the last ditch—but, ah, the exquisite fullness of her surrender when she did surrender! It would embrace everything, he thought: old-fashioned, tender, unashamed wifely love and trust; old-fashioned, prayerful welcoming of children; it would embrace gardens and flowers and little clean aprons and cribs and ice-cream freezers and—yes, and *goodness*.

Continued on page 83



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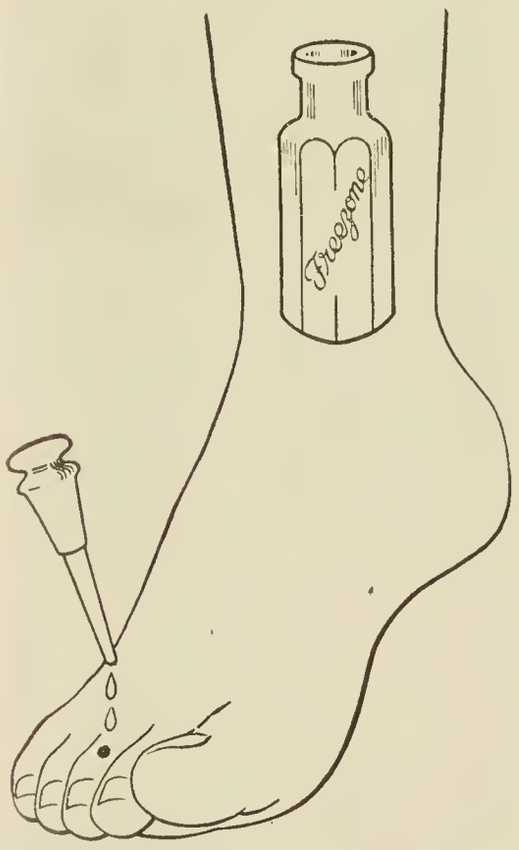
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THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 82

"But not for me!" he said, with a sudden deep ache in his heart. "I wish to goodness I didn't always get sentimental with her. But the moment we're alone together—I'll be hanged if I know why it is! She hates it, too, and I don't blame her. I'll run down to the farm in a few days and be just as reserved as she is—Margaret Yorke. She's a funny one—hard to make out. Margaret Yorke."

"STANLEY, this is Margaret. Can you hear me?"

Stanley, his whole quiet office suddenly metamorphosed, nodded to Miss Blake to shut the door and concentrated upon his telephone.

"Certainly—I hear you. Where are you—at the farm?"

"No; we are at Burlingame. Stanley, you had better come down at once, I think. Your aunt is very ill."

"Aunt Hattie!" His voice was amazed. He had seen them at the farm when he took old Kent down only day before yesterday. She had not been well, exactly, but he had had no warning of this. "What seems to be the matter?" he asked in concern.

"We don't know. Doctor Pullen has sent for Carter and White. She seems——"

"For God's sake!" Stanley ejaculated. "Why don't they bring her in to a hospital?"

"They don't think they had better move her, Stan."

"I'll be there in twenty-five minutes," he said quietly, hanging the receiver.

Less than half an hour later he was tiptoeing up-stairs in the Burlingame house. He saw with shock that there was a strange nurse going up the stairs ahead of him and that another nurse met her in the upper hall. Margaret came out of his aunt's bedroom door as he approached it and drew him quietly down the hall and into the up-stairs sitting-room.

"The doctors are here, Stan; they're in the library. I've got four nurses here; they think they will have to operate, in Jim's nursery—they took that because it's so bare and they can wash it all out with antiseptics. They're bringing a table from the hospital—"

"What *is* it?" Stanley asked, his fingers gripping her shoulder.

"It's—they *fear* appendicitis," she answered. "She was in such pain this morning that I suggested we come up from the farm and see Pullen. I never dreamed that it might be the worst thing we could do to move her. Now they're afraid that it is pretty late to operate—they aren't sure But the only thing to do——"

"Is cut, of course," he supplied quickly. "How is she? Is she suffering now? Does she know it?"

"She's wonderful. She's lying quite still; they keep a nurse watching her all the time—she mustn't stir. But you must come and see her—she wants to see you——"

He went into her altered, orderly room. This was Aunt Hat, so still under the plain, stretched sheet, with her face looking old and colorless without its usual rouge and powder and softening fringe of waved hair.

Her eyes moved, her lips smiled and she stirred a wrinkled hand. The nurse, correct in stiff white, made a prohibitory movement.

"Don't move, dear!"

Stan took the chair beside her and held her hand.

"Well, these are great doings!" he said.

His aunt's smile deepened.

"It'll be a comfort to have the whole wretched thing *out*," she said, with calm heroism. "I'm glad Pullen advises it."

"Oh, so am I!" Stanley agreed, thankful that she was so little apprehensive.

"Just ten days before my boy's wedding," she said tenderly. "Never mind, I shall be able to sit up for it!"

"No hurry about that!" he assured her. He had a swift hope that Shirley would see

Continued on page 84



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THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 83

the propriety of postponing even so quiet a wedding for a few weeks until his aunt was safely convalescent. He remembered suddenly that he had promised to meet Shirley and a real-estate agent this morning at twelve to look at an apartment in California Street. Stan heard the clock in the hall chiming twelve as he remembered it. He shrugged, smiled and turned back to his aunt.

Shirley telephoned, angry and incredulous, at one o'clock. Margaret was called to the telephone to speak to her.

"We called him home, Mrs. Theobald. Mrs. Cutting is ill."

"Well, I don't care who's ill, I want to speak to him!" Shirley said furiously. "I wait and wait——"

"I can't call him now," Margaret protested. "She is in the surgery and Mr. Crittenden is waiting to learn what the doctors find."

"Isn't this the Burlingame house?" Shirley asked, after a pause. "Well, then, why do you say surgery?"

"Ah," she said, in a completely changed tone when Margaret had more fully explained the situation, "I see! I didn't understand. Isn't that terrible?" she added eagerly. "They don't think—they don't think there's any *danger*, do they?"

In short, all Shirley's acquisitive eagerness, all her sense of her own importance as Stan's promised wife, was rapidly awakening. Stan was enjoying a big income now; he would be really rich when Mrs. Cutting died. There would be wills and estates and newspaper talk and jewels and laces and all sorts of valuable personal treasures to distribute, and to whom would they naturally gravitate if not to Shirley? She must wear mourning, of course, and the wedding must be arranged even more quietly than before. And meanwhile she could occupy a romantic position in the house of sickness.

HER impatience vanished; she immediately went home, changed to a dark, flowing silk gown, arranged her hair in demure scallops, took some delicate needlework and walked thoughtfully and pensively to the Cutting home. Margaret, suddenly entering the library at three o'clock, found her established there on a deep divan beside Stan, their fingers locked and Shirley's baby face the picture of conscious sympathy and grief.

Stan got to his feet and came toward Margaret.

"No news," she said. "The heart is good. They found a terrible condition—the doctors want to talk to you, Stan——"

"I think I will go up with Mr. Crittenden," Shirley said, still mournfully sweet but jealously intent upon everything Margaret said.

Stan gave her a perplexed look and turned to Margaret.

"Take us up, you're in charge," he said, including her deliberately in the intimate circle. Margaret went up with them.

"Isn't this frightful—like a thunderbolt," Shirley said, greeting the doctors, all of whom she knew. "Poor boy, he feels simply crushed. We all are! I can't believe it—but I *know*, I just *know* she'll do beautifully!"

A grave discussion of the operation ensued; Mrs. Cutting had survived it, they could say no more. It would be hours, possibly days, before they could give any definite hope; at the moment everything except her splendid resistance was against her.

"Oh, I'm just not going to believe that she's going to die—it's too terrible!" Shirley said.

Margaret said nothing, except in answer to brief questions or directions from the doctors, but her anxious eyes—surprisingly anxious, Stanley thought—moved constantly from face to face. He was conscious of feeling a deep confidence in her—while she was here things would be rightly managed—and a certain impatient dislike of Shirley's fluttering and exclaiming. It was not within reason

Continued on page 85



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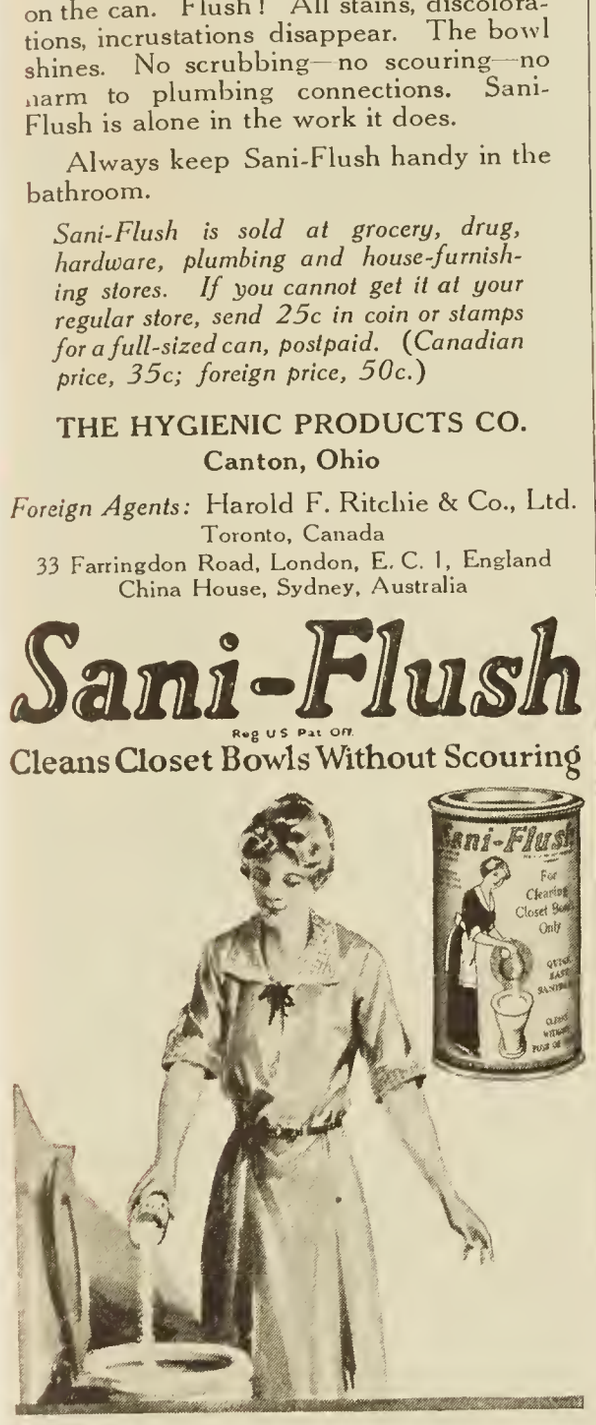
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THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 84

that Shirley should genuinely regret his aunt, he told himself. She explained, with some circumlocution, that she thought she had better go to the Yardsleys' dinner after all.

"Nothing can happen to-night," she argued, "and you would rather that I went, wouldn't you, Stan? It'll be days before we know——"

"Still, I think I had better stay," Stanley said patiently and gravely. He was conscious, and Margaret was conscious, of an impatience to have her gone—out of the house, out of sight and hearing.

She did go at about five; and Stanley went softly nto the sick-room, to find Margaret and one of the nurses watching. Margaret smiled at him and followed him into the hall, again beckoning him into the up-stairs sitting-room.

"What do you think?" he asked.

"Oh, I think she will get well!" she said quickly. "I don't dare think anything else," she added slowly. "I don't dare think what it would mean to me to have your aunt die."

"Is there any reason why you shouldn't stay on here and run the house and Jim?" he asked, surprised at her emotion.

"Yes—every reason," she answered unexpectedly. "I couldn't—go on. My whole life, all my plans, would be wrecked—but I'm not going to think of that! She's going to get well!"

"Are you so fond of her, Margaret?"

"Yes, I am. But it's not that," Margaret answered nervously. "I—I wish I could tell you."

"You've told her?" he asked. "She knows—about you?"

"No. Nobody!"

SHE was standing near a great colored window that faced westward; it was flooded now with red and dying sunlight, and her dusky beauty seemed to radiate, too, as she turned her earnest, trusting eyes toward him. Stanley felt a sudden overpowering impulse to take her in his arms: dark head, glowing face, slender nervous hands.

"I wish that you were free!" he said.

"*You* wouldn't be!" she reminded him, with her rare smile.

"Yes, but I would take you away—thousands of miles, to the mountains back of Rio—or the Canadian woods," Stanley said, laughing nervously, his arm tight about her slim shoulders, her dusky head resting against him. His voice was earnest and strained; he felt himself tremble.

"Ah, I wish you might, I wish you might, Stan!" Margaret answered wearily and quietly. And turning in his embrace, she raised her face to his, a puzzled look of childish wonderment and wistfulness in her dark eyes. Stanley bent his head—she was not a very tall woman, after all—and they kissed each other.

It was a kiss two children might have exchanged; it was as if her utter loneliness and tiredness clung to his strength, as his own desperate need to her sweetness. And when it was over she remained in his arms, her hands resting lightly against the sleeves of his coat, her eyes fixed upon his.

"Margaret," Stanley said confusedly, "I didn't know I felt like that!"

"I didn't know I would ever feel—like that, again!" she answered breathlessly.

For a minute they were silent, their eyes locked.

"I'm sorry!" Margaret whispered then, her wide-open gaze like a child's, curiously compounded of surprise, penitence and a little fear.

"Yes," Stanley said slowly and unemotionally. "I'm sorry, too. Now what?" he asked her blankly.

"Now nothing," she answered, with a little laugh and flush.

She freed herself from his arms and walked

Continued on page 86

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THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 85

across the room. Stan followed her slowly to the window. Margaret turned and looked at him over her shoulder, a serious, deliberating look. It was as if the two saw each other for the first time, or as if together they had come upon some terrible and significant discovery.

"Margaret, you would be wonderful to the man you loved!" Stan said, with a little laugh and in a low tone.

"Ah, but I'm done with men!" she said bitterly.

"I think I could teach you—better."

She shrugged and flashed him a glimpse of her blue eyes over her shoulder.

"I'm—flesh and blood," she admitted dryly.

He felt his pulses stir. But he did not move his hand to touch again the young, proud figure or the dark head.

"I am in honor bound," Stanley said, after a pause.

"And I by every reason in the world," she added quickly in the low tone she had used before. "And by the happiness of the person dearest to me in the world!"

"How could any man's happiness depend upon your burying yourself here?" Stanley asked, hoping to catch her off guard. But she disarmed him by the pleading look she gave him and by the earnestness with which she said:

"Ah, if I could tell you, Stan! But I have given my promise. That's part—of my punishment!"

"But you love him?" Stanley persisted. "The—this person who is 'dearest to you in the world?'"

HER look had been puzzled, almost hostile. But now an expression of radiance and joy came into her face and she smiled.

"I love him!" she said softly, as if to herself.

"And does he love you?" Stanley asked, with an odd twinge of pain in his heart.

"I think he does!" she answered confidently and softly.

"Margaret," he begged, "tell me this one more thing. Do you—do you like him—love him—more than you might have loved me?"

She brought her eyes suddenly and surprisedly to his, as if awakening from a dream.

"Stan, what do we gain by discussing this?"

"But tell me," he commanded.

"It would have been a—different love," she submitted then, doubtfully. "But I think I could have—satisfied you," she added, with an April smile. "Don't—don't kiss me—" she broke off warningly. And for a second they stood close together, breathing hard.

"Do you hope to go back to that fellow—is that your plan?" Stan asked then. "Tell me—just that much. Are you and he going to be together some day?"

"That is my plan—our plan," she answered, after a moment's hesitation. "We hope—never to be separated after a while!"

"I see," Stanley said slowly, in utter desolation of spirit. "It wouldn't have mattered what I thought of you, then?" he added, in boyish hurt and chagrin.

Her answer was unexpected. He was standing close behind her, and as they talked he had only occasional glimpses of her eyes. He held in his own hand her relaxed fingers.

Now he suddenly felt these fingers gripped, she turned herself into his very arms and her raised soft head brushed his face with a cloud of fragrant black hair.

"Oh, be generous to me!" she said in a whisper. "Help me to be good. I need you so! I want you so! Don't—don't make me always feel ashamed and sorry—when we talk together! Help me to be just friends. I need you, just as a friend! I don't know—what comes over me—when you're so interested and so sweet and so kind!"

By this time he had gripped his arms about her shoulders, her breathless, eager beauty

Continued on page 87

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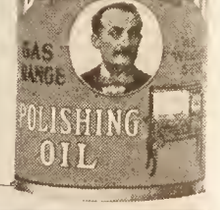
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THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 86

was held close and their faces were touching. Stanley kissed the soft tumbled hair and the exquisite troubled eyes over and over again; at last the beautiful mouth was his, even while her protest and her plea were sounding in his ears.

But to-night she did not yield; he felt her tense and resistant in his arms, and when she had freed herself and flung back her disordered hair and was standing, silent, a few feet away from him, he knew that she was angry.

"Margaret—" he began, too honestly bewildered by his own sudden passion to find ready excuses for it. "Margaret——"

"No—no—it was my fault, Stan!" she said quickly, breathlessly. "There's nothing to say. It was my fault! We must both—both just forget—this sort of thing and try not to have it happen! Will you go, please? I'm going—presently—to sit with your aunt. Please——"

He had taken a step toward her as if to begin an explanation. But her weary, colorless face and exhausted aspect shamed him, and with only a nod he left the room. His last view was of her standing motionless, staring at him, her face pale and the fingers of one hand lightly touching her cheek under the cloud of loosened smoky hair.

When he saw her again, it was in the sickroom. She glanced up at him quietly as he came softly in; she was still a trifle pale, but she smiled. To him the room seemed to vibrate with her mere presence—every movement of her dark lashes, every expression about the mobile mouth made his senses dance. The little quiet smile stirred him as if it had been some tremendously vital and poignant thing.

THE nurses came and went; one doctor was always there. Harriet Cutting moaned sometimes, and was still; the fight between life and death went on and on and on. Sometimes she wakened, and knew them; she would ask an anxious question or smile in the dreamy peace that the heavy anesthetics brought in their wake.

"You will be good to my dear little Jim?" she asked Stanley more than once. "Trowbridge has all the papers, Stan. I've left his money all in trust, and you his guardian. We'll take him to Canada this year, Margaret—where it's so deliciously cool. I'd like to plunge into one of those lakes—deep down into the water. I'm so hot!"

"I'm sorry it's Shirley, dear," she said once, in the dawn, with a sort of apologetic straightforwardness. "It's a queer family, Stan, and she didn't treat Cuyler fairly—Trowbridge said so. She's pretty, and she loves good times—that's about all. Don't let her be unkind to Jimmie——"

"You must get well, dearest, and take care of us all," Stan said, kneeling beside her, both her hands in his big brown ones. Tears were in his eyes. Margaret, freshly bathed, in white, coming in to relieve him, took his place, on her knees, beside the quiet form.

"Would you like to have me say some prayers?" Stanley heard Margaret ask quietly. "I think she would like it—I think she would rest better," she reassured the nurse.

"Yes, Margaret, if you will!" the sick woman said eagerly and faintly.

Stanley felt an indescribable emotion as he heard Margaret's voice begin clearly:

"Our Father, who art in heaven——"

He went out into the hall, still possessed in spite of himself by the personality of this woman: her fire, her softness her human passions and her moments of simple spiritual exaltation. Last night she had yielded him just a glimpse of what her love might be. But now, for hours, she had been merely Miss Yorke—dutiful, disciplined, self-effacing, yet the dominant figure in the stricken house, with her keen questions to maids and doctors and nurses, her serious brows bent over a

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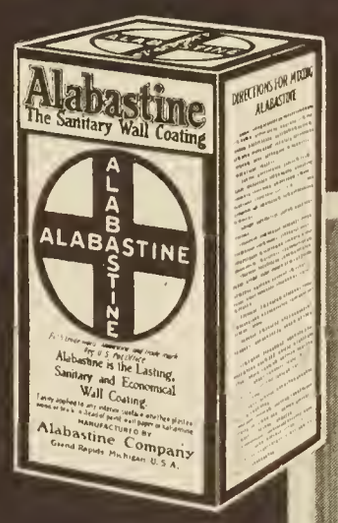
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THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

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hundred problems, her eloquent brown hands busy with a hundred duties.

Stanley had taken her a cup of soup at midnight; there had been no hysterical protest, no selfish plea that she could not eat. She had finished it readily; she had said "Delicious!" and "Thank you!" with quite her usual manner. But her lovely eyes had been set in rings of pallor, her soft dark hair simply massed; she had been wearing a great, warm, padded dressing-gown of black Chinese silk; her whole aspect was softened, pathetically broken, he thought—intimate and dear.

MRS. CUTTING died at midnight on the following night, and in the orderly sequence of events that followed, Margaret played only a subordinate part. It was Shirley who appeared predominant—a graceful, mournful Shirley, in sweeping fresh black, her rosy, babyish face serious under golden waves of hair and her voice dropped to a musical key of sympathy and concern.

"Stan and I were to have been married so soon!—very, very quietly, of course!" Margaret heard her say a hundred times. "Yes, isn't it tragic? Just at his happy time!"

It was Margaret, of course, who did the real planning, the real arranging—Margaret who saw that the guests, the flowers, the funeral, the maids were managed without confusion. But it was Shirley who sat beside Stan on the fourth day after the funeral, when the will was read, and Shirley who had sweetly and quickly decided, only a few hours after Mrs. Cutting's death, that Nora and Jim should go down to the farm.

"That's where the little chap really belongs, Stan," she argued. "And I think he is almost big enough for real lessons now and a governess. Nora babies him terribly!"

Margaret, watching, suffering, waiting, packed the little boy's clothes, went about her duties, looked to Stan for some break—some hint of change. But Stan was held in the strongest net in the world: that of a tenacious, ambitious woman who is shrewd enough to suspect a man's wavering and clever enough to anticipate and annul any tendency toward frank speaking or an open rupture. Shirley met him at every point: if he was cool toward her, it was because he had been under such a strain; if he was nervous—well, what could be more natural?

She took care to make a hundred allusions, before their friends, to their plans. This was to have been their wedding-day—fancy! But now they must wait, of course, until things were somewhat straightened out.

Meanwhile Shirley had a blissful time ransacking trunks and boxes. One day she gave Margaret a beautiful length of dark-blue silk.

"You've been so wonderful, Miss Yorke!" Shirley said, estimating the possibilities contained in some old jewelry of jet and pearl as she spoke. "Mr. Crittenden and I both feel deeply grateful to you. And you must surely let us help you as soon as you have made your plans!"

It was that same night, ten days after Mrs. Cutting's death, that Margaret came downstairs to find Stanley alone in the library an hour before dinner. Shirley and Joe Cannon were to call for him at seven to take him off for a quiet meal and a game of bridge at Joe's house. He was already dressed and had been going over some papers that had arrived only that day from the old family lawyer in New York.

"Stan," the girl said without preamble, coming up to him, her dark face agitated and one hand laid impulsively upon his coat lapel, "something has happened. I have to tell you something—I thought I need never tell any one. But it's no use now—you've got to help me! You'll have to believe me—you won't at first, I can hardly believe it myself sometimes! But—God help us all!—it's all true."

Continued in the May DELINEATOR



NATURE places in fruits and vegetables certain elements which help to keep the human body healthy. Those who eat an abundance of such foods seldom suffer from indigestion, sour stomach, biliousness, constipation, headaches, and the endless train of distressing symptoms which such disorders cause.

You may not always be able to choose your diet carefully or to avail yourself of the benefits of a scientifically-selected variety of foods, but you can give your system the benefit of the same vegetable laxative properties contained in vegetable foods.

Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) is made entirely of concentrated vegetable ingredients which are therapeutically the same as Nature furnishes in the most healthful of foods. That is why millions of persons use this pure, mild, natural aid to health in preference to anything else.

Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) *does more than a laxative.* It tones the stomach, increases the assimilation and elimination, helps to cleanse, purify and enrich the blood by aiding nature to re-establish the vigorous and harmonious functioning which makes the body feel like new.

All Druggists Sell The Dainty 25c. Box of NR Tablets



Used for over 30 years

NR JUNIORS Jrs CANDY COATED

Chips off the Old Block

NR JUNIORS—Little NRs

One-third of regular dose. Made of same ingredients, then candy-coated. For children and adults. Have you tried them? Send a 2c. stamp for postage on liberal sample in the attractive blue and yellow box. A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE CO., Dept. B, St. Louis, Mo.

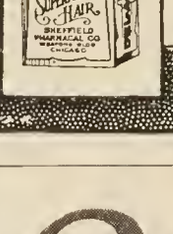


Can You Wear This Dress

Sheer indeed—yet that's the style. It's impossible unless you keep the underarm white and clean. Fashionable women use

DEL-A-TONE

This is a safe and sure preparation for the removal of hair from the neck, face or underarms.



It is easy to apply and leaves the skin clear, firm and perfectly smooth.

Druggists sell Delatone; or an original 1oz. jar will be mailed to any address on receipt of $1.

SHEFFIELD PHARMACAL CO.
536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago

freckles



Gently fade while you sleep if you use

Stillman's Freckle Cream



Safe and sure—in use since 1890. Gives you a clear, white complexion. Cannot grow hair. Look for purple and gold box. At all druggists. Two sizes, 50c and $1. Write for free book of "Beauty Parlor Secrets," which describes treatment. Stillman Company, 2 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.



Save Your Floors

Castors that won't turn, scrape off floor finish and sometimes dig grooves in the wood.

Put a drop of 3-in-One in each castor, and heavy furniture can be moved as easily as ever.

3-in-One

The High Quality Household Oil

is just right for almost everything about the house that ever needs oiling—sewing machines, talking machines, electric motors, locks, bolts, hinges, clocks.

There are many substitutes, but only one 3-in-One, the most widely sold bottled oil in the world. Ask for it by name.

3-in-One is sold at all good stores in 1-oz., 3-oz. and 8-oz. bottles and in 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans.

FREE—Generous sample and Dictionary of Uses. Write for both on a postal.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO.
165LE Broadway, New York

E549A

LABLACHE
FACE POWDER

The clinging softness and subtle fragrance of Lablache awakens memories of Mother's caressing hands and good-night kiss.

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A proven favorite for fifty years.



Refuse Substitutes
They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, *50c a box* of druggists or by mail.

Send 10c for a Sample Box.

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French Perfumers, Dept. H
125 Kingston St., Boston Mass.

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio

ASK THE DELINEATOR

Don't forget when writing THE DELINEATOR *for information or aid to enclose stamps with your complete address and to direct your inquiry to the proper department. Inquiries unaccompanied by stamps and your address can not be answered, nor will replies be made on a post-card. Only three folders on any subject can be posted for a two-cent stamp.*

BABIES

The Happy Child is the healthy, properly brought-up one. Give your child the benefits of the expert advice of the greatest child specialists in America. Dr. L. Emmett Holt is the Chief Adviser of THE DELINEATOR'S campaign for healthier children. Any one of four pamphlets may be obtained for ten cents in stamps: "The Expectant Mother and the New Baby," by Dr. Ralph Lobenstine, "The General Care of the Baby" and "Maternal Nursing," by Dr. L. Emmett Holt, and "Good Posture," by Dr. Alan De Forest Smith. "The Baby's Record Book," by Dr. Bird T. Baldwin, in cloth binding, is one dollar, including postage.

BETTER HOMES

THE DELINEATOR is the General Headquarters and Bureau of Information of the "Better Homes in America" movement. Demonstration week, 1923, will be June 4th to 10th. Information about its direct benefits to your community will be mailed on request. A plan book, telling the scope of this work and how to organize a local campaign, will be sent for ten cents.

HOUSEKEEPING

The Home-Economics Department has prepared, under the direction of Martha Van Rensselaer, a list of leaflets which will lighten the housewife's burden and make scientific home-making an easy art. These leaflets range from milk recipes to the technique of laying the table. Mention specific subjects or write for a list.

HOUSE DECORATION

Make Your Problems Clear by listing your questions and giving dimensions, exposure and full description of the rooms you wish to decorate. All questions relating to floors and curtains may be answered by Bulletins 1, 2 and 3, entitled "Good Floors," "Curtains and Draperies" and "Walls, Woodwork and Ceilings," price twenty-five cents each. Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders, Director of the Home-Decoration Department, will be glad to help you with all other problems.

CHILDREN

The Story Hour is a pretty important time in childhood. Do you know what books to read to your children? The Children's Department has prepared lists of books for children of all ages, which will assist in the parental job of forming good reading habits. Write in to the Children's Department, too, for a Page of Prayers for children to learn.

BEAUTY

You Can Improve Your Complexion with a little time and careful study. The Beauty Editor will answer special questions and will send folders prepared by experts on the care of the hair, skin and hands, posture, exercises, lotions and cosmetics. Tell us what subjects interest you most.

ETIQUETTE

Are You Uncertain about the ways of the social world? Mrs. John Cabot Kimberley will send you a number of useful leaflets on manners and form, covering every social quandary. "Weddings," "Calls and the Use of Cards," "Letter-Writing," "Etiquette at the Table" are some of the titles. She will answer any puzzled inquirer.

ENTERTAINMENT

The Entertainment Department has a new Prehistoric Party which anybody can give. The Electrical Party is novel and jolly. Tell us about the party or dinner or dance or church fair you would like to give and we will help you out. "Entertaining without tears is our specialty."

FREE Trial Bottle

No Gray Hair-



Prove how easily and surely gray hair can be restored

You Needn't Tell the Secret

My method of restoring the original color to gray hair is so sure and simple that every woman can do it herself. There is no outside aid required, no expert skill needed. No one need know your secret.

My restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water, and as pure and dainty. It is easily and quickly applied by combing through the hair. The restored color is perfectly even and natural, and permanent. There is no greasy sediment to make your hair sticky and stringy, nothing to wash off or rub off.

Once I Was Gray

I perfected my scientific restorer to bring back the original color to my own prematurely gray hair. Millions have since used it. So will millions more. It is the most popular and biggest-selling preparation of its kind in the world.

Mary T. Goldman's
Hair Color Restorer
Over 10,000,000 Bottles Sold

Recently my laboratories have made another discovery, in the shape of a new preparatory powder which acts as a tonic and antiseptic, putting your hair in perfect condition for restoration.

Simple Single Lock Test

My special patented Free Trial outfit contains a package of this new powder together with a trial bottle of the restorer and full explanations and directions for making the test on a single lock of hair.

Just Mail the Coupon

My free offer really is absolutely free—I even prepay postage. Just fill out the coupon carefully, using X to indicate color of hair, and, if possible, enclose a lock of hair in your letter. By return mail you will receive a free trial outfit.

Then when you have proved how surely, safely and easily you can restore your gray hair to its original youthful, beautiful color get a full-sized bottle from your druggist. If he cannot supply you, write direct to me and I will take care of your needs.

— — — Please print your name and address — — —

MARY T. GOLDMAN,
43D Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair.

Black ..... dark brown ..... medium brown ..... auburn (dark red) ..... light brown ..... light auburn (light red) ..... blonde .....

Name .....

Street ..... City .....



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$3 Will Bring This ACME Dress Form into Your Home

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YOU can ***easily*** *and* ***accurately*** *reproduce the most stylish fitting dresses over an* ***Acme Dress Form.*** *It makes* ***fitting*** *the easiest part of dressmaking. It's as necessary as a sewing machine.*

DUPLICATES THE EXACT MEASUREMENTS OF "YOUR FIGURE"

ADJUSTABLE AND COLLAPSIBLE

The **Neck, Shoulders, Bust, Waist, Hips,** and **Skirt** are each **independently** adjustable to any required measurements. More than a hundred independent "combination adjustments" *so that it will exactly reproduce any desired size, style or figure.* When not in use it COLLAPSES ***to half its size like illustration below.***

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$3 WILL BRING THIS **ADJUSTABLE AND COLLAPSIBLE** *Acme* **DRESS FORM INTO YOUR HOME**

In order to encourage **Home Dressmaking** and help you to economically reproduce the most stylish fashions shown in this magazine, we are manufacturing 10,000 improved Acme Forms to be sold on

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Remit $3 and we will send you our guaranteed $15 Acme Collapsible Dress Form. Pay the balance of $12 at only $3 per month.

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300,000 Satisfied Users

An Acme Form will *last a lifetime.* It is adjustable to any size and style change. It will enable you to reproduce quickly and easily all the latest fashions. You can have good-looking dresses and be the envy of your friends.

Take advantage of **Our Special Sale** offer and send your order *today.*

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Gentlemen:—Send me at once full illustrated catalogue with detailed information, or better still, **I enclose $3 for immediate shipment of an Acme on "10 DAYS' TRIAL" AND "EASY PAYMENT TERMS."**

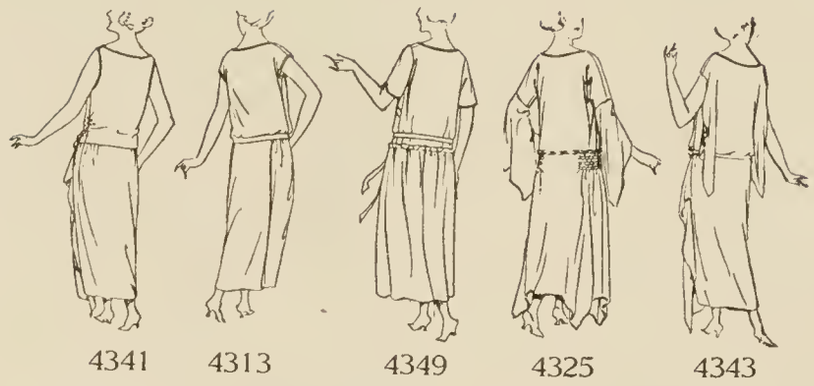
Name .....

Address .....

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WRITE FOR COMPLETE CATALOG

OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 26



4341 4313 4349 4325 4343



4280



4351

4349—A Persian-patterned silk in a long body joined to the gathered straight skirt of this slip-over dress is very smart. The skirt may be accordion or side plaited and have a body lining. Use printed Canton crêpe or printed satin crêpe or twills, etc., (cut straight) with plain or printed Canton crêpe, etc.

36 bust requires 1⅜ yard 39-inch figured crêpe de Chine and 2⅛ yards 39-inch plain crêpe de Chine. Lower edge 2⅞ yards.

The dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4341—An exotic flower blooms on the draped waist of this dress which closes under the left arm. The draped skirt slips on over the head. Use soft silk crêpe, satin crêpe, crêpe satin, crêpe de Chine, soft taffeta, or printed patterns in crêpe de Chine, Canton crêpe, satin crêpe, or silks, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch printed silk and ¼ yard 36-inch contrasting silk for flower. Lower edge 49 inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4313—The April bride carries showers of roses with a dress of the slip-over type. A one-piece draped skirt is joined at a low waistline and there may be a straight drop skirt. Use silk crêpes, satin crêpe, crêpe satin, or crêpe de Chine of one material or with lace, Georgette or chiffon, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch satin crêpe, 3¼ yards 6½-inch lace banding for sleeves, and ⅝ yard 6-inch lace flouncing to face skirt. Lower edge 60 inches.

The dress is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4280—The bertha and cuffs give a Colonial effect to this one-piece dress with a straight lower edge. It slips on over the head and may have a casing of elastic at the low waistline or a body lining. Use heavy silk crêpe, crêpe satin, heavy printed crêpes, Persian challis, etc., with Georgette, silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine bertha. Lower edge 54 inches.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards 39-inch heavy silk crêpe and ⅝ yard 39-inch organdy.

The dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4325—It's the early Spring bride who wears this distinctive wedding gown with a two-piece circular skirt joined at a low waistline. It slips on over the head and there may be a long body lining. Use printed or plain patterns—silk crêpe, satin crêpe, crêpe dé Chine, silks, charmeuse. Lower edge 2⅞ yards.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards 40-inch brocade crêpe de Chine (skirt cut crosswise) and ½ yard 40-inch chiffon (sleeve cut crosswise).

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4343—One can take soft silk crêpes, satin crêpe, crêpe satin, crêpe de Chine or soft taffeta and drape them into this dress with cascade drapery, wing sleeves and a bloused back. It slips on over the head and the draped straight skirt is joined at a low waistline. Printed crêpe de Chine, Canton crêpe, satin crêpe or silks, plain crêpe de Chine, soft silk crêpes, etc., are attractive.

36 bust requires 4 yards 40-inch Canton crêpe. Lower edge 46½ inches.

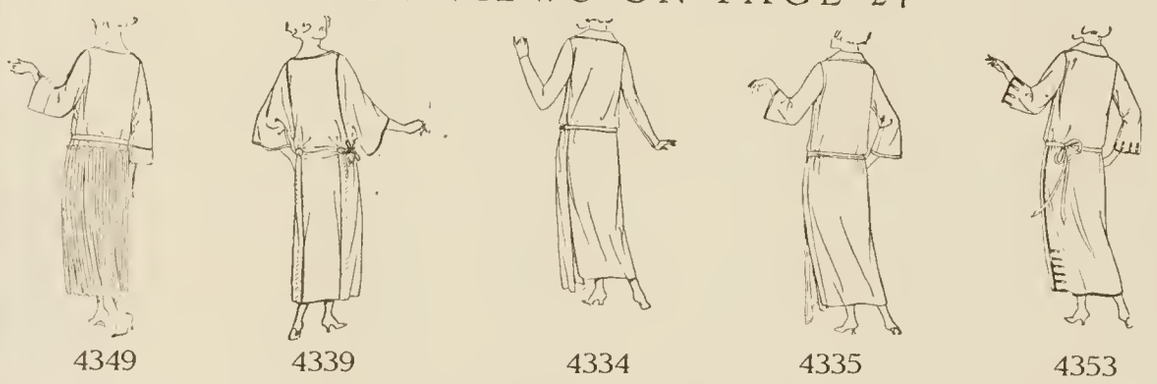
The dress is nice for ladies 32 to 42 bust.

4351—Such a one-piece dress with a draped front and bloused back can be worn on the street. It closes under the left arm and the sleeves are sewed into a body lining. Use wool rep, wool poplin, soft twills, tricotine or soft serge, or heavy silk crêpe, satin, etc., all one material, or with Georgette, etc.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards 39-inch crêpe satin and 1 yard 40-inch figured chiffon for collar and sleeves. Lower edge 52 inches.

The dress is a good style for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also for misses.

OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 27



4349 4339 4334 4335 4353

4349—Plaits are popular on Spring dresses. The straight skirt of this dress may be accordion or side plaited or gathered, and is joined to a long body. The dress slips on over the head and may omit a body lining. Use printed Canton crêpe, printed satin crêpe or printed cotton crêpe with plain, etc.

36 bust requires 1½ yard 39-inch printed crêpe de Chine and 3 yards 39-inch plain crêpe de Chine. Lower edge 2⅞ yards.

The dress is new for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4339—There is much distinction in a draped dress in one piece at the front and back. It slips on over the head, having a deep armhole. Use matelassé effects, printed Canton crêpe, printed satin crêpe with crêpe de Chine or Georgette, etc.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards 40-inch broché crêpe satin and 1½ yard 40-inch Georgette for sleeves. Lower edge 50 inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4335—10130—Wraps may be discarded if one wears this one-piece coat dress of wool poplin, wool rep, wool crêpe, soft twills, tricotine, serge, wool ratine, wool eponge, heavy silk crêpe, etc. The circular flare is joined at the closing edge. The monogram is smart. Work in satin-stitch and French stemming.

36 bust requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch tricotine and ¼ yard 36-inch satin.

The dress is good style for ladies 33 to 46 bust, also misses.

4353—A separate guimpe which can be exchanged for a fresh one is an attraction on a one-piece dress of the slip-over type. Use twill, heavy wool crêpe, wool rep, wool poplin, tricotine, serge, kasha, etc., with vestee of organdy, linen, silk broadcloth, satin, etc.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch novelty homespun and ⅜ yard 36-inch organdy for vestee. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is good style for ladies 33 to 46 bust; it is also nice for misses.

4334—10917—A one-piece coat frock is essential for Spring. The front drapes and the back blouses in a becoming fashion. Use soft twills, tricotine, soft serge, wool rep, wool poplin, etc., with loose panel of crêpe de Chine; or use heavy silk crêpe all one material. The motifs are smart. Work in satin-stitch, outline or chain-stitch. Lower edge 51 inches.

36 bust requires 2½ yards 54-inch wool rep and ¾ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine.

The coat frock is smart for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.



THE TREO Elastic Girdle, which made possible present-day modes, has found new and even more exquisite expression in its latest models of *"Treotex."* This newly-invented surgical elastic web, upon which its creators worked for years, enables all women, of whatever type of figure, to enjoy the figure-freedom and dress-distinction that only the *Treo Elastic Girdle* imparts.

Women of fashion, corsetieres, designers, accept the *Treo Girdle* as completely meeting every corset requirement.

The *"Anchor Band,"* (the waistline band) which holds the girdle to the figure and prevents it from slipping; the *"Feature Strip,"* (the strip above the waistline) which supports the back and restrains the diaphragm, and the new *"Panel Back,"* which flattens the back into the new silhouette, are features to be found *only* in the *Treo Girdle, The Original All-Elastic Corset.*

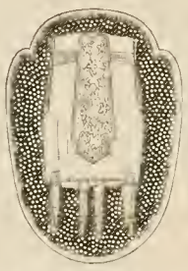
Be sure to demand the Treo model which was made for your type of figure. Prices: Treo Girdles, in lighter surgical web, $3 to $10; Treo Girdles of mercerized Treotex surgical web, $5.50 to $10; Treo Girdles of silk Treotex surgical web, $12.50 to $25. Your dealer will be very glad to give you a fitting. Write for illustrated booklet.

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The New Panel Back Treotex Treo Girdle

The new Treotex Treo Girdle Models are designed for the heavier figure, which seeks the comfort so long enjoyed in the Treo Girdle by women of slender and medium figure.



Note the Panel Back in illustration at left—it flattens the figure at the back into the new silhouette. Ask for "Treotex" Treo Girdles if yours is above-the-average figure!

TREO GIRDLE

The All-Elastic Corset

The more elastic to the corset —the more grace to the figure



An Old Family Secret

BASKING under the blue skies of sunny Italy centuries ago was a beautiful maid, reflecting in her cheeks the color and warmth of her native land. She had finished her toilette and was admiring the magic effects produced by the application of that formula which had been a guarded secret in her family for generations. That 400 year old Beauty Secret is to be found again in

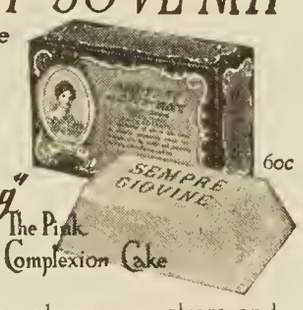
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50c (several months's supply) at all leading toilet and drug counters, or by mail (postpaid)

The Nonspi Co., 2932 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 28

4310—In Spring she wears a new one-piece dress of the slip-over type and with a straight lower edge. Use taffeta, printed crêpes, printed crêpe de Chine, printed silks, etc.

12 years requires 2⅜ yards of 35-inch taffeta.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

4322—10823—An Easter dress of taffeta, etc., with a circular skirt of one material or with bertha of lace or embroidered Georgette, is becoming. The flowers are bright. Work them in one-stitch and outline.

12 years requires 2¾ yards of 39-inch gros de Londres.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

4360—A juvenile *robe de style* has a draped basque and straight full skirt joining a body lining. It closes under the left arm. Use radium silk, organdy, dotted swiss, etc.

11 years requires 2¾ yards of 35-inch taffeta.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

4338—10994—One presents a demure front in a slip-over dress with a gusset under the arm. The embroidery is new. Work it in cross-stitch on linen, linen-finished cotton, cotton ratine, cotton eponge, etc.

8 years requires 1¾ yard 36-inch linen.

The dress is nice for girls 2 to 8 years.

4336—Two materials in a one-piece dress like this are attractive. It has a straight lower edge and slips on over the head. Use crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, printed with plain, etc.

10 years requires 1⅛ yard 39-inch printed and 1⅛ yard 39-inch plain silk crêpe.

The dress is becoming to girls 6 to 12.

4362—A pointed bertha and straight flounces are simple attractions on this dress of the slip-over type. Use taffeta, crêpe de Chine, chiffon, Georgette, point d'esprit, net, etc.

12 years requires 2¼ yards 39-inch Georgette and ⅝ yard 36-inch all-over lace.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

4344—A suit of soft twills, serge, tricotine, wool crêpe, heavy wool jersey, or small checked wool and plain wool, etc., launches one gaily into Spring. The box-coat goes over a plaited straight skirt with suspenders.

13 years requires 1⅝ yard 44-inch plain serge and 1¾ yard 44-inch check serge.

The suit is for juniors and girls 6 to 15.

4342—4378—10592—An Easter outfit for little girls includes a coat in raglan style with a plain lining and smocked or gathered to a tiny yoke, and a cap. Use crêpe de Chine, silk faille, taffeta, etc. The smocking may be done in self or colored silk.

3 years and 19¼ inches head measure requires 2 yards of 39-inch crêpe de Chine (including cap).

The coat is for little girls 1 to 5 and the cap for children of ½, 1 and 3 years.

4326—10833—10134—A smocked dress in raglan style of cotton crêpe, gingham, chambray, cotton pongee, dimity, plain lawn, etc., is useful. It has separate knickers. Smocking and cross-stitch add color and the chicks are gay. Work latter in outline or appliqué.

5 years requires 2⅛ yards of 32-inch chambray.

The dress is smart for little girls 1 to 8.

4354—10939—A regulation English sailor suit is useful in drill, galatea, etc. The blouse which slips over the head, has a removable collar, and straight trousers are practical. Boys like the emblem. Work in satin-stitch and Kensington embroidery.

5 years requires 2 yards 36-inch linen-finished cotton and ⅝ yard 36-inch contrasting material.

The English sailor suit is for boys 3 to 10.





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IT'S OFF *Because* IT'S OUT

Science Proves Which Method Is Best

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ZIP is original—a scientifically prepared antiseptic compound; it cannot stick to the skin; it is harmless, painless, and it effectively destroys the growth on the face, arms, underarms and body. **GUARANTEED!**

Avoid imitations which stick to the skin and are not effective.



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There Are Three Types of Superfluous Hair

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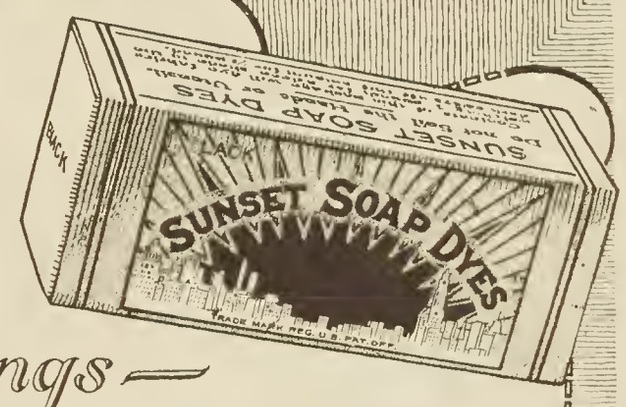
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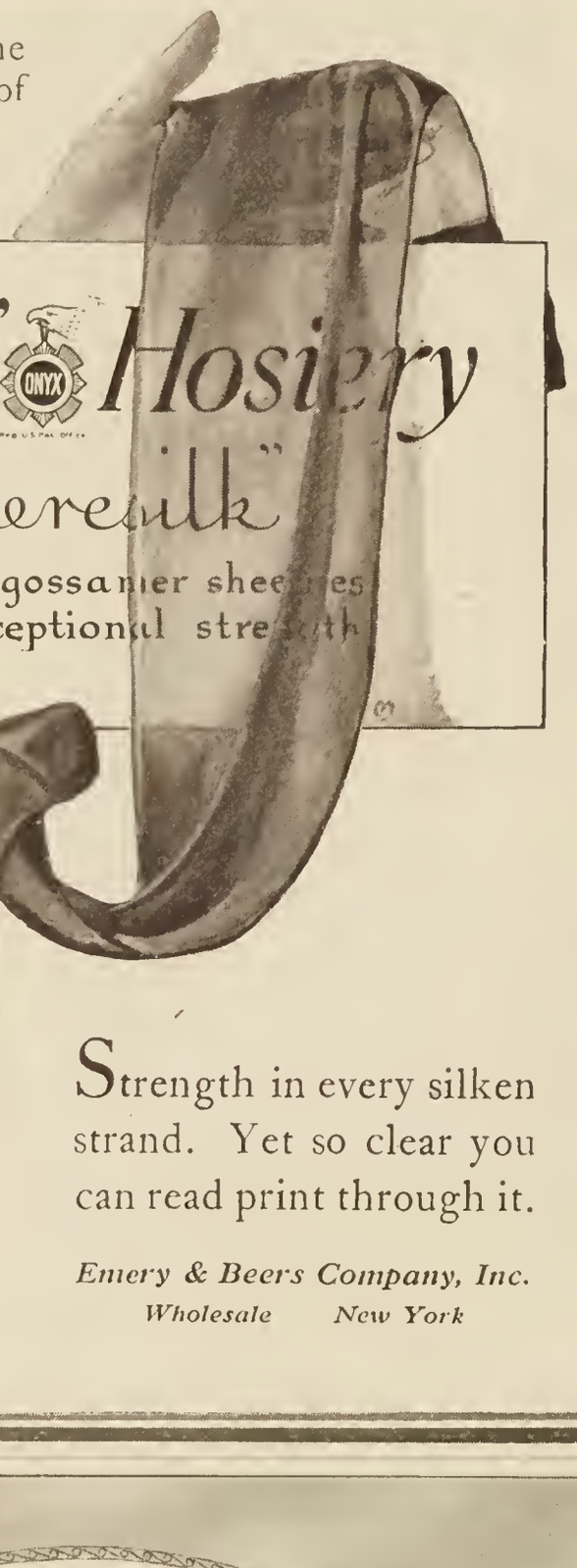
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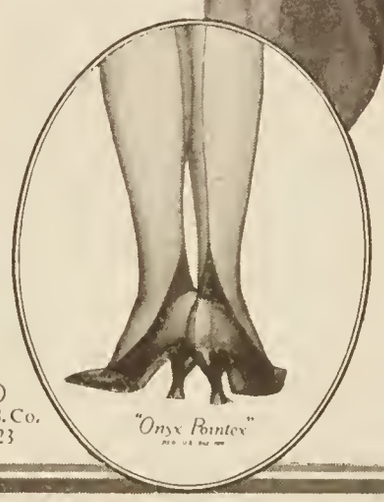
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Faultless Fitting Footwear



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DOROTHY DODD SHOE COMPANY
BOSTON 20, MASS.



OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 29

4315—10118—One can not fail to be appealing in this dress of the slip-over type with a two-piece skirt joined to a long body. The all-over design is smart. Work in outline, running stitch and satin-stitch. Use tweed or homespun with silk jersey or silk crêpe, etc.

16 years requires 7/8 yard 54-inch homespun and 1 3/8 yard 39-inch silk crêpe for body. Lower edge 53 inches.

The dress is becoming to misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

4328—The quaint waist, slightly long and fitted, joins the full straight skirt of this dress in silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, taffeta, gros de Londres, organdy, etc. For a lace overskirt there is a short drop skirt.

17 years requires 4 1/8 yards of 35-inch taffeta. Lower edge of skirts 3 yards.

The dress is gay for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

4367—Tier frocks are new and this dress of taffeta, gros de Londres or heavy silk crêpes, satin crêpe of one material or with a print body, or of wool crêpe, serge, etc., is smart. The circular ruffles and the two-piece foundation skirt are joined at a low waistline and the dress slips on over the head.

17 years requires 3 3/4 yards of 35-inch taffeta. Lower edge 50 inches.

The dress is very new for misses 16 to 20.

4345—10787—One is proud to initial her slip-over dress with accordion or side plaited straight skirt joining a long body. Use soft twills, serge, wool crêpe, silk-and-wool crêpe, Canton crêpe, etc. The monogram is individual. It is placed at a correct angle.

17 years requires 3 3/4 yards of 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 2 7/8 yards.

The dress is excellent for misses 16 to 20 years. It is also nice for small women.

4365—A French rosette and a scalloped bertha are charming features on a one-piece dress of the slip-over type with a straight lower edge. Use crêpe de Chine, silk crêpes, satin crêpes, taffeta, tub silks or satins, etc.

16 years requires 3 5/8 yards 35-inch taffeta. Lower edge 55 inches.

The dress is attractive for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

4363—10806—Sleeves cascade on this slip-over dress with a draped skirt meeting the body at a low waistline. Use soft silk crêpes, satin crêpes, crêpe satin, crêpe de Chine, etc. The embroidery is decorative. Work in a combination of satin-stitch and outline.

17 years requires 3 3/4 yards of 39-inch crêpe satin. Lower edge 46 1/2 inches.

The dress is suitable for misses 16 to 20 years. It is also good for small women.

4347—A dress in Canton crêpe, satin crêpe, crêpe de Chine, etc., in two colors or printed with plain, slips on easily over the head. Its straight skirt is joined at a low waistline.

16 years requires 1 5/8 yard 39-inch printed crêpe and 1 1/4 yard 39-inch plain silk crêpe for body. Lower edge 63 inches.

The dress is simple for misses 16 to 20, also small women.

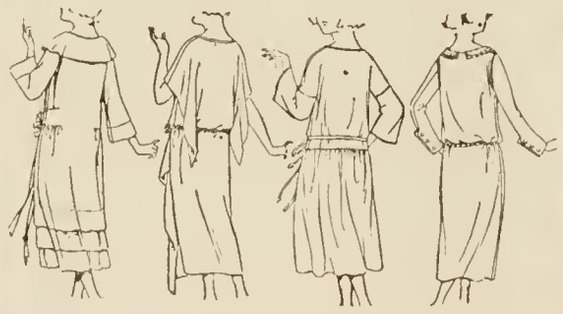
4351—A hand-made ornament guides the destiny of front drapery on this one-piece dress closing under the left arm. The back blouses and sleeves are sewed into a body lining. Use heavy silk crêpe, satin, soft twills, tricotine, etc. Lower edge 48 inches.

17 years or 34 bust requires 3 yards 39-inch crêpe satin and 7/8 yard 40-inch Georgette for collar and sleeves.

The dress is smart for misses 15 to 18 or 33 to 35 bust, also small women.



4315 4328 4367 4345



4365 4363 4347 4351

LITTLE MISS GAGE



Dear Children:

Every girl from 4 to 14 should have a copy of my latest book "Little Miss Gage Gives a Party." Besides a story which introduces some new games to play at parties, you will be told how you may win a pretty, new hat in a coloring contest. There is nothing to pay. Merely send me your name and address, c/o Dept. 67, Gage Brothers & Company, and I will mail you a copy.

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For the name and slogan best describing our new line of hats for matrons, we are offering $1000 in cash prizes. In the event of a tie each contestant will receive the full amount of the prize won. Contest closes June 1. Any one may enter. There is nothing to pay—no obligation of any kind. Merely write to Dept. 67 for our booklet "$1000 for a Name."

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The importance of the dress, breakfast sacque or negligee begins with the material, but think how impracticable many fabrics are; how easily soiled and how costly in time and labor to keep freshly laundered.

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These Serpentine crepe garments do away with all ironing—simply wash them out, roll them in a towel to dry, shake them out, and your garment is clean, fresh and ready to wear.

Serpentine Crepe is an old, old favorite, but this season's small checks, floral and oriental patterns in large and small designs and many colorings will be even more popular. The genuine Serpentine Crepe—and be sure you get it—has a crinkly weave which breaks up the patterns and colors in soft artistic effects. The crinkle is permanent—guaranteed—and really improves with washing.

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Serpentine ***Soft Finish*** Crepe is the same guaranteed permanent crinkle crepe, but prepared with a ***soft finish.*** It makes the most attractive underwear, being beautiful to look at, soft to the skin, economical and long wearing. It never requires ironing.

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Serpentine Crepe



The Pacific Trade-Mark is a guarantee of the excellence of every fabric that bears it. Serpentine Crepe is stamped "Serpentine Crepe" on the selvage. Look for it.

OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 30



4355 4337 4341 4325 4343

4355—Delicate as the Spring are the chiffon panels and bertha of this one-piece print dress. It slips on over the head. It is specially designed for the use of printed silk crêpe, satin crêpe, crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe with Georgette or crêpe de Chine bertha, panels, etc. Lower edge 52 inches.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards 39-inch figured silk crêpe and 1¾ yard 39-inch chiffon.

The dress is graceful for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4337—10120—Simple but very distinctive is a dress with straight skirt joining a long body and a choice of body lining. The motif is a barbaric touch. Work it in Oriental colors. Use silk crêpes, satin crêpes, crêpe satin, taffeta, with a Georgette, lace or organdy bertha, etc. Lower edge 63 inches.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 35-inch taffeta, and ½ yard 36-inch all-over lace for the bertha.

The dress is new for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4341—A dress that is utterly lovely has a waist draped gracefully and closing under the left arm. The skirt which slips on over the head is also draped. Use soft silk crêpes, satin crêpe, crêpe satin, crêpe de Chine, or any of these materials in printed designs, soft taffeta, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch novelty crêpe satin and ¾ yard 39-inch Georgette. Lower edge 49 inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4325—Paris puts a bit of French on this dress in a twisted girdle and ornament. It has a two-piece circular skirt joined at a low waistline and slips on over the head. Use printed patterns or plain silk crêpes, satin crêpe, crêpe de Chine or silks, or use charmeuse, etc.

36 bust requires 4⅜ yards 40-inch printed silk crêpe. Lower edge in plain outline 2⅞ yards.

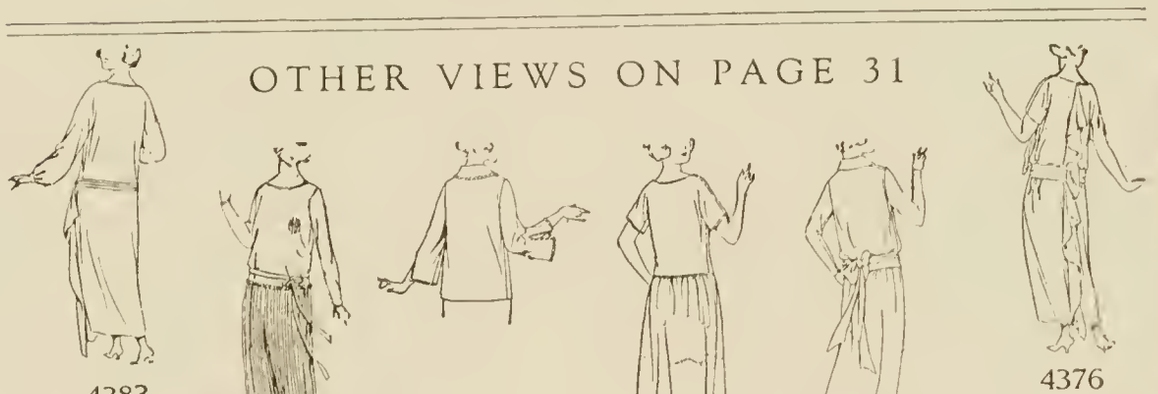
The dress is French for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4343—10945—For soft materials, such as soft silk crêpes, satin crêpe, crêpe satin, crêpe de Chine, soft taffeta, or printed patterns in crêpe de Chine, Canton crêpe, satin crêpes or silks, this cascade dress is excellent. The straight skirt is draped and joined at a low waistline. The dress slips on over the head. Lower edge 46½ inches.

36 bust requires 4 yards 40-inch Canton crêpe.

The dress is good style for ladies 32 to 42 bust.

OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 31



4383 4349 4369 4372 4346 4376



4357

4376—Jabot drapery droops in front and has a counterpart running to the neck at the back, in the center of this dress. It has a straight skirt joined to the body at a low waistline. Use crêpe satin, Canton crêpe, crêpe de Chine, heavy flat crêpe or printed satin crêpe, etc. Lower edge 47 inches.

36 bust requires 4⅜ yards of 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 40 bust.



4368

4369—4349—10123—A straight coat, fitting snugly over the hips of a dress with an accordion-plaited straight skirt joined to a long body, completes this three-piece costume. The all-over embroidery is smart. Work in metallic or bright threads.

36 bust requires 5½ yards 39-inch heavy silk crêpe and 1⅜ yard 39-inch silk crêpe for upper part of dress. Lower edge 2⅞ yards.

The coat is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses, and the dress for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4372—An overdress gives an ingénue air to this dress on the slip-over order. The overdress has a straight lower part in two sections, so that one can combine printed and plain materials, and there is a separate one-piece slip. Use silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, silk voile, or cotton voile, cotton Georgette, etc.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 40-inch printed crêpe and 2¼ yards 40-inch plain crêpe. Lower edge of overdress 2¼ yards.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4346—A long collar, vestee and cuffs of organdy are fresh trimming for a dress of gingham, chambray, cotton crêpe, dotted swiss, striped madras, dimity, light-weight cotton prints or tub silks. It has a straight skirt joined at a slightly low waistline. Lower edge 58½ inches.

36 bust requires 4 yards 32-inch gingham and ½ yard 36-inch organdy for collar, vestee, cuffs and pocket trimmings.

The dress is neat for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

4383—Fashion sponsors the ungirdled effect on this dress on the slip-over order. The draped, one-piece skirt is joined at a low waistline and the tucks across the back are new. Use satin crêpe, Canton crêpe, with printed crêpe or printed crêpe de Chine body, or printed crêpes, satin crêpes, Canton crêpe, or crêpe de Chine, all of one material.

36 bust requires 1¾ yard 39-inch figured and 2 yards 39-inch plain satin crêpe.

The dress is new for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4357—10871—This dress puts up a changeable front and joins a four-piece skirt with a plait at each side of the front and back, to the waist at a low waistline. It closes at the left side in front. The one-stitch embroidery is effective. It may be done in self or bright color. Use soft twills, tricotine, heavy silk crêpe, satin crêpe, crêpe satin, etc.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch tricotine and ⅝ yard 39-inch heavy silk crêpe. Lower edge, plaits drawn out, 2¼ yards.

The dress is for ladies 34 to 48 bust.

4368—10138—A tucked belt is original on a dress of the slip-over type. The two-piece straight lower part which closes at the side, joins a long body. The motif is new. Work in outline and satin-stitch. Use wool rep, wool poplin, wool crêpe, etc., with Georgette, crêpe de Chine, etc., plain or printed.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine and 1⅞ yard 44-inch or wider wool rep. Lower edge 50 inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



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THE LAST WORD

A Page of Shop-Talk, Gossip, and Comment

Fostering the Thrift Habit

Mr. Patri's illness prevented him from getting his article on child training into this issue, but in its stead we offer some entertaining comment on one of Mr. Patri's favorite themes, which was developed at some length in his article, "Your Child's Allowance," in THE DELINEATOR for January. The comment is from the column conducted by Mr. Heywood Broun in the New York *World*, and the H. 3d referred to is the four-year-old son of Mr. Broun:

" 'Yes, I think every child should have an allowance,' says Angelo Patri. 'An allowance teaches a child how to spend and how to save. . . . But it is up to his parents to teach him how to save.'

"Although we don't exactly make H. 3d an allowance, we did buy him a dime-bank. It has been very amusing to watch the assurance with which he approached all visitors and asked them for money. Of course he prefers dimes, but at our suggestion he refuses nothing. We help him out in his childish schemes and whenever he gets a quarter we supply two dimes in exchange.

"Apparently, H. 3d derives no end of pleasure from putting dimes in the bank and watching the figures change on the dial. There is no possible way of getting money out until ten dollars has been deposited.

"We can't see what on earth H. 3d could possibly do with ten dollars.

"As Angelo Patri says, a child ought not to be allowed to become selfish and egotistical. We hope to be able to effect a compromise. It is our notion that H. 3d will undoubtedly be willing to let us have the ten dollars if we promise to return the bank immediately after it has disgorged and agree to let him start out on a new campaign to fill it up again.

" 'He should be given an allowance when he begins to need money for simple, everyday needs,' continues Mr. Patri in his discussion of juvenile finance. 'Sometimes this allowance can start when he is four years old. And from the time he first starts to save he should be taught to keep an account book of his spendings and savings. If he spends two cents for a stamp, he should have a small blank-book and jot down "Two cents for a stamp." Then at the end of a week he should figure out how much he has spent and how much he has saved. The child's parents should guide him in the keeping of this book—show him where he may save and where he might have spent a little more judiciously.'

"When it comes to stamps, we have always believed in people's accepting the first price quoted by the drug-store man. Haggling doesn't get you enough to make it worth while. Of course the child might be shown how he could have obtained two green ones instead of a single red for his two pennies, but it seems to us unsound to make a child too shrewd about such things. More than that, it would shock us a great deal to find any four-year-old child jotting things down in a little note-book. His father's system of bookkeeping is plenty good enough for H. 3d. A couple of times a week he can go to the window and ask the teller, 'Have I got any money left in this bank?' All the banks we have ever dealt with have been very obliging in letting us know when it was all gone."

A Precocious Holt Baby

A youngster for whom we predict a brilliant future as an advertising writer is Lucius J. Polk, IV, age seven, of Pharr, Hidalgo County, Texas. Lucius, who says he was raised according to Doctor Holt, has written us the following story: "Once they was a little boy named Tommy. He was in very bad health. His stomach was always upset, and everything he ate made him sick. His mother did not know much about feeding Tommy, as she was not used to being around children, and they lived in a little town, where they were no doctors.

"Tommy's mother was worried about him now, because he was old enough to go to school, but could not go because he was always sick.

"But one day Tommy's mother bought a DELINEATOR, and read all of the splendid articles how to raise little boys, by Dr. Holt and others. And after that she bought THE DELINEATOR all the time and these are the things Tommy had to do, from then on.

"He went to bed early and arose early. And he played out doors most of the day. He was much pleased at having his own little tube of tooth paste, and brushed his teeth after each meal. He took a bath every day, and drank a quart of milk every day. And ate lots of green vegetables every day, and he did not cry much when his mother gave him castor oil. After one year Tommy was just as healthy as other boys, and is now in school, and is the brightest boy in his class."

As Seen by the Author's Daughter

We are fortunate in having another bright child, twelve-year-old Marion Kummer, contribute something about her father, Frederick Arnold Kummer, whose story, "The Temptation," appears in this issue. For the letter that follows we are indebted to the editor of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, to whom it was written:

"Dear Mr. Editor: My father asked me to write you a story about him and they say at school that I am good at stories, so I thought I would. I think he thinks I can write and become a great writer like him some day, but I would rather be a great actress like Leonora Ulric. I saw her in a play where she went to sleep and they stuck pins in her but could not wake her up, which part I should not like. But at that I would rather be an actress because acting is pleasanter and more exciting and you do not have to write on the typewriter all day and get a pain in your back. Daddy says he would rather shovel coal but he does not, but snow sometimes, which has been very plentiful about here this winter, also sledding.

"When he is not working, he goes for a walk with the dogs, or tells us most any question we should ask almost like an encikelodia. He is very good-natured and I love the things he writes, especially plays. Daddy has just finished a children's book called 'The Earth's Story' about how it began millions of years ago when there was a great many fossils, so nice for children. Also about stone axes. My brother Fred made one, but when he was showing us how it worked the head came off and hit me on the foot and I kicked him. So stone axes were one of the man's first weapons. Daddy read us each chapter when it was done and we helped him except baby brother who wrote with red crayon all over one chapter when no one was there, and he should not have been in Daddy's office anyway. Daddy has to draw horses and engines for him all the time. He gets tired of it but what can he do?"

Because Marion seems to take her father's astonishing versatility for granted, we feel obliged to supplement her letter with an additional paragraph. Mr. Kummer is a civil engineer who became widely known in his profession as an authority on street-paving construction. The business panic of 1907 forced him to try writing for a larger public and since then he has been a successful novelist, dramatist and short-story writer, who in addition has a musical comedy and over thirty motion-picture productions to his credit.

Another Flying Start

It was as winner of a prize contest that Mrs. Josephine Daskam Bacon, author of "The Caretakers," broke into print. "Just as I was graduated from Smith College," writes Mrs. Bacon, "the *Century* offered a prize for the best essay, the best story and the best poem written by a recent graduate, and just before the competition closed I was bullied into writing for it by some anxious friends. It never occurred to me to do any less than the three, so I turned off one of each, and dear Mr. Gilder once confided to me, years later, that he had voted for all three, and that two of them—the story and the poem—just missed winning the prizes. They bought them both, however, and the *Atlantic* bought the essay, and I made more than the prize was worth. A busy and versatile Vice-president of those days (a certain Mr. Roosevelt) occupied many sheets of typewritten paper in a serious and detailed criticism of the essay—it was the "Distinguishing Characteristics of American Poetry," or something like that—and I still have the friendly and amazing letter in which he gravely agrees or disagrees with each point in the thesis. But I think my real breaking into print was when I broke in nationally, so to speak, with the 'Madness of Philip.' Philip was the first wave of the flood of children's stories that for a time deluged the magazines. Like everybody who has any real common sense or conscience, I suppose, I felt rather guilty at taking real money for what I wrote, but I suppose I decided that any healthy person who could sit still long enough to write ought to be paid for it, and now I've grown used to the idea."

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MIX *and* SERVE

Edited with Willing Hands and a Mean Pencil by the Only Mere Man on the Staff

JUST as we were reading a thrilling story about a *Wisconsin* dairy-farm where the cows are so crowded that they give condensed milk, a lady editor came in with the perfect answer to the riddle "Why do women like to knit?" ◈ ◈ ◈ The answer is: "So they will have something to occupy their minds while they talk" ◈ ◈ ◈ To forestall the countless 1,000's of queries from fair pewholders who will want to know the name of the author, we must say that we are sworn to secrecy ◈ ◈ ◈ A *Kansas City, Kansas*, girl who didn't like the New Year's resolutions we recommended to the ladies writes that she suspects we are an *Ostrich*, a *Rug-Hopper*, a *Flat-Wheeler* and even a *Gobby!* ◈ ◈ ◈ All this was Greek to us until we turned to the glossary in her postcript and discovered that an *Ostrich* is Middle Western slang for any one who thinks he knows it all; a *Rug-Hopper* is a parlor-hound who never takes his girl out; a *Flat-Wheeler* is a man whose idea of a good time is to take his girl out for an ankle excursion; and a *Gobby* is a "dumb-bell" who has no style, no pep, no nothing ◈ ◈ ◈ We feel very thoroughly rebuked ◈ ◈ ◈ Much to our disgust, the best Save-a-Dollar item (page 42) submitted this month was not awarded the ten-dollar prize by the editors of our Home-Makers' Department ◈ ◈ ◈ It came from a *Dallas, Texas*, lady and reads as follows: "By turning up the toes of chicken feet, giving them a coat of gold paint and tying them together with a ribbon one will have a very useful and decorative scissors-rack for the kitchen at very little expense" ◈ ◈ ◈ An egg one million years old has been given to the science department of McGill University, in *Toronto, Canada* ◈ ◈ ◈ A *New York City* woman who was sued by a taxi-cab company for four hundred and twenty dollars paid the bill in pennies ◈ ◈ ◈ Four strong men were required to carry the barrel of coppers ◈ ◈ ◈ A *Greensboro, North Carolina*, woman one hundred and four years old was baptized by total immersion in a specially constructed portable pool ◈ ◈ ◈ After the ceremony she joined a thousand spectators in a hymn of rejoicing ◈ ◈ ◈ The landlord of a new thirty-five-family apartment house in *Jersey City, New Jersey*, will not rent an apartment to a childless couple. He guarantees the first boy born in his house a yearly reward of one hundred dollars until the boy is twenty-one and fifty dollars annually to the first girl ◈ ◈ ◈ The *U. S. Department of Agriculture* is fostering a "Better Sires" movement, but so far it has been confined to encouraging an improved quality of husband for the cows on dairy-farms ◈ ◈ ◈ Thirty-five years ago a lovers' quarrel estranged an *Oakwood, Missouri*, couple ◈ ◈ ◈ Recently they patched up their old differences and were wed ◈ ◈ ◈ He is sixty and she is fifty ◈ ◈ ◈ After the honeymoon they started housekeeping with their seven children by former unions ◈ ◈ ◈ *Doctor Bernard Hollander*, of *London, England*, is opposed to cigaret-smoking by women because "a woman's sympathetic nervous system is far more liable to be upset by overindulgence than that of a man" ◈ ◈ ◈ "Most of them do it," he adds, "out of bravado and to attract attention" ◈ ◈ ◈ Another English physician, *Sir Malcolm Morris*, says that "a great many of the nervous illnesses for which girls in business and professional life have to seek medical advice are due to eating less than nature requires" ◈ ◈ ◈ Probably the doctor's acquaintance with the little dears is exclusively professional ◈ ◈ ◈ If he would take a few of his frailest patients out to luncheon occasionally, he'd find that at first they toy daintily with a grapefruit salad, a brace of lady-fingers and a shot of orange pekoe, but in time, when they become used to him, they'll guzzle a half-dozen raw oysters, tool their way through a rare planked steak, take aboard a wedge of deep-dish pie surmounted with ice-cream and top it off with a pot of coffee—all without batting an eyelash or bursting a seam ◈ ◈ ◈ A *New York* woman in suing her husband for divorce says that he threw cracker and cheese crums about the house to draw all the mice and rats in the neighborhood so as to frighten her ◈ ◈ ◈ If we had that lady's imagination our name would be up with *Kathleen Norris's* in the front of this book and we wouldn't take off our expensive three-pint hat to any woman except *Mary Pickford*. ◈ ◈ ◈



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"Your children always seem to be so sturdy and healthy."

"Oh, it's because I let them have plenty of good home-made bread."

Mothers!

"If your children do not possess a very keen appetite for baker's bread try home-made bread and note the sudden increase in the youngsters' bread consumption."—Dr. Philip B. Hawk

Be sure of good bread; make it with Yeast Foam or Magic Yeast

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THE DELINEATOR

MRS. WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY Editor

W. MARTIN JOHNSON Art Director

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FROM *the* EDITOR'S POINT *of* VIEW

BETTER HOMES IN AMERICA

JUNE fourth to tenth will be Better Homes in America Week. Nine hundred and sixty-one communities observed Better Homes Week in 1922. Five hundred and twenty-one of these furnished small model houses in good taste and equipped them with the essential labor-saving devices. "The home in which a family may be happy," was the slogan used in one of the towns. Read pages 12 and 13 for the interesting story of the 1922 Better Homes Campaign and the prize-winning houses. In the box on this page we publish Mr. Hoover's letter to the first-prize winner.

Every city in the United States should enroll in this movement for 1923. If your community is not yet enlisted in this patriotic cause, write to the Bureau of Information, THE DELINEATOR. We shall be glad to help you serve your own community.

TWENTY YEARS—AND FIVE MINUTES

THIS is the month of Mothers' Day.

Mothers are never too old to be useful. Their experience is a storehouse of treasure.

We recently witnessed a service rendered by an old mother—a former school-teacher, "retired for age" twenty years ago.

Among the friends of her son there was one whose name is a power on two continents. This old mother sat silently resting with the gentleness of age, listening while one of the world's big men told her son in angry and bitter words the story of his break with a friend and associate of twenty years. He repeated every word and gesture of that quarrel, ending, "I'm through with him forever and I don't care what happens. I won't take that treatment from any man." Then his gaze wandered from his friend, who was worried and silent, to the old mother who was "retired for age" twenty years ago. She accepted the question.

"The tragedy of life," she said, "is not age or poverty or pain. It is man's failure to his friends. Twenty years of happy association, twenty years of trust and work and play together are swallowed up in five minutes of bitterness. If friendship can not endure five minutes of heat, of impulsive words after twenty years of trial, friendship is a pretense. That is the tragedy of life."

"That," said the man after a long silence, "is the biggest lesson of my life. It is worth more to me than all the money in the world."

To how many of us is life a struggle between twenty years—and five minutes! Let us cherish this bit of wisdom from the heart of an old mother

"WANTED: A CHURCH"

IN THE February issue we published a letter from Gerald Mygatt headed "Wanted: a Church." We also printed the answers of spokesmen for four denominations. The great number of letters about this discussion which have come in to THE DELINEATOR prove how keen the interest is in the subject. Men and women from all over the country have come to us with sincere convictions. Some of them follow Mr. Mygatt's lead, others challenge it, but most of them offer testimony of earnest faith.

Readers of THE DELINEATOR who belong to the Christian Science Church have regretted the publication of Mr. Sunday's opinion of their faith. We quote from a letter from Mr. Charles E. Heitman:

"In refutation of our critic's statement that Christian Scientists do not accept Christ as their Saviour, it is only necessary to quote from the tenets of the Church itself. . . . Here we find the following clear and definite statements: 'As adherents of Truth, we take the inspired Word of the Bible as our sufficient guide to eternal Life. We acknowledge and adore one supreme and infinite God. We acknowledge His Son, one Christ; the Holy Ghost or divine Comforter; and man in God's image and likeness . . . and we acknowledge that man is saved through Christ, through Truth, Life, and Love as demonstrated by the Galilean Prophet in healing the sick and overcoming sin and death."

One of our men readers in thanking us for having the courage to publish Mr. Mygatt's plea, writes:

"The subject of religion is universally tabu, and it is never really discussed at all. Think of it! The essence of religion is love of God and love of your fellow man; and yet this subject can not be discussed for fear that people will fly at each other's throats in fury! Something is surely wrong somewhere."

From Peoria, Illinois comes this typical letter from one of our women readers:

"I am just a plain every-day sort of woman with a houseful of children—nevertheless as I look back over the past twelve years, I can see where God helped and directed me, even before I made any acknowledgment of Him.

"This man wants a church, he says. I say he *needs* Christ. Christ to come into his life, a Christ-like spirit to supplant the selfishness. The church can save no one. God does that."

THE DELINEATOR does not wish to enter into religious controversy. We published Mr. Mygatt's letter and some of the replies it drew solely with the hope of serving those who are seeking the light.

DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE
Office of the Secretary

Washington, December 28, 1922.

Miss J. Alison Hunter,
New Haven Chamber of Commerce,
New Haven, Conn.

Dear Miss Hunter:

It gives me real pleasure to inform you that New Haven has won the prize of $500.00 offered for the best demonstration house in the 1922 Better Homes in America Campaign.

On behalf of the Advisory Council, I wish to convey the feeling that you, and the men and women who served with you, have merited the gratitude of your community and the appreciation of the whole country for having set so high a standard for other cities to follow.

It is important that you not only developed a model house for the family in moderate means, but that you recognized the need of the less fortunate citizens and exhibited a model tenement.

It is especially gratifying to know that you had the cooperation of seventy-six organizations, representing the patriotic, religious, social and commercial interests of New Haven.

I want to express in this letter appreciation of the generosity of THE DELINEATOR in providing the funds needed to maintain the Bureau of Information, which acted as headquarters for the campaign. The initiative and continued resourcefulness of Mrs. Meloney, and also of her assistants, underlay the success of the movement, and she deserves commendation for this important public service.

Yours respectfully,
HERBERT HOOVER.

CHILD HEALTH

A NEW day has dawned for the children of America. Two of the greatest organizations in the country working in their interest have formed a union under the leadership of Herbert Hoover.

One is the American Child Hygiene Association, which for thirteen years has been striving, under such men as Dr. Philip Van Ingen, to improve conditions for the mother before and after childbirth, for the infant and for the child up to five years of age.

The other is the Child Health Organization of America, founded by Miss Sally Lucas Jean, which, under the presidency of Dr. L. Emmett Holt, has aimed to have health taught in the schools as a positive, not a negative, subject. The Child Health Organization made health a game children wanted to play—and teachers wanted to teach.

The new American Child Health Association will Act as a clearing-house of information on all national child-health activities. That is the fundamental reason for the amalgamation of the two societies.

America ranks last of all nations sufficiently advanced to have any statistics on maternal mortality. It ranks sixth in infant mortality. Of its twenty-two million school children, thirty per cent. are so far under standard weight as to suggest a condition of malnutrition and three million are in urgent need of medical attention. The American people, therefore, can not afford the loss of energy due to duplication which results from uncorrelated child-health work.

The new Child Health Association will serve as a source of up-to-date, scientific information on child health, prepared by the best-qualified doctors and other professional workers in this and other countries.

It will supply a field service composed of experts who, upon request of a community, will help to organize a new local health body or to solve the problems of one already existing.

This great work needs the active assistance of every parent, every doctor, every nurse, every teacher, every public-health official and every social worker in the country.

Earnestly supporting the Child Health Association will be the American Relief Administration, translating into service through the new association the experience in organization and administration gathered in its eight years' work in Europe—from the time it functioned under the name of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, through the years of reconstruction in Eastern and Central Europe and down to the present day in Russia. Herbert Hoover gave seven years of his life to helping the children of suffering Europe. He is now giving the best of his life to the children of his own country.

A COMPLETE TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 96



MORAL EDUCATION

Building character through self-discipline

By ANGELO PATRI

Author of "A Schoolmaster in the Great City" and "Child Training"

"THE school is failing to teach morality," sighs the man in the street. "Children are arrested for stealing; children know not the difference between a lie and the truth; children are untrustworthy and irresponsible. This is all the fault of the school, which neglects the moral codes, the commandments, the moral law. Something must be done to awaken the school to a sense of this, its most important duty."

The schoolmaster hears this poignant lament with weariness and heaviness of spirit. He knows that his children do not realize the beauty of clean-souled living; he knows that they often offend the code of society. His heart aches for the sufferings of the children and the blindness of the people who set the school an impossible task and then weep over a failure that is all their own.

The school that the people have given the schoolmaster, the task they have set for him, the course of study they laid down and the rules they bound all about the school, the master, the children and the teachers produces the child they lament about, but nothing will persuade them that this is so.

"No, no! 'Tis the schoolmaster and his weakness, not the school we give him, that is to blame," they say, obstinately closing their ears and buttoning up their pockets at the slightest suggestion that a newer and better idea of school might bring about the end they so much desire.

THEN the schoolmaster does what the school of his youth taught him to do and continues to teach other children to do: he turns his mind inward and finds relief from impossible conditions in his dreams. He dreams of a school that will allow him to permit children to express the morality within them—to express their own honest, fearless, happy, moral selves. He knows that normal, healthy children are moral children and need only the stimulus of example and opportunity to prove it.

Morality is not learned by codes and laws and commandments. It is learned by wholesome first-hand experiences with immutable truths and living people. The right sort of school, the school that will produce people who appreciate moral values and elect to live on ethical principles, is the sort of school that will allow a child to work out his own salvation—work it out through his hands and his tongue and senses and prove its righteousness through service to people. Words will never do this—the world is sick of words.

The present school is a "word" school. A child is examined and labeled. The course of study is tabulated and measured into sections to be administered, by words, to the label—not to the child. He is lost sight of behind the words, his label, "I. Q. 120, Grade 5. College Entrance." The teacher is a "word" teacher, a fountain spouting language five hours a day. The tools of education are words, words multiplied into books and piled high into libraries. At the end of certain periods of time the label is examined, restamped and reclassified and the torrent of language pours on unchecked.

Where, all this time, is the spirit of the child? Where is the soul of him? What was done to nourish this, the real, the actual child? Do you remember what the Great Teacher said when He found the tree full of leaves? His soul was grieved. He knew that fruit, fruit of the spirit, would not grow on the leafy, wordy tree. "Cut it down. Why cumbereth it the ground?"

AWAY, then, with this wordy school. This is the dream of the schoolmaster driven within himself as he beholds his leafy, fruitless trees: "Give me a school where deeds take the place of words. Give me a school where children may work in sincerity and truth, proving all things through words to actions, and so arrive at the hidden spiritual values in the common every-day work about them. Give me a 'doing' school. I can do but little with a 'word' school. Children must prove all things and so, and only so, learn to hold fast to that which is good."

My dream school is a structure of brick and sandstone. You come upon it suddenly as you mount the brow of the hill and you stop involuntarily and catch your breath. The air is full of children's voices, children happily playing.

On one side is a big block of playground full of happy children, on the other a garden full of flowers and sunshine. There is an old sun-dial that the children made and love in the middle of it, and a group of lads, planting little seedlings from the cold-frame, are clustered about it. Over to one side is a greenhouse with thousands of plants peeping through the glass and stretching out fingers that beckon and invite the gardeners to come closer and talk a little. Children and plants belong together. There is a whole book of morality hidden in a garden where children work.

Michael plants his beans, oh, so carefully. He lays them one by one in the little trench, eye down. He covers and pats them and talks to them, bidding them hasten to grow. The ground cracks, a wee bent back peeps through, and Michael is enchanted. His beans are coming—his beans are up! Already he counts the crop. Jack Frost breathes upon the garden, and Michael, hastening to his beloved bean-rows, finds death and desolation. "Never mind, Michael. It is early in the season. Plant them again," says the teacher, and Michael stiffens his trembling lip and plants again. This time they come. Patience and courage and faith, with *work*. One such experience is worth a thousand lessons in abstract goodness to Michael.

"Please can I plant nasturtiums along my border?" begs Antone. The teacher gives Antone his packet of seeds and shows him how to plant them along the border.

But the border is long and the sun is hot. Antone's back is tired and his will is not strong. He looks over to where the teacher is busily helping Madeline tie up a trellis for her peas. Antone hurriedly scratches a grave beside the stones that edge the walk and buries the rest of the nasturtium seeds.

One day his teacher calls: "Antone, see! The nasturtiums have come to tell me about your bad job. They were better men than you. They did their work, even when you made it so hard for them under the stone."

Antone has had a fine lesson on the stupidity and the futility of a lie. His own deed confronted him and he was measured by himself on his own work.

Across the street you hear the children singing. They are in the auditorium, five hundred of them. It is the printing-teacher's day. He walks about the platform and talks to the children about his craft. He tells them a little of the history of it. They listen intently as he tells them the story of Gutenberg. He shows them charts of beautifully illumined letters and tells them the story of the monks who served their God in letters of purple and gold.

He dwells on the art of printing and then he tells them of the power of the art as it drives the spirits of men to think and do. He tells of the necessity for the freedom of the press, explains in simple words what it means to them, and ends by asking them to do their share in upholding the freedom of expression wherever, forever.

HE IS about to step down in his modest retiring fashion when a child steps forward and escorts him to a chair. The music-teacher lifts her baton and the group of children rise and sing "The Printer's Song."

One day the music-teacher had visited the print-shop and felt the poetry and music of the flying fingers, the clashing presses, the rhythmic movements of the swaying bodies, the harmony of the overtones, and slipping away, she wrote it down in music. Now the children sang it in honor of the print-shop man.

Wasn't that teaching morality? Isn't appreciation of good workmanship a fine lesson in morality? Wasn't the love and kindness and understanding a fine lesson in morality for those five hundred singing children? Wasn't there more of God in the hearts of the children and in the soul of the printing-teacher than there had been before? Love and appreciation had been inspired

Concluded on page 73



"Made for each other"

Victor records are made to be played on Victor instruments and similarly Victor instruments are made to play Victor records. Used *together* there is a finish, a quality, in the reproduction which cannot be secured by the haphazard combination of records and instruments which have no such designed unity.

Victrolas $25 to $1500. New Victor Records on sale the 1st of each month.



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Important: Look for these trade-marks. Under the lid. On the label.

Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N. J.

How a healthy skin may be made sick

Treat a healthy person like an invalid and he soon *becomes* an invalid. Every doctor knows this.

A normally healthy skin, treated as if it were sick, can be easily *made* sick.

Most women have normal complexions.

Yet some of them indulge in "treatments" and "methods" which any reputable physician would denounce as useless for a normal skin and positively *dangerous* for an *un*healthy skin!

Every woman naturally wants her complexion to be clear and soft.

To remain clear and soft, her complexion must be able to resist dust and weather and other damaging influences of daily life.

The highest medical authorities say that too much manipulation, too frequent and zealous "shocking" of the skin cells make the skin TENDER—it is then no longer able to resist damaging influences; it breaks down under the strain and serious skin troubles often result.

Simple, daily cleansing with Ivory Soap and warm water, followed by a dash of cold water, will keep your skin clear, soft and normal, render it proof against dust and weather, and cleanse it thoroughly, yet safely and gently.

Ivory Soap cleanses safely and gently because it is pure, mild and white. It contains no dye, no medicaments, no strong perfume. It is made of the very finest ingredients. As a soap for the toilet, bath and shampoo, it has never been excelled or successfully imitated.

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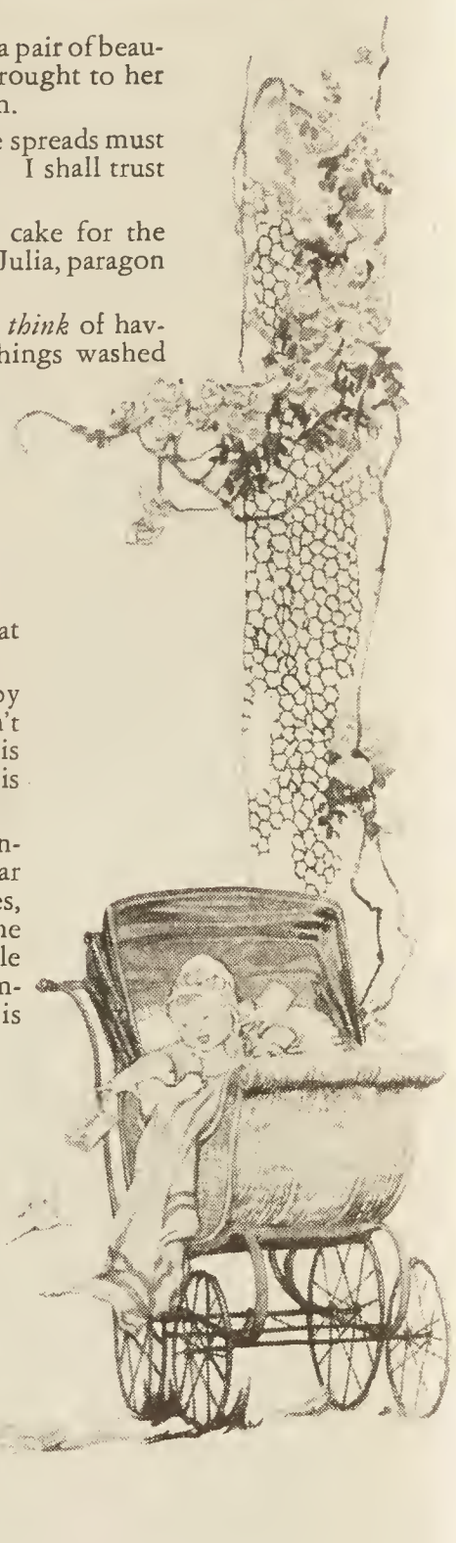


Mrs. Jollyco is very proud of a pair of beautiful appliqued bedspreads brought to her from Europe by Mrs. Latham.

"Julia," she is saying, "those spreads must be washed with Ivory Soap. I shall trust you to make sure of that."

"I was just getting a fresh cake for the laundress, Mrs. Jollyco," says Julia, paragon of maids.

Julia knows. She wouldn't *think* of having such delicately colored things washed with any soap but Ivory. And the same is true of all the fine embroidered and lace pieces in the house. She knows Ivory is *safe*.



"Aw gee! Can't you quit throwin' 'at Ivory Soap around? Doggone it!"

We sympathize deeply with Bobby Jollyco, because (back where you can't see her) Pinky Parker, whose name is sweet to Bobby's ears, looks on at his humiliation.

But of course, Teewee *naturally* considers all Ivory Soap as his own particular property, to do with as he chooses, whether in or out of the tub; that's the way he's been brought up. So while he may be a source of occasional embarrassment to Brother Bobby, he is highly satisfactory to his mother.





"What!" exclaims President Jollyco.

"Yes, sir," says Miss Jump. "It's no wonder the girls can't keep their hands clean. I thought you'd like to know."

"*Know!* Of course I'd like to know! Call Mr. Jimpson * * * Jimpson, hang it, sir, why do you discriminate against the girls in this office? Why don't you provide Ivory Soap in their rest-room? * * * Well, please throw that stuff away and get some Ivory. If I can have it, so can *they* * * * How's that, Miss Jump?"

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Jollyco. Our girls *all* like Ivory."

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RED SAND AND PICKETY-ROUGH

If you like "folks," you will like Silent Joe

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Author of "Pigs is Pigs"

THE book was bound in cheap oilboard and the pages were coarse yellow paper ruled with blue lines, but on the front cover was printed "Day Book" in black script, and above this Silent Joe was printing carefully in blue-black ink "Joe C. Deercomb, Vol. 17." When he blotted this, the blotter absorbed most of the ink and the lettering seemed to disappear entirely, but Silent Joe did not worry; the label on the bottle guaranteed the ink to turn to a deep, glossy black: "Writes a beautiful blue-black which turns to a deep, glossy black," was what the label said.

When he had completed the inscription, Joe leaned back in his chair and scratched his ear with the handle of his pen while he observed the effect of his work. The letters slanted uphill—he could locate them by the moistness the ink had left—but that did not matter much. It was a fairly good job. He opened the book, pressed it flat with the edge of his hand and wrote at the top of the first page "Contents, Vol. 17." Under this he wrote laboriously, on the first line:

"Wabbler, Black and White—Pg. 1."

ALTHOUGH he wrote with great care, the letters were large and schoolboyish. He turned to the next page and placed a figure 1 at the top. Here he wrote "Wabbler, Black and White" again, as a title. He leaned back once more and his eyes looked out of the window at the blue August sky into which a fluffy white thunderhead was rearing a mountain of marvelous beauty. With knitted brows Joe stared at the cloud and combed his red-gray beard with one hand. He was gathering together all he knew about "Wabbler, Black and White," to put in volume seventeen.

"The B & W wabbler," he wrote, when he had thought deeply for five minutes, "is sort of not very pleanty hereabouts but I see one now and again, mostlys onto a pitch pine tree or something. Its streaky black and white and no bigger than a wren, hardly, but the she ain't so streaky. Cunning little cuss, sort of. It twits sort of see, see, see. I and Mrs. Gratz seen one today August nine and she shode me it in her bird book so I know its it. Nests of grass and strings of bark down low by the ground nigh a tree. Eggs is white and sort of wreathy of redlike brown up by the big end. It is called a wabbler because—" Silent Joe hesitated, looked at the cloud again and combed his beard with his hand—"I guess," he wrote, "because it wabbles sort of when its standing on a limn of a tree."

He looked at this doubtfully. It might be right, but, on the other hand, he had never been told that this was a fact and he could not conscientiously say that he had ever noticed that any of the wabblers did wabble much—nothing like as much as a sandpiper or a catbird. With sudden resolution he arose, pulled on his coat and went forth to find Mrs. Gratz, who was the bird woman of the beach colony. He found her busy getting dinner, but she had time to spare Joe a word or two.

"What is it, Joe?" she asked, facing him through the back-door screen.

"Them wabbler birds, Mis' Gratz," Joe explained. "I sort of got to thinkin' it was sort of funny they was called wabblers when they don't none of them seem to wabble much."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Gratz brightly but without any sign of amusement. "It isn't 'wabbler,' you see, Joe—it's 'warbler,' because they warble."

"Yes'm," Joe said. "I guess that's so, ain't it? Only, now, that there black-and-white one we was talking about this mornin'—I don't say he wabbled much of anything special, but seems like he wabbled more'n he warbled, at that."

MRS. GRATZ turned down the flame of her kerosene-stove. She knew Silent Joe—when he began trying to learn a thing, he was inexorable; until he was satisfied, he would not stop asking questions. Mrs. Gratz went into the living-room and brought her bird book to the door.

"Here it is, you see," she said, showing him the picture. "You see, it is 'warbler.'"

"Uh-huh!" said Joe. "Might be a mistake, huh? That printer might have got it spelled wrong, ain't it likely?"

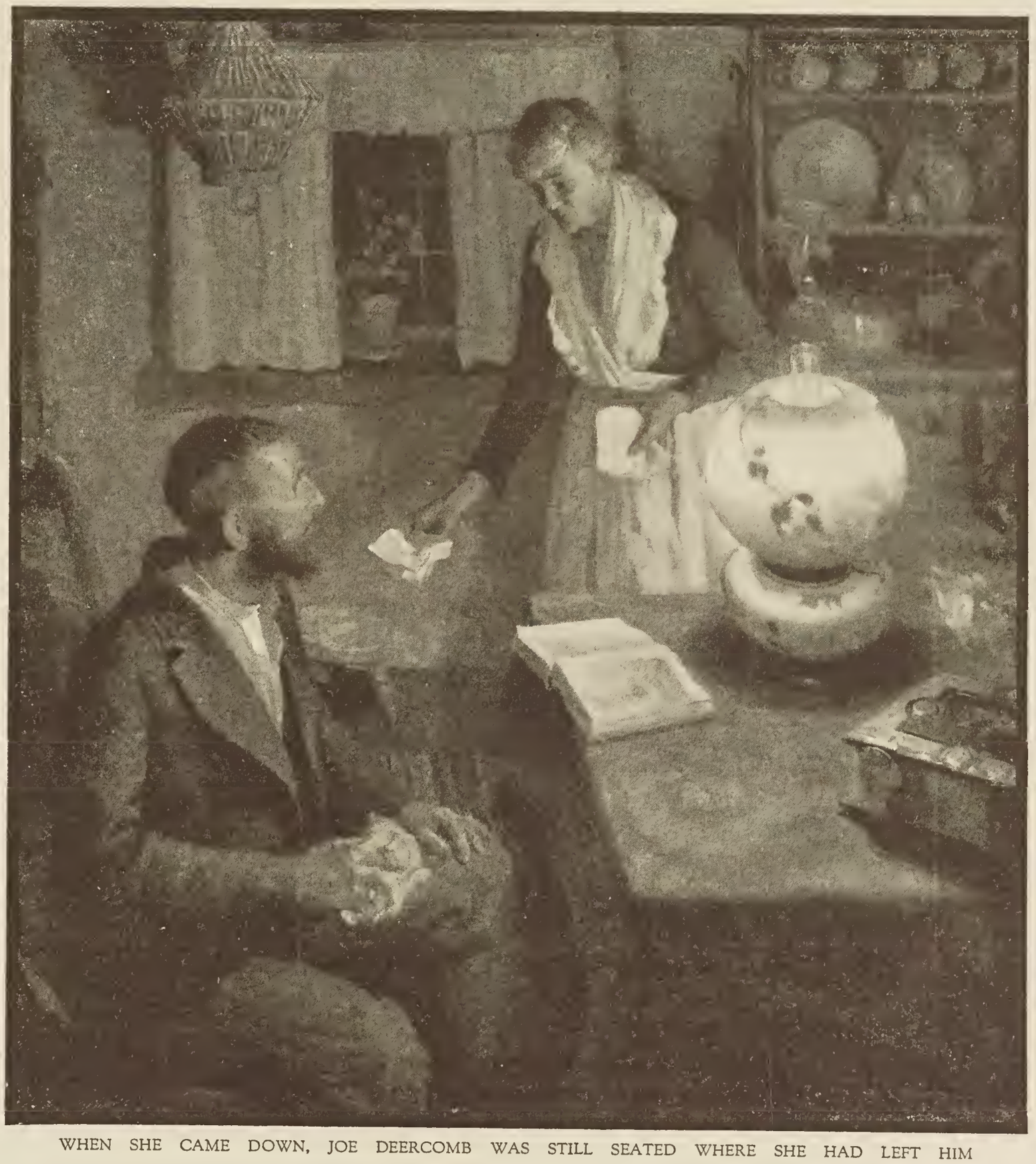
"Oh, no!" Mrs. Gratz assured him. "It's 'warbler' here, too, you see, Joe: 'Parula Warbler,' 'Yellow Warbler'—and here, and here, and here. See, here it says: 'Bay-Breasted Warbler—song, a low, liquid warble.' That's the way they name some of the birds: one warbles and it is called a warbler, and then when others are like it in some respect, they are called warblers, too, even if they do not warble much—even if they do not warble at all!"

"Yes'm," Joe said. "Well, I guess I got to be going. Much obliged to you."

"Not at all," said Mrs. Gratz. "Any time you want to ask me anything——"

"Well, now," said Joe hesitatingly, "if I got a right to ask it, Mis' Gratz, could I ask you what the name of that bird book is, and where you got it from, and what it cost?"

"Why, certainly," Mrs. Gratz said, and when she told him, Joe jotted it down in a little red memorandum book he had always with him.



WHEN SHE CAME DOWN, JOE DEERCOMB WAS STILL SEATED WHERE SHE HAD LEFT HIM

FOR almost twenty years Silent Joe had been compiling what threatened to become an encyclopedia of unrelated facts, but they were all facts that had to do with Fire Island Beach, from the Fire Island Light to the far eastern end of Shinnecock Bay, and the work was the result of a noble ambition that had urged him during the whole long twenty years. At the top of the first volume of this great work was written "Red Sand," and the second entry had to do with "Pickety-Rough." He had been twenty-five when he wrote those first entries and now he was forty-four. The volumes had each ninety-six pages, and allowing a page for "Contents" in each, there were ninety-five pages in each book now filled with information. In the completed sixteen volumes there were, consequently, some one thousand five hundred and twenty pages, closely written in Joe's big hand; and as the average was about six topics to the page, it is safe to say that Silent Joe had written down the facts regarding at least nine thousand one hundred and twenty things. As he had asked anywhere from ten to a thousand questions regarding each topic, it will be understood why he was called "Silent Joe."

"He's the durndest, talkingest, inquisitivest creature anywheres on the bay!" was what they said of him. "There ain't no shut-up to him. If he ain't askin' why a pitch pine has three needles in a bunch instead of four, he's askin' how many eggs a fluke lays to once, and then as good as tellin' you you are nothin' but an ignorant liar that don't know what you're talkin' about anyway."

"Oh, pshaw, now! Joe never'd do that!"

Continued on page 74



"LICENSE AND ALL, WALLIE," SAID ONE OF THE MEN. "I BELIEVE YOU'D GET A DENTIST'S LICENSE IF YOU NEEDED IT"

THE CARETAKERS

Things begin to happen too rapidly for comfort

By JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON

PART II—CONCLUSION

"Reddy" wanted a job—and she found one, right next door to Miss Wintham's house, which she was looking after for the Summer. It was a queer job: she was to be a "secretary," but she was also to assist sometimes in evening concerts. And when she told "Tweeds," the young man across the street, that she had found every letter she had typed thrown away in a room that was never used, he decided that the job was more than "queer"

TWEEDS spent the afternoon in the Harvard Club, where he sat at dinner-time before what the English call "a thick tea" in preparation for the evening.

"All dressed up and nowhere to go, eh?" a cheerful voice chanted in his ear. "Funny kind of party, if you have to stuff like that beforehand, what?"

"It's a funny kind of party, all right," Tweeds admitted. "Glad to see you, Motherwell—when did you blow in?"

"Oh, I'm sort of here to-day and gone to-morrow. Your friends keep a poor cook, I take it?"

"You sit down and I'll tell you about 'em," Tweeds answered. "You *like* this sort of thing. I thought I was a pretty fair little Sherlock myself, and at one time I had a dim idea of murmuring something about my friends to the police department, but all bets are off to-day. I thought they might be crooks, but it appears they're only low-grade morons. Which isn't so interesting. Still, you like anything queer. And I'd like to see how it would strike an unprejudiced person, Motherwell."

"You're not unprejudiced, then?"

Motherwell was one of those dark, clever-looking young men. Unlike most of them, however, he really *was* clever. His keen, quiet little question hit neatly on Tweed's nerves.

"That has nothing to do—" he began, but stopped abruptly, faced squarely for the first time with the idea.

"Oh, all right," he said slowly, staring at his friend, "we'll let it go at that, Muddy. I *am* prejudiced—pretty badly prejudiced, if you want to know."

"Then *that's* all right," said Motherwell. "She is, too, probably! What's the trouble—cruel guardian?"

Tweeds grinned a puzzled little grin.

"Far from it," he said, "though up to this noon—or last night, maybe—I thought so. I even got my revolver out of my collar-box—I give you my word! But I'm beginning to think I might as well carry a stick of chewing-gum."

"It's often just as good," said Motherwell gravely. "Have I met her?"

"Sit down," Tweeds began, "and listen to this. Did you ever hear of the Duryea Improvement Association?"

From the lost purse in the Willow Teapot he went briefly but thoroughly through every succeeding detail of the experience of Miss Anne Ellsforth in her first position of business responsibility. He described her and Mr. Alling and Mr. Duryea and Nightingale. He even touched on old Ellen and Miss Wintham. He emphasized the attorney; he sketched in madame; he underlined the night watchman.

And Motherwell listened—silently, interestedly, flatteringly, he listened. He made but two comments.

"You say the keys were left in the cellar door? She *could* have gone down?"

"Apparently."

"They all went down there?"

"Nightingale, all the time; Duryea, often, she thinks; Alling, very seldom. She says the old gentleman was much vexed at all the time they spent there and threatened, in her presence, to fire Nightingale if he didn't attend to his work up-stairs better."

Motherwell looked puzzled.

"And, anyhow," Tweeds went on, "whatever was in his crazy cases stays there. I tell you, nobody comes in or goes out that even carries a parcel. I've been there all hours of the day and night and I never saw a van drive up—full or empty. Of course I've thought all along they were working some side-line in the cellar——"

"Still, it evidently doesn't interest Mr. Alling much," Motherwell commented, "and he seems to be the brains of the firm."

"I should say so, certainly. Miss Ellsforth has always

felt, though, that Duryea was the boss, in a way."

"The old man sounds like the regular promoter type. How does it happen she can get off for this concert? I thought she had to be in the house nights."

At his second comment, Tweeds smiled approvingly.

"You noticed that?" he answered. "Well, you see, she fixed it up with the Ellen person. She got her the whole office to clean, you see (that's what the old girl does with her evenings), and she was agreeable to stay in for once, in a way. It wasn't much to do. Of course, if these concerts got to be a regular thing, there might be trouble."

"Yes—if they got to be a regular thing—" Motherwell repeated absently.

"Of course, I didn't say much to *her* about the letter business," Tweeds added, "but all the same, the more you think of it the funnier it gets, doesn't it? She was awfully sore about it. The whole floor full of them, she said, right back to the beginning!"

"Yes," said Motherwell, "the more you think of it, as you say, the more humorous it gets. So much so, that I wouldn't mind walking around there with you."

"All right," said Tweeds, and they started. From the corner of the avenue on, Motherwell walked very slowly and quite in silence. Now and then he glanced thoughtfully at Tweeds.

"Come right along past your place," he said before they reached the home of the Supersuction Cleaner, "and let's go on to the corner and down the other side."

"You say they paid her off?" he asked, as they crossed the street.

"Last night."

"You might take the revolver, after all, Duggie," Motherwell said pleasantly. "Why not?"

Tweeds stopped in the street, nearly.

"Look here," he said: "If I thought that any harm——"

"Oh, not a bit, not a bit!" Motherwell interrupted. "She's all right. Why shouldn't she be? Let her go to her concert—it's you I'm thinking of."

"But good Lord, Muddy, who wants *me?* Where would I come in?"

"That's what you never can tell," said Motherwell. "I think I'll go back and walk around the block."

"It's a dog-and-bird place and a theosophical reading-room and a vegetarian restaurant," Tweeds informed him triumphantly. "I looked!"

Motherwell studied him seriously.

"Oh, you looked, did you?" he asked. "Well, well! Very nice, my dear Watson, very nice indeed!"

"Oh, piffle! What do you really think?"

"I think I've got to hurry along," said Motherwell abruptly. "See you soon, old man, and I'm certainly obliged to you for the story. It'll bear thinking over. But you'd better attend to the young lady—that's certainly the first thing. *Au 'voir!*"

He called a passing taxicab and disappeared, and Tweeds made haste to his bedroom and hid the little "thirty-two" in his most available pocket—though why it should be needed for *him* passed his comprehension.

THEY were waiting for him in a fine, roomy, dark-red taxicab and Mr. Alling was in the act of cautioning the driver, an undersized, anemic fellow in pale, horn-rimmed glasses.

Tweeds couldn't help laughing at himself a little as the sight of this driver showed him that he had unconsciously expected the villainous thug of romance. Refreshed by the laugh, he confronted Mr. Alling a little officiously.

"Before we start anywhere, sir," he began, "I really must say that it will be impossible to proceed with this expedition until I know exactly where we are going! There can't be any further reason for all this mystery——"

"Mystery?" the old gentleman interrupted. "*Mystery?* My dear young man, why should there be any mystery?"

He stared, amused, at Tweeds and waved an unlighted cigar broadly.

"BUT how could you go, if you didn't know where you were going?" he asked.

Tweeds felt a little foolish.

"I've been trying to tell this man, but he's very obstinate, about the best way to go. The way to make time is to go straight up Madison Avenue to the Concourse and right up on the White Plains road."

"Any way you say," said the goggled man obstinately. "What is it to me? You asks at the office for an experienced country driver and you get one. All right. If you know best, give your orders."

"Only, let us hur-r-ry!" begged madame from inside the cab. "We must not miss while they quar-r-rel!"

"Don't be alarmed," said the old gentleman. "I have allowed ample—even for a puncture. Thank goodness, Mr. Reid, you see my point. If you take that White Plains road, or even go across through Purchase, you save. There was a slight detour last week when we went over it, but I imagine even that is out of the way by now. I have it all on this paper—just glance it over, will you?"

Tweeds took the neat Duryea Improvement Association business sheet, introducing Madame Carraciulo, Miss Ellsforth and Mr. Reid, and turned it over.

"The Andalusia," he read mutteringly, "large Spanish-type concrete inn on high bank at right. About a mile from first turn to left after detour sign. Do *not* follow State road after four corners with large gasoline advertisement, but turn up small country cut-off there, which brings you straight to old Post Road. House is third property on the right after high concrete wall with vines."

"I should think we could manage to find it all right," he said. "I don't know anything about the detour, but I know that White Plains way well enough. We're expected, of course?"

"I certainly hope so, Mr. Reid," replied the old gentleman dryly, and somehow he seemed more competent and practical than ever before.

"Eet is no differ-r-rence!" madame's anguished voice besought him. "Should we not hur-r-ry, eh?"

The men smiled tolerantly at each other and Tweeds jumped into the cab.

"Well—let's go!" he said to the driver.

It was quite light and both the ladies looked extremely well in the late sunshine—madame because her heavy make-up suited her excellently, and Reddy because she needed none. The older woman stood out brilliantly against black and white satin; the younger had selected a sea-green, softly folded, silky fabric very cleverly draped and her heavy brown hair was becomingly dressed with a classic little green-velvet wreath.

But Tweeds was not as care-free and amused as he had expected to be. The better she looked, the less he liked it. After all, call it anything you pleased, she was going to be a road-house entertainer, a night-by-night minstrel, and she was much too nice a girl for it. There must be an end to all this and he must tell her so. But, being a wise young man, he knew that this was not the place nor time for an exposition of his opinions, and so he kept a rather constrained silence. Reddy, far from resenting this, seemed to prefer it, for she said nothing, plunged in abstraction behind him, and madame, beyond an occasional *sotto-voce* trial of her tone quality, was as silent.

They crawled slowly up to the bridge, but before long the tight, twisted tangles began to loosen and they struck out for the country through the pleasant dusk.

"Feel my 'and!" madame demanded suddenly. "Like ice—eh?"

He touched her large cushioned palm and agreed with her.

"If I br-r-reak on F," she moaned, "I shall *keel* myself!"

"You won't, madame — you never do," Reddy reminded her encouragingly, coming back from her deep reverie.

What a sport she was, that girl! What a day for him when she left that purse at home! He'd fill it, now, that foolish little purse—he would and he could. He knew now what made men work.

The passing cars were all lighted now, and their driver, who was certainly a careful man, flashed and lowered his headlights courteously.

"I guess that White Plains road breaks about here," he called back sulkily. "Want I sh'd take it?"

Tweeds emerged to the surface of a little pool of private dreams.

"All right," he said briskly, "I'll keep a lookout."

IT WAS now quite dark. He studied his directions by struck matches and decided that they should be at the four corners with the gasoline poster very soon.

"Look out for that gas ad!" he warned, and the man laughed gruffly.

"Passed it two miles back," he said. "I'm watchin' out for the detour, now."

"But it says *not* to follow the State road after that sign," Tweeds cried angrily, "and here we are on it!"

"Sure we are," said the man, "because there *ain't* any detour. It's like the old gent told you—the road's all right now."

"Well, then, watch out for a high concrete wall with vines," Tweeds directed, trying to speak hopefully.

"The idea of sending two women out here alone!" he fumed, but Reddy corrected him.

"But he didn't," she said gently. "He asked you to come with us, Mr. Reid."

"What a fair little thing you are!" he cried, and then daringly: "Are you glad I came—Anne?"

"Y-yes," she whispered, and Tweeds forgot to take a new breath for some time.

It was well that madame was neither preoccupied nor dull of vision, for suddenly her piercing scream startled them all.

Continued on page 66



REDDY SNATCHED UP THE SATCHEL AND TURNED IT UPSIDE DOWN IN THE OLD WOMAN'S LAP

THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Is "safe" friendship possible between man and woman?

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

Author of "Certain People of Importance," etc., etc.

Margaret Yorke, Shirley Theobald and Stanley Crittenden—these are the three young people so curiously involved, each in the destiny of the others. Margaret was the lovely, poised and treasured companion of Mrs. Cutting. No one knew anything of her history, but she fainted when she heard that Shirley was coming home to California. Shirley was the very beautiful, very spoiled and very selfish woman who had run away with a married man upon the eve of her wedding to Stanley Crittenden; afterward she had married Cuyler Theobald, and had now come home to get a divorce from him. Stanley was the nephew and heir of Mrs. Cutting, and the most popular man in the social life of the exclusive suburb in which he lived with his aunt and little Jim, her adopted son. Stanley had been repelled by Margaret's cool reserve, and Margaret had disliked him as the conventional society man. But in the crisis which was mysteriously precipitated by Shirley's return, Margaret found herself turning, in spite of herself, to his strength, and he found himself drawn by the unsuspected depths of feeling she revealed. When he asked her to marry him, however, she told him that she would never be free to marry any man. Then Shirley made up her mind to recapture Stanley—and succeeded. It was shortly after their engagement that Mrs. Cutting died suddenly. Ten days later Margaret came down-stairs to find Stanley alone in the library an hour before dinner. She was quite shaken from her usual poise—and she had something which she must tell him

PART FOUR

STANLEY CRITTENDEN looked up from his papers with an expression of relief. As a matter of fact, this was almost his and Margaret's first opportunity of being alone together since the funeral, for the house had been filled with elderly relatives of Mrs. Cutting, with all the following of undertaker's men, florists, callers, doctors, nurses and family friends that such an event invariably assembles. Margaret had been so absorbed in the dismal business of the time, and Stanley so jealously guarded by Shirley, that this moment of finding him alone in the library seemed to both a welcome breathing spell.

"Yes, I want to talk to you, too," he said, as she sat down opposite him, a slender black figure in the big chair. He pushed away the papers, leaned back and smiled. "You know, of course, that it was my aunt's plan to have you stay on, as a sort of guardian and governess—" he disliked the word, and substituted, "as a sort of guardian angel to the boy?"

Margaret looked confused and surprised, and frowned.

"How do you mean, her plan?" she asked, evidently diverted from what she had come to say.

"Well, she had spoken of it to Nora—" Stanley began, but Margaret interrupted him quickly:

"Ah, you mustn't go by Nora, dear old woman! She's loyal, you know; she's utterly biased!"

"Do you mean that you don't want to stay?" Stanley asked, painfully surprised.

For answer a distressed and perplexed expression came into her mobile face, and for a moment she was silent.

"Yes, of course I want to stay!" she said then. "But I didn't want you to let Nora prejudice you!"

"It isn't only Nora," Stanley answered, realizing afresh that this woman was a being of infinite surprise. "But on that last night, my aunt spoke of you to me—said that you understood the little boy and that she hoped you would stay on with us—with him. I told you that."

Margaret looked thoughtful.

"That's what I came to talk to you about. Does Mrs. Theobald know that you plan to leave Jim in my care?"

"Shirley? What's the difference whether she does or not?"

"Well, let us suppose that presently she makes some objection," Margaret persisted. "I—I want to feel sure."

"You are certainly hunting for trouble," Stan said disapprovingly. "It is none of her affair, and I can't imagine her interfering."

"The point is," Margaret began, with some difficulty, "that an obligation—a promise to the one person in the world who counts with me makes it necessary for me to know whether or not there is to be a change. It isn't only my own happiness, but it concerns somebody else——"

"The man you still love, you mean?" Stanley asked, with a significant smile, as she paused. The words disconcerted her only a little more than they did him; he felt an instant emotion of self-contempt. He seemed unable to keep away from personalities in this woman's presence.

"Still!" she answered, after a second, with a steady glance. "And while I do," she added, "I am happiest here. So I thought if we could settle that question now——"

"THERE is nothing to settle, if you will stay," Stan said, feeling confused and a little angered by her self-possession.

"Mrs. Theobald suggested that Nora spoils Jim, and she asked me yesterday—" Margaret was beginning, unconvinced, when Stan, again to his own surprise, interrupted:

"You don't like her, do you? Tell me why you don't like her?"

"It doesn't make any difference whether I like her or not," Margaret suggested coldly.

"Yes, but why don't you?"

"She doesn't like *me*," Margaret presently offered, in true feminine fashion. "And as she is to be your wife, and you are my employer, I naturally——"

"Oh, where do you get all this employer rot—why can't you be friendly?" Stanley interrupted again, impatiently. "I need some one to run Jim and Nora and all the rest of the crew, and you want a job—I take it—that keeps you out of the public eye. *You* could go to a thousand other places, and *I* couldn't possibly get any one to fill your place, so if you want to make difficulties, by all means——"

"No, I'm not trying to make difficulties, Stan!" she protested, suddenly animated, penitent and simple again. "It's only—that I want so much to stay, to take Jim and Nora and go down to Uplands. We could take the log cabin there, if you liked, and not be in your way if you wanted to bring friends."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, stop this meek stuff!" Stan sputtered. "Now, I tell you I *need* you. That's enough. What Shirley says doesn't count, do you see? She's excitable," he apologized, "and naturally all this upsetting of our plans has—sort of—upset her."

"Ah, well, it'll be over in a few weeks, now, I suppose?"

"What will—our marriage?" Stanley asked sharply. "I don't know," he answered unencouragingly. And it seemed to him unfair that she should ask him this so casually, as if it were nothing to her that he was to marry Shirley! "I'm sure I don't know," he repeated forbiddingly. The distracting, heady emotions that she always stirred in him were in full power to-night; it was hard for him to speak to her without excessive gravity or actual levity, and impossible to think at all while she sat there, slender, nervously quick and graceful in her movements, with transparent white cuffs and collar setting off her black gown, and her dusky hair curling over her low forehead."

"I—what was it? I beg your pardon?" he said, as she spoke.

"Nothing—I was thinking out loud," she said, in equal confusion. "I—no, it was nothing."

AND they looked at each other fixedly, so long that embarrassment seized them both, and Stan first, and then Margaret, smiled in bewilderment. It seemed they might sit so for minutes, for hours, with their eyes meeting in that same pleasant yet oddly disturbing scrutiny. Neither moved and neither spoke, although Margaret was uncomfortably conscious—and suspected that Stan was—that something must be done to end this extraordinary tension between them.

Finally she laughed, and Stanley asked youthfully:

"What are we staring at each other for?"

"I don't know!" Margaret said, laughing again. And he saw her put her two thin, beautiful hands before her face to stifle, or at least to conceal, a fresh burst of nervous laughter.

He felt an impulse to go over and kneel beside her, overcame it and rustled his papers again.

"But what did you come down to talk about?" he asked suddenly.

Instantly she was grave, but she did not immediately answer. Instead she looked thoughtfully into the fire, resting her beautiful head against a propping hand and seeming to forget that she and her thoughts were not entirely alone.

"Wasn't there something you wanted to ask me about?"

"Ah, well, it was only—if there was to be a change—if I'm to stay—?" she offered, looking at him. The look disquieted him, and again he combated a desire to go and kneel beside her chair, and perhaps rest his arm against it, while they talked. This would be sheer madness, he reminded himself——

"You to stay? Well, of course!"

"Then there is no need of discussing that now," she said, with another glance.

A silence followed, while the coal fire burned steadily and the big, handsome steel-and-marble clock on the mantel ticked and ticked. Stanley, his mind and soul on fire, shuffled his papers in the disk of mellow light from the big library lamp. Margaret was a mere shadow among shadows—thin hands in transparent ruffles, thoughtful face shaded by smoky wings of dark hair.

"Except that it would please your friend to know what has been troubling you, Margaret," Stan suggested, against his almost violent determination to be guilty of no unnecessary personalities to-night.

She looked up, smiling.

" 'To answer that were to confess to you,' " she said, in *Juliet's* exquisite phrase. Something in the immortal words and in the lovely voice robbed Stanley of all vestiges of reason. He pushed his papers aside with only a confused sense of what he was doing or what he wished to do.

BUT she had risen and stood in front of him, putting her two hands to meet his and holding him back with fingers linked against his breast. Her eyes, confident and full of sapphire-blue light, were looking down into his own.

"Some day—believe me, Stan!—I'll tell you the whole bad, weak, silly story," she promised. "I'll have to tell you, whether it's wise or not, in one of these lonely moods of mine! But just now it's enough that you want me to stay on here where I'm safe—and needed—and that you will be my friend!"

"That, at least," he said gruffly, keeping a stern command of himself.

"That's everything!" she said gratefully. And as she drew away, she felt him raise one of her hands to his lips and bend his smooth head over it.

"Well!" said Shirley's voice, light and laughing, from the doorway.

Stanley and Margaret started and turned, the man flushing brick red over his healthy tan. But it was not so much from embarrassment as from resentment.

For a moment the three were motionless, then Shirley,



"WELL!" SAID SHIRLEY'S VOICE. FOR A MOMENT THE THREE WERE MOTIONLESS—THEN SHIRLEY CAME FORWARD, SMILING

who looked her loveliest in lemon-colored brocade and who carried a fluffy great furred brocade coat over her arm, came forward smiling.

"Am I interrupting?" she said pleasantly. "I'm sorry I didn't knock—one should always knock! But Foote said that Mr. Crittenden was alone in the library. You're late, you bad boy—Emily and Joe are waiting! Foote, would you get Mr. Crittenden's things, please?" she added to the butler, and to Stanley: "Just put this about my shoulders, will you, Stan? Thank you, dear. Good night, Miss Yorke." She added it casually as she left the room, and Margaret heard her saying comfortably to Stan in the hall, "My dear, I looked at that car to-day, and for a closed car we couldn't do better. So will you step in to-morrow—the man is holding it——"

Margaret stood where they had left her, alone in the quiet library, her cheeks flaming, her locked fingers pressed against the quick rise and fall of her breast.

"She saw that—what did she see?" she whispered confusedly. "She'll think—goodness knows what she'll think! Just what were we doing?" Her eyes moved restlessly about the room as she tried to picture exactly the scene that had met Shirley's eyes.

She sat down at the desk, in Stanley's big chair, yielding, in spite of herself, to the wave of feeling that even this little association caused her. This was where Stan sat—his big, sun-browned hands had been moving among these papers—Margaret sat still a long, long while. Presently she rested an elbow upon the table and propped her cheek with her hands. In her thoughtful blue eyes there was a look half puzzled, half pleased, a little quizzical, a little sad.

"He is engaged to Shirley Theobald," she said after a while, almost audibly. "I would be mad to dream of him, or of any other man, again. Nothing can come of this—this extraordinary feeling we both seem to experience the minute we are alone together. It must *stop!*"

Meanwhile Stanley, perhaps somewhat bewilderedly coming to the same conclusion, had escorted his promised wife to the motor-car where the Cannons were impatiently waiting. Just before Shirley got in she turned to smile at him significantly over her shoulder and said amusedly: "Do you know that you're only a schoolboy where women are concerned, Stan?"

Stanley, grinning in reply, was not quite sure what she meant. He was prevented from answering by Joe's presence, but he felt that Shirley had once more placed him in a false position and once more made him helpless so far as reply or retaliation went.

"No, but Tanny, dear," she said to him later in the same evening, when Joe had been called to the telephone and Emily, as dummy, had gone out to the pantry to see about refreshments—"Tanny, dear, I'm not going to say anything about what I saw to-night. I don't care whether you kissed her or not—other men have kissed *me*—and she's pretty, and she was very close to your aunt, and all that. But don't you think—since we are to be married so soon—that perhaps it would be as well to give Miss Yorke a hint that she might be making her plans? There's no earthly reason why she should stay in the house while Jim is away——

"I'm already ordering this poor boy about within an inch of his life," Shirley smiled, as Emily came back.

"Treat 'em rough!" Emily said, picking up her hand.

"MISS YORKE will probably go down to the farm," said Stanley.

"What for?" Shirley asked sharply over her own hand.

"Well, why not? She needs a rest," he suggested, with an air of indifference. He felt baffled and nettled. The bidding went on, the play began and the hand was played when Shirley said lightly:

"Stan, a rest from *what?*"

He looked at her directly: her golden hair, her powdered bare shoulders, her jewels, her smiling, babyish face. And Shirley looked back at him steadily and significantly, challenge in her eyes.

Stanley did not answer, the rapid moving of the cards giving him his excuse for the omission. He saw the color creep into Shirley's face, saw that her eyes narrowed dangerously. But nothing more was said between them until he had taken her to her own house. Then she walked into the drawing-room, saying to him over her shoulder:

"Could he come in and talk to Shirley?"

Stanley, extremely uncomfortable in the sudden need to summon all his forces, followed her in. "It must be now or never—it must be now or never——"

"Tanny," Shirley said, flinging aside her wraps and lighting a cigaret as he knelt to touch a match to the already laid wood fire, "didn't you like me very much to-night? Did I do something to make you cross? Tell me?"

"Nothing in the world!" Stanley answered, taken at a disadvantage and quite aware of it.

"You don't think I mind your kissing that pretty girl," Stan?" Shirley asked. "If he kissed her, he won't deny it," she thought, "and if that holding hands this evening was the worst, he'll say so."

Stanley said nothing, and she drew her own conclusions.

"My dear, you remember that you told me you admired her!" she reminded him good-naturedly. "Go on liking her. I hope you'll always be friends!"

She had carried away his hat and coat and now came to the big chair where he was seated and established herself upon the arm of it, almost in his arms.

"Dear me," she mused, "how well I know her type! She's really a trouble-maker, you know," she told him amusedly. "The sort of woman who is just too good and too unfortunate and too wronged generally to be wholesome!"

"She doesn't seem to me that sort," Stanley said, nettled.

"No, dear," Shirley conceded to him, always with the air of enlightening a very small boy; "because she's pretty and she flirts with you! And she lets you kiss her, does she?" she went on dreamily, with a smile he heard rather than saw, for her face was against his hair.

"For heaven's sake, Shirley!" Stanley said indignantly, getting somewhat roughly out of his chair and going to stand at the hearth, where he lighted a cigaret.

Shirley, quite unruffled, slid into the seat, opened her own case, lighted a cigaret, puffed it, blew out the match and flung it away, all without removing her smiling, quizzical look from his face.

"Give me your solemn word of honor that you never kissed her?" she said, superbly tolerant. And as Stanley, miserably confused, scowled without replying, she laughed. "Exactly. She is the soul of honor, of course, and I'm not to criticize her, but a few weeks after your aunt's death, and before your own marriage, she is letting you kiss her! My dear Stan, do you think I'm angry? I don't care *that* about Miss Yorke!" and Shirley snapped her fingers contemptuously. "But doesn't it show you the kind of woman she is?"



"YES; BUT SWEAR THAT YOU NEVER HAVE KISSED HER," SHIRLEY PURSUED RELENTLESSLY

"My dear girl, I don't get your drift," Stanley said, recovering from the momentary discomfort into which her manner had thrown him. "You are enjoying yourself with the most ridiculous statement—I don't get you."

"Yes; but swear that you never have kissed her," Shirley pursued relentlessly.

Stanley, suddenly grave, lighted his own cigaret.

"We'll get nowhere with this sort of absurdity," he said coldly. "To answer that would be to insult both Miss Yorke and myself. If I *did* want to kiss her, I wouldn't consider it a hanging matter. But I don't, and that's all there is to it."

"He *has* kissed her," Shirley inferred, keenly surprised. "You know, I thought it was merely a passing mood when you told me about this," she said aloud.

"About what?" Stanley asked irritably.

"ABOUT this little affair between you and virtuous, dignified Miss Yorke!" Shirley burst into merry laughter.

Stanley was too deeply offended to reply; he shrugged his shoulders and there was a pause.

"I hate this kind of thing!" he said then icily, grinding out the stump of his cigaret. "I wish you'd kindly change the subject."

"My dear boy, do you think *I* like it?" Shirley asked heatedly. "Suppose you had walked in here to-night and found *me* in some man's arms? Would you feel that you had some right to complain, or wouldn't you. I don't care about Miss Yorke—if she has any decency, she'll get another position and go out of our lives! But I have to have faith in you, Stan, and it's terrible to feel that you're carrying on with her—she isn't one of ourselves, after all— Don't you interrupt me—I know she's a lady—I know she's far above her station," Shirley went on, getting to her feet and coming close to him, her face pale with passion. "But she is taking advantage of her position, and you can't deny it! More than that, you admitted that you'd had a crush on her. Tanny, dear—" her tone changed suddenly—"I understand exactly. You're all tired out and you're unreasonable. I caught you flirting with a pretty girl to-night—you think I'm going to scold you, but I'm not in the least annoyed! You don't suppose I expect you to stop liking other women because of me? You go home and get a good night's rest and *forget* it. But, Stan, don't expect me to like or to approve of a woman who will carry on that way with a man who is about to be married! No decent woman could do it. She stamps herself——"

"My dear girl, what you think of Miss Yorke is nothing to me!" Stanley interrupted hotly. "And what we both think of her is nothing to her. But I assure you that you're absolutely wrong! She's——"

"Yes, she's wonderful and she's beautiful and she's everything," Shirley conceded, interrupting him. "But *you* let her alone, dear. I'm not cross and I'm not jealous, but it's for your own good. Why, as far as I'm concerned, you can do what you like with this woman or any other. But it's beneath your own dignity, Stan. You tell her," Shirley added lightly, smiling up into his face with her innocent, determined eyes, "that in our class gentleman don't play with pretty ladies when they are engaged to be married! Before I'd let *her* have you, Stan," she finished, always with a half-merry, half-saucy air, "I'd fight it in the courts! Yes, I would!" she added quickly and seriously, as he laughed. "She shan't ruin your life, and mine, too!"

Well, it was said in fun, of course. It was a lovers' quarrel, Stanley told himself while walking home, fifteen minutes later, through the darkness of the lane. She had made him kiss her and say that he loved her, and, not satisfied, she had made him repeat the kiss, "kiss her pretty." And she had insisted that he sit in a chair and let her get into his lap for "nice lovings." Stanley, staring over the golden head in utter bleakness and bewilderment of spirit, had performed these obligations as best he might. No, he was not cross at her. Forget it, he had said. Certainly he wasn't cross; *forget it.*

But when he was alone, he could not forget it. That little hint of fight—how like her, how entirely characteristic of her actions, all her life long, that was! Notoriety, controversy, fight—those things held no horrors for her. Stanley hated to remember the hint of deadly, serious earnest that had lain behind her airy, smiling manner as she mentioned them.

Foote admitted him to a darkened house; Miss Yorke had retired, he opined. Stanley was conscious of a wish to see her and to tell her that that little episode in the library four hours ago was of no consequence. But she had gone to bed. Nothing for it but bed himself, and his anxious thoughts. And when, after restless and miserable hours, he came down late to breakfast, Foote told him that Miss Yorke was gone: she had left for the ranch with Tony at half-past seven. Tony was the aged Mexican who drove up from Cupertino every morning with the milk.

SHIRLEY, however, appeared as he was moodily loitering over his coffee, undecided as to whether he would follow Margaret to the ranch—he had duties at the ranch, he remembered—or keep his appointment with his aunt's San Francisco lawyer at ten o'clock.

The morning was overcast, and now the rain began, steadily and darkly, pattering noisily upon the big-leaved plants of the terrace, dripping, dripping, dripping outside of the dining-room windows. Shirley, spattered and breathless and laughing, came in through the thickest of it; Stanley heard her giving Foote her umbrella and had not time to reach the door before she stood there.

She wore the smartest of brief tweed suits and a big white fur; her big dog was her escort, and when she made him lie down, she gave Stanley a butterfly kiss and settled herself opposite him at the table.

"Going into town in all this downpour, you poor boy?" she asked smilingly. She was radiant, her cheeks softly rosy, her lips brightly red, every hair in place and the scents of powders and colognes floating about her. "Yes, I'll have coffee, Carrie," she told the maid pleasantly. "I couldn't bear to be cross with my Tanny," she said, when they were alone, "and so I came running froo de nassy rain to tell my big boy I lubbed him!"

This, for a few infatuated weeks, had been the type of their discourse; Stanley could hardly control his facial muscles sufficiently even to smile at it now. She was just what she had always been: pretty, engaging, appealing. And she had him in a trap.

"Let's be good friends again?" she suggested brightly. "You said some naughty things to me and I said some to you, but that doesn't mean that we can't make up, does it? I don't mind lovers' quarrels, Stan," she added, dimpling at him, "because making up is such fun!"

Half an hour later she parted from him in the same tone, brightly friendly and usual. Stanley left her at her door and drove the roadster into town, his heart and mind in such a state of bewilderment and doubt as he had never known in his healthy, unexacting life before. The details of the day's business were only so many reminders that his inheritance was probably the real cause of Shirley's attachment; everything suggested her and his bondage to her.

The rain fell in torrents, straight, heavy, unceasing. Stan lunched at his club, met Shirley and some friends for tea and dressed for an informal dinner-party, at which she shone with all her accustomed piquancy and charm. She was merry about her approaching wedding, and while she adroitly avoided occasions of being alone with Stan, she was more than ordinarily demonstrative with him in public.

THE next morning it was still raining heavily; it rained all day. Stanley, fretted and anxious, and after hours of irresolution, telephoned Shirley that he must talk to her and took her to lunch.

Sitting over an inconspicuous table in the Palace Court, he summoned all his courage and suggested to her frankly that he try to dissect for her the feelings that troubled and puzzled him.

But Shirley was not interested in his feelings. She laughed in a sophisticated fashion and assured him that he was experiencing all the tremors of the blushing bride. "You've never been married before, Stan," she reminded him, "but I have! Every one feels that way. Do think of somebody beside yourself for a change, and stop *worrying.*"

"But here's the thing," Stanley said patiently and clumsily, man-fashion: "Do we really love each other?"

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A LONG-AGO AFFAIR

It is only customs that change—not people

By JOHN GALSWORTHY

Author of "The Forsyte Saga," "Loyalties," etc.

MARSLAND, the landscape-painter, returning from a day's sketching on the river in the Summer of 1922, had occasion to stay the progress of his two-seater about ten miles from London for a minor repair, and while his car was being seen to, he strolled away from the garage to have a look at a house where he had spent his holidays as a boy. Walking through a gateway and passing a large gravel-pit on his left, he was soon opposite the house, which stood back a little in its grounds. Very much changed! More pretentious; not so homely as when his uncle and aunt lived there and he used to play cricket on the warren opposite. The cricket-ground, it seemed, had been turned into a golf-course. It was late—the dinner-hour, nobody playing, and passing on to the links he stood taking in the geography. Here must have been where the old pavilion was. And there—still turfed—where he had made that particularly nice stroke to leg, when he went in last and carried his bat for thirteen. Thirty-nine years ago—his sixteenth birthday. How vividly he remembered his new pads! A. P. Lucas had played against them and only made thirty-two—one founded one's style on A. P. Lucas in those days—feet in front of the bat, and pointed a little forward, elegant; you never saw it now, and a good thing too—one could sacrifice too much to style! Still, the tendency was all the other way; style was off—too much off, perhaps!

HE STEPPED back into the sun and sat down on the grass. Peaceful—very still! The haze of the distant downs was visible between his uncle's old house and the next; and there was the clump of elms on the far side behind which the sun would be going down just as it used to then. He pressed the palms of his hands to the turf. A glorious Summer—something like that Summer of long ago. Was it warmth from the turf, or from the past, creeping into his heart with a faint aching? Just here he must have sat, after his innings, at her feet, peeping out of a flounced dress. Lord! The fools boys were! How headlong and uncalculating their devotions! A softness in voice and eyes, a smile, a touch or two—and they were slaves! Young fools, but good young fools. Mrs. Monteith! And, standing behind her chair—he could see him now—that other idol, Captain MacKay, with his face of browned ivory, just the color of that elephant's tusk his uncle had, which had gone so yellow, and his perfect black mustache, white tie, check suit, carnation, spats, Malacca cane—fascinating! Mrs. Monteith, "grass-widow" they had called her! He remembered the look in people's eyes, the tone in their voices, when they talked of her. But what a pretty woman! He had "fallen for her" at first sight, as the Yankees put it—her special scent, her daintiness, her voice—that day on the river, when she had much of him and Captain MacKay attended Evelyn Curtiss so assiduously that he was expected to propose. Quaint period! They used the word courting then, wore full skirts, high stays; and himself a blue elastic belt round his white-flanneled waist. And in the evening afterward, his aunt had said with an arch smile: "Good night, *silly* boy!" Silly boy indeed, with a flower the grass-widow had dropped pressed by his cheek into his pillow! What folly! And that next Sunday—looking forward to church—passionately brushing his tophat; all through the service spying at her creamy profile, two pews in front on the left, between goat-bearded old Hallgrave, her uncle, and her pink, broad, white-haired aunt; scheming to get near her when she came out, lingering, lurking, getting just a smile and the rustle of her flounces.



THEN A RUSTLING BEHIND THE FLOWERS—HER VOICE SAYING, VERY SOFTLY: "HUBERT, DEAR BOY!"

Ah, ha! A little went a long way then! And the last day of his holidays and its night with the first introduction to reality. Who said the Victorian Age was innocent?

MARSLAND put his palm up to his cheek. No, the dew was not yet falling! And his mind lightly turned and tossed his memories of women, as a man turns and tosses hay to air it; but nothing remembered gave him quite that first adventure's feeling.

His aunt's dance! His first white waistcoat, bought, *ad hoc*, from the local tailor; his tie laboriously imitating the hero—Captain MacKay's. All came back with such freshness in the quiet of the warren—expectancy, humble, shy excitement, the breathless asking for a dance, the writing "Mrs. Monteith" twice on his little gilt-edged program with its tiny tasseled white pencil; her slow-moving fan; her smile. And the first dance when it came: what infinite care not to tread on her white satin toes; what a thrill when her arm pressed his in the crush—a holiness, about all the first part of that evening, with yet another dance to come! If only he could have twirled her and "reversed" like his pattern, Captain MacKay! The growing delirium as the second dance came near, making him cut his partner—the cool, grass-scented air out on the dark terrace, with the chafers booming by, and in the starshine the poplars wonderously tall; the careful adjustment of his tie and waistcoat; the careful polishing of his hot face! A long breath then, and into the house to find her! Ballroom, supper-room, stairs, library, billiard-room, all drawn blank—"Estudiantina" going on and on, and he a wandering, white-waistcoated young ghost. Ah! The conservatory—and the hurrying there! And then the moment which had always been—was even now—such a blurred, confused impression. Smothered voices from between a clump of flowers: "I saw her." "Who was the man?" A glimpse, gone past in a flash, of an ivory face, a black mustache. And then her voice more smothered still: "Hubert"; and there was her hot hand clasping his, drawing him to her; her scent, her face smiling, very set! A rustling behind the flowers, those people spying; and suddenly her lips were on his cheek, the kiss sounding in his ears, her voice saying, very softly: "Hubert, dear boy!" The rustle receded, ceased. What a long silent minute, then, among the ferns and blossoms in the dusk with her face close to his, pale, perturbed, before she led him out into the light, slowly realizing that she had made use of him to shelter herself. A boy—not old enough to be her lover, but old enough to save her name and that of Captain MacKay! Her kiss—the last of many—but not upon *his* lips, *his* cheeks! Ah, hard work realizing that! A boy—of no account—a boy who in a day would be at school again, kissed that *he* and she might renew their intrigue unsuspected!

AND how had he behaved the rest of that evening of romance bedrabbled? Sure, he did not know. Betrayed with a kiss. Two idols in the dust. And did they care what he was feeling? No! All they cared for was to cover up their tracks with him! But somehow—somehow he had not shown her that he knew. Only, when their dance was over, and some one came and took her for the next, he had escaped up to his little room, torn off his gloves, his waistcoat; lain on his bed, thought bitter thoughts. A boy—just used! A boy! There he had stayed, with the thrum of the music in his ears till at last it died away for good and the carriages were gone and the night was quiet.

Squatting on the warren grass, still warm and dewless, Marsland rubbed his knees. Nothing like boys for generosity! And, with a little smile, he thought of his aunt next morning, half-arch and half-concerned: "It isn't nice, dear, to sit out in dark corners, and—well, perhaps, it wasn't your fault, but still, it isn't nice—not—quite—" and of how suddenly she had stopped, looking in his face, where his lips were curling in his first ironic laugh. She had never forgiven him that laugh—thinking him a cynical young Lothario? And Marsland thought: "Live and learn! Wonder what became of those two? Victorian Age! Hatches battened down in those days! But innocent—my hat!"

Ah! The sun was off, dew falling! He got up, rubbing his knees to take the stiffness out of them. Pigeons in the wood beyond were calling. A window in his uncle's old home blazed like a jewel in the last sun's rays between the poplar-trees. Heh! dear—a little long-ago affair!

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BETTER HOMES IN AMERICA

The prize-winning demonstration houses



THE EIGHT-THOUSAND-DOLLAR NEW HAVEN HOUSE THAT WON FIRST PRIZE

IN ANY survey of social progress in the United States the year 1922 will stand out as marking among its foremost accomplishments the nation-wide Better Homes in America campaign. It was a concerted, intelligent, unselfish drive to awaken throughout the land a consciousness of the need of better living conditions, of the deep meaning and economic importance of better homes. And it succeeded beyond all expectations. Its success is without a parallel in the history of national movements of similar initiative and purpose.

In twenty-eight States the days of October ninth to fourteenth were especially set aside for public recognition of the institution of the Better Homes in America movement. All told, nine hundred and sixty-one communities, ranging in size from villages to cities of the first class, held some observance or celebration of the week, but most notably and forcefully in the equipment and display of no less than five hundred and twenty-one model homes!

In the light of that popular response and interest, the campaign was launched anew at the opening of this year. For four months now it has been under way, guided by the same National Advisory Council which the Editor of THE DELINEATOR brought together for the organization of the movement and giving promise of eclipsing the record of 1922. It will, however, come to fruition this year in June instead of October.

June fourth to tenth will be Better Homes Week in 1923. What are folk in your community planning by way of observance? What are you doing or going to do?

THE objective of last year's campaign was to set up in a thousand communities of the United States a model small home meeting the requirements of a group of specialists representative of the nation's best thought and experience in architecture, sanitation and housing. These specialists aimed to help men and women of modest means rather than owners of costly homes. They showed those who were already house-owners how to improve what they had, and prospective builders how to go about choosing a neighborhood, selecting a site and financing themselves. They taught the fundamentals and recommended the best in equipment, furnishing, decoration and labor-saving installation.

On the basis of that idea, the Editor of THE DELINEATOR obtained the approval of twenty-eight governors and the consent of a group of distinguished officials and citizens, headed by such men as the Vice-President of the United States, Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Agriculture Henry C. Wallace, and Julius Barnes, President of the United States Chamber of Commerce, to serve as a National Advisory Council.

Investigation having developed that there were no public funds or facilities available for conducting the campaign, the publishers of THE DELINEATOR provided the funds and THE DELINEATOR'S editorial offices became the Bureau of Information and General Headquarters of the Better Homes in America movement. In addition to this support, the publishers of THE DELINEATOR offered a sum of prize money to be divided among the seven committees giving the best model-home demonstrations.

The better homes idea seized upon the imagination of the country from the instant it was put forth. When the committee appointed by Mr. Hoover to select the prize-winners faced its task, they found it a difficult one.

First prize finally was awarded to New Haven, Connecticut; second to Spokane, Washington; third to St. Helena Island, South Carolina; fourth to Hamilton, Ohio; fifth to Turlock, California; sixth to Natalie, Pennsylvania; and seventh to Larkins, Florida.

Backed by all the civic, philanthropic and business organizations of its community, the New Haven Better Homes Committee chose an eight-thousand-dollar house for its model. In addition it furnished and equipped a model tenement in a more congested district of the city which was a lesson indeed to people of very limited means; conveniently arranged and attractive, its furnishings could have been reproduced for five hundred and sixty dollars!

Ten thousand people visited these two model homes during the week they were on view. Sermons on homes were preached in the churches, lectures were given in the schools and essay contests held for the pupils. The campaign was run on a purely non-commercial basis, but nevertheless it was whole-heartedly supported by the merchants of the city. All told, it cost only four hundred and seventy-five dollars to put it on! The money was raised by contributions from organizations represented on the local advisory council and various independent sources, such as block parties, prize inspection contests for the best-arranged kitchen in the city and photograph contests for the best-looking house. With the aid of the Library Association a model home library was developed and lists of the books were distributed among visitors to the house.

PRIZE-WINNERS

1st—New Haven, Connecticut
2nd—Spokane, Washington
3rd—St. Helena Island, South Carolina
4th—Hamilton, Ohio
5th—Turlock, California
6th—Natalie, Pennsylvania
7th—Larkins, Florida

HONOR ROLL

(*City and Chairman*)

Mexico, Miss., Mrs. Alex Carter
Drumright, Okla., Mrs. Earl Anderson
La Jolla, Calif., Mary A. Richardson
Batavia, N. Y., Mrs. H. A. Harvey
Port Huron, Mich., Miss Elizabeth Carlisle
Minneola, Kans., Mrs. R. T. McInteer
Tucson, Ariz., Miss Estelle Luttrell
West Tisbury, Mass., Mrs. Etta G. Luce
Joliet, Ill., Mrs. Joseph Nachbour
Arcadia, La., Mrs. D. E. Brown
St. Louis, Mo., Mrs. Gilbert H. Fox
Newark, N. J., Miss Ada B. Swann
Sacramento, Calif., Miss Valla Parkinson
West Hoboken, N. J., Mrs. John Joseph Powers
Hays, Kans., Miss Ruth Fleishbach
Biloxi, Miss., Mrs. Byrd Enochs
Holyoke, Mass., Miss Gertrude Franz
Plain City, Ohio, Mrs. Etta F. Lane
Monticello, N. Y., Mrs. Elizabeth W. Muller
Hutchinson, Kans., Mrs. C. D. Woodford
Paw Paw, Mich., Mrs. Arthur R. Miller
Baltimore, Md., Mrs. Alison H. Shaw
Paterson, N. J., Mrs. C. B. Brogan
Brooklyn, N. Y., Mrs. Lawrence K. Barnes
Seattle, Wash., Mrs. George B. Littlefield
Toledo, Ohio, Mrs. Frank Clark
Grand Junction, Colo., Mrs. C. P. Blackwell
Cleveland, Miss., Mrs. W. M. Simmons
Champaign, Ill., Mrs. Fremont E. McMillen
Deland, Fla., Mrs. C. D. Landis
Eatonton, Ga., Mrs. P. E. Griffith
Gloucester, Mass., Mrs. Ada C. Blowes
Milton, Fla., Mrs. D. R. Read
Andalusia, Ala., Mrs. Oscar M. Dugger
Jackson, Ala., Miss Ella Sewall
Preston, Ia., Mrs. Julia Van Steinberg
Georgetown, Ky., Mrs. L. L. Bristow
Goldfield, Nev., Mrs. T. A. Mills
Aberdeen, Wash., Mrs. W. W. Walk
Edmonds, Wash., Mrs. Sarah F. M. Shellaberger
Yakima, Wash., Mrs. F. J. Mynard



THE COMFORTABLE LIVING-ROOM OF THE NEW HAVEN "BETTER HOMES" HOUSE



BY ARTISTIC ARRANGEMENT OF SIMPLE FURNISHINGS THIS NEW HAVEN HALLWAY WAS MADE ATTRACTIVE

The chairman of the New Haven committee was Miss Jean Alison Hunter, superintendent of the Grace Hospital Society. Her principal aide was Mr. W. Phillip Shatts, executive secretary of the New Haven Chamber of Commerce, who at the end of the campaign was asked by the National Advisory Council to become executive secretary at the Bureau of Information and National Headquarters in THE DELINEATOR'S offices.

Spokane, Washington, exhibited three model houses, the cheapest costing forty-five hundred dollars and the most expensive twelve thousand. Twenty thousand visitors registered in them. The newspapers published special Better Homes editions; commercial clubs had luncheons and dinners at which speeches on better homes were made; the colleges, schools and women's clubs held special discussions. Sermons were preached on the subject in most of the churches. Spokane made a real Western job of it. Its committee was headed by Mrs. J. W. Fauncy and Mr. George Beckmann.

One of the most interesting and constructive local campaigns was St. Helena Island's. Mrs. Grace Bigelow House, well known for her philanthropic and public-spirited work, applied her campaign to the needs of the colored folk of that section of South Carolina. She remodeled, furnished and equipped a plantation cabin and put the program in the hands of a group of colored men and women, who carried it out splendidly.

Every article in the cabin was placed there with the object of illustrating its use and the need for it and of demonstrating that it was within the reach of the average industrious working-family. By proper arrangement of the ordinary equipment, daily lessons were given in time and labor saving. The house was made attractive and livable and so arranged that it might be the gathering-place of a number of the young people. A budget for replenishing furnishings and for monthly maintenance was worked out and distributed among visitors.

IN HAMILTON, OHIO, Mrs. Robert D. Fisher organized a committee which carried through successfully the program laid down in the "Better Homes Plan Book." Ninety per cent. of the population of Hamilton visited the demonstration home.

Turlock, California, had an unusual Better Homes Week. In addition to the demonstration house, where, as in other places, Department of Agriculture agents standardized a kitchen and demonstrated its management for six days, the Turlock committee—Mrs. Cora L. Abbott, chairman—ran a better-baby clinic under the direction of the physicians and nurses of the local hospital. This feature was of great value to the parents of the community. Turlock also had a flower show, at which prizes were given for the best home-grown flowers; a fancy-work exhibit, with awards for the best home-made fancy-work done by the women residents, and in the end formed a permanent Better Homes organization.

Natalie, Pennsylvania, is a mining town, where no man owns his own home. All of the houses belong to the mining company and are rented to the employees. Miss Elizabeth R. Farnham, who was one of the "Y" workers in France during the war and has since given her time to the development of "Y" clubs in the mining districts, obtained the use of one of the mining company's houses for Better Homes Week. She took a drab, ugly little house and with the aid of women associates painted, papered, refurnished, decorated and rearranged the place



THIS INVITING PORCH WAS ONE OF THE FEATURES OF THE LARKINS, FLORIDA, PRIZE-WINNING HOME



ONE OF THREE HOUSES EXHIBITED AT SPOKANE, WASHINGTON—SECOND PRIZE WINNER

until it was transformed into a real home. Every man, woman and child in Natalie visited that house, with consequent benefit to every home in the community.

Miss Farnham ran such a good show that a bus line was established between Carmel, nine miles away, and Natalie, and more than a thousand residents of Carmel visited the mining town's model home.

Mrs. W. H. Dorn, of Larkins, Florida, adapted the program laid down in the "Better Homes Plan Book" to the needs of a home in the tropics and conducted a campaign which eventually enlisted the interest of the people of Miami also. Larkins had a plant exchange, where residents from various parts of Florida brought seeds, cuttings and plants to exchange with their neighbors. An outdoor kitchen and a well-equipped house kitchen were demonstrated. Preserving, canning and efficient cooking filled a day's program. There had never been a community organization until the Better Homes movement struck Larkins. Out of this work grew a permanent forum and a civic organization. An



NEGRO CABIN AT ST. HELENA ISLAND, SOUTH CAROLINA, WHICH WON A PRIZE

interesting feature of the Larkins campaign was a home-library demonstration with lectures on the special care of books in the tropics.

There were forty-one cities where such excellent work was done in the Better Homes Week that some recognition had to be given to them. These cities were put on the 1922 honor roll.

Commercial, philanthropic and civic bodies worked together all over this country in a purely non-commercial campaign solely with the hope of making America a nation of better homes filled with happier, healthier home-folk. There were inspiring instances of civic pride, of individual willingness to sacrifice, of men and women who gladly submerged their own personalities and opinions for the good of the cause.

In Mexico, Missouri, there was not an available vacant house which could be used for a demonstration of Better Homes Week. The women's clubs, under Mrs. Alexander Carter, called a meeting which was attended by the board of education, the chamber of commerce and other organizations. Committees were appointed to study the town and find an available house. At the second meeting it was reported that there were no vacant houses which measured up to the requirements for the model home. A young couple who had been married only a few months offered their house if it would serve the purpose. This young couple moved out their personal belongings and lived with relatives one week while their home was thrown open to the people of Mexico and many other residents of the county. And Mexico went into the campaign with a will.

One of the members of the Advisory Council arrived unannounced and incognito in Mexico. At the station she was met by Scouts wearing caps marked "Better Homes in America," who distributed handbills inviting the public to visit the Better Homes demonstration and to attend the mass-meeting at the Christian Church, where discussions on better homes were carried on. Every store on Main Street had posters in the windows, some official ones from



CROSS VENTILATION AND PROPER ARRANGEMENT OF FURNITURE ARE SHOWN IN THIS SPOKANE HOME

the Advisory Council and others made by the school children. On blackboards in the clubs, churches and library there were listed the houses where model kitchens were on exhibition in the "Best Kitchen Contest."

In other cities where vacant houses were not available citizens willingly turned their homes over to the committees to rearrange and equip according to the standards set forth in the "Better Homes Plan Book." Away off in frozen Alaska, on the outskirts of civilization, where luxury and comforts are scarce, the homing instinct of women crystallized in a movement which turned cabins into demonstration homes. Materials and equipment in some places were carried on dog-sleds as far as two hundred miles. Is this not a challenge to those of us who live within a stone's throw of the most beautiful stores, museums, libraries and schools in the world?

In some towns in the States there were no available houses to use for Better Homes demonstrations. Chambers of commerce loaned their rooms—even the mayors' offices were used. Schoolhouses and women's clubrooms were put at the disposal of the committees. But these towns will have real model homes in June, 1923.

The fact that President Harding directed the attention of the women of America to the great number of women in this country who do their own housework led many of the committees to emphasize the labor-saving and time-saving arrangement of the kitchen and laundry. It was a suggestion which came from the women's committees themselves that each town hold a kitchen contest. Prizes were offered in many places for the best-arranged kitchen. This did not mean that the prize was given to the kitchen with the greatest amount of equipment. The prize kitchen was so arranged that steps were saved and unnecessary stooping avoided. It was equipped as a woman's workshop, not a sweatshop.

IN THE June campaign there will be, in addition to the standards set in 1922, four new features.

There will be an effort to obtain the cooperation of all the schools and school children.

There will be a standard for the home library—that is, the essential books which should be found on the shelves in every home. Some of the best minds in the country are now at work on this problem.

There will be a music library with a list of the best music, including light dance-records and popular songs.

There will also be expert advice on pictures for the home. This will include framing and the best methods of hanging. Pictures are invaluable in the home, as are books and music, and many of us need counsel on these three important questions.

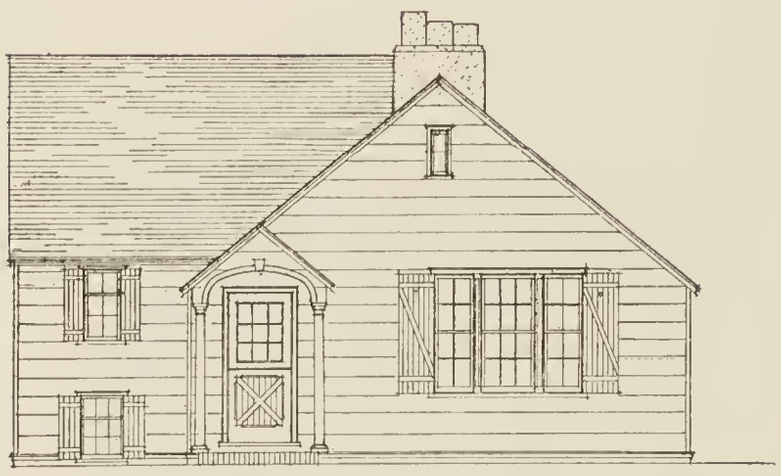
THE DELINEATOR will be glad to help any town in America to carry on its local Better Homes campaign. If your community is not represented in the national movement, write to Mrs. William Brown Meloney, Secretary, General Headquarters and Bureau of Information, Better Homes in America, THE DELINEATOR, 223 Spring Street, New York City.

NEW PLANS FOR BETTER HOMES

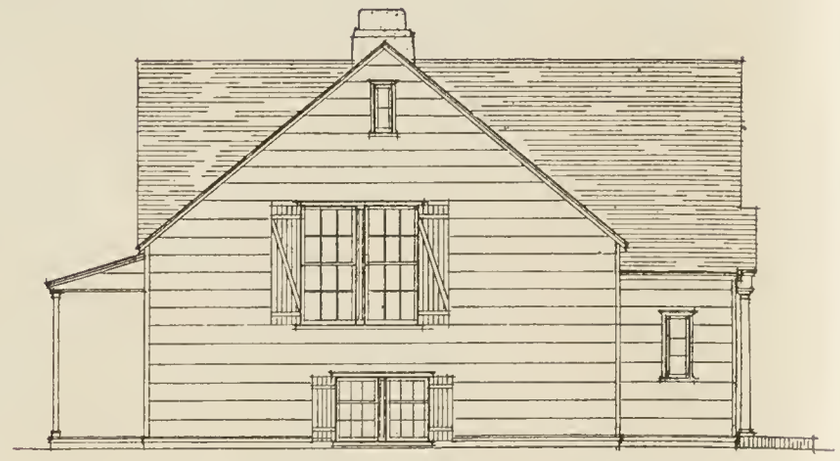
Number Three: A three to five room house

By DONN BARBER

Fellow of the American Institute of Architects



Mr. Barber has designed for THE DELINEATOR *a series of small houses, in which this three-room expansible house, known as* DELINEATOR *House Plan Number Three, is the third.* THE DELINEATOR *will supply, for one dollar, reprints of this floor-plan and elevations, with working figures which may be developed into complete working drawings by your local architect. Address the Home-Building Editor*





THERE appears to be a wide demand to-day the country over for what is known as a three-room house, that is, a house containing in general a living-room, a kitchen and a bedroom—a house that solves the problem of housekeeping without a servant, a house that has in the fewest parts all the possible advantages of convenient living. This problem has been cleverly met on the Pacific Coast, where the bungalow type of house was originated and has been broadly developed. The bungalow is an all-on-one-floor type of house and seems to appeal to women who do their own work. While it has many advantages in warm climates, its principal disadvantage in cold climates seems to be that the sleeping-rooms are too near the ground; people in northern climates have traditionally come to prefer to sleep up-stairs. Bungalows, moreover, seldom, if ever, have cellars, and in a northern climate some cellar-space is essential; furnace, coal and storage spaces are usually required, and the natural place for them is in a cellar. Again, bungalows are more expensive to build than two-story houses if given the same number of rooms, for the larger roofing surface, excavations and foundations of the bungalow are items of considerable cost.

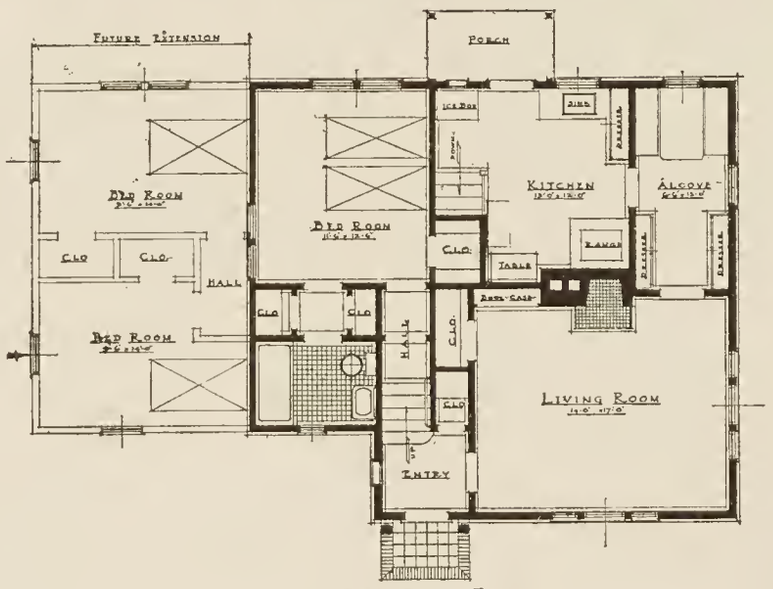
WE ARE presenting herewith a three-room house which combines the advantages of the bungalow and the two-story type of house. The space under the living-room and kitchen portion of the house may remain unexcavated; the bedroom portion of the house is arranged over the cellar, or rather the basement. (A cellar is usually a space almost entirely underground; a basement is a space fairly well out of the ground having the possibility of adequate light and air.)

In this scheme the level of the living-room and kitchen are arranged midway between the levels of the bedroom floor and the basement floor—that is, instead of going up a full flight of stairs to the sleeping-floor and down a full flight to the cellar, with this plan you go up one-half flight to the bedroom portion and down one-half flight to the basement, an obvious saving of steps as well as cost of construction.

The basement may contain a furnace alcove and coal-storage space under the bathroom and hall, and the space under the bedroom can be used for a laundry. The dining-room alcove is convenient to both the living-room and kitchen.

This house can readily be enlarged to provide more sleeping accommodations when needed by creating a passageway through the closed space shown on the plan between the bedroom and bathroom. One of the added rooms can be made an enclosed or screened porch in southern climates. The kitchen may become a dining-room and the cooking done in the basement if desired, or the alcove may be widened to full dining-room dimensions.

The house is simple in form and expression and can be built in any kind of material—wood, brick or stucco. The roof may be shingle, tile or slate. The entrance door as a detail may be treated variously.



First Floor Plan

An attempt has been made here to produce a model that is flexible in treatment, compact in cubage, convenient in arrangement and capable of use in any part of the country.

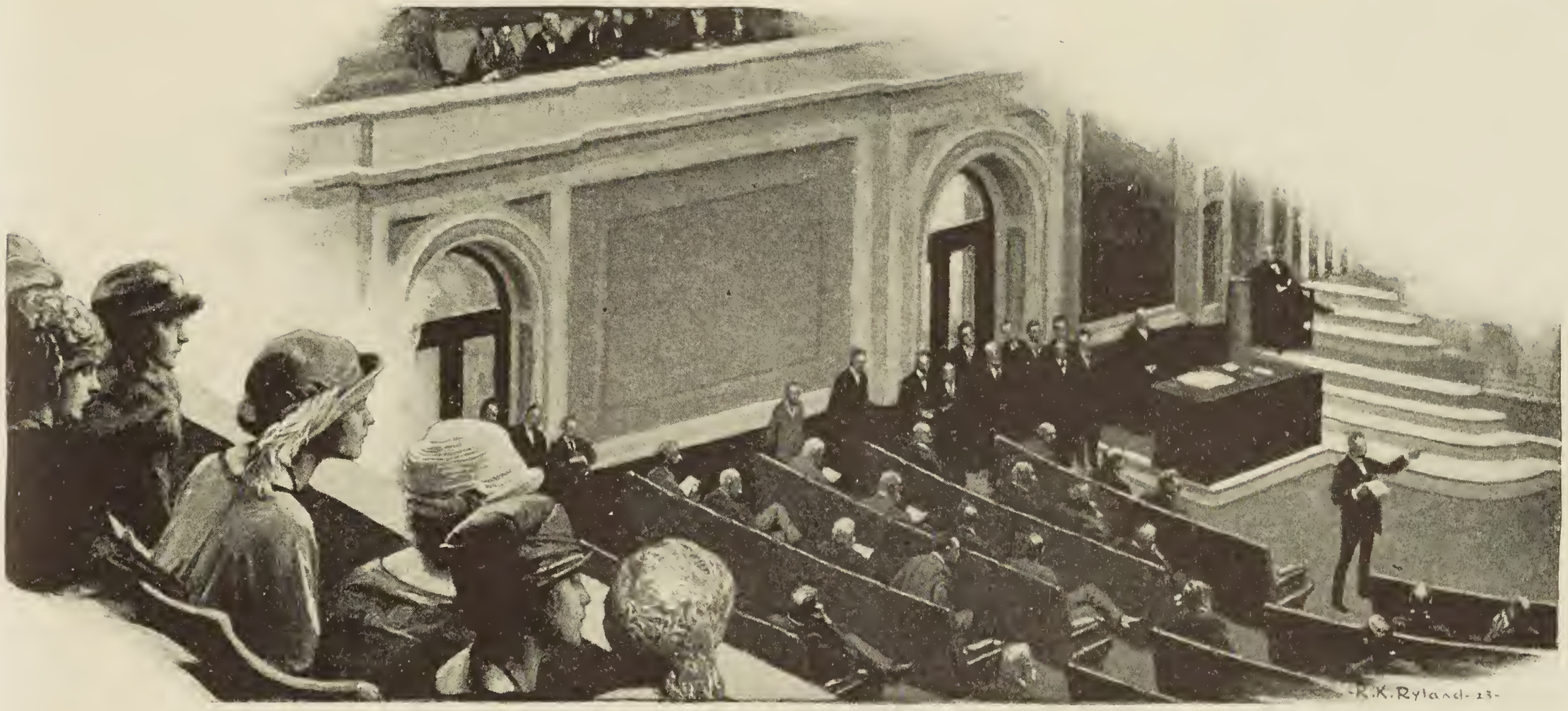
A MISTAKE too often made in the designing of a small house is an attempt to imitate and reproduce in reduced dimensions elements that have been found to contribute to the attractiveness of a large house. Reduction in measurements and proportions of details that have a fixed human scale results merely in dwarfing unnaturally a given composition. By a parallel process of reduction a full-size man would become in effect and personality a dwarf instead of a child.

The practical elements accepted for human use and contact in house-designing—such as steps, doors, heights of railings, window-sills and the like—must remain the same in general dimensions, whether they are for a large composition or a small one. A small house should not be a big thing built in a small way, but a small thing having a definite individuality built in a big way. Fixed, usable standards should be satisfied first of all. The amount of window-opening in a room, for instance, should have a direct bearing upon the dimensions of the room to be lighted. The clear opening or glass area of any window, or combination of windows, should never be less than one-tenth the area of the room it lights—that is, a window, or windows, having a clear glass area of, say, three feet wide by six feet high will light a room of about twelve by fifteen feet. Doors should be about three feet wide and seven feet high if they are communicating doors through which furniture and other objects are apt to be carried or moved. Stairs to be comfortable and not too steep should have approximately a six-inch riser and twelve-inch tread. The riser plus the tread dimension should not be less than seventeen and one-half inches or more than eighteen inches. Window-sills should not be less than two inches by six inches above the floor if radiators are to be placed under them, and the heads should extend as near the ceiling as practicable. It is often forgotten that window-radiators always stand some two feet high from the floor, are two or more feet long and encroach into the room space at least nine inches. Fireplace openings should not be less than three feet wide or two feet deep. The area of the flue should not be less than one-twelfth of the area of the fireplace opening.

THERE are generally accepted standards of measurements used in ordinary furniture—that is, in the height and sizes of chairs, tables, beds and bureaus—as there are also standard heights of sinks, wash-basins, bath and wash tubs.

The way to make a house convenient, usable, suitable and in proper scale is to be sure that all these standards of practical measurements and requirements are satisfied and that sufficient living-space remains. A lack of care and foresight in all these matters of detail leads invariably to disappointments.

Houses should be seriously planned and built over and over again with words and paper and pencil before venturing into the realm of construction. There is a surprising lack of exact knowledge among laymen as to definite sizes and dimensions of the things they see and use continually. Many amusing tests built upon this fact will be called to mind, such as guessing the height of a tall hat against the wall or asking one to draw a picture of the face of one's watch. People who intend to build a house should begin by observing and measuring. They should keep a note-book of their observations and reports of the mistakes and successes in the houses of their friends. It is not always the lack of money that makes houses stupid and commonplace—it is often the want of foresight and the lack of application of ordinary common sense in planning. Few people build more than one house in a lifetime; it should, therefore, be built with the exercise of every precaution and care conceivable.



IN THE SOCIAL WHIRL WITH A CONGRESSMAN'S WIFE

By ERMINIE A. SMITH

PART II—CONCLUSION

The author of these recollections was introduced to official Washington as the wife of the Hon. Frank L. Smith, Member of Congress from Illinois 1919–21. She was a newcomer to Washington and she observes and comments upon the social life of the capital with a delightfully fresh point of view. She has already told us of her initiation into the mysteries of social procedure. In this concluding instalment of her experiences she continues to give us intriguing glimpses beneath the surface of Washington society. And we find that, afterall, Washington, with its rigid social code and its glittering functions, has a heart of real warmth and genuine feeling back of all the outsider sees of its formality—its "pomp and circumstance"

MY HUSBAND being on the Committee of Foreign Affairs, I met many of those who came from countries which are more or less unfamiliar. They all take their duties very seriously. The women are indefatigable workers in any task they undertake and have a delightful way of interesting others in it. Madame Grouitch, wife of the minister of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, was one of the most untiring workers for the causes of the country which her husband represented, but perhaps her great energy and "pep" is due to the fact that she is, after all, an American.

The first diplomatic reception I attended was at the Argentine embassy. We went with Representative and Mrs. James R. Mann, whose guests we had been at dinner. Upon reaching the embassy, one of the most imposing and attractive residences in Washington, we ascended the grand staircase, at the head of which stood the ambassador and the ambassadress, with the receiving line. I had thought that after greeting the host and hostess we would wander through the rooms to locate the "notables," but my dinner hostess, speaking from her ripe social experience, suggested that we find a good point of vantage and "let the world go by."

All around were bright flowers, light, music, beautifully gowned women. The gay uniforms of the foreigners, contrasted with the "black and white" of our own countrymen, seemed to me symbolic of a contrast in temperament also. The Latins are possessed of *savoir faire* in a marked degree and, as I overheard some one say, "Any Latin function always goes," every one seeming to feel it his or her individual duty to "help make the party."

In the preparation of these functions every detail is carefully thought out, from the massing of the flowers to the effect of the music and color, and even the material part becomes a work of art. The artistic arrangement of the flowers one expects, but I had never before seen food presented in a manner and setting so exquisite that it seemed a desecration to eat it. One was made to feel throughout that the whole thing was an "occasion"—not merely a duty nor a function.

One of the most interesting guests whom I met at this reception was M. Jusserand, the French ambassador. When I was presented to him and he learned that I was from Illinois, he said at once that he remembered being in Chicago at the dedication of the McCormick Theological Seminary and having an attractive young woman come up to him saying, "May I introduce myself?" The ambassador assured her that he was very happy to meet her, and she added, "I felt that I should like to make myself known to you, Mr. Ambassador, since I have decided that you and I are the only two people in Chicago who are not McCormicks."

I NEVER cease to marvel at the fund of small talk that a diplomat has at his command. There are no uneasy moments of wondering what to say next when you are meeting them, for they say it first, and they say it last, and then it's over—"That's all there is—there isn't any more," so to speak. This is illustrated by an incident of my first call at the house of the Belgian ambassador. After greeting my hostess and while drinking a cup of tea with a pleasant little woman from Holland, I saw the ambassador approaching. For a moment I wondered what I would say to him—but only for a moment. Before he had finished shaking hands he began the conversation by saying: "I remember meeting you at the diplomatic reception at the Congressional Club the other evening." And then he went on: "I well remember my first visit to the Congressional Club. I was asked to address a mothers' meeting. While I felt that it was a little out of my line, I decided to accept the invitation. But when they asked me to be photographed with the mothers and babies, I thought, 'Now, indeed, I am convinced this is no place for the Belgian ambassador'—and so I took my leave, as I must do now, for I am keeping you from your tea," and he bowed himself away. It was just as well, perhaps, that I had not devoted more time to the study of "How to greet an ambassador."

TO A student of human nature an official gathering of this kind presents the most fascinating spectacle in the world. I do not know which I enjoy the most—the foreigners with their delightful manners, generous hospitality and grave courtesy, or the purely American standpoint of our own constituents, with their trite but expressive comments. The deep and unfailing courtesy of the diplomat meeting the what-the-hell-is-it-all-about attitude of the member just in from Ohio, Illinois or Oklahoma is a constant joy, and the amusing part of it is that both sides seem to grasp the situation at the same time and in the same way.

The daily intercourse of the life in Washington is very pleasant and interesting. Each delegation has a more or less friendly feeling toward the other delegations—sometimes, of course, less, as the delegates do not grow wings simply because they happen to be sent to Washington. But on the whole a very cordial state of feeling exists, and I think nowhere else does one realize how closely allied have become the interests, sympathies and often affections of all the official set as at the Congressional Club breakfast.

This breakfast takes place annually in the Spring of the year at Raucher's in the large ballroom, which is always beautifully decorated with trailing vines and Spring flowers. Tables, each seating eight or ten, are placed about the room, all facing the large table at one end, at which are seated all the officers of the club and the guests of honor. At the smaller tables are placed the wives, daughters and sisters of the men whose names are so well known in the government of our country.

The 1921 breakfast was a particularly interesting one, as it was a farewell given in honor of Mrs. Wilson, wife of the outgoing President. Seated with the guest

Concluded on page 74

THE HAPPY CHILD

SCIENTIFIC BABY CARE

The purpose of the series of articles under this title, of which the accompanying one is the eleventh, is to place at the disposal of mothers the knowledge of America's foremost specialists in baby care and child welfare

PRECEDING ARTICLES

Prenatal care, the care of the baby at birth, general care, maternal nursing, artificial feeding, early childhood, feeding after infancy and the health education of the child in the home have been covered in preceding issues. Articles to come will have to do with equally important steps up through the formative years of early youth. The completed series will comprise the most up-to-date scientific information accessible to mothers

PAMPHLET REPRINTS

Five of the most helpful articles are available in pamphlet form. "The Expectant Mother and the New Baby," by Dr. Ralph Lobenstine, "The General Care of the Baby," "Maternal Nursing" and "Artificial Feeding," all by Dr. L. Emmett Holt, and "Early Childhood," by Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw, will be mailed on receipt of ten cents for each pamphlet. Address the Child Health Department, THE DELINEATOR



"THE WORLD IS MINE"

CONTRIBUTING EXPERTS

DR. L. EMMETT HOLT
Adviser in THE DELINEATOR'S Child Health Campaign; Physician-in-Chief, Babies' Hospital, New York City, and President of the Child Health Organization

DR. HENRY L. K. SHAW
Recently President, American Child Hygiene Association and Consultant Division of Maternity, Infancy and Child Hygiene in the New York State Department of Health

DR. THOMAS W. SALMON
Medical Director, National Committee for Mental Hygiene

DR. RALPH LOBENSTINE
Chairman of the Medical Advisory Board of the Maternity Center Association of New York City; formerly Obstetrician to the New York Lying-in Hospital

DR. WILLIAM PALMER LUCAS
Professor of Diseases of Children, University of California; formerly Director of the Child Welfare Work of the American Red Cross in Europe

DR. OWEN LOVEJOY
General Secretary, National Child Labor Committee

THE HEALTH OF THE SCHOOL CHILD

How the teacher can help the parent

By DR. WILLIAM PALMER LUCAS

WHEN school is begun, many fathers and mothers feel a decided lessening of their own responsibility for many aspects of their children's lives. In many instances the school is expected to take the spoiled, troublesome child, often with physical defects, and by some magic transform him into a disciplined pupil with sound health. The first-grade teacher is expected to work miracles with perhaps the most difficult educational material in our whole problem of education.

If she is to be counted a successful teacher, earning her salary, she is expected not to bother mothers and the home very much. And yet the first-grade teacher, if she is observing, can usually tell more about the home training, about the mothers' and fathers' success with their children, than any one else, as she meets the children fresh from the environment of home and the parents' influence. The first grade is not only a severe test for the child, but it is a revelation of what the child has come from and what he goes back to when school is over.

As parents, our responsibility for our children only deepens and broadens when they enter school. We are now perhaps for the first time able to compare our children with other children and to see where we have failed and where we have succeeded.

Health begins and ends at home. The school health program must recognize this fact; it must be understood and appreciated by the home. The interest of parents must be gained by making them feel that they are partners in the effort to give the child a strong foundation for health.

What Parents May Do—If the school authorities are not considering health education at all, a wide-awake group of women's clubs and parent-teacher associations may very effectively bring pressure to bear to introduce such a program into the schools. They should begin by informing themselves of the need of such health work, by a study of the problem, by finding out what is the actual sanitation of the school. They should learn how many malnourished children there are in the schools; in what the playground activities consist; whether milk or school lunches are needed by a large number of pupils; whether the teachers themselves have any place or opportunity in the schoolday for rest, relaxation or a proper luncheon. It would be interesting to know whether the buildings are ever thoroughly aired and scientifically cleaned.

No plan of health for public or private schools can permanently rise very much above the level of the intelligence of the parents. The school program, therefore, must be convincing to the parents, and the best way to convince the parents is to convince the children.

Physical Examination for All When Beginning School—Every child upon entering school should have a thorough physical and mental examination. These findings should be known by the parents and their help enlisted. The little child may share such of the findings in his record as he can understand. Everything that is right should be emphasized and praised both to the child and the parent; everything that is wrong should be attacked with a positive plan for changing it. If there is discovered some physical defect, such as diseased tonsils and adenoids, decayed teeth or bad posture, these may all be very clearly demonstrated and proper treatment prescribed. If the trouble is a condition of malnutrition, in which usually all the child's habits are involved, a special nutrition class may be necessary to secure close individual supervision and training. Close cooperation must exist between nutritional or health classes and the home if lasting results are to be gained.

Importance of Regular Weighing—The only way underweight can be recognized and corrected or avoided for the growing child is by regular weighing and measuring and reporting the results to the parents. Children should be weighed monthly and measured every three months. It is very important to link up gains or losses in the child's mind with his own health habits of sleep, rest, play, food, water, fresh air and bowel movement. It has been worked out successfully in many schools. Children love records and reports, and in the early years of their school life they are just as interested in keeping a record of how many hours they sleep or what green vegetables they eat as they are of keeping track of Bible verses learned or baseball games won. The interest children take in bringing their weight up to normal for their height and making the regular gain in weight is very well illustrated by the following vivid picture from Miss Anne Whitney's report on "Methods Used to Stimulate the Acquisition of Health Habits in the Public Schools of Newton, Massachusetts," prepared by the Child Health Organization of America:

"The monthly weighing day is an important occasion and is anticipated many days in advance, while speculations as to probable gains lend an added thrill. Each child is weighed by his classroom teacher and the event is a classroom exercise. The opportunity for tying up this gain or lack of gain with the practise of health habits is used most effectively.

"Donald knows before he steps on the scales exactly what he weighed last time and what his weight should be for his height and age. The teacher asks him for his last weight record and sets the balance at that point on the scales. A dozen eager eyes besides Donald's anxiously watch the bar to see whether it goes up or down.

"It goes up, and a breathless moment follows until it is found exactly how much has been gained. Teacher and class are enthusiastic over Donald's success and he is asked how he helped to accomplish this gain. Incidentally, comparison of his weight with his average normal weight offers a problem in mental arithmetic and the class passes upon the correctness of his answer.

"Or the bar goes down and Donald's face falls simultaneously. The teacher is sorry. Donald must make an extra effort with health habits the next month; or if he has been ill, he has just so much more to gain. The teacher also tries to discover if the boy knows why he has failed to gain and what he can do about it.

"The monthly weights are not only entered on the classroom charts but are also reported to the homes on special report-cards. In addition, these new records are sent each month by the principal to the school-department offices where the weight records of every classroom in the city are studied and progress commended."

Health Made a Game—To hold the interest of children in the formation of health habits, pleasure and happiness must be the very present and evident results of such habits. It is also highly necessary in convincing health-teaching that the teacher herself exemplify what she is teaching. She herself must enter enthusiastically into the health game. The younger children like the simple "rules of the game" given such widespread interest by the literature of the Child Health Organization:

A full bath more than once a week.
Brushing the teeth at least once every day.
Sleeping long hours with windows open.
Drinking as much milk as possible, not coffee or tea.
Eating some vegetables or fruit every day.
Drinking at least four glasses of water a day.
Playing a part of every day out-of-doors.
A bowel movement every morning.

Continued on page 72

THE LITTLE DELINEATOR

MAY 1923

EDITOR—HARRIET IDE EAGER



THE ANIMALS' MAY-POLE DANCE



My Little Page

The letter that helps your editor most, telling what you like best in this month's LITTLE DELINEATOR, will win a big colored picture like the cover.

DEAR CHILDREN:

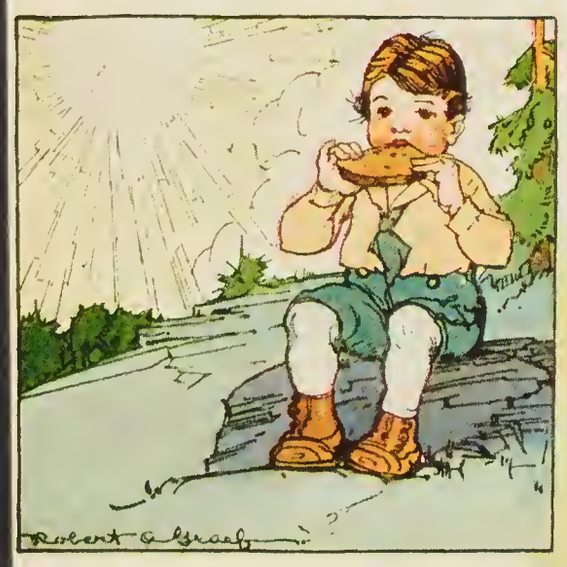
What do you think? A grown person on the Big DELINEATOR said to me: "THE LITTLE DELINEATOR ought to stop. The children don't really like it. They only write for prizes."

Of course I said: "Huh, you don't know *my* children! *My* children write to me because they want THE LITTLE DELINEATOR to keep on always. Just to show you, I will not give a single prize this month."

So please, please, children, won't you help me? Won't you write me that you do really like our LITTLE DELINEATOR? Please, please, *every* child write, those who have written before and those who haven't. Let's show that grown person a BIG PILE of friendly letters, so we can keep on having our LITTLE DELINEATOR and I can keep on being your loving editor.—HARRIET IDE EAGER.

P. S.—If you want an answer, send a stamped envelope addressed to yourself.

What do you say, you big church bell?
"Three o'clock, people. Ding! Dong! Dell!"
What do you say, grandfather's clock?
"Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock."
Daddy's alarm-clock, what do you sing?
"Br-r-ring—ring—r-r-ing! Br-r-ring—a-ling—a-ling!"
What do you whisper so soft and quick,
Mother's wrist-watch? "Tick, tick, tick,
"Tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, tick."
Oh, real gold watch I'll have some day,
What will you say, what will you say?



Health

ONCE there was a little boy. He lived in a big city in the East. One day he became very sick. He had diphtheria. He was sick for weeks and weeks. At last he grew better but he was thin and pale. His mother said: "We must go away." So they packed their trunks and went away to a big cattle ranch in Montana.

It was Summer. The days were hot but the nights were cold on the ranch. The little boy slept in a tent. He went to bed before dark. He heard the wolves cry. He heard the owls cry. He slept eleven hours every night. He drank fresh milk. He picked flowers and pulled weeds in the garden and ate carrots and peas and brown bread with butter. He began to grow fat in the sunshine. Soon he had red cheeks playing in the woods.

Soon he went back to the city. His father came to the train and he laughed when he saw his big fat boy just out of the West. That boy was *me*.—PHILIP T. LEONARD.

(First Prize—Ten Dollars)



THE germs were having a convention to plan their work with Old Father Disease presiding.

The Pneumonia Germ said: "I am not getting along well. People sleep with their windows open and get plenty of fresh air nowadays."

"I'm not getting along well," said the Bacteria, "for most folks wash their teeth now."

"People drink pasteurized milk and pure water," reported the Fever Germ, "and spoil my business."

"Why don't you get the flies to help you?" suggested Old Father Disease.

"Don't you know people are screening their homes?" replied the Germs.

"Well," replied Old Father Disease, "let each one find a child who doesn't get enough sleep and fresh air, doesn't wash his teeth or bathe enough and is undernourished and I'm sure you will have a better report next year." PAUL GUSTAVE SMITH.

(Prize—Monkey Clip-Clip Scissors)



Letters

ONCE upon a time there was a little boy who would not eat any of the foods which were good for him.

One night in came a lot of ghosts labeled Bad Candy, Rich Cake and Fried Foods. Their leader said: "The time has come. What shall we do with him?" One said: "I will make him weak and nervous." Another said: "I will make him pale and sickly." Another said: "I will make him have indigestion and headaches."

Just then in came some other ghosts, Thick Soup, Milk, Vegetables, and so on. They said: "You have not been faithful to us, so we can not help you now." Then the Bad Habits pushed him off his bed. He woke! He could hear his mother down-stairs, and he called down: "Mother, fix me a heaping plateful of cabbage and carrots!" And I think he felt better that day than all the days in his life.—WILLIAM PUGH.

(Prize—Monkey Clip-Clip Scissors)



MY LITTLE sister and I are training our dolls to be healthy and strong. We give them exercise every morning. We have a trapeze for them to perform on. The big dolls have a bicycle to ride in the fresh air. I put them to bed at five o'clock but they don't go to sleep until half-past five. They take a bath every other day. They drink so much milk that it gives them rosy cheeks.—MARIAN BARBEY.

(Prize—Monkey Clip-Clip Scissors)

Do you remember our Health Number last November? Here are some of the prize-winning letters. There hasn't been room to print them before. The other Health Contest prize-winners were Isabelle Kness, Johnnie Miller, Mallard Gibson, Caroline Whipps, Dorothy Stiles, Catherine Wilds, Clark Greenstreet, Evangalyn Ropp, Frank Emerick, Mildred Peterson, Beatrice Lowe, Genevieve Van Nest, Margaret Ann Curtis, Mary Morris, Ruth MacDonald, Vivia Smith, Dorothy Benish and Irma Reed.

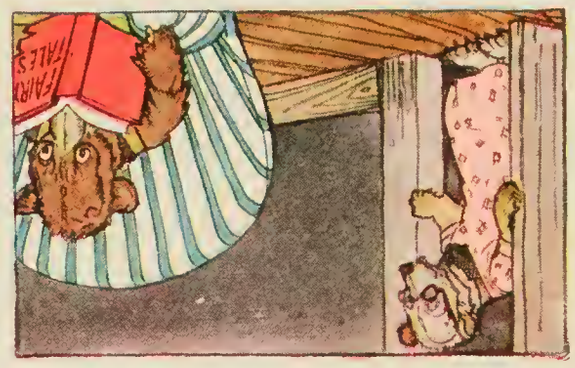


THIS is not a contest. It is something to do on a rainy day. The artist has left out some of the lines in the pictures, and you are supposed to fill them in. When you have finished, you could make up a Fill-In game to play. Each child can get some tracing-paper and trace a picture from an old magazine, leaving out some of the lines. Then exchange drawings and see who can fill in all the missing lines most quickly and neatly.

"JUST A MINUTE!"



"In 'just a minute' that small flame could set our house ablaze!
"To build it up again would take us days and days and days.



"And if you waited 'just a minute' on the railroad track,
"In 'just a minute' how you'd wish that you had hurried back!



"And 'just a minute' by the clock can make you late to school,
"Remember, 'just a Minute' is not the safest rule."



"A careless boy could lose his life in 'just a minute' more.
"In 'just a minute,' too, a rope might pull him back to shore.

When Granny said, "Come, DELL, I need your help to-day,"
"Oh, just a minute, Granny!" young DELL would always say.

"Hum, hum, he needs a lesson" thought Granny—
"DELL, dear,
"Suppose I wait one minute to blow a match out here!

A CHILD'S MORNING PRAYER

From the "New England Primer"

I thank Thee, Lord, for having kept
My soul and body while I slept,
I pray Thee, Lord, that through this day
In all I do and think and say
I may be kept from harm and sin
And made both pure and good within.

WHY DON'T YOU MAKE SOME MAY-BASKETS?

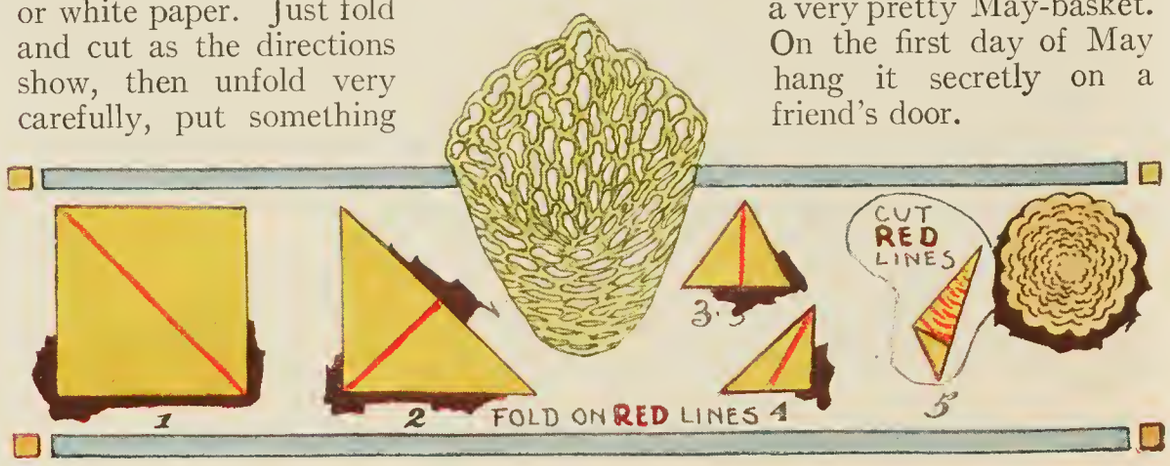


LONG years ago in old England on the first day of May everybody in the village arose at dawn and went out into the fresh Spring woods, where they chopped down the tallest, straightest tree in the forest. Then they marched to the village green, set up the tree, trimmed it with flowers and ribbons and danced May dances around it.

That was the first May-pole. When the first English people came over to America, children heard their mothers tell of May-day in old England. So they made pretty baskets, filled them with Spring flowers, hid a verse under the leaves, hung their gift on the door, rang the bell and ran away, just as we do on St. Valentine's day.

Don't you think it would be pleasant for American children to start hanging May-baskets again?

Here is a very easy May-basket to make from a large square of colored or white paper. Just fold and cut as the directions show, then unfold very carefully, put something heavy, like a small stone, in the bottom to weigh it down and you have a very pretty May-basket. On the first day of May hang it secretly on a friend's door.



THE HOME-MAKERS' DEPARTMENT



Edited by
MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER
Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

HERBERT HOOVER started off last year's Better Homes week campaign by saying that no man ever fought for his boarding-house. The inference is, of course, that a man would go through all sorts of dangers for his home. The home instinct has proved in many a man even greater than the instinct of self-preservation, because home represents the abiding-place of those he cares more for than for himself.

Fifty-three per cent. of the people living in homes are renters. Theirs the supreme task of making other people's properties express their own individuality. The tenant may make a good home; he is bound to do so by trying in the same way that the person does who lives in his own home. The owner, however, has the pleasure of possession in living in a house on which he makes improvements to express his standards of beauty and comfort. Undoubtedly ownership gives a person a more established place in the community than is usually given the tenant so far as business opportunity and influence are concerned.

The "own-your-own-home" idea is a great incentive to saving, and saving is a great incentive to the possession of a home. Small savings persistently made are the foundation for the final investment in a home which will become the mainstay of the family in later years. A weekly deposit of one to five dollars may not be greatly missed, yet it soon mounts up to surprising sums, as the following table from the *Journal of the American Bankers' Association*, January 1920, shows:

PRINCIPAL PLUS INTEREST AT 4½ PER CENT.

Years	$1 *Weekly Deposit*	$2 *Weekly Deposit*	$3 *Weekly Deposit*	$4 *Weekly Deposit*	$5 *Weekly Deposit*
1	52.89	105.77	158.64	211.52	264.39
2	108.16	216.33	324.48	432.65	540.81
3	165.95	331.93	497.88	663.84	829.79
4	226.35	452.78	679.15	905.56	1,131.93
5	289.52	579.14	868.68	1,158.28	1,447.82
10	651.20	1,302.60	1,953.86	2,604.98	3,256.43
15	1,103.01	2,206.35	3,309.40	4,412.47	5,515.74
20	1,667.51	3,335.35	5,002.77	6,670.34	8,338.09

Home-owning has a stabilizing effect upon community life, since families who own their homes are more interested contributors of time and money to civic welfare.

Martha Van Rensselaer









BETTER HOMES IN LITTLE TOWNS

JUDGING by the letters we received in response to THE DELINEATOR'S fifty-dollar prize offer on "How We Celebrated Better Homes Week," no town is too small to have a successful Better Homes exhibit.

One country town with a population of seven hundred which had no suitable house available for an exhibition home divided the mayor's office and the directors' room of the bank to represent the principal rooms of a home and furnished and equipped them along the most up-to-date lines. We wish to give honorable mention to the letter describing this home. The author is Mrs. E. J. Lockhart, Magee, Mississippi. We regret that we have not space to print this and a number of other excellent and inspiring letters on successful Better Homes exhibits. The prize-winning letter follows:

HOW WE CELEBRATED BETTER HOMES WEEK

By Julia Shenneman

OVER fifteen thousand people explored the Newark, New Jersey, exhibition home during Better Homes Week. Many came with note-books and made lists of the conveniences and beauties they wanted to copy in their own homes.

This exhibition home which helped so many people was selected, furnished, equipped and the publicity work done in just two weeks.

The woman's club of the city sponsored the movement and got the cooperation of the various elements in the town.

The mayor, the board of education, all the leading business clubs, men's and women's clubs and the Boy Scouts gave their support. Members of these organizations took turns acting as hosts and hostesses of the exhibit. A local architect loaned the house and one of the city's leading department stores loaned the furnishings; the gas and electric equipment were installed and operated without charge by the gas and electric companies, and the telephone for the use of the committee was installed by the telephone company.

The newspapers gave Better Homes some publicity. All the school children were told when and where the exhibit was held and they told their families. A large sign illuminated at night stood in front of the house and attracted many people. Posters were used in the trolleys and in the stores. The electrical and gas companies called attention to the exhibit, and one large advertisement appeared in the papers. Probably the best publicity, however, was by word of mouth by those who had seen the house and found the exhibition helpful.

There was little expense incurred in the work, for each organization that loaned equipment paid the cost of installing it.

The home selected was about two and a half miles from the center of the city, but as it was conveniently located on two trolley lines and a bus line it was very easily reached. It was a moderate-sized modern brick house of simple lines. The furnishing was done in accordance with the ideals of the national movement as outlined in the "Plan Book."

Simplicity, comfort, convenience and restful yet cheerful beauty governed the selection of the equipment. For example, the lights were placed and shaded in such a way as to avoid shining in the eyes. The living-room was lighted by wall-lights supplemented by table, floor and bridge lamps at places where people would want to read or sew. A good vapor-vacuum heating system, a hot-water boiler system and wash-tubs with washing-machine and an electric iron made the basement interesting. The labor-saving equipment in the kitchen made it one of the most popular rooms in the house.

This Better Homes movement in Newark was so successful and so helpful to the people who saw the exhibition that it is likely that Newark will celebrate Better Homes Week in the same way every year.

ASK YOUR HOUSE THESE QUESTIONS

A BETTER home may be brought about by asking your house a few questions.

Are plenty of light, air, running water and a convenient interior arrangement provided? Every dweller has a right to these.

Is the daily life spread over too much floor-space? Four to six persons can be accommodated with the greatest ease as regards comfort, light, air and warmth within an area of seven hundred to one thousand square feet on each floor of a two-story house.

Are the doors and passages so arranged that draft, disturbance and dirt may be minimized? Doors should be as few in number as possible; this will save wall-space for furniture. The outside door should not open directly into a living-room. The stairway should not open directly into a living-room. One room should not be the only passageway to another.

Are there enough windows for light and ventilation? The total window area of a room should not be less than one-fifth or more than one-fourth the floor area. Too few windows mean poor ventilation and a dark interior which requires very light color schemes. Too many windows mean waste of heat and a glaring interior which requires heavy curtaining or dark color schemes to absorb the excess light.

Windows should be made tight against weather to save heat and tight against rattling to save nerves.

For bedrooms and the kitchen, windows are needed on two outside walls.

Does any member of the family sigh for more closet-space? To facilitate orderly housekeeping, a generous coat closet or room should be provided near the outer door. A general cleaning-closet should be accessible to all parts of the house; this should not be in the kitchen. A clothes-closet should be provided for each bedroom and there should be a linen-closet convenient to all of the bedrooms. Both cellar-space and attic-space should contribute to extra storage.

EATING FOR HEALTH

A BETTER home has nourishing food. It has been said that the welfare of the family, both physical and spiritual, may depend upon the one who provides the three meals a day. When one considers that without food life is impossible, that an insufficiency causes stunted growth and lack of energy, that with overabundance the body becomes clogged, that by indiscreet choice and improper preparation of food time may be lost and health impaired, that for food many people spend the largest part of their income and with it purchase sickness instead of health—when all these things are taken into consideration, it would seem that the housewife holds a position of no mean character and responsibility.

There are a few dietary rules with which every housewife should be familiar and which she should endeavor to carry out in her family if she wishes to develop her children into good, healthy citizens. An army fights upon its stomach. No less does food form the foundation upon which the future welfare of the nation depends.

In planning the family dietary, one quart of milk a day should be purchased for each child under sixteen if it is economically possible to do so. Milk is the guardian of the bones and teeth.

There should be at least two vegetables served every day—three, if possible. One of these is the potato or other starchy vegetable, and the other one or two of the succulent vegetables. For good measure add leafy vegetables, such as cabbage, lettuce and spinach, three or four times a week—oftener, if possible. These contain growth promoters and body regulators.

Fresh fruit should be in the menu at least once a day—oftener is better. Dried fruit will do for adults, but the children should have fresh fruit, at least three or four times a week.

There may be sweets in every meal, but they should be in the form of sweet desserts rather than as sugar. The time for candy is at the end of the meal.

Meat and fish should be served once a day unless eggs and cheese are to be served. Children under five should have from three to five eggs each week when practicable. Some persons advocate no meat for children under six. If peas and beans are served instead of meat, plenty of milk should be used in the same meal.

Besides these foods there should be plenty of whole cereals and the grocer's bill should show at least two ounces of fat for each member of the family. Butter is the best for children.

Not only should the housewife know what foods to supply her family, but she should know how to prepare them as well. Often good food purchased at considerable expense loses much of its nutritive value before it reaches the table because the cook does not understand the principles of cookery. Vegetables are valuable in the diet because of their mineral and vitamin content. Often the minerals are lost in the water in which the vegetables are cooked, and the vitamins are destroyed by overcooking.

Not only should foods be properly cooked, but they should be attractively served. The attractive appearance of food has much to do with the ease with which it is digested.

MAY FOOD CALENDAR

THE tender little green onions are as welcome harbingers of Spring as the robins. As a relish or minced in salads, sandwiches, creamed potatoes or cooked with smothered greens and bacon they put the appetizing touch in any Spring menu.

Strawberries and pineapple come into season together and combine well as fresh sauce or baked together or canned or made into marmalade.

For beauty alone, the largest, loveliest strawberries deserve entrée to the table with hulls and stems intact. They should be well washed by careful brushing and may be served with powdered sugar in which to dip them. The smaller or broken berries may be crushed and used in pudding sauces or sherbets or for the juice.

Shortcakes are not too much trouble: a baking-powder biscuit recipe needs only to be modified by the addition of a little sugar, slightly more fat and an egg, if desired.

Remember that the use of uncooked pineapple in gelatin desserts will soften the gelatin and it will not set. With eggs or milk, uncooked pineapple will often produce a bitter flavor. Use canned or cooked pineapple for gelatin, egg or milk desserts; use fresh pineapple in plain fruit desserts.

Have you arranged for putting eggs down in water-glass while they are cheap? Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Home-Making editor for directions.

Asparagus is now here for cooking and canning. Drawn butter, Hollandaise, melted butter, French, mayonnaise or Russian dressing are suitable for serving with asparagus. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for recipes if you have none.

The salad season opens wide this month. Try varying French dressing by adding minced onion, chives, pepper, bits of mushroom or hard-cooked egg. You will discover many possibilities.

Be sure the Spring lamb you buy is not mutton. The joints tell the story.

Keep the first fly out of the kitchen—the rest will be easy.

WHAT TO DO NOW IN YOUR GARDEN

Encouraging bird visitors

By G. T. Huntington

NO GARDEN that is without birds can be one hundred per cent. perfect. Real birds, I mean — not English sparrows. Robins, wrens, thrushes and a host of our other native birds are as much a part of the garden as the bees and butterflies. They are companionable, cheery, pleasant to hear and look upon. And they are invaluable allies in the war against noxious insects.

If there are birds anywhere in your neighborhood, you can induce them to come to your garden. Nesting-places, food, water—these are the three great lures for them, and during Spring and Summer water is the greatest of the three. A small pool or bird-bath in as secluded a spot as the garden affords will draw catbirds, song sparrows, thrushes, robins and others if they are anywhere around.

The bird-pool may be of any size and style provided it is very shallow at the sides and slopes gradually to four or five inches deep in the center. A circular, basinlike depression dug in the ground and lined with cement will be easy to make and essentially practical and good-looking. Pipes for replenishing it with water are not necessary, as a pailful carried by hand now and then will serve perfectly well.

Shrubs and trees afford natural nesting-places for birds and should be provided if possible. Bird-houses are an excellent means of attracting wrens and bluebirds, but other desirable species seldom use them.

Supplying grain, suet and other foods is largely a plan for Fall, Winter and early Spring. It is highly effective then, but negligibly so during late Spring and Summer, when the natural food supply is plentiful.



Lima-bean poles should be firmly set in rich soil before the planting is started. In putting in the seeds, always place them with the "eye" down



When seedlings are being transplanted, they should be given space in which to develop. Press the fresh earth down around each one with the fingers

A CALENDAR OF MAY GARDEN WORK

"Let there be of sunlight a great plenty in thy garden, that the plants thereof shall be of good complexion; and a fulness of water in likewise, lest they wither and perish."

The dates given for these garden activities are based on the growing conditions normally found in the latitude of New York City. As one goes north or south from this point, the season becomes later or earlier, requiring corresponding variations in the dates. Approximately five days should be added or subtracted, as the case may be, for each one hundred miles distance from the latitude specified here

TUESDAY

1. May first is usually considered the date for planting corn, squash, Lima and bush beans, okra and other vegetable-seeds which require plenty of sun and warmth. This can not be taken as an infallible rule, however, as seasons vary greatly. It is better to wait until the maples leaf out and the weather is settled.

8. Perhaps the most generally useful implement you can have for the vegetable-garden is the wheel-hoe. It minimizes labor and time and helps produce better crops. As a substitute for it, one of the adjustable cultivating-rakes will do satisfactory work on a small area. It costs less than the wheel-hoe.

15. Any injuries to the bark of trees should be attended to immediately, lest lasting harm be done. The ragged edges of the bark should be cut away cleanly and all exposed wood painted. Knot-holes and rotted spots should be cut and cleaned out completely, down to the sound wood, and then filled with cement.

22. Fertilizers applied in liquid form are in condition to be taken up immediately by the roots of the plants. If you will take an old sack, half-fill it with manure and let it soak in a barrel of water, the resultant solution will be an excellent plant stimulant. In applying nitrate of soda do not let it touch the leaves.

29. Evergreens that need it may be trimmed now. Cutting off the branch-tips will not hurt the plants, but rather make them more sturdy. Privet hedges are also ready for clipping. The cut tips may be rooted by placing them in damp sand in a shaded spot. In this way you can rapidly build up a supply of bushes.

THURSDAY

3. If the potatoes have not already been planted, they should go in at once. Be sure that every piece has at least one good eye. Later plantings are almost sure to be unsatisfactory unless the season is extremely backward. Use fertilizer containing one per cent. potash. Consult your garden-supply catalog for quantity.

10. By this time it is usually safe to plant the annual flower-seeds outdoors in the places you wish them to occupy in the garden. Much of their success will depend upon the soil being spaded and raked beforehand so that it is free from lumps, fine and light and, therefore, easily penetrated by the tiny rootlets.

17. China asters are among the most satisfactory annual flowers, for they give abundant and colorful blossoms from midsummer until well into the Autumn. Especially good are the Branching, Crego and Comet types. Plant the seeds now in rich soil that has been well limed. Transplant once, or better, twice.

24. Aphids and plant lice generally may put in an appearance about this time in the vegetable-garden or among the flowers, especially if the weather is dry. Nicotine solution is the best remedy, as it burns and chokes up the breathing-pores in their bodies. It should be applied as a spray on stems and leaves.

31. If you would like a supply of celery for next Winter, this is the time to start. Make a finely prepared bed for the seeds in a corner of the garden and sow them broadcast. When the third pair of true leaves comes out, transplant the seedlings, and when they are four inches high, set them in the garden.

SATURDAY

5. Successive plantings of your favorite vegetables will help keep up a continuous supply all Summer. As a general rule, make the plantings about two weeks apart, continuing with most kinds well into June. These intervals between sowings will, of course, mean similar periods between maturity dates.

12. Gravel, pebble and dirt paths in the garden and around the grounds are excellent when well cared for, but they are subject to weeds to a great extent. In such locations, weed-killers sold by the garden-supply houses are most effective. A few drops of kerosene or gasoline will kill a large weed.

19. If the weather is warm and really settled, you can plant your dahlia and gladiolus roots. These two plants have been greatly improved in recent years, and it is now possible to secure them in almost enough variety to make a whole garden of them. They multiply rapidly and can be kept from year to year.

26. One of the ways in which your wheel-hoe will prove invaluable is in keeping the soil between the potato and other vegetable rows constantly cultivated. Potatoes benefit directly by such treatment. Watch for potato-bugs while you are doing the work, and if you find any, spray at once with arsenate of lead.

The full streams feed on flower or rushes,
Ripe grasses trammel a traveling foot,
The faint fresh flame of the young year flushes
From leaf to flower and flower to fruit.

SWINBURNE.



A thin, flat stick will prove helpful in taking up the seedlings without injury to them. Some soil should be lifted out along with the roots



Keep the garden soil well cultivated throughout the season. This will hold the weeds in check and conserve the moisture supply below the surface



Holes should be made large enough to accommodate the little plants' roots comfortably. You can do this easily and quickly with one finger. Set the seedlings two or three inches apart for the first transplanting



The soil in the seedling-boxes or "flats" should be fine, moderately rich and well drained. The latter requirement is best met by holes bored in the bottom of the box and covered with broken bits of pot



As the tomato-plants grow, they will need some kind of support to keep their stems off the ground. Old barrel-hoops will accomplish this if they are fastened firmly to stakes thrust into the ground



THE CHANGING FACE

By Celia Caroline Cole

There isn't one woman out of a hundred who couldn't be better looking, more charming, more lovable, if she would give a little thought to it. If you need advice, write to Celia Caroline Cole, Editor of the Beauty Department of THE DELINEATOR, whose mission in life is to help other women to be happier. Don't forget to enclose a stamp for her reply

IN THIS day of youth, when there are so few old people, when our grandmothers toss their charming young heads and sprint off to dance until dawn, what do we find? Why, that last year in America women spent over three times as much money for toilet preparations, the tools of beauty, as they did for jewelry, nine hundred and fifty million dollars more than was spent by the whole country on the movies or—alas! alas!—on education. The day of youth—impatience with imperfection!

Definitely and amazingly, the face can be changed to-day if one wants to change it. There is the drastic way of surgery—the cutting of the skin just below the temple and the sagging cheeks pulled up and fastened in the contour of youth, the cutting at the neck and all the loose skin and sagging chin removed—or there is the gentler but much longer way of patting or molding the face each day for fifteen or twenty minutes; and a third way of masks and astringents.

The first way is fraught with uncertainty. Many, many times the patient is left with a fixed, strange grimace or a badly scarred neck. In the third way there is danger of drying the skin too much or of getting that "massaged" look: a rather artificial, puffed-out look.

The most effective way to get rid of sagging cheeks and chin, puffs under eyes, lines and relaxed tissues is to combine patting or molding with creams and an astringent and using a mask once or twice a week.

The patting or molding for five or ten minutes twice a day is the steady building-up process—no bad reaction to it, such as sagging, later. It's like doing ten minutes exercise a day with your body: it doesn't show any drastic change, but some day all of a sudden you wake up and realize you can walk five miles without tiring. Just so, if you'll be faithful about your ten minutes a day molding or patting, you'll look in the mirror some bright morning and say with a large secret glow of delight, "I'm not so bad!" Your face is firm, young. You've been building.

THE mask is a sort of "spree"—don't go on it often: once or twice a week if you're living a rather hectic life; once a week or two if you're living normally. It's a beautiful cleanser—a mask—removes dead particles of skin and temporarily makes the face look very rested and fresh. Both the patting or molding and the mask bring up the circulation, and that always helps carry away impurities and also nourishes.

If your face is thin, pat or mold with a cream, and *lightly*. If it's fat, pat with an astringent and fairly hard, but not hard enough to bruise veins.

There are excellent patters and molders that one can buy, but your two middle fingers are a perfectly good patter and a not indifferent molder. Use these for the cream, and an absorbent-cotton pad wet with astringent for the astringent. Pat the cheeks up, the lines from nose to mouth out, the forehead up and the double chin with an inward blow as if you were going to drive it back in.

Your face *is* changing every day: the skin is sloughing off, your contour is changing. Why not change it into something you want?

First and foremost, your mind is changing your face. But wear and tear is changing it, too, and the kind of cosmetics you use, and neglect.

WE OURSELF got rid of a good, staunch double chin in less than a week. We spanked it five minutes every morning with a patter wet with astringent and later in the day we took another five minutes and rubbed it with reducing-soap and at night we tied it up with a chin-strap—and all of a sudden it was gone! Then we went down a little farther and took the exercises for reducing the waistline that we gave you in a recent issue of THE DELINEATOR, and within another week we had dropped utterly the look of "somebody's mother" and looked like a "nice young thing" with a "sweet" throatline and a slim, hard waist. But we always come to later and realize that it's a fact without a single slip-up in it that the "beautifuller" one is, the more fun she has and the deeper and farther she goes in life if she has anything at all back of her beauty.

Cleanliness. Exercise. Rest. Dress. And a soul. That's all one needs to be a perfect dynamo of inspiration, restfulness and charm.

We've talked a lot about never using soap. That's because we have to talk for the *general* good. Pure, good soap and warm water, then a rinse-off of cold water, is all right, even beneficial, for oily skins. It's drying and they need it. One can keep splendidly clean that way, and if the skin *is* oily, wash at least twice a day with soap and cleanse in between times with a cold-cream that is not very fat with oils and then use an astringent, such as wich-hazel, afterward. Never powder over a dirty skin—you're building for blackheads and trouble

But the way to get cleanest—that dazzling, groomed look of cleanliness—is to use a soft, bland, penetrating cold-cream. You can get beautiful ones that will last you a whole month for between fifty cents to a dollar. Water *will* make the skin harsh unless it's very oily. Most people have dry skins, and water will ruin a dry skin, making it stiff and wrinkled and old, when it should be fresh and soft and supple until you're ninety-eight.

If you feel you must use water, put a tablespoon of bran or almond-meal in it. Steaming the face cleanses it because it opens the pores and impurities pour out, but it also relaxes the facial muscles and is apt to coarsen the skin. Steaming is not advisable; it enlarges the pores, and though you can use an astringent after the steaming and contract them again, the safe thing is to cleanse with cold-cream, use masks and perspire the impurities out with exercise.

Housework is wonderful exercise. Making beds and scrubbing the bathtubs keep the waistline firm; sweeping is good for the whole body; scrubbing floors is marvelous for hips and waist.

Put up your windows when you do your housework, and sweep with some of those dustless thingamagees, or your skin will suffer. When the hour or two or six of work is over, cleanse with cream, and a bath for the eyes of boric-acid water, and some good wash for nose and throat, and a towel tied over your hair all the time you're working.

Walking outdoors and breathing deep is not only glorious exercise, but very good for one's faith in life and man. When we get down on life as it's run in this planet, we plunge into a tub and scrub and swim, then we take a walk in the country or some place where there are trees and space, and on our way back we shout from our heart out, like the mouse who drank the brandy, "Bring on your cat!"

THE whole trend of medicine to-day is to prevent. If women would learn to stop when they begin to be tired, wrinkles would get an awful setback. There are heaps of people and books in this country that do nothing but tell people how to relax. They are not aiming so much at physical beauty as they are at physical efficiency and spiritual, mental beauty. Psychoanalysis, rhythmics, Christian Science, New Thought—all are trying to get people to relax, to open, to let go. Why? Because that's the way truth and power get in. Well, that's the way beauty of body and person gets in, too. Stop a hundred times a day and consciously relax, open. Use mechanics if you can, such as music, flopping your wrists, flopping your whole body from the waist, roll your shoulder muscles around until they are all loose, flop your head back and forth and roll it around on your shoulders. Get down on all fours and lumber along like a bear.

The thing next to cleanliness that is most telling in your ensemble is the half-dozen little details of grooming. They can do more for you than any dress can! The way your hair sweeps up from your neck or about your brow. Exquisitely cared-for hands and nails. Eyes that stand out like two evening stars because you know how not only to rest them and keep them clean and strong (mild boiled salt-water for that), but to put a faint little line in the corner to elongate them or a breath of shadow over the upper lid to bring out their brilliancy, and last of all, because you never go to bed at night without a tiny bit of petroleum jelly along the lower lid to keep the lashes thick (don't let it get in your eye). The red mouth that is so natural and charming in its color that not even your worst rival could vouch it is rouged. And then the right shade of powder, so like your skin when it was a baby that it couldn't possibly be detected as powder.

IF YOU'RE born with a coarse, thick type of skin, you can keep it from growing worse, you can even make it much better by cleansing it properly and by giving it an intelligent ten to twenty minutes a day grooming. If you're born with a nice, normal skin, you can keep it. And if you're born with a thin, delicate skin, thank the gods that be for that heavenly gift, and all your life steal money from your clothes and put it in the finest creams and cosmetics that you can buy. Thin, lovely skins wrinkle easily and are easily irritated.

But whatever your skin is, never do anything violent to it (put all creams on lightly and dust powder in, don't scrub it in) and never think that you'll be nice and natural and let the wind and the world have its way with it—that's nonsense! This is no world for a skin to go out in stark; protect it with cream and powder.

If you're born to get fat, defeat it with exercise and a sane, healthy diet. What's food amount to compared with having people say as you go by, "Look at that lovely, free thing, lithe as a flame!" And if you're born to be thin, thank heaven you were born in this age instead of Rubens's. And don't *try to get fat*. Just try to be happy and wise in your sense of values—that always means that nothing is worth worrying about—and eat sensibly.

No matter what kind of hair you were born with, you can do *anything* with it. All it ever needs to make it lovely is cleanliness, the nourishment nature has for it plus a little which art has developed for it, plenty of brushing and good general health. It can be beautiful even when you haven't good health. Hair is one of the best friends you have and it stands more abuse than any other part of you.

And then there's the soul. For more than a year our particular soul has been telling us: "People are fluid; they can be anything they like; they can look any way they like. Look at all the great players—how fluidic they are with their many faces, now looking tall because they feel tall, now looking short because they wish to."

The world is changing, flowing; your mind is changing and your face is changing. Make them change into glory instead of into resignation.

BETTER HOMES FOR BIRDS

Garden fittings that keep feathered folk about

Information regarding the purchasing of these bird houses and baths will be gladly given if inquiries are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope and addressed to the Home-Building Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York City



Strikingly original, this semidetached house shelters both Jenny Wren and Robin Redbreast



A fine example of young-American architecture and the home that shelters the brood of the bluebird or wren



A bracket bluebird house of sweet-smelling rustic cedar, which is both practical and attractive



Three types of stone bird-baths which are both artistic and sanitary. The center one, which is designed to lay on the grass, costs five dollars



A round house for songbirds who work cheerfully protecting trees and gardens, thereby paying for the rent



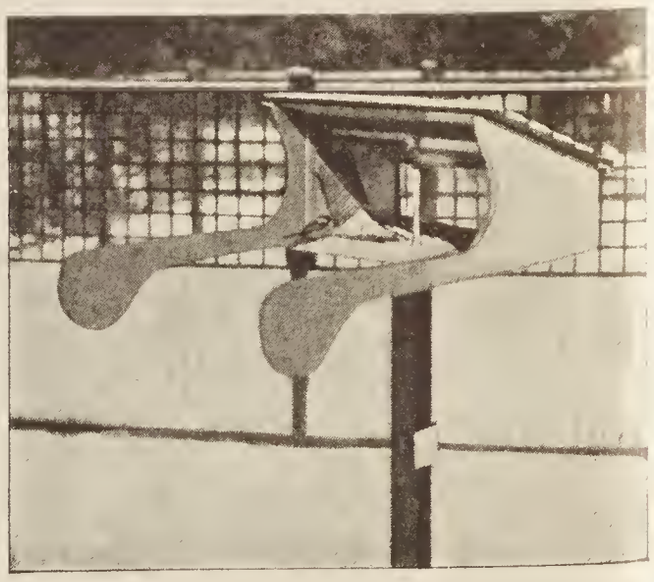
The town house of Mr. and Mrs. Robin, with its quaint green and white hospitality, is seldom left uninhabited



A wooden bird-bath—tin-lined, durable and easily made



It is said that sparrows do not trouble swinging houses. This unusual one is designed for the happy little Jenny Wren



This sheltered feeding-box operates automatically, like a weathervane, providing food for all who will but come and partake

THE NEW IN NEW YORK



Miss Normal Mitchell whose hair turned white over night when she began to play the rôle of Jane Davidge in "Why Not?", by Jesse Lynch Williams, the third play in this year's program of the Equity Players

There are manys ways of growing old gracefully, but few women age as rapidly as Miss Mitchell when she made herself over from a young and very beautiful girl into a not so young but equally beautiful middle-aged woman

Photograph by the White Studio

By EVELYN DODGE

THE tradition of beauty has been too much associated with youth. Miss Mitchell's portrayal of *Jane Davidge* in "Why Not?" is fascinating in the possibilities it suggests of growing older exquisitely. It makes one almost impatient for white hair beautifully arranged, for drooping, fluttering clothes on a figure extraordinarily light and delicate, for pearls and perfection in small considered details of hats and wraps and shoe-buckles.

PEARLS, by the way, are worn in two or three rather long strands, unless they are very large, and then they are worn in a short string that just girdles the base of the throat. Large round beads of lapis and amber and jade and the new rather dark amberasia are worn in these same short necklaces.

ON THE AVENUE one sees smartly dressed women walking and shopping in the morning in very simple tailored suits made with straight jackets or box-coats and equally straight wrap-over skirts worn with the monogram blouse in white, sand, Chinese red or almond-green crêpe de Chine. In the afternoon the tailleur is more fanciful, with the new bolero and tier skirt, a tie-on jacket with accordion-plaited or draped skirt or the straight lead-pencil skirt lapped over itself at the front. The skirt is apt to be the lower part of a dress with the body of a gaily printed silk, while the skirt and jacket are of black, caramel, cinder, dark-brown or navy-blue rep or kasha. It is still a little early for the silks, which are being shown in suits, but which are still too thin to be serviceable.

THE draped or straight coat dress is very smart for the street, but indoors dresses are soft and very exquisite. The thin crêpe or silk dress entirely plaited and entirely sleeveless is having a great success. It is a very perfect dress of its kind and is used a great deal at luncheon and tea and also for restaurant dinners and the theater.

AFTERNOON suits and dresses are worn with the very small hat of silk or satin or duvetyn, patent-leather Colonial pumps with steel or bronze buckles, very thin nude, cocoa or gray silk stockings, and white gauntlet gloves. Suède hats are seen with suits and small cretonne hats are shown for Summer.

THE shops are also showing Summer dresses of delicate tinted cotton voile, miraculously fine crêpe, marquisette, and cotton crêpe de Chine in the delicate shell-shade of pink, mauve and yellow and the new mountain haze lavender, trimmed entirely with crossed designs of drawn-work with the ribbon hip bow, and Summer dresses of unbleached muslin, colored cotton crêpe trimmed with candlewicking.

SOULIÉ'S SKETCHES SENT FROM THE DELINEATOR'S PARIS ESTABLISHMENT

Deauville dresses prepare for Summer by minimizing the importance of sleeves and drawing away the threads of thin materials to make them still more diaphanous

An accordion-plaited underdress partially hides the light of the new plaited fashion under apron tunics at the front and back of a Summer frock of white and black crêpe



Printed crêpe de Chine plaits itself into the sash and panels, and a deep collarette over a still deeper one, also plaited, of white Georgette. Plaits are extremely smart this Summer for entire dresses and for skirts. Tollman has used plain white Georgette for the blouse body, and plaited Georgette for the skirt

"Design" is a very irregular verb when it is used in connection with a French frock of black crêpe marocain with a one-sided drapery in the dress and an original slant in the diagonal tier-tucked underskirt. The treatment of the sleeve is interesting and unusual

The fabric trimming, which the French dressmakers use so happily, does delightful things to myrtle-green Georgette trimmed with open work insertions and corded circles of the fabric. The skirt draws the new line between the straight and the bouffant silhouettes. From Chavériat

PARIS OFFERS THE SUIT AND THE SUIT DRESS

Paris is in a reasonable mood in regard to the length of the skirt—which is moderate—and the question of the neckline which is no longer inevitably severe but softens itself with collars or embroidery



We have had the dress that might be a coat and the coat that has the costume effect of a dress. Short tunics turned over a narrow belt lend the look of a coat suit to a smart dress of heavy flat silk crêpe



A cravat collar goes to considerable length to show its embroidered ends below a straight jacket of black rep, edged with white above an even straighter skirt trimmed in the same fashion



The double loop of a narrow back panel may be interpreted as a sash end or a suggestion of the bustle back carried still farther by the drawn-to-the-back line of the embroidery



A short embroidered blouse takes the place of a jacket in a smart costume of cocoa-colored crêpe silk stitched in black and trimmed with black satin and ball-button fringe. Plaited panels confine themselves to the sides and leave the flat front and back so much insisted upon in the new styles



Dress 4426



Dress 4422



Dress 4393



Dress 4454



Dress 4428



Dress 4452



Dress 4448

Other views and descriptions of these dresses are on page 92

Dress 4411

Dress 4413

Dress 4424

Dress 4418

Dress 4404

Other views and descriptions of these dresses are on page 92



Other views and descriptions of these garments are on page 93

Dress 4355

Dress 4359

Dress 4408
Embroidery
design 10120

Dress 4415
Hat 4449

Dress 4420

Dress 4394

Dress 4438

Dress 4401

Other views and descriptions of these dresses are on page 94

Blouse 4377
Skirt 4251

Dress 4372

Dress 4383
Embroidery
design 10873

Dress 4351
Embroidery design 10923
Embroidered bag 10102

Dress 4402

Other views and descriptions of these garments are on page 95

Jacket 4442
Dress 4349,
Embroidery
design
10123

Bolero
jacket 4423
Dress 4444
Embroi-
dered bag
10915

Suit
4398

Dress and
Cape 4397

Coat 4410
Dress 4422

Dress 4415
Hat 4449

Box coat 4433
Dress 4383
Embroidered
bag 10102

Other views and descriptions of these costumes are on page 95

Morning dress 4432

Jacquette blouse 4455
Skirt 4425
Monogram design 10787

Jacquette blouse 4421
Skirt 4405

Morning dress 4434

4434 4432

Blouse 4437
Embroidery design 10841

4437 4455 4425 4421 4405 4431

4251

Jacquette blouse 4431
Skirt 4251

4434—One can face neighborly inspection on a market tour in this morning dress of the slip-over type with inside pockets and a straight skirt. Use check gingham with plain or with cotton-crêpe body, plain gingham or linen-finished cotton with chintz body, check or dotted with plain percale, etc.

36 bust requires 2 yards 36-inch cretonne and 2⅛ yards 36-inch crêpe.

The morning dress is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4432—A frilled vestee and a sash make this one-piece morning dress becoming to better housewives in better homes. It slips on over the head. Use gingham, striped madras, dotted percale, cotton ratine, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 32 inch gingham and 1 yard 44-inch organdy.

The morning dress is nice for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4455 — 4425 — 10787 — A monogram is a fashionable label for the jacquette blouse on the raglan order, worn as a jacquette or a blouse over a one-piece wrap-around skirt draped on a camisole body. Work monogram in satin-stitch or outline. Use crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, cotton crêpe, printed silk with plain, etc., with skirt of wool poplin, wool crêpe, heavy silk crêpe, etc.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2⅛ yards 39-inch crêpe satin and 1⅞ yard 42-inch wool crêpe.

The jacquette blouse and skirt are for ladies 32 to 46 bust and 35 to 47½ hip.

4421—4405—The Indian or Bokhara prints in Canton crêpe silks, etc., make a smart jacquette blouse for a one-piece straight skirt with set-in pocket. Use sports silks, sports satins, Canton crêpe, etc., for skirt.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2⅛ yards 39-inch novelty and 2¼ yards 39-inch plain silk crêpe (including collar and sash).

The jacquette blouse and skirt are for ladies 32 to 44 bust and 35 to 47½ hip.

4431—4251—One version of the jacquette blouse selects the new accordion or side plaited straight skirt, joining a camisole or inside belt. Use crêpe de Chine, etc., embroidered, etc., or printed designs in Canton crêpe, crêpe de Chine, etc., with skirt of satin, charmeuse, satin crêpe, etc.

36 bust and 38 hip require 3 yards 35-inch novelty and 2¾ yards 36-inch plain silk (skirt attached to camisole body).

The jacquette blouse and skirt are for ladies 32 to 44 bust and 35 to 42½ hip.

View A View B View C
Hat 4451
Embroidery design 10120

View C View B View D View A
Embroidery design 10119
Hat 4449

4437—10814—A new blouse of the slip-over type fits snugly over the hips and includes a buttoned plait to provide for shrinking if the blouse is made of washable material. The embroidery is bright. Work it in beads or French knots and satin-stitch or outline. Use crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, beaded, etc.

36 bust requires 1⅞ yard 39-inch silk crêpe.

The blouse is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4451—10120—A gay little hat is attractive in cretonne, printed silk eponge or novelty cotton ratine. View B embroiders plain silk eponge, duvetyn, plain cotton ratine, etc. Work the design in colors. A ribbon ornament is easy to make on a duvetyn hat. The hats have a gored crown, a softly rolled bias brim, or straight brim for bordered fabrics.

The hat is new for ladies, misses, girls and children.

4449—10119—Suède kid, duvetyn, etc. or material like your coat, provided it does not fray, may be used in one color or trimmed with contrasting for view A. View B is becoming in taffeta, satin, heavy silk crêpe, etc. The embroidery is smart. Work in one-stitch. View C in velours, etc., and view D in novelty ratine, cotton poplin, cretonne, etc.

The hat is smart for ladies, misses, girls and children.

A COAT FROCK, SPRING SUIT, AND NEW INTERPRETATIONS OF DRAPERY



Dress 4465



Dress 4339



Dress 4456
Embroidery design 10118



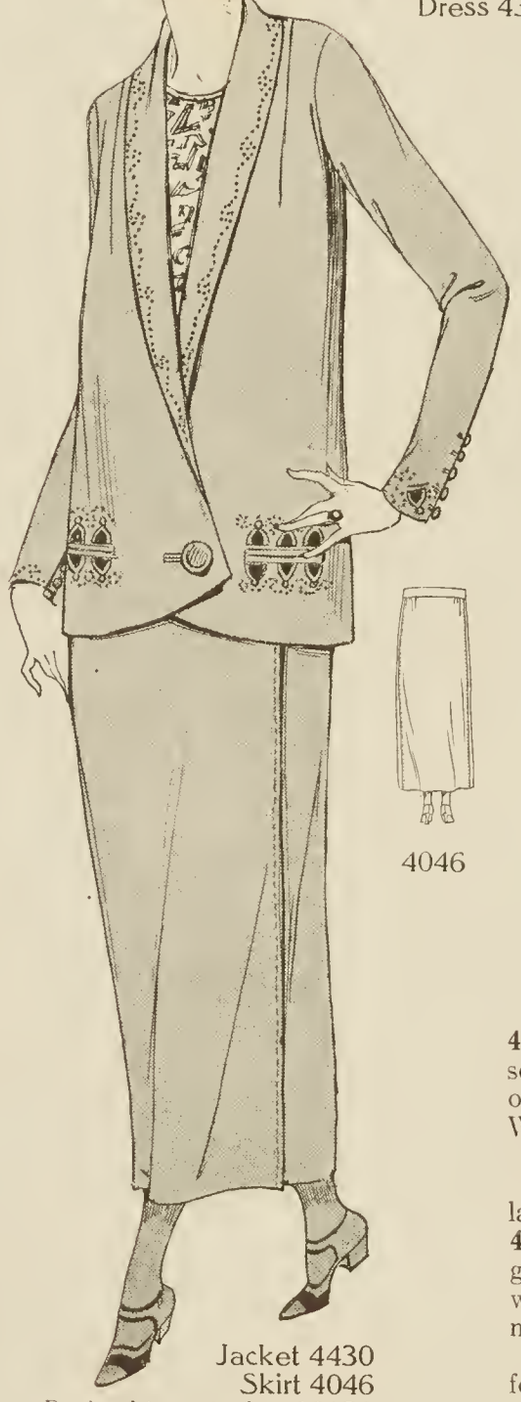
Coat frock
4463



Dress 4462



4465



4046



4339



4430

Jacket 4430
Skirt 4046
Embroidery design 10120

4465—Cascade drapery decorates the four-piece skirt of this slip-over dress. Use plain shades in crêpe de Chine, light-weight or sheer silk crêpes, satin crêpe, silk voile, Georgette, or cotton Georgette, cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe, or use printed silk, etc. Lower edge 54½ inches.

36 bust requires 4⅛ yards 39-inch Georgette.

The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4339—Crêpe satin, satin crêpe or heavy silk crêpes, etc., make this becoming draped dress on the slip-over order, with sleeves of Georgette or lace set into a deep armhole. It is in one piece at the front and back. Lower edge 50 inches.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards 40-inch crêpe satin and 1 yard 40-inch Georgette.

The dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4456—10118—Panels and the one-sided surplice effect are smart on this one-piece dress. The embroidery is attractive. Work it in a combination of outline, running stitch and satin-stitch. Use heavy silk crêpe, or wool poplin, heavy wool crêpe, soft twills, tricotine, kasha, etc. Lower edge 52 inches.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch wool crêpe.

The dress is smart for ladies 33 to 46 bust, also misses.

4463—A smart hand-made ornament contributes to the diagonal line of a one-piece coat frock, draped in front and bloused in back. Use wool rep, soft twills, soft serge, tricotine or heavy silk crêpe. Lower edge 52 inches.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards 54-inch wool rep.

The coat frock is distinctive for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

4462—A fichu collar and flowers hold a rendezvous on a dress with a flounced straight skirt. It closes under the left arm. Use taffeta, gros de Londres with fichu of lace, net, Georgette, chiffon, or organdy with lace or net fichu, etc.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 35-inch gros de Londres and ⅝ yard 36-inch lace. Lower edge of foundation skirt 48 inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 40 bust.

4430—4046—10120—Spring coaxes one forth in a suit of twills, tricotine, serge, camel's hair, tweeds, homespun, etc. The straight jacket buttons over a three-piece skirt with inside belt. The embroidery is attractive. Work it in vivid colors. Lower edge 1⅜ yard.

36 bust and 38 hip require 3⅝ yards 54-inch soft twill.

The jacket is smart for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; the skirt for ladies 35 to 55 hip.

4464—A new development of the *robe de style* comes in a dress of taffeta, gros de Londres, medium-weight silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine or organdy, with lace bertha, etc., or printed silks, printed silk crêpes, with plain material to match. Lower edge 3 yards.

36 bust requires 4⅜ yards 35-inch taffeta and ⅜ yard 40-inch lace for bertha.

The dress is new for ladies 32 to 40 bust.

4456

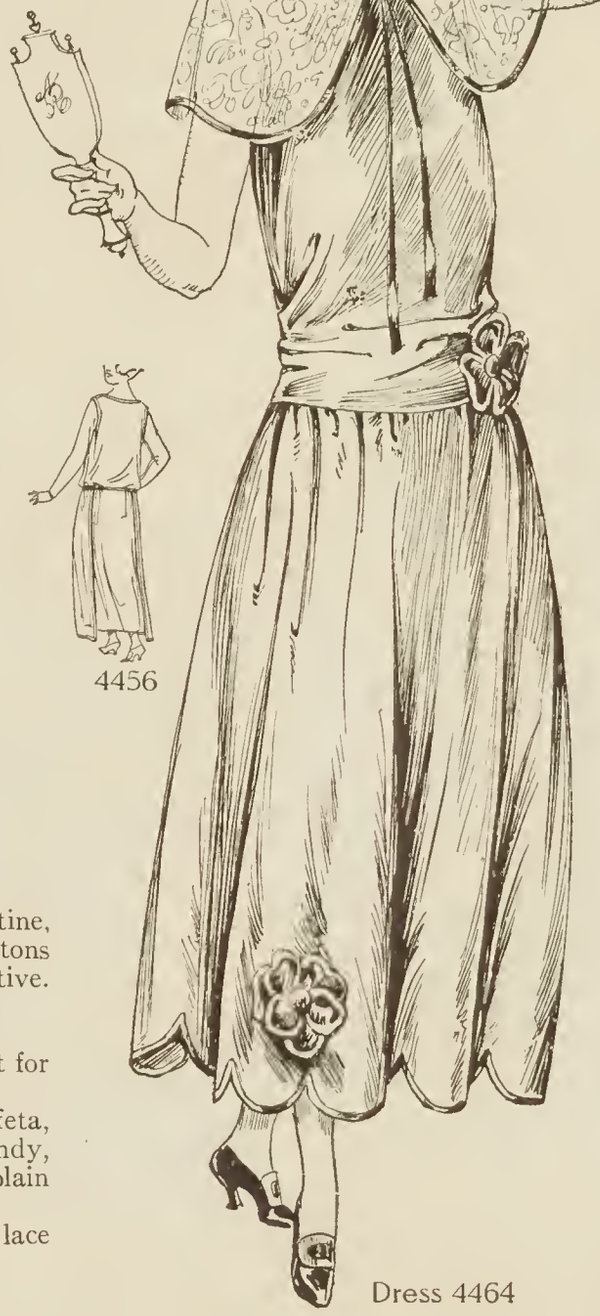
4463



4462
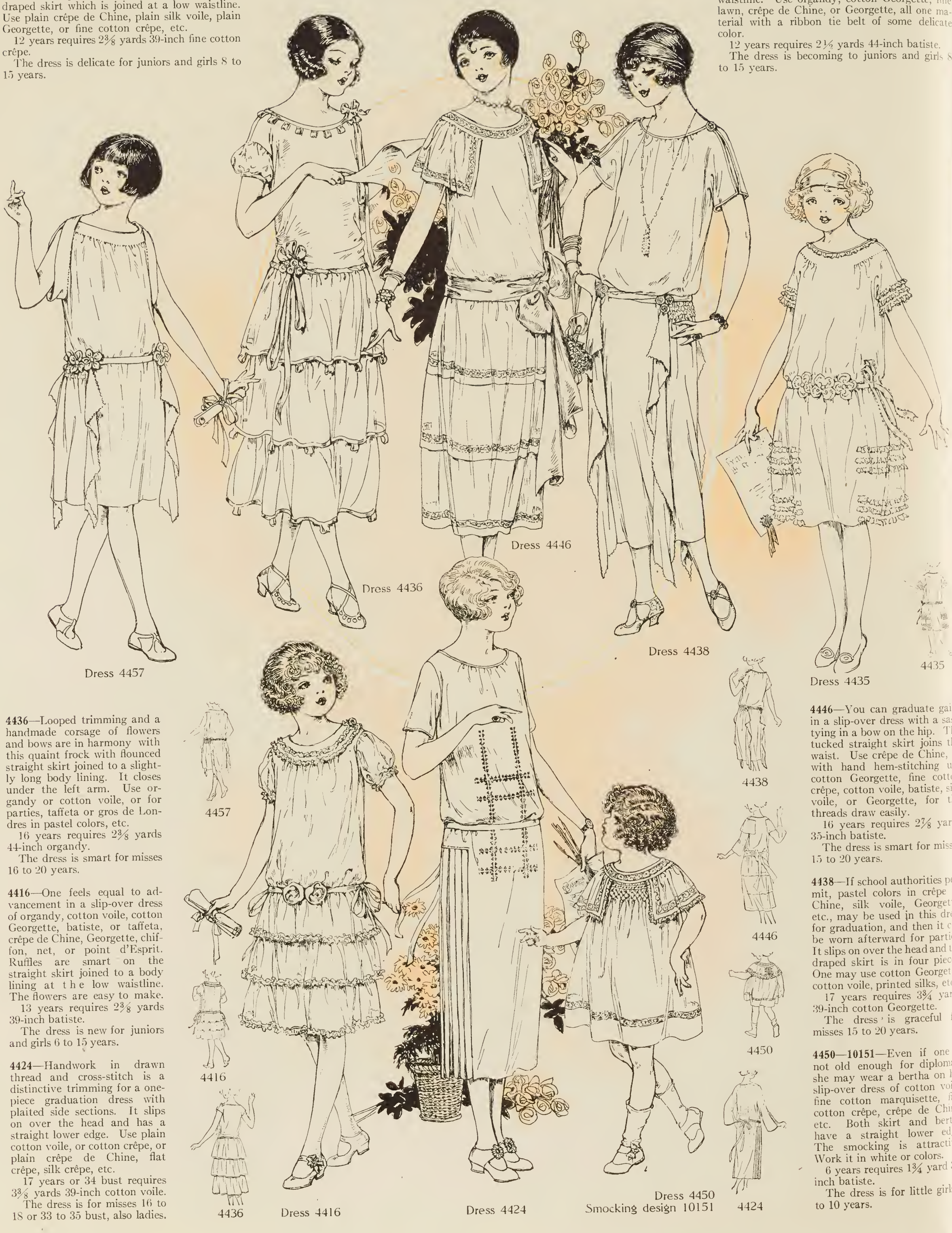


4464



Dress 4464

DRAWN-WORK, PLAITS, OR FABRIC FLOWERS FOR PARTY OR GRADUATION



Dress 4457

Dress 4436

Dress 4446

Dress 4438

Dress 4435

Dress 4416

Dress 4424

Dress 4450
Smocking design 10151

4457

4436

4438

4446

4450

4424

4435

4457—Dainty fabric flowers may be made very easily and worn on the sides of a ribbon girdle to such a slip-over dress. It has a four-piece draped skirt which is joined at a low waistline. Use plain crêpe de Chine, plain silk voile, plain Georgette, or fine cotton crêpe, etc.

12 years requires 2⅜ yards 39-inch fine cotton crêpe.

The dress is delicate for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

4436—Looped trimming and a handmade corsage of flowers and bows are in harmony with this quaint frock with flounced straight skirt joined to a slightly long body lining. It closes under the left arm. Use organdy or cotton voile, or for parties, taffeta or gros de Londres in pastel colors, etc.

16 years requires 2⅜ yards 44-inch organdy.

The dress is smart for misses 16 to 20 years.

4416—One feels equal to advancement in a slip-over dress of organdy, cotton voile, cotton Georgette, batiste, or taffeta, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, chiffon, net, or point d'Esprit. Ruffles are smart on the straight skirt joined to a body lining at the low waistline. The flowers are easy to make.

13 years requires 2⅜ yards 39-inch batiste.

The dress is new for juniors and girls 6 to 15 years.

4424—Handwork in drawn thread and cross-stitch is a distinctive trimming for a one-piece graduation dress with plaited side sections. It slips on over the head and has a straight lower edge. Use plain cotton voile, or cotton crêpe, or plain crêpe de Chine, flat crêpe, silk crêpe, etc.

17 years or 34 bust requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch cotton voile.

The dress is for misses 16 to 18 or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

4435—A soft fulness over the shoulder softens this already attractive dress on the slip-over order. The straight skirt is joined at a low waistline. Use organdy, cotton Georgette, fine lawn, crêpe de Chine, or Georgette, all one material with a ribbon tie belt of some delicate color.

12 years requires 2½ yards 44-inch batiste.

The dress is becoming to juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

4446—You can graduate gaily in a slip-over dress with a sash tying in a bow on the hip. The tucked straight skirt joins the waist. Use crêpe de Chine, or with hand hem-stitching use cotton Georgette, fine cotton crêpe, cotton voile, batiste, silk voile, or Georgette, for the threads draw easily.

16 years requires 2⅞ yards 35-inch batiste.

The dress is smart for misses 15 to 20 years.

4438—If school authorities permit, pastel colors in crêpe de Chine, silk voile, Georgette, etc., may be used in this dress for graduation, and then it can be worn afterward for parties. It slips on over the head and the draped skirt is in four pieces. One may use cotton Georgette, cotton voile, printed silks, etc.

17 years requires 3¾ yards 39-inch cotton Georgette.

The dress is graceful for misses 15 to 20 years.

4450—10151—Even if one is not old enough for diplomas, she may wear a bertha on her slip-over dress of cotton voile, fine cotton marquisette, fine cotton crêpe, crêpe de Chine, etc. Both skirt and bertha have a straight lower edge. The smocking is attractive. Work it in white or colors.

6 years requires 1¾ yard 36-inch batiste.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 10 years.

A HIGHER EDUCATION IN HIP BOWS, PINCH TUCKS AND JABOT DRAPERY

4362—10863—Lace-trimmed straight flounces and a quaint pointed bertha contribute to the sense of importance of a graduating junior. This dress on the slip-over order may be used for Spring parties. The embroidery is delicate. Work it in satin-stitch, eyelets, etc. Use taffeta, crêpe de Chine, chiffon, Georgette, point d'esprit, or net; batiste or organdy all one material or with flouncing and all-over embroidery; or cotton voile or cotton Georgette.

13 years requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch batiste.

The dress is smart for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

Dress 4362 Embroidery design 10863

4411—10859—A huge bow on the hip may give a touch of color to this one-piece dress with a straight lower edge. It slips on over the head. Use cotton voile, cotton crêpe, or crêpe de Chine, in plain effects, handkerchief linen, plain silk crêpes, or printed silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, etc. The embroidery is dainty. It goes easily.

16 years or 33 bust requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch cotton voile.

The dress is for misses 33 to 35 bust or 16 to 18, also ladies.

4418—Lace is an appropriate accompaniment to drawn-work in a one-piece graduating dress. It has a drop shoulder and slips on over the head. Use crêpe de Chine, flat crêpe, plain cotton voile, etc. Lower edge 50 inches.

17 years or 34 bust requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch cotton voile.

The dress is graceful for misses 16 to 18 or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

4406—This dress with jabot drapery down the front and back is in the "high honor" class. It has a straight skirt joining a body at a low waistline and slips on over the head. Use materials like Canton crêpe, crêpe de Chine, or heavy flat crêpe; while for other wear, use printed satin crêpe, Canton crêpe, etc.

17 years requires 3½ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is smart for misses 16 to 20 years.

Dress 4429

Dress 4360

Dress 4411 Embroidery design 10859

4360

4365

Dress 4427

4427

4362

4429

4406

Dress 4418

Dress 4406

Dress 4365

4411

4418

4427—Simple tucked dresses are most appropriate for graduating juniors. The tucks on the waist as well as the skirt, are youthful. Looped ribbons determine the low waistline where the straight skirt is joined, and decorate the left shoulder. The dress slips on over the head. Make it of organdy, fine lawn, batiste, cotton voile, cotton Georgette, fine cotton crêpe, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, or net.

12 years requires 2¾ yards 36-inch fine lawn.

The dress is becoming to juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

4429—Pinch tucks create the panel effect on the upper, and squares on the lower part of this one-piece slip-over dress, with a straight lower edge. Use plain materials—crêpe de Chine, Georgette, or silk voile, cotton voile, or Georgette. Where school authorities are lenient, girls sometimes choose to graduate in delicate colors that make charming party frocks after graduation.

16 years requires 3⅜ yards 35-inch batiste.

The dress is new for misses 16 to 20 years.

4360—For graduation a dress with the draped basque of taffeta or crêpe satin and a straight full skirt of point d'esprit or net, or the whole dress of taffeta, radium silk, organdy, or dotted swiss is smart. It closes under the left arm and the skirt joins a body lining.

14 years requires 1⅜ yard 35-inch taffeta and 2⅜ yards 36-inch net.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

4365—Scallops decorate the folds at the bottom of a one-piece dress on the slip-over type. It has a straight lower edge and may have a body lining marked for a camisole top. Use organdy, cotton voile, cotton crêpe, dotted swiss, cotton Georgette, etc.

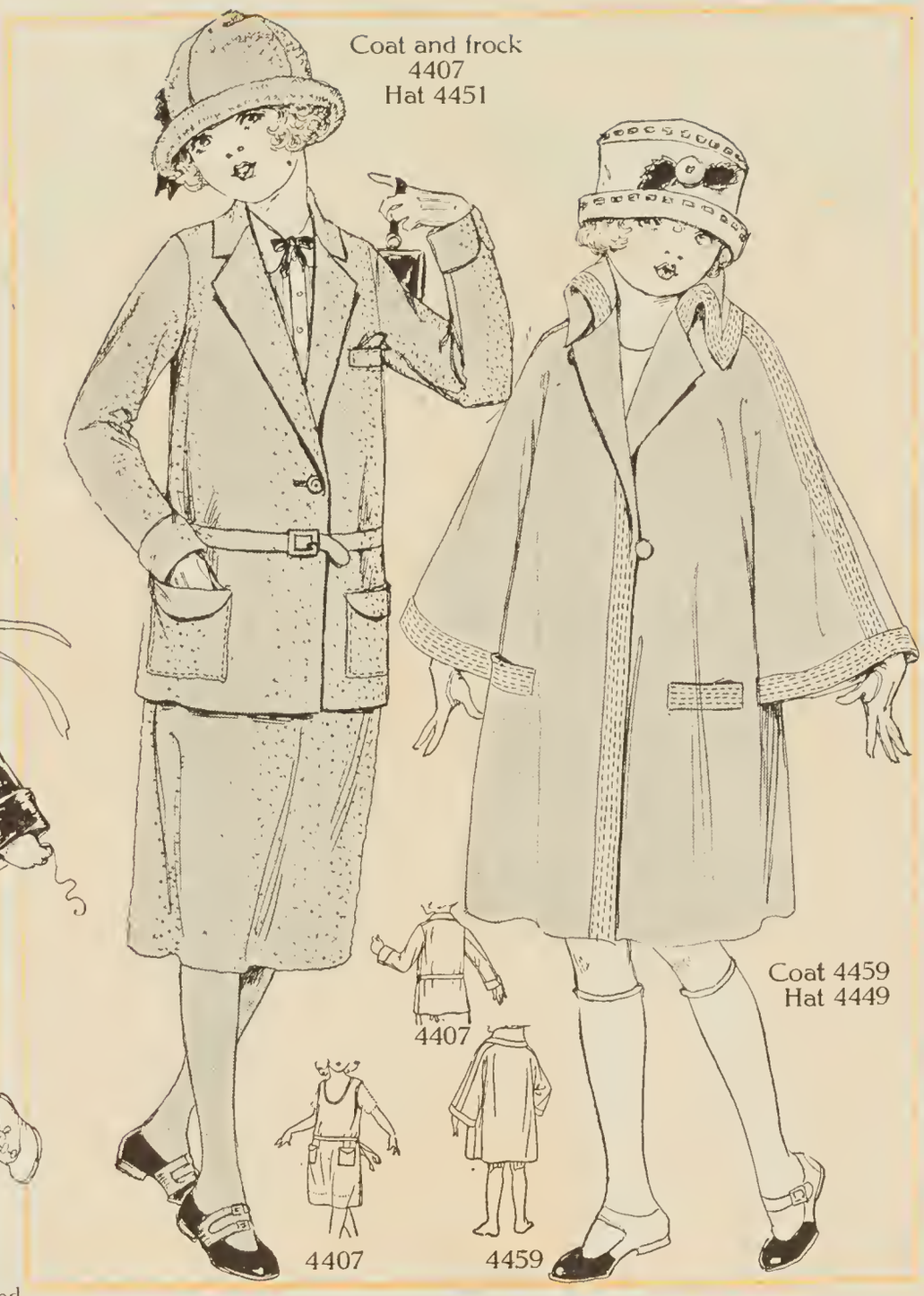
16 years requires 3 yards 39-inch organdy. Lower edge 55 inches.

The dress is delicate for misses 16 to 20, also small women.

4407—4451—Her first real costume—for this coat and sleeveless frock one wears with a blouse or a guimpe can rank as a costume. The hat with a gored crown and softly rolled brim is smart. Use tweed, homespun, heavy wool jersey, wool eponge, serge, cheviot, wool poplin, soft twills, tricotine, flannel, wool checks, etc.

14 years and 21¾ inches head require 3¼ yards 54-inch tweed for the costume and hat.

The coat and frock are becoming to juniors and girls 6 to 15, and the hat for children, girls, misses and ladies.





4412—4318—10107—One's spirits soar in a shirred hat and a coat on the raglan order, with a plain lining and smocked or gathered to the round yoke. The smocking may be done in self or contrasting color. Use crêpe de Chine, silk faille, taffeta, pongee, etc.

4 years and 19¾ inches head measure require 2½ yards 35-inch taffeta for coat and hat.

The coat is new for little girls 1 to 5, the hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

4459—4449—A Springtime wrap is graceful with its wide sleeves which resemble a cape. The coat is in kimono effect and the collar may be buttoned high or rolled open. The hat of suède kid or a material (if it does not fray) to match the coat is very French. Use wool poplin, soft twills, tricotine, cheviot, serge, or for Summer use pongee.

12 years requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch soft twill for coat.

The coat is for juniors and girls 4 to 15, and the hat for children, girls, misses and ladies.



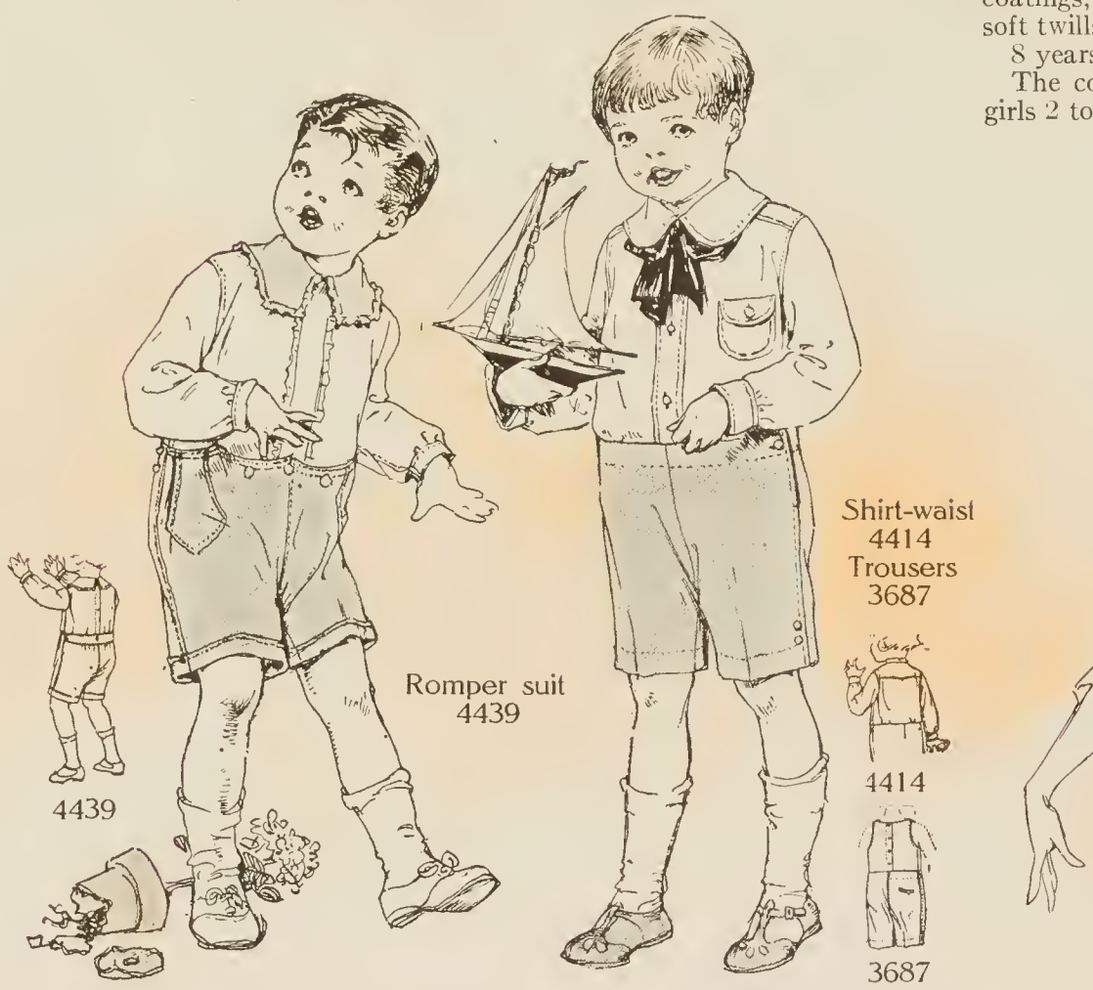
4461—4318—A smart coat for Maytime is worn with a hat trimmed with posies. Use soft-surfaced woolen coatings, wool eponge, camel's-hair, serge, tricotine, soft twills, wool poplin or pongee for the coat.

8 years requires 1⅜ yard 54-inch serge for coat.

The coat is smart for girls 6 to 12 and the hat for girls 2 to 12.

CHILDREN ANSWER SPRING'S CALL IN SMART COATS AND SUITS





4439—One can not be too downcast in a romper suit, with a waist of dimity or piqué and straight trousers of poplin or linen. One may use pongee for waist, with trousers of contrasting-color pongee.

3 years requires 1 yard 36-inch linen and ⅞ yard 32-inch dimity.

The romper suit is for little boys 2 to 5.

4414—3687—He can be a good navigator in a shirt-waist of pongee, silk broadcloth, crêpe de Chine, poplin, madras, dimity or linen, worn with straight trousers of flannel, serge, mixtures, etc. The shirt-waist has a neck-band for wear with separate collars, and the trousers with an underwaist may have a fly.

5 years requires 1⅜ yard 32-inch pongee and ½ yard 44-inch serge.

The shirt-waist is serviceable for boys 3 to 7, the trousers for boys 3 to 12 years.

4458—3294—Luck in tennis is with one if he wears this Summer blazer of striped or plain flannel with knickerbockers of white flannel, serge, mixtures, cheviot, khaki, duck, etc.

10 years requires 1⅜ yard 46-inch striped flannel and 1½ yard 27-inch flannel.

The blazer and knickerbockers are practical for boys 4 to 16 years.



4460—Quite Summery is this sleeveless coatee she wears over a one-piece dress in kimono effect. The dress slips on over the head. Use novelty cotton ratine with plain cotton ratine coatee, cotton homespun with printed or heavy cotton crêpe coatee, white linen with color to match, etc.

13 years requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch novelty and 1⅜ yard 36-inch plain ratine.

The dress and coatee are attractive for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

GARMENTS WHICH ANTICIPATE THE SUMMER'S COMING

4409—One can not fail to keep a better home in such a becoming apron of gingham, percale, chambray, cotton crêpe, chintz, or linen-finished cottons. It slips on over the head and has a straight lower edge. Unbleached muslin or black sateen trimmed with bright color in bindings, rickrack, wool embroidery or cross-stitch is attractive.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards of 36-inch percale. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

The apron is for ladies 32 to 48 bust.



4409

Apron 4409

Slip 4419
Embroidery
design 10825



Costume Slip 4382
Embroidery
design 10627

Breakfast coat 4387



Negligée 4371

4371—For May mornings choose a negligée or lounging robe, draped at the front, in crêpe de Chine, crêpe-back satin, broché satin all one material or with Georgette, etc. Use crêpe de Chine, printed crêpes and silks, cotton crêpe or triple voile without the sleeves and collar.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch brocaded satin and 1⅜ yards 40-inch Georgette. Lower edge 54½ inches.

The negligée is graceful for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4382—10627—Such a costume slip has a double inverted plait at the back which provides ease when seated. The embroidery is delicate. Work in satin-stitch, eyelets, buttonholing, and French stemming. Use nainsook, long-cloth, cotton voile, sateen, or crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, charmeuse, radium, tub silk, etc.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 35-inch nainsook.

The costume slip is useful for ladies 32 to 48 bust.



4419

4419—10825—Seams slightly fit a new slip and shallow inverted plaits at each side back seam, provide fulness at the lower edge. The embroidery is attractive. Work in satin-stitch, eyelets, etc. Use nainsook, long-cloth, underwear mull, or crêpe de Chine, radium, etc. Lower edge, plaits drawn out, 1¾ yards.

36 bust requires 3 yards of 35-inch long-cloth.

The slip is for ladies 34 to 52 bust.

4382

4453—Mother will welcome a pair of rompers to put over a dress or use with a guimpe for playtime, the beach, etc. They are open or closed at the bottom. Use chambray, linen-finished cottons, plain madras, poplin with dimity guimpe, check gingham with chambray, etc.

3 years requires 1⅛ yard 36-inch cotton print and ¾ yard 36-inch lawn (including frills).

The rompers are for children 1 to 5.



4453



4447

Rompers
4453

Pajamas
4440

Dresses 4447 Embroidery design 10978



4387



4371



4440



4447

4387—The young girl will want to own this breakfast coat or negligée with shell ruching and rosebuds. Use crêpe de Chine, soft taffeta, wash satin, habutai silk, silk mull, or cotton crêpe, cotton voile, dotted swiss, silk and cotton crêpe de Chine, etc. Lower edge 58 inches.

16 years requires 3¼ yards 36-inch taffeta.

The breakfast coat is for misses 16 to 20, also small women.

4440—Short length pajamas are comfortable for Summer and this two-piece pair is attractive in cotton crêpe, dimity, nainsook, long-cloth, batiste, or madras, etc. One may use a longer length for cool weather wear. The upper part slips on over the head quite easily.

8 years requires 2⅜ yards 32-inch figured cotton crêpe.

The pajamas are for girls 4 to 14 years.

4447—10978—For the baby are the one-piece dress with a high or round neck and the tucked dress with a straight lower edge, inverted fulness or a gored seam under the arm. The flat collar is for a boy and the sleeves may be long or short. The embroidery is sweet. Work in eyelets, satin-stitch, etc. Use batiste or handkerchief linen, nainsook, lawn or dimity.

View A requires 1⅜ yard 36-inch nainsook (piecing at center back); view B, 1⅝ yard 36-inch nainsook.

The dresses are dainty for infants.

CROSS-STITCH ENTERS THE CAMPAIGN FOR BETTER HOMES

ON BRIGHTER LINENS AND GAYER CLOTHES



Embroidery design 10145

10145—Cross-stitch designs are deservedly popular, for their use is quite elastic; the same design may find an opportune place on the new blouse and be just the touch of color needed on pillow covers. Worked in brilliant colors in the Czecho-Slovakian or Roumanian combinations—red, yellow, blue, black, green and gold—the bandings and motifs of this design are most attractive. Pillows, curtains, scarfs, tea-cloths, luncheon sets and other household linens are enlivened with this touch of color, and the design may be used on blouses, dresses or hats for Spring. The design can be adapted to 1¾ yard of banding 8 inches wide, 2½ yards of banding 1½ inch wide, two large peacock squares 8¾ by 9 inches, four small squares 4 by 4 inches, two long motifs 4 by 14½ inches, four corners 4½ by 5½ inches and 32 small triangular motifs which may be used to form squares.

Embroidery design 10146

10146—The true peasant embroidery appears on many of the new Spring dresses, blouses and fabric hats for women and young girls. This design is very simple and the large crosses work up very rapidly. For children's clothes cross-stitch is still the easy and becoming trimming and gives the right touch of color of which no child should be deprived. If we are to have "better homes," we must have happy, contented children, and to have them be sure and introduce lots of color into their lives wherever you can. This design can be adapted to 4⅞ yards of banding 3½ inches wide, 5¼ yards of edging 1⅜ inch wide, 15 rectangular motifs 4½ by 4½ inches, nine long motifs 3½ by 7 inches and 15 small motifs 1¾ by 5⅝ inches.

Embroidery design 10144

10144—Cross-stitch initials may be convenient for a number of places. Any household linens are more attractive if one uses these initials to mark them, while if one is a prey to towel abductions, such initials are a protection. On personal lingerie they lend an individual touch. They are particularly attractive since the flower is worked in a contrasting color. The crosses accommodate their size to the size of the letters; the small letters are done in small crosses, the medium letters in medium stitches, and the large in large crosses. The design can be adapted to 69 letters, twelve each in ⅝, ⅞, 1⅛ and 1⅞ inch sizes, eight each in the 2-inch size, six each in the 3 and 3⅜ inch sizes and one in the 6⅜-inch size.

Embroidery design 10147

10147—The round of Spring entertaining is on and even now hostesses are preparing for the social onslaught with new linens. At such a time a new centerpiece and motifs for a scarf and sofa pillow are particularly welcome. For both the motifs and the centerpiece design there is a color diagram which gives the right combination of the colors used. The small motifs may be used on pincushions or the center of a scarf, the large motifs on scarf ends or on cushions. The design can be adapted to one centerpiece 36 inches in diameter, three motifs 6 by 17 inches to use on scarf ends or cushions, and three motifs 2¾ by 9 inches to use on pincushions or the center of the scarf.

SOUP MAKES THE WHOLE MEAL TASTE BETTER

Now here's a crop to make you stop
And state your admiration
For all fifteen will soon be seen
In Campbell's rich creation!





Vegetable Soup that's real!

Just the hearty, delicious, filling kind of soup you mean when you come home hungry and say to yourself: "What I want is a good hot plate of real vegetable soup!" Fifteen vegetables, picked at their prime in the finest gardens, are in

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

Rich broth of fine beef, substantial cereals, fresh herbs and tasty seasoning add their nourishment and flavor. Thirty-two ingredients in this one famous soup! Baby limas, dainty peas, sweet corn, juicy tomatoes, potatoes—white and sweet,—Chantenay carrots, choice turnips, chopped cabbage, celery, barley, alphabet macaroni. Each spoonful laden with real strength-giving food!

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Do you know all the delicious Campbell's Soups?

They are decidedly worth knowing. In addition to your regular favorite Campbell's kinds, you will enjoy serving and tasting each week some of the soups you are not familiar with. It's such an easy and delightful way to give variety to your table—so welcome to every woman who has to plan the meals.

Campbells' SOUPS

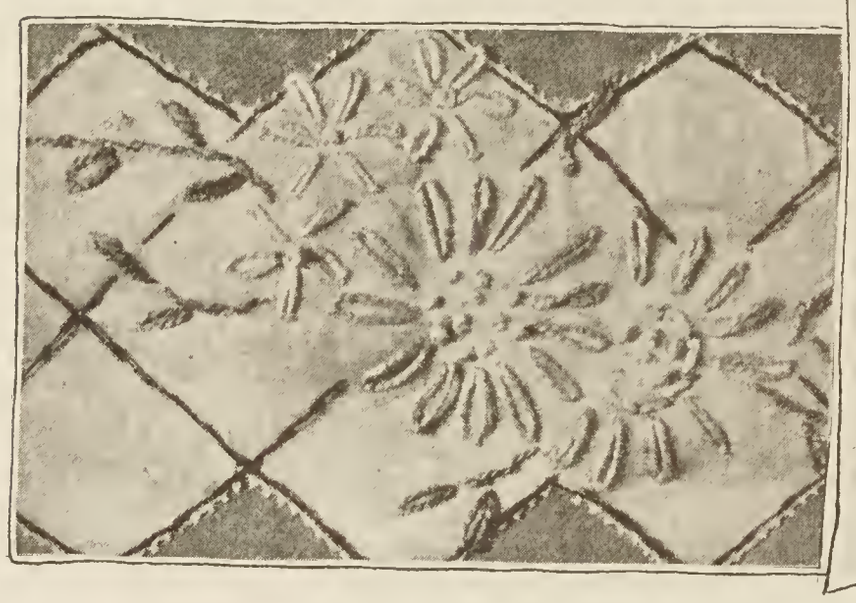
LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

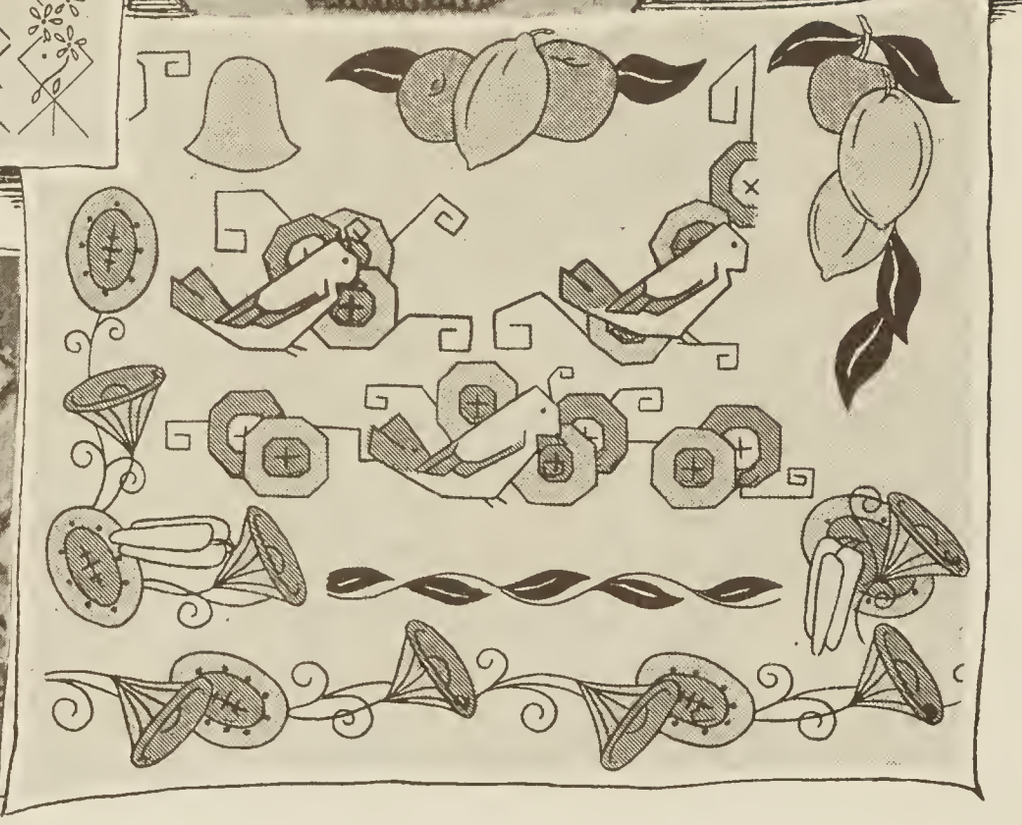
A SPRING SHOWING OF BRIGHT-COLORED APPLIQUÉ FOR CLOTHES OR LINENS, A NEW BEADING DESIGN, FLORAL SPRAYS, AND A NEW COMBINATION FOR SMOCKING



Embroidery design 10149

Embroidery design 10150

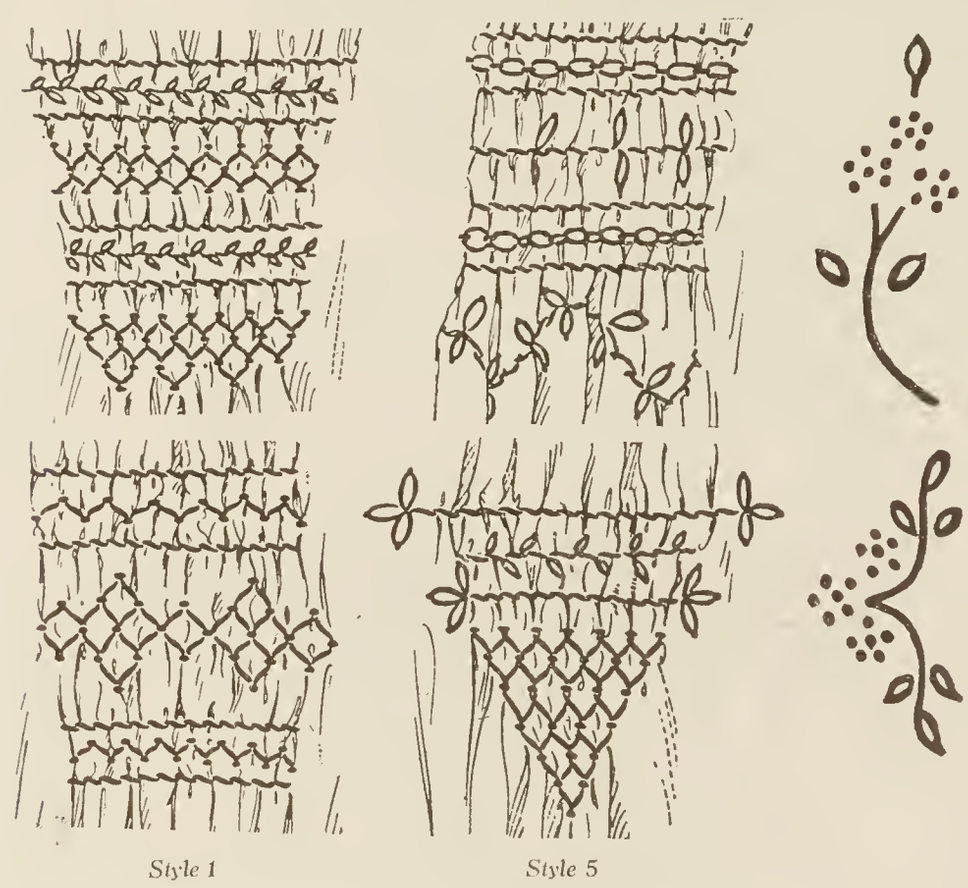




Embroidery design 10148

10150—Archeological discoveries have stirred even the realm of embroidery; resplendent designs may reflect an Egyptian idea in lines. The motifs and banding of this design should be worked in a combination of large and small beads or French-knot embroidery. They are the newest embroidery idea for dresses, waists, blouses or hats, etc. The design can be adapted to 2½ yards of banding 6 inches wide, 4½ yards of banding 1½ inch wide, three sunburst motifs 4 by 8¾ inches, six corners 6½ by 5½ inches, 21 rose motifs 3½ by 4½ inches and six small motifs 2¼ by 2⅜ inches.

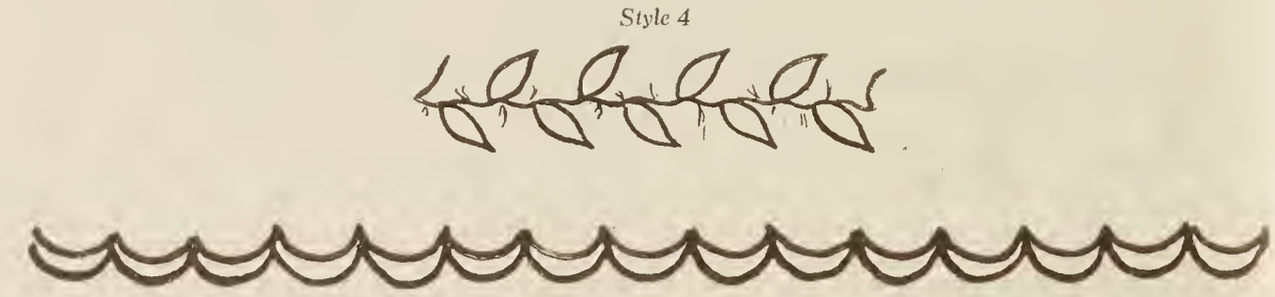
10148—Summer clothes can not have enough of appliqué and the wide variety in this design offers an opportunity to use plenty of color. Both the bandings and motifs may be used as pocket or hem decoration on aprons and house dresses for "better homes" and this is also a suitable design for household linens, kitchenette curtains, etc. Work it in appliqué or outline embroidery or in a combination of both. The design can be adapted to 1¾ yard of banding 3⅜ inches wide, 1¾ yard of banding ¾ inch wide and 50 motifs in 10 assorted styles.



Embroidery design 10151

10151—There are innumerable times when one wants just a touch of color in flower sprays, or a bit of smocking or scalloping for an edging. This new design contains all three—smocking dots, scallops, and French knots. Girls' and children's clothes, dresses and aprons, children's rompers, coats and bonnets, or underwear and house dresses will be the better for a little of this embroidery. The design can be adapted to 30 inches 3¾ inches wide in Style 1, 31 inches 3 inches wide in Style 2, 30 inches 2½ inches wide in Style 3, 31 inches ¼ inch wide in Style 4 and 5 pointed motifs 2¾ by 6¼ inches in Style 5, and 44 sprays and 1¾ yard of scallops.

10149—A combination of outline stitch, French knots and lazy-daisy embroidery results in the banding and motifs of this effective embroidery. The neck motifs are exceedingly useful in embroidering your new clothes. This design gives a bright color touch to the new dresses, skirts, coats or hats. It is equally suitable for children's clothes or for household linens. It may be done comparatively rapidly. The design can be adapted to 2¾ yards of banding 4¼ inches wide, 2½ yards of banding 2 inches wide, and 1¼ yard of edging 1¾ inch wide, and also to two neck motifs and 26 motifs in six assorted styles.



Embroidery design 10151



Blankets and woolens are so soft and fluffy after washing with Fels-Naptha Soap! The most delicate fabrics are made wonderfully clean and fresh-looking!

Clean – deep down through every thread!



Real naptha! You can tell by the smell

Use water of any temperature with Fels-Naptha. *Boil* clothes with Fels-Naptha, if you wish. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go, no matter whether the water is cool, lukewarm or hot.



The original and genuine naptha soap, in the red-and-green wrapper. Buy it in the convenient, ten-bar carton.

That's the beauty of clothes washed with Fels-Naptha—the sanitary soap. They get more than surface-cleaning.

No matter how thick or how woolly the fabrics, the real naptha in Fels-Naptha searches out the most deeply-seated dirt, gently and safely breaking its grip from the tenacious woolen fibres, (as of course, it does with thin silk or cotton goods). Then the soapy water, flushing through the fibres, carries all the dirt away.

The clothes are doubly cleansed from dirt, body oils, odors—all the way through - purified wholly and completely. They are made *hygienically* clean, for Fels-Naptha does all that good soap does, plus all that real naptha does.

When you realize the close relation of clean clothes to health, you will never be satisfied with less thorough cleaning.

Fels-Naptha is more than soap. It is more than naptha. It is *splendid* soap and *real* naptha so blended that it gives you the best of these two great cleaners in one golden, sanitary bar. Get Fels-Naptha at your grocer's today! Give your home the benefit of *Fels-Naptha Cleanliness.*

GET an idea of how helpful Fels-Naptha is. Send 2c in stamps for sample bar. Address Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

© 1923, Fels & Co. Philadelphia

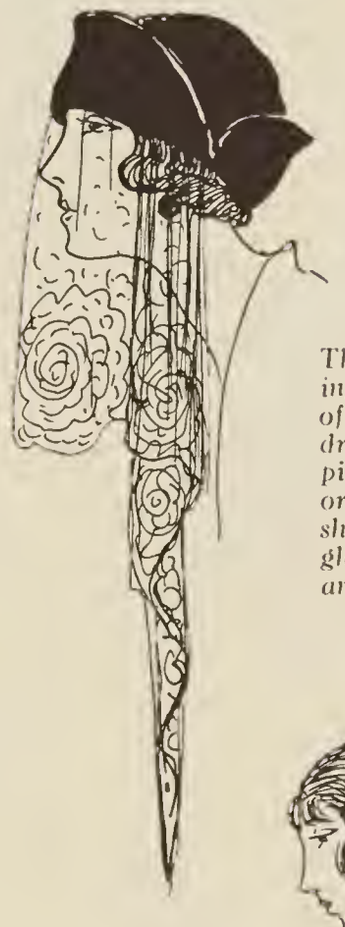
THE STYLES OF EARLY SUMMER MAKE USE OF EVERYTHING IN SILK OR COTTON THAT IS FIT TO PRINT



Many a smart Spring toilette starts in a small way with a very tiny hat of taffeta, satin or felt. Restaurant hats are small and fit the head like a cap. Of crêpe de Chine they are knotted at one side and give one the look of an audacious pirate



The American Four Corners have migrated to Paris with the bandana handkerchief which ties itself to the side of Spring hats or swathes the crown after the approved Indian-helmet fashion



The small hat with a drooping veil or a mask-like bit of lace across the eyes, or drooping at the side, hatpins a double tête of crystal or onyx and brilliants, very short sleeves, and gauntlet gloves of fantastic design are details of the Spring mode



The Victorians tucked bits of lace and linen cambric under the edge of their tight-fitting basques, while the jazz age draws squares of printed silks or chiffon through a bracelet, or knots it around the neck or wrist



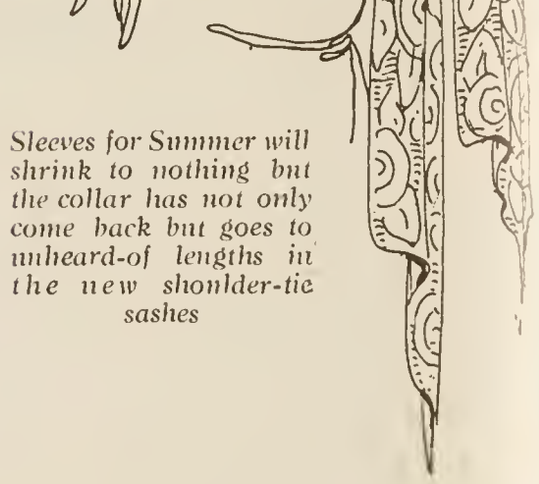
The delicate French cotton voiles and crêpes spin out their threads to gossamer fineness and hedge themselves knee deep with lovely colors in Bokhara designs and flower borders



Early Summer will usher in a season devoted to fine plaits in cape collars, in plaited dresses, and in the silk and crêpe skirts, which are worn with tie-on blouses and brilliant matelassé jackets



The tie that binds so many of the new styles is of ribbon, satin, velvet, printed crêpe or the silk of the dress and fastens in a bow on the hip or shoulder



Sleeves for Summer will shrink to nothing but the collar has not only come back but goes to unheard-of lengths in the new shoulder-tie sashes



Soaking with P and G in lukewarm water, and light rubbing between the hands, will clean cuff-edges and neckbands of men's shirts. This method lengthens "shirt-lives."



Baby's bibs and dresses, on which food has been spilled, are white and sweet after washing with P and G.



Kitchen towels soon get gray and stained—regular washing with P and G will keep them white and fresh. P and G removes grease instantly.

Not merely a white laundry soap,
Not merely a naphtha soap,
But the best features of both, combined

NAPHTHA SOAP + WHITE LAUNDRY SOAP =

Speed *and* Safety

Men's Linen
is in your care

Make it count *for*, not *against* them

More often than most women realize, the condition of their husbands' and sons' personal linen, observed in the office, in club locker-rooms, at social functions, counts subtly *for* or *against.*

Men's linen is in women's care. It is fresh and white, or gray and untidy, largely as women ordain.

It is not enough merely to engage a good *laundress* to wash men's shirts and underclothes and handkerchiefs. She must have a good *soap* to work with.

Good work is impossible without good soap. And soaps differ widely.

P and G The White Naphtha Soap is not merely a *good* soap—it is a unique soap, because it *combines in a single soap the good qualities* which may be found, one by one, in *many* soaps.

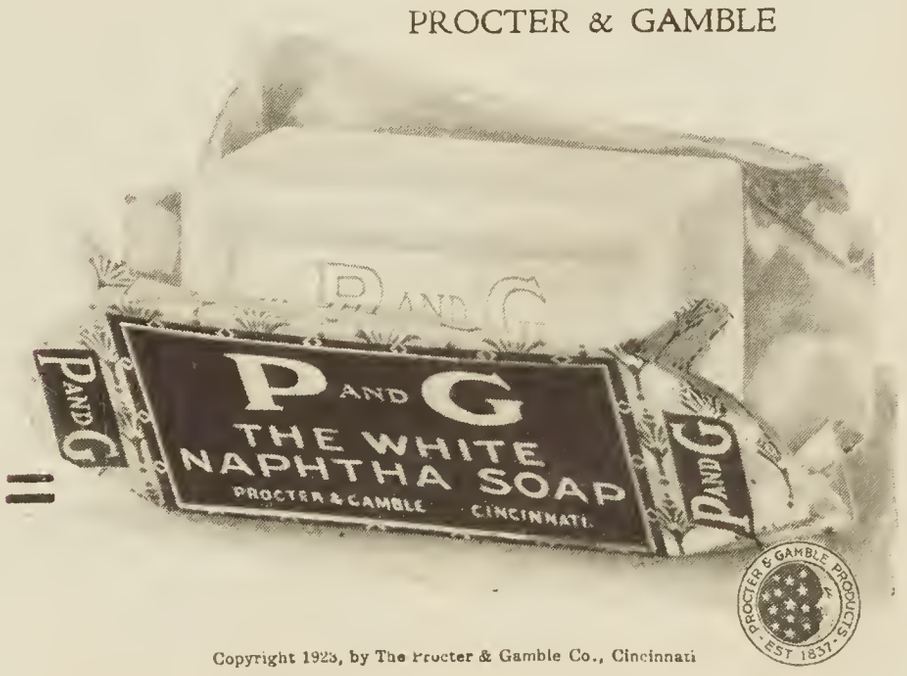
P and G
- is *white*
- dissolves *quickly* and *completely*
- loosens all dirt without *hard rubbing*
- acts on the *dirt*—not on fabrics or colors
- rinses out *entirely*

So, *naturally* the clothes must come out clean and fresh.

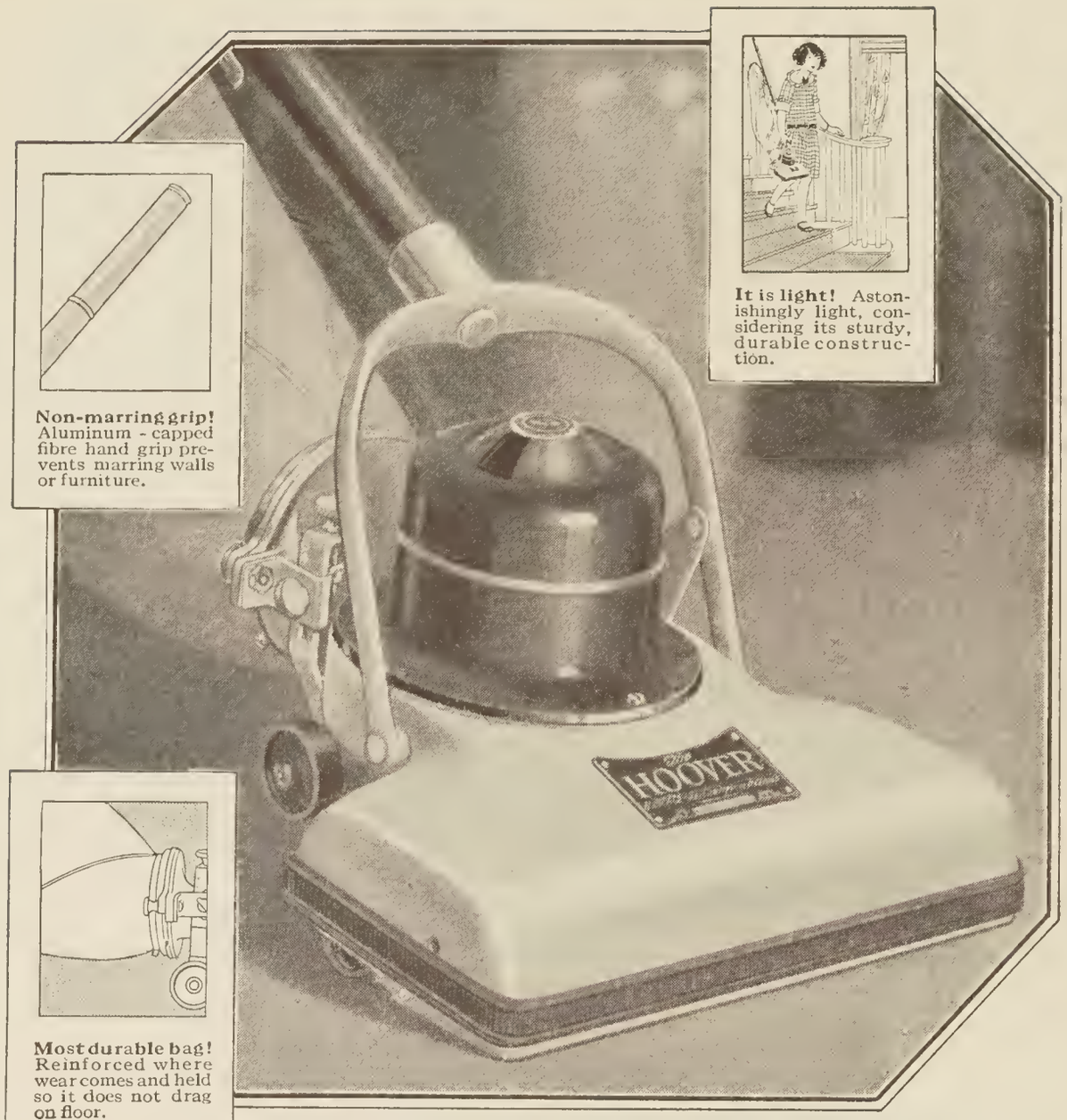
Your laundress will be *glad* to use P and G, because it saves her time and energy—it requires less boiling and hard rubbing, and that *saves the clothes, too!* Just try it on men's cuffs and shirt-bands!

Because P and G is more effective than any other soap, it has become the largest selling laundry and household soap in America.

PROCTER & GAMBLE



Copyright 1923, by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati



Non-marring grip! Aluminum - capped fibre hand grip prevents marring walls or furniture.

It is light! Astonishingly light, considering its sturdy, durable construction.

Most durable bag! Reinforced where wear comes and held so it does not drag on floor.

A Wonderful *New* Hoover

Lighter, handsomer, better—the finest electric cleaner for the home ever devised by the industry's oldest and largest maker

All that has been learned in building those more than a million Hoovers now rendering superlative satisfaction the world over, is embodied in this wonderful new light Hoover.

The result is an electric cleaner such as the world has not seen until now.

It utilizes, of course, those three vitals of thorough cleaning—beating, sweeping and suction—but in a manner which widens the range of cleaning efficiency and gives a greater power to increase the life and beauty of floor coverings of all kinds.

Despite its great superiority, this new Model 541 is obtainable at the same moderate price as its celebrated predecessor, the Hoover *Special*.

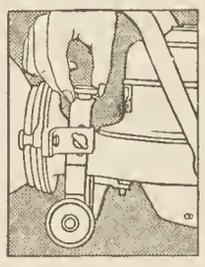
Do not, therefore, buy an electric cleaner until you have had an opportunity to judge this latest Hoover.

Have an immediate home demonstration—no obligation. Phone any Branch Office or write us for names of Authorized Dealers. 17c to 23c a day soon pays for a Hoover.

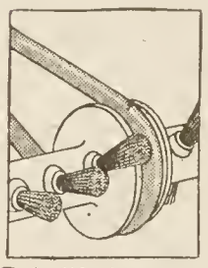
THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO

The oldest and largest makers of electric cleaners

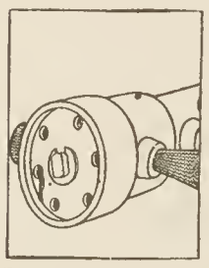
The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario



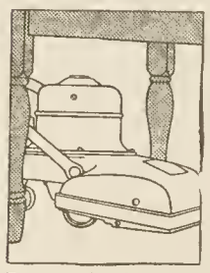
Adjusts from above! The turn of a thumb nut adjusts it for rugs of varying thickness.



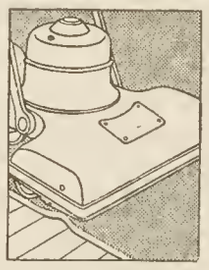
Belt life doubled! Brush revolves with so little friction that belts last twice as long.



Ball-Bearing Brush! No oiling; lighter load on motor. Bearings should therefore last forever.



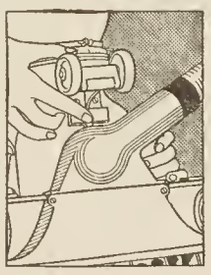
Lower in height! Glides under low places—saves having to move furniture to clean.



Strong suction! More than enough air to suction off beaten-out, swept-up and surface dirt.



New attachments! They clean most efficiently with the strong suction that is provided.



Attachments connect easily! New "Converter" permits instant connection of air attachments.

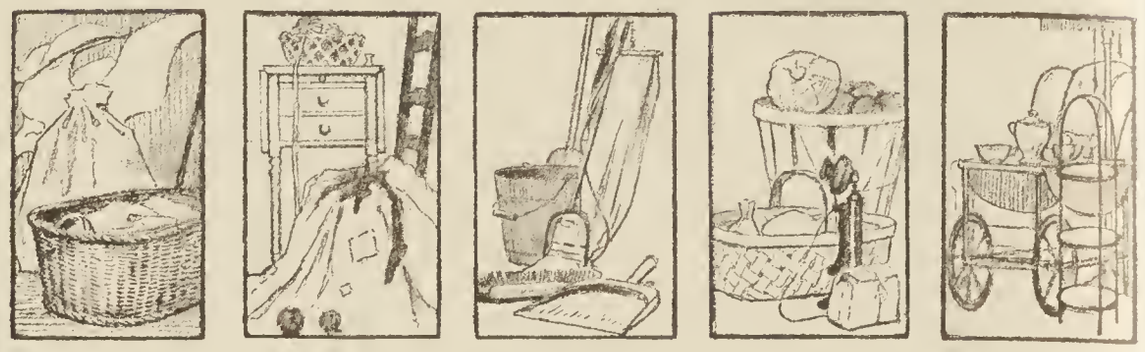
The HOOVER

It BEATS ... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

SAVE A DOLLAR

The thrifty use of good things makes a better home

Each suggestion has been tested and approved by the Home-Makers' Department



THE DELINEATOR will pay ten dollars each month for the best suggestion for saving the housekeeper's money, labor, food or fuel. We will pay five dollars for other suggestions used in this department. Items sent in May are not printed until four months later. When duplicate suggestions are received, we consider the first idea to reach us. Unavailable suggestions can not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send your ideas to the Home-Makers' Department

PRIZE-WINNER

THE HOUSEWIFE GOES A-MAYING

WHEN Spring sunshine invites, the housewife may take her basket on her arm and answer the call to the open with profit to herself and her family as well, for on woody slopes there are young green shoots and sprigs pushing up that are suitable for table use.

In searching for the first poke shoots in Spring, one may find the very flavor of lost youth. Poke should be parboiled in salted water. When tender, drain and serve plain or with a sauce made of butter, flour and cream, allowing the greens to simmer in this. In New Orleans, it is often served creamed on strips of toast. It is good served cold with sliced boiled eggs and mayonnaise. Watercress, gathered from an ice-rimmed spring, gives a welcome tang to a meal, either minced in salad-dressing or as a salad itself, combined with hard-boiled sliced eggs for dinner or in sandwiches for lunch.

Other greens of flavoring value are the wild peppergrass and the sorrel. Sour dock is good with horseradish leaves as flavoring. Pigweed is a milder variety of green. Plantain is tender and particularly good if cooked with salt pork. Purslane, commonly called pusley, is best cooked alone in salt water and served with rice.

Each Spring I have a tryst to keep with a certain sunny meadow slope where the milkweed meets me early. Wild asparagus it is sometimes called, and its early flavor before the sticky milk is in evidence justifies the name. In England it is cultivated as a garden crop. As a cream soup it equals asparagus, or it may be cooked as any other green, served with a drawn butter or cream sauce with or on toast. Later in the season it is worthless for the table.

The dandelion is the oldest of our greens. Though an exotic plant, it is the commonest of the greens.

Greens have their uses served plain as salads, soups or in sauces. Being composed largely of water, they are laxative. Their chief food value is due to their minerals, rare in most foods. Much of their appeal is due to their Spring green color, especially welcome where snow and frost have been for months.

From early March until June, when the garden greens are ready for use, this foraging afield will yield a constantly varying fare.—SARAH DEAN HOFFMAN, Worcester, Mass.

SAVE ON TABLE-PADS

WHEN I enlarge my dining-room table so that my asbestos pad is too small to cover it, I cover the table under the "silence" cloth with two sheets of asbestos paper, in order to protect the polished surface. This protects the table perfectly from the hot dishes.—MRS. H. W. LOWELL, Lockport, N. Y.

MENDING CORSETS

WHEN the cloth over the ends of bones and side steels of a corset wears through, cover the end of the steel with mending-tape. Then patch the cloth where it is broken through and the corset will give service for some time.—MRS. B. BRETZFELDER, New Haven, Conn.

SAVE THE WALL COVERING

WHEN washing, oiling or painting woodwork, it is difficult to prevent the wall from getting soiled. Much time can be saved as well as the soiling of the woodwork prevented if a piece of tin or other light metal with a smooth edge is held firmly against the wall above or below the woodwork which is being cleaned or painted. An old automobile license-plate or clean dust-pan is satisfactory.—MRS. J. SALSBURY, Pittsburgh, Pa.

SAVE ON PANCAKE BATTER

INSTEAD of throwing away the few spoonfuls of pancake batter left from breakfast, it may be used for chops, veal, steak or any other meat which would otherwise be dipped in egg and crums.—MRS. L. C. SCALP, Modesto, Calif.

SICK-ROOM HELPS

THE following self-helps for invalids will save many steps to the one who is caring for a patient and will make the patient less dependent upon the nurse.

A wire basket attached to the side of the bed is useful for magazines, books, pencils and paper. A bell which can be heard in other parts of the house, placed on a small table near the bed, is an essential. A watch placed under glass shows the time and eliminates the ticking, which often is irritating to nervous people. An illuminated dial is a great comfort in enabling the invalid to see the time without difficulty during the long hours of the night. A flashlight placed near by is often appreciated. A cord attachment within reach of the invalid, for turning on and off the light, is another sick-room convenience. A comforter over the foot of the bed can be drawn up by the patient if straps are pinned or sewed to the comforter, and these straps placed within reach of the patient. Muslin screens at the windows prevent a draft and yet allow fresh air to get into the room.—MRS. LENA R. CONLEY, Boone, Iowa.

SMALL-PLOT GARDENING

IN PLANTING a very small plot of ground such as city dwellers must be content with, look ahead and make your trees, shrubs and vines return big dividends in utility, as well as in shade and beauty. The forty-foot lot of a friend of mine has been planted out as follows:

Three fruit-trees (a cherry, a plum and an apple); a grape-vine carefully trained over the trellis at the rear of the kitchen door; a short row of asparagus along the rear fence, to furnish this delicacy all through the season (later the foliage proves a beautiful screen and the holly-red berries delight the eyes all through the Autumn months); three rhubarb-plants which, like the asparagus, remain in bearing for many years, requiring little care; pole-beans trained against the sides of the

Concluded on page 60

Do you buy your bedding as intelligently as your clothes?

When you purchase a suit, a dress or a coat, you insist on knowing what you are getting —all-wool, silk, linen or cotton.

When you buy a mattress and spring, does the same intelligent care and knowledge of the best materials guide your choice?

Yet the garment is worn for only a season or two, while the bed —good or bad—settles for many years to come whether you enjoy deep, strength-restoring rest or suffer broken, irregular sleep and all its serious consequences.

Set aside enough time today to call on your furniture dealer and examine the Simmons springs and mattresses he has provided in a wide variety of styles and prices to suit any income.

Test them all. Compare the bed you are using with a Simmons spring and mattress of fresh and buoyant *new* material, that fully meet your ideas, needs, tastes.

Then decide for yourself whether vigor, energy and personal success are not worth more than the cost of Simmons sleep comfort.

SIMMONS

Beds ~ Mattresses ~ Springs

BUILT FOR SLEEP

JE.



This Kitchen Designed by Wm. Berg, New York City

Don't Let Kitchen Work Wear You Out

YOU don't notice the extra steps you take and the needless motions you make in your kitchen, because you only take them one at a time. But—unless you own a HOOSIER—you walk over two miles a day in the stuffy kitchen atmosphere. You do much needless stooping and reaching. No wonder the average woman is too worn out to enjoy her evenings.

HOOSIER

Will Make Your Work Easy

When you own a HOOSIER you get through your work in half the usual time.

You are saved miles of steps each day. Needless backaches are eliminated, because there is not nearly so much stooping and lifting to do—and because the HOOSIER is the one kitchen convenience which adjusts your work-table to suit your height.

All your necessary tools and utensils are scientifically arranged about a big uncluttered work-table. You do your work seated before this big, clean working space, entirely at your ease.

There Is No Substitute For the HOOSIER

HOOSIER'S most important conveniences are protected by patents. It is these exclusive improvements which make the HOOSIER so superior to anything else that you could buy or build.

And because of the tremendous economies effected in the HOOSIER factory, which is the largest plant in the world producing nothing but labor-saving conveniences for the kitchen, you are able to secure a genuine HOOSIER at much less than the cost of any substitute which a carpenter or contractor might attempt to build into your kitchen for you.

A HOOSIER For Every Home

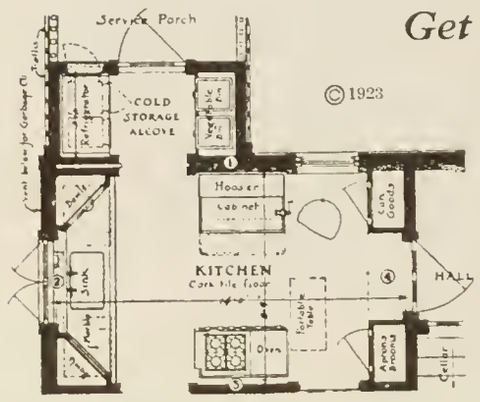
No matter what kind of a kitchen you now have—there is a HOOSIER to fit it. Special models have even been designed to fit in under the kitchen window.

The HOOSIER HIGHBOY, illustrated in this ad, and the latest addition to the HOOSIER line, was especially created for use in the kitchen which is equipped with built-in storage cupboards. It harmonizes particularly well with such an environment, and adds to the usefulness of mere storage-equipment the greatest labor-saving conveniences that can be put into any kitchen.

HOOSIER Is Available On Such Easy Terms You'll Never Miss the Money

There is no longer any reason to go on doing your work in the difficult old-fashioned way.

Let us tell you where you can buy the HOOSIER on such easy terms you will never miss the money. Write for illustrated folder.



Home Builders Get This FREE BOOK

It contains selected plans of model kitchens submitted in competition by 343 architects and architectural draughtsmen. Each kitchen is shown complete with detailed floor-plan, wall-elevations and perspective. Just mail the coupon.

To the HOOSIER Manufacturing Company, 523 Delaware Street, Newcastle, Ind.:

I will appreciate receiving FREE your book of model kitchen plans.

Name _____

Address _____

PICKED RECIPES

From a connoisseur's collection

By Janet Jones Albert

All recipes have been tested and approved by the Home-Makers' Department

DELICIOUS new dishes and more savory ways to cook familiar foods are my hobby. Whenever I eat the master dish of a famous chef, whenever I go to a formal dinner and taste some food prepared more perfectly than I have ever before known it, I rush home and duplicate it in my own kitchen. When recipes which I have requested have been too jealously guarded from me by cooks or famous chefs, undaunted, I have experimented in my own kitchen until every first failure has been crowned by a second and third success.

My grandmother's cook-book, friends, a French restaurant and a country-club chef have contributed to the recipes which follow.

OYSTERS PERFECTION

1 pint oysters, drained and washed
½ cup butter, melted
1 cup cracker-crums
½ cup chives, chopped fine

USE a shallow baking-dish of some kind which will hold all the oysters in one layer. I use an oblong baking-dish about two inches deep and fourteen inches long.

Coat the baking-dish with butter and spread out the oysters, mixing them with the chives and carefully covering them with buttered crums. Bake in a moderately hot oven until the crums are brown and oysters have had time to cook. Serve in baking-pan, or they may be baked and served in oyster-shells, about five to an order.

SCALLOPED OYSTERS

1 pint oysters
2 cups cracker-crums
2 cups white sauce

WHITE SAUCE

2 tablespoons butter, melted
2 cups milk
4 tablespoons flour
Seasoning

PLACE in buttered baking-dish, alternating layers of cracker-crums, oysters and white sauce, having crums on top and bottom. Season each layer of oysters and each layer of crums with salt and pepper. Bake until crums are brown (half an hour in a fairly hot oven is sufficient to cook through).

BAKED HAM WITH RAISIN SAUCE

Ham of almost any size
1 cup vingear
1½ cups brown sugar
1 cup cider
1 cup raisins

SOAK the ham overnight in cold water. In the morning, scrub thoroughly and put on to cook in enough almost-boiling water to cover, adding the vinegar and one cup of the brown sugar. Simmer three hours, remove from the fire and let stand in water until cool.

Remove the skin and put the ham in a baking-pan with two cups of the liquid in which it was cooked, skimming off as much of the grease as possible, and add the cider and the remaining one-half cup of brown sugar. Bake one and one-half hours in a moderate oven. Half an hour before serving-time, add the raisins.

If the sauce should not prove thick enough, add a tablespoon of corn-starch mixed smooth with a little water and cooked into the sauce until of the proper consistency.

Serve the ham hot, on a platter, surrounded with spiced apples or peaches or baked apples. Serve the sauce in separate bowls.

SOUR CABBAGE

1 apple
1 onion
2 tablespoons melted fat
½ cup sugar
½ medium-size head of cabbage
2 cups water
1 tablespoon butter
⅓ cup vinegar

CHOP fine the apple and the onion. Put in a frying-pan with the melted fat and fry ten minutes. Add the cabbage, shredded, and the water. Simmer one and one-half hours, adding water a little at a time to keep steaming. When two-thirds done, stir in the sugar and the vinegar. Before serving, add salt, pepper and butter.

DOUGHNUTS

4 cups flour
1 cup sugar
1 teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons baking-powder
1 teaspoon nutmeg
2 eggs, slightly beaten
1 cup milk
3 tablespoons melted fat

MIX together two cups of flour and the remaining dry ingredients. Add the slightly beaten eggs to the milk and combine the two mixtures. Pour in the melted fat and beat until a smooth mixture results. Add enough more flour to make a dough stiff enough to roll out. Roll out, fry in deep fat and roll in sugar and cinnamon.

ROCHESTER JELLY CAKE

⅔ cup butter
2 cups sugar
3 cups flour
1 tablespoon molasses
1 cup chopped raisins
¼ pound citron
½ teaspoon allspice
½ teaspoon nutmeg
1 cup milk
3 eggs
2 teaspoons baking-powder
1 tablespoon flour
2 teaspoons cinnamon

MAKE a batter of the butter, sugar, milk, eggs, three cups of flour and the baking-powder. To one-third of it add the molasses, raisins, floured with one tablespoon of flour, citron and spices. Bake the plain batter in two layers and the fruit batter in one layer. The last is, of course, placed between the two plain layers. Put the three together with jelly or marmalade.

SPANISH SWEETS

PUT one pound of seeded raisins, one-half pound of dried figs and one pound of English walnut-meats through a meat-grinder. With the hand knead the mixture till it is a smooth paste. Sprinkle confectioners' sugar on a molding-board and roll out the dough to one-fourth inch in thickness. Cut in one-inch squares or shape with a small cooky-cutter. Dip each piece in confectioners' sugar and pack in layers in a tin box with waxed paper between the layers. Allow the confection to ripen for a few days, and serve as an after-dinner sweet.

MACARONI APPLE PUDDING

2 quarts boiling water
1 tablespoon salt
¼ cup granulated sugar
1 tablespoon cinnamon
¾ cup macaroni broken in pieces
½ cup brown sugar
Butter

SALT and sugar the water and bring it to a boil. Add the macaroni gradually, so as not to stop the boiling. Cook for twenty minutes, or until soft. Drain and pour cold water over it.

Peel the apples and slice them off the core. Cover the bottom of a buttered baking-dish with a layer of apples sprinkled with brown sugar and cinnamon; add a layer of macaroni. dot with butter and sprinkle with cinnamon. Alternate these layers until the pudding-dish is full. Cover the dish and bake in a moderate oven for about half an hour, or until the apple is soft. Remove cover to brown top. Serve hot or cold with cream or with hard, lemon or cider sauce.

RINK TUM DIDDY

1 can tomato soup
1 small onion chopped fine
1 egg
2 tablespoons catchup
1 pound American cheese

HEAT the tomato soup in the upper part of a double boiler. Chop an onion fine and stir into the soup; add two tablespoons of tomato catchup. Cut the American cheese in very thin slices and stir it into the hot soup. Set the saucepan into a pan of boiling water and partially melt the cheese. Add one egg slightly beaten, stir and cover for five minutes. My family likes it served before the cheese has entirely melted. If you prefer it smooth, do not add the egg until the mixture is perfectly smooth. Serve at once on toasted soda-crackers, biscuit halves or toast. This will make several servings for four people. Cold Rink Tum Diddy is delicious served next day as a sandwich filling.

Your refrigerator needs this *"double action"* cleanser

Sunbrite keeps it sweet and odorless as well as spotlessly clean

PERHAPS there is no other place connected with the kitchen which is the object of such special care from the housewife, as her refrigerator.

And rightly so. For it absorbs food flavors and holds unappetizing odors; it may easily become the source of contaminating dangers that menace the health.

The ice chamber, as well as the food chambers, requires something more than superficial cleansing with soap and water. Every corner, edge and surface must be free not only from visible dirt and stain but from invisible impurities.

A weekly cleansing with **Sunbrite,** the *double action* cleanser, will keep your refrigerator free from all impurities.

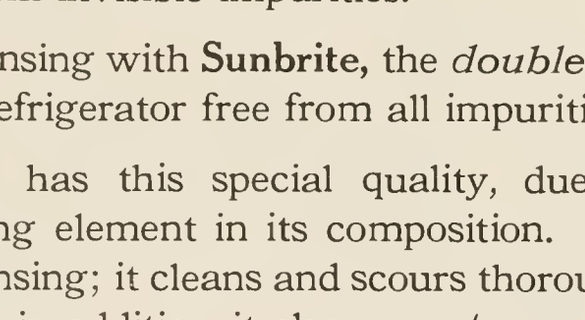
For **Sunbrite** has this special quality, due to a mild but effective purifying element in its composition. There is double action in its cleansing; it cleans and scours thoroughly as all good cleansers do, but in addition, it also *sweetens* and *purifies.*

Sufficiently abrasive to scour off stains and hardened particles, **Sunbrite** is not coarse enough to scratch. And because it has no strong, harsh chemicals in it, it does not irritate the hands.

A can of **Sunbrite** costs only a few cents. The great production facilities of Swift & Company make possible this low price—much lower than you often pay. And count a United Profit Sharing Coupon with *every can.*

Try this double action cleanser in your refrigerator. It will keep it looking clean and smelling sweet—without extra work.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.



Wash thoroughly in soap suds the knife with which you have cut an onion; then cut a lemon or an apple with it—and the onion flavor is still there. ***A Sunbrite*** *cleansing not only polishes the knife but destroys every trace of the onion flavor*



To guard against food odors and flavors which so stubbornly cling in the moist, cold air of your refrigerator, give a weekly cleansing with ***Sunbrite,*** *the double action cleanser*

Double action *yet costs less*





When you choose your perfume you may prefer a well known flower—or it may be that a bouquet of colorful scents from far away sources will appeal to some sentiment deep within you.

Flowers from Oriental countries are sources of Florient perfume. Many essences are blended in this rich fragrance.

All Colgate perfumes owe their quality to imported essences. France, Italy, India, Japan yield richest floral treasures for the maker of fine perfumes.

A two-cent stamp will bring you the story of the famous Perfume Test, in which FLORIENT won first place; a miniature Test Set and information on the right way to choose perfumes. Colgate & Co., Department 53, 199 Fulton Street, New York.

COLGATE'S
Perfumes

NEW HONEY DELIGHTS

By Lucile Brewer and Alice Blinn

All recipes have been tested and approved by the Home-Makers' Department

HONEY, like sugar, is a concentrated sweet, with many uses in cookery. Fruits, such as figs, prunes and Bar-le-Duc currants, profit by cooking in honey. Cakes made with honey retain their moisture for a long time. Combined with cream or Cheddar cheese, honey makes an excellent sandwich filling. It gives a tang and flavor to salad-dressing and a pungent taste to iced tea or punches. It is temptingly fragrant in hot sauces.

Because of the water honey contains, the amount of liquid in recipes in which honey is used as a sugar substitute should be decreased one-fourth, otherwise, in general, honey may be substituted for an equal measure of sugar, using the same measurement for other ingredients. Honey is slightly acid and requires from one-fourth to one-half teaspoon of soda for each cup of honey to neutralize the acidity. Baking-powder is often used also to give a lighter and better product.

Honey will not keep long in the cellar or refrigerator. It should be kept in a dry and fairly warm place. If extracted honey cakes or crystallizes from the cold, set the container in hot water until the crystals disappear.

FRUIT-AND-FLOWER PUDDING

2 cups graham flour
¼ teaspoon soda
2 teaspoons baking-powder
1 teaspoon salt
¾ cup raisins
½ cup sour milk
¼ cup fat
½ cup honey
1 egg

MIX and sift the dry ingredients together. Add the raisins and mix with the flour. Add the milk, melted fat, honey and beaten egg. Beat well and turn into a buttered mold. Cover and steam for two and one-half hours. Serve with hard, lemon or honey sauce.

HONEY SAUCE

1 tablespoon flour
1 tablespoon butter
1 cup currant-jelly
1 cup boiling water
2 ounces light honey
2 ounces lemon-juice

MIX the flour and butter together. Add the boiling water. Cook until thick, then add honey and lemon-juice and serve hot.

This sauce has a most attractive appearance, a delicately sharp, sweet odor and is also excellent served with baked ham, roast pork or pork chops.

AMBROSIA

1 cup dark honey
½ cup melted fat
1 square chocolate, melted
½ cup sour milk
3 eggs
1 teaspoon soda
2 teaspoons baking-powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cinnamon
2½ cups flour

MIX the honey with the fat and chocolate. Add the sour milk and beaten eggs. Mix and sift the dry ingredients and add to the first mixture. Beat well and bake in a shallow pan. When cool, cover with caramel-fruit frosting.

BLOSSOM BREAD

½ cup bran
1 cup graham flour
1 cup flour
4 teaspoons baking-ing-powder
1 egg
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup milk
⅓ cup honey
½ cup chopped English walnuts

MIX and sift the dry ingredients together. Add the nuts, mix and add milk, honey and beaten egg. Beat thoroughly. Pour into a greased oblong bread-pan and bake one hour at 400 degrees Fahrenheit. This is an excellent sandwich bread.

HONEY COOKIES

3 cups bran
1 cup sugar
1 teaspoon soda
1 cup melted fat
2 teaspoons baking-powder
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ cup sour milk
¾ cup honey
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
1 egg

MIX the dry ingredients. Add the milk, honey, fat and beaten egg. Beat well and drop by spoonfuls on a greased baking-tin. Bake twelve to fifteen minutes in a moderate oven at 350 degrees Fahrenheit. For a fruit cooky, add one-half cup raisins, chopped dates or currants.

HONEY-BERRY ICE

1 cup honey
1 quart strawberries or red raspberries
1 cup water
Juice of 1 lemon

HEAT the honey and pour it hot over the crushed berries. Cover and let stand for two or three hours. Press through a fine sieve, add water and lemon-juice and freeze.

HONEY SANDWICHES

MIX grated American or Cheddar cheese with honey and butter to form a thick paste. Spread on thin slices of bread cut in any shape. The slices of bread may be toasted after the filling is added, if desired.

HONEY CUSTARD

2 eggs
1 pint milk
2 tablespoons honey
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
Salt

BEAT the eggs, add the other ingredients, mix well and pour into buttered custard-cups. Set the cups in a pan of hot water. Bake in slow oven (250 to 350 degrees Fahrenheit) until the mixture is firm.

CHEESE-AND-HONEY SALAD

½ pound cottage-cheese
Cream or butter to moisten
Salt
¼ cup chopped nuts
Paprika

MIX well and shape in balls for individual servings. Cut halves of firm peaches in four even strips. Place strips around each serving of cheese. Serve on lettuce leaf with honey salad-dressing.

HONEY SALAD-DRESSING

¾ cup water
⅓ cup honey
1 teaspoon mustard
½ teaspoon salt
Paprika
¼ cup vinegar
1 tablespoon flour
2 egg-yolks

HEAT the honey and water in a double boiler. Mix the dry ingredients with the vinegar and add to the first mixture. Pour a small amount of the hot mixture over the beaten yolks and return to the boiler. Cook all together until clear.

This dressing is improved by adding one-third cup sour whipped cream just before serving. A honey dressing is particularly good with fruit salad.

PIQUANT FRAPPÉ

1 pint cranberries
1 pint water
1 cup honey
Juice of 1 lemon

COOK the cranberries in the water until soft. Rub through a fine sieve. Add the honey to the hot pulp and the lemon-juice to the hot liquid. Cook, combine and freeze.

FLIPPANT PARFAIT

1 cup honey
¼ cup water
Whites 2 eggs
1 pint cream

BOIL the honey and water until it threads. Pour the mixture slowly over the beaten egg-whites. Beat until cool. Fold in the stiffly beaten cream. Turn into a mold, cover and pack in salt and ice for four hours.

CARAMELS OF FLOWERS

¼ cup dark honey
1 cup brown sugar
½ cup sour cream
2 tablespoons butter

MIX the ingredients, heat and stir until sugar is dissolved. Cook without stirring until a small amount of the mixture dropped into cold water forms a hard ball, 248 degrees Fahrenheit. Beat until cold and turn into a buttered pan; mark in squares.

For additional honey recipes, including Caramel-Fruit Frosting, Sunshine Island, Honey-Apricot Sauce, Bee-Hives, Duchess Cabbage and Filled-With-Joy, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Home-Makers' Department.



Let natural food supply you vitamin

"Select Proper Foods From the Grocer and You Won't Need to Hunt Vitamins at the Drug Store," say Medical Authorities.

The importance of the vitamin element in food, to promote growth, health and energy, is well established.

Grape-Nuts contains vitamin from the wheat berry—brought to you as Nature intended it to be used. The addition of cream or milk gives a further supply of vitamin to this splendid food which for more than a quarter of a century has been famed for its nourishing, health-giving qualities.

The iron, phosphorus, and other mineral elements so necessary for adequate nutrition, together with roughage to promote healthful regularity are included in Grape-Nuts.

Crisp and naturally sweet, Grape-Nuts charms the appetite, and digests easily. It is ready to serve from the package, and is truly economical because a moderate quantity provides an unusual amount of nourishment.

Grape-Nuts

THE BODY BUILDER

"There's a Reason"

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Old English Wax

FREE!

A can of Old English Wax will be given away free, for a limited time, with every *Old English Waxer-Polisher.* This is a new labor-saving device that does two things—it waxes, then polishes the floor. A great improvement over any weighted brush, which does not apply the wax but only polishes. Lasts a lifetime. If your dealer can't supply you, mail the coupon below.



What do visitors think of your floors?

Every visitor forms an opinion of your home. These opinions are influenced largely by the appearance of your floors. That's because floors emphasize home charm—or the lack of it.

Finish your floors with Old English Wax. It brings out a rich, velvety lustre, and the surface is given a hard, lasting finish that will not show scratches or heel-marks.

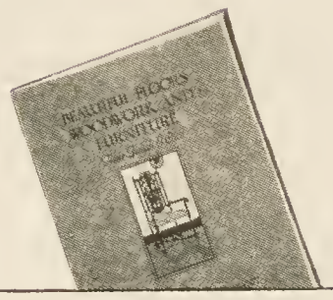
As time goes on, merely "touch up" the spots most walked on. That's all. Your floors will grow more mellow and beautiful with each passing year.

Wax and polish the new, easy way

The use of a soft cloth to apply wax and polish the floor will always be a satisfactory method. But with the Old English Waxer-Polisher, pictured above, waxing floors on hands and knees is unnecessary. It does two things—waxes, then polishes the floor. The only device of its kind. Easier and quicker than using a cloth—and it takes less wax.

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☐ Send me, all charges paid, an *Old English Waxer-Polisher* with can of Wax Free at the special time-limited price, $3.50 (Denver and West $4.00; Canada $4.50; Winnipeg and West $5.00), which I enclose.

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AIDS TO EASIER CLEANING

How to select them and what to do with them

By Ruth Kellogg

THERE are on the market a score or more varieties of brushes for household cleaning purposes. Each of these has its own particular uses, from the kitchen to the attic. Housekeepers are more often extravagant through having too few than too many brushes. No woman has too many brushes when she has a brush exactly suited to every type of cleaning, provided it is used often enough to warrant its purchase.

Brushes are made of either animal or vegetable fiber. The former are generally spoken of as bristle or hair brushes, and the latter as fiber brushes. For use on fine surfaces, where texture, pliability and spring count, bristle brushes are better than fiber. Bristle brushes are, of course, more expensive, but they are more economical in the long run. Animal fibers, or bristles, are generally used in brushes for floors having varnished, waxed or smooth surfaces and for cleaning upholstery and heavy hangings; they are also very desirable as bottle, refrigerator, radiator, bowl and toilet brushes.

For scrubbing and rough uses, vegetable fibers are best. They are more rigid; furthermore they are less affected than animal fibers by alkalies and boiling water.

Spiral bristle brushes of various sizes are excellent for cleaning bottles radiators. the crevices in wicker furniture, bedsprings and numerous other spots that are difficult to reach with cloth and fingers.

When you go to purchase an animal-fiber brush, be sure that you get what you ask for. Vegetable fibers are usually rougher and less lustrous than animal fibers. The former burn like a splinter of wood, leaving an ash; burning animal fibers shrivel at the end and give off the odor of burning hair.

THERE are two general types of household brushes: block brushes, those with fibers fastened in a wooden block in one of several ways, and twisted-in-wire brushes. When you buy a block brush, ask the clerk how the bristles are fastened to the mounting. In the cheapest form of block brush the fibers are stapled in. In stapled brushes each tuft of fibers is fastened in separately; therefore, when one tuft drops out it does not affect the others.

Another style of block brush is that in which the bristles are wire-drawn. In this type of brush the tufts are not fastened separately; therefore, if one set drops out the whole wire is likely to become slack and other tufts may drop out too. Wire-drawn bristles can always be detected by a crack through the mounting, because the block of the brush has to be split and then screwed together again.

A third style of block brush is that in which the bristles are cement set. A cement-set brush will give good service if it is kept away from heat, but it should not be kept in a warm closet.

By the new method of brush construction bristles are spiral and twisted in wire. The fibers are clamped into place by strands of tightly twisted rust-proof wire. Wood, celluloid or sometimes the twisted wire itself forms the handle. These brushes are rigid or flexible to suit their purpose.

It is an economy to buy a good brush one that exactly meets the purpose for which it is intended, is comfortable for handling, minimizes labor and from which reasonable service can be expected. In comparing the cost of brushes, the housekeeper should consider not only the initial outlay, but the average cost, counting satisfaction and service.

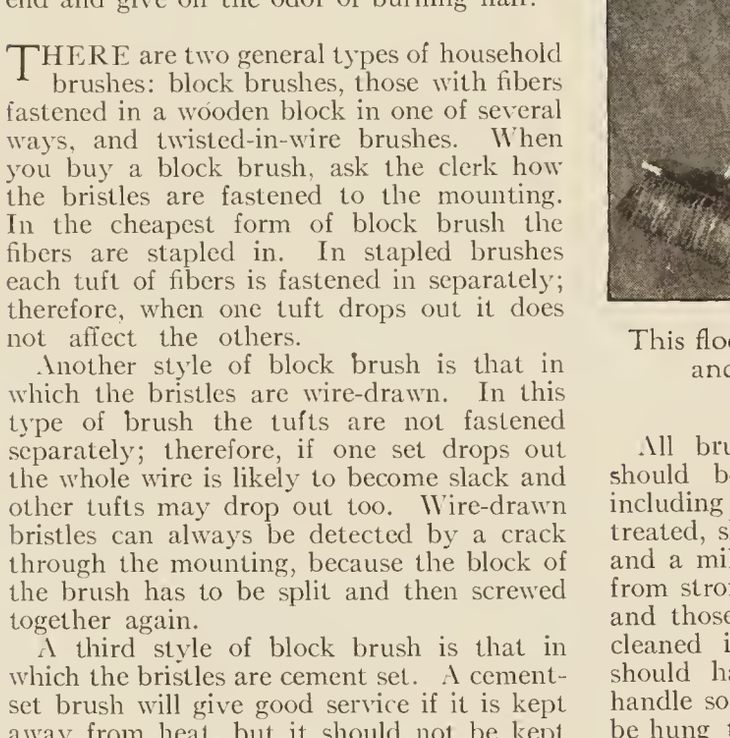


This floor-brush has a reversible handle and is equipped with bumpers

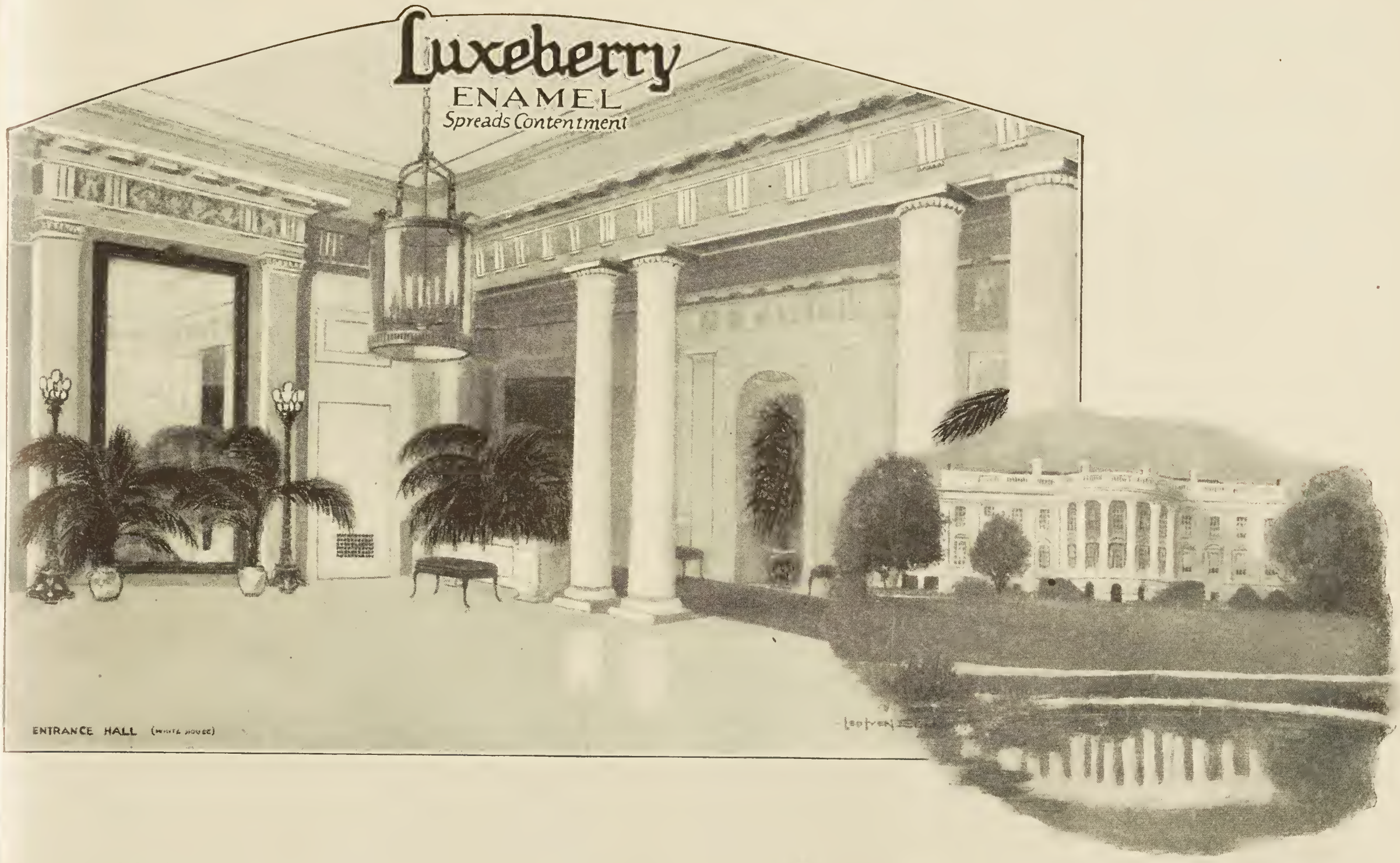
All brushes should be kept clean and should be properly cared for. Brushes, including those that are oil or chemically treated, should be cleaned with warm water and a mild soap and hung up to dry away from strong heat. Brushes used about food and those used in the bathroom should be cleaned in scalding water. Every brush should have a screw-eye inserted in the handle so that when it is not in use it may be hung to a hook in the wall. No brush, broom or carpet-sweeper should be allowed to rest on its bristles when not being used, as this lessens the period of wear.

An ordinary corn broom will last longer if it is given a soaking once in a while in warm soapy water, as this keeps the fibers more flexible. Do not have the water so deep that the threads of wire binding the broom become soaked. When buying a broom, choose one with as wide a spread as is practical in order to cover the floor-space more quickly. A twelve or fourteen inch spread is usually most convenient. The broom-handle, as well as all brush-handles, should be perfectly smooth and should feel comfortable in the hand. The weight of the broom should be suited to the strength of the woman using it. Always be sure to hang the broom up when not in use. Many women prefer a fiber broom to a corn broom. The fiber is usually shorter than the broom-straw, but the fiber broom has more flexibility, wears longer and is a good broom as long as there is any fiber

Concluded on page 65



Left to right—Bottle-brush, pan-greaser, and percolator, refrigerator and radiator brushes



If the White House had been painted black

To the world at large the White House has always been a symbol of American thought and ideals; an expression of national character..... What then would have been the effect upon American life and international opinion had the White House been painted black?

BLACK is negative..... the shroud of mystery, deception and intrigue. White reflects purity, cleanliness and spirituality.

White enamel puts in the home those rare qualities vital to its wholesomeness and charm. Besides creating an atmosphere of order and refinement, it raises the degree of colors used in combination with it and increases their warmth and beauty.

Luxeberry White Enamel is the most striking achievement in the modern history of enamel-making. It is the purest white that has ever been developed and produces a mellow, hand-rubbed effect that endures indefinitely without discoloring, cracking or chipping.

BERRY BROTHERS INC.
Varnishes Enamels Stains
Detroit, Mich. Walkerville, Ont.

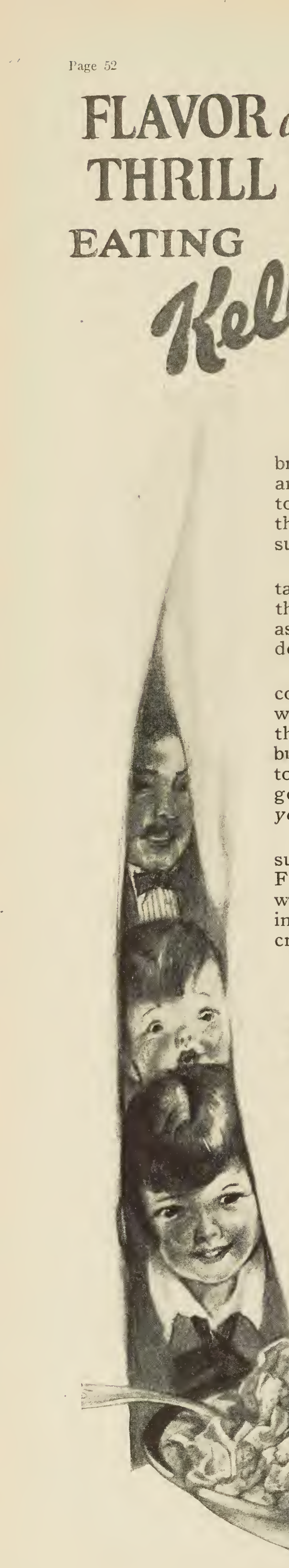


Luxeberry Painter

"Luxeberry Enamel is made in white and six mellow tones. It is the product of the makers of Liquid Granite Floor Varnish and Luxeberry Wood Finish, the original hard-oil varnish."

"Save the surface and you save all"—Paint & Varnish

FLAVOR *and* CRISPNESS THRILL YOU SO — EATING Kellogg's CORN FLAKES



Amazingly delicious, these sunny-brown sweet hearts of rich, ripe corn; and so appetizing to look upon and to eat—big and generous bowlfuls—that you marvel how Kellogg's make such *extra*-goodness possible!

Kellogg's Corn Flakes are not only taste-fascinating, but they sustain the workers and the aged, as well as the little folks, who love them dearly.

More and more Kellogg's are becoming *the ideal breakfast,* together with one's favorite beverage—for, it's the good-health-idea to eat lightly but substantially in the morning so as to give the stomach a chance to get-going! *Just prove how much better you feel breakfasting on Kellogg's!*

For any meal or any time—it's such a treat to eat Kellogg's Corn Flakes—crispy and crunchy and wonderful in flavor—with fresh fruits in season—and plenty of milk or cream. All grocers.



CAPTIVE SPRING FLOWERS

Their share in brightening better homes

By Robert S. Lemmon

THERE is something about the true flower-lover's nature that awakes about the time the first signs of Spring appear and craves the presence of blossoms which can hardly be expected to open before another month has passed by. Often before the last snow has gone the buds of the pussy-willows in the swamps and along the streams begin to swell. From tiny, nearly white ones strung closely along the twigs, to the large, dark-gray fellows that grow farther apart, each of the several varieties the country over is preparing to begin its task of maturing the pollen which is essential to expansion of the pussy-willow family.

It may be several weeks more before we can find sprays that are showy enough to be worth bringing indoors. But if we cut some about the time the protective scales commence to open, and keep them in water several inches deep in a window where plenty of light and a comfortably warm temperature are available, they will come to maturity far ahead of their outdoor companions. Changing the water every day or so will prevent



The neutral shades of pussy-willow harmonize with any setting



Sprays of forsythia are easily forced to blossom indoors

their stems and the insides of the receptacles from becoming unpleasant, to say nothing of postponing the day when the sprays must be discarded.

Pussy-willows handled in this way lend themselves to the color scheme of any room, for their own shades are neutral enough to harmonize with a wide variety of settings. By varying the shape, size and color of the jars that contain them, many different combinations can be arranged, especially if the branches are kept for a long enough time to permit their slender, beautifully pale-green leaves to peep out. They will be changing combinations, too, for as the catkins approach maturity they frequently assume strong pinkish tones which merge into golden yellow as the pollen forms. Few flowers are more beautiful at such a time.

There are in cultivation to-day a number of different shrub willows whose catkins are giant in size and of many shades of color. These are well worth growing in some corner of the grounds where they will care for themselves and be ready to furnish an abundance of beauty with each recurring Spring. Even the ordinary wild sorts will repay planting. You need not even go to the trouble of digging them out of their native swamp, for the sprays which you cut and put in water in the house will usually strike roots after two weeks or so and, if the water is kept fresh, can be carried along to a point where they will take hold and grow if planted outdoors in a reasonably damp location.

A LITTLE later in the season, about the time the crocuses spangle the greening grass with blue and white and yellow along the sunny side of the house, the forsythia or golden bell begins to show color in its flower-buds. If a few branch-tips are cut from the bushes then and treated like the pussies, they will fill the house with the very essence of Spring. Like the willows, too, they will send out leaves as well as blossoms and last for several weeks. Early forsythia and late pussies make a delightful combination when arranged not too thickly in a jar of grayish blue or brown.

The opening of the maple-buds offers another real opportunity to the lover of Spring flowers. A few of them added to the shrub sprays, or even massed by themselves, are an experiment well worth the trying. Certain varieties are strongly fragrant, an asset which unfortunately is not shared by the willows and golden bell. Still later, the flowering cherries, apples and indeed the majority of fruit-trees come to offer their wealth of color and

Concluded on page 62



After the narcissi bulbs have taken root, all the care they need is occasional replenishing of the water

Valspar—Which Color do you want?



VALSPAR IN COLORS gives the same waterproof protection, durability and beauty of finish as *clear* Valspar Varnish.

VALSPAR VARNISH-STAINS are Valspar itself—the waterproof, weather-proof, accident-proof varnish—plus transparent wood colors. You Valspar and stain with one stroke of the brush, bringing out all the beauty of the grain in the wood underneath.

VALSPAR ENAMELS are made of the finest pigments carefully ground in Valspar Varnish, giving you Valspar durability plus beautiful and lasting colors. They make the ideal finish for automobiles, woodwork, furniture and other articles on which enamels may be used.

Valspar Stains and Enamels stand all the famous Valspar tests. They, as well as clear Valspar, are absolutely proof against water, accidents, wear and weather.

The cards above show the colors of Valspar Varnish-Stains and Valspar Enamels. Pick out those you could use for a little "touching up" around the house—send in the cash coupon below for sample cans.

Each sample can contains enough for a chair or small table. This coupon represents real money. Fill it in and send for your Valspar today.

This Coupon is worth 20 to 60 Cents

VALENTINE'S
VALSPAR
The Varnish That Won't Turn White



Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

The famous Valspar boiling water test

VALENTINE & COMPANY, 456 Fourth Ave., New York

I enclose dealer's name and stamps—15c apiece for each 35c sample can checked at right. (Only one sample of each product supplied at this special price. Print full mail address plainly.)

Dealer's Name.....

Dealer's Address.....

Your Name.....

Your Address..... City .....

Valspar Stain . .	☐
State Color	
Valspar Enamel .	☐
State Color	
Valspar	☐

Del. —5-23

"—the Indian mothers . . . . marveled at such a baby as mine"



Bunns Lincoln

OUT in the middle of Pine Ridge Indian Reservation in South Dakota lives a little white boy. He is called Bunns by his friends. He is a husky little chap, sturdy and full of life. His fine health is in notable contrast to the little Indian babies around him.

For Bunns' sole playmates are the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of old Sitting Bull—the last of the famous Indian warriors—and his followers. And Indian babies are not healthy because they are usually not properly fed—the infant mortality among the Indians is appalling.

Bunns' chance of life was slim enough at birth because he was born through a Caesarian operation. But he was fed on Eagle Brand, the famous baby food, from the first, and "has never been ailing a day since his stormy and dangerous arrival."

"When I brought Bunns home from the hospital," says his mother, "the Indian mothers were daily visitors. They marveled at such a baby as mine. They had heard the story. After this they frequently came to me for advice, and I always recommended Eagle Brand and pointed to my own baby as proof of its nourishing and hygienic merits."

Bunns' father, L. A. Lincoln, of Oglala, So. Dakota, suggested the publication of his tale. "What mother would not be anxious to read a story like that?" he asks.

Mr. Lincoln is a sort of public missionary and teacher among the Sioux Indians. It is his duty to instruct them in various things pertaining to civilized welfare from hygiene and sanitation to books and agriculture.



"I live here in the midst of an Indian atmosphere," he writes. "There are days and days when I see nothing else but Indians."

"I got into my flivver and started to Hot Springs one day, and when I got on the way some twelve miles I came upon an Indian chief. I asked him his name, and he told me it was Henry Kills Warrior. Henry could say his name in English, but that was about all the English he knew."

"It seemed that Henry's wife had just presented him with a new baby boy, and it was necessary to feed the little one by artificial means. You can imagine my surprise to see that mother opening a can of Eagle Brand Milk, and preparing the baby's bottle in the most sanitary fashion." Then he adds, "If that wasn't a husky fat papoose I never saw one!"

• • •

THE mother who has used Eagle Brand Condensed Milk for feeding her baby knows its value. Just as Mrs. Lincoln, having raised her own baby on it successfully, is teaching the Indian mothers to give their babies *milk*, so thousands of grateful mothers recommend Eagle Brand to their friends and write enthusiastic letters to the Borden Company.

Eagle Brand has a national reputation as a baby food. In fact it is more used than all other infant foods together. Many doctors suggest it to their patients.

¶ For summer feeding, particularly, the Eagle Brand way is the safe way. Summer complaints among babies are almost invariably due to faulty feeding. Eagle Brand is not only exceedingly digestible, but it is also absolutely pure and uniform. You can keep a supply in the house because it won't sour in the unopened cans. You can carry it with you if you travel, and thus avoid the risk of changing the baby's milk. You can buy it anywhere—whether you live on an Indian Reservation or in the heart of the metropolis.

Eagle Brand is absolutely pure, sealed against the dangers of contamination. If you cannot nurse your baby, start him on Eagle Brand. It is just pure milk and pure sugar, the natural food for baby when mother's milk fails.

If you wish for an authoritative guide in caring for your baby, send for the new booklet "Baby's Welfare": It was written for the young mother by a physician, and tells you exactly what to do. It is free. The Borden Company, Borden Building, New York.

Borden's
EAGLE BRAND
CONDENSED MILK



SAVE YOUR BOXES

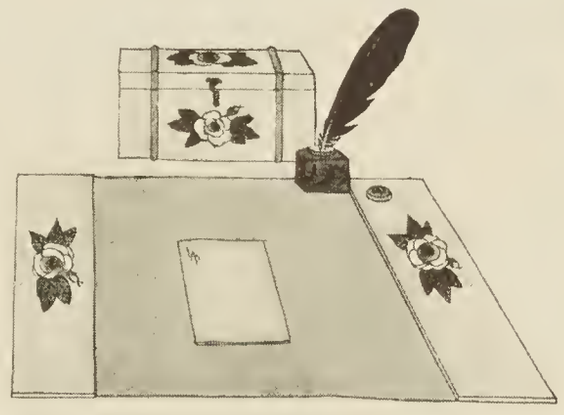
The useful ones are easily decorated

By Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders

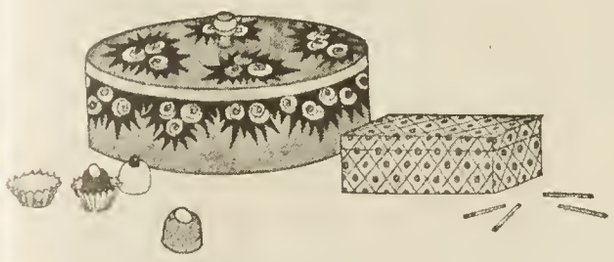
Editor, Department of House Decoration

THE vogue for decorated boxes has inspired the disguising of ordinary boxes into artistic, useful articles that any one would be pleased and proud to have about. The small necessities and even the luxuries of life constantly find their way in untidy fashion to our tables, desks and closets simply because they have no particular box they may call their own.

If you have a longing to make these useful bits of color and design, save your old boxes, for there are a dozen and one uses for an old box. To be sure, it must be of good lines and proportion before you attempt to decorate it, as that in itself goes a long way toward making the finished article attractive. You may add a bit of paint and a pretty stencil to a plain wooden cigar-box and you will have a colorful receptacle for jewelry, favorite snap-shots or cherished letters. You may wield a magic paint-brush over a plebeian white shoe-box and you will have a worthy resting-place for the daintiest of Cinderella slippers. Disguise a pasteboard hat-box with cretonne or wall-paper and it becomes the smartest of hat-boxes for traveling.



An attractive desk-set made from a fig-box and four strips of wood

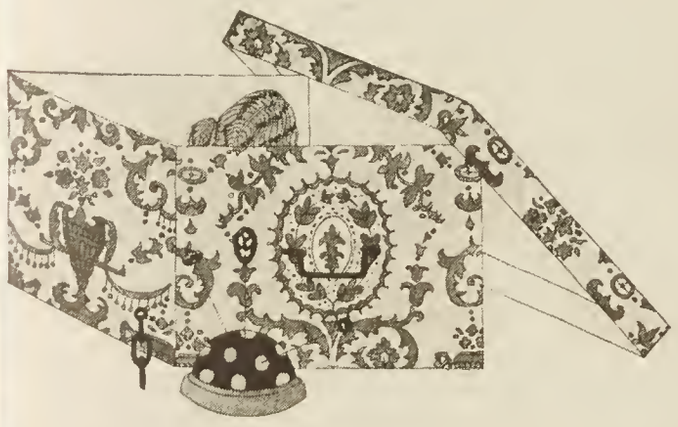


Decorated round tin boxes and cardboard candy-boxes make pretty gifts

It is fascinating work, this rescuing of plain boxes from the scrap-heap and then transforming them into things of beauty and utility. A little ingenuity, patience and color change their whole character.

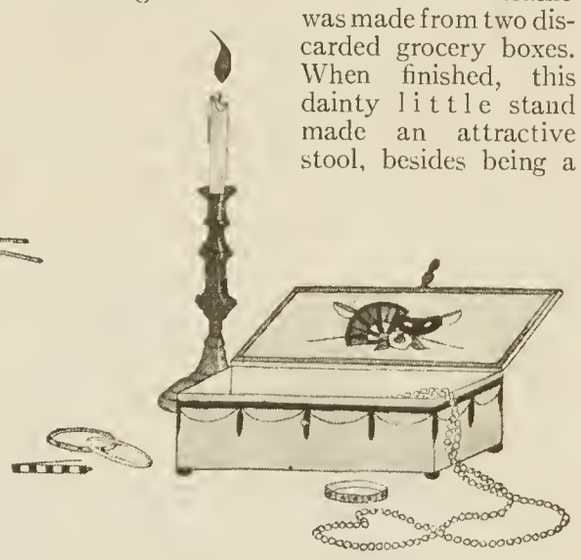
To decorate a wooden cigar-box, remove all paper from the wood and paint the inside of the box with a coat of vivid green or turquois blue, or if a more elaborate finish is desired, pad it with silk or cretonne. For the outside, gray, tan or gilt paint makes an interesting background for red, green or blue stencils. If the stencils are applied sparingly in the center, the edges may be painted the same color as the stencils. The addition of wooden button-molds glued to the four under corners and a brass catch give the final touches which make such a box an altogether useful and decorative article.

Take two strips of thin, smooth wood, tack and bind them at each end to two understrips of the same wood, and you will have blotter-ends which may be decorated with stencils. Add to this a wooden fig-box, painted and stenciled to match, and you will have a complete little desk-set.



Covered with wall-paper, an ordinary square hat-box can be used for traveling

Four ordinary shoe-boxes take a new lease on life when carefully painted with ordinary house paint. Those in the illustration are painted in rose color with tiny brass handles inserted through the cardboard. The gay rose-and-green chintz-covered wooden frame was made from two discarded grocery boxes. When finished, this dainty little stand made an attractive stool, besides being a safe keeping-place for cherished gilt slippers or other fancy footwear.



Wooden cigar-boxes, scraped and painted, make unusual jewel-boxes

Hat-boxes, round or square, become part of a room if covered with a bit of the wall-paper used in the room. Small brass hinges connecting the cover with the box and a brass hook and handle are the only other requisites for turning the box into a convenient and delightful traveling hat-box. The wall-paper should always be protected by one or two coats of white shellac; this not only preserves the covering, but gives it a soft, mellow appearance.

One of the most useful little boxes that I know of can be made from a pasteboard or wooden container about four inches square. After it has been carefully decorated, it makes a most attractive holder for a ball of twine or knitting-yarn. This little box may be covered either with paper or paint and a tiny hole made in the cover to permit the twine or yarn to come through.



Four painted cardboard shoe-boxes kept in neat fashion by a wooden frame covered with chintz



American Women serve them ~
~the best balanced breakfasts in the world

Let no one think that breakfast is an easy meal!

Every housewife knows the difficulty of putting variety and interest into the morning menu. Too often she must struggle against the natural tendency of a healthy family to eat only energy-creating foods—eggs, cereals, meat or toast—all heavy elements without that redeeming lighter touch which adds so much to a proper start of the day's work.

But she is succeeding!—and American breakfasts today are the "best-balanced breakfasts in the world."

In general this is due to the ever-increasing use of fruit as the first course of the day's repast. Fruit is a diet essential. And its service is particularly happy for breakfast—where its rich tonic mineral salts can play such a big part in counteracting the many acid-forming proteins which make up the rest of the meal.

Just because fresh fruits are scarce, and very expensive now, is no reason for omitting them from their important place at the start of the day! Modern canning has changed all that. If you know the uniform high quality, fine flavor and wide variety of the many products under the DEL MONTE label, it is the simplest matter in the world to serve the choicest fruits at economical cost all year round.

Let DEL MONTE help you to start the day right—by trying some of the suggestions below. And in every other meal, too, let this quality brand assist you to supply the food balance so essential in the modern diet. For over 500 thrifty, simple suggestions for the year-round service of the many fruits and vegetables packed under the DEL MONTE label, write for a free copy of "DEL MONTE Recipes of Flavor."



PEACHES & CREAM



CEREAL WITH PEARS



ICED CRUSHED PINEAPPLE

Address Department 28
CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION
San Francisco, California

Del Monte



Recipes originated and tested by Partridge & Conklin. Put them in your cook book.

BREAKFAST BACON DE LUXE—Broil bacon and brown calves' liver in frying pan. Remove liver to a hot platter. To the browned fat in the pan add 2 tablespoons flour and ¾ cup of sirup from Del Monte Apricots. Stir constantly until boiling. Pour over liver and on each slice place an apricot and a strip of bacon.

PEACH POPOVERS—Beat 1 egg, add ¼ teaspoon salt and 1 cup each of milk and flour alternately. Beat constantly until batter is smooth and bubbly. Pour into hot greased popover pans and into each put several slices of drained Del Monte Peaches. Place in a very hot oven and after 30 minutes of baking reduce heat and bake 15 minutes longer.

SAUSAGES WITH PINEAPPLE—Roast link sausages in oven until brown. Place slices of Del Monte Pineapple in roasting pan about 10 minutes before sausages are done. Serve a sausage on each slice of pineapple.

PLUM OMELET—Beat 4 eggs, add 3 tablespoons sirup from Del Monte Plums, ½ teaspoon salt and ½ cup boiled rice. Pour into hot greased frying pan and cook slowly until brown, lifting edges as it cooks until all is firm. Fold and serve with plums and remainder of sirup heated and thickened.



At the shops you visit

Notice the beauties of
1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate

THIS fine silverplate is displayed generously these days — pieces that will add immeasurably to the delicacy and crispness of every summer meal. Ask to see the salad forks, ice cream forks and iced tea spoons or some of the serving pieces, like the berry spoon.

Price need not deter you from purchasing "1847 Rogers Bros." In spite of its classic beauty and unquestioned durability "1847 Rogers Bros." is surprisingly inexpensive. A set of six iced tea spoons, for instance, costs only $6.00. Other pieces are priced as reasonably.

Ambassador Iced Tea Spoon

In 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate you may purchase the pieces you need today, and add to them when occasion demands. Leading dealers everywhere carry "1847 Rogers Bros." In the newer patterns they will be glad to show you just the pieces you need to make your table service complete.

Be sure to see the Ambassador and the Anniversary patterns. They are unusually attractive.

Send for "HOW MUCH SILVERWARE," booklet E-17, which outlines the table-service families of different sizes should have for gracious, comfortable living—every day and for entertaining. We also furnish handsome illustrations of the Ambassador and other patterns.

International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn.

1847 ROGERS BROS.
SILVERPLATE

SILVERWARE WEEK
May 14—19
See your dealer's windows



AMBASSADOR WATER PITCHER

1847 Rogers Bros. patterns are matched by vegetable dishes, platters, trays and beverage sets. These pieces are a finishing touch to the well-set table—beautiful in themselves and most practical for every day use.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

CANDLESTICKS

The undying charm of the humble wax-light

By Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders

Editor, Department of House Decoration

CANDLE-LIGHT is as popular to-day as it was in grandma's time, and almost no room can afford to be without the soft, mellow glow of lighted candles. The lacking note of interest in the finishing of a room may be supplied by carefully chosen candlesticks placed in the somber spots.

A varied display of individual taste is possible in the selection of candlesticks.

First let us mention antique candlesticks. Whether they are of glass, brass, wood or pewter, if they are old they will have good decorative lines. Do not think just because they are old and are likely to be found in dusty places that one must admire them. Old things are best for decorative purposes, not because of their age, but because of their grace and beauty. You will find that the best modern candlesticks have been copied with the greatest care from genuinely old ones which have stood the test of years and changing styles.

If your candlesticks are of old brass, they will have a beautiful, satiny quality with a pinkish glow which comes only from age and which can not be duplicated in modern reproductions. There are also the antique Russian candlesticks of dark unpolished brass. These have been successfully copied and even in this day of high prices may be bought very reasonably. For new interiors or the refurnishing of old rooms this type of brass candlestick is highly recommended.



The simplicity and weight of wrought-iron candelabra make them suitable for use with heavy furniture

GLASS candlesticks can hardly be rivaled, from a decorative point of view. The plain white glass candlestick or candelabrum, which so often has beautifully cut prisms, is particularly suitable for the dining-table. On the sideboard or the serving-table silver or Venetian glass are appropriate. Single candlesticks of white glass, painted tin or wood with colored candles are good for dressing-tables, upper-hall tables, etc., while the fiber and pottery candlesticks, with all their fascinating colors and designs, are worthy of consideration for living-rooms and libraries. If properly placed, all these various types of candlesticks will strike interesting balances on mantels, desks, bookcases, sideboards or console-tables.

The most fascinating of all are the wrought-iron candlesticks designed to stand on the floor. Their extreme simplicity and weight make them particularly adaptable to rooms where the furniture is distinctly heavy. For hallways and dark corners of the living-room, this type of candelabrum lends all the charm of the old amid modern surroundings. The placing of two of these at the ends of a long sofa makes an interesting group and when lighted they throw enough light to flood the room; one candelabrum will give sufficient light to read by.



Imitation antique Russian brass may be purchased in many shops



The boardwalk at Atlantic City during a rainstorm

Atlantic City demanded the salt that pours

ONCE ordinary salt was used in its great hotels.

Then pleasure seeking patrons demanded a salt they didn't have to "fuss with." And on restaurant and hotel tables appeared Morton's—always a delightful convenience.

Morton's pours—rain or shine; does it naturally, too; the cube crystals tumble off one another. They do not cake and cause waste.

Don't overlook Morton's other distinguished quality—its vigor.

It imparts to foods a brisk, delightful, lasting flavor difficult to obtain with ordinary salts weakened by the addition of ingredients to make them pour.

Convenience, flavor and economy are overworked words but they have a real meaning when you use Morton's.



MORTON SALT COMPANY
CHICAGO



Helpful Hints on Using Salt

TO ELIMINATE DISAGREEABLE ODORS from boiling cabbage, add a little Morton's Salt to the water and cook in an uncovered vessel.

TO PREPARE BATTER so that lumps will not occur, add a little Morton's Salt to the flour before you wet it.

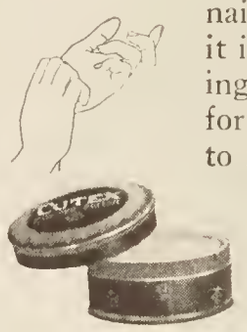
A PINCH of Morton's Salt added to the whites of eggs will cause them beat more quickly.

Two marvelous new nail polishes—

They are different from any you have had before

DEVELOPED by the world's foremost authority on the care of the nails, and prepared in a laboratory devoted solely to the making of manicure specialties, these two new Cutex Polishes have attained a perfection of which you have not dreamed, if you are not familiar with Cutex products.

The new Cutex Liquid Polish, for instance, is of just the right consistency to flow evenly over the nails from the tiny camel's-hair brush with which it is applied. It dries instantly, and leaves a charming rose-petal finish that retains its brilliant lustre for at least a week. And, best of all, when you wish to renew it, no special "remover" is required.



The new Cutex Powder Polish (delicately scented, soft, and velvet-smooth) has its own outstanding virtues, too. It does not dry the cuticle—and *it is practically instantaneous.* A few strokes of the nails across the palm suffice to bring out that tinted, jewel-like gleam which fashion has decreed the smart finish to a manicure.

Other Cutex Polishes that have long been favored by American women are the Cutex Cake Polish, the Cutex Paste Polish, and the Cutex Stick Polish. All Cutex Polishes are priced at 35c the package. Obtainable at drug or department stores in the United States and Canada, and at chemist shops in England.





CUTEX

EVERYTHING FOR THE MANICURE

Send for Trial Packages of New Polishes To-day—*only 6 cents*



Fill out the coupon below, and mail with six cents in coins or stamps for trial sizes of the two new Cutex Polishes shown here—Cutex Liquid Polish and Cutex Powder Polish—enough of each for six manicures. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York, or, if you live in Canada, Dept. D-5, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

Six Cents Brings You These Trial Packages

So that every woman may test these two marvelous new Cutex Nail Polishes for herself, we will send trial-size packages, on receipt of six cents in coins or stamps. Enclosed with polish packets is instructive booklet on the way to manicure, so as to develop the full beauty of your nails.

Mail This Coupon with 6c to-day

Northam Warren, Dept. D-5
114 West 17th St., New York City

I enclose 6c for trial packages of two Cutex Polishes.

Name.....

Street
(or P. O. Box).....

City.....State.....

ENGAGEMENTS

By Elsie Cleveland Mead

THE DELINEATOR will be glad to answer any question on good manners. Address the Etiquette Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York City, and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for a reply

AVERY wise and respected lawyer told us solemnly when we were seventeen years old that no lady received more than one proposal of marriage! His remark made a profound impression and made us consider our responsibility in our friendships with young men. A woman can usually detect whether a platonic affair is growing into a more serious attachment and can check it if she does not reciprocate. It is considered not only cruel but extremely bad form for a girl deliberately to encourage a man to the point of proposing marriage and then refuse him.



Elsie Cleveland Mead

In spite of the revolution in customs as between young people, it is still considered the worst kind of taste for a young woman to take the initiative in any decided sense—or, in common parlance, to "run after" a young man, as, for example, through the unbridled issuing of invitations or making incessant telephone calls.

A man, on the other hand, should not make a girl conspicuous by his attentions, unless he is serious in his intentions. There are many things which are not harmful in themselves but which might place a girl in an awkward position, and there is no better guarantee of a man's character than his just appreciation of such worldly conventions.

Old books on etiquette gave rules for proposals of marriage. The reducing of what should be spontaneous and sincere to definite codes has a strong element of the absurd in it, and one has visions of the young man who carefully dusts the floor before dropping to one knee and with his hand upon his heart, says: "Will you be my wife?" The other extreme is the casual young man of to-day, who, turning to the girl's mother, says, quite flippantly: "What kind of a husband do you think I will make for Grace?"

Proper appreciation of the seriousness of a marriage proposal dictates at least a definite and dignified demand, the words to be prompted by the persons most interested.

WE LIKE to think of an engagement to marry as a fitting time for some festivity, and often an informal tea or evening party is arranged to mark the time when a formal announcement is made. This affair should be given for close friends and not for the long list of acquaintances that one asks to a formal wedding. More often an arbitrary day is fixed and the girl writes informal notes to her nearest relatives and closest friends whom she can not reach personally, asking them not to divulge the news until a given date, thus insuring that the feelings of those who may not hear of it before that day may be spared. A note to an older relative or friend might be worded somewhat as follows:

"I want you to be one of the first to know of my engagement to Alfred Peabody, whom I met last year on a trip to Boston. It is needless to say that I am just about the happiest girl alive, and I am sure you will understand why when you meet Alfred. Please do not speak of this until May 1st, when we are to make the formal announcement. Affectionately," etc.

It is no longer usual to give engagement presents. This used to be done more frequently when engagements were of long duration. Fortunately nowadays good taste demands that before a man asks a girl to be his wife he should have some prospect of marrying within a year. However, this does not do away with the very proper exceptions to the rule and does not forbid informal understandings between young people. A six months' engagement is about right, extending to a year if necessary. But if the principals in the affair have had every opportunity to know each other, there is no objection to having the ceremony six weeks or two months after the announcement of the betrothal. One rather deprecates anything more hurried than that.

It is not considered good form to send a formal notice of an engagement to the press for publication. The custom of having the marriage announcement paid for and printed is quite another matter. If the couple happen to belong to prominent families in a community, the fact of their engagement usually appears in the social columns as a matter of news without any initiative on their part.

The straightforward young man who goes to the parents of the girl he wishes to marry to tell them of his desire does the courteous thing and thereby wins their respect because of his frankness and consideration. If, by chance, the girl lives in a different town from her parents, the young man should try to meet her family and talk over with them the matters that inevitably arise at the announcing of an engagement.

IT IS the rôle of the man's parents to make the first overtures of friendship if they are not acquainted with the girl's parents or with the girl. If they live within calling distance, it is right that they should call at the home of their son's fiancée. If they live at a distance, they may learn to know each other through letters and a visit can often be arranged.

"All the world loves a lover," but loves him more if he does not become so absorbed in his own happiness that he forgets his family, friends and fellow workers. The girl, too, must remember that others still have claims on her. The newly affianced young people can be most charming, but one sees sometimes an unduly demonstrative pair and one feels like telling them that a little more reserve would be in better taste.

It is quite usual these days for engaged couples to go about unchaperoned to the theater and on short excursions, and it seems an improvement over the restrictions of a generation ago. Though it is natural enough for a couple to want to be alone as much as possible, it is decidedly kinder to others, as well as better mannered, not to be too exclusive.

The formal engagement is usually marked by the fiancé's presenting the fiancée with a ring, which is always worn on the third finger of the left hand. There has been a tradition that this ring should be a solitaire diamond, but there is really no set rule for this and there is no reason why individual taste should not be exercised. A man is sorely tempted to spend his last dollar or pawn his future pay in order to buy this symbolic gift. An engagement ring which is all out of proportion to the circumstances of the people concerned is an exhibition of false pride and is not considered good form. One sometimes sees an engagement prolonged on account of the price of the ring.

There is nothing that more enhances this happy engagement-time than letters of congratulation, and friends of either the young man or the young girl, even though not known to the other, should write or send a few flowers to the girl. Though I mentioned above that actual presents were very seldom made to the girl, it is quite usual for her to receive flowers.



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SAVE A DOLLAR

Concluded from page 44

garage; six tomato-plants and a home-made hotbed to furnish early lettuce and other delicacies. The vitally essential flowers are, for the most part, perennials and "self-sowers."—Mrs. F. M. Gier, Hillsdale, Mich.

SPRING CARE OF HEATERS

WHEN the final fire of the season goes out of the furnace, thoroughly clean and brush the whole radiating surface. Remove the smoke-pipe running from the furnace to the chimney. Brush out the pipe and, if possible, put it away where it may be kept dry during the Summer. Do not paint heat-pipes. Painting over bright tin or asbestos-paper-covered pipes causes a heat loss.

Be sure that all partly burned coal, clinkers and ashes are removed from the fire-pot as well as from the ash-pit beneath. To keep the interior of the furnace dry, put a small box of unslaked lime on the grates and leave the doors open so that air can circulate freely through the gas-passages. Do not burn papers in the furnace during the Summer, as the moisture caused by combustion condenses on the cool metal surface and causes rusting and corrosion. Fill the boiler of a steam or hot-water heater with water up to the safety-valve.—Ada Murray Felt, Waltham, Mass.

SAVE ON WINDOW-SHADES

WHITE window-shades which have become soiled need not be discarded. They may be kept fresh and white for years by cleaning them with magnesia. First spread a sheet on the floor and then unroll the shade on the sheet. With a soft cloth scrub the shades with the magnesia and water. After treating one side, turn the shade over and clean in the same way. This method removes the dirt very satisfactorily and renews the shade at a cost of about ten cents.—May Gibson, Summit, Miss.

A KITCHEN SPACE-SAVER

OFTEN a small kitchen would be much more convenient if a drop-shelf were built to take the place of a work-table. In the large kitchen a drop-shelf built near the sink or stove may save many steps. When the cooking and dish-washing are finished, the shelf may be lowered to give additional space.—Mrs. Will Dunlap, Bloomington, Ill.

SAVE ON THE LAUNDRY BILL

LONG sleeves in the kitchen are oftentimes a great inconvenience. They not only soil easily but are bothersome. To assist in keeping long sleeves clean in the kitchen, cut the feet from a pair of lightweight stockings and pull the legs on over the sleeves. This will not only keep the sleeves clean, but it will prevent the drapery from catching on things.—Beulah Blackmore, Ithaca, N. Y.

SAVE THE IRONING-BOARD

TACK to one end of your ironing-board a piece of asbestos nine inches wide. Place the iron on this asbestos and you will find it a great protection to the cover and to the board.—Catherine T. Gaffney, New York City.

SAVE AWNINGS

DO NOT discard awnings that have faded. Paint the faded stripes with ordinary house paint and the awnings will look like new ones. In repainting, follow the original color line.—Mrs. Margaret C. Rhoads, Boone, Iowa.

SAVE ON TEA OR COFFEE

AS ALL housekeepers know, a great deal of tea or coffee is thrown out. I purchased a vacuum bottle and put any tea or coffee left from breakfast or lunch into it, to be used at the next meal. This saves a great deal of tea and coffee, as well as the gas required to boil the kettle or make new coffee each meal.—Mrs. R. Noble, London, Ontario, Can.

TIGHTENING THE CARPET-SWEEPER HANDLES

WHEN the wooden threads on the handle of the carpet-sweeper get worn so that the handle is loose, coat the threaded end with a mixture of glue and corn-meal. Put some of this mixture inside the metal socket, screw the handle in place and allow it to dry thoroughly. The same method may be used successfully on other screws that work loose, such as those on the ironing-board. The corn-meal-and-glue mixture is more successful than the glue alone.—Mrs. F. A. Baker, Pontiac, Mich.

DAFFODIL BASKETS

DAFFODIL baskets for serving ices at a party are so lovely and so easily made that many hostesses would like to use them during daffodil season. To make them, you need paper cups, a good quality of thin yellow and green crape paper in the desired shades, a hatpin, a pair of scissors and a jar of paste.

First cut strips of yellow crape paper an inch and a half wider than the cups are long, and long enough to reach around the cups and lap over a quarter-inch. Fold the strips to get five thicknesses and cut around upper edge of paper to make a scallop an inch and a half deep. Unfold.

Curl the scalloped edges by holding the paper in the left hand and drawing the edges between the right thumb and the hatpin or pair of scissors held tight enough to pull the paper but not tear it. Repeat until the edges are sufficiently curled.

Then cut the green paper in strips two inches wide and long enough to fit around the lower edge of the cup, lapping over a quarter-inch. Fold to make five thicknesses and cut from a point three-quarters inch from lower edge on each side to a point in the middle of upper edge. Paste the green strip to the lower edge of the basket, which is now finished, unless one cares to add a handle by punching a hole in each side of cup and attaching a wire one-inch long. Cover the handle with the crape paper of either color. A bunch of fresh violets tied to each basket-handle at the last minute is very effective.—Clara Corey, Macon, Ga.

SAVE TIME IN PREPARING FRUIT

MUCH time can be saved when preparing oranges or grapefruit for salad if the fruit is covered with boiling water and allowed to stand in the water a few minutes. The peel can then be removed very easily.—Nettie C. Doud, Springfield, Ill.

SAVE ON PILLOW-SLIPS

SOME time ago I noticed that my very best hand-embroidered pillow-slips were wearing out. On closer examination I discovered that the embroidered ends were not worn, but were firm and good. I cut off the ends and carefully matched the linen. I then made new slips of the new linen to replace the worn-out parts, basted the embroidered ends in place and had them machine-hemstitched. For less than the price of a pair of plain slips, I had my best embroidered pillow-slips new again.—Mrs. M. H. Burley, Edmonton, Alberta, Can.

SAVE ON CLEANING CANDLESTICKS

INSTEAD of scraping the wax from brass or silver candlesticks, plunge the metal part in hot water and thus melt the wax. Candlesticks are often scratched when the wax is scraped off. By melting off the wax much time is saved and you will not run the risk of marring the candlesticks.—Katharine R. Green, Amoy, China.

TO KEEP TWINE UNSNARLED

INSTEAD of keeping the ball of twine in the kitchen drawer where it unwinds and snarls, place it in a kitchen funnel and hang the funnel in some convenient place. Run the end of the twine through the neck of the funnel. The string is always ready for use and the ball itself stays in place when the string is being taken from it.—Jean McIntyre, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CARE OF WET SHOES

WHEN shoes get wet, rub them with a sponge filled with a lather of saddle-soap to prevent the leather from hardening. Next morning a vigorous brushing will leave the shoes soft and pliable.—Mrs. F. M. Murphy, New York City.

KITCHEN FUEL-BOX

A KITCHEN fuel-storage box mounted on legs will save the housewife much sweeping and make the corner where the wood is kept an easy place to clean. Use a box about six inches wider than the length of the fuel and have a partitioned section for small kindling.—Warren Scholl, Saint Ignace, Mich.

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MUNSING WEAR

for Men, Women and Children

Munsingwear is made in a great variety of styles and fabrics. It may be had in form fitting knitted garments, in loose fitting woven garments.

The knitted garments are offered in light, medium and heavy weight fabrics of fine cotton, cotton and wool mixed, silk and wool mixed, and all wool. They may be had in all the wanted styles in union suits for men, women and children, also in vests, drawers and bloomers for women and girls, and in bands, wrappers and binders for infants.

The woven garments may be had in white and pastel shades in voiles, mulls, crepes and tub silks in dainty feminine suits for women and in a great variety of attractive light weight fabrics in athletic styles for men.

Because of the fine quality of fabric and workmanship, knit or woven into all Munsingwear garments, and because of the unusual value and service that Munsingwear garments give the wearer, it has been possible to establish agencies with one or more of the leading merchants in practically every town of importance in the United States. It will pay you to locate the Munsingwear dealer in your community and let him outfit all the members of your family in Munsingwear. There is a right Munsingwear size and style for everybody.

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Does your tooth-brush "show pink"?

ALL TOO OFTEN men and women hold back from giving their teeth the good brushing needed because their gums are soft or irritated.

A "pink tooth-brush" is a sign of tooth trouble to come—a warning to restore your gums to a healthy condition.

In this, Ipana Tooth Paste can help you. For it cleans the teeth thoroughly and exercises a gentle healing effect upon soft and bleeding gums.

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CAPTIVE SPRING FLOWERS

Concluded from page 52

charm to those who will cut branch-tips and give them warmth, water and sunlight indoors.

Success in this whole matter of water-forcing depends largely upon the stage of development of the sprays at the time they are cut. Results will seldom be satisfactory if you make the experiment before the characteristic colors begin to show in the buds. The appearance of this color indicates that the sap is stirring and that expansion of flower and leaf awaits only warmer conditions.

Of all the Spring flowers, perhaps none is of more universal appeal than the narcissi. Many of us have them in abundance in our gardens without realizing that some kinds are extremely easy to bring into bloom in the house—weeks, or even months, before flowers can be expected out-of-doors. Of these sorts, perhaps the paper-white type, with a number of snowy, exquisitely fragrant blossoms on each stalk, is the best. Enough bulbs of it can be bought for a dollar or so from dealers to give you a good succession of flowers all through the early Spring.

ALL THAT paper-whites require is enough bowls or saucers two or three inches deep to hold the bulbs half embedded in small pebbles which serve to keep them upright. A bowl four inches across will hold three bulbs, while a single one can be grown in a receptacle no larger than a teacup. The pebbles should be put in almost to the rim of the bowl and the bulbs worked down into them until they are about half covered. Then pour in plain, fresh water to the top of the pebbles and set the whole thing in a dark, rather cool place for ten days or so.

At the end of this time you will notice a great change, if the bulbs are of good quality. A mass of white roots will have developed throughout the pebbles and the leaves will be perhaps two inches long, rising from the crown of the bulb in a single stalk sheathed in greenish white. These growths indicate that the bulbs have sent out sufficient roots to support flower-stalks and produce normal blossoms. All they need now is occasional replenishing of the water and two or three weeks more in a bright but not necessarily sunny room, at the end of which time you will be far more than repaid for the slight trouble you have taken with them.

ANOTHER favorite flower which is admirably adapted to simple forcing in the late Winter and early Spring is the lily-of-the-valley. Its culture in the house is practically as simple and certain of results as that of the paper-whites. Success with root clumps dug up from the garden bed is problematical. What you should get are the small individual plants or "pips," as the grower calls them, which when you receive them will somewhat resemble a tangle of brownish string attached to an insignificant pointed stub which is really the crown of the plant and contains the elements of leaf and flower growth. These pips are customarily kept in cold storage by the dealer and sold only for forcing.

Such lilies-of-the-valley are grown in bowls several inches deep filled with a porous, especially prepared fiber which can be bought for a few cents from the same house that sells you the plants and, probably, the paper-white bulbs as well. The fiber should be soaked in water, squeezed out until it is damp but not dripping and then placed in the bowls. When the plants come, they will have roots perhaps four or five inches long. Cut all these off midway, make holes in the fiber two inches apart and deep enough to admit the remaining roots, and set in the plants so that when the fiber is pressed down around them their crowns will just show above the surface. From then on treat them like the paper-whites, except that the fiber should be kept merely damp, never really wet. Blossoms may be expected in from three to six weeks after planting, depending upon the temperature and the condition of the pips.

PRIZE CONTEST

What is your ideal of a home?

The house you live in, the one next door, the house of a friend or the little cozy dream that exists nowhere outside the picture of your mind. Whatever it is, or wherever it is, describe your ideal house to THE DELINEATOR.

THE DELINEATOR invites each of its readers to help the magazine to decide upon what is truly an ideal American house. Send in your answers to the following questions:

1. What type of house is it? (Modern Colonial, English, French, Italian, etc.)
2. Of what building material is it made? (Stucco, brick, wood, or a combination of materials.)
3. Is it a bungalow or a two-story house?
4. How many rooms has it?
5. Has it any built-in features? (Closets, cabinets, etc.)
6. What other conveniences or comforts?
7. Is there a breakfast-nook?
8. Is there a sleeping-porch?
9. Attach a rough pencil-drawing of the floor-plan, indicating the dimensions of each room.
10. Give, if possible, a suggestion of the outside appearance, either by picture or by drawing.

Every letter and every plan will be carefully gone over by our House-Building Department. A prize of fifty dollars is offered for the letter which in the opinion of our House-Building Department contains the greatest number of unique, practical and helpful suggestions for a house costing not more than twenty thousand dollars to build.

The most desirable features from letters submitted will be embodied in the study of one plan, which will be shown in a Fall issue of THE DELINEATOR. All letters and drawings must be received at this office by May tenth. Address House-Building Editor.

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To Make It Silky, Lustrous, Beautiful



Science discovers falling, lusterless hair due to a simple infection (Sebum) which is quickly overcome—amazing results come quickly.

Modern science has discovered new principles in hair treatment. *It is now known that old-time methods were based on a mistaken idea of the cause of falling hair.*

This new way is based on latest scientific findings. The results are so amazing that most persons would disbelieve them. So we give a written guarantee, falling hair stopped, new hair grown in 90 days, or money refunded. This gives you an opportunity to test the treatment without risk or obligation. During the past 18 months over one million people have made this test. That gleaming, beautiful hair you're beginning to see everywhere is largely due to it.

That Infected Sebum

91% of hair troubles now are traced to infected Sebum.

Sebum is an oil that forms at the roots of the hair. Its natural function is to lubricate the hair. But frequently it becomes infected. It cakes on the scalp. It plugs the follicles and forms a breeding place for bacteria—germs by the millions feed upon the hair and destroy it. Modern dermatology propounds this as the basis in hair treatment.

But note this scientific fact; Remove that infected oil—the Sebum—and soon your hair has the silken loveliness, the sheen and beauty for which every woman strives.

Our method accomplishes that result. It is sold with written guarantee to do so under a 90-day home-treatment plan. It is applied a new way and embodies newly accepted scientific principles. Germ-combating elements are penetrated to the very roots of the hair. The Sebum is removed—bacteria combated. In a few days your own mirror tells the story.

We urge you to make the test we offer. Go today to your drug or department store and obtain the Van Ess Liquid Scalp Massage, and ask about our guaranteed 90-day treatment. Or mail the coupon for supply by mail postpaid. Send no money, but pay the postman $1.50 for a single bottle (or $4.50 for 3 bottles), the full 90-day treatment with guarantee.



Note the rubber cap. You massage this treatment directly to the follicles of the hair.

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The varied styles this Summer demand a service other patterns fail to give you

From costume suit to evening frocks you can make clothes you will love to wear

THINK of being able to make yourself one of the new three-piece costumes Paris and New York are wearing this Summer! You can —perfectly! It is simple with the unique dressmaking service the Deltor gives you.

First the Deltor shows you exactly how to cut out your costume from a minimum of material and yet have the circular movements or fashionable drapery on the right grain of the goods to hang correctly. Deltor cutting layouts save you from ¼ to 1⅜ yard on everything you make.

When you come to put your dress together you know exactly what to do and when and how to do it. Every necessary step is there before you in pictures and clear directions — something other patterns do not give you.

You might easily shop and shop for some of the season's new trimmings and even for ten or fifteen dollars not find what your dress demands. The Deltor shows you exactly how to make these new trimmings — and at a negligible cost.

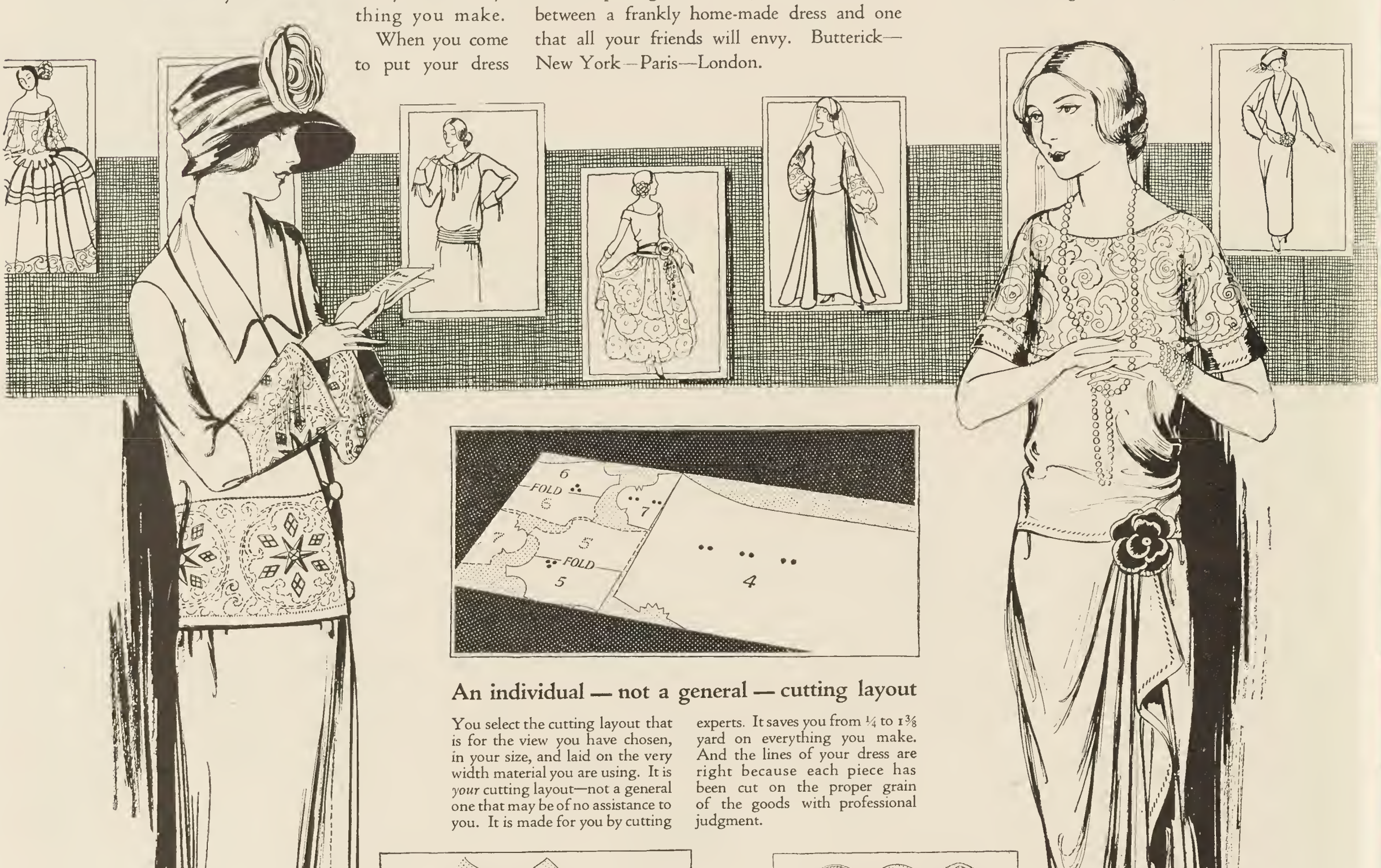
Between the result of the general directions most patterns carry and the Deltor's individual and complete guidance may be the difference between a frankly home-made dress and one that all your friends will envy. Butterick—New York—Paris—London.

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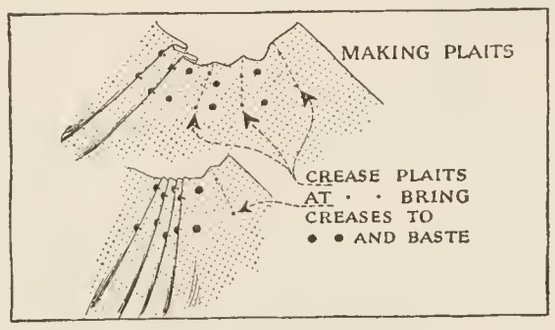
Ornaments, plaques, rosettes, tubing trimming — the Deltor shows you how to make them.

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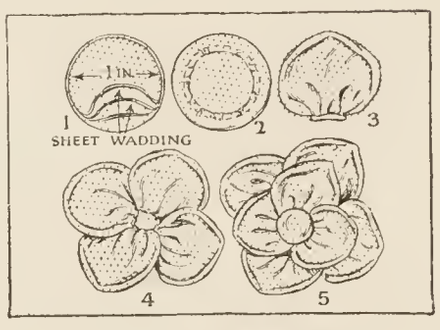
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You select the cutting layout that is for the view you have chosen, in your size, and laid on the very width material you are using. It is *your* cutting layout—not a general one that may be of no assistance to you. It is made for you by cutting experts. It saves you from ¼ to 1⅜ yard on everything you make. And the lines of your dress are right because each piece has been cut on the proper grain of the goods with professional judgment.



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Every single step in the making of your dress is before you in pictures. You work easily and securely with the Deltor and give your dress the cut, the workmanship, the finish that a professional would, because you work like a professional.



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The Deltor shows you exactly how the new French trimmings on your model are made, down to the most minute detail. Consequently, for almost nothing, you give your costume those new little touches you love in imported things.

Straight, hip-fitting coat and frock make this costume suit. Bodice of dress in sketch to right of figure.

Every wardrobe must contain at least one draped dress this Summer. A deep lace bertha lends enchantment.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS WITH THE DELTOR

AIDS TO EASIER CLEANING

Concluded from page 50

remaining. It likewise has a good spread. The initial cost is more than the initial cost of a corn broom.

In using either a corn or a fiber broom do not always sweep with the broom in the same position, but turn it often enough to make the fibers wear down evenly.

A good *floor-brush* is an essential in every house. A bristle brush is better than a broom, either fiber or corn, for varnished or waxed floors: it is softer and does not scratch. Choose a brush that is not so heavy as to tire you. (Between a sixteen and eighteen inch bristle length is best for most purposes.) The floor-brush should be equipped with bumpers so that it will not mar the furniture. A brush with the outer rows of softer bristles will not scatter the dust as one made entirely of coarse bristles. Coarse center bristles are desirable because they pick up and hold threads and hair. The handle of a floor-brush, as well as a broom-handle, should be long enough to enable the user to stand in good position, not all bent over. It is desirable to have a brush-handle that may be screwed on either side of the block. Changing the handle once in a while will greatly increase the wear of the brush by keeping the bristles more even. A *radiator-brush*, one that can actually clean the radiator, is most desirable. If the raidator is never cleaned, the heated air-currents carry the dust up on the walls and ceilings and keep it circulating in the rooms. A radiator-brush should be of a size that will push through and around the coils easily, but it should at the same time have sufficient surface so that it will clean as it pushes through. A round brush gives a wider sweep than a flat one. A radiator-brush is also good for cleaning under a piano and other furniture.

A *STOVE-BRUSH* with a bent wire handle cleans the stove effectively and at the same time protects the hands from getting rubbed or scraped against the stove.

A satisfactory *banister-brush* should be of the same type as a radiator-brush, except that the handle should be shorter and the bristles softer. It should be small enough to get in between the banisters.

An *upholstery-brush* is likewise good for cleaning wickerwork, although a flat paint-brush is also good for this purpose.

A *wall-brush* of medium-soft bristles, so that it will not injure wall-paper, is excellent for brushing papered, painted or rough plastered walls. It should have a handle long enough to reach the ceiling. An ordinary corn broom can be used for walls or sweeping waxed floors if it is covered with a bag made of a medium-weight washable material. The bag should be made so that it will tie on easily.

A *refrigerator-brush* in which the bristles are twisted in wire and spiral gives excellent service. Such a brush, with a more or less flexible handle, will cover the whole surface of the drain-pipe much more effectively and agreeably than any makeshift arrangement. This brush is not expensive, it lasts a long time and gives absolute satisfaction in keeping drain-pipes clean.

A *toilet-brush* exactly suited to the task is made with curves to fit the toilet bowl and with bristles that are twisted in wire. Such a brush is fully as useful in cleaning the tub, and every housekeeper should have two such brushes hanging in her bathroom. They protect the hands and, since they have no sharp edges, they do not scratch the porcelain. They can and, of course, should be thoroughly cleaned in scalding hot water.

An ordinary flat *paint-brush* is useful for cleaning window-sills and for coaxing the dust out of corners.

A *scrubbing-brush*, if one is used, should be stiff and have a handle on top, or, on the smaller brushes, at the end. But expert housekeepers to-day are learning to do without the scrubbing-brush. They are learning to do less scrubbing and more mopping. By having floor surfaces that may be mopped instead of scrubbed, energy may be saved and the house be just as spotless.

Floor-mops remove much of the drudgery of housework. There are two kinds of dustless floor-mops: the oil and the chemically treated mops. The oiled mop is best adapted to oiled-floor finishes. The chemically treated mops are best for waxed floors and also for other finishes. Linoleum floors last longer when they are gone over once a week with an oiled mop. Floor-mops remove dust and dirt that brooms can't get. Added advantages are that they do not scratch or mar surfaces and do not raise a dust. The care of mops is important to their service and durability. Mops should be carefully shaken every time they are used. They should be washed, when necessary, with warm water and mild soap. They should be dried, head down, away from heat. The oiled mop may be renewed with any of the various oils on the market. The chemical mop, as soon as it is dry, is again ready for use. Mops are round, triangular or rectangular in shape. Your choice should depend upon personal preference. Buy the one that will easily get around your floor surfaces. All mops have removable handles.

A SATISFACTORY *water-mop* may be made from old soft cloths, or string mops may be purchased which fit into a round head or a long flat head. The water-mop should be as free from lint and as absorbent as possible. It should always be kept clean and always used in clean water and dried thoroughly after using. There are brushes with long handles on the market for cleaning the outside of windows, where splashing water is of no concern. For cleaning the inside, chamois or old soft lintless cloths are desirable.

Dust-cloths may be bought that are oil or chemically treated. Oiled dust-cloths may be made at home by putting a little oil on the cloth and rolling it up for a few hours. One of the commercial oils on the market may be used or an oil made at home of one part kerosene and eight parts light mineral oil. If plain dust-cloths are used, they should be lightly dampened, to prevent scattering the dust. All dust-cloths should be thoroughly shaken after each use and washed as often as needed; this is an economy in time and makes the dust-cloth last longer.

A *carpet-sweeper* still has a real place in every home—even in households where there is a vacuum cleaner. If it is kept in a convenient place, the carpet-sweeper is simple to get out and pick up crums and surface dirt from rugs. A well-built one lasts for years. Some are made with an adjustable feature, so that after the bristles wear down they may be lowered a little to bring the brush in closer contact with the floor. A sweeper can not give satisfactory service if its pans are full of dust or the brush is matted with thread. A pair of scissors and a button-hook make cleaning the brush a simple matter. Carpet-sweepers as well as floor-brushes should be equipped with felt or rubber bumpers.

A good *vacuum cleaner* is an investment. Its function is not only to gather up the surface dirt and dust—it should get up the deeper dirt as well, and for this reason strong suction is desirable. There are a number of good hand vacuum cleaners on the market that will answer for general household requirements, but, as a general rule, these have not a suction equal to the best electric machines.

IN SELECTING your vacuum cleaner see that it has a good length on the suction nozzle. The machine should be of a type that you can handle easily. It should not be too heavy, the handle should be smooth and comfortable, and it should be easy to run. There is an adjustment on many vacuum cleaners to raise or lower the nozzle. You should have the working of this carefully explained to you, for if the lips of the nozzle are too high above the carpet, the air goes through without enough suction force; on the other hand, if the lips of the nozzle are too close to the floor, the air is partly shut off: in either case the cleaner will not do its best work. In buying your machine find out the proper kind of oil to use with it, and when, where and how much oil to give it. Be sure that you use a good grade of oil—one that is neither too thin nor too thick.

A vacuum cleaner with an aluminum outer covering is light to handle.

If you buy attachments for your vacuum cleaner, try them out first to be sure that the machine has sufficient suction to make them effective. Attachments usually come directly in contact with the fan chamber so as to secure all of the suction that is available at the regular nozzle of the machine. The suction-tool attachment is excellent for cleaning upholstery, stair carpets and picture-moldings.



As you slip on
the warm little shirt

Is it comfortable to Baby's tender skin? Is it soft and unshrunken?

Each day the wee shirts must be washed. If you wash them in Fab-suds for a year and a day, they will still be soft—not matted up or scratchy. For Fab is made of cocoanut-oil.

Cocoanut-oil—you know how pure and white it is. It makes Fab completely soluble. No bits of soap stay in Fab-suds to stick to the wool and shrink or mat it.

Cocoanut-oil is put in Fab to make every freshly washed shirt soft and comforting to the tenderest baby skin.

Over 115 years' experience in making fine soaps has gone into the production of Fab. No effort has been spared to make these cocoanut-oil flakes safe for washing baby shirts and flannels.

For knitted sacques, booties, night clothes, day clothes—all fine things—you can be sure of the cleansing suds of the cocoanut-oil flakes.

COLGATE & CO.
199 Fulton St.
NEW YORK

FAB

A color print of this Saida (H. Willebeek Le Mair) painting for six cents in stamps. Address Dept. F. 53

for the Proper Care of the Hands

The skin should be kept naturally soft, *all the time,* if you would have really beautiful hands. Pure soap and water alone will not do this, for some soaps dry the skin, and you know that *dry skin* easily roughens and often cracks or chaps.



©
1922
A.S.H.Co.

Your hands and arms
Stay soft you see,
No matter what
Your work may be.

If you will moisten the hands slightly with

Hinds *Honey and Almond* **Cream**

every time after they are washed and dried you will see the skin grow softer, and feel its girlish smoothness; you'll be happy with hands that never roughen nor redden; hands that do not easily soil or develop hangnails and "catchy" finger tips; hands that remain attractive altho exposed to weather or dust.

A plentiful use of Hinds Cream when *manicuring* softens the cuticle, prevents tenderness and improves the nails.

Hinds Cream is good for everybody in your home,—Father and Brother will find it very convenient to keep a bottle of Hinds in the car—it is a great help in removing grease and oil from the hands, and in keeping them in splendid condition.

After shaving
Every man finds
A comfort sure
In using HINDS.



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A.S.H.Co.

Soothes and Heals the SKIN After Shaving

After rinsing off the soap and drying the face, apply just enough Hinds Cream to moisten the skin, rubbing gently. Remove with the towel any surplus that may remain. This Cream quickly stops the sting, heals cuts and the close-shave effect. It neutralizes any astringent action of the soap; prevents and relieves windburn and chapping, keeping the skin soft and ready for the next day's shave.

All druggists and departments sell Hinds Honey and Almond Cream in bottles, 50c and $1.00. Cold and Disappearing Cream, tubes, 25c. Jars, 60c. Traveler size, all creams, 10c each. We mail a *sample* Honey and Almond Cream tor 2c, trial size 6c. Cold or Disappearing *sample* 2c, trial tube 4c.

A. S. HINDS CO. Dept. 39 PORTLAND, MAINE



THE CARETAKERS

Continued from page 7

"Ze—vines! *Ze vines!*" she shrieked, and sure enough, in the broad path of light ahead there stood out a dark bulk draped with woodbine.

"Wait a bit—slow up! Is it concrete?" Tweeds asked, and they peered eagerly till a broad patch of white reassured them.

"By George!" he cried, "I don't know how we ever got here! Blind bull luck, if you ask me! And only quarter to eight, after all," he added, studying the dented watch.

"Now slow, driver, and count three from here—on the right."

"I'll count 'em as fast as I come to 'em," the driver agreed coldly. "There won't be so many as to confuse me!"

And this appeared to be true, for only far ahead was there a single light on the road.

"We seem so far from anything," Reddy began suddenly, "it seems an odd place for a Spanish inn—or any inn!"

"Here's number two," Tweeds cried as a small farmhouse came in sight, "and now let's watch both sides to make sure."

But no property of any kind appeared, though they drove more and more slowly. Suddenly a dark bulk loomed ahead of them with a curious tower and a long flight of steps.

"Stop! Stop!" cried Tweeds. "Slow, there!" and the man rolled softly to a gentle stop.

"I'll go slow, all right," he said, turning fully in his seat. "You ain't noticed me speeding much lately, have you? If this ain't it, mister, it's good night."

He turned a flexible light at his side straight on the building—and it was a deserted little church, with notices in some Scandinavian tongue on the boarded-over door.

"This is *not* it," said Tweeds, a curious emptiness spreading inside him. "There's some mistake, evidently. Get right along, please."

"I'm sorry, mister, but I can't," said the man; "my gas is out."

"What! You mean——"

"I mean we're stuck," said the man. "That gage is on the blink. She registered sixteen gallons, all right."

"STEP out," said Tweeds firmly, and the women stepped out in perfect quiet and stood in the dim road by him. His hand was in his pocket.

"I've got a revolver here," he said, "and if you mean any funny business, you've got the wrong party, my friend. Don't move."

"Oh, I ain't goin' to move," the man replied, still sitting in his seat. "I've got a gun myself, mister, but I never heard you could use it instead o' gas. If you know how to, fire away."

Somehow the truth filtered through his words. Tweeds believed him unwillingly.

Tweeds stepped to the rear of the car, the women following silently, and deliberately unscrewed the cap at the bottom of the gasoline-tank. A slow stream of gasoline spilled out. sputtered, trickled and ceased. He replaced the cap.

"See?" said the driver, himself clambering wearily out. "I don't have to do that to know, mister. All I say is, there's no such Godforsaken road as this up the river!"

"Well," said Tweeds, as briskly as he could, "what do you suggest that we do? What's *your* idea?"

"As I figure it out," the driver returned, lighting a cigaret and leaning on the engine hood, "there's three things to do: You can all wait here and hail the next car—it don't seem we can be the only fools on this road. Or you can leave the ladies here and hoof it on to the next place that *is* a place and send somebody back for 'em and some gas for me. Or you can all go on together—I got to stay with the car."

Tweeds turned to Reddy.

"What do you think?" he asked.

"Whatever you do," she answered meekly. A thoroughly sensible girl.

"It all depends," he said thoughtfully, "on what chance——"

But here madame, who had been absolutely and amazingly silent till now, lifted up her voice and began to scream.

"Hush, for heaven's sake," he began. But the man, though he jumped with unpardonable nervousness, shook his head.

"Why'n't you let her alone?" he suggested. "Somebody might hear her."

The last of Tweeds' heavy, formless suspicions melted away.

"Oh, well, all right," he agreed, and madame, with a certain euphonious regularity, emitted her nerve-racking notes, clenching and unclenching her hands the while.

"She certainly knows how, all right!" the driver commented, and Tweeds lit a cigaret and endeavored to control himself. At moments he hoped he was dreaming.

After what seemed a longer time than he could bear, the horn of an approaching motor was heard and the driver jumped and stared.

"Well, what do you know about that?" he gasped, and the cigaret fell from his hand.

"Did you think it was a private road?" snapped Tweeds, and running to the car he pressed the bulb of the horn rapidly, the man still staring.

"GET out in the road and stop 'em! *Get out!*" cried Tweeds, but as the man stood apparently petrified, Reddy rushed out and waved her light evening cape in the track of the approaching car, which stopped abruptly.

"What's up?" a man's voice called. "Want any help?"

"We certainly do," Tweeds replied. "Our gas is out and we're lost and these ladies are late for a professional engagement. Do you happen to know where the Andalusia Inn is?"

There were three men in the car beside the driver. The one who had spoken got out slowly, flashing a spotlight on them.

"You'll excuse me," he said pleasantly, "but it's a pretty lonely road, you see."

"Oh, that's all right," said Tweeds quickly. "Put up your hands, ladies! Put 'em up, driver! Here go mine!"

The man laughed.

"Oh, I've no doubt it's all right," he said gallantly. "Don't bother, ladies."

He moved for a moment into the light, a fair, slender fellow with a Van Dyke beard and heavy shell-rimmed motor-goggles. His evening overcoat was as well cut as the livery his chauffeur wore.

"Just see what you can do for them, Peterson," he said, and got back into his car. The chauffeur, a short, stocky fellow, climbed down slowly and, it seemed, a little unwillingly.

"Any objection to *him* puttin' up *his* hands?" he growled, flashing a pocket light on their sulky driver.

"Who said I had any?" the driver growled and raised his arms slowly above his head.

"Thanks. Now keep 'em there. I've got you covered from my pocket, Wallie," said the gentleman pleasantly. "That was a very pretty idea, isolating the road. Steady—hold it! Hold it!"

Out from the tonneau came two more stocky men who walked quickly to the driver, and there, under the stars, Tweeds and Reddy watched the old melodrama handcuffs click into place. In the strong spotlight the driver's face shone white as cheese.

"License and all, Wallie," said one of the stocky men reprovingly. "I believe you'd get a dentist's license if you needed it. Come on, now. We'll take the car back."

THEY stood at his either side and marched him to the car.

"See if you can stop her, won't you, miss?" asked one of the men, and they realized that madame's screams continued to fill space.

He blew a whistle and a second car came quickly up.

"Just take the ladies, back, Mr. Reid," he said, opening his coat so that they could all see the silver star inside. "Here's a letter from Mr. Motherwell. I'll be going, I think. I hope you didn't wait very long?"

Tweeds opened the note.

DEAR DUGGIE: Take the ladies back to your place, but have them stay in the back. Don't, on any account, light up even as you go in. Tell them to stay till I come over. It seems pretty mean to keep you out of it all, considering everything, so come around with Hayes if you like. I hope you brought the gun.

MUD.

"I'm Hayes, Mr. Reid," said the third

Continued on page 68

The physician found that the glands of her mouth had dried up—

A remarkable case showing the influence six tiny glands have in protecting the unreplaceable enamel of the teeth

AN interesting case has been reported by a leading physician.

A woman entered a hospital complaining of dryness in her throat and of difficulty in swallowing. Her teeth which had always been sound had suddenly begun to decay "in a frightful manner."

A thorough examination by the physician showed that the six small *salivary glands in her mouth had ceased to pour out their constant stream of healing, germ-free fluids.*

We have here, the physician says, the explanation for the rapid progress of tooth decay in this patient. The acids produced by fermentation of small food particles (which are present even after a thorough brushing of the teeth) were not diluted by the saliva. They acted with full strength on the enamel of her teeth, rapidly eating it away.

To provide protection against these deadly acids which are constantly forming in every mouth, nature intended the six tiny salivary glands situated in the cheeks and under the tongue automatically to flush the teeth and gums every moment in the day and night.

Although these glands are small they can win their fight against the acids if they can be made to function normally. *In a healthy mouth* they secrete more than a quart of *alkaline* fluid per day.

This fluid neutralizes the acids and washes them away.

Why in so many apparently healthy mouths secretions are often insufficient

The way we live today makes it difficult for our glands to work at their normal rate. Nature expected us to stimulate and exercise them by chewing hard, tough food.

A new instrument for the study of the glands of the mouth shows that they are 20 times more active when we chew than when the jaws are at rest. This is why only 2 out of every 100 savages had bad teeth—the rough, raw food they ate kept the glands well exercised, healthy and active. The soft foods we eat today, often hurriedly swallowed, do not keep our glands exercised and active.

Pebeco keeps the glands of your mouth at work

Pebeco is a dentifrice prepared especially to assist the natural processes causing these glands to work. It does for us what the chewing of hard food did for our primitive ancestors. Pebeco is neither acid nor alkaline. By its mere presence in the mouth it causes the glands to secrete, for a long time, the normal healthy amount of saliva nature intended them to send forth. It never exhausts the glands—it never checks their natural action.

For washing the teeth and keeping the outside surfaces polished no better dentifrice than Pebeco can be made. It works quickly and efficiently without wearing away the enamel or injuring the edges of the gums. Its constant use gives you teeth as beautiful as nature intended you to have.

After a thorough cleansing with Pebeco—it has just enough tang to it to exhilarate—your mouth feels as refreshed as does your body after a bath—and you have the convincing feeling, too, that you have done for your teeth and mouth all that science can teach you to do.

Take home a tube tonight and note its invigorating and refreshing taste. It will keep the glands of your mouth active and your teeth sound and beautiful. 50c at all druggists. Manufactured only by Lehn & Fink, Inc.



Examination showed that the acids were acting with full strength on the enamel of her teeth, rapidly eating it away



Diagram showing the position of mouth glands. 1—the parotid; 2—the submaxillary; 3—the sublingual. Identical glands are located on the right side of the face

This simple gland test will show you

Send us ten cents today for material for testing whether your own salivary glands are active enough to protect you against these destructive acids. We will include a junior size tube of Pebeco and our booklet—"How the Glands Protect the Teeth." Lehn & Fink, Inc., Dept. E-3, 635 Greenwich St., New York.

A new profession for women*

Scarcely seven years old, yet numbering thousands amongst its members, it is a new profession for women. Women trained in this new profession are called dental hygienists. What are the duties of a dental hygienist?

First, to educate the public, especially school children, on the proper care of the teeth. It is estimated that 80% of tooth decay can be prevented by educating young people to take care of their teeth.

Her second, but no less important function, is to work in conjunction with the dentists. Many of our best dentists now will not do work on the restoration of teeth until the patient has first had the prophylactic work attended to by a dental hygienist.

With fine instruments she gently removes the tartar and other accumulation from all five surfaces of each and every tooth. *With her each tooth is an individual object.* She is especially careful to remove the hidden tartar from around the all-important edges of the gums.

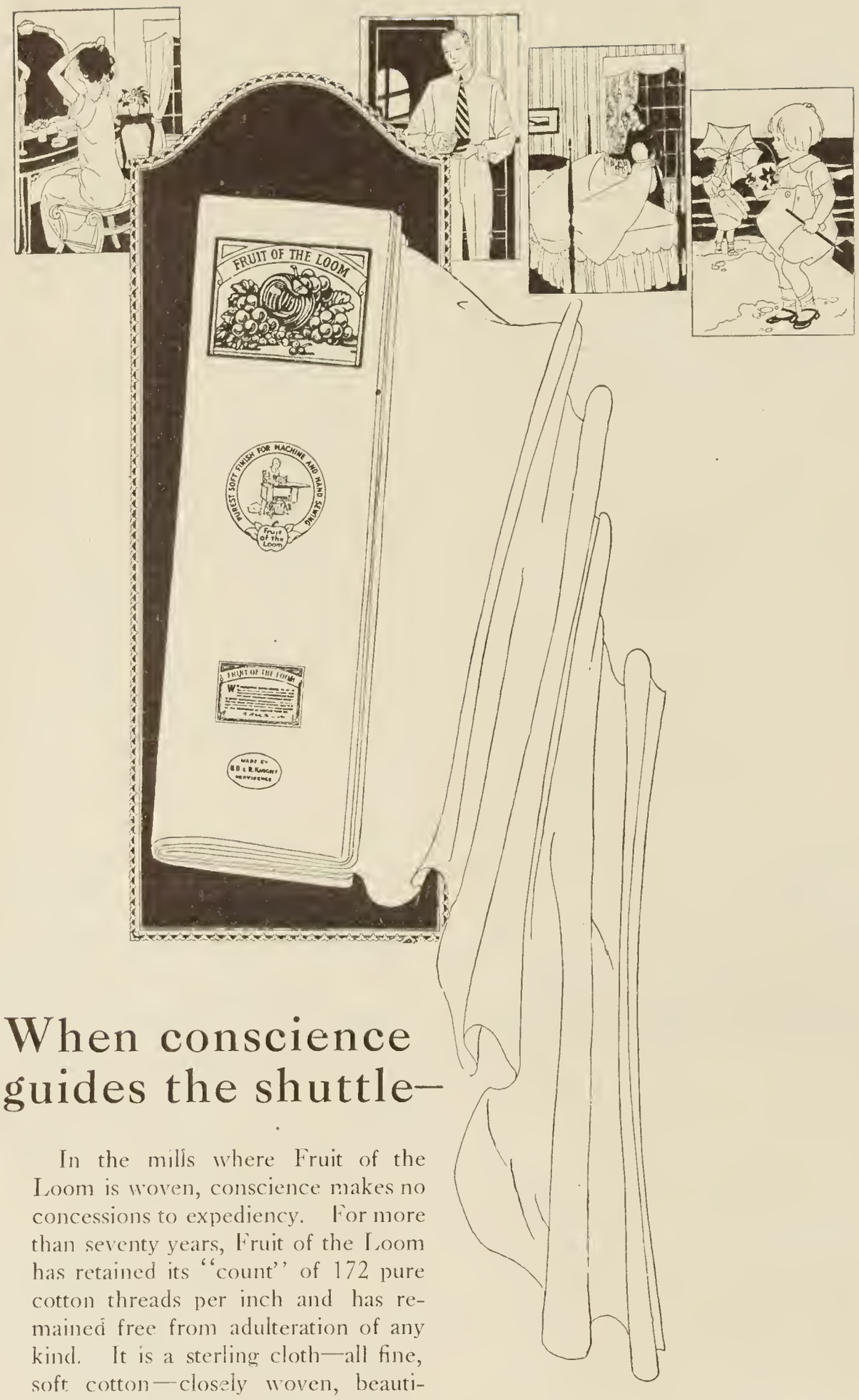
Then comes the long process of polishing each surface of each tooth, not by wholesale with an electric engine which batters the gums and breaks them away from the surface of the teeth, but by the slow, careful method of polishing by hand with different sized orange wood sticks. Then the gums are thoroughly massaged and pressed up against the teeth. The whole process takes from two to four hours, usually in two sittings.

The dentists, however much they would like to do prophylactic work, have not the time for it.

Having finished her work, the dental hygienist tells you where and how you have been neglecting your teeth. She teaches you how to brush your teeth and, what is of *equal importance, your gums and the hard palate.* If you have gone to her in a haughty spirit you will come away with the feeling that the prophylactic care of the teeth is a fine art.

The dental hygienist is rapidly spreading the knowledge that when teeth are well cleaned and polished in the home so that they can be constantly bathed with the secretions from the salivary glands, they cannot possibly decay.

**One of a series of scientific articles written by an eminent authority for Lehn & Fink, Inc.*



When conscience guides the shuttle—

In the mills where Fruit of the Loom is woven, conscience makes no concessions to expediency. For more than seventy years, Fruit of the Loom has retained its "count" of 172 pure cotton threads per inch and has remained free from adulteration of any kind. It is a sterling cloth—all fine, soft cotton—closely woven, beautifully finished, and bleached to a snowy, dazzling whiteness that does not yellow through years of service and countless launderings. The thrifty, capable housewife of to-day stores her linen closet generously with sheets and pillow-cases of Fruit of the Loom as was the habit of her mother before her. She uses it also in many other ways—for undergarments, aprons, house-dresses, for all apparel that demands a durable cotton cloth. You can buy Fruit of the Loom not only in the soft muslin finish, but in the cambric finish, and in prints and plain colors. There is a new Fruit of the Loom nainsook, delightfully soft and silky, that comes boxed in ten-yard lengths.

Ready-made

Look for the famous Fruit of the Loom label woven in colors when buying ready-made articles. It identifies for you garments that are guaranteed not only as to the genuineness of the cloth, but also for accurate sizing, finish and workmanship. This label will be found on men's shirts, night wear for men, women and children; on nurses' uniforms, aprons, sheets, pillow cases, and on undergarments for men and women. Also on umbrellas for misses and children and bias-seam tape.

B. B. & R. KNIGHT, INC.

Converse & Company, *Selling Agents,* 88 Worth Street, New York, N. Y.

Fruit of the Loom

FRUIT OF THE LOOM

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Look for the Fruit of the Loom label, printed or woven in colors.



THE CARETAKERS

Continued from page 66

man, returning from the first car. "If you're ready, now?"

They pushed madame into the big limousine, sobbing and praying. Reddy entered in silence after her, grasping her thick music-roll.

"Then we're not going to try to find the Andalusia?" she asked in a low voice.

"I'm afraid not," he answered with crestfallen brevity. "I'm afraid there's no such place, my dear!"

But of the ride back to town Tweeds has no very clear recollection. It is not because madame sank to her knees on the floor of the limousine and prayed ardently in rich Italian all the way. He hardly noticed her. It is because Reddy, far from joining madame on the floor, sat on his lap, with her face dug into his shoulder and one arm tightly clasped around his neck. Her prickly little wreath stabbed his cheek and chin, but her tears, some of them, ran down under his collar, and that more than made up for it. Her thick soft hair was under his lips and he patted her shoulder in a daze of joy such as he had never imagined. From time to time he would gingerly move his feet off some outlying portion of madame and pet her, too, at a venture, out of pure goodness of heart. And Mr. Hayes might have been starting from Dan and aiming for Beersheba for all the notice bestowed upon him by Douglas Reid.

As they swung into the lighted city, he put her gently on the seat beside him and between them they pulled and hauled and pushed madame, still praying, up to a seat. At the corner the cab stopped and Mr. Hayes beckoned to a waiting policeman, who came and stood by it.

"Now, we'll just step in with the ladies, if you please," he said briefly, and Tweeds, with a glance at the dark houses across the way, turned in to his door. But here Reddy balked.

"I must go into my own house," she said decidedly. "I promised Miss Wintham——"

"Just wait a bit, miss," said Mr. Hayes. "There's nothing will happen to the house, I can assure you."

"Then why shouldn't I go?"

HER hair looked very red, even in the dim street light.

"See here, Miss Ellsforth," Tweeds began, "if we had got to that place and had the concert, we should only be starting back, at best. It's hardly more than half-past nine. We came pretty fast. Now, be a sensible girl and do as I tell you and wait here with madame. I suppose it won't be all night?" he said, turning to Mr. Hayes.

"Oh, no, I shouldn't say so. Not *all* night," Mr. Hayes answered gravely.

"Then I can go back?"

Tweeds consulted Mr. Hayes mutely with his eyes. He felt like an ignorant baby wandering vaguely in a maze, with all his pulses pounding.

"Sure you'll go back," Mr. Hayes answered her. "Sure, miss."

"And old Ellen is there, you know," Tweeds added. Mr. Hayes coughed.

"Then—where are we to go?" she asked meekly, and he led her in, opening the door gently at Mr. Hayes's request and feeling a way for them in the dark through to the little kitchen. Here the light went on and Mr. Hayes, the very god from the machine, waved a suggestive hand at the neat gas-range.

"How about a cup of tea for the ladies?" he said temptingly.

"Coffee!" madame ejaculated in a hoarse whisper. "No tea! Coffee!"

"Better still!," Mr. Hayes agreed. "Are you coming, Mr. Reid? Have you the little article that was spoken of, I believe?"

"I have," said Tweeds bluntly. "Now, Anne, there's everything you will need here. If I am longer than you expect, lie down and take a nap. But stay—stay till I come."

She raised her chocolate-brown eyes to his with a depth of trust in them that amazed and terrified him.

"Very well, dear," she said.

"She'll stay," Mr. Hayes remarked, and they went out together.

"Up to the corner, if you please, and cross there," said Mr. Hayes, and they arrived at the office steps in silence. Tweeds started to mount mechanically, but his companion touched his arm.

"Where you going?" he chided. "There's no one *there*."

"Oh," Tweeds replied dully, "no one there, eh? Where are they?"

Instinctively he put his foot on Miss Wintham's lower step, but again Hayes stopped him.

"Nor there," he said. "Come, now, walk along easylike, don't loiter."

"But where are we going?" Tweeds murmured.

"Mean to say you don't know?"the other muttered back. "Pull your hat down a bit, Mr. Reid. That's better."

A tall, bearded workman in overalls slouched by them and jostled Tweeds.

"All right?" asked the workman. "Welcome home, Duggie! Could you give me the time, sir?"

Mr. Hayes slowly took out a Waterbury watch and consulted it gravely.

"It's maybe a bit more than nine-forty sir," he said. "Where am I wanted?"

"They've left the last door on the avenue for you," said the workman. "There's just a chance of it."

THEY were around in front of the vegetarian restaurant by now, and a beggar with a shoe-string outfit approached them.

"Help a poor man to a lodging, mister," he whined, and as Hayes slipped on alone and Motherwell fingered the lacings, the beggar added, "I think you are a little off, sir, about the time: it's my belief they're through with the torch altogether. I'd take no chances on this side, if I were you."

"For heaven's sake, Allen, what makes you think that? You always have to figure on——"

A shot, a second and then a third cut across his earnest voice.

"God, they're out!" cried the beggar, threw down his tray and ran toward the avenue.

Hayes passed them on the run.

"Watch this side, somebody," he flung back at them,

"You stay here," said Motherwell, "and let no one by. Shoot on the slightest prov— Ah, did you hear that?"

A woman's scream sounded near then and Tweeds mechanically pulled out his revolver. Motherwell, with an oath, started down the area of the dog-and-bird shop.

No one seemed particularly excited near him, though for the next few minutes police whistles were blowing on the avenue and a crowd was gathering on the corner. He could hardly bear to stay at his post and teetered irresolutely on his toes. Suddenly a door opened in the area of the restaurant and a familiar old head peered cautiously out, followed by the rusty old golf-cape its wearer affected in all weathers. At the sound of a shot the head drew nervously back.

"Oh, well," Tweeds muttered, "I can save *her* from heart failure at least, I suppose. Come on out, Ellen, you're all right—I'll take care of you—nobody's shooting *you!*"

OLD Ellen scuttled out, her felt hat cocked up at him. Her dirty gray hair hung low on her neck: she didn't look her best, Tweeds remarked.

"Come back, you idiot," he said, hurrying after her—"come back here, I tell you!"

But she shook her tousled gray head and careened across the pavement toward a rattletrap of an old taxicab whose driver was eating a sandwich. Suddenly it all flashed on Tweeds: she hadn't stayed on the job, after all, and the house had been robbed and she was desperate.

After all, what business was it— Her hand was on the door and the driver was starting up.

"Shoot him! Shoot, you fool! Shoot!" yelled Motherwell's voice, and a shot whizzed by and hit the wind-guard. Old Ellen tumbled into the cab.

"Wait, Motherwell! It's only Ellen!" Tweeds cried. A second and a third shot rang out and Ellen tumbled face forward, forcing open the door with her body and half falling into the gutter.

"Here—get out!" Motherwell ordered, showing his star. The driver climbed

Concluded on page 70

20 MULE TEAM BORAX



TO MAKE white goods even whiter, to protect the finest fabrics from injury and to prevent the most delicate colors from fading, always use 20 Mule Team Borax. It is a mild, sure solvent and the greatest natural water softener. 20 Mule Team Borax cleans laces and the most delicate materials perfectly without injury. 20 Mule Team Borax is *always* necessary in washing any fabric, no matter what kind of soap is used. It will protect woolens from shrinking, and all colors from fading. It is the greatest cleansing agent known. Make this week's wash clean and safe. 20 Mule Team Borax is in all clean kitchens and bathrooms. Is it in yours? At all grocers, department stores and druggists. Send for the Magic Crystal Booklet.

PACIFIC COAST BORAX COMPANY
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NATURES GREATEST CLEANSER



IF YOU want to bring out all the loveliness that lies hidden in your hair, the shampoo that you use must do more than merely cleanse.

It must give your hair the food it needs—it must keep the scalp soft and healthy.

And that is exactly what fragrant Wildroot Taroleum Shampoo does.

Its creamy, abundant lather cleanses.

Its purified crude oil and tar feed the scalp.

Its antiseptic qualities keep hair healthy.

Sold everywhere



THE CARETAKERS

Concluded from page 68

sullenly out and was taken in charge by two policemen.

But nobody was needed to take old Ellen in charge—she had been shot through the temple. The police formed a line and cleared the sidewalk of spectators as Tweeds and Motherwell lifted her and carried her through the area door. They laid her on the floor and Tweeds, crimson with indignation, picked up the battered old satchel that slipped off her wrist.

"Motherwell," he said in a low voice, "I suppose you aimed for the man, but it's pretty tough——"

"What's that?" said Motherwell sharply, as a low, strangling moan sounded somewhere near them. He flashed a light on the corner of the room and Tweeds' head reeled like a drunkard's, for there lay Ellen! Her gray hair was all untidy, but she wore no golf-cape nor bonnet, nor anything, in fact, but a patched camisole and a short gingham petticoat. Her mouth was securely bound with a bandage and her hands and feet were tied.

"Undo her, quick," said Motherwell, "and get her some tea or something. She's all right, probably."

But there lay the other Ellen, limp and dreadful, her clumsy boots all awry.

"Come on," said Motherwell impatiently. "He's done for, all right. He'd have shot you like a rat, in a minute, and me, if he could have seen me. What was the matter with you—didn't you hear me?"

With a not-too-rough gesture he pulled off the dingy hat and with it came the soiled gray hair. The boots Tweeds saw, suddenly, were men's boots. And the face was the face of Nightingale, the clerk.

Tweeds untied old Ellen shakily and soothed her and led her around the block in the golf-cape and gingham petticoat to his room, where Reddy and madame made her coffee and comforted her. They had heard two shots, but had closed the windows and locked themselves into the bathroom, it appeared.

"YOU weren't too scared?" Tweeds asked, taking Reddy's hands.

"We needn't talk about that—now!" she whispered, and he nearly crushed her fingers.

Presently the tall blond man came in and he and Motherwell changed their clothes and turned into quite different people. The blond man was half congratulatory, half reproachful.

"If only your friend there, Mr. Motherwell, had been able to handle 'The Duke,' we'd have had a sweepstakes," he said.

"But then, I know," he added, "that amateurs can't always be there right on the dot. And 'The Duke' was certainly pretty near the top—I'll say that for him. I suppose with him settled and Cuby up the river we oughtn't to feel *too* down. And I feel we've got a fair chance at the other—'specially since he had less brains than any of 'em. I suppose that's why you sent him away with it."

"You mean——"

"A pretty neat clean-up. 'The Duke' was certainly a quick operator. All the queerer, too, as he was so patient. They don't always go together. Cuby, now, isn't so——"

"Cuby?" Tweeds asked.

"Your old friend Mr. Duryea, Incorporated," said Motherwell. "We've really got the best two out of three, of course, but I'm sorry about— What is it she wants, Miss Ellsforth?" for old Ellen was weeping and demanding her bag—her bag with three days' money and her rosary and her references.

"The young man has got it, then!" she screamed, and Tweeds pulled off the old satchel from his stiff wrist.

"He took the whole make-up, you see," the blond man commented wisely. "A clever devil, 'The Duke!' "

"There, there, Ellen, here it is, all of it—no, I'm sure he didn't take the money!" Reddy assured her, and snatching the shapeless satchel, she pressed the spring and turned it upside down in the old woman's lap—and out tumbled the rosary, twined in with a collar of emeralds as big as hazelnuts. Ruby and diamond and sapphire fell in a dry, tinkling cascade from the satchel, and two ropes of moony pearls, like large white peas, fell on the floor at Reddy's feet.

"Motherwell! *Motherwell!* the goop has got 'em after all! *By-by* Hockey!" said the blond man, and Motherwell patted his friend on the shoulder.

"You're all right, Duggie, if you *are* a bit slow with your gun," he said.

Tweeds' eyes rolled in their sockets.

"But I thought you said everything was in storage," he began accusingly. "No one has any right to leave two women in a house with——"

Motherwell smiled.

"When you studied the dog-and-bird shop, Dug, why didn't you walk around the block a little way?" he said. "Mr. Glaenzer and Miss Wintham are pretty near neighbors!"

Tweeds drew a long breath.

"OF ALL things!" he gasped. "What a fool——"

"Right through into the deepest safe, Miss Ellsforth, with an acetylene torch. And you and the lady here helped them very much by keeping away daytimes and making a great row of nights. I think that up to the last, almost, *anybody* might have gone down there, the plumbing was so dug up and messy. Not *any one*, of course—but a lady."

"And Nightingale——"

"Nightingale was a bird, Miss Ellsforth, if ever there was one. It was he who went to Cincinnati and found out all about you."

"Ellen says he is dead——"

"No deader than you'd be, if ever you got in his way," said the blond man gravely. " 'The Duke' was a quick actor."

Mr. Hayes here drifted in from the lighted shop, smiling happily at the jewels in Reddy's lap.

"All over," he said. "No one allowed on the block without a residence permit. Richards got the man, and the Glaenzer's watchman the stones, of course—in the papers. If the ladies will come over now, I don't doubt they'd feel the better for a man on each floor, and I'll put one there, including the cellar. We don't want these ladies mixed up in any newspaper stories—I'll take the satchel and plant t in the gutter near the cab where the 'outside' man can pick it up."

The blond man scooped up the chains and dog-collars and ropes and bars of fiery color and dumped them carelessly into Ellen's old satchel. The rings he arranged in a row on the oilcloth top of the laundry-tubs.

"I know Mr. Glaenzer very well, Miss Ellsforth," he said "and I am quite certain that I am speaking for him when I ask you to pick out one and let this lucky young man present it to you!"

"Oh! oh! oh!" she cried, and flushed and yearned and refused, all at once.

"I—I couldn't! He—he may not want to!"

Tweeds stared at Motherwell.

"Absolutely right, old man," said this friend cordially. "Anything the chief says—shut your eyes and do! Even if you hadn't thought of Miss Ellsforth in that light, I advise you to. Every one does just what the chief says they will, in the end!"

"But I *have* thought of it, and she knows it, and it's all settled," Tweeds cried, intoxicated with black coffee and emotion. "Pick one out, Anne—I'll buy you more some day!"

Fascinated, she drew near the tubs and poked delicately at the great black pearl, the emerald *en cabochon*, the winking, angry ruby. At the end was a sapphire, not as large as the others, sunk in platinum, with no rim of diamonds, like its brothers.

"DON'T you think—this one— Oh, I couldn't!" she said.

"Very tasty," Mr. Hayes approved, "and quite the one for my money. Don't be scared miss, the chief knows."

So Reddy gave the sapphire shyly to Tweeds, who took it, just like the marriage service, and put it on her white finger.

And everybody shook hands and they woke up madame and went home.

You read about it all in the papers, of course, but as Motherwell says, this world is full of two kinds of things: The kind that really happens and the kind that gets into the papers!

THE END



How about your photograph?

WHEN she is being photographed, lovely hair means everything to a woman.

For your complexion may be perfect, your teeth pearly white, and your eyes deep blue. But the camera will not tell that.

If your hair is fluffy, wavy and attractively arranged, you will be proud of the finished picture—and your friends will be proud to have it.

Thousands of women have found that Wildroot Hair Tonic brings out the hidden charm that is the key to loveliness.

After your Wildroot shampoo, massage Wildroot Hair *Tonic* into the scalp. Then notice the immediate results. Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.

WILDROOT HAIR TONIC



Sold everywhere



Watch the film-coats disappear

Simply mail the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Then note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

In a few days you will realize that Pepsodent brings results you never secured before. And this may lead to life-long benefits which you would not go without.

Beauty's Chief Items

"First Eyes, then Teeth," *one famous writer says*

A famous writer, in analyzing beauty, says we first note the eyes, then the teeth.

There is a new way to tooth beauty which millions now employ. It combats the dingy film, as old methods never did. The glistening teeth you see everywhere now are largely due to that method. This is to urge a ten-day test, without expense, to learn what it means to you.

How film mars beauty

Most teeth brushed in old ways are left coated, more or less, by film.

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. If not removed, these thin coats become discolored. Tartar is based on film.

The ordinary tooth paste does not effectively combat it. Much film remains to dim the teeth and harbor enemies.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Despite the tooth brush, tooth troubles have been constantly increasing. Nearly everybody suffers more or less. And the chief cause is that film.

Avoid Harmful Grit

Pepsodent curdles the film and removes it without harmful scouring. Its polishing agent is far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

Now people combat it

Dental science, after long research, has found two ways to fight film. They act to curdle and then remove it, without the slightest harm.

Years of careful tests have amply proved their efficiency. Now leading dentists the world over advise their daily use.

A new-type tooth paste has been created, complying with modern requirements. The name is Pepsodent. These two film combatants are embodied in it. And millions of people now employ it, largely by dental advice.

Old mistakes avoided

It was also found that old tooth pastes, based on soap and chalk, brought undesired effects.

They reduced the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits on teeth which may otherwise cling and form acids.

They reduced the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize the acids which cause decay

Pepsodent corrects these errors. It multiplies the starch digestant, multiplies the alkalinity. Thus every use gives manifold power to Nature's tooth-protecting agents in the mouth.

The result is a new dental era. Careful people of fifty nations are securing whiter, cleaner, safer teeth.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U. S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.



More open smiles

Note how many pretty teeth you see everywhere today. Note how common it is to show these white teeth in a smile.

That was not so a few years ago. Most teeth were film-coated. Wherever you look you can see the results of what Pepsodent is doing.

Learn what it means to you and yours. For your sake and your family's sake, make this delightful test. Cut out the coupon, else you may forget.

10-DAY TUBE FREE 960

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 834, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

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.....

.....

Only one tube to a family.



"Oats are Oats"

Some people say
But taste them — mark the difference

Oats are not alike. The difference is enormous.

Just as apples differ—just as melons do in flavor—so do oats.

Most oats are puny, underfed, insipid.

Some oats are rich and plump and flavory.

So in Quaker Oats we flake those queen grains only. And we get but ten pounds of these premier flakes from a bushel.

That flavor has won the world.

Millions of oat lovers, of nearly every nation, send to get these flavory Quaker Oats.

These are facts for mothers to remember.

The oat is for children the greatest food that grows. It supplies 16 elements needed in the building of young bodies.

As a vim-food, oats have age-old fame.

In a food so important, that difference in flavor becomes very important.

Then why not always get it? Quaker Oats, despite that quality, costs but one-half cent per dish.

Five cents' worth of Quaker Oats supply as many calories of nutriment as a pound of steak.

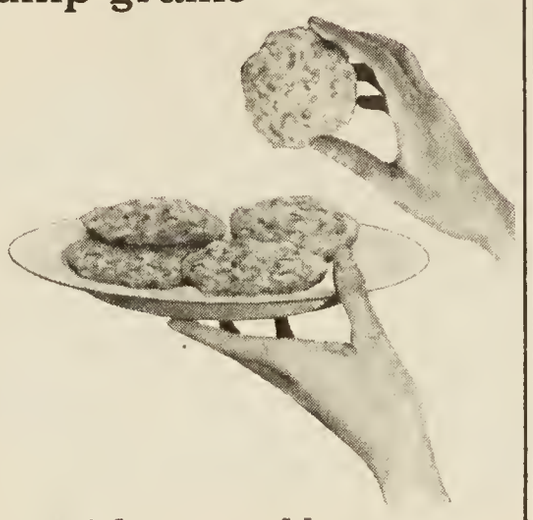
Quaker Oats

Just the rich, plump grains

A Quaker Oat Confection

1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 eggs, 2½ cups Quaker Oats, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks of eggs. Add Quaker Oats, to which baking powder has been added, and add vanilla. Beat whites of eggs stiff and add last. Drop on buttered tins with teaspoon, but very few on each tin, as they spread. Bake in slow oven. Makes about 65 cookies.



Packed in sealed round packages with removable covers



THE HEALTH OF THE SCHOOL CHILD

Continued from page 16

Health rimes, health plays, health games and health stories emphasizing the fun and the advantages immediately gained by living up to the rules are all effective ways of holding the child's personal interest. Health teaching of this kind should begin with the kindergarten and be developed in each successive grade.

THE SCHOOL BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS

THE school itself in its physical environment and equipment offers many opportunities to bring home to the children the lessons of health habits. The schoolroom should be clean: clean floors, clean windows and window-sills, closets in order, desks in order and clean. The teacher's desk should always be particularly attractive and in order, with some of the teacher's individuality expressed in its furnishings or some special object on the desk that bears a direct relation to the subject of health—as, a picture of children having a happy time drinking milk or taking a bath or playing ball. The children's desks must also be of the kind that permits correct posture.

The heating and ventilating of the school-buildings require an intelligent type of janitor who will cooperate with the teachers in securing the best air possible for the children who spend so many hours each day within its four walls. Adequate toilet and wash-basin facilities are essential for the formation of some of the most important health habits, and these should not be tucked away in dark basements.

The school playground and play activities are important factors in the school health work and should be made as available as possible during and after school hours. Every grade should have its definitely planned physical exercises and play.

IMPORTANCE OF HEALTH INSPECTION

THERE should be a definite amount of time on the school program for health instruction and inspection. Such a plan is a time-saving one in the end, as it secures for every child some definite information about himself and his health habits and brings a greater stimulus to him as the inspection reveals his progress. This definite instruction and inspection are like the milestones on the journey, but they are inadequate unless accompanied by the steady and constant impression of ideas of health throughout the entire school curriculum.

SAN FRANCISCO'S EXPERIMENT

IN THE school year 1921-1922, San Francisco made a demonstration of health teaching in the John Swett and Daniel Webster schools under the joint auspices of the board of education, the San Francisco Tuberculosis Association and the Child Health Organization of America. Mrs. John Collier directed the work, and in her report of the practical results of the demonstration gives most tangible results.

"First," Mrs. Collier writes, "the teachers convinced themselves of the need of health teaching in the school. Through actual experience in the classroom and in questioning individual children and parents, the teachers gradually came to see that:

"(*a*) The home is not training children in the practise of health habits.

"(*b*) The children who stay up late at night, eat an inadequate breakfast, drink tea and coffee, fail to drink milk or eat green vegetables or in other ways fail to have a balanced diet are in the group that habitually fails to make a normal gain.

"(*c*) Underweight children are either listlessly dull and fatigued or abnormally restless and difficult to manage.

"(*d*) Children with uncorrected physical defects are seriously handicapped both in physical and scholastic progress."

Mrs. Collier further reports that the teachers of these two schools were convinced that the modern methods of health teaching arouse a real interest in the practise of health habits which resulted in "increase in weight, marked improvement in personal cleanliness, including teeth, decrease in illness, less fatigue, improved group spirit which brought better school work, and a deep interest on the part of parents, many fathers and mothers coming to question the teachers about the underweight of their children and the practise of health habits."

San Francisco's experiment proved so convincing to the board of education that the plan of health education will be extended to ten other schools. A definite monthly program of health work will be carried out in each class, from kindergarten through the eighth grade, which will correlate the health teaching with the regular school work in such a way as to show that every school subject can be made to contribute to the child's interest in health and the practise of health habits. Certain subjects, such as domestic-science courses, physical-training courses and athletics, art work, music and manual training, can all be utilized to carry out a health program. In domestic science the girls can plan meals for school children and learn the proper methods of preparing the essential foods in the meals. The children can draw and paint posters with a health idea. So health becomes not a matter of disease or tabu or curiosity but a positive and normal accompaniment of all school life.

Many teachers already feel a new and different interest of the children in their classes, and with the teacher's real caring about "how a fellar feels," much tension vanishes and an attitude of cooperation and helpfulness pervades the schoolroom that is a much more effective background for mental work than misunderstanding and personal dislikes and antagonisms.

THE SCHOOL NURSE AND SCHOOL DOCTOR

BESIDES these things, the place of the school doctor and school nurse remains a most important one. Examination and diagnosis are the physician's task. The dentist must see that the teeth are sound and clean. The school nurse should constantly watch to see that these measures advised by the doctors are carried out, and by her visits to the home see that parents understand what is needed.

The nurse has a more intimate contact with the children than the doctors. She has a splendid opportunity to secure cooperation of parents in the whole health program as she discusses with them the needs of their own particular child. In this way our school health programs may be most effective in instructing parents.

SCHOOL LUNCHES

THE midmorning milk lunch for children of the lower grades or for any undernourished children has proved its value wherever it has been installed. Breakfast in many homes is a hurried meal. Often it is served at an early hour, and the time between breakfast and luncheon is too long. Milk can always be added advantageously to the usual diet a child is receiving. The results of experience with the midmorning and mid-afternoon milk lunch all seem to be favorable. In most cases children are able to pay for it; those needing it who could not pay for it may be assisted by different agencies interested in the child-health problem.

The regular hot school lunch served at noon may be made of great value to the whole health-education program. To accomplish this the one in charge must know food values and food combinations. The menus must be planned carefully. Poor cooking and bad serving of good food is a waste of good ammunition. Allowing all kinds of poor and unsuitable food for children on the school lunch-counters is a direct negation of the health habits the teacher is attempting to impress upon the children.

In some places the home-economics department of the school is in charge of the school lunchroom. It plans the menus, supervises and often helps in the actual preparation of the food as a classroom demonstration. In other schools a club of mothers has undertaken the study and preparation of the children's lunch. If a school lunchroom does not exist, children are apt to spend their money in neighboring delicatessen shops, grocery stores, lunch-counters or push-carts over which there can be no supervision

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THE HEALTH OF THE SCHOOL CHILD

Concluded from page 72

by the school. The obvious conclusion would seem to be that where a lunchroom is needed the school had best run one under proper care and supervision.

COOPERATION OF THE CHILD NECESSARY

The health of the school child rests primarily upon what the home standards for his health are and secondly upon an intelligent cooperation with the school's efforts at his health education. Schools can not teach one thing and the home just the opposite and give the child any definite standards. Health seems to him then a matter of the whims of the grown-ups rather than sound principles which will work properly if properly carried out. Big, glaring facts are learned by experience. A stomachache and a toothache are easily demonstrated to the child as the result of certain conditions, but underweight, anemia, nervous fatigue, muscle fatigue and the consequences of insufficient sleep and lack of air and sunshine are all more difficult of comprehension to the school child.

The health education of the school child begins with his mother and is continued by his teacher. By their example as well as by their teaching they must show him how to get health results, and by the wisdom of Solomon, the guile of serpents and the patience of angels gain his own lasting interest in playing the health game to win.



MORAL EDUCATION

Concluded from page 2

and something had been *done* about it and the whole school was lifted.

There is a dramatic-room in this school. Why a dramatic-room? To clothe the bare word with flesh and send it forth in the spirit of good works.

There is a class of little children sitting on mats gazing into the eyes of their teacher as she tells them a story:

"Once there was a king who had many castles and much gold. Down in the valley below the king's windows lived an old woman and her sheep.

"Now these sheep were different from all the other sheep in the world, for they were purple sheep and their fleece made the most beautiful cloth, so beautiful that the king longed to have it for his robes of state.

"But the old woman would not cut it, because she loved the sheep and fancied they would be unhappy should she shear them. As often as the king begged for the purple fleece, so often did she shake her head and say, 'Nay, nay. Thou canst not shear my dear sheep — not even to make a king's robe.'

"Then the selfish king grew red with anger and ordered his horse and rode himself to the dame's hut and demanded the sheeps' fleece. The dame repeated her answer: 'Nay, nay. Thou canst not shear my dear sheep—not even to make a king's robe.'

"And the king ordered his servants to seize the sheep and shear them, which they did, and rode away, leaving the good dame weeping and sorrowful and her dear sheep bleating and shivering with the cold air from the mountains.

"Now," says the teacher, "who wants to be the king?"

"Me!" "No, me!" "Please let me!"

SO ONE lad played he was the king and a wee girl played she was the old woman and the class played they were the sheep and the servants.

All went well until the king ordered his servants to seize the sheep. The old woman sent up such a piercing cry of grief that the little king stood still, with his hand outstretched to keep back the servant.

"No, no!" said he. "Let her sheep alone. I wouldn't be such a king."

Do you see? The words of the story were a pleasant interlude to the listening children. But when the words were clothed and made manifest in action, the thing was different. Brought to a conscious realization of the selfishness and the brutality of the greedy king, the children would have none of him. The fairy-tale had to be made over. The king had to be a generous, kindly one and the sheep were protected and saved from harm and sent their fleece as a gift of gratitude to the king.

No, the "word" school does not, can not teach morality. Only the "doing" school can do that.

In this school the drawing-studio ought to be a place where a child is allowed to speak the word that is in him. A child loves color and mass and action in his pictures, but too often he is obliged to draw cylinders and cubes and teapots that the teacher puts before him and commands him to see.

A child who works under the will and at the command of another is not a spiritually free child and, therefore, not a morally minded child. It is all very well to teach a child technique when he needs it—but it must be when he needs it. To hold him down to lines and rules and exercises when he is longing to make pictures of things seen and unseen is to injure his creative power. I can think of no greater moral affront than to cripple the creative power of a child, yet this is exactly what the "word" school is doing in every subject of its curriculum and naively expecting the result to be in direct opposition to its teaching.

THE "word" school says: "Sit still and study. Take my words for your words. Take my actions as your actions. I have thought this out for you: take my thought and count it your own." That is immoral teaching and the result is immoral thinking and immoral acting on the children's side.

Doesn't it all come down to this? Morality is conduct. Conduct is the expression of the individual in relation to his fellows. The school is striving to teach the child the right sort of relationship toward people through its curriculum, but it is using its curriculum blindly and tying the hands of the teachers. The child must learn words and pretend they are real to him. The child must turn out a perfect piece of work when he is but an imperfect being. He can not do this, and in attempting to do it he often deceives himself and his teachers. Codes of conduct are taught the children, but because they are but words, bare words, the child has no comprehension of them, and to please his teacher and avoid punishment he conforms outwardly and remains unenlightened within because the words held nothing of the spirit.

The only discipline that is worth the name is self-discipline, and that comes only by experience. The child can not be disciplined in the true sense of the word, neither can he be made moral. He must achieve discipline and he must achieve morality by practise. The silent sitting-down school must give place to the active, "doing" school before morality will function in the children's lives.

Then build the school in such a way that all the powers of its children may find free and happy outlet. Pitch the curriculum so that for every thought poured into the mind of a child there is an opportunity provided for him to do something about it. Passive goodness, word morality, the gesture without the idea is not and will never be effective.

Give the child a chance to prove the faith that is in him whether in the arithmetic lesson, the literature lesson or the playground controversy. By his fruits you shall know him.

That is the schoolmaster's dream for his children, and it must come true.

What I have learned about stewing prunes

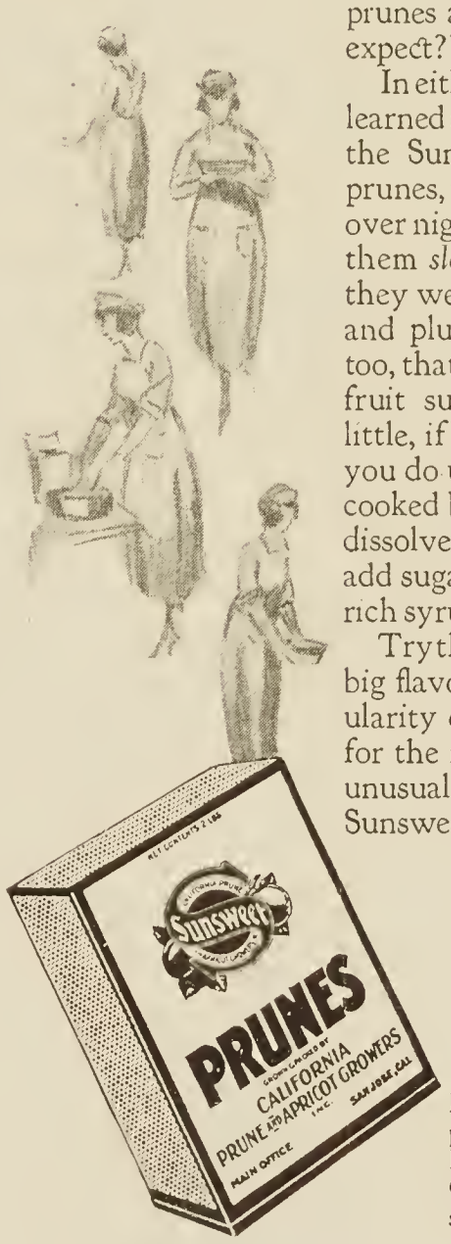




Have you explored cook book after cook book for the *right* way to stew prunes only to find a way that was half-right and disappointing? Or, have you given up in sheer desperation and shrugged, "Well, stewed prunes are stewed prunes—what can one expect?"

In either case, let me tell you what I have learned about stewing prunes—right here in the Sunsweet kitchen: First, I wash the prunes, then soak in warm water to cover—over night if possible. In the morning I cook them *slowly* [in the same water in which they were soaked] until the fruit is tender and plump *but not broken.* I have found, too, that slow cooking develops the natural fruit sugar in Sunsweet Prunes so that little, if any, sugar is needed. However, if you do use sugar, add it *after* the prunes are cooked but while still hot so the sugar will dissolve. Or, better still, remove the prunes, add sugar to the juice and cook slowly to a rich syrup.

Try this method next time and notice the big flavor-difference! And the sudden popularity of prunes at the table! Also, send for the new Sunsweet Recipe Packet—60 unusual fruit-dishes tested by me in the Sunsweet kitchen. Write today—it's free!



Bella Dustrap

Domestic Science Director,
California Prune & Apricot Growers Ass'n,
559 Market Street, San Jose, Cal.

Have you discovered the pantry-handy possibilities of the new 2-lb. carton of Sunsweet Prunes? It is the new way to buy prunes. Clean; compact; convenient. Packed in three sizes of fruit—large, medium, small. Ask your grocer!

SUNSWEET
CALIFORNIA'S NATURE-FLAVORED
Prunes



Who was to blame?

SHE fascinated each one only for a little while. Nothing ever came of it.

Yet she was attractive—unusually so. She had beguiling ways. Beautiful hair, radiant skin, exquisite teeth and an intriguing smile. Still there was something about her that made men show only a transient interest.

She was often a bridesmaid but never a bride.

And the pathetic tragedy of it all was that she herself was utterly ignorant as to why. Those of her friends who *did* know the reason didn't have the heart to tell her.

Who was really to blame?

* * *

People don't like to talk about halitosis (unpleasant breath). It isn't a pretty subject. Yet why in the world should this topic be taboo even among intimate friends when it may mean so much to the individual to know the facts and then correct the trouble?

Most forms of halitosis are only temporary. Unless halitosis is due to some deep-seated cause (which a physician should treat), the liquid antiseptic, Listerine, used regularly as a mouth-wash and gargle, will quickly correct it. The well-known antiseptic properties of this effective deodorant arrest fermentation in the mouth and leave the breath clean, fresh and sweet. It is an ideal combatant of halitosis.

So why have the uncomfortable feeling of being uncertain about whether your breath is just right when the precaution is so simple and near at hand.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.*

For HALITOSIS *use* LISTERINE





IN THE SOCIAL WHIRL WITH A CONGRESSMAN'S WIFE

Concluded from page 15

of honor were Mrs. Marshall, wife of the Vice-President, Mrs. Gillette, wife of the Speaker of the House, wives of members of the Cabinet, and other women conspicuous in public life. Yet it was surprising how altogether absent was any political atmosphere. One felt that the flowers presented to Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Marshall were solely a personal tribute—especially when, after presenting the flowers to the President's wife, the woman, whose pleasant duty that was, turned to Mrs. Marshall and voiced the feeling of all the women present when she said: "And to our own dear Mrs. Marshall." There is no one more beloved in Washington.

I sat just in front of Mrs. Wilson and had a chance to observe her closely, with the result that I know for myself that she is a very attractive woman, with a sweet face, a mobile mouth and beautiful eyes. That she has also a sweet graciousness of manner was soon exemplified.

An elderly little woman, quaintly attired and wearing a cunning black bonnet, had been standing for some time by a table from which she had arisen and was calmly and interestedly watching the President's wife. Evidently she awaited an opportunity, for as soon as the felicitations had ended and before the program had begun she approached Mrs. Wilson and asked for her autograph. She not only received the autograph, but, by way of good measure, a very sweet smile as well. The little collector went on to Mrs. Marshall, the next in line, who was equally kind in granting her request. Then, as the program began, she returned to her place and seated herself. I watched the proceeding with eager interest. It was the meeting of the widow of a prominent Republican of a generation ago with the wife of the most-talked-of Democrat of to-day. I wondered what memories came back to her—that little collector of autographs—for she was the widow of the "Black Eagle of Illinois," General John A. Logan.

THE charm of life in Washington grows on one. There is a fascination in the blending of the old with the new Washington. It was my good fortune to have visit me a friend who had passed much of her life in the home of her uncle, Chief Justice White.

Together we browsed among the haunts which now have taken their place in history, romance and tragic story. Through her I had many glimpses into the past, for her uncle's home was part of the story of old Washington and she delighted in bringing before my eyes the vision of the bygone days, of which she had heard so much.

Nowhere is there more cordiality, more hospitality shown than here, and once taken into the hearts of Washingtonians it must be that one remains there. The manner in which this woman was remembered and welcomed by her old friends reminded me of what had been told me by another friend who had lived here officially for eight years and then gone back to her old home in Ohio, only to find that it was Washington that had become home to her. After a few years she came back here to live. She had feared then that she would be forgotten, but her friends seemed to feel that she had never left them and she took up the threads of friendship just where she had dropped them. This interested me, for I had heard that official life and residential life were widely separated.

And the charm of the city itself! I do not know whether it is the Monument which seems to be a guide-post from all parts of the city—one finds oneself looking for it every now and then. Or is it beautiful Rock Creek Park, with its wonderful trees, the beauty of whose foliage in early Spring can be suggested only by Hudson's description in "Green Mansions," when he speaks of the "leafy laciness of the trees?"

IS IT the Basin, that inlet of water surrounded by the driveway, whose border is planted with the first peeping crocuses of Spring? These are followed all Summer long by successive riots of color—none of them more beautiful than the purple of the iris, combined with the delicate pink of the blossoms of the Japanese cherry-trees which line a part of the drive.

Or is it Arlington, eloquent in its silence, with its marble stadium, which I never enter without a feeling of exultation that such a thing of beauty belongs to America?

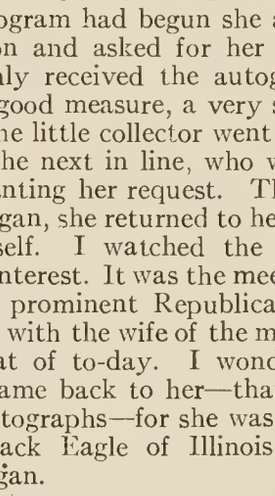
And the Lincoln monument! I have always the same thrill when looking upon that as I had during the war when I heard sung by a great chorus "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." For to me that monument means Washington, its people, its physical attraction, Illinois, America and humanity.

As I look back over the past months, I wonder when the big thrill came. I can remember when I first walked past the White House, and the feeling of awe and reverence that came over me as I realized that I was here as part of it.

And yet again when I went to the House of Representatives to attend a night session at the closing of the term! I thought it was then the thrill came as I entered the esplanade and saw the dome of the Capitol ablaze with light—that dome which to me seemed to be almost breathing with life, because of the momentous affairs which take place beneath it.

Or was it when, with Mrs. Gillette, wife of the Speaker and one of the most beautiful women in Washington, I listened to debates upon whose outcome much of the country's history depended—listened until half-past one in the morning, leaving then only because we were going to the inaugural ceremonies the same day?

But I was sure *the* thrill had come when it was all over and the packed galleries had surged out and filled the elevators. Just before the car stopped, a tall young man spoke to the young girl with him—a girl with a thin, alert, responsive face under a blue hat, a sympathetic blue that somehow seemed to go with the girl's face. Squeezing her arm, he said, "Could you hear?" She said, "Yes!" Then, as an expression of their inner consciousness, and of ours, that after all it is the House of Congress that is the fountain-head of our country, he said, "Ain't it great!" And in the expressive vernacular of the day—simple, direct and concise—came the reply, "It sure is!"



RED SAND AND PICKETY-ROUGH

Continued from page 5

"He wouldn't say it—drat him!—but he'll come back a couple of days or ten years later and prove it on you. That's worse!"

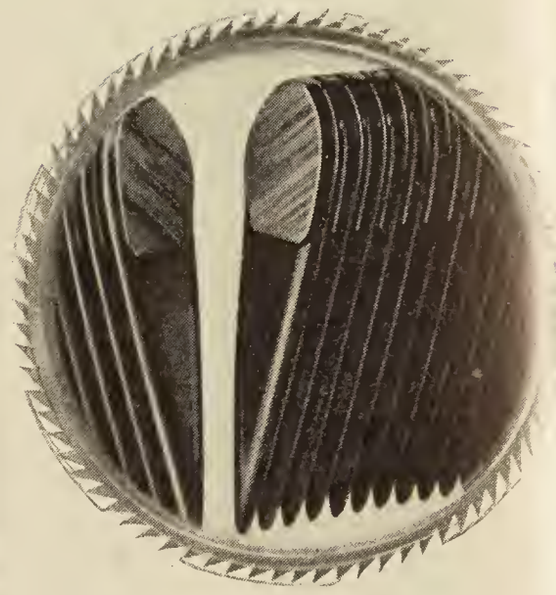
And yet, although he was called Silent Joe because he talked so much, Silent Joe was in fact the most silent of men. When he was not asking questions, he said nothing at all. If he had not acquired this habit of asking questions, few would have heard him say a word from one end of the year to the other. He did not talk about himself or about his doings.

"What you gettin' all this heap of facts for, Joe?" some one might ask him. "Goin' to print a book of it?"

That seemed reasonable. A book of facts concerning Great South Bay and Fire Island Beach and the bays to the east and the Long Island shore towns and the wrecks that had dotted the beach and the nine thousand and odd—or forty thousand for all any one knew—other facts *might* make a book.

"Nope!" Joe would say.

Continued on page 75



The buzz-saw test for Combs.

ROUGH surfaces on the teeth of a comb are among the worst enemies of your hair. They catch, pull and often break it.

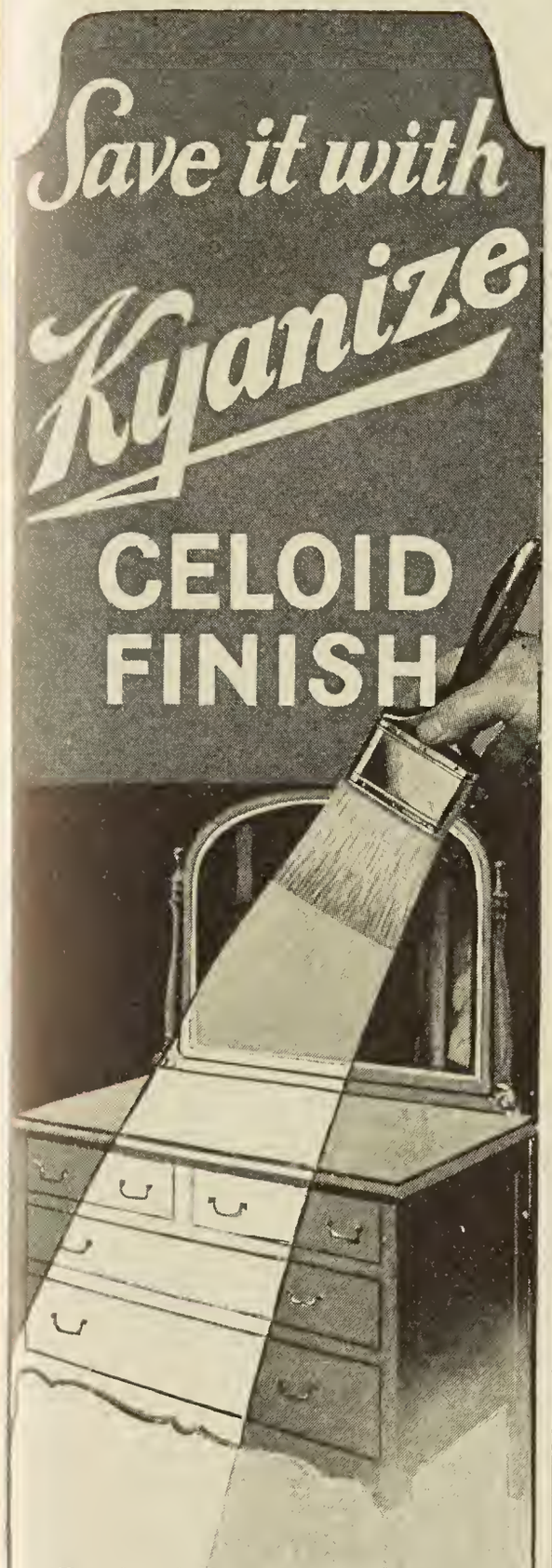
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RED SAND AND PICKETY-ROUGH

Continued from page 74

"Then what in tunket are you doing it for?"

"Oh, one thing and another, maybe," Joe would reply.

He was a silent man. At forty-four he was not only silent but a little grim, a little harsh around the mouth and a little frowning across the forehead. He lived in a shack, a bachelor. If asked what his occupation was—as a census-taker might ask him—he would reply: "Oh, I sort of foller the bay." He clammed some; he waded the grass shallows for shrimp some; he had a yawl for hire some; he could do carpenter work some. At forty-four Joe knew more about the beach and the dunes and the history of Fire Island than any man living—than any man or woman that had ever lived.

And would tell you less!

HE WAS a fact-miser. For nearly twenty years he had been gathering facts, getting hold of what seemed to be a fact and then asking a thousand questions about it and testing the answers for truth, discarding what seemed untrue or doubtful, asking more questions, comparing answers with other answers and with the fact as he saw it until he had what he believed was pure gold. The pure gold he stored away in the sack—in the volumes—and he never spent them. He might ask a hundred questions about the black-and-white warbler, but if you asked him, "Joe, what bird is that?" he would say:

"'Tis a sort of bird, ain't it?"

"Is it a warbler?"

"Might be, if it ain't nothin' else."

"It looks to me like a black-and-white warbler, Joe."

"That so?" he would say.

If a scientist, a naturalist, a botanist, a historian or any man or woman reputed to have special and exact knowledge came to the beach, Silent Joe dug into him like a tick. Silent Joe clung to him and asked him questions.

"My word!" one of these men said, when he had had a week of Joe. "I thought I had met inquisitive men before this, but that man can ask more questions in an hour than I can answer in a year. Who is he, anyway? If he didn't look as he does and speak as he does and wasn't so unquestionably what he is, I'd think he was a German scientific spy or something of the sort. He's asked me everything from what was the largest number of Indians on Fire Island at any one time to why the red sand along the beaches is red!"

"Did he ask you anything about Pickety-Rough?"

"Yes; but that was Greek to me. What *is* Pickety-Rough?"

"It's a cousin to Shin-Hopple. Didn't he ask you about Shin-Hopple?"

"Yes; but I didn't know anything about that. What is a Shin-Hopple?"

"I don't know. It's one of the things Silent Joe always asks about; that's all I know about it."

SHIN-HOPPLE, be it said here, is a station on the Delaware and Northern Railway in the southern Catskill Mountains. The mountainside there is covered with a vine that catches your shins and trips you and tumbles you down. The mountaineers call the vine shin-hopple, which seems to be from shin-hobble—that which hobbles your shins—and thus it is a cousin to Pickety-Rough, which is a stretch of dune on Fire Island Beach. You'll find on page one of volume one of Silent Joe's works this:

"Pickety-Rough. Folks up that way says as how its called that because its rough, prickety vines mostly that catches hold on you when you go to go through. Its greenbrier mostly. Theys two kinds. Ones brisly greenbrier and ones glokkus-leafed green Brier. Brisly has got 3 nerfs in the leafs and glokkus has got 5 veins in the leafs. A feller says theys a place in the Cattus Kills Mountains called Shin-Hopple which is named because vines."

Joe wanted to know more about Shin-Hopple, just as he wanted to know more about greenbrier, and asked until he did know it—as is shown by volume five, page forty-five, of his works, where it is set forth that "greenbrier is part of the Smillacks family," together with other interesting facts regarding leaves, buds, blossoms and fruit, the whole followed by the item regarding shrimps.

At forty-four Joe was tall and thin, with hands and arms like brown iron and a face as brown as an Indian's. He wore khaki that had been washed to the softness of satin and blue cotton shirts that had washed all but white. Often he was barefoot, but sometimes he wore rubber boots or sneakers. He had eight sweaters that had been owned by eight men of eight different sizes. He had—but of this he did not brag—five cottages in one of the beach communities and several thousand dollars in Liberty bonds or in the bank.

ON HIS forty-fifth birthday Joe sat in his shack with volume seventeen open before him at page fifty-three. The bottle of ink that wrote blue-black and turned to a deep glossy black stood on the window-sill before him, but the cork was not withdrawn. From a long contemplation of the sky and the pine-tree outside his window Joe turned to the book again and thumbed over the empty pages. For the first day in many years he had not a single fact to put down. In the small red memorandum-book in his hand were eight facts—facts that he had jotted down in it that day—but when he had looked through the contents pages of the seventeen volumes, he had found those facts already written there.

It did not mean that Joe had gathered and recorded everything men could know regarding Fire Island Beach, the ocean on one side of it, the bay on the other side of it, the sky above it and the world and universe contiguous to it. There might be a million facts he could still hope to find, but that was not momentarily important. What was important was that for the first time in twenty years Joe had not a new fact to put in his book. Like the miser who counts that day lost that does not bring in at least a penny, Joe felt glum. Although he did not put it that way, the vanity of human hopes was gnawing him.

One by one he looked through the seventeen volumes, and sighed. For an hour he sat, his head bent forward and his beard on his chest, thinking. He arose and walked here and there in the two small rooms of his shack, stopping to look at the door-hinge, at the broken shaving-mirror, at the oil-stove. Dusk came and he lighted his lamp and seated himself and took up the volumes again. But there was no satisfaction in studying them. He put on his hat and went to the door and came back. For another hour he sat, going over his whole life's work, thinking of the future, of Silent Joe, of many things. He arose at last, looked here and there for his hat, found it on his head, blew out the flame of his lamp and went out.

JOE'S yawl was at the dock and the wind was right. He cast off, steered for the Long Island shore and in two hours he was tied along the dock and on his way through the village to a house on the outskirts. His shirt—blue once, now almost white—bulged a little in two places, for he had volume one of his works tucked inside it. At a small brown house he stopped. He rapped at the door.

As if posing for an illustration of a novel, Ann Carter stood in the door, a lamp held a little above her head so that she might see her visitor without the glare of its light on her eyes.

"Why, bless my stars, Joe Deercomb! If it ain't! What'n earth ever fetched you off from Fire Island this time of night and year?"

"I come to see you," Joe said. "I come to make a call on you."

"Well, I declare! If you ain't a queer one! I'll warrant you sailed all the way over just to ask me something. Ain't that so?"

"Yes," Joe admitted.

"Well, come in, then," Ann said, "for I dare say you'll keep on askin' more'n half

Continued on page 76

MENNEN



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KNOX

Something Interesting About Prunes!

MOST people grow tired of the things that are good for them. Take prunes or canned fruit, for instance. Just serve them in either a delicious dessert or a salad, and the children, as well as the grown-ups, will look upon them as real treats.

PRUNE ORIENTAL CREAM

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
½ cup sugar
½ pt. heavy cream or evaporated milk
⅔ cup cooked prunes or apricots, cut in pieces
⅓ cup chopped figs, if desired
¼ cup scalded milk
Whites of two eggs
⅓ cup milk
Salt

Soak gelatine in cold water 10 minutes, dissolve in scalded milk; add sugar. Strain into a bowl, set in pan of ice water, stir constantly until mixture begins to thicken; add egg whites, beaten stiff, heavy cream, (diluted with milk and beaten until stiff), prunes and figs. Turn into wet mold, garnishing bottom and sides with halves of cooked prunes, and chill.

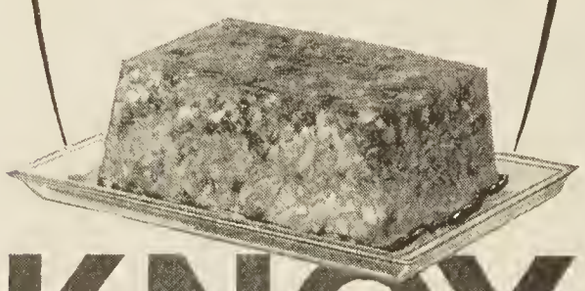


KNOX

PEAR SALAD

1 envelope Knox Acidulated Gelatine (*or one envelope of Sparkling Gelatine and ½ cup Lemon Juice*)
½ cup cold water
¼ cup sugar
Few grains salt
½ envelope Lemon Flavoring
1 can pears
1 pimiento cheese
¼ cup nuts, chopped

Soften gelatine in cold water 10 minutes. Drain pears and allow enough hot water in addition to pear syrup to make 3 cups in all. Dissolve gelatine in hot water, add pear syrup, ½ the lemon flavoring found in separate envelope, or ½ cup lemon juice, sugar and salt. Make cheese balls of pimiento cheese and chopped nuts. Pour a little of the jelly into wet cups or individual molds and when it has started to congeal, place a cheese ball in center of pear halves. Fill molds with pears and jelly. When firm, turn out on crisp lettuce leaves and garnish with whole nut meats and mayonnaise. Other fruits may be used instead of pears.



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CHARLES B. KNOX GELATINE CO.
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RED SAND AND PICKETY-ROUGH

Continued from page 75

the night, once you get started. Why I feel right complimented—to think there's something I can answer and the folks over on the beach can't! Set there, Joe, it's a comfortable chair for men-folks; I don't like it much; it tilts back more'n I like—always gives me a notion I'm goin' over backward. Well, what was it you wanted to ask?"

"WELL, now, it was this, Ann," said Joe gravely: "Will you marry me, Ann?"

"For the land of goodness!" Ann Carter exclaimed. "Marry you? Did you say *marry* you, Joe?"

"That's what I said," Joe declared doggedly. "And I mean it, too. I don't mean nothing else."

"Sakes!" Ann cried. She stared at the man in the tippety chair as if she had never seen him before and was trying to guess, all in a minute, what manner of man he was. "Well, you do beat all, Joe Deercomb! Coming all of a sudden this way and asking me offhand to marry you! It's good I wasn't setting in that rocker or I *would* have gone over backward, sure enough. Marry you! Sakes!"

"If you mean you won't——"

"I don't mean nothing!" she said. "I mean I'm flabbergasted, Joe. Land sakes! Give me a minute to get my wits together, can't you? Be reasonable, Joe! When a man you've known all your life long that never cocked an eye at you, as far as I know, comes sudden at I don't know what time of night and pops out 'Will you marry me?' like a shot out of a gun, I should think a body had a right to study for a minute!"

"That's all right," Joe said. "I don't know as I blame you. Study, if you want to."

"Hum!" said Ann, and she folded her arms and studied, keeping her eyes on Joe, seeing him now and then, and now and then not seeing *him*, but her thoughts. She knew quite a little about Joe; she knew he had been a nice boy years ago, that he was a steady worker in his chosen profession of "follerin' the bay," that he was by no means a pauper. She judged that he was hale and hearty—"as sound as a nut," she told herself. She had never seen or heard or thought anything about him that made him in any way objectionable. Neither had she any desire to remain a lone spinster forever, although the passing years had made that seem her destined portion. On the other hand, this was queer—this coming late in the evening, without any preliminary courting or hanging around, to pop out a question suddenly.

"HUM!" she ejaculated at length. "I don't know as I like it much. It's queerlike, this way of doing. What made you pick me out, Joe Deercomb?"

"I thought of you first," Joe said. "You was the first that come into my mind."

"Hum! Well, that's something," Ann admitted. "I don't know as I would fancy being any man's second-third choice."

"I sort of always did like you," Joe volunteered. "I reckon that's why you come into my mind first-off. Soon as I thought of getting married, seems like you come right into my mind."

"I did, did I?" said Ann, her eyes sparkling with a touch of anger. "Well, maybe that's your way, Joe Deercomb——"

"It ain't my way, if that's what you mean," said Joe stolidly. "I ain't got no way; this is all new to me, this sort of business."

"Well, whether it is your way or not your way, Mr. Deercomb," said Ann, "I can let you know that it's considered a heap more complimentary to think of a person first and then think of marrying her—or him, either. A woman ain't fond of being thought of the way you'd think of a mess of clams. It is well enough to get hungry and then think of clams and then go and get what clams can be got——"

"I ain't hungry to speak of," said Joe without emotion.

"Oh!" cried Ann. "Oh! Well, it's plain you wasn't born to be no 'Don Joo-ann.' Not that I'd care for one, if it comes to that. But a woman don't fancy being treated like she was vegetables on a vegetable-stand, waiting to be come and took—hit or miss—because dinner is due. No, sir! It's a sight more complimentary to a woman to treat her like she was a yawl—like she was a neat and tasty yawl that you saw and couldn't rest until you was owner of, whether you needed a yawl in your business or not. I don't know as I take it very complimentary, you coming like this, and not much difference whether you come for a bushel of potatoes or for—me!"

"I DON'T know as I was thinkin' of complimentariness," said Joe. "I guess that didn't come into my mind. But, don't let it worry you, Ann. I didn't aim to upset your feelings this way. If the idea don't strike your fancy——"

He felt for his hat.

"Now, hold on, Joe Deercomb!" Ann commanded. "You men never have a bit of sense, anyway. A woman has to have her talk out, one way or the other. Sakes! a woman don't get married every day in the year, does she? She's a right to know whether there is any sense to a—to a proposition like this, hasn't she? Coming at me sudden like this! What ever possessed you to think of getting married in the first place?"

Joe unbuttoned one button of his shirt and drew out volume one of his compendium of Fire Island Beach knowledge. He opened it at page two and held it toward Ann and she took it. She looked at the book and then at Joe and then at the book again.

"Red Sand, Pickety-Rough," she read. "Sakes! what's that got to do with it?"

"Seventeen of them books," said Joe. "Sixteen wrote full and one partly."

"I know," Ann said. "Folks thought you was crazy or something. I've heard tell plenty about these books. Red Sand and Pickety-Rough, huh?"

"Sixteen books full and one partly," Joe repeated. "And all true facts. If, by and by, I found out one wasn't true, I scratched it out and wrote in what was true. I been at it twenty years—mighty close to twenty years."

"It's a long time."

"It went quick," Joe said.

"And what was your notion, Joe?" she asked. "Wasn't you going to marry until you got sixteen books full?"

"Nothin' like that," Joe said. "I never thought of marryin' at all—not until this evening, when I come right over."

ANN let the book drop into her lap and leaned back in her chair. She shook her head.

"You do beat all! You are the *beaten'est* man, Joe Deercomb. Ain't there no way to get you to speak right out? I certainly never! If I was to tell anybody all what you've said this night, they'd think I was crazy, or you was crazy, or both of us was. You do exasperate me awful! What on earth did you fetch this book to me for if it hadn't anything to do with marrying?"

Joe looked at her with amazement.

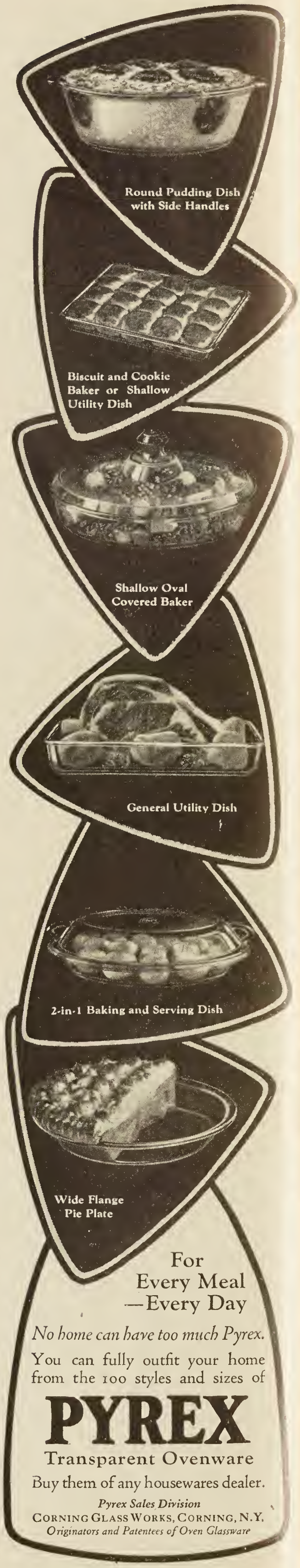
"But it has, Ann," he said. "It was that made me think of it."

Ann Carter raised her hands and let them drop in her lap.

"There!" she cried. "That's the way you've been talking all the time—it hasn't anything to do with it, and it has all to do with it! Such a man! I declare, if you can't come right out and say what you mean, I won't talk another word to you."

"Well, now!" Joe said gently, reaching for volume one. "I ain't trying to keep nothing back, Ann. I aim to speak right out, mostly. I don't want you to get riled at me, Ann. You see, I ain't what you might call an old hand at this asking business. I thought maybe it would ease it up for me a little if I fetched the book along to explain by. You see—" he pressed the book open and laid his brown finger on the page—"you see, this book is volume one, and it starts off here with Red Sand and follers along with Pickety-Rough, and it goes right on with everything—with everything, a'most! Red Sand, Pickety-Rough, Clams, Mackerel,

Continued on page 77



For Every Meal —Every Day

No home can have too much Pyrex.

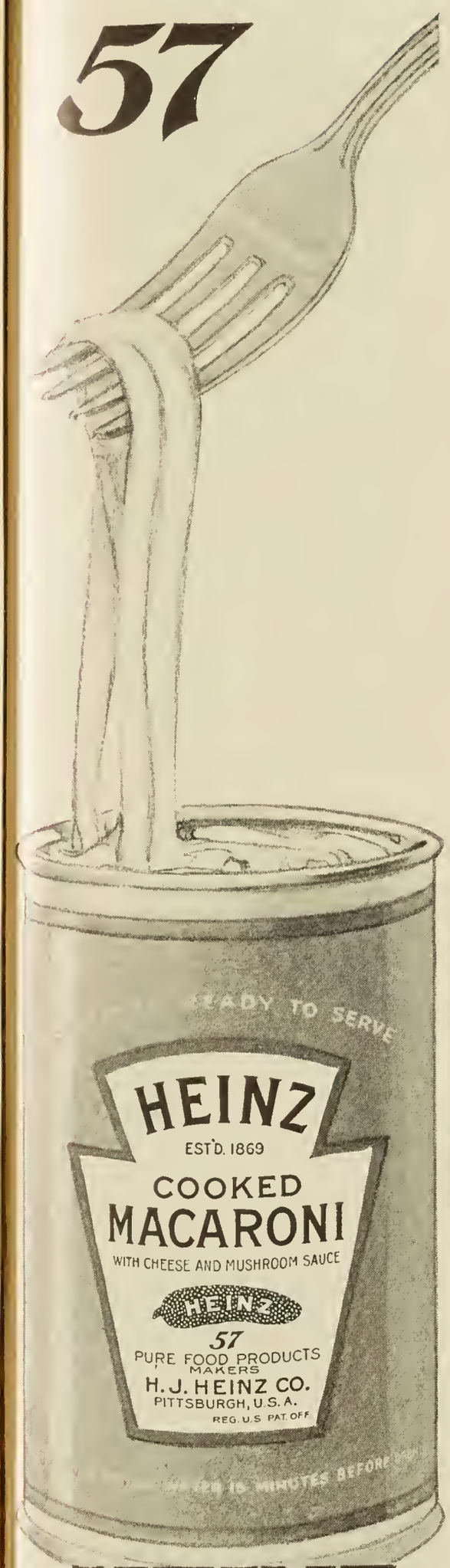
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RED SAND AND PICKETY-ROUGH

Continued from page 76

Clouds—everything a man could think of as you might say—everything a body could ask a man about over on Fire Island Beach there. So to-day along about dusk I was settin' in my shack and all of a sudden it come over me that it all wasn't no use!"

"No use, Joe?" asked Ann gently, for he paused.

"No use!" Joe said. "First day I didn't have a single fact to write down in my book. And I set there——"

"You set there?"

"—thinkin'," said Joe, "maybe there wasn't any more facts to get. Maybe I was full up and complete. And twenty years at it! And there it was! You take a look at me, Ann; you can see yourself I ain't the sort ever to be elected president of the village corporation."

"President?"

"I ain't, am I? I don't look it, do I? I look like a clam-digger or a beach-comber or a sort of native, don't I? And one of them city men with a white yacht-cap is what they hanker for, ain't it? So, it was all no use anyhow——"

"What was?"

"Everything!" said Joe. "Them twenty years, and these here seventeen books, and the facts—Red Sand and Pickety-Rough and the whole lot!"

Ann stared at him. She really thought the man was going to weep! She actually thought she saw a tear in his eye!

"You want a handkerchief?" she asked.

"I got one here—somewheres," Joe said, and he felt in his pocket. He found it and blew his nose heartily, but Ann, after a first glance at the handkerchief, turned away her head until it was back in his pocket.

"The first thing I buy that man," she thought, "if I'm fool enough to marry him, will be a dozen decent handkerchiefs—two dozen!"

"RED SAND," Joe said, pointing to the first entry in volume one—"that's what gave me the notion. I was settin' on the new dock over to the new incorporated village on Fire Island Beach twenty years ago about, and this new president of the village come along and stood alongside of me with a man.

" 'President,' the man says, 'I been for a walk down the beach just now and I wish you'd tell me why that red sand is all along the shore, up nigh the weeds, and not elsewhere.'

" 'Don't know,' the president says.

" 'And another thing,' the man says: 'Why is that section up yonder called Pickety-Rough?'

" 'Don't know as I've ever heard,' says the president. 'It's just called that, I guess.'

"So I thought: 'That's a nice sort of man to be president of the village—can't answer the first question a man puts at him!' So I thought: 'I bet if I was president I'd be able to tell a man what he asked me, or I'd be so ashamed I'd up and resign on the spot!' And then I thought, 'Joe, why shouldn't you be president of this village some day? It would be a fine sort of thing for you to be; it's a big honor for you to look forward to.' And then I thought about the red sand. Blamed if I knew why that red sand was there!"

"But you found out," suggested Ann.

"I did so!" said Joe. "I went and looked, and I went and asked, and I found out. And I asked about Pickety-Rough and I found out about it. And I said to myself, 'Joe Deercomb, if you're going to be president of this village on Fire Island Beach, you've got to be able to answer what's asked. And when you know more about things than any other living soul, they're bound to ask you to be president—you'll have earned it, you'll have worked up to it.'

Concluded on page 78



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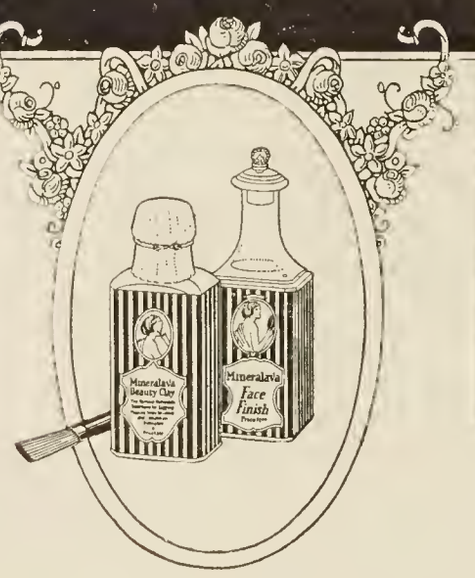
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RED SAND AND PICKETY-ROUGH

Concluded from page 77

"But I ain't fitten for it, Ann. It come over me to-night, on a sudden, that I ain't fitten to be president of what the village had growed to be. They wouldn't have me. If I was next to the last man over there, they wouldn't want me."

Ann said nothing. There seemed to be nothing appropriate to say to a man whose twenty years' ambition had so suddenly died.

"And so," said Joe, hesitating a little, "I got blue, settin' there in my shack. It seemed so dumbed miserable to have worked twenty years gettin' ready to answer a million questions that would never be asked of me. It seemed so sort of un—so unsuitable to have got ready to answer a million questions and not to have anybody to ask them. So, of a sudden——"

"Sakes!" cried Ann. "You don't expect me to ask you them million questions, do you?"

"Why, no," said Joe with surprise. "I never thought of that for a minute, Ann. I wouldn't expect you to. But it sort of come to me that if I was a'walkin' along the beach over there, or over the dunes, or through the pine rough, or anywhere, and there was a young lad—a little boy, as you might say—holding on to my hand— Well, I've noticed there ain't hardly anything a little feller like that won't ask if——"

Ann sat very still.

"—if it's his father's hand he's got a'hold of," said Joe Deercomb.

For another minute Ann sat quite still, then she arose.

"If you wait a minute, Joe," she said, "I've got close to a dozen men's-size handkerchiefs up-stairs that belonged to my father. I don't know but what you might as well be using them as them rotting to decay up there."

WHEN she came down, Joe was still seated where she had left him. She put the handkerchiefs in his hand.

"If there's one thing in the world that any husband of mine has got to have," she said briskly, "it's nice handkerchiefs, and enough of them."

"Yes'm; thank you," said Joe.

"And when it comes to questions," said Ann Carter in an entirely amicable tone, "I expect I asked more questions of my father when I was a little girl than any little boy ever asked."

Joe Deercomb smiled with honest pride. "She won't be able to ask me any that I can't answer, I'll warrant you!" he said.



THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 10

"Why, certainly we do, darling!" Shirley answered reassuringly, as she nodded and smiled to a friend several tables away.

"I remember Philip, when he was in love with Julia," Stanley pursued seriously. "When she had 'flu,' he almost died, he was so worried. He told me he'd kill himself if——"

"Yes, dear," Shirley interrupted smoothly, in the abstracted tone she would have used to a child, "and if I got 'flu,' you'd say the same! Please—" she was annoyed and bored now—"*please* drop that silly subject once and for all! Now about to-morrow night——"

"I really ought to go down to the ranch to-morrow night," he said sourly, angered at her manner.

Shirley looked up from her salad alertly.

"Is that woman there?"

"If you mean Margaret Yorke, of course she's there. She and the kid stay there now."

"Stan, honestly, do you think it's fair to me—" Shirley was beginning, when the man interrupted her roughly.

"Oh, for God's sake! Drop it! I tell you she's nothing to me! Come down yourself, if you don't believe me!"

SHIRLEY considered this, lips pursed and eyes narrowed.

"I can't to-morrow," she decided, "but I might Saturday."

"Who could you bring?" Stanley asked, ill-tempered because he had suggested it at all.

"Oh, I'll get somebody! I don't want to come down alone until we're married," she said virtuously. "And, sweetheart," she added in her softest and prettiest mood, "we don't have to have Miss Yorke always with us, do we? Think how you'd feel if it was some man *I* liked——"

"She looks out for Nora and the kid, Shirley."

"Yes, I know. But if she's always at the ranch, it'll simply spoil the place for me!"

Stanley made no answer; he was too angry to speak, and she saw it. For the rest of the meal she was her sweetest self, and she left him with her usual upward, pretty smile and a kiss from her gloved finger-tips. Smart, furred, veiled and with his orchids pinned at her breast and the new gold bag dangling in her white-gloved fingers, she went happily and complacently upon her way. Stanley went back to his office.

The Winter rain fell and fell, etching the city with straight gray misty lines, floating gutters, and dancing inches above the sidewalks with the violence of its fall. And so another cold, early evening shut down and another rainy morning found Stan at his club, tired after a restless night and more apprehensive and disturbed in his mind than ever.

Suddenly, without premeditation, he rushed straight from his breakfast into the cold, wet, bleak air, jumped into the roadster and headed for the ranch.

The roads were heavy, framed in running streams of brown; there was a sad earthy smell in the damp atmosphere and a sad gloomy twilight over the world.

BUT at Sunnyvale Stanley saw with a sudden lifting of his heart that the lead-colored clouds were massing and moving over the Santa Clara valley and that toward Los Gatos and the south there lay, through a long gap in the mountains, a band of uncertain, lemon-colored light. The rain had broken to a mere drizzle, a heavy mist; here and there a wandering gust shook a tree sharply and the drenched leaves stood up freshly, relieved of some part of their load of water.

And when he turned the car in at Uplands, a shaft of watery sunlight suddenly enveloped the old place, twinkling upon wet roofs and paths, shining in the drops that fell from vines and trees and piercing the dove-blue column of smoke that was rising from the big chimney.

"Home!" his heart said, warmed and reassured. The golden, glittering light was dancing and flooding everywhere; Hang came out of the kitchen and greeted him with the delight of the artist who feels his kindest critic in his power; and Nora, beaming, told him that Miss Yorke and the young boy had just this minute stepped out, the way they could see the new pigs, the creatures, and get a breatheen of the air.

Stanley, deep peace possessing him, changed into rough clothes and went after them. The uncertain morning light was sending long sweet shafts over Uplands as he traced them from barns to farrowing-sheds and up into the place where the empty plunge was filling with a drift of dead wet leaves. Long before he reached them he could hear their exultant voices.

They were some hundred yards above the pool, up the stream. Battersby was with them; all three were in great excitement over the course of the Quitito, whose brown, flooded waters had been choked and diverted

Continued on page 79



Would You Be Beautiful?

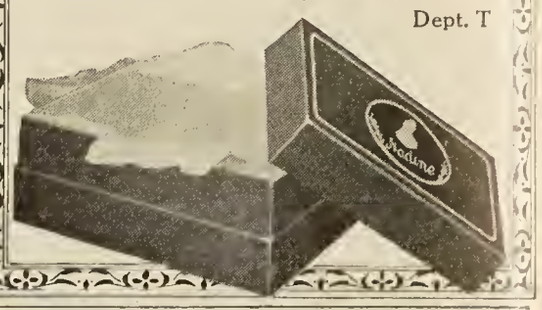
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THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 78

under the bridge by fallen trees, branches, twigs, all the rubbish that had been washed into her swollen course.

The clayey stream fought its way through, crooked, aborted, channeling itself a hundred illicit pathways and pools among the bushes and rocks; it was rushing fiercely, topped here and there with dirty yellow foam.

"Oh, hello!" Margaret said eagerly, giving him her cold, wet hand and a radiant smile from her glowing face. "Will you look at the villain! Battersby says that'll tear the whole basin out and ruin the tennis-court. We just found it!" And then, close beside him, she gave him a swiftly changed smile and asked, in an undertone: "You're tired—is everything all right?"

And suddenly it seemed to Stan that he was not tired and that everything was supremely all right. He smiled at her, radiant and glowing and friendly, and thought what a soothing and wonderful thing a sweet, simple, friendly woman could be when a man was weary and depressed. The nearness of her, the restful sweetness of her, brought his old smile to his brown face and reduced him to the silence that, with a man of his type, means utter content.

A memorable morning followed, when he and she, aided by Jim and Battersby and one of the Mexicans, changed the course of the Quitito. The task was herculean; it involved shouting, running, dragging, struggling, constant immersions, much slipping and stumbling. The stream had been diverted years before to fill the pool. Now the plan was to turn it back, while it was flooded at least, and so save the cemented pool and the courts below.

PRESENTLY Stanley threw off his old hunting coat and Margaret her sweater. Both were glowing, panting and soaked to the skin. The sunlight was strengthening every minute, and the creek, muddy at first, as it moved between the unfamiliar rocks and bushes, cleared gradually, showed opaque patches in its quiet spaces and tore bubbling and frothy upon its new-old way. It left behind it a waste of trampled and torn mud, a drying course, ugly pools connected by languid trickles, and the heaped bushes, wreckage and leaves that Tony had piled roughly for some future conflagration.

And now it was after one o'clock, and after the briefest of ablutions, Margaret, Jim and Stanley went in to the most delicious luncheon Hang had ever cooked; to steaks and salad and brown rolls and baked onions and to meringues upon which, as Stanley frankly admitted, he ate himself "out of shape."

"And now," Margaret said afterward, when, admittedly tired and even a little stiff, she had established herself in a big chair before the sitting-room fire, "now I wonder if we might have a little talk?"

Stanley, who had been enchanted to find her in the bright and friendly mood, saw nevertheless that she had adopted a pleasant, impersonal air with it. There was to be no philandering to-day—there was to be, in her manner, no reminder of the cataclysmic ending of their last tête-à-tête.

Rain, brown and steady and unrelenting, was falling again and they lighted a fire. It was delicious to them all to rest here in the shabby room and the twilight afternoon with the blazing wood for their only illumination and the rain-slashed acres of meadow and forest shutting them away from the world.

Jim, superficially sponged by Nora, clad in his little crash wrapper and conceded a rest in Margaret's arms rather than the orthodox nap, was sprawled luxuriously upon her knees. Stanley saw her stoop now and then to kiss the tawny wave of the child's hair and saw Jim raise heavy blue eyes and a pipe-stem of small arm and kiss her sleepily in return. A round little leg rolled idly; Jim's

Continued on page 80



There is constant danger *in an oily skin*

IF your skin has the habit of continually getting oily and shiny, you cannot begin too soon to correct this condition.

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THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 79

lashes sank and sank. He was asleep.

"There's something I want to tell you—I wanted to tell you on Tuesday night," Margaret began.

"When we were interrupted?" Stanley suggested, watching her. He loved to see the glorious color that flamed up into her face and the half-laughing, half-reproachful, wholly pleading look she gave him.

"When Dame Nature interrupted," she assented, with her grave smile.

The demure phrase enchanted Stanley and he grinned.

"But the satisfaction of knowing that you are human!"

"Oh, *that!*" She flushed again brightly. "That, at *least*," she confessed. Then suddenly and childishly impatient at her own and his frailty, she broke off quickly. "Do, *please*, let's be sensible! I've got something to tell you that's very hard to tell any one," she began after a second. "Perhaps I should have told you long ago——"

"I assure you that I will regard it as sacred," Stanley said, lighting a cigaret and watching her as she paused.

"When I ask you to regard it as sacred, you'll know I've lost faith in you!" Margaret told him, with a sorry smile. "It's always hard to admit that one has made mistakes—" She was feeling her way slowly. "This—the first part—is about mine. I think I told you that I lost my mother when I was sixteen. We were both actresses, and it's a lonely life. My heart almost broke when I had to go on without her. Two years later, the day I was eighteen, I was married. You knew that?"

"I suspected it," Stanley said, intensely grave. "You told me practically that."

Margaret was silent, her eyes on the fire, her thin, brown, nervous fingers knotting and unknotting themselves.

"Is it so hard?" Stanley asked, suffering for her.

"It's *deathly* hard!" she said, with an agonized glance. And immediately she went on. "For almost all girls—young girls—marriage, at the first, is oddly disillusioning, I suppose. The mystery, the miracle, the metamorphosis that we have been dreaming about all our lives doesn't take place. There are the same disheartening trifles that we thought ourselves done with, the same pettinesses and disappointments and personalities, even in the happiest marriage.

"But *my* marriage plunged me straight into hell. I don't know what sort of life makes a man like my husband. I don't think he had ever known a decent woman before, although there had been a score of women in his life. His standards, his ideas, his views of women were—simply indescribable. He was an animal—a clean, well-groomed, somewhat witty and very rich animal—that was all. Drink, food, sleep and me—that was what married life meant to him. He didn't listen to me, but if I happened to look pretty, he would lean over my shoulder in a theater box or put his arm about me in the motor-car and murmur perfectly incoherent words to me, no matter how much interested I was in what I was saying. He thought jewels and silk stockings could buy forgiveness for—anything. My God—my God—my God!"

THE last words she said in a whisper and she put her free hand up to her face. Stanley felt something murderous twist within him as he saw the thin fingers pressed against her eyes.

"I was remembering the horrible pink rooms in which we lived," Margaret said, presently, looking at him for a second before beginning again. "The horrible trays of horrible food! I lived in a daze. I had lost my mother—I missed her cruelly. I had never put any one in her place, never talked to any women. The horrors of those first months almost killed me. It wasn't only his polished, pleasant cruelty and coarseness. It was that I had nothing—nothing else! No companionship, no talk of books or home or friends. Just a man's money and his admiration and the dinners and dances and theaters—the hideous, hideous standard of such a man's world!

"I had liked to get up early and walk through the quiet streets; that's the sweetest hour in New York, Winter or Summer. Streets like Third Avenue or the Drive are just teeming with adventures, little tragedies and comedies, then."

"I know!" Stanley said, clearing his throat and patting her hand.

"Instead, we breakfasted at about eleven," Margaret went on, speaking always in a slow and somewhat uncertain fashion, as if she were trying to find words—"the sort of lazy, silk-dressed breakfast that some love but that I hate! This lasted until two, perhaps. Then we drove and bought things——"

"I used to be ashamed before the sales-girls in the shops," she added suddenly, after a pause. "It was all so obvious: the working-girl who had landed a man with money! Well, then we had tea—cocktails it was, in those days. And then we dressed and had dinner and more drink at some hotel. He used—my husband, I mean—he used really to look forward to the effect of that drinking and stuffing in warm rooms with music playing and with the people he knew coming and going.

"IT SEEMS too simple, to say: 'Well, there was the library, there were studies, books, lectures, concerts—' I know there were. But it was no use! I grew actually sick with despair; I couldn't shake it off. And then he got furious with me, tired of me—he would disappear for days, for actual weeks, at a time—there were other women; he didn't hesitate to tell me that.

"So finally I did what was inevitable, I suppose: I told him I must be free, and I took his money—I hate to remember that—and went away, disappeared. He told me that I would be back as soon as my few thousands were gone, but I've never seen him since that horrible hot Sunday."

"All that is just about what I suspected, Margaret," Stanley said, when she stopped short.

"Ah, but that isn't half!" she answered, with a rueful smile. "I took his money, as I said, and I went to a tiny place in New Jersey where an old woman I knew lived. She had been a theatrical dressmaker, and she was an angel. I hadn't been there two weeks before I knew hat what I had suspected, what I had feared, was true. There was going to be—a baby."

She began to tremble very much and Stanley reached out and took her brown hand and held it tightly.

"My one fear," Margaret went on in a quick, anxious voice, "was that my husband would know. Even before my boy was born, I was only afraid that somehow—somehow—his father would get hold of him and make such a man of him as he was himself, Stan. I lived on where I was. I changed my name—and my darling, *my darling*, was born in Trenton and spent the first adorable months of his life in our little Burlington house. Stan, Stan, what a precious thing he was! He made up for everything, and a thousand times more.

"Well, then, Winter came, that Winter of 1918. The epidemic came to us, and my old guardian and friend, Mrs. Packer, was one of the first to go. I nursed her, I fretted over my boy—I was afraid, Stan, and I got the punishment of people who fear."

"You lost your baby, Margaret—then that's your sorrow?" Stanley asked in a hushed voice.

"No," she answered slowly, not meeting his eyes. And he saw that her whole body was trembling violently, her eyes were brimming and her lips shaking. "But one day I knew that I was ill—ill with that frightful malignant form that lasted only a few days. I had seen it over and over again. And I thought I had to die and leave him!"

"Tell me, where is the child, then?" Stanley asked.

"Help me!" she faltered suddenly, her strange look leaving his face slowly and fastening itself upon the sleeping boy in her arms. "Don't—don't make me sorry I told you!"

"Jim!" Stanley whispered in stupefaction.

Margaret again did not answer in words. But she rested her young cheek against the child's splendid mop of hair and shut her eyes, and Stanley saw bitter tears start from beneath the lowered thick lashes and her

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His Mother—*but people think she is his sister*

Why is it that some mothers are often taken for the older sisters of their sons? Why is it that some women look years younger than they are?

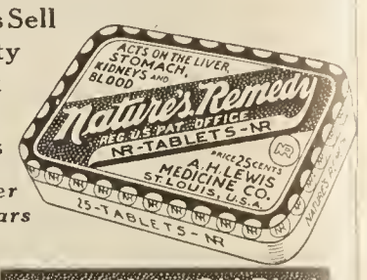
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Bauer & Black 2505 Dearborn St. Chicago

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Baby Talc and Baby Soap
for all delicate skins © B & B 1923



THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 80

beautiful mouth quiver. He remained silent, staring at her blankly, unable to move or speak.

Her violence had half-awakened the child. Now with her face still stained by the fast-falling tears and her breath coming and going spasmodically, she rose and carried him to the big couch beside the fire. Stanley watched her settle the heavy little form and tuck a soft old shawl about the small figure. Afterward she knelt beside him, pressing one of the limp little hands against her hot cheeks, drinking in the baby beauty as if she could never satisfy her thirsty eyes.

Then, meeting Stanley's gaze for the first time, she came back to her chair and sat down in it again. She pushed from her forehead the thick, soft disordered hair and something in its unbecoming plainness and in the pathos of the frankly reddened eyes went straight to his heart.

"Now you know!" she said simply and wearily. "Jim's mine. He's the little baby that came to me in that hospital in Trenton—he's what has kept me here, what would have kept me here through fire and water! I've told you it was the happiness of the person I love best in the world. He doesn't know it, but he's had his mother to watch him and to guard him and to teach him his prayers, just as—just as—any boy should."

Her voice broke. She was crying bitterly again, and Stan came over to kneel beside her chair and put his arms about her. Margaret laid her head against his breast and linked one arm about his neck, and it seemed to him quite natural to hold her so, relaxed and spent.

"YOU see, I happened to know old Trowbridge, Mrs. Cutting's lawyer," Margaret resumed, after a space. "And he had told me once of her anxiety to adopt a child. So when I knew how desperately ill I was—the hospital was overcrowded, Stan, and I could get neither doctor nor nurse—I had some one telephone him. He came at once; Jim was fretting in his crib, poor baby!—he hadn't even been fed—and I signed him away—I had to. I thought that in a few hours I would be gone where I couldn't feed him and dress him—my own baby. And he was so little, Stan, and the world seemed so big! Trowbridge sent his housekeeper to get Jim that night and to see what she could do for me, but I had sent Jim to a neighbor's, and she found him there, and they told her that I had been taken off to the hospital, unconscious and dying—which was true.

"I hardly grasped it all, as I began to get well. Something had snapped inside me, and I dragged on for weeks and weeks, knowing that my baby was alive somewhere, but too weak and too sad to care much, to make any effort. It seemed to me that the world was full of death and sickness and separation—and so it was! But after awhile, after weeks of that, I did drag myself to New York, and I saw Trowbridge, and we talked. There was no possibility of my old work for me—my marriage and illness had ended everything in that direction—and there was just one thing in the world I wanted: my baby, of course. But by this time he was in California, legally adopted by Mrs. Cutting; she had brought him West immediately. Stan, I almost went mad at the thought! To claim him might have been to expose him and myself to discovery by his father. I couldn't do that. But it was Trowbridge who thought of sending me on to California, as a companion, and he gave me a letter to your aunt. You see, it's very simple. He said that he knew me to be a gentlewoman and able to do her secretarial work and entirely accustomed to small children.

"I was just what she wanted; I had hardly hoped as much as that. I got to San Francisco here on a Thursday, and on Friday I dressed very carefully and came down to see

Continued on page 82



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RESINOL SOAP is the toilet soap for *you*—and all the world—from babyhood to old age, because it satisfies every need of the skin and meets the requirements of the most exacting.

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NaTone Lemonated Shampoo—Nature's hair wash, cleanses and beautifies. At dealers or direct, 50c.



THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 81

Mrs. Cutting. My baby was asleep in the gorgeous perambulator on the side porch; it was an exquisite June day. We talked and she found out that I had French and Italian and some music and that I wrote a good hand, and Trowbridge had recommended me, of course. And so it was arranged, and then she walked with me to the coach, and I saw my Jim—I hadn't seen him for four months! She didn't tell me that day, or for weeks, that he was adopted.

"So the next night I found myself putting him to bed, Stan—my own little, soft, fat Jim, who wanted to kick and roll and shout just in his old way! I never dreamed of keeping this secret so long; but to tell it would have been to break my oath to Trowbridge and to break your aunt's heart, and perhaps to expose him to his father again, and I didn't dare risk that. I told you that mother and I were in the theater, didn't I? Well, I was in terror that some newspaper story, some picture of my face, would bring Jim's father on our trail again."

"He doesn't even know there was a baby?" Stan asked, after a pause in which he continued to stare dazedly at the agitated, beautiful face so close to his own.

"Oh, no—he never will!" Margaret said fervently.

"And all this time—?" the man marveled.

"All this time, I have been taking care of him!" she exulted, half laughing, half ready for tears. "Nora knows," she added suddenly. "When he was ill, two or three months after I came, I had to tell her. And she has helped me in a million ways, darling old woman! And so there—that's what I've been wanting to tell you."

SHE leaned back, watching his face. And Stan looked at her with new eyes. Her whole position had altered in these few minutes, and altered in a fashion that made her a hundred times more interesting to him. Instead of his aunt's silent, stormy-eyed, unresponsive companion, he found himself studying with new eyes this passionate, wronged, courageous girl whose mother-love had taken her through such bitter waters.

"Playing one more part?" he asked, still keeping his arm about her shoulders in reassuring, brotherly fashion.

"My big part at last!" she assented, with a quick smile.

"But you—the mother of that baby, Margaret!" he said. "I can't realize it, yet. You would do all this for him?"

"And a thousand times more!" she said fervently. "It's like that, with a child, Stan. There's nothing in the world so wonderful!"

And for a few minutes she remained quietly resting against his shoulders, her thoughts far away, her breath becoming quieter and quieter and her eyes absently fixed upon space.

"I like you so much—I admire you so much!" Stanley said irrelevantly. His words seemed to arouse her suddenly to a sense of her position and she sat erect and pushed him away. He took his own chair again, smiling and a little confused.

"I—I see no reason why we should not *like* each other," he said as she regarded him with troubled eyes and did not speak.

"No, there's no reason why we should not be friends!" she agreed quickly.

"You know, I used to think you were so horribly unapproachable, Margaret," Stanley said, in the delicious first stage of intimacy at last. "I had no idea that you would ever really like me, or I you!"

"I like you thoroughly," she told him in the same businesslike tone she had used before. "And I hope we will always be friends. You see, your being Jim's guardian——"

"And he's yours!" Stanley marveled, musing.

"That's what has kept me here, of course,

Continued on page 83



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See that it is always in the medicine cabinet—for emergencies. "Vaseline" Carbolated Jelly may be purchased at all drug and department stores—in tubes or glass bottles.

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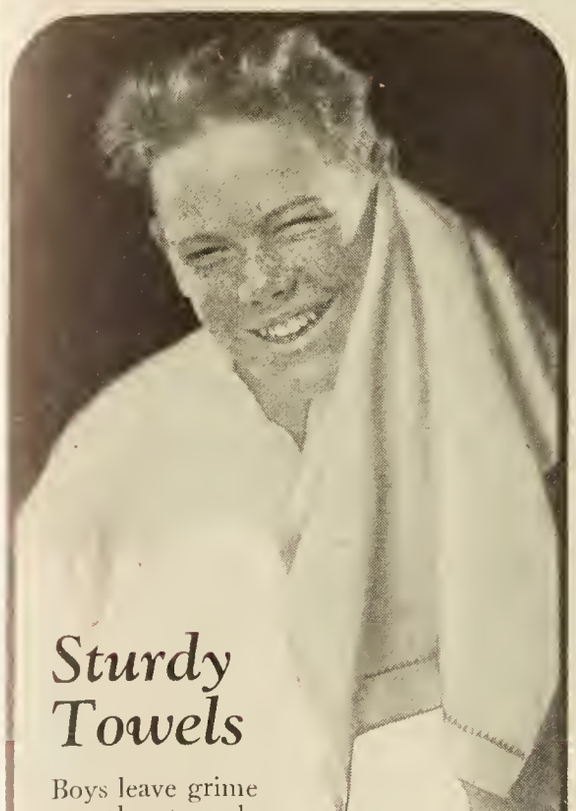
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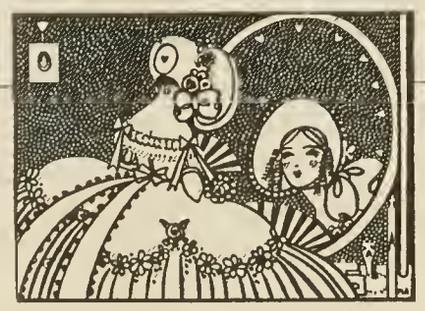
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Dealers in Birds and Pets—35 years in business. Illus. catalog free.



THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 82

in spite of Shirley's hints," Margaret explained, anxiously watching him.

"I'll fix her—she's awfully good-natured, really," Stan assured her.

"Once you are married, you could arrange to have us stay here at the ranch, perhaps?" Margaret suggested. "She won't want to be here very often. Or Jim and I could go away? He will have that magnificent allowance until he is twenty-one, and we can live anywhere."

"It gives me the *greatest* satisfaction to feel that we are friends and that we understand each other," Stanley said out of a silence. "I knew that you didn't like me—at least, I felt it for years, and I used to think you sort of misjudged me—you thought I was a bounder, somehow——"

He paused, and Margaret, who had listened to the beginning of this speech with a certain lofty and remote expression, softened suddenly at its close.

"Well, I did," she confessed in turn. "I was troubled, and frightened, and not very strong, and I didn't know how things were coming out—your aunt might have sent me away at any minute, you know."

Stanley reached for her hand and held it again.

"But now we're good friends?"

"Oh, I hope so!"

She looked so fluttered, at once so cold and so yielding, that he laughed as he asked:

"Well, what are you afraid of?"

"I wasn't extremely proud of that scene in the library the other night," Margaret answered, bravely facing him, after a moment. "I felt terribly about it. And I thought that perhaps—perhaps if you and I could just avoid the occasions of discussing our own personal affairs more than we have to——"

"I think the baby is waking up," she added nervously, anxious to escape, "and I'd rather he should. He'll sleep better to-night! I'll get Nora!"

She went away and after a few minutes Nora came in to find Jim climbing over a chair like a marmoset and carried off the child. Margaret did not return. Stan threw himself on the couch and dozed for an hour and then wandered out to the sun-porch, to find the child busy with stone blocks.

THE rain was still falling, falling. Nora had lighted a coal-oil stove and the air was warm, but the encircling windows gave a desolate view of spattered farm-buildings and dripping trees and Stanley felt chilled and depressed.

"Where's Miss Yorke, Nora?"

"She's lying down, Mr. Crittenden. She's asleep, I should say. She ast would I tell you good-by," said Nora mildly, "and Battersby would write you about the new apricots."

"I'm not going up to town!" Stanley said shortly. He went to his room and started a fire in the air-tight stove and began to fuss with his bureau and dresser and desk. He felt delightfully thrilled by those murmured confidences, by that hour of relaxation, by Margaret's extraordinary story.

She was a lovely woman and she had a strange history. It delighted him to think that she had told him the truth; he felt the warmth and softness of mood that follows confidences between a man and a woman, on a rainy afternoon, beside a fire.

Their next meeting would be significant, whatever it was. Stan anticipated it a hundred times, pausing in his work of straightening and changing, smiling into space. She was an extraordinary woman—he liked her. She had had grit to fight for that kid! And he had had no right to tease her with his embraces, his kisses, that mild insanity that had seized them both on Tuesday night. No, she was too fine for that

Continued on page 84

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You may choose a texture to suit your personal preference without opening the sanitary yellow box in which your Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is packed. You are the first to touch your tooth brush. Your tooth brush is your most personal possession—the Pro-phy-lac-tic is the most personal tooth brush.

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THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 83

He walked about the ranch in a softening drizzle at half-past five. No sign of her. He stopped at Battersby's cottage, rather aimlessly; the pulpy baby and his mother were there, but nobody else. Stanley went back to the house and changed into dry white flannels, his heart beating harder and faster every minute and a curious nervousness, exhilaration, fear and delight possessing him.

There was a roaring grate fire in the sitting-room when he came into it at half-past six, but no other light. Margaret, in a frail black lace gown that made her rich coloring more brilliant than ever, was in a big chair, telling Jim, who wore his brief pajamas, a bedtime tale.

Instantly Stan came to his senses. This was just a commonplace scene, and all his half-formed dreams were bubbles. The placid glance she gave him, the unruffled calm with which she continued her story, made him feel suddenly foolish.

When dinner was announced, Jim curvetted away to bed and Margaret took the head of the table. Stanley noted the firmness of the thin brown hand that served the soup. There were old gold and enamel earrings dangling almost to her shoulders; her dark hair was quaint in its plainness and in it she wore a tortoise-shell comb that caught the light through its carved fan.

"I thought you were going back to the city?" she said presently.

"I don't often go back on Fridays," Stanley said, rattled.

Margaret did not answer; her mouth deepened at the corners a trifle. She knew that by mere silence she was playing a trump.

"SHIRLEY is coming down to-morrow," said Stan, scoring a point in his turn.

He was gratified to see her look a trifle dismayed and surprised.

"I'm sorry if you mind," he said politely.

"Why should I mind?" she asked quickly. "I was just thinking of getting a list to Tony before he goes down with the milk to-morrow."

"I see," Stanley said smiling, lighting a cigaret as Hang carried away the dessert. "It occurs to me that you and I have never been down here alone before," he said after a pause.

Margaret managed a supremely indifferent and yet thoughtful look.

"I can't remember!" she said, leaving the table. She went through a swinging door into the kitchen, whence Stanley heard her voice and the hilarious accents of the cook. He followed lazily. Hang, toothless and beaming, in his white linen, ran eagerly from locker to tin and poured forth a stream of what he believed to be English.

"But imagine us managing half that much in Chinese!" Margaret commented mildly, as she followed Stan back to the sitting-room. The man immediately, and without question, got out a card-table: this was the signal for Russian bank and Margaret entered into the game with characteristic ardor. They were finishing a third game when the clock struck ten and she would not begin another. But she lingered in her big chair while Stanley put the table aside and dropped into the chair opposite and lighted a cigaret.

Outside the rain and wind beat furiously through the night; there was occasionally a high, whining sound in the old chimney, and water spattered and splashed incessantly from the eaves. They could hear the creaking of the great trees and the wet swish of water-laden boughs. Inside the clock ticked placidly and there was a lazy snapping and crumbling in the glowing heart of the fire that was banked in trembling red and gold.

Stanley felt deliciously relaxed; he felt he could sit forever in the presence of this black-clad woman, dreaming beside this fire. The memory of the afternoon came back to him,

Continued on page 85



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THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 84

and half-shutting his eyes, he tried to imagine her moving through the trying and terrible times she had described to him. She had not done so badly for her son, after all, he thought. Neither she nor the child need ever want, with even reasonable management. They might have to lie low, though, while the brute of a husband and father was roaming the world. Such a man might make things extremely awkward for a little son who had inherited a comfortable fortune. But she would be equal to the situation.

Stan studied the relaxed slender figure, the locked fingers, the slightly drooped head and the seriously drawn brows. Here in the quiet of the old sitting-room she seemed in exactly the setting that fitted her. And yet he thought he would like to see her in black velvet, too, in some long, splendid drawing-room—one might build such a room all across the western front of the house in Burlingame—with Aunt Hat's pearls about the brown, round, beautiful column of her throat.

Suddenly he had put out his hand, and one of her own being laid for a second on the arm of her chair, his fingers covered hers.

She looked up, startled.

"Why?"

"Just thinking—how proud you make me by all that you told me this afternoon!" Stanley said quietly.

MARGARET answered only by a rather strained smile. She did not withdraw her hand, but Stanley felt a sudden motion in the captured fingers and he saw the soft breast, against which the black lace sprayed so delicately, rise upon a sudden stormy breath.

Instantly a sort of heady excitement touched him and his own hand seemed to be thrilling as if with electricity and all the air faintly ringing, as it might ring after the silencing of bells. He felt his heart throb and, looking at Margaret, saw that her gaze was steadfastly fixed upon the fire and that her blue eyes were starry with a sort of troubled light, a perilous pleasure and fear.

Indeed, she knew, and he knew that she knew, that there was utter madness in lingering here, in this seductive hour of firelight and warmth and solitude and pleasant weariness. And in her fast-hammering heart she was blaming herself furiously and yet always conscious of a sort of desperate delight in every prolonged second that knitted their lives together.

"Margaret," Stanley said, out of a silence, "is there anything in the world so wonderful as friendship?"

"I was thinking that!"

"My dear," the man said, with a great sigh, "if we had met each other years ago—I've no right to say this, I'm not even letting myself think of it!—but if we *had*."

"I know!" Margaret gave him a glimpse of her eyes, half fearful, half smiling, before she turned them thoughtfully to the fire again.

"Life isn't ever as simple as that," Stanley said.

"No, I suppose not!"

"But do you ever think of it—of you and me, here, with just ourselves and our lives to plan for——"

He stopped, and after a pause she answered him seriously.

"Oh, my dear, if I could *stop* thinking of it!"

There was a silence, then Stan said resolutely:

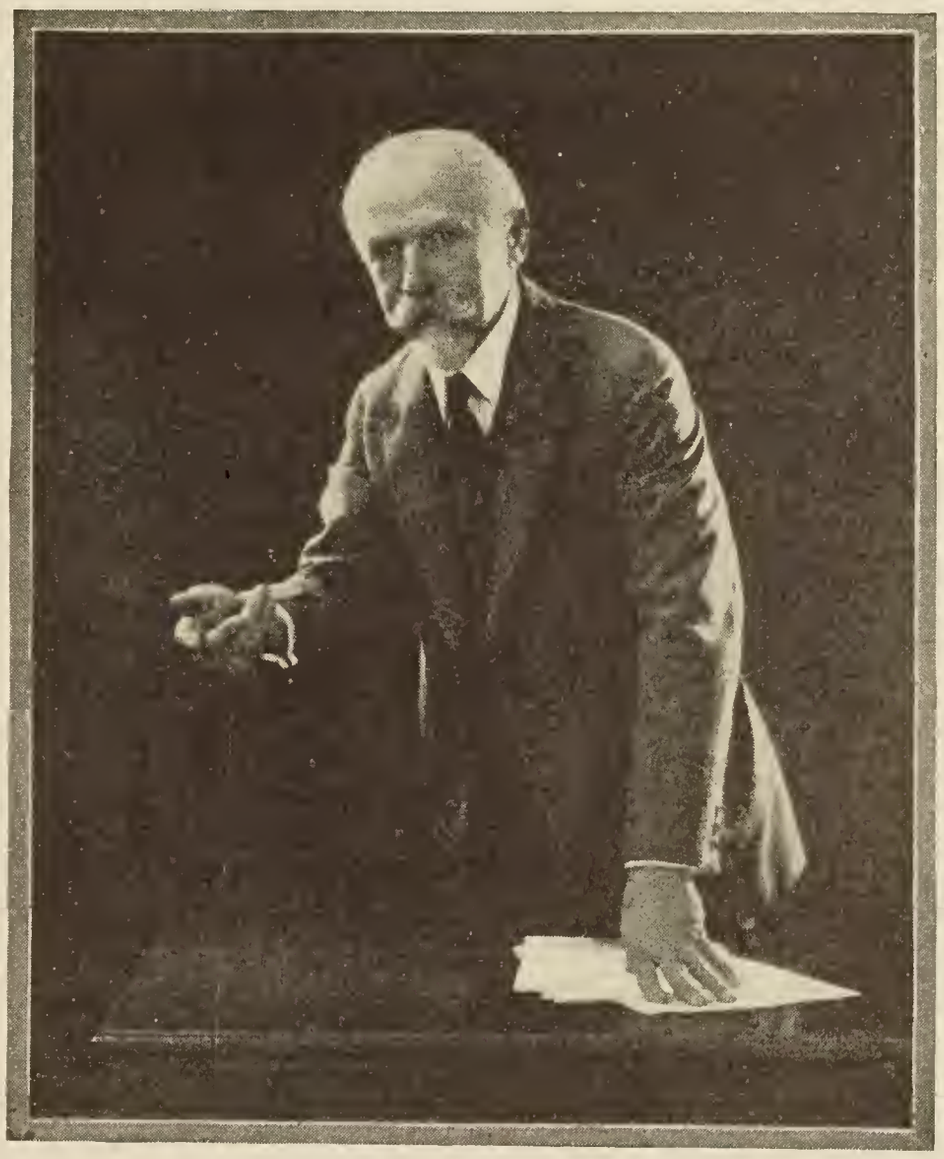
"You don't think Shirley need know of this?"

"Shirley!" Margaret said, rousing suddenly from a dream. "But why should she? I—you—I—but what is there to tell her? she stammered.

"Nothing!" Stanley said, flushing.

"I suppose life is full of men and women who meet each other too late," Margaret said, after a pause. "It doesn't seem to be our fault, does it? And I think we can make

Continued on page 86



"Constipation Causes Many Grave Diseases" —*Say Doctors*

A DISTINGUISHED physician compares constipation to a thief who, unobserved, steals away the health we believe we are so carefully guarding. This steady sapping of vitality is the result of the continuous action of intestinal poisons upon the bodily organs.

At first their evil effects are not apparent says a noted specialist of intestinal diseases. But as the slow dropping of water wears away the hardest stone, so do the various defences of the body give way in time. All the vital organs suffer and the individual may become the victim of one or more serious diseases.

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THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

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it good—turn it to good. I know I shall always be happy, and not hurt, by it, and I'll always like to remember to-day and that we are friends."

And immediately, and without warning, she got to her feet, and with every intention of merely passing him, she laid her finger-tips lightly upon his shoulder and said, "Good night."

"Good-night!" Stanley echoed. He caught at her hand and it was trembling; he saw that her face was pale under its dusky pallor and that there was a look of entreaty in her eyes. Instantly, without loosening her hand, he got to his own feet and put his arm about her.

Margaret did not speak; he knew that she was trying to evade his kisses. Both were suddenly trembling, and on the instant it seemed impossible to them both to separate in this fashion. A terrible and delicious weakness ran through Margaret and made her breath quicken and her senses swim.

There were no words. The sirocco had come upon them both with overpowering violence; there was nothing to say. After a moment, still without speaking, Margaret freed herself and went to the door of her room and, opening it, without a backward glance went in and shut the door.

STANLEY remained standing, looking at the plain old white-painted panels behind which she had disappeared. He stood there for a long time, his head slightly lowered, a half-smile upon his bronzed, boyish face and his gray eyes half closed and fixed intently.

She was not twenty feet away, and the door was unlocked. And he had aroused all the splendor, all the passion of that proud, fiercely guarded heart at last.

But the moments went by, the fire broke, the rain fell outside and the clock steadily ticked in the warm, dim room. Margaret did not return.

Stanley merely wanted another glimpse of her—one more good night, one more word, whatever its character. He walked quickly and noiselessly to her door and laid his fingers on the knob.

Had she heard him? It seemed to him there was a deathly stillness within. Was she standing, just inside, with her frightened eyes upon that same door? There was a long silence.

His heart thundered, hearing her quick step within. And he knew that she *had* been standing motionless just inside, for his quick ears caught the little clicking jerk of her mirror light as she pulled its dangling chain.

"Margaret!" he said, tapping.

Silence. But he could hear her moving.

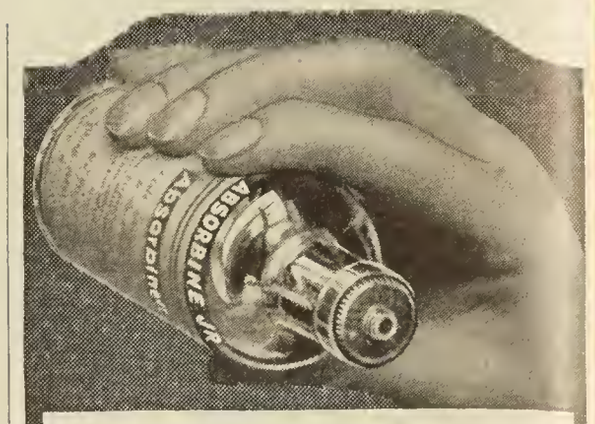
Suddenly Stanley, frowning and with his face scarlet, returned to the fire and flung himself into the chair. He had heard within her room the opening of the inner door that connected with Nora's room and a sleepy conference with the old nurse over the child.

He sat still until there was utter silence again. Margaret and Nora had exchanged several comments and he had heard the running and splashing of water. That was all; she was probably reading in bed—or already asleep. At every click or creak of the old house Stanley looked at her door. Perhaps she was going to put out her dark head and say good night again.

But she did not. And Stanley, after another cigaret, put out the lights quietly, screened the fire and went noiselessly to his own room.

For a long time he lay awake, thinking, remembering her words and her expressions. And for a longer time, only a few doors away, Margaret lay awake, too, her dark head pillowed upon her upflung arm, her eyes staring into the blackness above her and her ears soothed by the symphony of wind and

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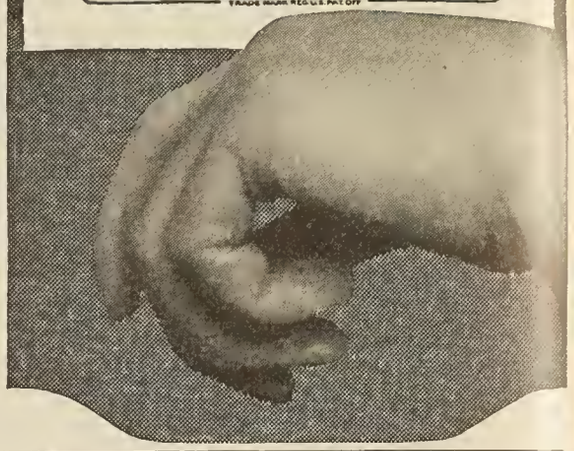
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THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 86

water that went on and on in the darkness of the mountains outside.

"I can't see that this cheats Shirley," was Stanley's decision, when the clocks were striking one. "We'll never take anything away that belongs to her; this is in an entirely different world!"

And Margaret, wearied by the long day and by the unceasing march of her thoughts, came, at about the same time, to the same conclusion.

"There's no reason why this should hurt Shirley," she thought. "We can make it something beautiful and helpful to us both without encroaching upon *her* rights! A man and a woman can have a safe friendship, after all, I hope! And it will be my business to see that this friendship *is* safe—that neither one of us ever has even a word to regret!"

STILL, when she met him at breakfast the next morning, it was strangely hard to meet his eyes with all the frank pleasure that such a friendship should insure. Margaret, brushing masses of matted wet leaves from the porch, her black gown half covered by her heavy jacket, raised her blue eyes with a very conscious effort, tried to speak, tried to smile, and failed in both.

Stanley, handsome, fresh, pleasantly odorous of toilet waters and soaps and wearing his becoming old tweeds, bent over her brown hand. They were both a little flushed and incoherent as they greeted each other.

The morning had broken gloriously in a flood of brilliant sunshine. A high bright wind was blowing and the air was like honey and all about the ranch there was a ringing and splashing and flying of all small movable things. Gates slammed and sheets of water sprayed from the windmill; a cracked branch somewhere whined and whined, and from the woods came the sharp barking of the dogs, who had treed a squirrel or a bob-cat.

Margaret and Stanley and Jim walked about the place, and to all three of them there was Heaven in the Winter morning that bore so sweet a resemblance to the Spring. Margaret picked great double white violets and pale-blue violets on their frail, long, jointed stems, and ever afterward the scent of them carried her back to this delicious hour, when all the world seemed made for herself and Stanley.

The ranch was dotted with great pools of water, ruffled by the breezes and giving back the cloud-dotted blueness of the day. Jim, in boots, shouted and splashed. To the others life held that thrilling sweetness when every word and look is fraught with significance—it was enough to be alive. The thought that at least they understood each other, that they were friends, lent to Margaret a new and exquisite beauty; and Stanley's whole nature seemed to have undergone a change that was softening and deepening. There were new expressions in his handsome, sunburned face and new inflections in his pleasant voice. The grin was less boyish, it had gained something of sweetness and soberness, and his big hand was very gentle when he helped Margaret over a bit of ground oozing and soggy from the rains, or shouldered Jim, when the cattle, streaming by, choked the lane and, wild after four days of confinement, made for the new grass on the sunshiny slopes.

The Quitito, it was ascertained, had adapted itself, as only water can, to its new course. It was cleared now, and already the trampled banks had been smoothed and shaped by the rains, and the old pools and channels were drying in the healing wind and sunshine. Margaret and Stanley eyed their work with the deep satisfaction of pioneers.

Presently they went back to a hearty breakfast, and then Margaret disappeared to

Continued on page 88



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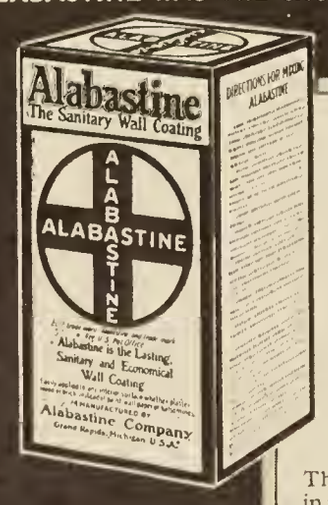
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The only whole-wheat food with a delicious flavor!



THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 87

superintend household affairs and Stanley went down to the farrowing-sheds with Battersby.

That was the end of the happy time. For just before luncheon, when the Winter sun was really warm and the runnels of brown water that had framed the roads had almost disappeared, when Jim had been allowed to take off his top-sweater and the wind had died away, Shirley and the Willis Hyde-Browns arrived.

Instantly pandemonium awakened. Shirley looked stunning in the big brown furs she wore upon her arrival, and almost more attractive in the white woolly sweater, white skirt, thick white stockings and white boots she immediately put on. She was in glorious spirits, witty, vivacious, uncritical and enthusiastic.

Everything was satisfactory to Shirley today. She displayed the ranch to young Mrs. Hyde-Brown, a bride and a stranger, with all the pleasure of the chatelaine.

"Stan and I will be here a good deal of the time—at least, I believe those are my orders!" Shirley said, with a humorous look. "He's mad about the place, and I must say I think I'm going to be as cracked as he is. Isn't it a nice old dive? We've had an old Chinese cook here for twenty-two years, you know—wait until you taste the biscuits and the pies! Miss Yorke, do ask Hang for pies to-morrow."

She introduced Margaret prettily.

"This is Miss Yorke, Constance. You know Miss Yorke, Billy. Did Mr. Crittenden get drowned coming down?"

"No, he got down in the clear weather," Margaret answered, feeling her manner wooden and her heart lead. "But the storm came back, around the mountain, at about four and kept him."

"FANCY," Shirley said, unsuspiciously and indifferently. This was before Stanley had returned from the lower ranch and before he knew of her arrival. The women went indoors to the clean, white rooms, where Margaret and Nora had put new soap and fresh towels only that morning and where fires were burning in air-tight stoves. And Shirley, briskly changing her clothes, chattered away happily, holding Margaret by an occasional question.

Mrs. Hyde-Brown was an Englishwoman, with an Englishwoman's delightful sureness of herself and her class. Margaret had not been in her presence five minutes before she felt herself pleasantly relegated to the rank of nursery-governess.

"So this is the little boy?" said Constance. "Isn't he a ducky little chap? Wasn't it quite too horrid, his losing his mother and that?" she said to Shirley.

"Well, it was and it wasn't," Shirley answered, strapping her handsome shoes. "It meant a perfect pot of money for Stan of course!"

"I suppose so. I wonder if you'd be so very kind as to get me a glarce of water, Miss Yorke?" Constance said.

"Certainly!" But Margaret's face flushed, and when she had returned with the water, she immediately went away again, taking the child with her. Constance and Shirley were talking of the wedding now; Constance begged that it might be before Easter, when she and Billy were going to New York, and Shirley assured her that it would surely be long before that.

Margaret's heart turned to stone. From this moment everything went at cross-purposes and every successive hour deepened her irritation, resentment and pain.

Stanley found an enthusiastic admirer of his acres, his cattle, his establishment generally, in Constance Hyde-Brown. The bride had all the healthy interest of her race in what was practical, wholesome and simple. She said intelligent things of the Herefords,

Continued on page 89

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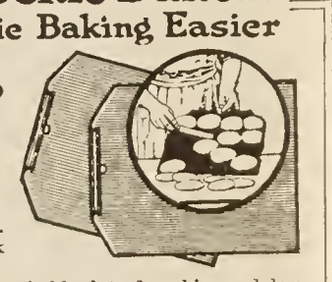
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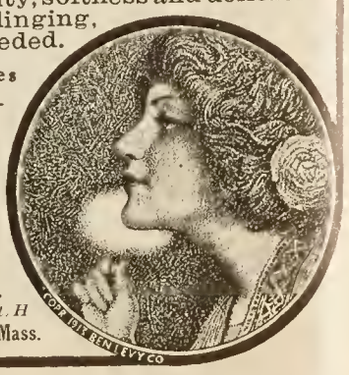
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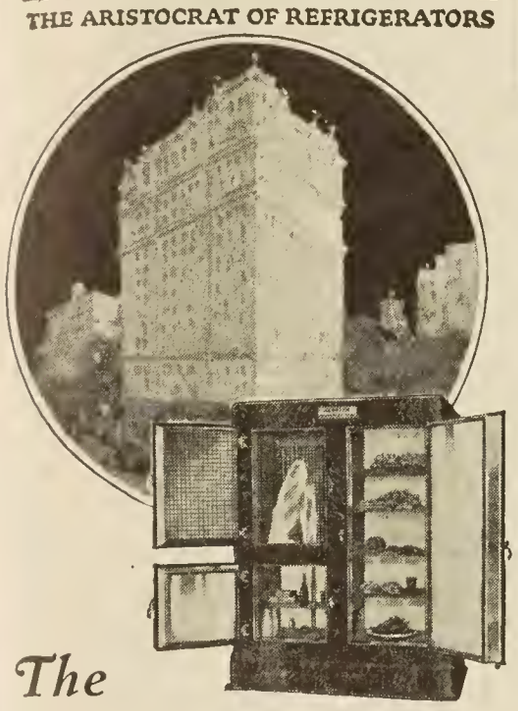
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THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 88

the new Percherons, the litters of tiny pigs. She asked Stanley casual impressive questions as to the English dairy-farms he had seen. Had he ever seen Lord Exmoor's herd? Tommy Exmoor was quite too absurd about them. Had he ever seen Flodden Farms?

Shirley took her cue from her friend: she was interested and intelligent too. Oh, Stan had built the new pews, hadn't he? She pouted when they all laughed at the term: stanchions, then, she amended, prettily flushed. Oh, and Constance must admire the creamery, because that was Stan's pet extravagance.

Willis Hyde-Brown, with the age-old pleasure of the male in his young wife's success, also absorbed Stan with an undertone conversation regarding some college friend. Margaret, who had left the house with them, at Stan's special request, found herself ignored and superfluous walking with Willis and Shirley and seized the first possible opportunity for slipping away and returning to the house.

At luncheon, despite her most earnest effort, she could not seem to throw off the stupid mood of depression, irritation and heaviness that bound her like an evil spell. The very muscles of her face hurt when she tried to smile naturally; she bent over the child, attentive to his small wants.

Stanley, man-fashion, saw nothing. Shirley had suddenly returned to her nicest mood, the only mood in which he and she had anything in common. She was speaking his language, and she was interested, good-natured, amusing. The weather had cleared; and this rather stocky, clear-voiced wife of Billy Hyde-Brown's was a delightful woman.

CONTENTEDLY, they settled down to bridge after lunch on the porch. The afternoon flew; it was four o'clock and the sunshine was suddenly gone and they had moved in beside the fire before Stanley, thrilling over the last hand, thought to wonder what had become of Margaret.

"I wonder whether Miss Yorke wouldn't like to play a rubber? We could cut in," he said.

Constance raised surprised but good-natured eyebrows.

"Does she play? How very odd!" she smiled. "I thought she was the little boy's governess?"

"She was a sort of companion, daughter—everything—to my aunt," Stanley explained in an undertone, with a glance toward the door of Margaret's room.

"I don't think I would, Stan," Shirley said mildly, with a faint negative motion of her head. "It means that we have to pivot; it upsets the gambling and everything. We've just taken three hundred points from Billy, who doesn't seem to grasp the game at all," she added, with a triumphant smile for Willis, "and he's laying for us!"

The hands had meanwhile been dexterously dealt by Constance, who disliked losing large sums at bridge and was thirsting for revenge. Stanley succumbed to the subtle temptation of the thirteen concealed cards and sank into his chair.

"Why can't you two be married in my house—my big room would be ideal for it?" Constance Hyde-Brown asked presently. "Do think of it! It'll have to be a small wedding, I suppose, and we could handle it so beautifully."

"That sounds nice to me," Shirley said serenely.

"When's it to be?" Willis asked, picking up his cards.

"Any time now," Shirley supplied quietly.

"You're quite delicious, you know," Constance said, amusedly looking from one to the other. "Haven't you made up your minds yet?"

Continued on page 90

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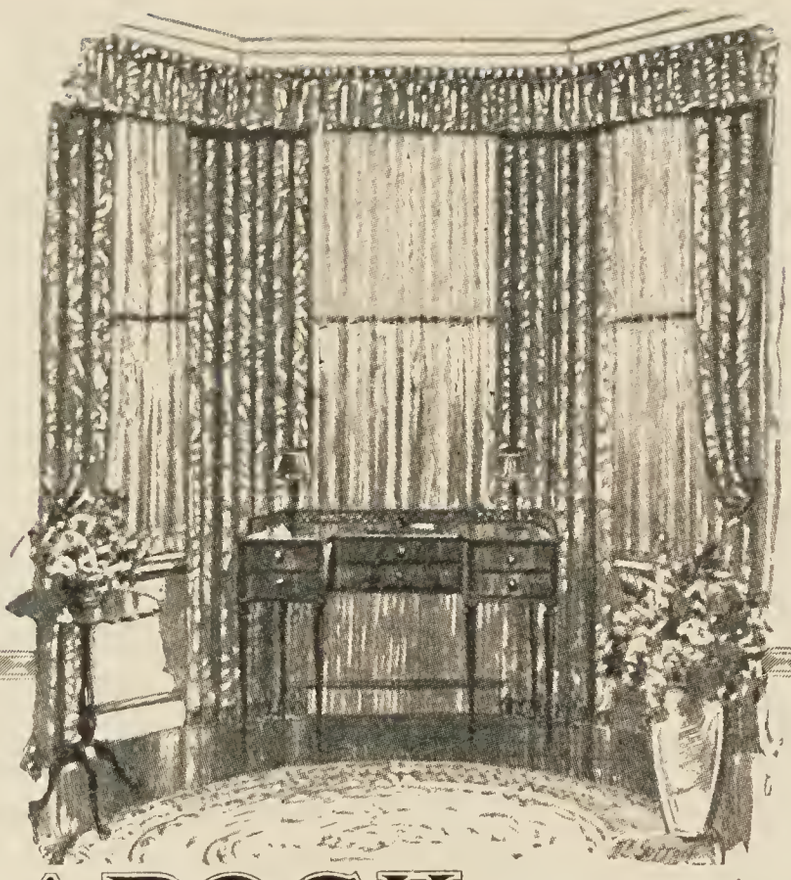
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THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 89

"We've had such a deuce of a time," Stanley explained. "Everything's been so mixed up."

"Well, will it be in a week or two, or in a month or two?" Constance pursued, with British calm.

"Oh, in a week or two," Shirley said comfortably. "Won't it, Stan?"

"Well, I suppose so!" Stanley did not know what else to answer. He could hardly deny it here before these interested friends of hers. Yet even here, in the absorption of a card-game, he tried to picture Shirley as his wife and reached a blank wall; there was nothing there to imagine. And when his thought, on the other hand, strayed to the memory of that other woman, to the dream of Margaret, nervous, definite, mysterious, he felt a constantly recurrent thrill. Those brown, vital hands, that thin, quickly moving body, the rich soft masses of her dark hair and the childish earnestness and appeal in her black-fringed blue eyes were always in his mental vision.

She had pleaded fatigue and had gone to bed after dinner. Now her voice suddenly struck across his half-vague thoughts of her and he looked up from the card-table to see that she had come in from the direction of the kitchen and had letters in her hands.

BATTERSBY had brought the late mail, she explained, and there was also a telegram for Mrs. Theobald.

Stanley tossed over the letters indifferently; just receipted bills, for the most part. And Shirley, with a conventional apology, tore open her telegram.

"Oh, my God!" she cried, after reading it with one glance. And giving the company a comprehensive look that showed her face not totally devoid of a certain complacent willingness to accept this surprise and shock, she said, "It's from Mildred Bramhall, my best friend in New York. It's about Cuyler, Stan. Listen,"

And she read the telegram aloud:

Cuyler Theobald given few weeks to live; apoplexy. Asking for you. Would strongly advise your coming at oncc. Seems anxious to be friends again.

MILDRED.

Stanley in the second of dead silence that followed looked merely angry and disturbed; a rather dark expression of distaste and contempt changed his pleasant face. The others were shocked and concerned, and Shirley wore, in addition, an air instantly dramatic and self-conscious. It was strangely gratifying to take the center of the stage under any condition.

Naturally all eyes were upon her; Stanley never knew whether it was a sound or a movement that drew his attention suddenly from Shirley to Margaret.

Margaret had been standing at the center table after the delivery of the letters and the telegram. Now the man's glance went to her with concern; and almost as quickly as his look, his arms reached her and he caught her strongly. Her face was ashen under its rich, even color and she looked ill.

"Margaret," he said sharply, "what is it?" And he called loudly, "Nora!"

Constance Hyde-Brown, on Margaret's other side, half-supported her. Margaret made an effort, painful even to see, to recover her self-control, but the color ebbed from her lips and she collapsed, shutting her eyes.

"Sorry—" she whispered, with a ghastly attempt at a smile.

"For heaven's sake—!" Shirley said, half impatiently at being jarred so rudely from her rôle of leading lady. Stanley, now carrying Margaret bodily, and with Constance all concern and the horrified Nora following him, brushed her briefly aside.

"Open that door, please, Willis," he said to young Hyde-Brown. "Just a minute, Shirley, please. She's fainted——"

Continued in the June DELINEATOR



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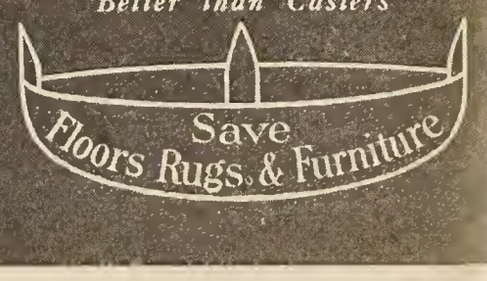
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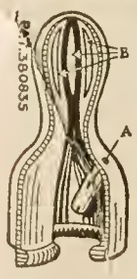
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BETTER HOMES

THE DELINEATOR is the General Headquarters and Bureau of Information of the "Better Homes in America" movement. Demonstration week, 1923, will be June 4th to 10th. Information about its direct benefits to your community will be mailed on request. A plan book, telling the scope of this work and how to organize a local campaign, will be sent for ten cents.

HOUSEKEEPING

The Home-Economics Department has prepared, under the direction of Martha Van Rensselaer, a list of leaflets which will lighten the housewife's burden and make scientific home-making an easy art. These leaflets range from milk recipes to the technique of laying the table. Mention specific subjects or write for a list.

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Make Your Problems Clear by listing your questions and giving dimensions, exposure and full description of the rooms you wish to decorate. All questions relating to floors and curtains may be answered by Bulletins 1, 2 and 3, entitled "Good Floors," "Curtains and Draperies" and "Walls, Woodwork and Ceilings," price twenty-five cents each. Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders, Director of the House-Decoration Department, will be glad to help you with all other problems.

CHILDREN

The Story Hour is a pretty important time in childhood. Do you know what books to read to your children? The Children's Department has prepared lists of books for children of all ages, which will assist in the parental job of forming good reading habits. Write in to the Children's Department, too, for a Page of Prayers for children to learn.

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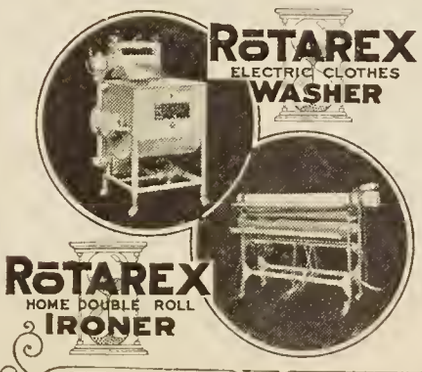
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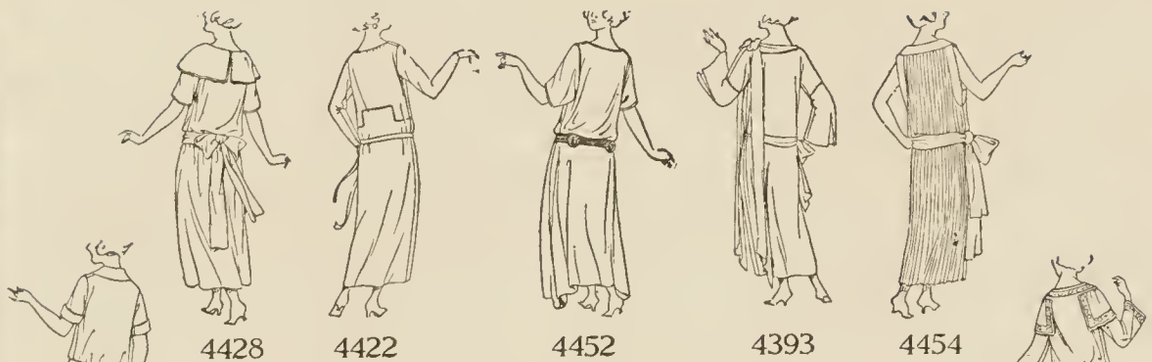
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OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 26



4428 4422 4452 4393 4454

4426 4448

4452—The leg-o'-mutton sleeve is reinstated on the dress with a two-piece circular skirt joined at a low waistline. Use satin crêpes, heavy silk crêpes, charmeuse, heavy crêpe de Chine, printed satin crêpes, printed heavy silk, printed crêpe de Chine, etc. Lower edge in plain outline, 2⅜ yards.

36 bust requires 4 yards 39-inch silk crêpe.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4428—The bertha is a soft acquisition to this dress on the slip-over order. The straight skirt joins the waist by means of a casing arrangement of elastic at a low waistline. Use gingham, striped madras, light-weight cotton prints, dotted swiss, dimity, cotton crêpes, or tub silks. Lower edge 58½ inches.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards of 36-inch embroidered voile and 1⅛ yard 44-inch organdy.

The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4422—Something different in a printed silk crêpe, printed silks, heavy crêpe or satin may be used for the body of this dress in wool rep, wool crêpe, soft twills, tricotine, etc. It slips on over the head and the two-piece skirt joins the long body. One may use heavy silk crêpe with contrasting color or printed silk crêpe, cotton ratine, etc.

36 bust requires 1½ yard 35-inch figured and 2¼ yards 35-inch plain ratine.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4426—A long collar, a square vestee, and a new arrangement of the belt are new features of this dress on the slip-over order, with a joined straight skirt. Use gingham, light-weight cotton prints, dotted swiss, dimity, striped madras, cotton crêpe, or tub silks.

36 bust requires 4½ yards 32-inch gingham and ¾ yard 44-inch organdy.

The dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

4393—The new patterns in printed satin crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe de Chine, or silks are gay for this one-piece dress with sash ties of plain material. It slips on over the head. One may use crêpe satin, Canton crêpe, heavy flat crêpe for the whole dress, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch figured crêpe de Chine (distinct up and down), and 1⅝ yard 39-inch plain crêpe de Chine.

The dress is very French for ladies 33 to 42 bust, also misses.

4454—A one-piece dress of exquisite simplicity is plaited either in accordion or side plaits. It slips on over the head and has a straight lower edge. Use plain or printed designs in satin crêpe, medium, light-weight, or transparent silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, silk voile, chiffon, or foulard.

36 bust requires 4¾ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge plaits drawn out 2¾ yards.

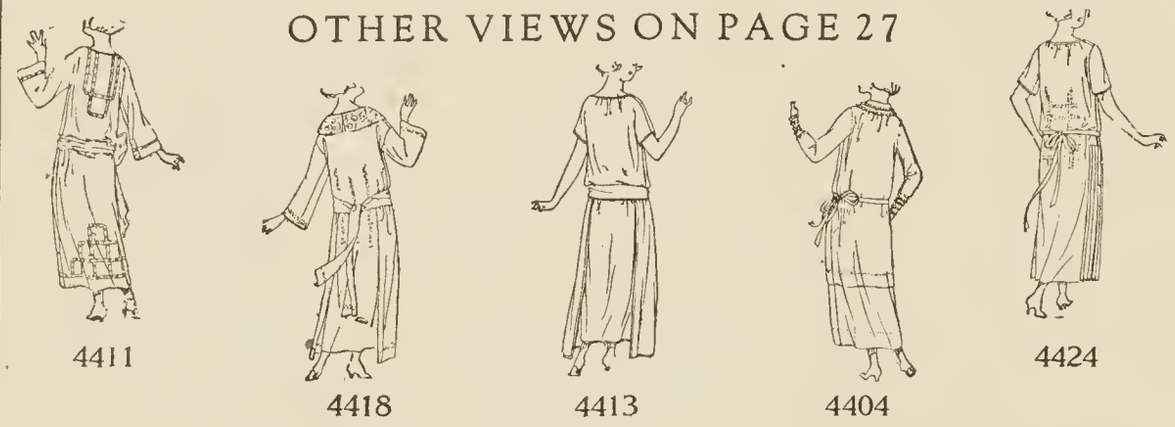
The dress is a good style for ladies 33 to 40 bust, also misses.

4448—Such a tucked dress trims itself delightfully. The skirt is straight and the dress slips over the head. Use fine cotton crêpe, cotton voile, cotton Georgette, batiste, silk voile, or Georgette—materials in which the threads pull easily. In crêpe de Chine, the threads are more difficult to draw.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch cotton voile. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 40 bust.

OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 27



4411 4418 4413 4404 4424

4411—Hand hemstitching is the newest trimming for the one-piece Summer cotton frock, and a hip-bow is its smartest accessory. This dress slips on over the head, has a straight lower edge, and a possibility of body lining. Use plain cotton voile, cotton crêpe and crêpe de Chine or silk crêpes, handkerchief linen; or use printed silk crêpes, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch cotton voile. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

The dress is softly becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4418—Sunshades need not put one's new frock into obscurity. This one-piece dress has the drop shoulder and slips on over the head. Use printed cotton crêpe or ratine-patterned voile with plain cotton crêpe, or printed silk crêpes, satin crêpes, crêpe de Chine, silks or foulard with plain Georgette panels, etc.

36 bust requires 3 yards 39-inch figured cotton voile and 1 yard 39-inch plain cotton voile. Lower edge 53½ inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4404—The soft effect of collar and vestee and the fulness at the hips make this dress very becoming to most figures. Use cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe, cotton Georgette, fine lawn, handkerchief linen, organdy, dotted swiss, gingham tissues, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, or silk voile.

36 bust requires 4 yards 36-inch cotton voile and ⅝ yard 44-inch organdy for collar, vestee and cuffs. Lower edge of the dress measures 1¾ yard.

The dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 52 bust.

4424—Drawn-work and cross-stitch as a new Summer combination are very French for the one-piece dress in plain cotton voile or plain cotton crêpe, or plain crêpe de Chine, flat crêpe, silk crêpes, or satin crêpes. The straight lower edge and plaited sections inserted at each side are well liked. It slips on over the head.

36 bust requires 4 yards 39-inch cotton crêpe. Lower edge with the plaits drawn out, 2¼ yards.

The dress is new for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also for misses.

4413—Bordered voiles or crêpes are particularly effective for the dress with straight skirt and loose panels joined to the body. It slips on over the head and may have a body lining. Use lace flouncing or lightweight printed silk or cottons or gingham tissues, or use plain cotton voiles and cotton crêpes, cotton Georgette, crêpe de Chine, Georgette or silk tissue.

36 bust requires 4⅛ yards 39-inch bordered cotton crêpe. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



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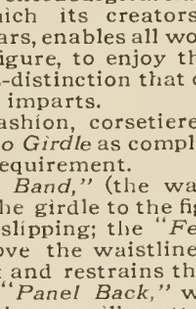


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OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 28

4403—4449—May weather permits one to wear a dress and bolero jacket and a plaited straight skirt. Use wool crêpe, soft twills or serge with a blouse of crêpe de Chine, China silk, pongee, etc. The hat is becoming.

12 years requires 1½ yard 35-inch printed silk and 2 yards 50-inch serge for dress.

The dress and bolero jacket are smart for juniors and girls 8 to 15, and the hat for children, girls or misses and ladies.

4416—Frills are rivals of hand-made flowers on a slip-over dress with ruffled straight skirt joined to the body at a low waistline. Use organdy, cotton voile, cotton Georgette, etc.

13 years requires 2¾ yards 35-inch taffeta (including frills on dress) and ⅜ yard 40-inch Georgette for collar (including frills)

The dress is for juniors and girls 6 to 15.

4400—Spring parties call for this slip-over dress in taffeta, crêpe de Chine, etc., with bertha of lace. The straight skirt is joined at a low waistline. One may use gingham or fine cotton crêpe with an organdy bertha, etc.

13 years requires 2⅛ yards 35-inch taffeta.

The dress is for juniors and girls 6 to 15.

4379—10982—Pansy faces smile from a one-piece dress with a Russian closing and separate bloomers. The trimming is gay. Work in appliqué or outline. Use chambray, gingham, cotton crêpes, cotton pongee, etc.

10 years requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch wool jersey.

The dress is for juniors and girls 6 to 15.

4443—Separate bloomers and a French effect at the neck make this an adorable little slip-over dress. It has a straight lower edge. Use pin-dot swiss, pin-dot cotton voile, etc.

5 years requires 2⅜ yards 27-inch dotted swiss and ¼ yard 40-inch organdy.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

4441—Two materials in a slip-over dress gratify the small girl. The lower part has a straight lower edge and is joined to a long body in decorative outline. Use a check gingham skirt and plain gingham body or *vice versa*, printed cotton crêpe with plain, etc.

10 years requires 1⅛ yard 35-inch cotton crêpe and 1¼ yard 32-inch gingham.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

4445—Quite cool for first warm days is this tucked dress on the slip-over order and with a straight lower edge. Use cotton Georgette, cotton voile, organdy, handkerchief linen, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, etc.

5 years requires 1⅝ yard of 39-inch Georgette.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 10 years.

4417—Gardens gladly grow when tended by a small boy in a suit with tiny waist and straight trousers. Use pongee waist with satin trousers, dimity with cotton poplin, cotton rep or linen in two colors, etc.

4 years requires 1¼ yard 36-inch batiste and ⅞ yard 36-inch cotton poplin.

The suit is new for little boys 2 to 6.

4380—A frilled blouse of crêpe de Chine, pongee, etc., with shantung or silk poplin trousers, or of cotton poplin with serge goes under a jacket matching the trousers.

4 years requires 1⅝ yard 32-inch dimity and 1¼ yard 36-inch linen for jacket and trousers.

The suit is for little boys 2 to 6 years.

4392—The Deauville kerchief on this one-piece dress on the slip-over order is new. Use wool crêpe, etc., with printed silk kerchief, or cotton ratine, cotton homespun, etc., with printed cotton handkerchiefs.

12 years requires 2¼ yards 32-inch pongee and ¾ yard 36-inch printed silk.

The dress is for juniors and girls 6 to 15.



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OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 29

4355—The new one-piece frocks for young girls are delightful in printed silk crêpe, satin crêpe or crêpe de Chine, etc., with Georgette, or printed cotton crêpe with plain cotton crêpe, etc. The dress may have a body lining marked for a camisole top.

17 years or 34 bust requires 2⅞ yards 39-inch printed crêpe de Chine and 1¾ yard 39-inch Georgette. Lower edge 46 inches.

The dress is attractive for misses 16 to 18 or 33 to 35 bust; also ladies.

4408—10120—One can find satisfaction in a two-piece dress with a blouse which slips on over an accordion-plaited or gathered straight skirt. The embroidery is vivid. Work in outline and one-stitch, etc. Use plain and plaid wool, printed and plain silk, etc.

16 years requires 3¾ yards 40-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge as on figure 2¼ yards.

The dress is smart for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

4420—This dress is quite suitable either for printed silks and silk crêpes or printed cotton crêpes, novelty cotton voile, etc. It slips on over the head and its straight skirt, which has an inverted plait at each side, joins the body at a low waistline. Lower edge 2 yards.

16 years requires 2¾ yards 36-inch novelty voile and 1 yard 36-inch plain voile.

The dress is smart for misses 16 to 20, also small women.

4438—Cascade drapery decorates this slip-over dress with a four-piece draped skirt and a casing arrangement of elastic at the low waistline. Use printed or plain crêpe de Chine, silk voile, Georgette, cotton Georgette, cotton voile or fine cotton crêpe.

17 years requires 3¾ yards 35-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is graceful for misses 15 to 20.

4359—For June parties this *robe de style* in taffeta, gros de Londres or crêpe satin is very becoming. It closes under the left arm. The puffing on the straight, full skirt which joins a slightly long body lining, is new.

16 years requires 5⅛ yards 36-inch taffeta. Lower edge 2⅞ yards.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20 years.

4415—4449—The gay handkerchief reverses positions on the shoulder and hips of this one-piece dress on the slip-over order. One may omit the handkerchief and a body lining. The suède hat is new. Use cotton ratine, linen, gingham, heavy cotton prints with cotton handkerchiefs, sports silks with silk, etc.

17 years or 34 bust requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch cotton ratine and two handkerchiefs 31 inches square for dress.

The dress is for misses 16 to 18 or 33 to 35 bust, also for ladies. The hat is new for misses or ladies, girls and children.

4394—Youth and loveliness are an inseparable pair in this slip-over dress which is in one piece in front and back, and with the circular sides and a foundation joined at a low waistline. Use crêpe satin, charmeuse, satin crêpes, heavy silk crêpes or crêpe de Chine.

17 years requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch crêpe satin. Lower edge, plain outline, 2¾ yards.

The dress is attractive for misses 16 to 20.

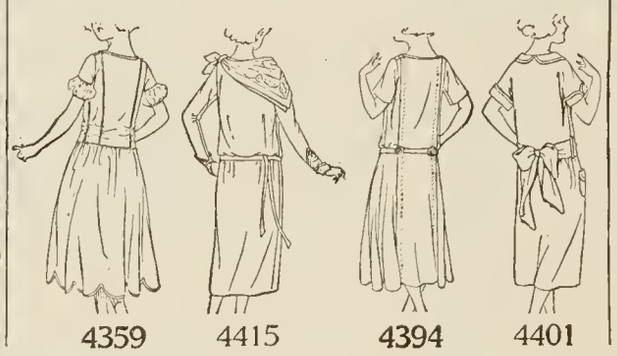
4401—For bright ginghams or Summer silks one can use an attractive dress with a straight skirt joined at a low waistline. It slips on over the head. Use gingham, chambray, striped madras, dimity, cotton prints, cotton crêpes, tub silks or pongee.

16 years requires 2⅞ yards 32-inch check gingham and 1 yard 44-inch organdy. Lower edge 56 inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.



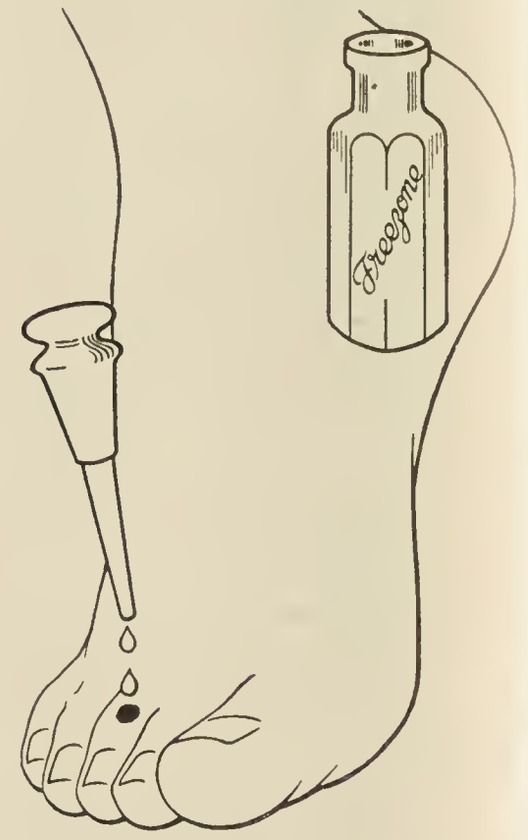
4355 4408 4420 4438



4359 4415 4394 4401

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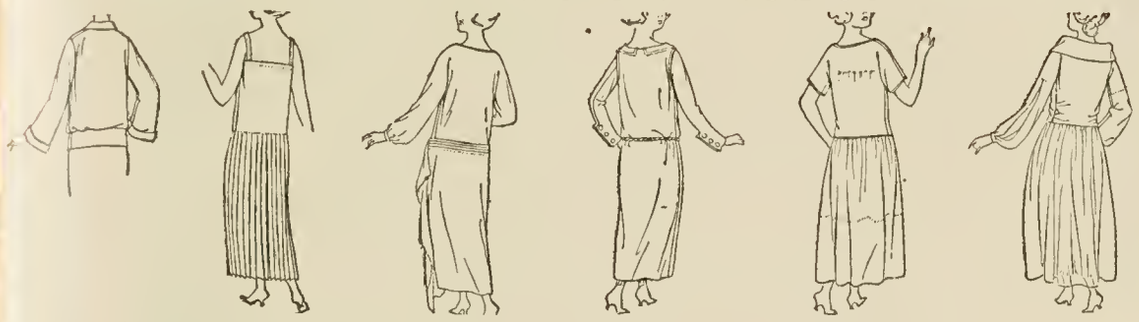
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OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 30



4377 4251 4383 4351 4372 4402

4377—4251—The hip bow is a smart *finale* to the surplice tie-on blouse one wears over an accordion-plaited straight skirt joined to a camisole body. The skirt joins a 1¼-inch inside belt and may be gathered. For the blouse use heavy printed silk crêpes, etc., and for the skirt, satin charmeuse, etc.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2⅛ yards 39-inch figured crêpe for blouse and 2¾ yards 39-inch plain crêpe for skirt with camisole.

The blouse and skirt are new for ladies 32 to 46 bust and 35 to 42½ hip.

4383—10873—An extremely cool, comfortable and smart dress has a draped one-piece skirt joined to the waist at a low waistline. It slips on over the head. The embroidery is attractive. Work it in cross-stitch or beading. Use printed crêpes, printed crêpe de Chine for body with satin crêpe or Canton crêpe for skirt, or use all printed crêpes.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch Canton crêpe.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4372—Stimulated by archeological discoveries, figured crêpe takes an Egyptian cast in this slip-over dress. The overdress has a straight lower part in two sections and there is a separate one-piece slip. Use silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, silk voile, lace with crêpe Romain, cotton voile, cotton Georgette, etc., printed with plain, etc.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 40-inch figured crêpe and 2¼ yards 40-inch plain crêpe. Lower edge of overdress 2¼ yards.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4402—Cameos are in again as an accompaniment to quaint frocks like this one in taffeta or organdy all one material, or with the collar and drop skirt of a different color. Novelty cotton voile with organdy is effective. Both the straight full skirt and the drop skirt are joined to a body lining marked for a camisole top. Lower edge of outside skirt 2¾ yards.

36 bust requires 5⅝ yards of 35-inch taffeta.

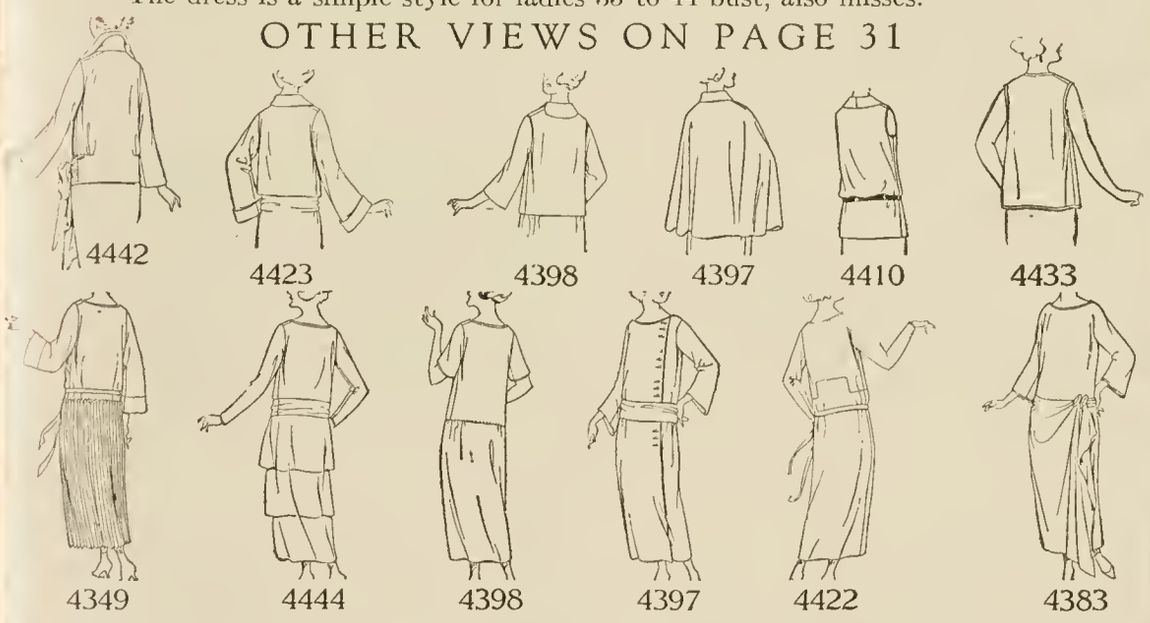
The dress is for ladies 32 to 40 bust.

4351—10923—10102—This one-piece dress anticipates the arrival of Summer in its sleeves of Georgette or crêpe Romain with a dress of heavy silk crêpe, satin, soft serge, wool rep, wool poplin, soft twills, tricotine, etc. The drapery at the front and the blouse at the back are becoming. It closes under the left arm. The beading design is effective. Work it in a combination of seed and square beads, etc. The bag is decorative.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards 39-inch crêpe satin and 1 yard 40-inch Georgette.

The dress is a simple style for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 31



4442 4423 4398 4397 4410 4433

4349 4444 4398 4397 4422 4383

4442—4349—10123—A straight jacket fits very snugly over the hips of a slip-over dress with an accordion-plaited skirt. The skirt may be side plaited or gathered. The all-over embroidery is effective. It may be done in colored or metallic threads.

36 bust requires 5⅞ yards 39-inch silk crêpe and 1⅜ yard 39-inch contrasting silk crêpe.

The jacket is attractive for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; and the dress for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



4415

4398—The Spring suit takes a youthful turn to the suit with an Eton jacket and a slip-over dress with a straight skirt joined at a low waistline. The jacket may be sleeveless. Use soft twill, wool rep, soft serge, tricotine, etc., with printed or plain silk crêpe for body. Lower edge 52 inches.

36 bust requires 1¾ yard 39-inch printed silk crêpe and 2⅛ yards 54-inch wool rep.

The suit is smart for ladies 32 to 40 bust.

4423—4444—10915—A chic combination is a bolero jacket over a dress of the slip-over type with a tiered skirt joined at a low waistline to a body of printed heavy silk crêpe. Use wool rep, twills, etc. The bag is smart.

36 bust requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch soft twill and 2 yards 39-inch printed silk.

The bolero jacket is distinctive for ladies 33 to 40 bust, also misses; the dress for ladies 32 to 40 bust.

4397—A cape for early Spring wear is a desirable accompaniment to this one-piece dress with a Russian closing. Use wool rep, wool crêpe, twills, tricotine, kasha, serge, tweeds, homespun or checks, etc., or cotton ratine for Summer.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards 54-inch kasha. Lower edge of dress 51 inches.

The dress and cape are new for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4410—4422—The coat bloused over a belt worn over a slip-over dress is very smart. The coat may be sleeveless and collarless for Summer and the two-piece skirt of the dress joins a long body. Use wool rep, wool crêpe, soft twills, etc., with printed silk crêpe.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 54-inch kasha and 1⅜ yard 39-inch printed silk crêpe.

The coat is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; the dress for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4433—4383—10102—This box-coat permits a glimpse of the dress beneath, which has a draped one-piece skirt and slips on over the head. Use moiré silk, etc., for coat. The embroidered bag is smart.

36 bust requires 2 yards 36-inch novelty silk and 2½ yards 39-inch crêpe satin and 1¾ yard 39-inch contrasting crêpe satin.

The box-coat is for ladies 33 to 40 bust, also misses; and the dress for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4415—4449—The Deauville kerchief about the neck has its double over the hips of this one-piece dress on the slip-over order. One may omit the handkerchiefs and a body lining. Use wool crêpe, wool poplin, soft twills, etc., with printed or plain silk handkerchiefs, etc. The hat is smart in silk.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 54-inch serge, two kerchiefs 31 inches square, and one kerchief 12 inches square for a pair of cuffs. Lower edge 51 inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; the hat for ladies, misses, girls and children.



ZIP

IT'S OFF *Because* IT'S OUT

You, too, can have the loveliest skin

Look in your mirror and see if there is a tiny growth of downy hair at either side of the upper lip. Perhaps, unconsciously, you have permitted these tiny hairs to grow until they are now large and conspicuous, marring your good looks.

Remove them at once, off and out, roots and all, before they enlarge the pores and before they become a subject of jest among your men and women friends.

Ordinary depilatories and shaving merely remove surface hair, leaving the roots to thrive and often cause the hair to grow faster and coarser. Do not confuse ZIP with ordinary depilatories.

ZIP gently lifts out the roots with the hairs and in this way **destroys the growth.** (Do not confuse this with forcing hairs out by pulling.)

ZIP is easily applied at home, pleasingly fragrant, quick, effective, painless, and absolutely harmless. It leaves the skin soft and smooth.

ZIP is praised as the only effectual remedy for destroying superfluous hair—whether heavy or fine. **GUARANTEED!** Ladies everywhere are discarding the old dangerous methods and are now using ZIP for destroying superfluous hair on face, underarms and body, creating the new arched row, clearing the back of neck below bobbed hair, freeing the forearm and limbs. Avoid imitations which stick to the skin and are not effective.



Write for **free book** *or call at my Salon to have* **free demonstration.**

Try These New Preparations. They Are Different

Balm-o-Lem—*A fountain of youth for your skin. The new lemon lotion. Softens and whitens. Just a drop and your face powder adheres twice as long* **75c**

Ab-5cent—*The ideal liquid deodorant. Remedies excessive perspiration. Colorless! Contains no staining artificial colors* **50c**

Madame Berthe's Massage and Cleansing Cream—*Guaranteed not to grow hair* **60c**

Madame Berthe's Antiseptic Talc—*Delightfully fragrant* **25c**

Lash-Life—*Beautifies the eyes. In tube form* **50c**

Madame Berthe Specialist
562 Fifth Avenue
Entrance 46th St.) New York

FOR SALE AT ALL GOOD STORES
If your dealer cannot supply you, simply mail the coupon, stating the preparations you desire and enclosing your remittance. Postage fee, add 5c for each preparation.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY FOR YOUR COPY OF BOOK AND FREE SAMPLE OF MASSAGE CREAM

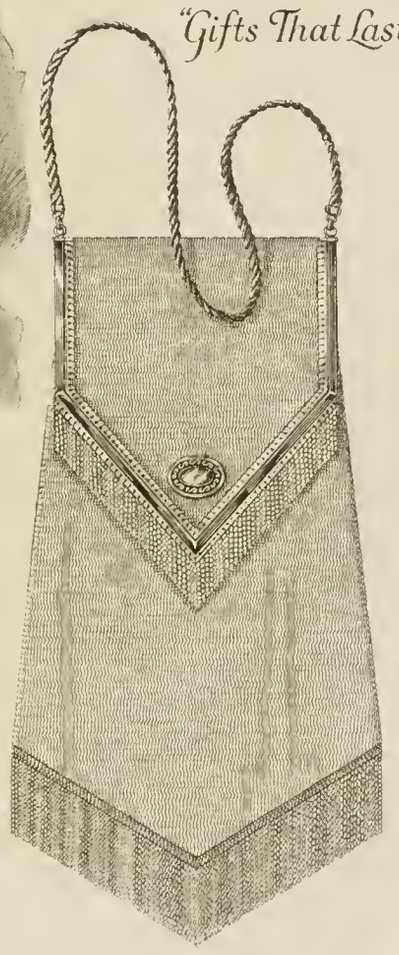
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New York City

Please send me FREE BOOK "Beauty's Greatest Secret," telling about ZIP, and in which leading actresses tell how to be beautiful. Also a FREE sample of your Massage and Cleansing Cream, guaranteed not to grow hair. (PLEASE PRINT YOUR NAME.)

Name.....
Address.....
City and State.....



"Gifts That Last"



Your Spring Attire

YOUR costume, so Fashion says, may be given that elusive and necessary atmosphere of spring, by the mesh bag—exquisite in its sheer texture of fine-spun gleaming gold or lustrous silver. Truly a Whiting & Davis Mesh Bag is that delicate touch of completion which adds effectively to the charm of the most carefully conceived costume.

WHITING & DAVIS COMPANY
Plainville, Norfolk County, Massachusetts

Whiting & Davis MESH BAGS



In the Better Grades. Made of the Famous "Whiting" Soldered Mesh

Be Independent!

See Page 90

Mrs. W. A. Anderton, of Massachusetts, was left a widow with twelve children and no means of support. Magazine subscription work solved her problem. This is only one of the many thousands of busy women who are turning their spare time into cash through our splendid, money-making plan.

THE LAST WORD

A Page of Shop-Talk, Gossip, and Comment

A Pavlowa of the Prairie

At the American Museum of Natural History, New York, there is a new collection of Indian handicraft that includes a choice selection of Navaho blankets. When the blankets were being unpacked, one of the museum's experts in such matters noticed that in some of them a new motif had been introduced to supplement the familiar designs based on variations of the Swastika and the teepee. Evidently some Navaho squaw, in quest of novelty, had tired of repeating the traditional symbols used by the weavers of her tribe and had sought inspiration elsewhere. What startled the experts, however, was the curious nature of the new figure, which looked suspiciously like a crude representation of a ballet-dancer, in appropriate costume, poised lightly on one toe. Such a phenomenon is so remote from the experience or interest of the reservation Indian that the collector, Mr. Guy Lowell, on his next trip to the reservation, went to some pains in tracing the source of this particular batch of blankets.

Readers of THE DELINEATOR who saw the issue for October, 1921 (we refer to page 18, if you want to look it up), may remember a full-page drawing, in colors, entitled "The Crisscross Kids," the work of three children, Margaret, Virginia and Orlin Donaldson, artists and the children of artists. These youngsters designed a page of colored figures made up of unit squares suitable for use as cardboard dolls, embroidery transfers and the like. In due time a copy of THE DELINEATOR containing their work reached the wife of an Indian reservation agent and was subsequently passed along to one of the Navaho squaws, who incorporated her own adaptation of the little coryphee into the design she was weaving on her hand-loom.

One Way to Train Your Memory

This incident of the Navaho blankets gives us an opportunity to tell another blanket story that has less pleasant implications for us but is worth recording, because it so perfectly illustrates one baffling phase of the psychology of advertising. A manufacturer of blankets made his first national advertising venture in one of the Butterick publications. It did not happen to be THE DELINEATOR, but the consequences would have been much the same in any case. The advertisement invited the reader to send to the manufacturer for an illustrated booklet or catalog. When inquiries began to pour into his office, the blanket man noticed that many of the letters read: "I saw your advertisement in —— *Magazine*"—often referring to some publication he had never heard of, much less used for advertising. The manufacturer carefully tabulated the number of times each magazine was mentioned, arranged the totals in the order of their frequency and was mystified when he discovered that the Butterick publication stood in third place on his list, although he had never advertised elsewhere. The explanation lies in the fact that readers' memories play strange tricks sometimes. People who wrote to the blanket man took his address out of the Butterick publication but unconsciously or forgetfully set down the name of some other magazine when writing him. A widely recognized authority on the subject of mental development says that the truly intelligent person is one who knows the source of every conviction, idea and impression that is registered in his mind. To all of our readers who are trying to be truly intelligent we modestly suggest that they begin by remembering THE DELINEATOR when writing to advertisers.

For the Girl Who Can't Sew

A number of traveling women represent the Butterick organization in one capacity or another, but among the most important of our feminine representatives on the firing-line, so to speak, are the instructors. Each of them is a skilful dressmaker who knows Butterick Patterns from the point of view of a woman who has used them to make clothes satisfactory to customers representing all degrees of taste and every known difficulty in fitting. These women visit Butterick stores, instruct saleswomen in the use of their stock and, when opportunity arises, give their expert services gratis to pattern purchasers. Naturally, such representatives are in close contact with the home dressmaker's problems. They have exceptional opportunities for seeing what amazing results can be accomplished by mere beginners with the help of the Deltor, and the following incident, reported by one of our instructors from Lexington, Kentucky, is typical of experiences that come to our attention every day. "One of the most interesting talks I have had recently" (we quote from a report) "was with an eighteen-year-old girl who came into the store to-day to thank me for explaining the Deltor to her at the time of my previous visit here a year ago. At that time she wanted a dress made from better material than her pocketbook allowed for both material and a dressmaker's fee. I suggested that she buy the material she wanted and make the dress herself. When she told me she could not sew, I explained the use of the Deltor and helped her to cut out her dress. To-day she told me that since then she has made all her own dresses and her mother's also. Not only that, but throughout the Summer she and a girl chum spent their spare time making lingerie, which they placed in a Kansas City department store, with the result that both realized a handsome return. The young lady gives all the credit to the Deltor, for she had never made a garment until she used it."



TO HELP visualize the amount of reading matter that DELINEATOR readers receive in the way of fiction and articles, we have set up this shelf of actual books containing material that was first published in these columns in 1921-22. Even as it stands the collection is not complete. Mr. George Randolph Chester's "Little Prince Toofat," with its splendid color illustrations by Robert Lawson, is published in a large flat size convenient for handling by child readers but awkward to arrange on a bookshelf, and at the time this photograph was made Mr. George Barr McCutcheon's "Oliver October," concluded in the February issue, was not available in book form. In all, the seven books here illustrated represent a retail value of nearly twenty dollars, although they contain only a fraction of the more important stories and articles first published in THE DELINEATOR.

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MIX *and* SERVE

Edited with Willing Hands and a Mean Pencil by the Only Mere Man on the Staff

EVER since the time of *Helen of Troy*, poets, novelists and other imaginative men who never had to work in an office full of women have been fond of ascribing great achievements to the inspiration of some fair dame ◈ ◈ ◈ A modern instance that sounds more credible to us than most is the story of the origin of the gas-engine ◈ ◈ ◈ An engineer tells us that in the days when gasoline was a troublesome waste product, it was imperfectly separated from coal-oil and often caused serious explosions ◈ ◈ ◈ One night a *Pennsylvania* woman turned the wick in her kerosene-lamp too high, with the result that she and her husband were promptly projected through the side of the house ◈ ◈ ◈ The man's resolution to harness so powerful a force led to the invention of the gasoline-engine that now propels your flivver ◈ ◈ ◈ As for the lady, the story goes that she told the neighbors it was the first evening she had gone out with her husband for two years ◈ ◈ ◈ A twenty-two-year-old *Kansas City, Missouri*, woman, who now weighs 375 pounds, is suing the *Chicago & Alton R.R.* for fifty thousand dollars' damages. She asserts in her petition that she weighed in at 160 pounds at the time of her accident in December, 1920, and that her present obesity is due to injury to an endocrine gland in a railroad crash ◈ ◈ ◈ The current generation of flapper has a mark to shoot at in the example of *Eveline Booth*, a negro woman of *Oglethorpe County, Georgia*, who is dead at the age of 125 years, 9 months and 11 days. Her third child is still living at the age of 99. She was the mother of 16 children, 48 grandchildren, and 191 great-grandchildren ◈ ◈ ◈ In an interview given out to the newspapers, a *California* woman affects to be mystified by the fact that her husband deserted her for trumping his ace in a bridge game ◈ ◈ ◈ Our exclusive *Paris* correspondent informs us that having their photographs engraved on their note-paper is the latest fad among society women in the French capital ◈ ◈ ◈ There are several thrilling *foot-notes* in this month's batch of news-items ◈ ◈ ◈ For instance, the *U. S. Department of Commerce* has discovered that American women wear over 1,600 different styles of shoes ◈ ◈ ◈ Then we learn that *Elsa Ellison* and *Constance Croonenbergh*, sophomores at the *University of Chicago*, are earning their tuition by boot-blacking. Shines are ten cents for small feet and fifteen cents for large feet ◈ ◈ ◈ They should change the classification to *small* and *very small* feet, else there will be no repeat orders from the fifteen-cent customers ◈ ◈ ◈ Comes next the acquittal on the charge of assault of *Mrs. Lulu Gilby*, of *St. George, Staten Island* ◈ ◈ ◈ The plaintiff, a *Miss Gobel*, testified that the other woman told her she was wearing overshoes to conceal run-down heels and when she resented it knocked her down with an umbrella and struck her with a Sunday-school book ◈ ◈ ◈ *Mrs. James B. Brown*, of *Salem, Indiana*, recently completed a quilt that is seventy-two by ninety inches and that contains more than ten thousand tiny hexagonal blocks ◈ ◈ ◈ We hope you are wiser than we are for being told that the pattern for the quilt is known as "Job's Troubles" ◈ ◈ ◈ After side-stepping matrimony for seventy years, *William Furlong* succumbed to the charm of a sixty-year-old widow who had already planted two husbands ◈ ◈ ◈ In a *Chicago* divorce court he asked release from the union because the lady had beaten him with everything she could lay hands on—specifically, with broomsticks, rolling-pins, canes, milk-bottles and chairs ◈ ◈ ◈ A woolen cloak discovered by peat-cutters near *Skara, Sweden*, is said by archeologists to be three thousand years old ◈ ◈ ◈ *Miss Martha Miller*, after facing for eight months the perils of the African jungles where she hunted lions and elephants, fainted from stage-fright when attempting to address a meeting of the men's club in the Park Presbyterian Church of *Newark, New Jersey* ◈ ◈ ◈ A girl after our own heart is the child who wrote on her examination paper: "One of the chief uses of water is to save people from drowning in" ◈ ◈ ◈ *Enid Wentworth* was for ten years an employee of a *London, England*, business house ◈ ◈ ◈ In that time she was engaged to each of the thirty men on the staff ◈ ◈ ◈ Now she is marrying the owner, and all her ex-fiancés will attend the wedding ◈ ◈ ◈ The thirty returned engagement rings have been set in a clock which the firm is giving her as a wedding-present ◈ ◈ ◈



Jumps Right Into

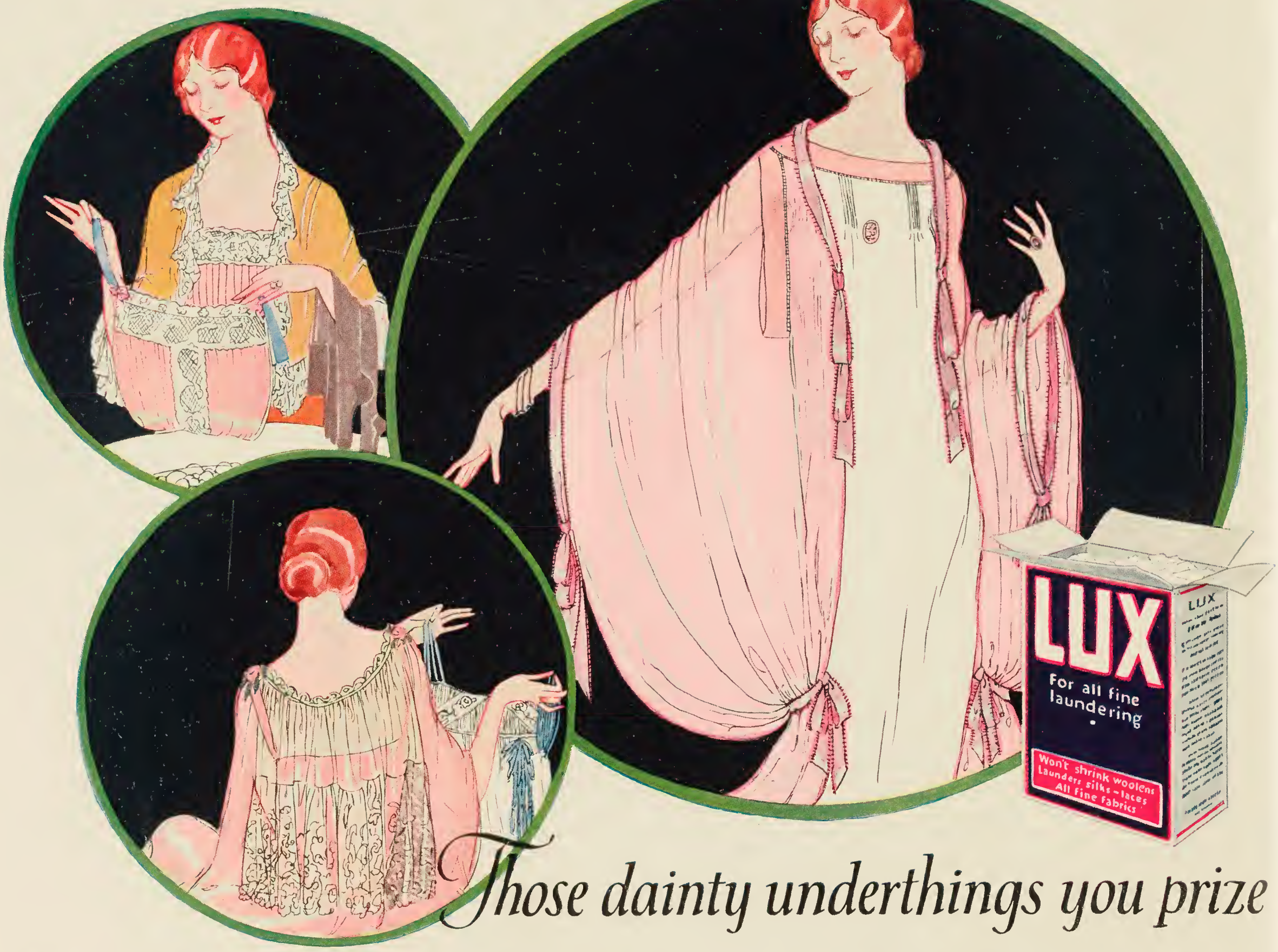
Housecleaning

Floors, woodwork, fixtures, utensils and all hard-to-clean places are cleaned quickly and economically with Old Dutch Cleanser.

The fine, flaky particles of this natural cleanser lie flat on the surface and erase the dirt—they do not scratch it off or grind it in as hard sharp grit does. A little goes a long way because these flat particles cover more surface and do more cleaning. There's nothing else like Old Dutch.

A surface cleaned with it is sanitary and wholesome. Use it for all cleaning—it's safe.





Those dainty underthings you prize

Launder them the safe way - that makes them last

You choose them with such care, such delight in their soft, lovely texture and color! The costume slip for your favorite dinner gown—those ravishing peach knickers that fit so perfectly—the gossamer-thin beige stockings.

Once it might have seemed extravagant to buy them but now you know that even fragile underthings can be made to last.

Your frailest, thinnest nightgown or step-in will give good service if you launder it with Lux. Follow the simple directions on this page. Cut them out so you will have them when you need them.

Silk or fine batistes—just like new

Lux keeps the texture of all your underthings soft and lustrous as the day you took them from their box.

There is no harmful ingredient in it to coarsen and stiffen silk, to fuzz up cottons and linens. Nothing to take the color out of delicately hued garments.

"The mild Lux lather cleanses so quickly and with such gentleness," says a great manufacturer of fine underwear, "that it is impossible for it to injure the garment."

Dip your underwear and stockings in these pure feathery suds after every wearing to free them from all trace of perspiration. For perspiration, you know, actually disintegrates silks—and even sturdy cottons and linens are weakened by its action.

Lux will cleanse them gently, easily. There isn't any garment safe in pure water alone that isn't just as safe in Lux.

How to wash them

Whisk one tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a washbowl of very hot water. Add cold water till lukewarm. Dip the garment up and down, pressing suds repeatedly through soiled spots.

Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—do not wring. Roll in a towel; when dry press with a warm iron—never a hot one.

Silk stockings, brassieres and other small silk things which are washed after almost every wearing require only a light suds. One or two teaspoonfuls of Lux to a washbowl of water should be enough. Pull stockings into shape while still damp. Press with barely warm iron.



The new way to wash dishes

Won't roughen hands

Lux for washing dishes! *At last* you can wash them without coarsening your hands. Even though your hands are in the dishpan an hour and a half every day, Lux won't make them rough and scratchy. It is as easy on your hands as fine toilet soap.

Just one teaspoonful to a pan is all you need! A single package does at least 54 dishwashings—all the dishes for almost three weeks. Wash today's dishes with Lux.

Makers of all kinds of fine fabrics and apparel say "Wash them with Lux"

McCallum Hosiery
"Onyx" Hosiery
Vanity Fair Silk Underwear
Dove Under-garments
Model Brassieres
Belding Bros. & Co., Silks
Mallinson Silks
Roessel Silks
Skinner Satins
Forsythe Blouses
McCutcheon's Linens
D. & J. Anderson, Ginghams
Betty Wales Dresses
Mildred Louise Dresses
Pacific Mills Printed Cottons
North Star Blankets
Ascher's Knit Goods
Carter's Knit Underwear
Jaeger Woolens
The Fleisher Yarns
Orinoka Guaranteed Sunfast Draperies
Puritan Mills Draperies

Send today for valuable free booklet of information for every home—"How to Launder Silks, Woolens, Fine Cottons and Linens." Address Lever Bros. Co., Dept. 56, Cambridge, Mass.



THE DELINEATOR

MRS. WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY Editor

W. MARTIN JOHNSON Art Director

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FROM *the* EDITOR'S POINT *of* VIEW

BRAND WHITLOCK, DIPLOMAT AND NOVELIST

WHEN the shot of an assassin in a little Austrian town in 1914 started the World War, Brand Whitlock, the distinguished author, then Ambassador to Belgium, had "gone to the country" to write a novel. This novel had been developing in the mind of Mr. Whitlock for fifteen years—he had planned it to be one of the biggest works of his life. The scene was laid in his own home State, Ohio. It was a far cry from the court of Brussels to Macochee, Ohio, and yet his heart was back in Ohio with his own people.

Vacation days meant an opportunity to work on his great book. Then came the war; all the world knows Brand Whitlock's distinguished part in its history. Under the stress of that war, he wrote another book, which has become a part of the record of those eventful years. We quote a significant paragraph from the first chapter:

"I can recall a day—a sinister one in the history of this world—when for a moment I was called back rudely to the realities of an existence that those days of blue and gold had removed far from my thought. I was sitting at my table, and through the open window there came the soft air of the late June morning, with the odors and the sounds of the country. I had the manuscript of my novel before me and I was far away, overseas and in the distant past, in a little Ohio town that was for the moment far more real to me than Brussels, and I was trying to make it as real to those who perhaps some day might idly peruse, on some such Summer day as that, the book of which I was not yet sure. And yet it was somehow just beginning to form, beginning to show signs of life; at times some of the characters in it gave evidence of being human and alive; they were beginning to act now and then spontaneously, beginning to say and to do things after the manner of human beings. The long vista before me, the months of laborious, drudging toil and pain, the long agony of effort necessary to write any book, even a poor one, were beginning to appear less weary, less futile; there was the first faint glow of the joy of creative work. And then suddenly there came the jingling of an impatient bell. . . . The Crown Prince of Austria had been murdered. And the Crown Prince of Austria was to me a most immaterial person—a kind of wraith wandering there in those nether regions to which have gone so many of that House of Hapsburg which seems to have suffered in itself as much evil as it has caused others to suffer in this world. I confess that it seemed a rather unwarranted intrusion that morning. It meant for me putting aside Macochee and going to town at once. . . .

"On Saturday morning, July 25, I had just seated myself at my table . . . and at last, having exhausted all the possibilities of petty occupations which by a trick of the lazy mind might serve as excuses for procrastination, I was about to go to work when the morning papers were sent up. . . . I picked up *L'Étoile Belge*, and there was the ultimatum which the Austrian Government had sent to Serbia on Thursday evening."

Mr. Whitlock tells us that although Belgian officials warned him that the situation in Europe was serious, the quarrel in the Balkans seemed a remote thing. Few people listened to the wise statesmen who whispered, "It means war."

"War—on such a Summer morning! Let the Balkans settle their rascally quarrels among themselves; what had we to do with them? I thrust aside *L'Étoile*, hitched up my chair to my desk and went to work. I wrote until noon."

That was the last actual work that Brand Whitlock did on this great novel until the Winter of 1922–23. But he carried the manuscript all over war-ridden Europe with him, hoping for an occasional free hour in which to write. He would take out the first drafts of his story, and when the pressure of suffering and destruction became too great, translate his mind from the fall of Liège or the occupation of Brussels to Macochee, Ohio, U. S. A.

The quiet peace of an obscure Ohio town was like a dream of a lost joy or a remote, unattainable hope. Between the heart-breaking hours when starving children had to be fed, lost babies sheltered, sick and hungry women cared for, Mr. Whitlock would turn back to his story of "J. Hardin & Son."

When the Editor of THE DELINEATOR was in Europe three years ago, she visited Brand Whitlock at the American embassy in Brussels, and asked, "Where is the novel which was interrupted by the World War?"—and Mr. Whitlock promised THE DELINEATOR the first opportunity to buy the serial publication when the manuscript should have been completed.

But Brand Whitlock had consecrated himself to the writing of a real American novel, interpreting truly one phase and period of the nation's life. And so he put no pen to paper in the completion of this work until he got back to the seclusion and the quiet of a small American town.

"J. Hardin & Son" represents the best work of one of the world's greatest authors. It is with very real pride that we present the first instalment in the July DELINEATOR.

BETTER HOMES IN AMERICA

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Assistant Secretary of the Navy

It makes but little difference what we of this generation may do in the arrangement of governmental machinery or in the adjustment of our relationship with other nations if we do not also see that the children are brought up in such a way that they can develop and carry on the ideals of our country. Furthermore, it is not only our own children for whom we are responsible: it is all of our people's children. When my children, Grace, Teddy, Cornelius and Quentin, are grown-up citizens, they will share the country equally with their contemporaries of to-day. For that reason, if for no other, and simply in the interests of my own children, I must try to see that all of their future partners in this country get a fair start in life.

There are two ways that we can and should work for the children: The first is, by providing them with such community aids and opportunities as may be possible; the second—and really the *most important*—is, by giving to every family the chance to build up the proper kind of home life. It is in the family circle that the individual gets the slant on life that lasts.

It is for this reason that I am so strongly in sympathy with the Better Homes Campaign. It is practical. It endeavors to bring the instruction back to where it counts most. Articles on improvements in household economy are good, but they do not accomplish nearly as much as visual demonstrations of those improvements. In the Better Homes work this is actually what is done, for all over the United States committees have arranged model houses where men and women can come and see what may be done.

Underlying every country and every civilization is the home. By the quality of our homes we stand or fall, for the home is the "power-house of the line." Anything we can do to help our homes we should do.

DO YOU UNDERSTAND YOUR CHILD?

IT IS unfortunate when grown people misunderstand each other, or fail to understand themselves. It is a tragedy when they misunderstand children.

Sir Isaac Newton, one of the world's greatest scientists, was considered at the age of twelve mentally deficient. His parents were heart-broken and contemplated putting him in an institution for the care of the feeble-minded—and this because the boy's mind had grown along one line beyond the understanding of his own people; this because, gifted with great imaginative powers, keen observation and a logical method of thought, he was reaching out for an answer to some of the profoundest secrets of the universe.

As a little boy, Sir Isaac had heard the theory of the universe explained: the world was a huge ball traveling through limitless space, where millions of other balls were also moving. In the middle of the night, this boy would scream out in terror for fear the world would strike another planet, or touch bottom, or stop turning. He repeatedly asked the questions, "What is beyond the last star? What is the bottom of things?"

To-day, nearly three hundred years after that boy's experience, parents are still misunderstanding children who do not follow the identical development of the rest of the family.

When THE DELINEATOR asked Dr. L. Emmett Holt to prepare a program for child welfare, this famous child specialist said that at least two articles a year should be given to the subject of healthful mental habits. Doctor Holt asked Dr. Thomas W. Salmon, one of the foremost authorities of our generation upon the subject of mental hygiene, to prepare these articles. The first of the series may be found in this issue.

Every parent should closely study these articles. This is a comparatively new subject, but one of such vital importance to the success and happiness of our children that every line Doctor Salmon writes should be read and digested.

Doctor Salmon tells us that children should not be nervous. He warns us that nervous conditions are curable, but that unless they are corrected tragic results may follow. Don't *worry* about your child if he is moody, restless, nervous and irritable; find the *source* of this condition and have it cured.

A COMPLETE TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 98



BETTER HOMES IN AMERICA

National demonstration week June 4th to 10th

ADVISORY COUNCIL

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Assistant Secretary of the Navy

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Dr. LEE K. FRANKEL
Chairman National Health Council

Mrs. THOMAS G. WINTER
President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs

Mrs. WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY
Secretary, the Bureau of Information, THE DELINEATOR, New York City

THE DELINEATOR has fostered the Better Homes in America movement. It is a campaign built upon the highest aims of patriotic Americans. It is economically a sound and right work, worthy of the consecration of lives.

The Better Homes movement grew, as a distinct and different campaign, out of a home-ownership movement. The first undertaking of this type was started in Ohio several years ago. Later, it was endorsed by President Harding and some far-sighted citizens who believed that the time had come to encourage more Americans to own their homes. Houses were fitted up and thus shown to the best advantage, but no definite standard was set for the furnishing, organizing and financing of the home.

Two years ago the editor of THE DELINEATOR asked President Harding to have one of the departments of the Government support an educational campaign which would make it possible for citizens in all parts of the country to learn from an authoritative and non-commercial source the essentials of a better home. But there were no funds available in any department to put through such a program.

THE DELINEATOR then offered to gather material from experts and to act as a bureau of information for any community which wished to set up a model better home or to put on some more limited program which would bring to the attention of its citizens the need of better homes in America.

An advisory council was formed, and governors of twenty-eight States consented to cooperate so that the work might be given a national scope. All the States in the Union, and Alaska, were represented in the 1922 campaign. Nine-hundred and sixty-one American communities cooperated.

BETTER HOMES WEEK this year will be June 4th to 10th. If there is to be no demonstration in your town, write to THE DELINEATOR and we will tell you the nearest model house you can visit.

As a result of last year's campaign, many communities have formed permanent Better Homes organizations, and women's clubs have created a department of Better Homes for their yearly programs.

The National Federation of Women's Clubs will put on officially a demonstration house in the national capital, which will be open to the public on June 4th. Miss Lida Hafford, Secretary of the American Federation of Women's Clubs, is chairman of the Washington committee.

An outstanding recognition of the educational value of the movement is in the establishment by Cornell University of a course of study of better homes, which will give students one point in graduation marks.

But the most important achievement of last year's campaign is the new recognition given everywhere to the meaning of better homes in the material, spiritual and physical progress of the nation. This is proved by numberless letters and telegrams. It is expressed in this letter written by President Harding to Secretary Hoover:

"I am glad to learn that the Better Homes movement, under the direction of Mrs. William Brown Meloney, in cooperation with the Department of Commerce, is to again renew the demonstration which it held last October. The results then obtained in furtherance of the great desire of our people for housing and better homes well warrants its repetition.

"I know of no matter so intimately connected with the life of our people to which we can give greater devotion and service for fundamental improvement than the upbuilding not only of individual home-ownership but in the actual improvement of our homes. Not only is there the primary consideration of advanced material comfort, but the soundness of our social system and stability of our country are greatly enhanced by the development of love for a home and the creation of a home that can be loved."

This is from Secretary Hoover to Mrs. Meloney, secretary of the Advisory Council:

"I want to express to you in writing how highly I regard your work in undertaking and carrying through the 1922 Better Homes in America campaign. This campaign served to draw the attention of a large proportion of the American people toward better standards for the homes in which they live and indirectly it should have an uplifting effect on American life."

And this from Dr. John James Tigert, United States Commissioner of Education:

"I appreciate very much your efforts to prevent this movement from becoming commercialized. . . . I am very glad to continue my support and help. . . ."

Mrs. Thomas G. Winter, president General Federation of Women's Clubs, says:

"Happy to serve you again this year."

From Mrs. Lena Lake Forrest, president National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs:

"Congratulations on wonderful success of first Better Homes Demonstration Week. Am proud that a member of our National Federation should win first prize. Miss Hunter (chairman of New Haven committee) is an officer in our Federation. More than willing to serve in any way for 1923 in this campaign for better homes."

This telegram from a governor is typical of the response from the various States:

"After reading report of work accomplished during Better Homes Week in 1922 and believing that this campaign has proven of great value from an educational standpoint in raising the standard of the home in which people of America live, I heartily endorse a similar campaign for 1923."

THE DELINEATOR
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS

Seven reasons why you should have a Better Homes demonstration in your town:

1. To demonstrate thrift in home-ownership. Only fifty per cent. of our people are home-owners.
2. To overcome the present shortage of homes. America is still short eight hundred thousand homes.
3. To strengthen home life and make it attractive.
4. To assist and encourage home-makers. Ninety-two per cent. of the women of America do their own housework.
5. To improve the home environment, thereby protecting the child and increasing the health and happiness of the family.
6. To stimulate sensible purchasing for home improvement.
7. To mobilize community pride for a common objective: Pride of Home.

"As is the home, so is the community and the nation."

THIS year, in addition to the States and Alaska, the Philippine Islands and Hawaii have joined our forces. Canadian women have shown a keen interest in the campaign and have asked for assistance. Sydney, Australia, under the guidance of Mrs. Gerald Bacon, will make the first attempt to carry this American message into a foreign country.

In America there is no community too small or too large to observe Better Homes Week.

It may not be possible to find a house appropriate for demonstration use, but the educational material prepared by the Advisory Council can be used in the schools, churches and women's clubs. Lectures can be given; local contests for best kitchens, or best gardens, or best suggestions for home library or home music can be made to arouse an interest which will bear rich fruit.

In some places, short-sighted commercial interests have attempted to supplant the educational campaign launched by the women, the departments of Government and the chambers of commerce. This is not productive of good. Americans are quick to raise a defense against a purely commercial project; but as a people we *are* receptive to educational propaganda. Committees where Better Homes campaigns were conducted last year on a purely educational basis report that it stimulated business, wholesome living and civic pride.

The future history of America will be shaped in large measure by the character of its homes. If we continue to be a home-loving people, we shall have the strength that comes only from a virile family life. This means that our homes must be attractive, comfortable, convenient, wholesome; they must keep pace with the progress made outside the house. AS IS THE HOME, SO IS THE COMMUNITY AND THE NATION.

For any further information about the Better Homes in America Campaign, write to National Headquarters and Bureau of Information, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York City.



If you bought only *one* new Victor Record a week

you would have such a treasury of music as could compare only with the great libraries and the great art galleries of the world. You would have a source of untold satisfaction for your every need. The musical genius of the world is graved on Victor Records—not the printed page of music, but the music itself.

Victrola No. 300
$250
Victrola No. 300, electric, $290
Mahogany, oak or walnut
Other styles $25 to $1500



Victrola
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Look for these trade-marks Under the lid. On the label.
Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N. J.

Risk Precious Silks?
No - if you first consider this safety test



A War-bride's Wedding Dress Washed 115 Times!

In February, 1918, a North Carolina girl was married to a soldier. She wore the charming white embroidered crêpe de chine dress pictured here. Since that day, she assures us that the dress has been washed at least 115 times—probably more—with Ivory Flakes.

"I did it each time myself," says the owner's letter. "I never let it get very badly soiled." It is still beautifully white—eloquent testimony to the mildness and purity of Ivory Flakes.

(Dress and owner's letter on file in the Procter & Gamble offices.)

Experience is a good but often *costly* teacher.

It is not necessary actually to *imperil* a precious silk garment by washing it with a soap whose safety you doubt.

No! Here is a soap-test—simple as adding one plus one, yet equally conclusive. This test will prove a soap's safety without endangering your *most precious* garment for an instant.

Here is the test:

Ask yourself:

"Would I be willing to use the soap on my face?"

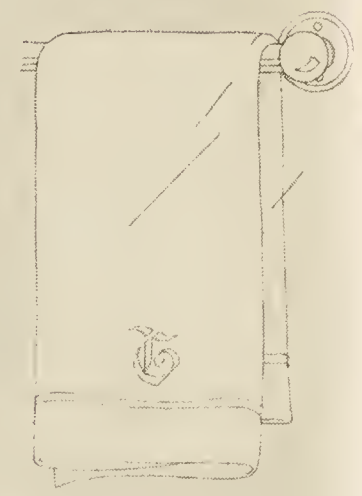
Yes, if it is Ivory Flakes. For Ivory Flakes is Ivory Soap, *flaked* for instant washbowl suds—pure, mild, gentle, white and harmless as pure water itself—the same soap that has befriended women's complexions for 44 years.

Above and beyond other soaps offered for delicate garments, Ivory Flakes has therefore *a real margin of safety*—safety that means life itself to the very most delicate garments you own. Yet Ivory Flakes is economical enough for the heavier things that deserve good care.

It will give us great pleasure to send you a sample of Ivory Flakes and a copy of our booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments." Please read the offer below.

The full-size package of Ivory Flakes may be had at grocery and department stores.

PROCTER & GAMBLE



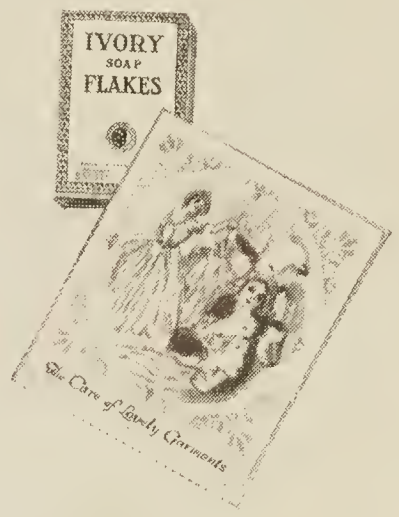
IVORY SOAP FLAKES

Makes dainty clothes last longer



FREE—*This package and booklet*

A sample package of Ivory Flakes and the beautifully illustrated booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments," will be sent to you without charge on application to Section 17-FF, Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, O.



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THE TERRIBLE TURK

A delightful story of a girl who captured a star

By NEIL GRAY



"OH, CHOP IT!" CONWAY BECAME CONSCIOUS OF STELLA, "DIDN'T I TELL YOU THERE WAS NO WORK?"

THEY had washed the New York air that day and swept the sky and painted it bright blue and blown little fleecy clouds across it, as white as the wisps of steam the wind picked up and flung about from the tall office buildings. And every one in New York was on Fifth Avenue, because on such a day no other of the city's streets could match the weather and its mood.

The cars were closed that moved slowly north and south in an endless double stream, and on the bus-tops furs were gathered close and coat collars were turned high, for the chill of Winter was still in the air, as well as the sparkle of champagne newly opened. Yet on the sidewalks the flash of silken ankles mocked the fallen mercury.

Down the avenue walked Stella Thayer. One just behind her would have seen strong little feet, well shod; slim ankles rising from them; more than ankles, for that matter, and those shapely under their silken covering; a black skirt of jersey cloth, then—below the knees, yes, but not so far below—a short fur coat; hands thrust deeply into its pockets; a small head, flung back, topped by a little bright-red hat, provoking, calling the eye to the cropped curls that stole out below it.

SO MUCH one behind her would have seen. And having seen, would hurry on, to a certainty, and turn to see more. And, having done, would have had for a reward blue eyes and glowing cheeks and faintly parted lips with gleaming ivory behind them. A pretty girl, this Stella; a young girl—twenty, at a guess—a jolly girl, amused by life and not much touched by it as yet; a girl to dance with, play with, flirt with. A nice girl, too; the sister of that seeker after truth would have said so, one does believe.

About her movement was an awkward, adolescent grace. She took the long steps that wicked skirt of hers encouraged. But she was free of more than skirts about her ankles; something about her proclaimed a freedom novel, welcome, and yet, if the little creases that came and went upon her forehead told the truth, the least bit in the world disquieting, too.

All the wares of all the world called to her from the windows that she passed—and called unheard, until a double window full of books stopped her in full flight. She stood still before it, staring, lips parted as for speech. Scores of copies of a single volume were before her, built up in designs as fantastic and as fragile as the houses children build with cards. Her lips moved; she repeated the title on every cover: "I Have Only Myself to Blame." Then:

"Well!" she said aloud, indignantly.

For a moment more she stared—then she threw back her head and laughed. She was as unconscious as though she had been alone before that window; her laughter mingled with horns and grinding brakes and slipping tires as the sound of the chimes in some high city steeple mingles with all the thousand noises of the town.

It was so pat, so instant, so exact a mirroring of her thought. Except for one thing. She pursed her lips. After all, except for that one thing, she would be at her ease now, instead of being, as was the melancholy fact, neatly caught between the twin horns of a dilemma. Up to a point, perhaps, she did have only herself to blame. But as for Tommy Rodman——!

She didn't look at the third finger of her left hand as she drew it from her pocket. It was at her watch that she glanced, not at the finger about which, *had* she looked at it—but she did not!—she might still have seen a faint line, such as a ring, worn night as well as day, leaves behind when it is taken off, never, never to be replaced.

HALF-PAST three! She had not supposed, when she got off the train that morning, that at half-past three she would be walking down Fifth Avenue alone. Scarcely! Of course she hadn't known just how long things would take—the sort of things one anticipates when one comes flying across a continent to fling one's abused self into the arms of a lover one has supposed to be all eagerness and fire and hot, impatient ardor.

He hadn't even been at the station! Not though she had telegraphed from Los Angeles and Ogden and Omaha and Chicago and Cleveland and Buffalo and Syracuse and Rochester and Utica and Albany and Poughkeepsie—and not a single telegram had stayed within ten words! The money she had wasted—yes, *wasted*—so! She thought of it bitterly now. Enough to have paid for her room at the Plaza for another week—no, the clerk had said a day, not a week, hadn't he?

She had other bitter thoughts, too: about the absurdities of modern education. They taught you French and algebra and history, and nothing at all about how much hotel rooms cost and whether five dollars was enough to tip a Pullman porter. She hoped it was, but the man had looked funny.

She'd forgiven Tommy for not being at the station, because he'd said she hadn't told him what train she was on. He ought to have met all the trains, of course, but she had a very keen sense of justice and knew that men, as a sex, lacked imagination. And he'd come up to the Biltmore right away when she had telephoned, of course, and been quite sweet, at first.

But he'd been impossible when she was explaining why she'd come. He ought to have been too glad to see her to

Continued on page 76

THE FAITHFUL DELILAH

What love can do, love dares attempt

By J. MILO CURCI

RUNYON, the principal keeper of the prison—or "P. K." as he was more familiarly called—entered Warden Long's office at dusk to report everybody safe and sound within the gray walls.

"Dave Mott goes out to-morrow, chief," he added. "He asks whether he can see you before the movie begins."

"Anybody waiting outside?"

"A 'bull,' but not a regular."

"Know him?"

"Jack Gilroy, head of Jack Gilroy, Incorporated; handles the business of big concerns in New York."

"Oh, yes. Send him in."

Runyon stepped out into the waiting-room and motioned to a heavily built man with a reddish-gray mustache and small dull-blue eyes.

The detective twirled a rather rusty derby between thick fingers until Long motioned to him to take the chair beside his flat-top desk. "Who are you after, Jack? Bill Sims?"

"No," replied Gilroy. "Bill Sims don't amount to anything."

The warden, pulling at his white mustache reflectively, studied a memorandum on the desk before him. "The only other man going out in the morning is Dave Mott," he said.

"He's the one."

"Got anything against him?"

"Nope."

"He's done his bit; five good years."

Gilroy shrugged his shoulders.

"Look here, Jack," protested the warden: "Mott has paid for his mistake with the very heart of his life, the years between thirty and thirty-five, and he's been a model prisoner."

"But the bank is still out fifty thousand dollars, and I'm out to get it back."

"You think he has it cached?"

"Somebody's got it."

"How do you know it hasn't been spent long before now?"

"The money was in five ten-thousand-dollar certificates and the banks always keep the numbers of the big fellows. Not one of 'em has ever appeared in circulation. This job was pulled off in the Summer of 1917, and the theory is that Mott was going to cross to England and try to float the bills there or on the Continent; but on account of the war he couldn't get a passport without running too much risk. He just pulled a bone, that's all."

AS THE warden pondered this fiasco in crime, there came through the heavy walls shutting him off from the rest of the prison a sound as of the rise and fall of the sea on a distant shore. The prisoners were being marched to the great assembly-hall, known as the chapel, where the movie show was to be given, the rhythmic shuff, shuff, shuff of their feet echoing through the corridors

"The poor devil," sighed Long. "He had a family, too, didn't he?"

"A wife and a daughter," replied Gilroy. "But they haven't been starving. The girl is getting a good education and the mother manages to keep the shine off her nose." Gilroy's broad face creased into a smile, but it was not the cynical smile that might have been in keeping with his words.

"I don't get you, Jack," said the warden.

"Oh, she's just clever and pretty—one of these type-pounders that began learning how to take care of herself long before she got to be fifteen years old. She worked in the bank before they were married, and after he was sent up she managed to get the job back."

"Plucky, huh?"

"And wise."

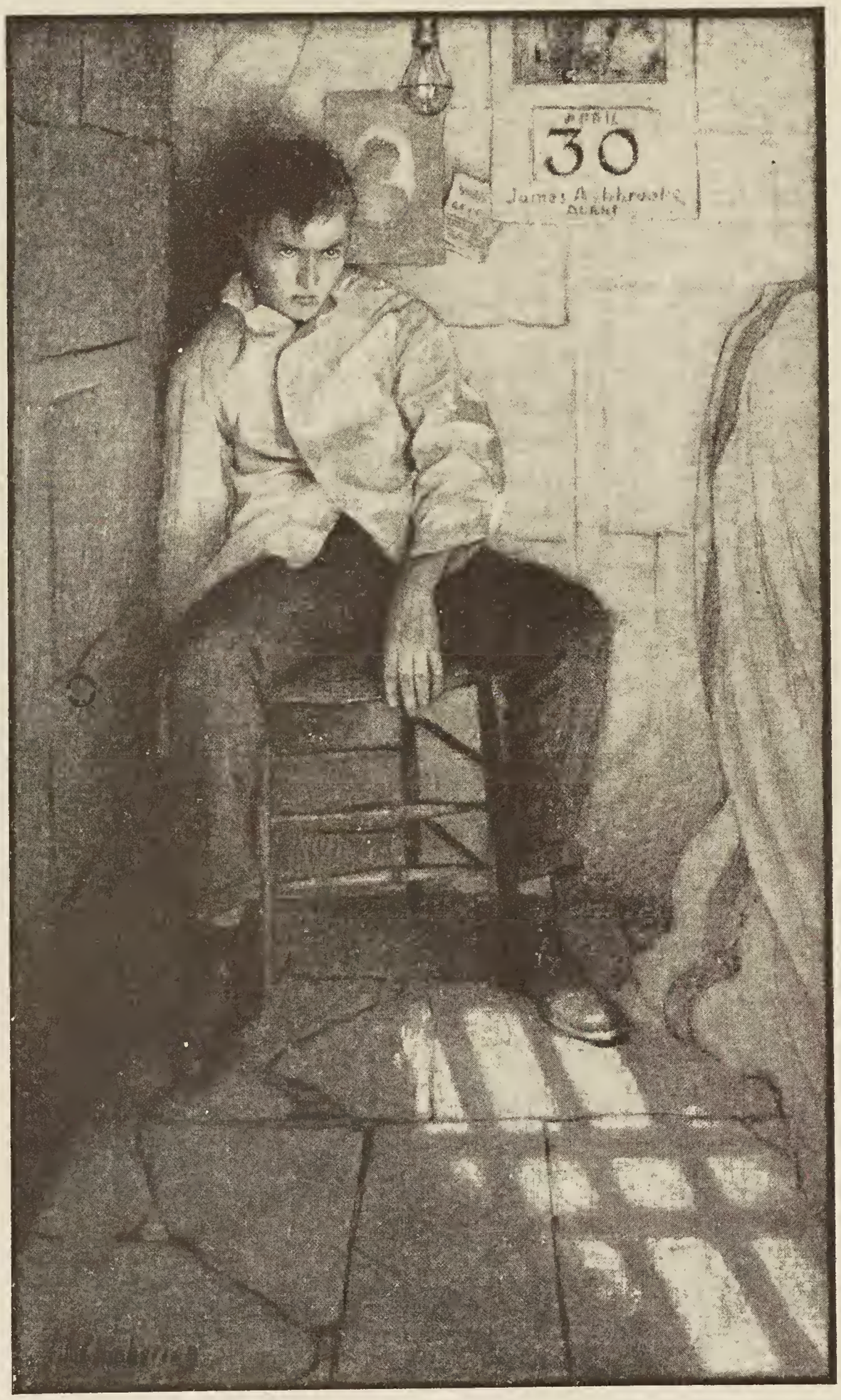
It was Long's turn to smile. "Now I got you, Jack," he chuckled. "She knows where the money is, and that's why she got back her old job at the bank."

Gilroy neither encouraged nor discouraged the warden's conjectures. It was seldom that he gave his personal efforts to a case of such small importance, and he fished out his watch and stared at it as a hint that he'd like to be getting on with the business

"MOTT has just asked if he could see me," Long informed the detective. "Shall I bring him in?"

"I wouldn't like for him to uncover me," Gilroy reminded. "My job is to keep close to him and be near when him and his wife meet."

"You can get behind the screen in the corner."



THAT WAS WHY SHE HAD NOT WRITTEN TO HIM THIS LAST DAY OF THE NEARLY TWO THOUSAND LONG DAYS OF IGNOMINY!

Long pressed a pearl button on his desk as the detective sought cover.

"Send in Mott," he told the "P. K."

Dave Mott, his little pill-box hat in his hand, entered the office timidly and stood beside the desk until Long bade him take the chair just vacated by Gilroy. His term in prison had turned his hair white except for a single black strand in the center. His rather wide mouth, long robbed of its capacity for smiling, was set grimly. Although the ivory hue that comes with incarceration marked his features, his eyes, brown and intelligent, shone with anticipation of the happiness of the morrow.

"I'm going out to-morrow, warden," he began in a nervous, high-pitched voice, "and I have a favor to ask."

"Go ahead, Mott; you've been a good prisoner."

"My daughter Alice doesn't know I'm a convict, and she's growing up now. She's fifteen, and for the past year her mother has sent her to a school in Vermont where she has met some very nice girls." He hesitated, his eyes downcast, his voice dropped almost to a whisper.

"Speak up," urged Long. "I'll be as much a friend to you as you'll let me."

"Thank you. After I was convicted, my wife went to work and did so well that about a year ago I advised her not to write to me for fear that Alice might stumble upon the secret. It would hurt her terribly, of course. My wife was to tell my daughter that we had been separated legally—which was the truth, in a way. But in case it was necessary for her to write, I asked her to address me at 135 County Street, the street address of the prison. I expected a letter to-day." His face flushed.

"She knows the date of your release?" the warden asked.

"Oh, yes, sir."

"DID she stick by you at the time of the trouble?"

"Yes, sir. She knew I was innocent."

"Innocent?" Long lifted his eyebrows.

"Yes."

"I had a hope that you might restore the money. If you do that, I'll go to New York with you to that bank and put up a talk that will get you another start, Mott."

"I have no money to restore. I was not a thief. The thing happened the day I started on my Summer vacation. They found the strip of paper from the stolen package of certificates in my office-coat." He paused, as if fearing that his story was falling on deaf ears.

"Go on," urged Long.

"We had—that is, my wife had managed to save a tidy little sum. It was our tenth anniversary, and to celebrate it we went to an expensive seaside hotel and took Alice with us. It was our first real vacation. I was arrested there."

"But they couldn't *convict* you on the testimony of a slip of paper and that little extravagance——"

"Not by themselves. But I had accepted the fifty-thousand-dollar deposit myself, just before the closing hour, and, at the time, I had my suitcase there in my cage—I was to meet my wife and daughter at the Jersey Central station. Just as I closed my window to business, Mr. Hunter, the bank manager, gave me my vacation money. I counted it out and put it into my bag, because I was afraid of pickpockets in the crowd—it was Saturday night and we were taking advantage of an excursion. Somebody saw me do this, and of course it looked as though it was the stolen money I put into my bag."



HUNTER SEEMED TO BE PLEADING WITH DAVID'S WIFE AND SHE RESISTING HIS IMPORTUNITIES FEEBLY

"Didn't the manager see you put *your* money in the bag?"

"He said that he didn't. He was only in my cage for a moment." Again he paused, a look of hopelessness on his face.

"Well?" Long's voice was kindly.

"Then, when it came to my defense— But what's the use, warden—I've finished my sentence?"

"I'd like to hear it all."

"Well, it was hard for me to explain the extravagance we indulged in immediately after the theft. Through all the years of our married life my wife had been saving, but she had not deposited the money in a bank, because at the end of the first year she lost her nest-egg when a savings institution failed. She did as most women do after such an experience: trusted none of them. My own savings didn't amount to much, but I drew them out that very day and bought my wife a coral necklace, a thing she had always wanted. Even that was against me."

Long lit a cigar and puffed it thoughtfully. After a long silence, he looked up sharply into the eyes of the convict.

"That story may be all right, Mott," he said, "but as a friend I would advise you to forget it. You've paid for your mistake. Come across with the money and start out good and fresh again."

Mott rose from the chair with a shrug of his shoulders. "I didn't expect you to believe it," he said. "I didn't come here to tell it to you, sir; I came to ask a favor."

"What is it?"

"I had a hope that I would hear from my wife to-day. No letter came. I also had a hope she would come to meet me to-morrow. If she intended to come, she would have written me. If a letter comes after I leave, would you mind holding it for me until I can find a place to live and send you the address?"

"I'll look out for the letter for you. If she doesn't show up to-morrow, what are you going to do?"

"God knows!"

When Runyon had answered the warden's bell and hurried off with the convict to the movie show, Gilroy came from behind the screen.

"Well, what do you think of it?" asked Long.

"I never think," replied the detective. "It ain't a detective's business to think. All he's interested in is cold, hard facts. The jury does the thinking."

"You're going to follow him?"

"I gotta. Can you bunk me for the night?"

"I suppose so. Have you another man with you on the case?"

"Yes—Pennsie Welch; but he's handling the New York end."

"Watching Mott's wife?"

"Sure."

ABOVE the gray sea of their prison uniforms the faces of more than twelve hundred men stared through the semi-darkness toward the screen—that magic cloth upon which was being brought to them the great outside world with all its beauty of sunshine and shadow, of satin sky and snowy piling clouds, of bending trees, running rivers, pleasant roads and golden romance.

The feature film of the evening was a love-story with a beautiful and accomplished actress of the silent drama in the leading rôle. In the audience were men who had not felt the touch of a woman's hand in thirty years—men whose hearts had ached and whose hot tears had scalded their palms in their cells at the sound of distant voices of feminine visitors.

A dry little cackle escaped the lips of David Mott. To-morrow he would be out and all these blessed treasures would be for his asking. Other people might *own* the graceful fountain-like elm-trees shown in the story unfolding before his eyes, the meadows where the morning breeze idled, the pasture so sweetly lying between the low hills, the sleek cattle and the brook tumbling its way through woods and fields, but it would be no crime for him to pause in the public highway and feast his eyes upon them until all the hurt was gone from his heart.

And there would be his woman!

THE convict at his right felt the arm touching his tremble. He turned and stared at the lucky one. "That's right," he whispered, "you go out to-morrow. Good luck to you!"

To-morrow! David's body grew hot and cold by turns. The screen story had reached its climax. The woman, slender as a jonquil, had finished spinning her web for the man she wanted. He was shorn of strength and helpless with love before his Delilah. He trembled as if from the thundering of his heart within him. On the lashes of her shining eyes tears balanced like sunlit dew brinking the petals of a flower. The silence of death was upon the assembly of felons.

Memory, suddenly quickened, swept away the tears from David Mott's eyes. Sixteen years ago his Ruth had given herself to him thus, one midsummer's day out in the country, when they were hardly more than boy and girl, working side by side for a bare living—hopeful newcomers to the great Gotham.

Beyond the prison walls it was Spring again. The geranium-beds beneath the warden's windows were bright with color and the river banks were velvet green. To go to her now with all that was truly beautiful in the world at resurrection, to hear again the sound of the little silver bells which was her laugh and to catch the glisten of amethysts which were her eyes would be to enter heaven.

The coming of their only child had not marred her beauty—rather, it had given fulness to it: a softer and more alluring light had crept into her eyes and added sweetness to her smile.

In the pretty play of love in which the charm of the girl on the screen was given full scope, he saw Ruth once more. Every pretty woman weaves her web of the same silken strands and in much the same design. The happiness of the love-blinded hero of make-believe would be his in reality very soon—perhaps with the sinking of to-morrow's sun, perhaps a precious golden hour earlier.

The feature ended amid great applause. Then sudden silence and strange sound, as if the night wind had stolen within the thick walls of stone to whisper a ghostly message to the gray thousand. It was the deep intaking and slow escaping of breath, the sighing of starved guests at a Barmecide feast. The heavy feet shuffled against the asphalt floor as their bodies relaxed from the tautness in which the spell of romance had held them. The screen announced "Glimpses of Great Cities," and they were off by the miracle of modern invention on a tour of the world.

LONDON, Dublin, Glasgow, Paris, Marseilles, Rome, Florence, Athens, Constantinople they visited; then to the Orient and across the Pacific to San Francisco and Chicago, and finally New York. The eyes of the convicts hunted eagerly for familiar streets, houses and faces, for it was like being free for the moment. Little exclamations of delight rose here and there in the audience.

The camera lingered long in the financial section, where so many years of his life had been spent by David Mott. It was good to see the bank again, for it brought blessed memories of his courtship days, when he was a messenger and Ruth was a stenographer there. It was evidently the lunch-hour, for the people overflowed the sidewalks. Perhaps he might even glimpse her in the crowds.

And suddenly, at the entrance of an arcade through one of the skyscrapers, he beheld her, as brightly and daintily dressed as the youngest of the thousands of girls filling the narrow street with life and bright faces. A gold vanity-case dangled from her wrist and a gay little sunshade was grasped impatiently with both well-gloved hands. She was waiting for some one, watching the narrow side entrance of one of the most expensive of downtown restaurants. The next moment a tall, handsome man caught her familiarly by the arm and her pretty face was upturned to his immediately, her eyes shining, her lips pouting and smiling. Mott recognized the man's almost perfect features, the full weak underlip, the keen but shifty eyes, the well-kept little mustache with its glisten of silver, the broad shoulders, the sporty swagger with a walking-stick and the excellent tailoring of his clothes: it was Hunter, the bank manager, who had made a place for Ruth after the trial and the conviction. They were standing in profile to the camera, very close together. A queer feeling that he was intruding came to him, but he watched their every movement, cold gathering to his heart. Hunter squeezed her arm close against his and with a swift glance over his shoulder slipped with her into the little door of the restaurant which led to a dining-room above the street level.

Again the years faded, but memory, instead of opening vistas of love and happiness, spread evil before him now. She used to call by the bank for him on Saturday afternoons to share with him the half-day holiday, and he recalled Hunter's eager attention to her and his candid admiration. Also he recalled that the man had been in the divorce courts as a corespondent. A knife seemed to have been plunged into David Mott's heart and turned

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THE "LINE-A-DAY" BOOK

And the young wife who played with fire

By FANNY HEASLIP LEA

O'NEILL flew to Gareth Field the week young Donnaud crashed.

Felise didn't want him to go. Felise was his wife. She whimpered pitifully in his arms the night before he started, and when the time came for the actual take-off she wouldn't look: she ran back into their quarters and flung herself across the bed with her face against a foolish little filet pillow. When she heard the steady snarl of O'Neill's engine overhead, she began to pray—then she began to cry so hard she couldn't pray. She lay there for hours like that—until luncheon, to be exact. She had to go into town for luncheon; she was playing bridge with some other women afterward. She got through the day somehow.

And at night she came back to the neat gray house that had O'Neill's name at the gate—Major Glenn W. O'Neill—with a sense of positive terror. Her little black-satin feet lingered over the threshold draggingly.

She got into the living-room at last—the empty living-room, with its gray stone fireplace and big chintz-covered chairs; into the dining-room, where the table was set with a prim and horrible loneliness, for one; into her bedroom, where the filet pillow had been neatly smoothed by Beulah's brown hands and placed with two other larger pillows above downturned chilly sheets.

Like a child in the dark, she caught her breath and shrank from it all. She propped a magazine against the silver water-pitcher and tried to read while she ate her solitary meal.

WHEN her small Dresden coffee-cup was empty, she went back to the living-room, sat down before the fire and let her thoughts sweep over her—one can't hold them back forever.

No, one's got to think, sooner or later—but, oh, God, if only she didn't have to think about young Donnaud!

Crashed! It's an ugly word—a sick, hideous thought! Young Donnaud—Harry Donnaud, of all people in this world! Of all gentle-mannered, slow-voiced, kindly, whimsical, diffident people, to be flung flaming down the morning sky like an oil-soaked torch; to be one moment riding the air, with his sensitive lips perhaps smiling a little (she knew those lips!), and the next only a smear of smoke against the blue—young Donnaud! . . . Harry!

Felise crushed the back of her hand against her mouth and shut her tortured eyes. A sound escaped her, choked and dreadful.

She crouched farther into the wing-chair, gay with roses and birds of paradise, and twisted her hands together.

"If you're going to begin all that again—" she cried to herself.

It wasn't, of course, the first time she had thought like this of young Donnaud. There had been the morning barely a week before, when Glenn came back to the house unexpectedly, having left half an hour ago for headquarters, and took her by both hands and drew her down upon the bed in their room and said to her quietly:

"I've got bad news, kitten—get hold of yourself and I'll tell you."

"Bad news—Glenn! Not—not my mother!"

Glenn's arm around her then—Glenn's deep voice, queerly hoarse, in her ear: "Nothing—from home—kitten. Something's happened here—something pretty bad. I came back—at once—to tell you. I know—you were—as fond of him—as I was——"

"What? Of whom?" she had gasped.

"Harry Donnaud! He's done for—poor lad!"

"Glenn—I saw him go by—this morning!"

"I know. He was up only twenty minutes or so."

She had whispered, dry-lipped, "Crashed?"

"Gasoline-tank—exploded——"

"Oh—h, Glenn—don't—don't!"

Glenn had set his mouth grimly, blinked once or twice to clear his eyes.

"He was gone, kitten—before they got to him. Chances are—he—didn't suffer."

"Don't. . . don't . . . *don't!*"

"I know, old lady! I knew—how you'd feel about it. Well—got to take it standing—nothing else to do. Are you going to be all right? I've got to get back—there's a lot to look after——"

"Yes—go on—I'll be all right."

"You're a brave little woman—aren't you?"

"Yes—I'll be all right."

"Don't sit here and cry yourself sick, now. It's all in the game, kitten. Rotten luck, though—to get through the war—and wind up—like this. Promise you won't sit here and cry?"

"I promise."

He had gone at last, and she had not cried—where any one could see her.

A WEEK ago. Now Glenn had flown to Gareth Field, two hundred miles away, and all that young Donnaud had left behind lay neatly encompassed by a stout rubber band in Glenn's desk by the window: a few papers, a Liberty Bond or so and a little black "line-a-day" book.

Felise sat by the pleasant little fire and her thoughts beat upon that small, black leather-covered volume like impotent fists upon a closed door.

Glenn had said that morning: "I'll leave these things here till I get back. We'll look over 'em then. Donnaud didn't leave a soul. His mother died a year or so ago. General asked me to take charge of all this. Dare say I was about his nearest friend. Keep an eye on 'em, will you, kitten?"

She hadn't wanted Glenn to fly to Gareth Field. But she had known that when he did go she would take the "line-a-day" book out of the rubber band and read it. It might not be honorable—it might not even be honest—but that was what she was going to do. She had known it from the moment she saw the thing in Glenn's big sunburned hand.

She had seen it once before, in Harry Donnaud's hand. She knew that hand! Bronzed, but slim; strong, but long-fingered, and rather beautiful in a queer, masculine way. Startling to touch or be touched by—so amazingly alive—not alive any more, though.

She wrenched herself away from that.

IN HONOLULU, in Harry's quarters, over four years ago, she and Glenn had been lunching with him before a football game. They had teased him about his bachelor housekeeping. He had defended it gently, amusedly. Glenn had said at last, with Glenn's inevitable justice: "He isn't really a wild ass, Felise: he's a regular old lady. He even keeps a 'line-a-day' book. Make him show it to you."

And Donnaud had fetched it from a drawer in his desk—a small, black leather-covered book. It lay in Glenn's desk, yonder—the same, beyond a doubt: filled page after page with small, close, careful script. No, not the whole of each page was filled! The book covered a period of five years. One single page might read: "January 5th, 1917," and a space for notes; "January 5th, 1918," another space; "January 5th, 1919," "January 5th, 1920," and "January 5th, 1921"—each with its half-dozen blank lines.

"You really write in it every day?" she had demanded indulgently.

Donnaud had shown her a year and a half of entries.

"But what—what do you write?"

Glenn had laughed at her.

Donnaud, flushing as he did so with a delightful and boyish readiness, had offered an example. She had even then, the feeling that he wouldn't refuse her anything she chose to ask, and she had known him only a few months. He read diffidently:

" 'Went into town to-day with Captain C. Lunch at the Young. Flew over harbor this afternoon. Transport in with General S. Studied 8 P.M. to 12 P.M.' "

" 'And so to bed!' " added Glenn cheerfully.

"It's all pretty much like that," said Donnaud. "But you see, I can tell any time, just by referring to this, what I was doing last year, the year before—any time within five years—on a certain day."

"Do you put in everything?" Felise had insisted, charmingly intrigued. "Girls and all?"

His eyes came back to her all at once with the remembrance of the thing he said then—deep, warm brown eyes, meeting hers, holding hers: "Aren't any girls."

"He's a home-breaker," Glenn explained calmly, lighting a cigaret. "He means that he prefers married women, kitten. Careful!"

They had gone to the football game after that, leaving the little book once more bestowed in the drawer—and Felise had never thought of it again until Glenn had brought it home with the Liberty Bond and the one or two folded papers inside the black rubber band.

Since then Felise had thought of almost nothing else.

Beulah came into the room just here with a carafe and glass on a small silver tray and cast an affectionately imploring look at her mistress. Beulah had followed Felise from Alabama and home to one strange place after another, thereby making her mistress the envy of all the women at whatever post they encountered.

She said now, in a plaintive drawl: "Ain' you gwine ter baid, Miss Lissy? Dun struck nine er'clock. I dun lock up ev'ything."

"Not just yet, Beulah," said Felise. "I'll sit here by the fire a little longer."

"I kin git some mo' wood, then?"

"No—never mind—this will do."

"Yo' ain' had none too much sleep las' few days."

"There's nothing to worry about," said Felise, with lips that nevertheless shook slightly. "Now go on to bed, Beulah—I'm all right."

Beulah knew better. She went off grumbling inaudibly with the insistence of a privileged servant.

Felise was alone with the fire, and the wind at the windows, and the little black book in the desk. She crouched close in the old wing-chair and held herself steady, thinking it all out. She needed to think, now.

Honolulu—they had gone there from San Diego, when they had been married just two years. Glenn had been so pleased. She herself had been happy over it—a romantic adventure: the tropics, ukuleles, dancing-girls, the beach at Wakiki, the magical moonlight, all the sort of thing one heard so much of. She had gone out there, ready to meet glamour half-way, looking for it in any eyes she met. She was young, of course—ridiculously young. And Glenn, who laughed at her for her rainbow imaginings, was admittedly a good bit older.

THIRTY-THREE Glenn was then, shading thirty-four. A good-looking, upstanding, soldierly thirty-three, but thirty-three, no less. He had been a catch and a thrill in Memphis, where she had met him, the hero of a hundred airy romances. Felise, "sweet and twenty," sheltered child of an overly doting mother, had never loved any man until she met him. How was she to know she might love another, after? How was she to know one didn't use love up—quite—in that first ecstatic surrender?

She didn't know. Nobody told her. It was left for her to find out.

San Diego—and then Honolulu! All the glamour her heart desired. Mountains sweeping grandly up from a silkenly caressing sea; music with a sigh and a sob and a kiss in it; nowhere so white a moon, nowhere in all the world such lovely, irresponsible standards, such freedom!

Honolulu, to Felise, had been the Fortunate Isles come true; youth at the peak, and Harry (they called him *young* Donnaud not without reason), the dream playfellow.

Strange that one didn't know at once when somebody came into one's life who was going to be a part of it! Strange how unseeingly one walked into Fate's little traps!

She had met Harry for the first time, without the faintest glimmer of premonition, at a garden-party in Washington Place. Lots of uniforms (Harry was only one of them); lots of lacy frocks and big-flowered hats (Felise was only one of those). Late sunlight sifting down like golden dust; singing-boys in a corner of the garden singing old Hawaiian songs——

Glenn, making one mouthful of a frail lettuce sandwich and regarding a glass of pale fruit punch with dubious appreciation, had officiated at the meeting.

"Felise," said Glenn, "here's Harry Donnaud. You've heard me speak of him."

"INDEED I have," said Felise most untruthfully, not remembering the odd name in the least, but wishing merely to please Glenn. "I am so glad!"

She smiled at the tall, slim young man before her as sweetly as could be. He was, in her first casual impression, not unlike a great many other tall, slim young men. She thought he had a nice, sensitive look.

She was still playing—with a stirred appreciation of her rôle—Mrs. Glenn O'Neill, wife of the American aviator.

"You must come and see us," said Felise hospitably.

"If you'll let me," he answered.



GLENN'S ARM AROUND HER—GLENN'S DEEP VOICE: "I KNEW—HOW YOU'D FEEL ABOUT IT. BUT YOU'RE A BRAVE LITTLE WOMAN — AREN'T YOU?"

"Donnaud's from Kentucky, Felise," said Glenn. "You can be homesick together."

Then Glenn had moved off to talk to somebody else, and Felise had stayed with young Donnaud and listened to his low, rather hesitant drawl.

She had felt perhaps a kind of kinship with him—somebody from her own beloved South; but as for what came after, why, April isn't more innocent of August than Felise was, that day, of any disturbing emotion for Harry Donnaud. Just a nice, rather shy young man.

The niceness and the shyness of him came over her again. She couldn't bear it, remembering what had lately happened on a stubbled field. Harry! . . . Harry!

It was then she got up, walked over to the desk, found the "line-a-day" book and brought it back to the winged chair, clutched between icy fingers. It took all she had of nerve, all she had of will, to slip the rubber band and take what she was after. His odd passion for detail—what might it not have set down?

The pages rustled between her fingers—she had to know.

January, February—they had still been in San Diego in February. March—they had arrived in Honolulu on the fifth of March, 1918; it should be soon after that——

She found it. It stood up from the page like something alive—as if the words crawled toward her in his odd writing. (She knew that writing!)

"March 14: Went into town to Governor's garden-party. Saw Major O'Neill just out from States. Met his wife. Alabama girl. Named Felise. Dined with C. W. Buying his car. Bargain. Got back to post about ten."

So he hadn't felt the wing-brush of destiny any more than she! "Met his wife. Alabama girl. Named Felise." That was all he had thought of her on that first casual golden afternoon!

FELISE turned pages with a mad little prayer in her heart. Perhaps she was making a bogy out of nothing; perhaps Harry had never written another line about her; perhaps—then she caught her own name again and knew that there was very little use in praying.

"March 19: Went into town this afternoon. Called on Mrs. O'Neill. Stayed to dinner. Went to movies with O'Neill and Mrs. O'Neill afterward. Drove back in new car. Running like velvet. Asked O'Neills to lunch Saturday. Go to football game."

The day she had first seen the "line-a-day" book—the day of the football game. She had an uncanny and dreadful sense of living through it all again, like some one in a dream.

March 20—nothing that could concern her. March 21, March 22, March 23——

"March 24:" (She must take the thing steadily, impersonally.) "Had Major and Mrs. O'Neill out for lunch. Showed her this book. Afterward to football game in my car. She liked it. Asked me to come to supper Sunday night."

Harry—Harry—what a boy you were! Supper, Sunday night. She saw the little cluttered kitchen of their Honolulu house: coffee chuckling in the percolator; biscuit browning in the oven; baked ham, pink and luscious within a wreath of parsley; lettuce crisp and dewy in a bowl, with Roquefort dressing in a smaller bowl beside it; Glenn making something good to drink, in a pitcher, with ice and oranges and long pungent sprigs of mint; in the dining-room a pretty girl, two pretty girls, setting the table with the help of but one young man, a distinctly personable young man and a credit to the coast artillery, whose insignia he bore—but at that, only one: Harry, in the kitchen lingering persistently at Felise's elbow, getting in the way, talking delightful, diffident nonsense in that slow charming voice of his.

"Captain Donnaud, they need you in the dining-room!"

(Glenn was in the pantry, like Mohammed's coffin, stuck betwixt heaven and hell.)

"Mrs. O'Neill, you need me in the kitchen—I'm watching the biscuits."

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THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

"It's so easy to make a wreck of everything when you're young"

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

Author of "Certain People of Importance," etc., etc.

PART V

Stanley Crittenden was engaged to Shirley Theobald—but he was desperately in love with Margaret Yorke, treasured companion to his aunt, Mrs. Cutting, and Jim, her little adopted son. Shirley had shocked the exclusive California suburb by running away with a married man, and again by coming home to wait for her divorce from Cuyler Theobald, whom she had married later. Stan was the richest and most attractive man in her set, and she exerted every wile she knew to draw him into the engagement. She was lovely and clever, and she succeeded. When Mrs. Cutting died suddenly, Margaret was left defenseless. She had confessed to Stan that she was not free to marry, and now she was forced to tell him the rest of her secret. She had married, when she was eighteen, a dissolute man, and had left him after a few months of utter misery. When her baby came, the doctor thought she could not live, and the baby was taken away by her lawyer and adopted by Mrs. Cutting. It was the lawyer who got her the place as companion. Margaret and Stanley were at Uplands, the country place they both loved, and her confession broke down all the barriers of her reserve. They had to face the fact that they loved each other and that they were both bound. Then Shirley visited Uplands with the Hyde-Browns, and there a telegram came to her from New York with news of the dangerous illness of Cuyler Theobald. When Shirley read the telegram aloud to all of them, Margaret Yorke fainted

MORNING came to Uplands with a high, smothering fog; the encircling mountains were lost to view and the cañons undulated with the milky folds of the soft and cloudy billows of the mist. The garden was motionless, wrapped in silence and obscurity; the big trees dripped softly; the winding road, two hundred feet from the house, was invisible behind a wall of white veils, and the sloping lines of the old roof were softened and dimmed under the heavy blanket.

Stanley Crittenden, taking an early walk about the farm after a long and restless night, noted, as he had noted a thousand times, and with eternal satisfaction, that the comfortable domestic life of barns and sheds proceeded placidly, unchecked by the apparent stoppage of all of Nature's forces.

Against his skin, which felt warm and dry, the fresh damp airs moved restoringly; he breathed deep breaths, drinking in the refreshing peace and prosperity all about.

He loved his home—he loved his home, the man thought, with a pang of keen affection. After the feverish discomfort of the night, the waking and dozing, always with a sense of impending misfortune upon him, he had risen disconsolately—no use to try to sleep, there was no more sleep in the world.

But now this early rising and those lost hours seemed nothing. He was here, well and strong, and even healthily hungry, and in this new day anything might happen.

Something did happen almost immediately, for Margaret Yorke and Jim came abruptly about the corner of the big hay-barn, and Jim, rosy and noisy in his white sweater and nicely rubber-shod little feet, came dancing and shrieking toward him.

Margaret followed the child more slowly, but without hesitation. She was muffled in a big woolly coat of creamy camel's-hair. It was belted about her slender waist; her slim ankles, in brown woolly stockings, disappeared into sturdy brown pumps. The fog had curled her rich dark hair into a cloud about the softly olive forehead; her face was pale and looked strained and weary, but there was a spiritualized quality about her whole appearance and her dark-blue eyes managed a smile as they met his.

"I SLEPT horribly," she said, in answer to the concern in his eyes. "And you look as if you did, too."

"Hardly at all," he answered, smiling down at her. "But I always love to get up early, and I feel fine. But how about you? You fainted last night."

"Yes, I know," she said, flushing hotly but meeting his eyes squarely. "I suppose I was more tired than I knew! But Nora took splendid care of me, and I'm only ashamed of having acted so foolishly!"

"But you do look pretty white," Stanley commented solicitously, as they walked slowly along together.

"The sun is behind that fog," Margaret prophesied, ignoring his remark, "and we shall have a wonderful day!"

"Margar, can't I take off my sweater?" Jim pleaded.

"Indeed you may not!" she assured him mildly. Jim ran after the Airedale again, and Stan, suddenly realizing what she was to the child, felt a moment of emotion as strong as pain. They slowly approached the turn of the road by the old windmill, from where they could look down at the milky wall that covered the cañon.

But the layers of the mist were noiselessly shifting and moving now, and far up, above the mountain range, its upper edges were melting into the pale blue-white of the sky. The sun, struggling obscurely and unseen, was slowly fighting back the fog; great masses of it drifted slowly oceanward, and tiny remnants, tangled in the hollows and valleys, curled up, moved uneasily, flattened themselves into transparent scarfs and were gone.

Presently great shafts of pale Winter sunlight shot through the enveloping veils and over the entire ranch and its stretches of woodland and meadow, and over the massive, blue-black flanks of the great mountains the glorious fight went on, in the open now, with the beaten banners of the mist curling and rising and roofs and fences steaming and twinkling in the bath of gracious light.

Margaret and Stanley had stood silent, watching it, the girl's drooped fingers held lightly in his. Now they turned to face each other, and all the glory of the dawning was reflected in their tired yet infinitely peaceful faces.

"You frightened me when you fainted," Stanley said with a sort of timidity when they were walking toward the house in the rapidly strengthening sunshine. Their relationship seemed to him to have appreciably altered since the arrival of the telegram last night. He knew that there was much that they must say to each other, yet there seemed no longer to be any reason for hurry about it; she was Margaret, he was Stanley, their lives were in their own hands, and they could trust each other. "The—the look in your eyes," he said, "and then that sudden collapse! It made me realize just what you are to me."

"STUPID, stupid thing to do!" she said anxiously and hurriedly. "It all came over me suddenly——"

"What did?" Stanley asked in a low tone as she paused.

Margaret did not answer. They were on the porch now, and the uncertain sunshine was falling upon them through the stripped fingers of the grape-vine. Margaret's own firm, nervous brown fingers tore a shriveled leaf from the vine and she crumpled it into bits and strewed it upon the garden-bed below.

"It came over me, too, Margaret," Stanley said, watching her closely. "I felt for the first time that we love each other, that you and I were intended to be man and wife!"

Again she did not answer. But she raised her eyes, brimming with slow tears, and smiled at him uncertainly.

"That was it, wasn't it, Margaret?" he asked. "You knew then that it was—love, between you and me, didn't you?"

"Yes," she said thoughtfully and in a low tone, "I knew then that it was—that."

"And you knew there never could be any one else in my life, dear," Stanley said. "I'll wait and I'll give you all the time you want. But it's you and I now, Margaret, against all the world!"

"You and I," she whispered, her lips trembling, and she slipped into his own hand her fine, vital fingers and her slender figure veered toward him for a second. "What about—her?" she asked.

"I'll manage her!"

"You know, of course, that I am not free, Stan."

"You told me that." Stanley smiled at her encouragingly. "But you *could* be free, Margaret?"

"Only by breaking my oath," she reminded him quickly.

"You mean," he said in a low tone, "you mean as every woman does who gets a divorce?"

"No," she corrected him, with a wistful smile. "The divorce—or the separation—may be necessary. But the remarriage is the thing."

"You're not divorced, Margaret?"

"No."

"And you feel that you couldn't manage it without letting him—your husband—know of Jim's birth?"

"IT ISN'T only that, Stan. It's three separate oaths," Margaret told him in a troubled tone. "There's my wedding oath—fool, fool, fool that I was! And then there's an oath I took myself and gave—another person—that never, never, *never* would I betray that man who told Mrs. Cutting Jim's father and mother were dead!"

"That was her lawyer, old Trowbridge," Stan said.

"That was old Trowbridge," she agreed, with a startled look. "And then there's a third oath, Stan," she added after a pause. "My father was very religious, you know; his faith was all the world to him—darling dad! He distrusted my mother's profession, and he had such fears for me! And when he was dying, he made me swear to keep the faith——"

"No man has a right to ask his daughter for such a promise!" Stanley said warmly, as her voice stopped.

"Ah, but he didn't—not as you think!" she assured him eagerly. "But this is what he said, Stan. He was lying, heavy and quiet, with pneumonia, and he knew he was desperately ill. I was only eleven—I remember it as if it were yesterday! We had two horrid alcoved rooms in a Columbus hotel—a second-rate hotel. And mother was dressing for the theater, making up her face and everything, with tears running down her cheeks. She adored him, you know, although she never understood him! And I was supposed to be helping the trained nurse take care of him and feeling so important and useful!"

"I can see you!" Stanley said, picturing the eager gipsy child, the man heavy with stupor and the pretty actress mother dividing her interest between her own beauty and the tragedy in the dull alcove.

"After mother went, he called me to the bed," Margaret went on, "and I knelt down. And he said to me, 'Baby, if ever you give up your faith, promise me that it will be for neither of two reasons: not because of laziness and not because you want to break the laws. There never was a law yet,' he said, 'that wasn't hard to keep!' And I promised, six hours before he died," Margaret finished, turning upon Stanley her beautiful dark-blue eyes, with their long black lashes touched with sudden tears.

Stanley had nothing to say. A moment later, in silence, he followed her into the sunshiny dining-room, where the tremulous Winter sunlight, streaming through white, ruffled curtains, was augmented by the light and warmth of a crackling wood fire. The breakfast-table was a pleasant confusion of sparkle and glitter; the silver shone and shafts of light were struck from flower-bowls and water-glasses.

Margaret's slender, vital brown hand manipulated the



"SHIRLEY," HE PROTESTED, SUMMONING ALL HIS RESOLUTION, "THIS IS NO FOUNDATION FOR MARRIAGE!"

silver coffee-pot dexterously; Stanley saw her dark lashes lowered as she watched the stream of scalding brown fluid fill his cup. She replaced the pot, picked up the saucer and then her look met his—and instantly the conscious, half-happy and half-ashamed smile he loved twitched at her beautiful mouth and flooded her eyes with their strange blue light.

"The main thing," she said quietly, "the *main* thing is all right!"

"You mean—our caring for each other?" he said, suddenly incoherent.

Margaret looked at him steadily, almost speculatively. "Have we reached the point where we—admit it?"

"Yes," Stanley said deliberately, "I think we have. I don't mean that we need act hastily, or make any move that would hurt anybody's feelings—" his backward jerk of the head indicated Shirley as clearly as if he had spoken her name—"but—but the starting-point of everything now, Margaret, is that you are the most wonderful—the most beautiful—woman in the world!"

SHE looked up, glowing face, shining eyes, round brown throat disappearing in the freshest of frills, busy, nervous hands momentarily arrested—and he had a long grave glance.

"Miracle!" she said then in a whisper.

"It *is* a miracle!" he agreed.

"What about—?" and Margaret in her turn indicated Shirley with a little sidewise motion of her head.

"I've been thinking about that all night!" Stanley confessed. "She doesn't love me any more than she does—Hang; of course you know that?"

"Oh, I think she does, Stan—or *thinks* she does!"

"Oh, no, she doesn't! I couldn't talk about her this way if she did. I don't mind—there is no particular reason why she should!" Stanley said quickly. "I know her—I've known her all my life. But if poor Theobald dies, do you see, she may find herself in a bad way, financially speaking. He bitterly resented her leaving him, and I doubt if she is mentioned in his will. Mightn't that make her—mightn't that make her even more unwilling to——"

"Even more anxious to make a good marriage," Margaret supplied, as he stammered.

For a few minutes there was silence. Then Stanley said, somewhat uneasily:

"But I don't suppose there is a woman in the world who would hold a man to his engagement if he went to her honestly and said that, as far as his feelings were concerned, it was a mistake?"

"But there are so many fine little subtle ways in which she can avoid the actual issue while carrying things serenely on to their conclusion!" Margaret suggested, shaking her head. "She's so clever—Shirley. And besides, if there is a woman in the world who wouldn't have much scruple about getting her own way," she added, with a grave upward look, "I think Shirley is that woman. You will have to be careful, Stan, and move very slowly."

"Never," said Stanley in an undertone, as a stir in the living-room beyond them announced Shirley or the Hyde-Browns, "never did any one in this world love a woman as I love every inch of you!"

Margaret felt the solid earth stagger beneath her and the radiant color rush to her face. But she and Stanley had rallied sufficiently to greet the Hyde-Browns decorously as the bride and groom came out for breakfast.

"We are disgracefully late!" said Constance. "But this husband of mine has things all his own way, and he hates to get up in the mornings!"

"Shirley saves us by being later," young Hyde-Brown yawned, as Shirley, all lavender and pink ribbons and filmy layers of lace, rouged, powdered, perfumed to a nicety and smiling sleepily, joined them at the table.

Stanley had risen to draw her chair out for her and she kissed him quite simply, immediately seating herself, shaking back her ruffles, planting her white elbows upon the table and looking about her in her sunniest mood.

"I am a prospective widow, you know; I have some excuse!" she reminded them, with a mischievous smile. "My dear," she added to the company in general, "isn't it pitiful? I've been thinking about it all night. Poor Cuyler—he isn't forty yet, you know, and he has the constitution of a lion! If it were anybody else but Mildred Bramhall, I simply shouldn't believe it. To think of Cuyler dying—no, no eggs, Chung, poor missy got no appetite this morning, no eat nothing: I really can't eat—it has had the strangest effect on me," said Shirley frankly to the company. "I'm that way—I'm too soft. Every one knows how Cuyler treated me and how hard I tried to stand by him, and yet now—I feel all broken up, honestly I do!"

And Shirley smiled with watering eyes and looked down at her locked white hands glittering with rings.

"You idiot, you ought to hate him!" said Constance Hyde-Brown, healthily busy with honey and biscuits.

"Oh, I know it!" Shirley agreed quickly. "But I'm no good at hating! I'd go to him—yes, I would—if I thought it would do him the least good!"

"You and Stan get married and take in New York on your honeymoon," Willis Hyde-Brown suggested, with the levity of his generation. Stanley did not smile; his face had grown grave, and he said briefly:

"Pretty good place for you to keep away from, Shirley!"

"My dear," Shirley said placatingly, now trifling with bites of omelet filched one by one from the platter, "Cuyler doesn't need *me*. I was merely saying that if he *were* alone, or in trouble, I'm just fool enough to rush to him. No brains," said Shirley of herself pathetically. "Give me that hot plate, will you, Miss Yorke?" she added, falling upon her breakfast at last in real earnest. "Horrible, horrible fog!" she said, looking out of the darkened windows at a world all bleak and white again. "Well, we can play bridge and drop the subject of poor Cuyler!"

THEY did play bridge, from ten o'clock until a late luncheon hour, but Cuyler's name persistently crept into the conversation and it was obvious that Shirley was softening toward him.

She called Stanley from her room in the late afternoon and he went to her doorway. "What are you doing, big boy?" she asked sleepily, as he came over toward her.

"Why, we were just going to take a little turn round

the place. There's no let-up to the fog; it's like a rain, and Mrs. Hyde-Brown said she felt all muggy."

"Let them go without you, dearest, and come back and have a little tea-party just with me!" Shirley coaxed prettily.

Stanley did not hesitate, although she could hardly have proposed anything less inviting. He had been dozing with the rest after the early afternoon rubbers and now he longed for the fresh, cool outdoor air and the hour of exercise. They had half-planned, he and Margaret and Constance Hyde-Brown, a scramble up to the higher forest gate, where the Jesuit lilies grew in Spring and where the vague wheel-road wandered away beyond the fence into a delicious jungle of oaks, madrones, young redwoods and wild-lilac trees.

Besides, Margaret had on the woolly coat again, and although he had had no chance for a single word alone with her since morning, the memory of that morning talk had been sweet on his senses all day and the soft fogs outside and the drowsing fires within had fed his mood of dreaming and content. She had not spoken to him this afternoon, but in her starry eyes there was recollection too, a delicious confusion of promise and fear and joy and faith. He had recognized in himself the disloyal hope that Shirley would not join them——

AND now Shirley had summoned him, and he had meekly agreed to sandwiches and tea in her warm, quiet room, where the cold afternoon light was entering so baldly. He sent the others on without him and himself carried the tray to Shirley's side and seated himself beside her.

Shirley, curled in her cushions and her rose-colored cover, her lips red, her cheeks childishly flushed, her face delicately powdered, looked her prettiest. She loved to preside at five-o'clock tea and often said that it was her favorite meal—but to Stanley it only wasted the nicest hour of the day and spoiled his appetite for dinner.

"To get up and put your boots on and come out for a walk would do you a lot more good than this mess!" he could not resist saying.

"Oh, darling, let's not develop our characters!" Shirley pleaded, dimpling at him naughtily. "Who went?"

"Jim and the Hyde-Browns and Margaret," Stanley answered, wondering if anything that the last word meant to him had rushed through his quiet utterance of it.

"And you wish you were with them, of course?"

"No—but I get so darned stupid in the house all day!"

"Well, you're going to stay with me, now!" Shirley said, with pretty despotism, putting out her hand to hold his. "Stan," she added, suddenly serious, biting into a damp little flat paté sandwich, "I've been thinking all day. You don't know what this means to me! Stan, do you think I ought to go on to New York?"

"Go on to New York?" he echoed. "Why should you?"

"To see poor Cuyler," said Shirley solemnly, watching his face intently.

"To— Good God, what an idea!"

"No, but listen, Stan. If he loves me, and if he wants me?" Shirley asked, almost in tears. "It's just got on my nerves," she said pathetically. "That poor boy, alone with a lot of nurses and doctors—no one that belongs to him or cares if he lives or dies! And he always adored me, in his way, Stan. Somehow, I feel as if I were turning my back upon a pal in trouble!"

"My dear girl, you're just working yourself up about this," Stanley said in disapproval.

"Yes, but that's not all, Stan," Shirley said, discouraged but not diverted. "There's—there's all that money!"

"I don't see what that has to do with you," Stanley said almost sternly.

"You mean as your wife? Yes, of course. But do let's be reasonable, dear," begged Shirley, trying to win him with her smile, her pleading eyes, the touch of her hand.

Stanley, his face dark, sat back in his chair and folded his big arms. Shirley conceded him a fond and reproachful laugh before she said softly, lightly, placatingly:

"Stan, dear, I know. But there are *millions* there, my dear, or a million, anyway. Please, please don't talk nonsense about wanting to do it all, because if it were only for my jewelry—for my *clothes*—isn't it well worth just a flying trip to New York and a few weeks trying to make that poor boy die contented?" She paused, all reasonableness and quiet appeal. "What do you really *advise*, Stan?" she asked.

"I should suppose that of all persons in the world—" he began coldly.

"THAT I'm the last one to be there?" Shirley finished eagerly. "But, Stan, dear, you're wrong. I never felt that way about Cuyler. He was always terribly fond of me and I certainly tried my best to stick to him. After all, I'm Mrs. Cuyler Theobald, and Milly says—read it!—'anxious to be friends again.' I don't know how much money his uncle left him, but it was just *scads*—and when you consider how terribly hard it is to *get* money in this world, and how frightfully expensive everything is now, honestly, it seems to me it would be perfectly silly——"

She stopped and there was silence in the dimming room.

"You mean delay our wedding so that you can go to Cuyler?" Stanley asked dryly.

"Well, for a few weeks. People could think that I was going on for some clothes," Shirley explained brightly, "and I wouldn't wear mourning, Stan—I positively wouldn't do that! Unless at the funeral," she added thoughtfully.

"By golly, you are a wonder!" Stanley commented.

"Well, I think you're extremely silly about it," Shirley pouted. "I don't see why just being divorced makes it necessary for you to hate people!"

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SHIRLEY WAS LOOKING AT HER IN ASTONISHED RESENTMENT. "YOU ADMIT—YOU LOVE—HIM?" SHE STAMMERED





THE NEED *for* KEEPING FIT

By *Fielding H. Yost*

For twenty-three years Mr. Yost has been watching with an expert eye the physical equipment of thousands of young men and women in one of America's largest coeducational institutions, the University of Michigan. His fame as a football coach is great wherever the game is played; fewer people know that he is also Director of Intercollegiate Athletics, the Four-Year Course in Physical Education; and the Summer School for Athletic Coaching and Administration. In all, twelve thousand students look to him to direct their physical education. Within the last generation the increased popularity of sports has answered a real need arising from modern living conditions that endanger health by weakening resistance. Fortunately this softening influence can be combated successfully at home. Athletic sports are desirable but not essential to keeping the body machinery running efficiently. The fundamentals of keeping fit are simple and easily understood. Mr. Yost has had exceptional opportunities to test their worth, and the fruit of his unique experience will be shared with DELINEATOR readers in a series of helpful health articles of which this is the first

MACHINERY as a substitute for muscle has solved many of humanity's problems, but it has created others in their stead. The inventor has made life more comfortable, the educator has enriched it, and the physician, the surgeon and the sanitarian have prolonged it. Mortality statistics show that the man of to-day lives years longer than did his grandfather. Diseases that in former times either carried off hundreds of thousands in the form of epidemics or exacted a steady toll from the prevailing ignorance of sanitation and medical science have been greatly reduced, if not entirely conquered. We still have occasional epidemics, such as the influenza outbreak of the Winter of 1918-19. But even this terrible disease, which two hundred years ago might have claimed an appalling percentage of the population, was held within bounds, and the number of recoveries was very large, in spite of the fact that the disease was a very virulent one that demanded the best medical skill and careful nursing.

In order that mankind may derive the fullest benefits from our constantly improving civilization, we must bear in mind certain fundamental facts. Foremost among these is that the human body remains the same machine that it always was. Food, sleep, fresh air, water and exercise are no less necessary in the twentieth century than they were in the Stone Age. Exercise, however much it may be reduced as an adjunct to gaining a livelihood, must ever remain essential to physical growth and to the preservation of the mature body in a healthy condition. There is no substitute for exercise. The more we reduce physical toil, the more certainly we must supply its equivalent in the form of a recreational program.

This is a new problem. Our forefathers developed their bodies by work. Until comparatively recently, the scheme of existence was such that men and women, and boys and girls as well, were required to perform a large amount of physical labor. There were few exceptions. From the dawn of history to the fulness of this age of machinery and electricity man, using this word in the generic sense to include woman, has literally been earning his bread by the sweat of his brow.

There have been in all ages, it is true, certain wealthy classes who have escaped menial tasks. But their number has been limited. The few that did not work found their pleasure largely in vigorous sports and their vocation in the stern game of war, so that they did not lack for exercise. It is a fact known to every reader of history that when any people has developed too large a percentage of idlers, that people has been destroyed.

AMERICA was settled and developed by a race of workers. For many years it had a very small leisure class. The Southern slave-owner did little work with his hands, but he was a most ardent sportsman. The millionaires of yesterday were usually men who had won the beginnings of their fortunes with their hands. Their sons, inheriting a strong constitution, frequently inherited also a love of vigorous sport, which they could afford to indulge. There was a time when it was considered "unladylike" for the wives and daughters of rich men to play strenuously. But they were a small class that had no real influence on American life. To-day outdoor sport is recognized as thoroughly compatible with femininity.

Within the last twenty-five years there has been a complete transformation in our industrial and social life, due to the influence of labor-saving inventions and so-called "efficiency" methods. People in moderate circumstances now have luxuries and comforts that the emperors of former centuries never dreamed of. The amount of physical exertion generally necessary to accomplish what is needed or desired has been so greatly reduced that one might almost say that a boy or a girl can grow up without knowing what manual work means.

The automobile, which is now owned by hundreds of families where only one boasted a "horse and buggy" in the olden days, has reduced walking to a minimum. Modern plumbing has eliminated that hated chore of going to the well. The vacuum cleaner and the washing-machine have largely supplanted the broom and the wash-board. The telephone has cut down the running of errands, and also the making of calls, which formerly involved some physical exertion. The gas-range has relieved the housewife of the labor of putting wood or coal on her fire. Her son no longer is asked to exert himself by chopping and carrying wood or bringing up coal from the cellar.

THE prototypes of those "rich" families that had a horse and buggy find their labors greatly lightened by the substitution of the automobile. Old Dobbin had to be fed and curried and watered and bedded down and harnessed and unharnessed; it was exercise to drive him, particularly if he happened to be one of those hard-mouthed beasts that I can remember. Riding a horse is splendid exercise. But what son would have dared to ask his father for the privilege of driving or riding to school if the distance was only a matter of five miles or so? The idea would have been preposterous. Nowadays the boys and girls expect to be taken in the automobile or allowed to drive it themselves if the school is only five blocks away. The automobile is the greatest exercise-saver in the way of a vehicle that ever has been produced. It requires no effort to start it and practically none to drive it. Theoretically, the man of moderate means ought to take care of his car and make minor repairs; it would be good for him and would save him money. But usually he thinks that he has done his full duty if he supplies the machine with gasoline, oil and water. He takes it to a garage when anything involving any real work is necessary. I do not suppose that ten per cent. of the drivers even take the trouble to look after their grease-cups or patent lubricating systems. A horse would soon die under the treatment given an automobile, but there seems to be no way to kill an automobile except to run it over a cliff.

In the purely feminine occupation of housekeeping, the changes have been as great as anywhere else. The preparation of meals has been greatly simplified by the large variety and excellent quality of canned or preserved foods now on the market. Baker's bread, which can be had fresh anywhere except in the very wilds, has almost entirely supplanted the home-baked variety; it is just as cheap and, in general, probably better than "mother used to make," unless it is salt-rising bread like my mother makes. Baking is a laborious occupation and no one can blame the housewife for eliminating it. Milk and butter, which so many families formerly had from their own cows, are supplied in excellent quality and at a reasonable price by big dairies and creameries. It hardly pays now to keep a single cow or half a dozen. The production of milk, cream and butter has become "big business," with machinery for milking, churning and separating the cream. Thus human labor is lightened, but at the same time body-building and health-preserving exercise is taken away from us.

There is still a great deal of manual labor done in America, of course, but it is not always the kind of manual labor that makes for well-balanced physical development and the preservation of health. This is strictly the age of specialization. The old-time craftsman has almost disappeared, and in his place has come a laborer who performs one operation constantly. Frequently this consists in tending a machine in a factory and involves little real "elbow grease." The terrible monotony of the work, as opposed to the interesting character of that done before the days of "efficiency," makes it more than ever necessary to supply a physical

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CAN YOU WRITE A GOOD LETTER?

Seven tests that will enable you to find out

By ROY IVAN JOHNSON

Professor of English Composition, Stephens College

Is it enough to say that a good letter is simply the vehicle of a good personality? Mr. Johnson thinks not. This article is the result of the cooperation of one hundred women, prominent in the fields of education, authorship, politics and business, who came to Mr. Johnson's assistance in attempting to answer the question: "What is a good letter?" The frequent arraignment of college graduates on the score of poor letter-writing and other exhibitions of bad English caused the author to undertake his program of "making English function." Since nine-tenths of the use which the average person has for original written composition is in letter-writing, he believes it should have a large place in English training. "But," he says, "when I began looking around to find the proper subject-matter to teach my students, I found abstract discussions, but nothing very helpful concerning the actual English-using jobs which my students would have to do in the course of their natural experience." So Mr. Johnson set out to find the common qualities that all good letters possess. In this article he presents his conclusions and some helpful suggestions

LAST Spring a young woman showed me a letter from the director of a private school. The letter contained the following statement: "There were ten applicants for the position for which you applied, all of them college graduates. We are offering you the position on the strength of your letter. It was the only one of the ten which was clear, correct, concise and carefully written."

Being convinced that letter-writing, like other arts, is subject to instruction, I set out to discover a series of common qualities or characteristics which could be taught. In response to a number of personal solicitations for assistance, a hundred or more prominent women successful in the fields of education, authorship, politics and business replied, expressing belief in the project and offering personal assistance. From these women a large number of letters were borrowed—letters which they had received and which they designated as "good" or "excellent."

This pooling of opinion showed the existence of certain common elements of "goodness" or "excellence" in letters. A careful analysis of these current letters clearly revealed the following qualities: Courteous consideration of the interests of the person to whom the letter is written, informality, humor, cheerfulness, expressions of opinion and attitude, restriction of subject-matter to one or two central themes and attention to good form. This result affords a sound and definite basis for the teaching of letter-writing—also for self-training in the art. And it does not ignore the element of personality (the magic word by which some persons would dismiss the whole problem) any more than training in the manual arts ignores the factor of native ability. All results of training are weighted by individual differences.

IN ORDER to discover to what extent college students, especially young women, lack these characteristics in their social letter-writing, several hundred letters written by freshman girls to their friends were borrowed for confidential study. Using the "good" letters submitted by prominent women as a standard of excellence, it was easy to discover the weaknesses prevalent in student letter-writing and, after diagnosis, to undertake the treatment. The obvious weaknesses were concentration on self-interest to the almost complete exclusion of the other person, crudeness resulting from unsuccessful attempts at informality, inferior humor, excessive newsiness (gossip, not personal reactions), no attempt to confine the subject-matter, and carelessness in regard to form and grammatical correctness.

With this general outline of the investigation in mind, let us take the characteristics of excellence singly and consider their value.

Courtesy—This implies a consideration of the interests of the person to whom the letter is being written. There are various common devices by which this attitude on the part of the writer of a letter may be expressed:

1. Acknowledging obligations.
2. Showing gratitude.
3. Expressing expected congratulations or good wishes.
4. Inquiring about matters of interest to the reader.
5. Giving attention to questions that have been asked.
6. Expressing or implying respect or personal esteem.
7. Adapting subject-matter to age or interest of reader (*e. g.*, letters to children).
8. Apologizing when there is real occasion for it.

I have found these "devices of courtesy" commonly used not only in the current letters submitted by the women who assisted in the study, but also in published literary letters which have been selected by various editors as examples of good letter style.

Jane Austen's letter to her niece must have carried real pleasure to its recipient:

I assure you we all came away very much pleased with our visit. We talked of you . . . with the greatest satisfaction; and I have been just sending a very good report of you to Miss Benn, with a full account of your dress for Susan and Maria.

We were all at the play last night to see Miss O'Neil in "Isabella." I do not think she was quite equal to my expectations; I fancy I want something more than can be. I took two pocket-handkerchiefs, but had very little occasion for either. She is an elegant creature, however, and hugs Mr. Young delightfully.

I am going this morning to see the little girls in Keppel Street. Cassy was excessively interested about your marriage when she heard about it, which was not until she was to drink your health on the wedding-day. She asked a thousand questions in her usual manner—what he said to you, what you said to him. If your uncle were at home, he would send his best love, but I will not impose any base, fictitious remembrances on you; mine I can honestly give, and remain, etc.

SOME of the most effective illustrations of the various "devices" of excellence were found in the current letters, but in practically all instances these letters were submitted confidentially, the privilege of publication being withheld. One letter, however, I must venture to quote as a superb instance of the adaptation of subject-matter to age. It is a letter from a woman to a neighbor's daughter. Few, if any, of O. Henry's letters to Margaret, or Lewis Carroll's letters to his little friends, are superior to it:

DEAR GLORIA:

I was sorry when your mother told me over the phone this morning that you are in bed with something both catching and scratching. If it weren't catching, I would come down and help scratch. She said you had a yellow balloon, so I chose this yellow paper on purpose, because it is matching. If Ellwood comes down with chicken-pox, I'll scratch him with the vacuum cleaner. Sounds good, doesn't it? Just at present he is coming down with a large appetite. You'd be surprised to know how many apples his little skin can hold in one day. But I won't tell you, because it might make your fever run up a fraction of a degree.

These people (like you) that have nothing to do all day but lie in a nice comfy bed and be read to by grandmother and waited on by mother and have nice little custardy things to eat and smoke a thermometer—well, now, what was I going to say? Ellwood came in the back door and—*pouf!*—away went my thought. If I think of it, I'll write and tell you to-morrow.

Yours with love,

HELEN CREW.

Informality—Naturally, one thinks of the friendly letter as being the type of correspondence in which these characteristics of excellence can be utilized to the greatest advantage. This is especially true of informality—though a well-guarded informality is often used with good effect in a business letter. The following extract is from a letter written by Samuel Hopkins Adams to the editor of THE DELINEATOR.

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NEW PLANS FOR BETTER HOMES

Number Four—A semidetached seven-room house

PERSONS desiring to build have so often called upon architects and contractors to submit plans for double houses that, upon the request of THE DELINEATOR, Mr. Donn Barber has designed the semidetached house shown in the illustration.

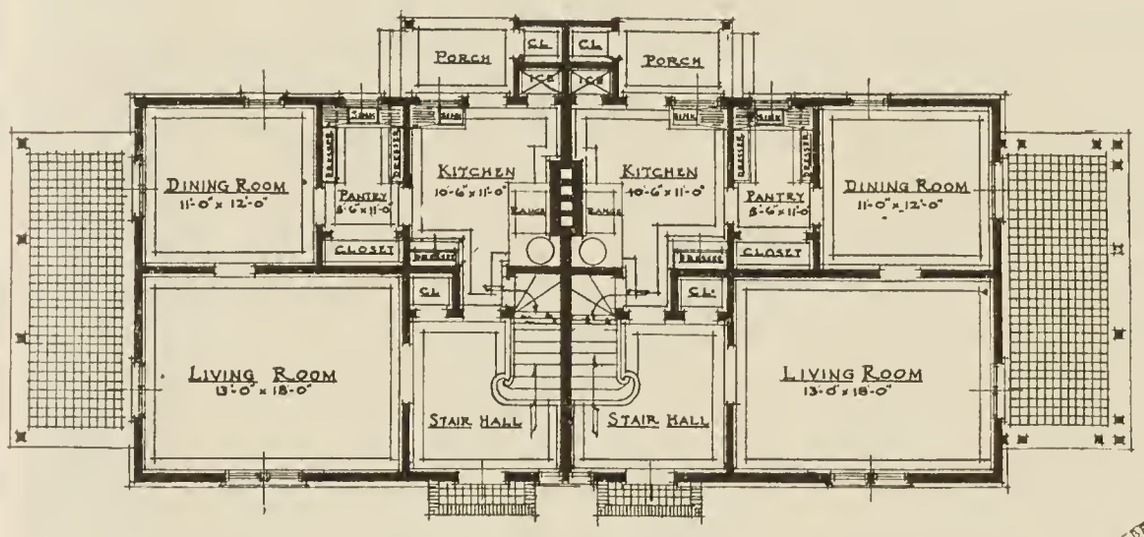
This house has, except for the two front entrances, the appearance of being occupied by but one family. The striking feature of the plan is that both living-porches, with their individual treatment, and all entrances to each house are distinctly separate. In this the architect has solved the problem of combining good architecture with the best features of a single house and economy in construction.

In building houses having but one dividing wall there is considerable saving of material and labor over the cost of erecting two separate houses. In general, this type of house is fast becoming popular in many of our rapidly growing suburbs because of the necessity of economy in available land. Assuming that one side of the house is to be occupied by the owner, the rentals received from the other half would soon enable him to pay off whatever mortgage or indebtedness was incurred by the entire undertaking. The demand for better homes has proved also that this type of dwelling can be readily disposed of at a price far more attractive to prospective buyers than the cost of a detached house.

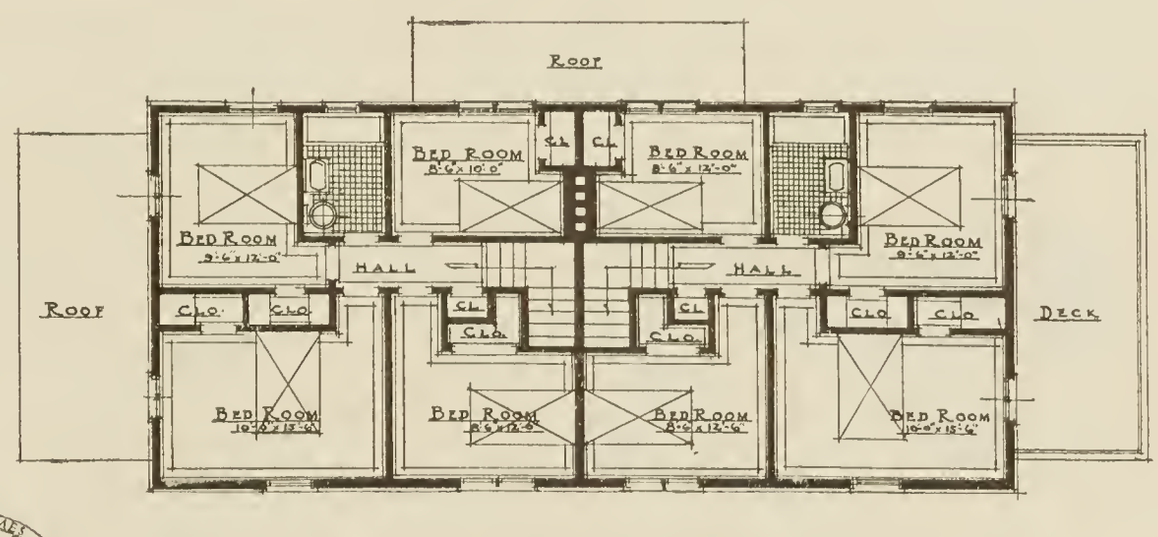
The construction as shown of this house is intended to be of wood with a wide clapboard siding, although the type of architecture readily permits of it being built in stucco or brick. By the variation of building material, slight changes in the plans to make them suitable to particular conditions would also be permissible.



THIS SEMIDETACHED HOUSE HAS, EXCEPT FOR THE TWO FRONT DOORS, THE APPEARANCE OF BEING OCCUPIED BY BUT ONE FAMILY



FIRST FLOOR PLAN



SECOND FLOOR PLAN

THE DELINEATOR
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS

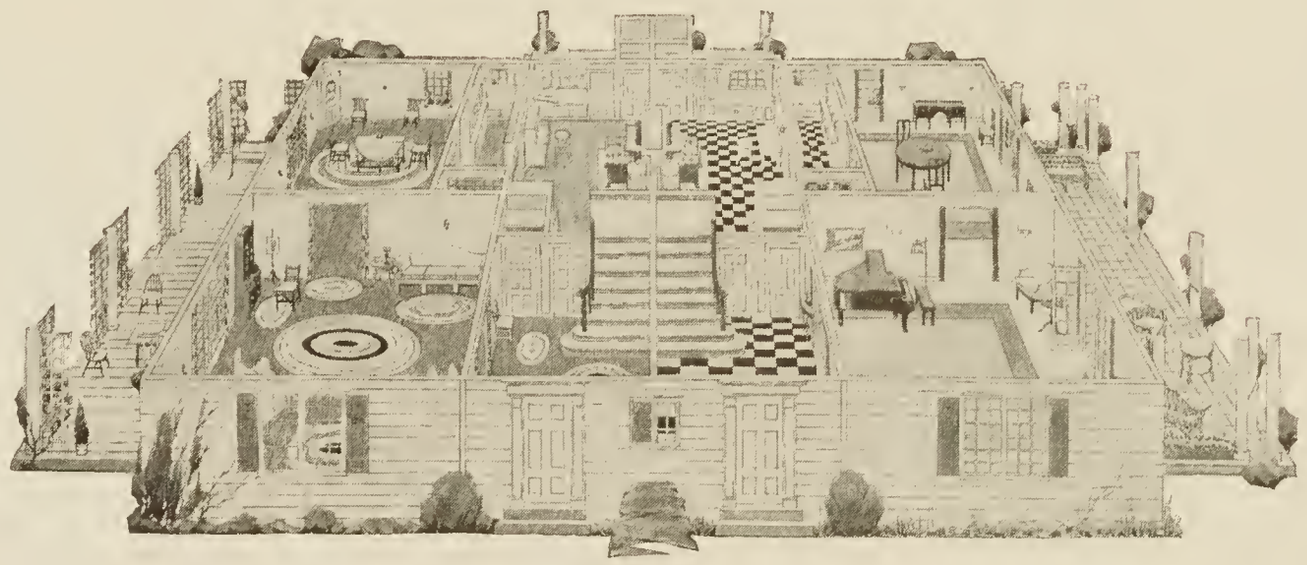
Mr. Donn Barber, architect, has designed for THE DELINEATOR a series of houses, in which this semidetached house, known as House Plan Number Four, is the fourth. We will supply, for one dollar, reprints of the floor-plans and elevations on this page, with working figures which may be developed into complete working drawings by your local architect. Address the Home-Building Editor

DECORATION

THE architecture of a house is a very important factor in the success of its decoration and furnishing, and on the shoulders of the architect rests the responsibility of obtaining that sense of proportion and division of space which is necessary to make rooms livable and comfortable. Because these two houses are alike, it does not mean that individuality and charm can not be obtained in the furnishing. The choice of decoration as applied to the interiors of these houses could be so different that it would be difficult to make some persons believe that the plan of each was identical. For instance, the house that faces south might be done in the cool tones with painted walls and woodwork to match, while the one facing north could be decorated with carefully chosen wall-papers in warm, blending colors with a natural-wood stained woodwork.

The accompanying illustration shows a suggested arrangement of furniture for the lower floor of each of the houses, the general character of the furnishings being in keeping with the architecture of the houses, yet variety in choice of furniture has made each house individual in its furnishing. Variations in periods and styles have been carefully combined, breaking the monotony of strict period furnishing. These variations are entirely appropriate and correct so long as they meet the requirements of the family, are arranged for comfort, are placed in balanced fashion and are correct in scale with one another and the room itself.

In choosing the odd pieces of furniture for either of these houses, be sure that comfort and good quality are combined. It is far better to buy fewer pieces of good quality than a large assortment of showy, cheaply constructed furniture.



THE CHOICE OF DECORATION AND ARRANGEMENT OF FURNISHINGS MAY DIFFER WIDELY AND STILL BE IN KEEPING WITH THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE HOUSE. THE SKETCH SUGGESTS TWO EFFECTIVE DECORATIVE TREATMENTS OF THE SAME PLAN

COLOR schemes should be thought out before a single piece of furniture or a yard of fabric is purchased. The correct use of color and color combinations makes what so many persons strive for: a restful, beautiful room. Northern and eastern exposures require the use of the warmer tones, and southern and western exposures the cooler tones.

With the use of either the warmer or cooler tones there is to be considered the fact that rooms should never be done all in one color; for example, to create the correct amount of variety and interest, a room with a southern exposure should have, besides the sufficient areas of coolness, delightful notes of warm color. These are easily introduced in chintzes, lamp-shades, odd chair coverings and cushions. The most decorative and interesting accessories that will invariably lend color and character to a neutral or flat tone background are books in rows on shelves with scarlet, green or orange bindings; chintzes in mulberry, orange and subtle blues; vases and bowls in brilliant colors, with bits of brass or copper to lend a bright spot, and last, but not least, bright-colored flowers. These latter may be the dried Winter variety, such as bittersweet or swamp berries, or a blending of the garden varieties, such as nasturtiums, zinnias, cosmos, snapdragons or calendulas.

While reds should not be used in any great quantity in the decoration of a room, a certain quantity is cheering and helps to bring out a strong note in carefully planned color schemes. The use of red does not necessarily mean the brilliant red of the color-box, but embraces also many of the soft, mellow tones, such as henna, red mulberry, rose red, rust red and copper reds, the use of which in small quantities lends distinction to most any room. Much blue absorbs light, thus the use of blue in quantities in either walls or furnishings is inclined to make a room appear gloomy, but if blue is used sparingly against a warm background the effect is indeed charming.

THE HAPPY CHILD

SCIENTIFIC BABY CARE

The purpose of the series of articles under this title, of which the accompanying one is the twelfth, is to place at the disposal of mothers the knowledge of America's foremost specialists in baby care and child welfare

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Prenatal care, the care of the baby at birth, general care, maternal nursing, artificial feeding, early childhood, feeding after infancy and the health education of the school child have been covered in preceding issues. Articles to come will have to do with equally important steps up through the formative years of early youth. The completed series will comprise the most up-to-date scientific information accessible to mothers

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Five of the most helpful articles are available in pamphlet form. "The Expectant Mother and the New Baby," by Dr. Ralph Lobenstine, "The General Care of the Baby," "Maternal Nursing" and "Artifical Feeding," by Dr. L. Emmett Holt, and "Early Childhood," by Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw, will be sent to any parent on receipt of ten cents for each pamphlet. Address all inquiries and remittances to the Child Health Department, THE DELINEATOR



"THE WORLD IS MINE"

CONTRIBUTING EXPERTS

DR. L. EMMETT HOLT
Adviser in THE DELINEATOR'S Child Health Campaign; Physician-in-Chief, Babies' Hospital, New York City, and President of the Child Health Organization

DR. HENRY L. K. SHAW
Ex-President, American Child Hygiene Association and Consultant, Division of Maternity, Infancy and Child Hygiene, New York State Department of Health

DR. THOMAS W. SALMON
Former Medical Director, National Committee for Mental Hygiene; Professor of Psychiatry, Columbia University

DR. RALPH LOBENSTINE
Chairman of the Medical Advisory Board of the Maternity Center Association of New York City; formerly Obstetrician to the New York Lying-in Hospital

DR. WILLIAM PALMER LUCAS
Professor of Diseases of Children, University of California; formerly Director of the Child Welfare Work of the American Red Cross in Europe

DR. OWEN LOVEJOY
General Secretary, National Child Labor Committee

SAFEGUARDING MENTAL HEALTH

By DR. THOMAS W. SALMON

"NERVES" and childhood do not properly belong together. Happiness, frankness and freedom from anxiety are characteristics of the mind of the child that adults look upon with envious eyes. Yet at child-hygiene meetings these are questions that mothers ask over and over again:

"What do 'night-terrors' mean?"

"How can sensitiveness be controlled?"

"How serious is it for a boy to take pennies from his mother's pocketbook?"

"Should a child be forced to do something he is afraid to do?"

"What sex practises are normal in a child?"

"Is telling fantastic stories about things a child thinks he has done a sign of nervousness?"

A mother brought to a physician a little boy who had recently become nervous and preoccupied and was quite often nauseated after coming home from school. A careful physical examination showed that he was in good general health and no organic explanation for the nausea could be found. There were no bad habits of sleep, eating or exercise. The home environment was a suitable one and, until recently, school work had been accompanied by no stress. "Nerve tonics" did no good, and he came back somewhat worse after a two weeks' visit in the country. A study that took into account all of the child—mind as well as body, and emotional problems as well as intellectual ones—showed that things were not going as well as they should in some of the most intricate and important phases of life. At school he had come under an influence that necessitated a struggle on his part to maintain standards of sex conduct that he had slowly been forming at home. The nature of the struggle was not quite clear to the little boy and he could not seek the aid that would be so eagerly and lovingly given if it were known that it were needed. "Nervousness," coming from a source quite as mysterious to him as to his parents, provided a temporary armistice but not a real solution. The discovery of the real problem, dealing with it frankly and bringing to bear—not ineffectually upon the nervousness, but effectually upon the cause—the resources that a well-adjusted home provides, disposed of the nervousness and not only brought victory to a brave little warrior fighting an unknown enemy alone but also gave him a point of view that may serve him well again.

A girl was removed from an excellent preparatory school upon the advice of the principal because she was "irritable and uncooperative" and from still another school because the opinion was expressed that she was subnormal mentally. An examination that had for its object the *determination of facts*—whether they were mental or physical, organic or functional—disclosed the fact that this girl had a special mental aptitude that is almost as rare as the voice of a Caruso. A course of study planned to give this gift an opportunity for expression caused the irritability and uncooperativeness to vanish into thin air, and to-day that girl, who was thought to be mentally subnormal because she could not make a soaring gift from the gods walk on the ground, is far on the way to success in a profession in which few women have succeeded.

THE experiences of these two children indicate that there are mental-hygiene problems of childhood serious enough to receive attention. The knowledge that the parents of these children secured will help them to avert similar difficulties, but it is important that hundreds of thousands of other parents should be as well equipped to safeguard the mental health of their children. If there is a scientific and practical hygiene of mind to be learned and applied, its resources should be available to all intelligent parents. That such resources are not generally available is due chiefly to the fact that we are accustomed to think of child health only in connection with physical growth and the prevention of infectious diseases. We forget that there is another kind of health quite as essential for happiness and usefulness: that of the nervous system. We regard aches, pains and various other kinds of interference with bodily health as facts and actual experiences and forget that groundless fears, needless anxiety, compelling ideas and false feelings of illness and disability are just as capable of impairing usefulness and happiness.

There are many reasons why mental health is lost sight of in connection with the better-known tasks of hygiene. Doubtless the most important one is the belief implied in the old maxim, "A healthy mind in a healthy body," that general health automatically insures mental health. It will not insure mental health to rely wholly upon the maintenance of general physical health, important as it is to protect the delicate and complex nervous system from material harm. All this brings us to the fact that if we are to take practical steps for the preservation of the mental health of our children, we must be prepared to recognize the fact that mental functions may depend to a very great extent upon habits, trends of thought and a delicate balance between acts that come straight from the instincts and those that are modified by reason.

One would naturally think that the object of mental hygiene is to increase the *amount* of mind, or at least the amount of mind that can be made available for certain tasks. But the most important and the most easily preventable disturbances of mental health in children are not dependent in the slightest degree upon the amount of mind the child has nor the rate at which it is developing. Much more important are difficulties that arise in mental processes not primarily concerned with what we generally speak of as intelligence. In this article, we are concerned with those difficulties to which the term "nervousness" is applied.

It is very desirable to explain the use of the word "mental" in connection with matters to which the term "nervous" is much more frequently applied. It is done in this article and more and more in current usage solely in the interests of frankness and accuracy. The use of the word "nerves" when *mind* is meant and "nervous" when the correct term is *mental* represents the survival of an evasive attitude toward the mind that has been responsible for more medical and popular misconceptions of the real problem of mental life than any other cause. Nerves are little white fibers that connect all parts of the body with the great central governing stations of the nervous system. Nerves may be destroyed by accident or damaged by disease without any of the disturbances popularly known as "nervousness" resulting, and, on the other hand, so much nervousness may exist that the whole life of the individual may be seriously affected, while the nerves themselves remain quite intact.

Fears, anxiety, compelling ideas and false feelings of illness and disability are *mental*, not nervous, and half the battle for their control is won when this fact is frankly accepted and the terms habitually used in their proper connection.

HAVING cleared the ground a little regarding "nervousness" and the real field of mental hygiene, what are the mental problems, apart from those concerned with intelligence and its development, with which we are prepared to deal in childhood? If we bear in mind the useful division of mental processes into those concerned with memory, judgment and learning capacity (intelligence), and those that are involved in the emotional (feeling) side of mental life, we will see that in most of the mental-health problems of children the *amount* of mind has little to do with the kind or extent of the casualty. Something goes wrong in his emotional life and the child is forced to adopt the mechanism known as "nervousness" because a better type of adjustment can not be reached with the resources that he has at his command. It is obvious that the "nervousness" of "nervous" children can not be understood or controlled without knowing a good deal about the emotional sources of the behavior of human beings. The most important single fact is that behavior

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THE NEWLY-WEDS' DINING-ROOM



GET a cigar-box six inches wide, four deep and eight or nine inches long. We'll make the sideboard first. Get an empty match-box and five little safety-match boxes. Take the inside of the big box and cut away one side and half of the bottom. Lay three little boxes along the inside of the side that's left and glue them fast. Glue another box on top of each of the end ones. Take the top of the large match-box and cut away one side and the top. Glue what you have left to make the top and back of the sideboard. The five small boxes make the drawers. To put a handle on them, punch a hole in the front of each and put in a brass paper-fastener. If you want a mirror for the back, paste on a piece of silver paper. Cut a large square notch in the side to look like legs.

Take the inside of a large match-box and cut away the sides, all but about half an inch. Turn this upside down on a large spool and there is your table. Glue the top to the spool. A nice table-cloth is a lace-paper doily.

The newly-weds will need two chairs to sit on, so get two small cardboard boxes that are square at the ends. Cut the box across one and one-half inches from the end. Start one-quarter inch from one corner and cut up for one inch, then across the side and down the other corner. Do this for each side and you will have a little stool. Paste a piece of cardboard at one side for the back.

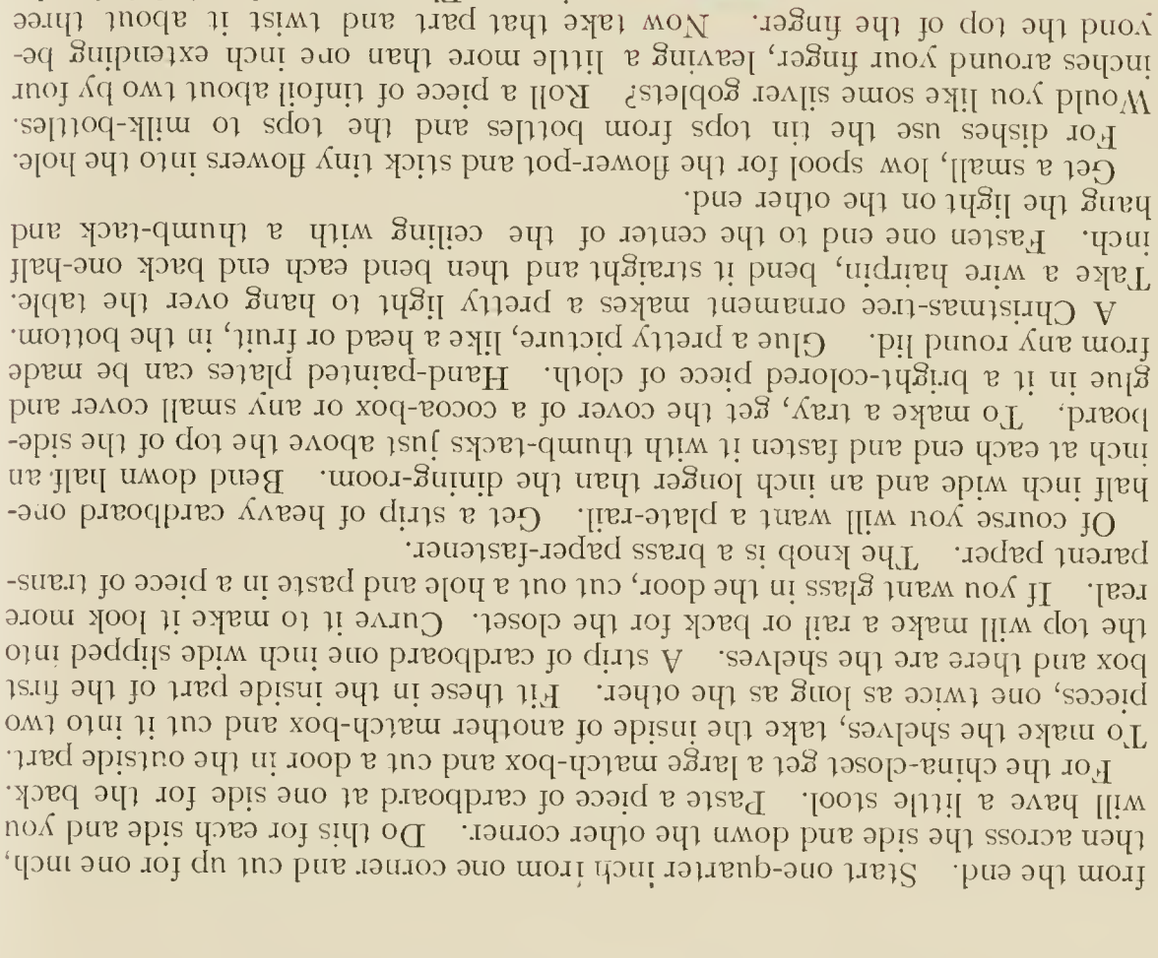
For the china-closet get a large match-box and cut a door in the outside part. To make the shelves, take the inside of another match-box and cut it into two pieces, one twice as long as the other. Fit these in the inside part of the first box and there are the shelves. A strip of cardboard one inch wide slipped into the top will make a rail or back for the closet. Curve it to make it look more real. If you want glass in the door, cut out a hole and paste in a piece of transparent paper. The knob is a brass paper-fastener.

Of course you will want a plate-rail. Get a strip of heavy cardboard one-half inch wide and an inch longer than the dining-room. Bend down half an inch at each end and fasten it with thumb-tacks just above the top of the sideboard. To make a tray, get the cover of a cocoa-box or any small cover and glue in it a bright-colored piece of cloth. Hand-painted plates can be made from any round lid. Glue a pretty picture, like a head or fruit, in the bottom.

A Christmas-tree ornament makes a pretty light to hang over the table. Take a wire hairpin, bend it straight and then bend each end back one-half inch. Fasten one end to the center of the ceiling with a thumb-tack and hang the light on the other end.

Get a small, low spool for the flower-pot and stick tiny flowers into the hole.

For dishes use the tin tops from bottles and the tops to milk-bottles. Would you like some silver goblets? Roll a piece of tinfoil about two by four inches around your finger, leaving a little more than one inch extending beyond the top of the finger. Now take that part and twist it about three times. Flatten out what is left for the base of the goblet.





MY LITTLE PAGE

DEAR CHILDREN: First of all, please ask mother to explain to you about Better Homes Week in the Big DELINEATOR. Second: Boys, please excuse me for having a Doll Number. If you'll forgive me this time, then I'll *promise* you, on my honor, to give you in July an especially interesting number for boys. Third: Girls, I just wanted to tell you that Dorothy is my own real rag doll. Good-by, till next month. HARRIET IDE EAGER.

P. S.—If you want a special "What to Do in Vacation" letter from your editor, send a stamped envelope addressed to yourself.

Another P. S.—Please excuse that silly mistake I made last month! I said I wasn't going to give any prize and then I had the cover contest just the same! A Big Pile of friendly letters is pouring in, but there's still time for more children to write.

The most helpful letter, telling your editor what you like best in THE LITTLE DELINEATOR this month and why, will win a big framed picture like the cover

FOR NEW READERS: Cut out this sheet, fold across the middle, then fold again and cut across the first folded line.



DOROTHY

Dirty and faded and funny and flat,
Old and old-fashioned—oh, yes, I know that!
Rosy cheeks faded and faded her smile,
Only a rag doll—no pep and no style.
To you she is homely, but oh, if you knew
Her sweet disposition, so good and so true,
You'd wish that you had an old Dorothy too!

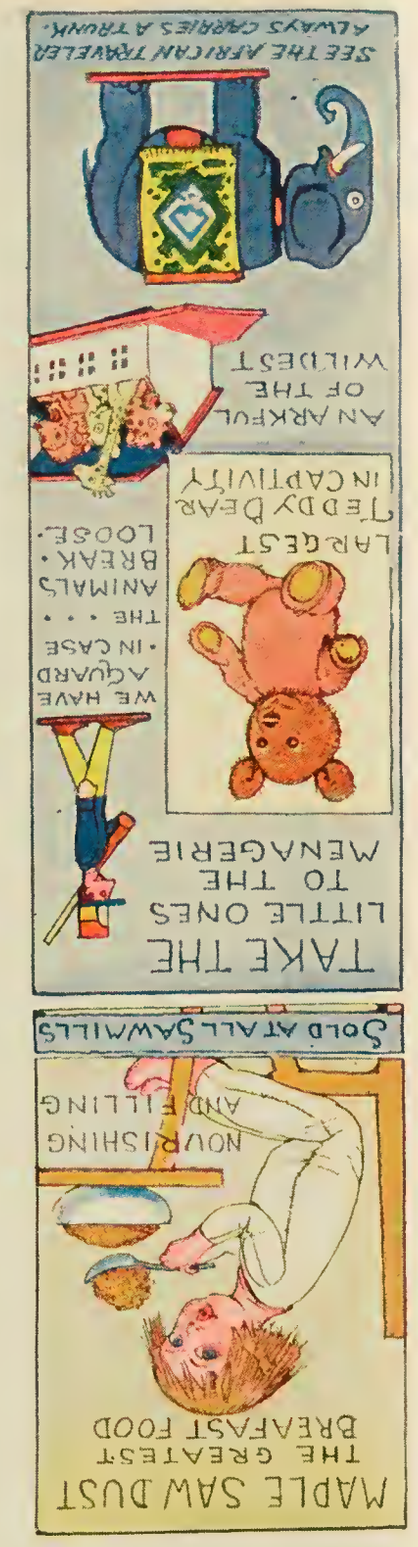
THE LITTLE DELINEATOR

JUNE 1923

EDITOR—HARRIET IDE EAGER



"BETTER HOMES FOR DOLLS" NUMBER



THE DOLL FLOWER-GIRL



WAS there ever a sweeter flower-girl for a doll wedding? If you want to make a dress like this for your doll daughter, send thirty cents to the Doll Pattern Department, THE DELINEATOR, New York City. Ask for pattern Number 420. Give the height of your doll. There are eight sizes, twelve to twenty-six inches. With the pattern for this dress there also come patterns for the hat, a little cape, a nightgown, a petticoat and a combination. There is a Deltor with each pattern, showing you just how to make the garment.

DELI-BEAR WORKS FOR BETTER HOMES



"Poor birdie," says DELI, "were you trying to fly?"

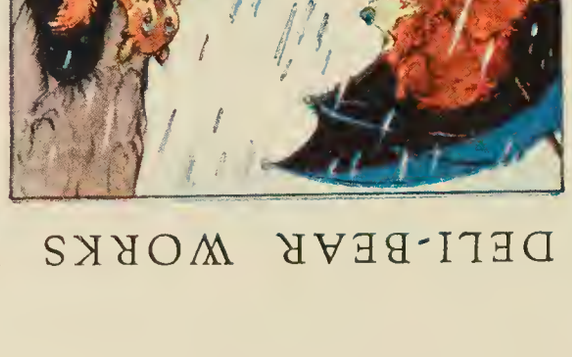
"Cheep! I fell from the nest while my Ma wasn't by."

"Ah ha! Mrs. Puss, you are watching that hole
To catch Mr. Mouse when he goes for a stroll!"

"Thanks, thanks, thanks! Through this spectacle door I'll look out
To see whether bold Madam Puss is about!"

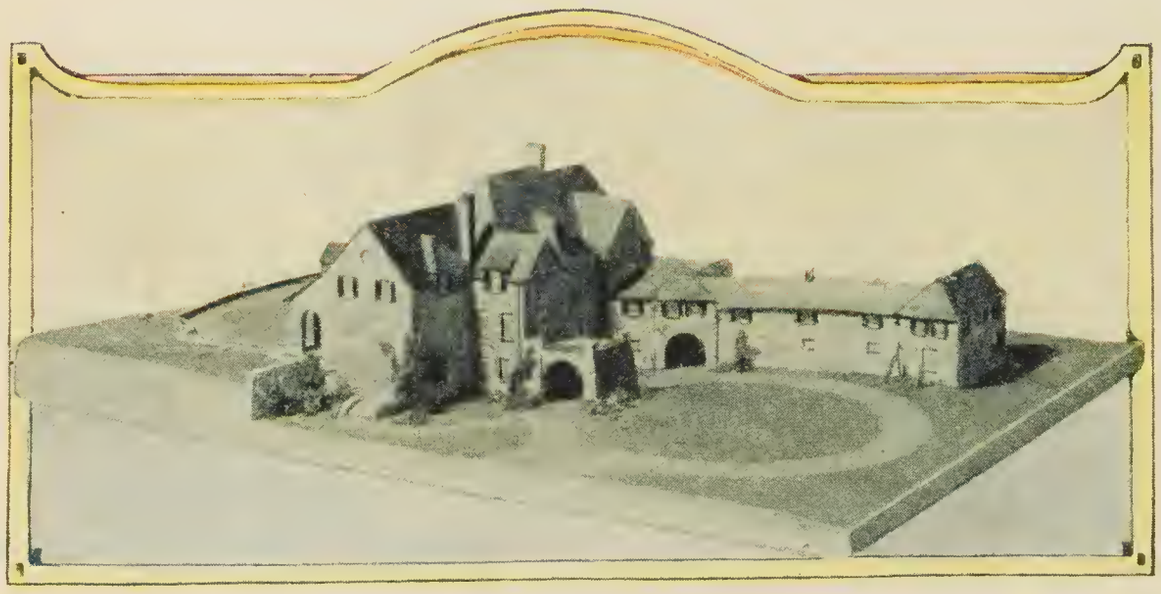
"Why, Squirrel!" says DELI-bear. "What is the matter?"

"Br-r-r! I'll get my feet wet in that pool of rainwater."



"And now," cries young DELI, "you're all fixed up fine!
"Your feet will keep dry, hail or snow, rain or shine!"

"Thanks, thanks, thanks, Mr. Bear!" cries Ma Bird.
"Now I'll know
"Both my babies are safe while to market I go."



WIN THIS MODEL HOUSE!

THIS is the little model of a real gray-stone house built by Mr. Donn Barber, a well-known New York architect. He had the model made to show the people who were going to live in the real house just how it would look when finished. An expert worked every day for three weeks to build the little house and grounds, and it cost three hundred dollars!

Mr. Barber has given this model to THE LITTLE DELINEATOR for a Better Homes prize. (Ask mother to explain to you about the Big DELINEATOR'S Better Homes Week.)

This little model house would be very valuable and interesting to own. Both boys and girls could play all sorts of things with it. It would be wonderful for your Christmas garden next Christmas. Underneath the house is a hole. If you hold a flash-light in the hole, all the windows light up.

The model will be given as a prize to the boy or girl who writes the most interesting letter on "What I Like Best in My Home."

Don't write about a person. Write about a thing—anything in your home that you think is attractive. Maybe you think your own room is the nicest. Maybe there is a fine picture or a pretty vase or some small thing that you especially like. Be sure to describe it and tell *why* you like it. Say as much as you can in a few words. Write distinctly and, if you can, use ink.

The ten next-best letters will win either a small pasteboard house or a pair of Monkey Clip-Clip scissors. Be sure to say in your letter whether you want a house or the scissors, in case you win one of the ten prizes.

Contest closes June twentieth. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope if you want an answer from your editor. Address Better Homes Contest, THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, New York City.

GREAT-GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S FASHION DOLLS



WHEN your great-great-grandmother was little, her mother didn't subscribe for magazines with stylish fashion-plates that she cut out for paper dolls. The only fashion-plates in those days were real dolls made of wood or china!

Milliners and dressmakers used to dress these dolls in fine silk and satin dresses and send them from town to town and home to home so that ladies could see the latest styles. The best fashion dolls were made in Flanders, so they used to be called "Flanders' Babies."

When a Flanders' baby had traveled from town to town and from home to home, and sometimes even across the ocean, until her fine clothes were out of style and her pretty face all battered and worn, then some lucky little girl was allowed to keep her for her own baby.

Of course there were other dolls, too, made especially for little girls. In England dolls were called "Bartholomew Babies," because they were always sold, with other toys, at a big fair called the Bartholomew Fair.

But these real dolls were expensive and hard to get, so our great-great-grandmothers in America often had to be satisfied with home-made babies of wood or rags. But I'm sure they had just as good homes and just as much love as any of our pretty china dolls to-day and perhaps seemed more like one of the family, because they were made at home.



THE HOME-MAKERS' DEPARTMENT



Edited by
MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER
Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

I HAVE long been acquainted with a woman who married a widower with three children. She had no special training for the task. The income was small. Every day was a challenge to her strength and to her knowledge as well as to her allowance for household expenses.

She resolved to make her home a better one each year. When her own children came, there was a renewed drain upon strength and finances. She continued to maintain a desire for a better home in which to rear her children, but margins for advance were hard to gain.

She took an inventory of resources and made a budget for her income as well as scheduled her time and husbanded her strength.

The calendar of daily tasks was reduced to the finest terms. When daily tasks were written down and a time allowance made for emergencies, each one was challenged: Is it important? Can a quicker method be substituted and still be as effective? Can some one else do the work? Can power be applied which in the long run will save money?

She made a budget for her income, and then questioned each item: Are there any leaks in the household expenses? Is the system of accounting systematic and simple? Are household goods bought to advantage? Is there anything purchased which does not bring worth-while return?

She made a budget for her health. She applied the test of endurance to daily tasks and stopped short of fatigue. She accumulated strength. She indulged in sunshine, exercise and fresh air as the cheapest tonic. She opened the windows and dispensed with dark corners. She established and used a rest center so alluring that it served its purpose. She invested in a water supply for her kitchen and bathroom. She taught health habits to her children as the best insurance against failure and expensive ill-health. She selected food for her children which was plain, wholesome and adequate for growth. She learned to prevent disease rather than to cure it.

As time went on, her margins increased; and on these margins she made investments. The family had more recreation, more books, more music: these were regarded as investments. The children grew to need less attention; health, education, character and earning ability were all she expected to give them. For herself, there was not only an increased margin of time, but there was health and capacity for intellectual enjoyment.

Supplemented by the efforts of her children, she sent them to college. But lest the children now outstrip their mother in learning, she followed them to a large university and entered with all her enthusiasm into lectures, concerts and the opportunities afforded in the university town. At the end of the four years she was still ahead with less margin of money but a greater margin of enjoyment and leadership. Her compensation is in her children. Her margins of time, of strength, of income have gone into building a better home and a better family.

The Better Homes Campaign should define the objective in family life.

Martha Van Rensselaer









PRIZE-CONTEST ANNOUNCEMENT

GILBERT CANNAN, the distinguished English author, said not long ago while addressing a group of American men and women of letters: "A great laughter is arising in America. The younger people are demanding of life new beauty, new charm."

The rapid growth of interest in music in all parts of the country bears out Mr. Cannan's statement. We have received a greater response to our contest announcement on "How We Organized Community Music" than to any previous contest announcement in this series. Letters have come from villages, towns and cities in all parts of the country telling of community singing, of band concerts, of the introduction of musical memory tests and courses in music in the schools. In cities such as Boise, Idaho, and Birmingham, Alabama, serious concerts of classical music are being given by local musicians. In mining-camps, people are taking turns meeting in each other's houses to sing. In some country towns which haven't even a piano, people are assembling in the schoolhouse to learn songs from the phonograph. Mr. Cannan is right: a new interest in beauty and innocent joy *is* arising.

THE DELINEATOR'S fifty-dollar prize this month is offered for the best letter of not more than five hundred words on "How We Organized Amateur Dramatics." We want letters about the giving of good plays by adults at regular intervals. Tell what plays have been given, how the actors are trained, how expenses are borne and how this "little-theater" movement has been received by your community.

This is the tenth prize of a series offered by THE DELINEATOR on aspects of enriching community life.

All contributions must be mailed before midnight of June eighth. Contributions for this contest can not be returned. Address: Contest Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York City.

PRIZE-WINNING LETTER

HOW WE ORGANIZED COMMUNITY MUSIC

By Grace C. Howes

THE Boise Civic Festival Chorus is a genuine community product. Once a small-town choral society, we have in four years developed one of the largest civic musical organizations in the Northwest.

This society has made Boise one of the most music-loving communities in America, in spite of the fact that it is far from all the great music centers.

Boise now celebrates an annual Music Week, holds many public concerts and has made music a part of the regular school work, counting toward graduation.

The Feast of Light and Song, held every year in Boise, is one of the most picturesque of American customs. This is an evening procession by lantern-light in which the whole town takes part. Singing, the throng marches through the darkness, with home-made lanterns of strange and beautiful designs swinging from the ends of leafy boughs. The picturesque designs of the lanterns are encouraged by the fact that a prize is offered for the best one.

The great growth of our musical interest is largely due to the fact that we early realized the need for efficient training.

The leadership of the organization was awarded to a young musician of the town who has the real spark of genius. His first announcement was that all music-lovers of whatever class or creed were eligible as members. Dues were tabued as being undemocratic. New and interesting programs were outlined for future concerts and the annual celebration of Music Week. Our leader's policy of stressing individual expression before technique encouraged the timid and increased the membership. As a further stimulant to local effort, an objective was established by planning for a great pageant interpreting our own environment to which the varied talents of the whole community should contribute.

Churches, clubs, municipal and school orchestras have cooperated by giving occasional free concerts and by helping to make Music Week notable.

Music Week begins with Music Sunday in *all* the churches. It is followed by Memorial Day exercises on an open-air stage in the capitol grounds. The other evenings of the week are devoted to Drama Night, School-Music Night—including fairy revels for the children—Choir and Orchestra Night, Civic-Chorus Night, and, on the final evening, the Feast of Light and Song. The festivities end with dancing, refreshments and an old-time "sing."

So far we have given three performances each of "The Messiah" (our Christmas gift to the city), "The Redemption," and the operas "Faust" and "The Bohemian Girl." We have also given programs featuring Frederick Converse's "Peace Pipe" and "The Answer of the Stars," Elgar's "Banner of St. George," Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," Tschaikowsky's "Eugen Onégin," and an original new opera, "The White Buffalo Maiden," by our leader.

We have supported our own enterprise by an annual Music Tag Day and special concerts for which admission is charged. These pay all costs of Music Week, concerts, correspondence, publicity, our "personally conducted" typewritten newspaper—and our leader's modest salary. Halls, some advertising, lantern prizes and lumber for the civic platform are gratuitous, and the singers buy their own music.

All this has educated and advertised our town, broadened our sympathies and friendships, and has abundantly proved that music culture is a sure road to social and civic betterment.

JUNE FOOD CALENDAR

WITH the coming of the first fruits, it is time to start the habit of making simple ices and sherbets of fruit juice or pulp for Summer desserts.

Get out the picnic list and lay in the supplies so that these jaunts may be arranged on the spur of the moment and without fuss.

Plan fireless meals that won't cook the cook and will allow the preparation of meals for the day to be done in the morning.

How many meals are you planning to eat on your own porch this Summer?

There are orange-shells and sponge-cake cases in which to serve strawberries when you tire of serving them in other ways.

Fish, eggs, cheese and milk should appear more often on the menu during the Summer months.

Rub with a slice of lemon the baking-pans and frying-pans in which fish has been cooked. This will take off the objectionable smell of fish that is inclined to linger.

It is better to give the exact amount of time and attention at the moment needed than to have burned, half-cooked, dried-up or juiceless foods.

Form the pleasant habit of serving afternoon tea on your porch. There are many delightful beverages made of fruit-juice that may serve for the "tea."

EATING FOR HEALTH

ROUGHAGE IN THE DIET

THE human machine needs fuel to supply heat to keep it warm and give it energy to do its work. It needs building materials to make it grow in youth and to maintain it and keep it in repair after it is grown. But all machines must have more than this, and the human machine is no exception. In addition to fuel and building material, it must be supplied with substances to regulate it and make it run smoothly. In other words, it must have something to make the wheels go round.

There are many regulating substances which we need in our daily food. Not the least important is that one variously known as bulk, or roughage, or fiber, and which acts as a sort of broom, or cleanser, or scourer of the intestine. This roughage consists of the coarse fiber, cellulose or bran found in the outer coating of seeds, the framework of leaves, stems, roots and tubers and in both the framework and skins of fruits. Its usefulness lies in the fact that it is not digested in the body except when it is young and tender, and it therefore aids in stimulating the onward muscular movement called peristalsis, which causes food to move along the intestinal tract.

As has been previously stated, cellulose is found in the bran or coats of seeds. It is therefore important that the diet contain some cereals containing the outer layers of the grain—such as oatmeal, whole wheat, Graham flour or water-ground corn-meal—either as a breakfast cereal or in muffins or other breads, for not only does this bran furnish roughage, but it contains other substances as well which act as laxatives and which tend to keep the intestines free from accumulations of waste and toxic substances. The diet should contain in addition to the outer layers of the cereal grains some of the leafy vegetables, such as cabbage, lettuce, spinach or other greens, as well as turnips, carrots, beets and onions. All of these give bulk and laxative salts to the diet and aid in keeping the digestive tract clear and the blood in good condition.

A third important source of roughage is fruit, especially fruits such as figs, dates and prunes and those fruits the skins of which may be eaten. The acids in fruits are also especially valuable as laxatives.

Plants, such as lettuce, cabbage and celery, that contain little cellulose or that are quickly grown may be eaten raw. Economically as well as dietetically, all foods that can be eaten raw should be served raw, for it not only saves time and fuel, but none of the food-value is lost in the cooking process.

In the coatings of cereals and in plants of slow growth, the fiber is thick and tough and, inasmuch as it encloses starches and sugars, it is necessary to cook it thoroughly in order to soften it and thus free the food which it encloses. Unless this is done, the food material thus surrounded passes through the digestive tract unaffected by the digestive juices, is not assimilated by the body and is almost a total loss. Therefore, when such foods are added to the diet, they should be thoroughly cooked to soften the cellulose. This is especially true of the whole cereals. In the case of invalids and very young children, foods containing much fiber or bran should not be used, since in these instances the membrane lining the digestive tract is very delicate and may be unduly irritated by foods containing roughage.

A BETTER KITCHEN IN A BETTER HOME

How to make it the service-center of the house

By Martha Van Rensselaer

Head of the School of Home Economics of Cornell University

THE kitchen, where the woman spends a large part of her waking hours, should be the service-center of the house. Her efficiency in this, her workshop, is a financial asset and her comfort a humane consideration.

In planning the house, kitchens are often an afterthought, yielding to the plan of the rest of the house. In the interest of comfort and good management the kitchen should be planned first, with consideration for desirable exposure, area, size and fixtures; otherwise the stove, the sink and working-surfaces may have to be placed at a disadvantage because of plumbing, chimney, windows and doors.

SERVICE-CENTERS

THE kitchen is primarily a place for the preparation of food, and this requires various service-centers.

The first unit includes a cold pantry or a refrigerator, closets for dry supplies and for utensils, and tables or other working-surfaces.

Another unit is the cooking-center, involving in the plan a proper placing of the stove and fuel-containers if wood or coal is used.

A third unit is the serving-center located with regard for convenience to the dining-room.

The dish-washing center is the fourth unit. This involves a plan for plumbing as well as a consideration of nearness to the china-closets and to the cooking-center.

If the kitchen is to be used at times for a dining-room or laundry, the plan must provide space for the necessary equipment.

When it is possible to do so, the laundry work, fuel supply and cleaning materials should be provided for outside the kitchen, but within easy reach. If the laundry must remain in the kitchen, the stove may be placed at a point between the laundry and the cooking-center, thus grouping the food work at one end and the laundry at the other end of the kitchen. The same principles may be applied if space is to be used for dining purposes.

SIZE AND LOCATION

THE size of the kitchen is determined not alone by the number of centers and the amount and kind of work to be done, but by the number of workers. It is safe to say that it should be only large enough for comfort and convenience, since excess space causes unnecessary travel. Desirable areas for the small family kitchen are nine, ten, eleven or twelve by twelve feet; ten by thirteen or fourteen feet; or eleven by eleven, twelve or thirteen feet. Work can not be easily done in a kitchen less than eight feet in width.



The DELINEATOR'S experimental kitchen under the direction of Miss Van Rensselaer at Cornell University is an example of convenient arrangement

If one person is responsible for the work, the kitchen should be near the other working-spaces for convenience in answering the door-bell and the telephone, caring for the baby, doing the cleaning and the laundry work.

WINDOWS AND DOORS

TO FURNISH adequate light and air, the area of the windows and of glass in doors should be not less than twenty-five per cent. of the floor area. Windows should be arranged to secure a diagonal path of light and air and should be located as far apart as possible. If the doors are reduced to a maximum of three, there is left the much-needed wall-space to accommodate kitchen equipment. Doors should be located with reference to the proper placing of the larger equipment, and windows should be high enough to have tables underneath them.

Screens for windows should be easily removable to facilitate window-washing.

LIGHTING

DIRECT sunlight for a part of the day at least and satisfactory daylight directed to working-centers from the side will result when the kitchen has two outside walls, preferably with a northern exposure if in a warm climate. Indirect lighting by means of an inverted bowl-shaped globe is effective if placed in the center of the kitchen, since an even light will then be thrown on all working-spaces. When this is not possible, it is necessary to depend upon the reflection of walls finished with light tints to secure a good light.

A color scheme for the kitchen is as desirable as for any other part of the house. Light colors are far better than dark for walls and ceilings, because dark colors absorb light and are depressing to the worker. White is trying to the eyes, but tan or warm gray will reflect and distribute the light very satisfactorily both by night and by day.

The walls of the kitchen should have a washable finish, such as paint or oilcloth.

EQUIPMENT

THE kitchen should contain no unnecessary furniture or decorations; its equipment should be simple in design, that it may be easily cared for; articles most frequently used should be in the most accessible places.

Since the preparation of food is the largest kitchen activity, equipment most used for that purpose should not be too widely separated. The stove and the refrigerator, however, must not have too friendly relations. The location of the dining-room determines the location of the sink and the stove, since a short distance to travel in the serving of meals and the handling of dishes greatly lightens such work.

FLOORS

ANY flooring used in kitchens should be smooth, even and without cracks. Tile and cement are easy to keep clean and linoleum, cemented to wood, will withstand long wear and prove an easy surface to work upon.

When a covering of any kind is used, it should be carefully fitted to prevent dampness underneath and to avoid a harboring of undesirable visitors.

WORKING-SURFACES

DRAIN-BOARDS, table space and cabinet shelves should be on the same level and arranged for continuous work, with small equipment placed where it may be easily reached when needed.

Every worker likes a sink that is large enough for two pans and that can be cleaned not only inside but also around its outside. A drain-board with a slope to shed water into the sink by means of grooves should have no crevices for hiding dirt.

For correct posture in dish-washing the worker stands straight, with her weight on the balls of the feet and the chest high. To insure this the sink must be set high enough to allow the worker to lay her hands on the inside bottom of the sink without bending her body. If the worker is permanent in the kitchen, it is worth while to raise or lower the sink to suit her height, even though it involves a change in plumbing.

REST, VISTAS AND COLOR

IN ADDITION to what has been mentioned, the worker should have within or near her kitchen a well-lighted, airy space for resting and reading. Simple, washable curtains which do not obstruct the light too much add gaiety and charm to the kitchen. A white garbage-pail, a metal waste-basket and white containers are useful and a part of the color scheme as well.

Surroundings to the kitchen should not be untidy. Clean paths, a well-kept garden and vistas of landscape seen from the kitchen window dispel fatigue and discontent.

To DELINEATOR *readers interested in studying their own kitchens to determine whether changes can be made to make them more convenient, the Home-Making Editor will be glad to send an outline for study of the home kitchen in the form of a kitchen score-card. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Home-Making Editor.*



This light, airy combined kitchen and breakfast-room was shown in the La Jolla, California, exhibition home during Better Homes Week last year



This prize kitchen was shown in Mexico, Missouri, in Better Homes Week. Note the double drain-boards and the convenience to the dining-room

PLANNING THE JUNE WEDDING

Correct form for ceremony and reception

By Elsie Cleveland Mead



The church becomes a veritable bower of flowers if clusters are fastened to columns and pews with white ribbon



Home weddings take on all the dignity of the church when wood standards and white ribbon mark the bride's path

IN THE days of the Greeks and Romans, the entire wedding ceremony consisted of a nuptial procession, the leading of the bride from the house of her father to the house of the bridegroom. Our wedding ceremony of to-day, though it lacks the picturesqueness of the ancient ceremonies, conveys to us much more of the appropriate beauty and dignity.

The rules of etiquette for weddings are not arbitrary; they have been developed from the customs of olden times, those traditions being preserved which intensify the loveliness and solemnity of the occasion—customs that make it a veritable holy day.

It is natural for parents to want to make their daughter's wedding memorable, but a foolish display involving an expenditure out of proportion to the family budget should not be thought of.

The dignity of a church wedding with every detail carefully managed never fails to impress, but the home wedding that is planned with the same care can have a meaning all its own.

IT IS well to begin the preparations for a simple wedding a month or more in advance and for a more elaborate one still earlier. Preparing the lists of the friends of both families with their proper addresses is one of the first details to be attended to. Many a heartache has been caused by forgetting to include some long-lost cousin or some early childhood friend. It is well for the bride to prepare a list of details to be attended to and put opposite each item the name of the person who is to be responsible for it, thus avoiding what happened at a wedding I attended not long ago when the music did not appear. One brother in the family had thought the other brother had attended to engaging the music.

The capacity of the church or home usually determines whether invitations are to be sent to every one or announcements sent to those not included in the invitations. Some people prefer asking just a few to the ceremony and inviting a larger number to the reception which follows. These variations are entirely optional.

Invitations and announcements are engraved on fine stationery and are issued by the bride's parents or, if she is an orphan, by her nearest relatives. They are enclosed in two envelopes, the inner one addressed simply with the name of the person to whom it is sent and the outer one with both name and address. If there is an only daughter, one invitation serves sometimes and may be addressed "Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, Miss Irene Thompson," but separate invitations are preferable. If there are two daughters, they should always receive a separate invitation from their parents, which can be addressed "The Misses Thompson;" a son in the family always receives his own invitation, though two sons may be addressed as "The Messrs. Thompson." Invitations are engraved on the first page of a folded sheet. The following is the usual form:

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Fulton
request the honor of your presence
at the marriage of their daughter
Mary Manning
to
Mr. Charles William Simpson
on Tuesday afternoon, June the twelfth
Nineteen hundred and twenty-three
at four o'clock
St. Thomas's Church
New York City



© Max Schling

This bride's bouquet made up of many small parts opens when the bride throws it, distributing to the attendants individual bouquets

Enclosed with the invitation to those who are to be asked to the house is a stiff card just the size that fits in the envelope. It should be engraved to read thus:

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Fulton
request the pleasure of your company at the
wedding reception of their daughter
Mary Manning
and
Mr. Charles William Simpson
at four-thirty o'clock
12 West 61st Street
New York City
The favor of a reply is requested.

These invitations should be posted about three weeks in advance. Invitations to a church ceremony require no answer, but invitations to a home wedding should always be answered. Likewise invitations to a reception or a breakfast should always be answered by return mail. If announcements are sent, they should be mailed right after the ceremony and should read:

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Fulton
have the honor to announce
the marriage of their daughter
Mary Manning
to
Mr. Charles William Simpson
on Tuesday, June the twelfth
Nineteen hundred and twenty-three
St. Thomas's Church
New York City

A hand-written note inviting a few chosen friends to the home wedding can be put into the formal form if desired, but it would be more in keeping with a quiet affair to write thus:

May 26, 1923
12 West 61st Street

MY DEAR MRS. WYLIE:

Will you and Mr. Wylie give us the honor of your presence at the wedding of our daughter Mary to Charles W. Simpson? The ceremony will be held very quietly here in our own home on Tuesday, June the twelfth, at four o'clock.

Sincerely yours,
MARY M. FULTON.

AT A formal church wedding the groom and the best man take their places at the chancel steps, always on the level with the main aisle, at the first strains of the wedding-march; simultaneously the wedding procession starts up the aisle. First come the ushers, then the bridesmaids, with sufficient space between each couple to avoid a jumbled and hurried appearance; then follows the maid of honor, if there is one, who walks alone; and finally the bride, on the left arm of her father or whoever is to give her away. When they reach the chancel, the father steps back and the bridegroom takes his place at the right of the bride and the bride hands her bouquet to the maid of honor—then the ceremony begins. The ushers and bridesmaids have been disposed to right and left, the ushers standing back of the bridesmaids. The best man is custodian of the ring (or rings, in case two are used). At the conclusion of the service the clergyman usually shakes hands with the couple, and after the maid of honor returns the bouquet, the bride and groom turn and lead the procession down the aisle, followed by the maid of honor, who is often accompanied by the best man; then the bridesmaids and last of all the ushers.

Concluded on page 55



THAT TRICKY LITTLE TOUCH—YES, MA'AM!

By Celia Caroline Cole

There isn't one woman out of a hundred who couldn't be better looking, more charming, more lovable, if she would give a little thought to it. If you need advice, write to Celia Caroline Cole, Editor of the Beauty Department of THE DELINEATOR, whose mission in life is to help other women to be happier. Don't forget to enclose a stamp for her reply

HAVE you ever sat all humped up in a little smudgy brown heap and wondered why in the name of all that's wise and merry so many other women are more attractive than you—more interestingly dressed, more intelligent about international everything, snappier in their "come back," more people in love with them, more chic and delicious in their dinner-parties and, try as hard as you can, more—oh, dear, oh dear!—efficient and astonishing in their husbands' eyes—and your husband's too!—than you are?

What is it? Why?

You see one minister step out on a pulpit and begin to talk, and people listen and weep and repent and their souls secretly walk right out of them and go up and get saved. And in the church a block below everybody fidgets and nobody gets saved.

One actor steps on the stage in the middle of the first act and suddenly for everybody in that audience the play begins. One woman is born and begins to make history before she's out of her swaddling-clothes—and most of the rest of us never have anything more to do with history than just to read it.

What is it?

That tricky little touch—yes, ma'am!

What is beauty? The tricky little touch Nature slips in just before she finishes you up. What is personality? Another tricky little touch Nature drops around in you so that you can never put your finger on it, but it's there, as pervading as perfume and as powerful as T. N. T. What is success? Just a tricky little final touch that suddenly makes ashes leap into flames and spit ducats and fame at you.

WE'VE been peering in behind screens in beauty-salons for a long, long time. We've seen women without any personality get it. We've seen women without any noticeable beauty become enchanting to look at. Yes, we honestly have. We've seen just "neat 'n' clean" women learn—usually through heartache—to value beauty as something deep and comforting and powerful. We've seen sloppy, careless women learn to love cleanliness and grooming—the *soignée* look. And on the other hand, we've seen women who are more faithful to their beauty treatments than the sun to the sky, nice women, too, with souls inside of them, and yet never get a bit of charm, even external charm—too coiffed, too massaged, too stamped with "beauty-parlor." The first group went where they got the tricky little touch, the second didn't.

How many of you know a good cold-cream when you see it? How many of you know whether you have the kind of face that can stand soap or the kind that can't? How many of you know how to protect that row of hair that's closest to your face and makes its frame, the front-line hair that gets all the abuse? Or how to keep all the gold lights in your fading brown hair by just stealing something from the cook? Or how to keep your hands from getting porous-looking? Or how to get character enough to take your exercises *every* day? Or how to have that baffling charm a widow always has and not have to lose a husband or two to get it?

Tricks! Deft little twists of the wrist, physical and mental.

FOR instance, when you want to get your face really clean, take a small towel—the size of a guest hand-towel, a rather firm one, not sleazy—and put it around your head, pinning at the base of the hair in the back, and then don't let those tag-ends hang down, but gather them up neatly and pin at the back of the head. Then take the flat end of your orange-stick and poke a little cotton under the edge of the towel all around your face. Now, when you put on your cream, your very, very soft, melty, feathery cream, never the least bit stretchy and hard, you'll put it on as if you meant it—not gingerly, because you don't want to get any on your hair. With a free, sweeping upward stroke you put it all over the face and neck—back of the neck, too, please—sort of "splash at a ten-league canvas" effect. And you'll emerge *clean*.

Besides, you look prettier with the towel on when you're cold-creamy—and every time you look pretty to yourself it helps, and every time you look ugly it hinders. Nothing is more depressing than to look in a mirror and have an ugly, tired, saggy, soggy face look back at you, and it's *you*.

Wipe off the cream with a soft old cloth—never one with a grain to it—soft and smooth. And then, if you don't own a patter or molder of some sort, make a pad of absorbent cotton, a good, firm one about the size of a cooking-spoon, fold it over, squeeze it out in cold water (don't crush it up, *fold*), and, wetting it in a *cold* face tonic, flop it all over your neck and face and under your chin, flop, flop, flop, for at least five minutes. You will feel and look like a June dawn after a night shower. (Very nice, that!) If your skin is inclined to be oily, use a tonic that is quite astringent.

The real trick of a young face—outside of that little matter known as the right kind of a soul—is not to stretch the skin or muscles, but to keep the pores fine, to lift, lift, encourage the muscles to stay taut as in youth; not to feed an oily face more oils, but get the glands active by good circulation, patting, exercising the body and by an astringent to tone them up; not to dry out a dry skin with anything that has much glycerin in it.

Then, and here are the gay little tricks, learn how to bring out every good point in that face and blur the bad ones. If your face is dry, put on a good foundation cream under your powder and rouge. If it's oily, put on some drying pore-cream or a drying, *healthful* liquid powder; if pore-cream, put on a thin layer and let it stay on for half an hour before you go out if you can. And, by the way, put a pore-cream on at night and leave it on all night; it will never make hair grow, as it has no oils in it, and it *will* give your skin a lovely, silken, poreless texture. But don't put it under the eyes; put an oily food there to chase off the wrinkles.

Now, back to the daylight. If you use a liquid powder, be sure it's harmless. Put it on—sort of wipe it on—with a little piece of barely damp absorbent cotton wet with the lotion by turning the bottle upside down on it. Then smooth the lotion with a soft cloth or Japanese tissue—very lightly.

Now there's your foundation. Most people should be rouged high up on the cheek and back toward the hair—not at all toward the nose. If you use a paste, just touch your two middle fingers to it; or if a cake of rouge, brush it lightly with your puff; if a rouge powder, be careful about having it smooth.

THE paste is least noticeable, it seems to me. Don't make both cheeks alike—Nature never does. Be impressionistic about it. Use the color that was yours when you were young. Were you pink and white or red and white? And do be careful about the color! It becomes really undetectable if you get it right. Don't ever get white powder unless you look exactly like a gardenia; get écru and flesh and cream—the same color as your skin when it was sixteen. And when you powder, don't scrub it in; brush it on softly with a pad or dust it on with a puff and smooth it with a rabbit's-foot. Be sure you've powdered the inner corners of the eye and close to the nose.

If you darken your eyelashes—and I hope and pray you do, if they're pale—get a tiny brush, wet it under the faucet and rub it across your paste or cake lightly (don't get black unless you're a brunette, get brown), and almost closing your eye, brush as lightly as a butterfly's wing, but go clear to that outer edge: that's what gives the magic, that upward sweep of the lashes. And then after you've given it a minute to dry, brush it lightly with a clean brush so it won't shower black on you when you're out in the public eye. Personally, we're wedded to the little dot of black or brown in the outer corner of the eye, right inside where your tears leak out; it tilts your eyes upward.

Now, your mouth. If you rouge it with paste, use your little finger and don't take too much; if a lip-stick, get a good one, and always, always look out for the purple cast (so few lip rouges are the shade of a natural red mouth—I know of only two or three!). Always follow the contour, but accent the curve and don't go clear to the corners. And don't rouge the under lip much, mostly the upper; it will pass it on to its sister down below and you'll get a more natural-looking mouth. Also, always rouge with open lips and carefully, or you'll have a red rim and a pale pink inside!

The trick about topknots is, when they're tired and limp and want to lie down on you instead of blossoming out like a halo, give them a massage; it will do more than any tonic. But be sure it is the right kind of massage—only about one out of five hundred masseurs know how to do it. Use the cushions of the fingers, held firm but not pressing too hard, or the cushioned lower part of the hand. Don't let the fingers just slither around over the scalp—that's no good! The point is to loosen the scalp and get up the circulation. Then before a shampoo, always rub hot oil into the scalp, tie up your head and go to bed, or do it in the morning and wash your hair at noon.

WE KNOW a neat little trick for bringing out the lights in brown hair or gold that we'll tell you for the asking. There's a place here in New York City that charges a dollar extra for it.

Always wet your hair all over before you put any shampoo on it—use a beaten egg or melted pure, mild soap. If you use egg, be sure not to have your water too hot, or you'll cook the egg on your hair—just comfortably warm. And brush with immaculate brushes always, up and away from the scalp.

Of course all really nice people—and dogs—and babies—know that beauty is spiritual. You are made up of moods and surprises. You are not a static thing; every day you change—you defeat that day or you are conquered by it.

External beauty helps you conquer everything—it does, it really does! It helps—that's why it is so important, that's why styles in races may come and go, but the importance of beauty runs through every change. But the thing that really conquers life and the things in you yourself that are faulty is a beauty that is cleansed by loving, strengthened by courage, fed by joy. You've seen plain girls grow into beautiful women because they lived by these three things. Power, beauty shine out of their faces. They've learned to live!

Cleanse your mental home by sweeping out all the little, frittery non-essentials. Travel light! Ask yourself: "What is life for?"—and then lop off all the things that don't help you toward that goal. Every *big* fight brings out big, glorious things in people. It's all these funny little, frittery "scraps," struggles, that wrinkle and age and warp our souls and bodies.

THE NEW IN NEW YORK



Photograph by White Studio

Edith Day matches her bambalina hair-dressing to her peasant blouse, trimmed brightly in cross-stitch

By EVELYN DODGE

LARGE rosettes made of narrow lace—silver, black-thread or baby Valenciennes—are posed at the hip or directly in the center front of the waistline, or at one or both sides of small close hats of taffeta or satin. Smaller rosettes of silver or blond lace are worn by a young Parisian dancer on her sleek bronze hair, drawn straight back from her face and with the rosettes placed flat over each ear, a distinctive Summer evening coiffure for a young girl and newer than the bandeau.

THE new Summer slippers are of bright-colored kid or Morocco leather—scarlet, jade, vivid blue, yellow, mauve and light blue. For the most part they are strap slippers of rather fanciful design. The scarlet kid are the smartest.

THE newest costume blouse is entirely plaited, quite sleeveless and worn with either a plaited or plain straight skirt. With the plaited skirt it has the effect of the new all-plaited dress and is extremely pretty. For the country the smart skirt this Summer will be of plaited white crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe worn with bright-colored blouses. The slip-over blouse, drawn in at the sides or with narrow loosely tied belt, is used in yellow, Lanvin green or lip-stick red. The jacquette blouse is worn in the bright-colored cotton matelassés and is pretty with white skirts.

THE wrap-around coat dress is going strong for Summer, even in the heavier cotton materials, for it looks well turned out for the street and is a pleasant change from the hair-raising ways of the slip-over styles. The Fifth Avenue shops are showing these dresses in cotton ratine, the drop-stitch ratine in amber with a great bow of dark-brown ribbon on the hip, in dull-blue ratine embroidered in scarlet, in almond green with snuff color.

Even bathing-suits are made in the wrap-around fashion and are very good looking in the printed silks, foulards and ginghams. For the sun-bathers the new suits are made with draped basques and short full skirts, and are very smart in taffeta. One should always go to sea with a parasol, for they are entirely sleeveless.

A FRENCH afternoon dress shown by a number of the Fifth Avenue houses is of black crêpe, shaded to white and with an enormous bow of poppy-red taffeta ribbon on the hip. It is most effective on either a black or white dress beaded with steel. Embroidery is being used in Egyptian designs and colors and in Chinese designs in jade, Chinese blue, lacquer red, etc. The Chinese medallion is employed a great deal in place of the monogram on blouses and simple dresses.

SUMMER costume suits are shown with straight cotton dresses and sleeveless box-coats of bright-colored cretonnes worn with sports hats to match the jacket.

A SUMMER dancing dress from Paris was made with a fitted bodice of French blue taffeta above a full skirt of the same color in net, embroidered with wool flowers in mimosa yellow.

SOULIÉ'S SKETCHES SENT ESTABLISHMENT SHOW THE TAKING FOR



Red in kid slippers, narrow belts and brilliant parasols is the touch of color that keeps the whole world young. Madame Havet of Agnès has also used it for the crêpe de Chine lining of the cape sleeves of a coat dress of wool marocain trimmed with soutache

White crêpe printed in blue and coral makes the plaited skirt, braces and the lower sleeve of a Summer dress designed by Madame Havet. The body is of blue Georgette. From Agnès





Renée shows that she can do bigger and better things when she trains her sleeves to new lengths and still leaves the arm practically sleeveless, as in the case of so many of the new Summer dresses. The material is violine silk lace with a lace bow at the low waistline



"Albanais," a black suit is far from sober in effect when Jenny embroiders the bolero jacket with red and yellow and lets it ride over a blouse of yellow crêpe printed in scarlet. In the skirt two flared panels are used at the side

When Renée takes a tuck she does it with the greatest thoroughness in a dress of nut-brown crêpe de Chine cross-tucked in the bodice and apron tunic. The tunic tucks are left free to form narrow plaits

FROM THE DELINEATOR'S PARIS TURN FRENCH STYLES ARE SUMMER

A coat of almond-green wool slips its sash through a slit at the side to preserve unbroken the flat line of the back so much insisted upon this season. The embroidery is worked in gray soutache and the coat has the distinction and elegance that is always associated with Worth

Cream-colored lace introduces a softer side to the all-black dress of crêpe marocain *which died a not unnatural death as a result of its own tremendous vogue. The lace acts as a short sleeve. From Worth*





Doucet's famous diagonal flounces wind in spirals of vague mist-colored chiffon up to the low waistline. The embroidery is done in a Japanese design in blue silk. The bateau neck and the long sleeve that manages to leave the arm practically untouched are characteristic of the season



A Doucet costume that answers the familiar question, "Are you racing to-day?" has a jacket of supple white satin embroidered with black soutache and a dress of black lace made of net worked with soutache



Jenny's love of color is fortunately incurable. It runs through a dress of black lace in insertions of colored beads—green, pink, yellow and blue at the bateau neck, the short sleeve and through the bodice and soft skirt

Dress 4465
Embroidery design 10150





Dress 4393
Embroidery design 10956





Dress 4454



Dress 4462

Dress 4402

Other views and descriptions of these gowns are on page 94



Dress 4482

Dress 4476



Dress 4486



Dress 4492



Dress 4498

Other views and descriptions of these dresses are on page 94



Suit 4481
Embroidery
design 10939



Dress 4487
Hat 4491



Play suit 4479



Suit 4501
Hat 4517
Embroidery
design 10833
Smocking
design 10151



Dress 4468
Hat 4493



Dress 4466
Sunbonnet 3727

Dress 4427



Dress 4435
Hat 4491



Dress 4485



Frock 4477

Other views and descriptions of these garments are on page 95

Dress 4496

Dress 4436

Dress 4429

Dress 4456
Hat 4449
Embroidery
design 10749

Dress 4514

Other views and descriptions of these dresses are on page 96

Dress 4469

Dress 4424
Hat 4451

Dress 4446



Dress 4490
Embroidery
design 10135

Dress 4488

Dress 4500
Hat 4451
Embroidery
design 10995

Dress 4502

Other views and descriptions of these dresses are on page 97

Dress and coatee 4494

Dress 4474
Embroidery
design 10155

Dress 4462

Jacket 4489
Skirt 4251

Dress 4512
Embroidery
design 10123

Other views and descriptions of these costumes are on page 97

Suit 4398

Dress 4452
Embroidered bag 10102

Dress 4504
Monogram design 10130



DRAWN-WORK, HEMSTITCHING, OR LACE DECORATE COTTON PRINT, VOILE, OR CRÊPE DRESSES

4411—"June is not June" unless one has plenty of simple cotton frocks like this one-piece dress with hand-hemstitching for trimming and a straight lower edge. It slips on over the head and may have a body lining. Use plain cotton voile, plain cotton crêpe, plain crêpe de Chine, handkerchief linen, plain or printed silk crêpe, printed crêpe de Chine, printed silks.

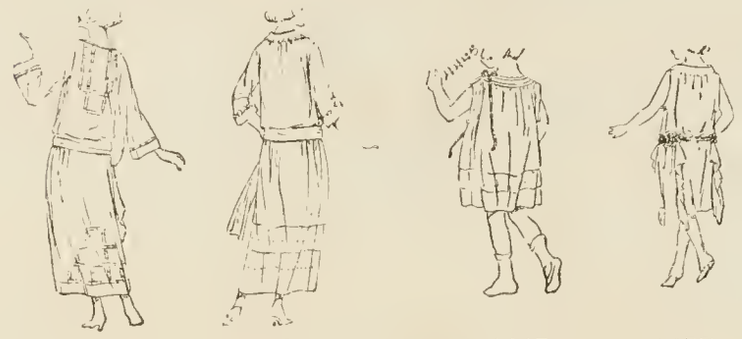
36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch cotton voile. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

The dress is attractive for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4510—Summer dresses appear to vie with each other for general simplicity of effect and they are quite easy to make. The two-piece tucked skirt of this dress has an elastic in a casing at the low waistline. Use fine cotton voile, cotton Georgette, fine lawn, handkerchief linen, organdy or crêpe de Chine, silk voile or Georgette.

36 bust requires 4⅜ yards 40-inch fine flowered lawn and ¾ yard 36-inch plain lawn. Lower edge 1⅞ yard.

The dress is graceful for ladies 32 to 52 bust.



4411 4510 4445 4457

4445—Tucks, a round neck and a band sleeve constitute the French idea for a frock for little girls. This dress has a straight lower edge and slips on over the head. Make it of cotton Georgette, cotton voile, organdy, handkerchief linen, batiste, fine cotton crêpe, or for parties, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, taffeta, net or chiffon are the most suitable materials to use.

6 years requires 1⅝ yard 39-inch organdy.

The dress is dainty for little girls 2 to 10 years.

4457—The "imitative age" chooses a dress just like her older sister, with hip flowers and cascade drapery on the four-piece skirt. The dress slips on over the head. In plain materials such as fine cotton crêpe, cotton Georgette or cotton voile it is attractive. One may use crêpe de Chine, silk voile, Georgette, printed silks.

12 years requires 2⅜ yards 39-inch fine cotton crêpe.

The dress is becoming to juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

4418—Before sixteen stretches a happy era known as vacation, full of gay times and lovely clothes. This one-piece dress on the slip-over order and with a drop shoulder is essential to Summer wardrobes. Use plain cotton voile, cotton crêpe, or crêpe de Chine, flat crêpe, silk crêpes, satin crêpes, crêpe satin, printed silks, printed silk crêpe, printed satin crêpe, etc.

16 years or 33 bust requires 3 yards 39-inch plain cotton voile. Lower edge 50 inches.

The dress is smart for misses 16 to 18 years or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

4448—One can not help being blissfully content in a becoming dress with a bertha over the shoulders and a tucked straight skirt. It slips on over the head. With hand-hemstitching use fine cotton crêpe, cotton voile, cotton Georgette, batiste, silk voile or Georgette. The threads are more difficult to draw in crêpe de Chine.

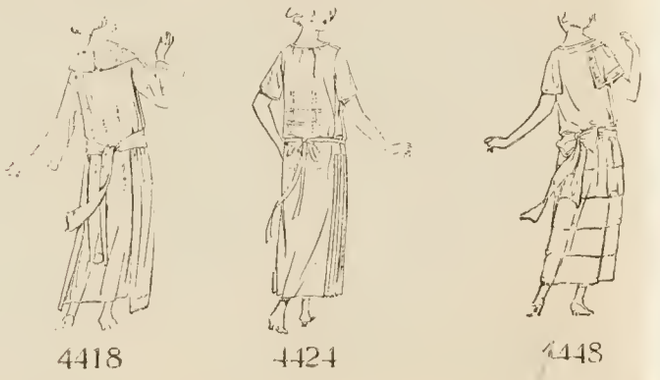
36 bust requires 4⅛ yards 39-inch batiste. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

The dress is new for ladies 32 to 40 bust.

4424—This one-piece dress wisely depends upon its drawn-work and cross-stitch trimming and plaited sections at each side for decoration. It has a straight lower edge and slips on over the head. Use plain cotton voile, plain cotton crêpe, or plain silks such as crêpe de Chine, flat crêpe, silk crêpe or satin crêpe for such a dress.

36 bust requires 4½ yards 35-inch cotton voile. Lower edge with plaits drawn out, 2¼ yards.

The dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.



4418 4424 4448



COTTON FROCKS INCLUDE TUCKS, BORDERS AND PRINTS IN A FASHION SETTLEMENT

4413—10159—Embroidery sometimes takes a fling at the border effect as on this dress with its straight skirt and loose panels joined to the body at a low waistline. It slips on over the head. Work the embroidery in a combination of outline and one-stitch with a few beads or French knots. Use plain cotton voile, plain cotton crêpe, cotton Georgette or crêpe de Chine, Georgette or silk voile, etc. Lower edge 54 inches.

36 bust requires 3½ yards of 39-inch plain cotton voile.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4506—The all-over print dresses have hieroglyphics of their own. Printed or plain materials such as cotton crêpe, cotton voile, or cotton Georgette, or gingham tissues may be used for this one-piece dress on the raglan order. It slips over the head and has a straight lower edge, and a possibility of a body lining. One may use printed or plain silk crêpes, satin crêpes, crêpe de Chine, etc. Lower edge 54 inches.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch cotton crêpe.

The dress is attractive for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.



4413 4506 4416 4438

4416—The daisy wreath is awarded to this slip-over dress for younger girls, with a ruffled straight skirt and low waistline. One may use a waist of taffeta with lace edging, or organdy or batiste for the waist with embroidered edging, or use taffeta, crêpe de Chine, organdy, cotton voile, cotton Georgette, batiste, net, point d'esprit, etc.

12 years requires 1⅛ yard 35-inch taffeta and 5⅜ yards 6½-inch lace edging.

The dress is very partified for juniors and girls 6 to 15 years.

4438—Cascade drapery with its insinuations of grace and delicacy is particularly lovely for Summer. This dress slips on over the head and has a four-piece draped skirt. There is a casing arrangement of elastic at the low waistline. Use plain crêpe de Chine, silk voile, Georgette, or cotton Georgette, cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe, or use printed silks, etc.

16 years requires 3⅝ yards 35-inch cotton voile. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is becoming to misses 15 to 20 years.

4467—10900—To anticipate the coming months there is this fascinating sleeve on a dress of the slip-over variety. It has a straight skirt joined at a low waistline with a casing arrangement of elastic. The embroidery is a delicate trimming. Work in eyelets, satin-stitch, lazy-daisy, outline, etc. With ribbon tie-belt use organdy, cotton Georgette, fine lawn, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, etc. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

17 years requires 2¾ yards 44-inch organdy.

The dress is smart for misses 15 to 20, also small women.

4508—A Summer decoction of tucks and huge bow in this one-piece dress is irresistibly inviting. The dress has a straight lower edge, a casing arrangement of elastic at the low waistline, and slips on over the head. Use cotton Georgette, fine cotton marquisette, cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe, organdy, light lawns in colors, gingham tissues, or use crêpe de Chine, Georgette, or silk voile. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

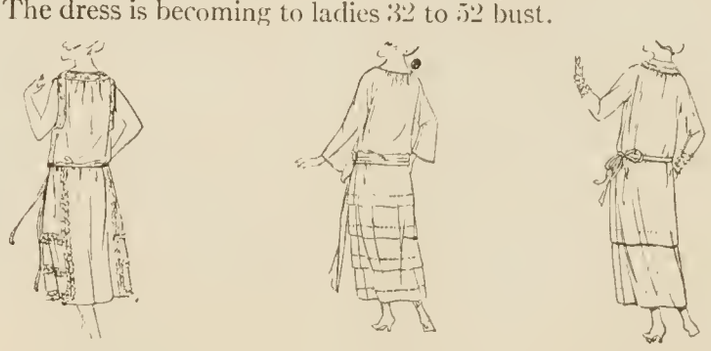
36 bust requires 4⅛ yards 44-inch organdy.

The dress is a good style for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4404—Cotton voiles in shades of blue, green, crushed strawberry or lemon yellow and sprinkled with embroidered dots make an attractive one-piece dress of the slip-over type. It has a straight lower edge. One may use fine cotton crêpe, cotton Georgette, fine lawn, handkerchief linen, organdy, dotted swiss, gingham tissues, or crêpe de Chine, Georgette or silk voile.

36 bust requires 4 yards 36-inch embroidered voile and ⅝ yard 44-inch organdy. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 52 bust.



4467 4508 4404

NEW BLOUSES, A MORNING DRESS AND BATHING-SUITS ELECT THE DIAGONAL LINE



Blouse 4515
Embroidery
design 10150



4515



4513

4513—10954—A band at the hips assumes all responsibility for the smart effect of this slip-over blouse of the raglan type. The embroidery is a very effective trimming. Work it in cross-stitch and beads. Use crêpe de Chine, cotton voile, Georgette, fine cotton crêpe, embroidered or beaded to give body and weight to the material, or printed silk crêpe, etc.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 39-inch cotton voile.

The blouse is new for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4480 — 10877 — The enterprising housewife can brighten her "better home" in a morning dress of gingham, percale, chintz, or cotton crêpe, which may be worn outside the house if she goes marketing. The pocket motifs add a gay touch. Work them in flower appliqué. The skirt is straight. Lower edge 58½ inches.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards 32-inch plaid and ⅝ yard 32-inch plain gingham.

The morning dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4523—Bathing - suits to look as attractive should keep in line with the newest dresses, and this suit has a wrap-around blouse. The separate bloomers, scalloped edge and a handkerchief cap are smart. Use printed silk with plain silk, foulard with plain silk, or printed and plain cottons, surf satin, taffeta, check gingham, etc.

36 bust requires 2 yards 39-inch printed and 2⅝ yards 39-inch plain silk crêpe.

The bathing outfit is becoming to ladies 33 to 48 bust, also misses.



Morning dress 4480
Embroidery design 10877



4480



4523

4515—10150—Soft gathers and ties are excellent on this blouse of the slip-over type. The beading design is effective. It may be worked in large or small beads or French knots. Use crêpe de Chine, Georgette, cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe, embroidered or beaded to give body to material, etc., or prints in silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, etc.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The blouse is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



Blouse 4513
Embroidery
design 10954



Blouse 4509

4483—One is well equipped for any social emergency in a blouse with the new diagonal line of printed crêpe de Chine, printed Canton crêpe, printed silks, printed cotton crêpe, trimmed with plain. One may use silk eponge or matelassé with silk crêpe to match, etc. The hip bow is smart.

36 bust requires 2 yards 39-inch printed and ⅞ yard 35-inch plain silk crêpe.

The blouse is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



Blouse 4483



4509



4483



4509—One can never own enough of these straight little slip-over blouses in new printed silk crêpes, printed crêpes de Chine, printed silks, plain crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, silk crêpe, printed cotton crêpe, etc., or of beaded or embroidered Georgette, etc.

36 bust requires 2⅛ yards 39-inch Paisley cotton crêpe and ½ yard 39-inch plain cotton crêpe for the girdle and pipings.

The blouse is smart for ladies 33 to 46 bust, also misses.

4511—4497—A blouse entirely accordion or side plaited and which slips on over the head mirrors the fashion trend. Use plain or printed weaves in crêpe satin, silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, silk voile, or chiffon with a straight skirt of medium-weight silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, sports silks or satins, etc.

36 bust and 38 hip require 5¼ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 54 inches.

The blouse is attractive for ladies 33 to 40 bust, also misses; the skirt for ladies 35 to 47½ hip.

4497

Blouse 4511
Skirt 4497

4521—Oncoming waves of approval greet this bathing-suit with draped waist, full straight skirt, separate knickers and a handkerchief cap. The waist closes under the left arm and the skirt joins a slip-over underbody. Use silk crêpe, surf velvet, surf satin, taffeta, foulard or gingham.

36 bust requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch taffeta and a square of material measuring not less than 32 by 32 inches for cap.

The bathing outfit is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.



Bathing outfit 4523

Bathing outfit 4521

4521

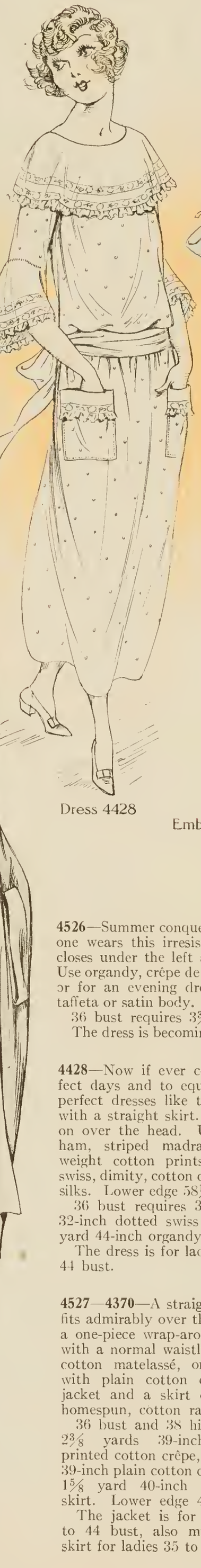


4511

FASHION TREATS OF BOUFFANT DRESSES, A STRAIGHT JACKET, A WRAP-AROUND FROCK AND SUMMER WRAPS



Dress 4526



Dress 4428



Dress 4516
Embroidery design 10118



Jacket 4527
Skirt 4370



Dress 4528

4526

4428

4516



4529

4454

Cape 4529
Dress 4454



Coat 4530

4530

4527

4370

4528

4526—Summer conquests in the game of love are inevitable when one wears this irresistible dress with a full straight skirt. It closes under the left arm and may have a French body lining. Use organdy, crêpe de Chine, silk crêpes, taffeta, gros de Londres, or for an evening dress, a lace or embroidered net skirt with taffeta or satin body. Lower edge of skirt 3 yards.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards 44-inch organdy.

The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 40 bust.

4428—Now if ever come perfect days and to equal them, perfect dresses like this dress with a straight skirt. It slips on over the head. Use gingham, striped madras, lightweight cotton prints, dotted swiss, dimity, cotton crêpe, tub silks. Lower edge 58½ inches.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 32-inch dotted swiss and 1⅛ yard 44-inch organdy.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4516—10118—There are many occasions for utilizing this slip-over dress. The two-piece lower part has a straight lower edge. The all-over embroidery is smart. Use cotton ratine with plain or printed cotton crêpe or cotton voile, etc.

36 bust requires 1½ yard 39-inch cotton crêpe and 2½ yards 35-inch cotton ratine. Lower edge 55 inches.

The dress is new for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4529—4454—A straight cape of silk crêpes, satin, moiré silk, lightweight matelassé, is the appropriate wrap to wear over a one-piece dress entirely accordion or side plaited with a straight lower edge and on the slip-over order. The cape is plaited to a small yoke. For the dress use satin crêpe, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch silk crêpe (with piecing at center-back) for cape. Lower edge of cape 1⅞ yard.

The cape is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust, also misses, the dress for ladies 33 to 40 bust, also misses.

4527—4370—A straight jacket fits admirably over the hips of a one-piece wrap-around skirt with a normal waistline. Use cotton matelassé, or printed with plain cotton crêpe for jacket and a skirt of cotton homespun, cotton ratine, etc.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2⅜ yards 39-inch heavy printed cotton crêpe, 1¼ yard 39-inch plain cotton crêpe, and 1⅝ yard 40-inch linen for skirt. Lower edge 48 inches.

The jacket is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses, the skirt for ladies 35 to 45 hip.

4528—In the wrap-around one-piece dress, the diagonal line is new. For this dress cotton ratine, linen, linen-finished cottons, heavy cotton prints, cotton matelassé, heavy silk crepe or printed silk crêpe are suitable materials. For town or traveling, use wool rep, wool crêpe, soft twills, etc. or materials of this type.

36 bust requires 4⅛ yards 36-inch heavy cotton print. Lower edge of the dress 53½ inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4530—This wrap-around coat gives one an auspicious start to a happy vacation. The diagonal line and a bow are attractive points. Make it of heavy silk crêpe or heavy pongee, matelassé with silk crêpe, or if you prefer a heavier coat which you can use even later, soft surfaced woolen coatings, camel's hair, wool rep, etc., are suitable.

36 bust requires 4¼ yards 40-inch matelassé and 1 yard 39-inch plain silk crêpe (bow cut crosswise). Lower edge 53½ inches.

The coat is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

STRAIGHT FROCKS FOR GIRLS INVENT NEW TRIMMINGS

4506 — 10954 — Cross-stitch is appropriate trimming for a one-piece dress in raglan effect. It has a straight lower edge and slips over the head. Work the design in cross-stitch and beads. Use printed or plain silk crêpes, satin crêpes, crêpe de Chine, etc., printed or plain cotton crêpe, etc.

17 years or 34 bust requires 3¼ yards 39-inch cotton crêpe. Lower edge 51 inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 18 or 33 to 35 bust also ladies.



Dress 4506
Embroidery
design 10954

Dress 4498
Hat 4451



Dress 4504
Embroidery
design 10877



Dress 4518



Dress and
coatee 4494
Hat 4449



Dress 4524



4504 4518 4494

Dress 4503

4503—The junior copies her older sister in the new diagonal opening to a long body of her slip-over dress. It has a straight skirt and provision for the coat dress effect in the trimming. Use chambray with striped gingham trimming, check gingham with chambray, plain heavy cotton crêpe with novelty cotton crêpe, etc.

12 years requires 2¼ yards 32-inch chambray and ⅝ yard 32-inch striped gingham.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

4498—4451—Plain or a novelty cotton ratine, chintz, gingham make an engaging one-piece dress of the slip-over type. One may use heavy printed silk crêpe, crêpe satin, etc. The hat of cretonne, printed silk eponge, or novelty cotton ratine is smart, with its softly rolled bias brim and a gored crown.

16 years or 33 bust and 21¾ inches head measure require 2¾ yards 36-inch cotton ratine and ⅝ yard 36-inch cretonne. Lower edge 51 inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 18 or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies, the hat for misses, ladies, girls, children.

4504—10877—Just the right one-piece dress on the slip-over order and with a straight lower edge for jersey tubing. One may use cotton ratine, cotton homespun, cotton crêpe, printed fabrics, linen, etc. The appliqué adds color at effective points. It should be done in brilliant colors.

16 years or 33 bust requires 2¾ yards 36-inch linen. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 18 or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

4524—First parties are infallibly successful if she is pleased with her first party frock. This dress has a draped basque and a straight skirt sewed to the underbody at a low waistline. Use taffeta, gros de Londres, organdy, cotton voile, dotted swiss, etc. One may use a taffeta waist with Georgette, chiffon, net, or point d'esprit.

13 years requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch taffeta for this dress.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

4524



4498



4506

4494—4449—Under a sleeveless coatee one wears a one-piece dress on the slip-over order. Use novelty silk eponge for the dress with heavy crêpe de Chine, novelty silk crêpe with plain to match, etc. The hat is attractive. Lower edge 50½ inches.

17 years or 34 bust and 21¾ inches head measure require 2⅞ yards 39-inch printed for dress and 1⅝ yard 39-inch plain silk eponge for coatee and cuffs, with ⅜ yard 39-inch silk eponge for hat.

The dress is for misses 16 to 18 or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies; the hat for misses, ladies, girls, children.



4503

4518—Soft printed silks, printed silk crêpes, printed satin crêpes, printed crêpe de Chine, all one material or with plain color to match, make a seasonable slip-over dress with a straight skirt fastened to a long body and tie ribbons. One may use printed cotton crêpe, novelty cotton voile, gingham tissue, plain materials, as silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, etc.

16 years requires 2¾ yards 39-inch novelty cotton voile. Lower edge 58½ inches.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20, also small women.



4505

4505—Successful gardening can be conducted in this little slip-over dress with a straight skirt meeting a French waistline. Use organdy, cotton Georgette, batiste, Georgette, crêpe de Chine, or taffeta with ribbon rosettes or belt, or fine cotton crêpe, cotton voile, pin-dot swiss, with organdy collar and cuffs, rosettes, ribbon belt, etc.

5 years requires 1⅝ yard 32-inch pin-dot swiss and ⅜ yard 44-inch organdy.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 8 years.

Dress 4505

FASHIONS GROW UP TO FLOUNCED APRON FRONTS, TUCKS, RUFFLES, ETC.

4420—For Springtime this slip-over dress with an inverted plait at each side of its straight skirt is smart. Use printed weaves in silks, silk crêpe, satin crêpe, crêpe de Chine, cotton crêpe, novelty cotton voile, etc.

17 years requires 2⅞ yards 39-inch printed and 1 yard 36-inch plain cotton crêpe. Lower edge, plaits out, 2 yards.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20, also small women.



Dress 4420



Dress 4520



Dress 4484



Dress 4486



Dress 4471



Dress 4470
Hat 4491

Dress 4495



Dress 4450
Embroidery design 10151

4520—The newest *robe de style* closes its bodice under the left arm and joins its draped straight skirt to a long body lining of the slip-over type. There may be a narrow drop skirt. Use taffeta, gros de Londres, silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, printed silks, etc.

16 years requires 4½ yards 35-inch taffeta. Lower edge of skirt 2⅞ yards.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20, also small women.

4484—Many times one will want just such a slip-over dress with a long body in jumper effect and a two-piece straight skirt with tucks along the side seams. Use heavy silk crêpe, wool rep, etc., with printed or contrasting color silk crêpe, cotton ratine with printed or plain cotton crêpe, etc. Lower edge 49½ inches.

16 years requires 2¼ yards 39-inch heavy plain and 1⅜ yard 39-inch printed silk crêpe.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20, also small women.

4486—Circular flounces on an apron front are fashionable in a one-piece dress of the slip-over type. Use medium or light-weight silk crêpe, satin crêpe, taffeta or gros de Londres. Lower edge of dress 48 inches.

17 years or 34 bust requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch taffeta.

The dress is attractive for misses 16 to 18 or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.



4420



4520



4470



4450

4471—June lures forth such frocks as this slip-over dress with a straight skirt and loose tucked panels. Use cotton Georgette, fine cotton marquisette, fine cotton crêpe, cotton voile, organdy, Georgette, crêpe de Chine, silk voile, etc.

16 years requires 3½ yards 39-inch cotton Georgette. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20, also small women.

4470—4491—One can be coy in ruffles on the straight skirt of her dress with a French waistline. Use cotton Georgette, cotton voile, organdy, batiste, or crêpe de Chine, etc. The shirred brim to her hat is dainty.

8 years and 20¾ inches head measure require 2⅝ yards 35-inch pin-dot voile for hat and dress.

The dress is new for girls 4 to 10, the hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

4495—For the garden party one wears a one-piece dress with tucks for trimming. It slips over the head. Use cotton Georgette, cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe, organdy, fine lawn, batiste, crêpe de Chine, or Georgette. The ribbon, which runs through the waist, may be in pastel colors.

12 years requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch fine cotton crêpe.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

4450—10151—Mother can easily make a slip-over dress with straight lower edges to its bertha and skirt. The smocking and embroidery is dainty trimming. Use cotton voile, fine cotton marquisette, or cotton crêpe, cotton Georgette, etc., in which threads draw easily for hemstitching.

6 years requires 1¾ yards 36-inch cotton voile.

The dress is smart for little girls 2 to 10 years.



4495



4484



4486



4471

4473—With this freedom ahead of long vacation days, girls need several dresses like this one with a straight lower edge and separate bloomers. It is a one-piece dress of the slip-over type. Use gingham, chambray, cotton prints, or cotton pongee with collar and cuffs of piqué or cotton poplin, or cotton crêpe with linen collar and cuffs, pongee with contrasting pongee, or for town or traveling, of wool jersey with pongee collar and cuffs.

9 years requires 3 yards 32-inch striped gingham for this dress.

The dress is becoming to girls 6 to 12 years.



4473

Dress 4473



Suit 4519
Blouse 3749



4403



Dress 4403
Hat 4451



Coat 4525
Hat 4449
Embroidery design 10131



Suit 4475—Hat 4517
Embroidery design 10939

4475

THE YOUNGER WORLD SELECTS

THESE COSTUMES, TAKING SHELTER

UNDER SUMMER HATS

4493—10122—Hand-made rosebuds or embroidered flowers may be used as a trimming for this little poke-shaped hat. One may use piqué, chintz, cotton ratine, pin-check gingham, or for a hat to match her coat, use any material of which the coat is made. The flower cluster on the side is smart. Work it in appliqué, outline, or cross-stitch.

6 years and 20½ inches head measure require ½ yard 36-inch piqué.

The hat is attractive for girls 2 to 12 years.

4491—Hats which are made of thin Summer materials and trimmed with ribbons and flowers are very French for smaller girls. Any soft, transparent material of which her Summer dress is made may be used for this hat, or one may use pin-dot voile, crêpe de Chine, taffeta, pongee, etc. The shirred brim makes a soft frame for her face.

6 years and 20½ inches head measure requires ⅝ yard 40-inch organdy for the hat.

The hat is dainty for girls 2 to 12 years.

4517—10833—10934—For Summer these hats are extremely serviceable; if they are made of washable material with a removable brim they can be laundered very easily. The appliqué may be selected to suit the wearer. For little girls a Dutch figure and for little boys a dog may be outlined or appliquéd on the hat.

View A requires for a child of 4 years or 19¾ inches head measure, ⅜ yard 36-inch piqué, and view B, ½ yard 36-inch piqué.

The hats are smart for girls and little boys 2 to 8 years.



3749



Hat 4493
Embroidery design 10122



Coat 4522
Hat 4517



4519



Hat 4491



4525



4522



View B



View A

Hats 4517



4493



4491



4517

Embroidery design 10833

Embroidery design 10934



4517

4519—3749—A plaited straight skirt with suspenders and a coat bloused over a belt, give the junior an important feeling. Use linen, pongee, or wool jersey, wool crêpe, soft twills, tricotine, or serge with a blouse or guimpe of cotton voile, batiste, crêpe de Chine, China silk, pongee, etc. One may use a small check or plaid skirt with a plain coat.

12 years requires 2¾ yards 54-inch linen and 1¼ yard 36-inch cotton voile.

The suit is new for juniors and girls 6 to 15 years, the blouse for girls 6 to 15.

4403—4451—A bolero jacket and plaited straight skirt of linen or linen-finished cotton worn with a dimity blouse, or pongee with crêpe de Chine, etc., is a smart outfit for the junior. The bolero may be sleeveless. The hat with a rolled brim is attractive in cretonne, printed silk eponge, novelty cotton ratine, etc.

12 years and 21 inches head measure requires 1⅝ yard 27-inch dimity (including frills), 2½ yards 36-inch linen-finished cotton, with ⅝ yard 36-inch cretonne for hat.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15, the hat for girls, misses, children, ladies.

4525—4449—10131—She is tempted to take advantage of all the pockets in her coat of camel's-hair coating, tweeds, mixtures , fleece coatings, plaid coatings, homespun, whipcord, or soft surfaced woolen coatings. The hat is smart in taffeta, satin, heavy silk crêpe, etc. The appliqué trimming is simple to do.

12 years and 21 inches head measure requires 1¾ yard 54-inch soft woolen coating and ⅜ yard 39-inch heavy silk crêpe for hat.

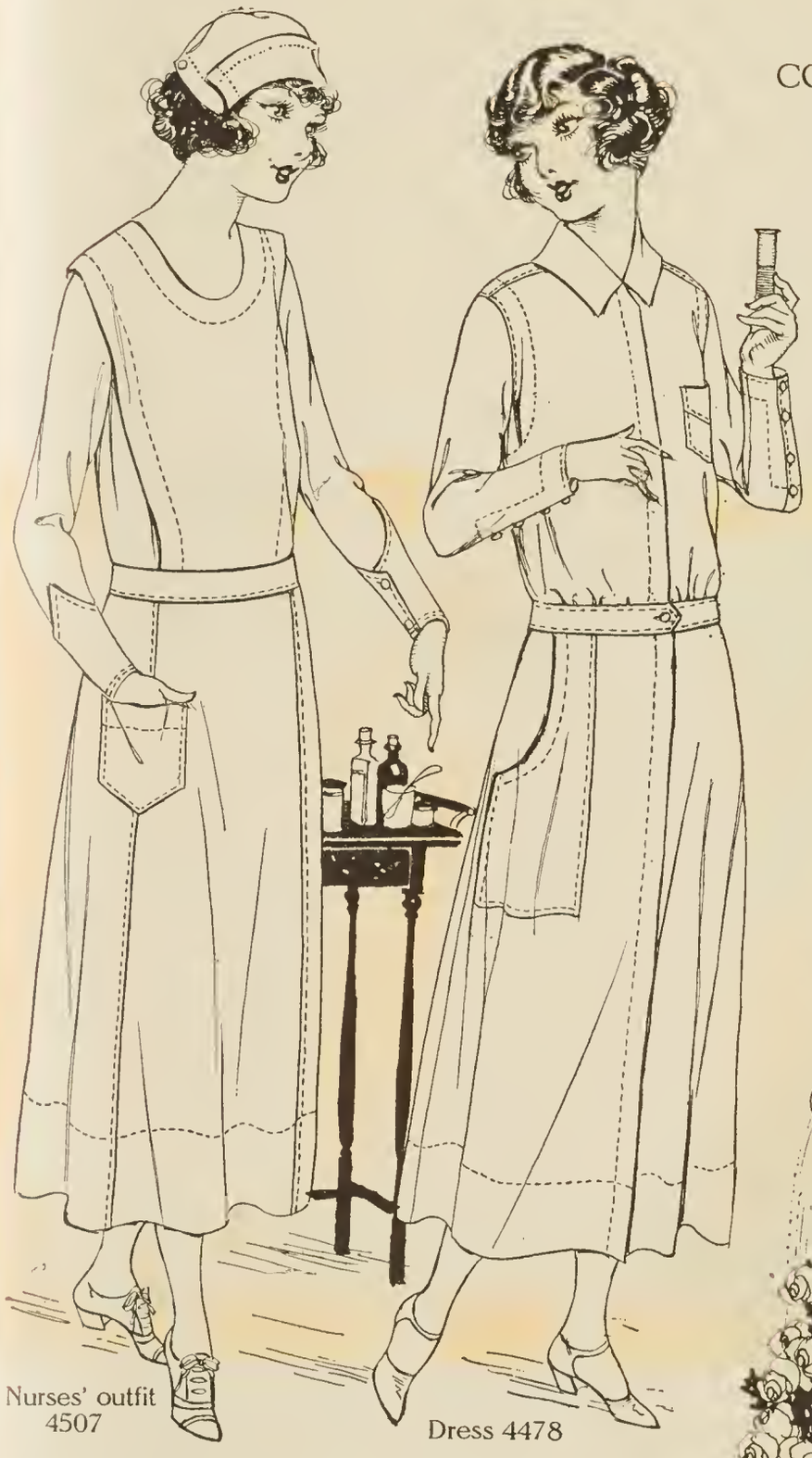
The coat is smart for juniors and girls 8 to 15, the hat for girls, misses, children, ladies.

4522—4517—A shawl collar on a smart coat of soft surfaced woolen coating is an incentive to good behavior, and her hat with rosebuds is becoming. Use camel's hair, tweed, homespun, fleece, whipcord, cheviot, serge, plaids, or checks for this type of coat. For the hat use piqué, cotton poplin, etc.

4 years and 19¾ inches head measure requires 1¼ yard 54-inch soft wool and ⅜ yard 36-inch silk for hat.

The coat is for little girls 1 to 6, the hat for girls or little boys 2 to 8 years.

COSTUMES FOR INDUSTRY AT HOME, GOOD TIMES ON THE BEACH, OR HOSPITAL SERVICE



Nurses' outfit 4507

Dress 4478

4507—Nurses use three-piece aprons with bibs joined or separate and a cap of lawn or organdy. Use nurses' linen, sheeting or cambric for the apron with linen cuffs.

38 hip requires 2¼ yards 54-inch nurses' linen, ½ yard 36-inch lawn for cap, ⅜ yard 36-inch linen for cuffs.

The outfit is for nurses 35 to 52 hip.

4478—The shirt-waist with a separate or fastened collar and a three-piece skirt makes this dress suitable for nurses in nurses' linen, Indian Head, sheeting, etc., or for housewives in gingham, chambray, percale, etc. For a five-piece apron with bib, use nurses' linen, sheeting etc.

36 bust requires 4¼ yards 36-inch cambric. Lower edge 2 yards.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

3727

3706

4002—3727—The separate knickers to this one-piece dress on the slip-over order in gingham, linen, linen-finished cottons, etc., make it useful for gardening. The sunbonnet may match the dress.

36 bust and 22 inches head measure require 6¼ yards 32-inch plaid gingham (including sun bonnet). Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 46 bust, also misses; the sunbonnet for ladies, misses, girls, children.

3706—For the beach, play, or amateur gardening, a set in Mother Goose cloth, chintz, cretonne, cotton prints is gay. One may use chambray, unbleached muslin, or sateen trimmed with appliqué or embroidery in bright color.

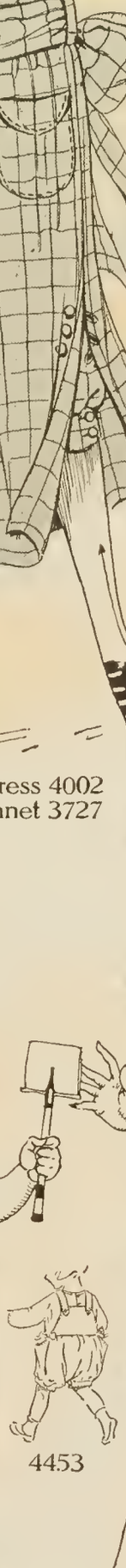
4 years requires 1⅛ yard 36-inch cotton print.

The set is for little girls 2 to 6 years.



Play set 3706

Dress 4002 Sunbonnet 3727



4453

Rompers 4453



Apron and cap 4472

3778

Bathing-suit and cap 3778 Embroidery design 10890



Pajamas 4499 Embroidery design 10127

4499—10127—One is tempted to use these pajamas for a negligée. The monogram adds individuality. Use cotton crêpe, cotton voile, batiste, nainsook, long-cloth, mull, dimity, etc., or crêpe de Chine, wash satin, wash silks, etc.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards 36-inch wash satin.

The pajamas are attractive for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4472—One yearns to shine in a gay slip-over apron and cap which can be made of gingham, chambray, percale, madras, seersucker, heavy cotton crêpe, linen-finished cottons, chintz, printed sateen, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 32-inch chintz.

The apron is for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

4453—For vacation spirits, rompers which may be worn over a guimpe or one's dress are useful. They may be open or closed at the bottom. Use chambray, linen-finished cottons, plain madras, cotton poplin, with dimity guimpe, etc.

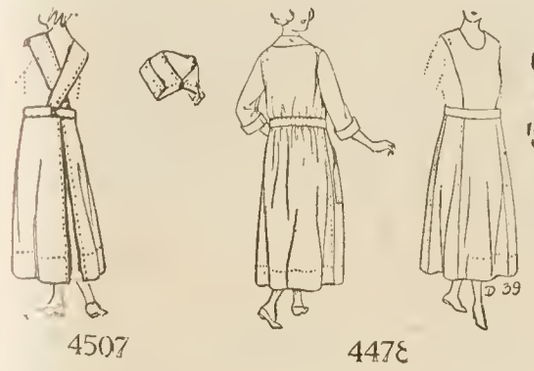
3 years requires ¾ yard 32-inch chambray for guimpe, 1⅜ yard 32-inch chambray for rompers.

The rompers are for children 1 to 5.

3778—10890—A bright bathing-suit with separate knickers and a slip-over blouse has a cap to match. Use gingham, chambray, cotton prints, chintz, silk crêpes, heavy crêpe de Chine, etc.

10 years requires 2⅜ yards 32-inch check gingham.

The bathing outfit is for girls 8, 10, 12 and 14 years; also misses and ladies.

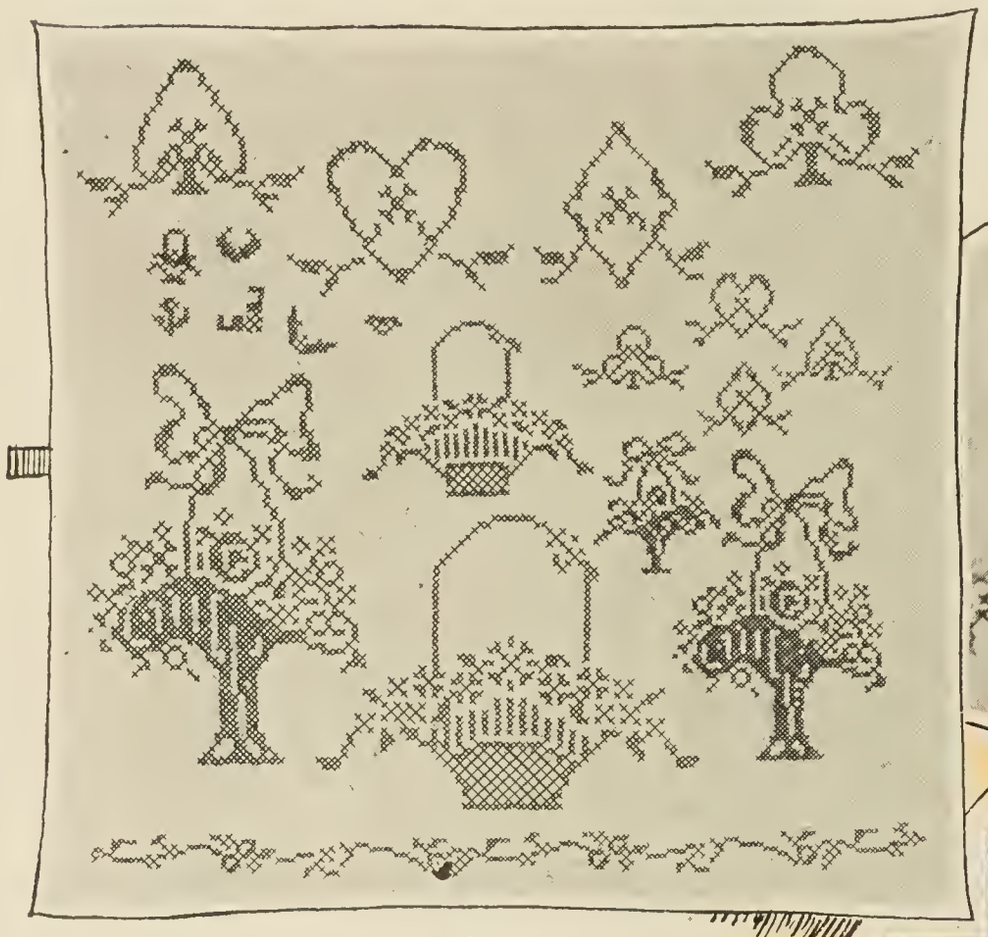


4507 4478



4002 4472 4499

NEW COSTUME EMBROIDERIES AND NURSERY APPLIQUÉ ARE ADAPTABLE AND CROSS-STITCH BLOOMS ON LINENS



Embroidery design 10154

10154—Cross-stitch embraces a wide field of usefulness and of its type nothing is quite so adaptable as the French basket. The basket bandings and motifs of this design may be used on cushions or curtains for the "better home" or on its linens—scarfs, tea-cloths, tea-napkins, towels, etc. The very tiny motifs are dainty for handkerchiefs. Then there are card motifs for card-table covers. The design can be adapted to 5¾ yards of banding ¾ inch size, 36 baskets in six assorted sizes and two styles, two of each card-table emblems and eight of each of the six handkerchief motifs.





10159—In an embroidery Paisley design the stitches around the pear-shaped figures worked in alternate colors give the vari-colored effect of a Paisley fabric. Both banding and motifs may be worked in a combination of outline and one-stitch, with a few beads or French knots interspersed, on dresses, suits, coats, blouses, hats, etc. The design can be adapted to 4½ yards of banding 3¼ inches wide, 6¼ yards of edging ⅝ inch wide, 12 motifs 2¼ by 4 inches, four corners 5½ by 8½ inches, and four motifs 5¼ by 5¼ inches.

As shown at the left, a motif from this design may be worked on silks, cottons, linens in colors.





Embroidery design 10159

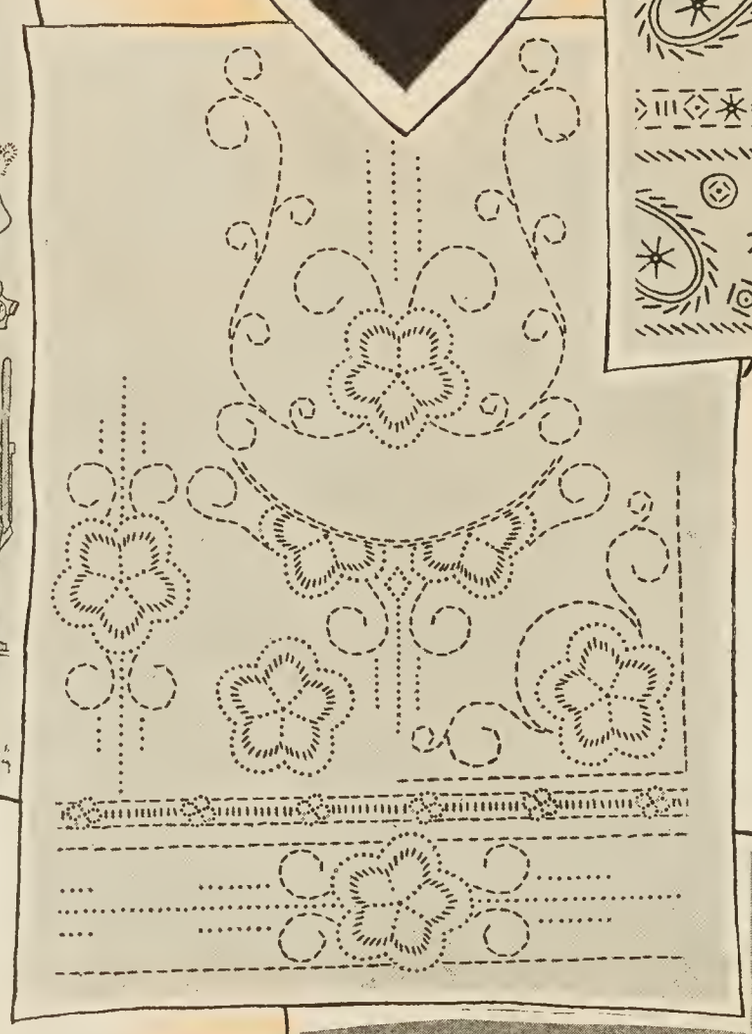
10157—Attractive neck outlines are always acceptable for one's dresses or blouses, and this design offers three. The bandings and motifs may also be used on skirts, coats, hats, etc. They should be worked in a combination of beads or French knots and bugle beads or one-stitch. The design can be adapted to 2½ yards of banding ¾ inch wide, 2½ yards of banding 3¾ inches wide, three corners 6¼ by 12¼ inches, six motifs 4 by 4 inches, three motifs 4 by 12¼ inches, 6 motifs 11 by 11¾ inches and three neck outlines.

As illustrated below, the ¾-inch banding may be worked on silks, Georgettes, etc., in bronze silk with a flower at intervals of bronze beads.

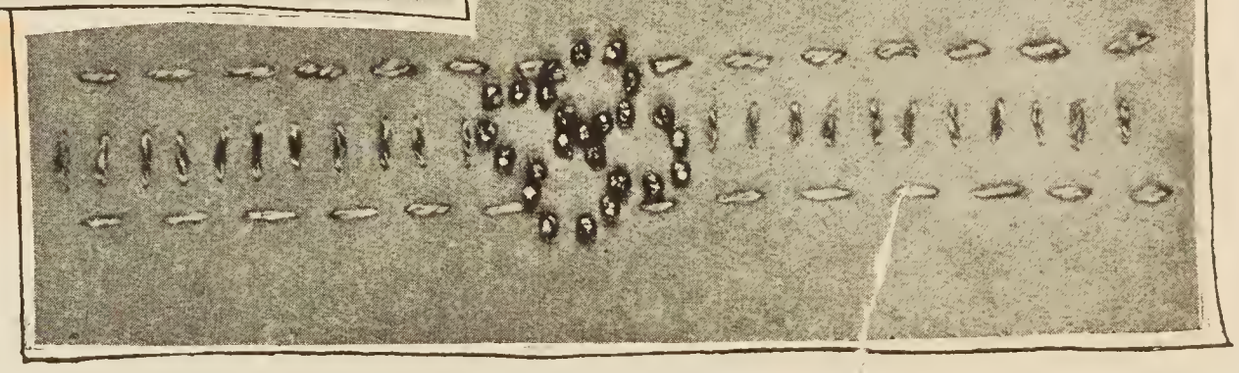


Embroidery design 10156

10156—A merry clan in embroidery land includes Peter Rabbit, the Little Bear, Chou Chou the clown, the Wooden Soldiers, Towser, and ducks and chicks galore. The banding motifs are a cheery decoration for children's nursery furnishings—curtains, book-shelf curtains, tiny tea-cloths, cushions, etc., and they may be painted on small chairs, tables, etc. The motifs are a gay trimming for pockets of tiny rompers, dresses, aprons, or play sets. The design may be worked in outline embroidery, one-stitch, or appliqué. It can be adapted to 1⅜ yard of banding 2⅞ inches wide, 16 pockets and 72 motifs in 17 assorted styles and sizes.



Embroidery design 10157



SOUP MAKES THE WHOLE MEAL TASTE BETTER

The best way to prepare delightful cream soups!

Make them with Campbell's! On the label of each of the delicious and nourishing Campbell's Soups shown here you will find a few brief sentences telling just how to prepare them as cream soups. By using milk (or cream) instead of water, you have ready for your table in a few minutes rich, thick cream soups of choicest flavor. So attractive and so convenient when you entertain! So extra-nourishing and delightful for the family meal! These Campbell's purees are made from the finest, selected vegetables, blended with golden butter and seasoned with delicate care. Order a supply of the different kinds from your grocer—to vary and brighten your daily menu.



21 kinds
12 cents a can

Campbells' Soups

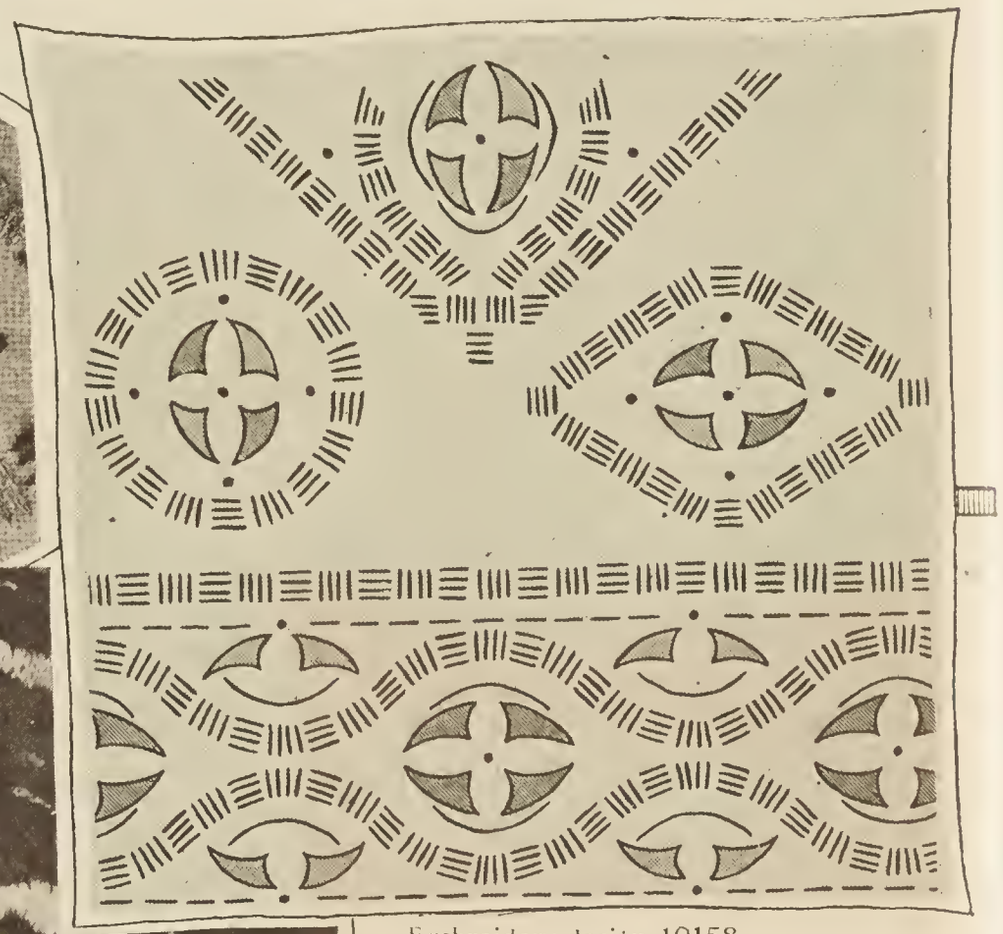
LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

EMBROIDERY FLINGS ITS JUNE ROSES OVER A BEDSPREAD AND OFFERS A NEW CENTERPIECE AND DRESS DESIGNS

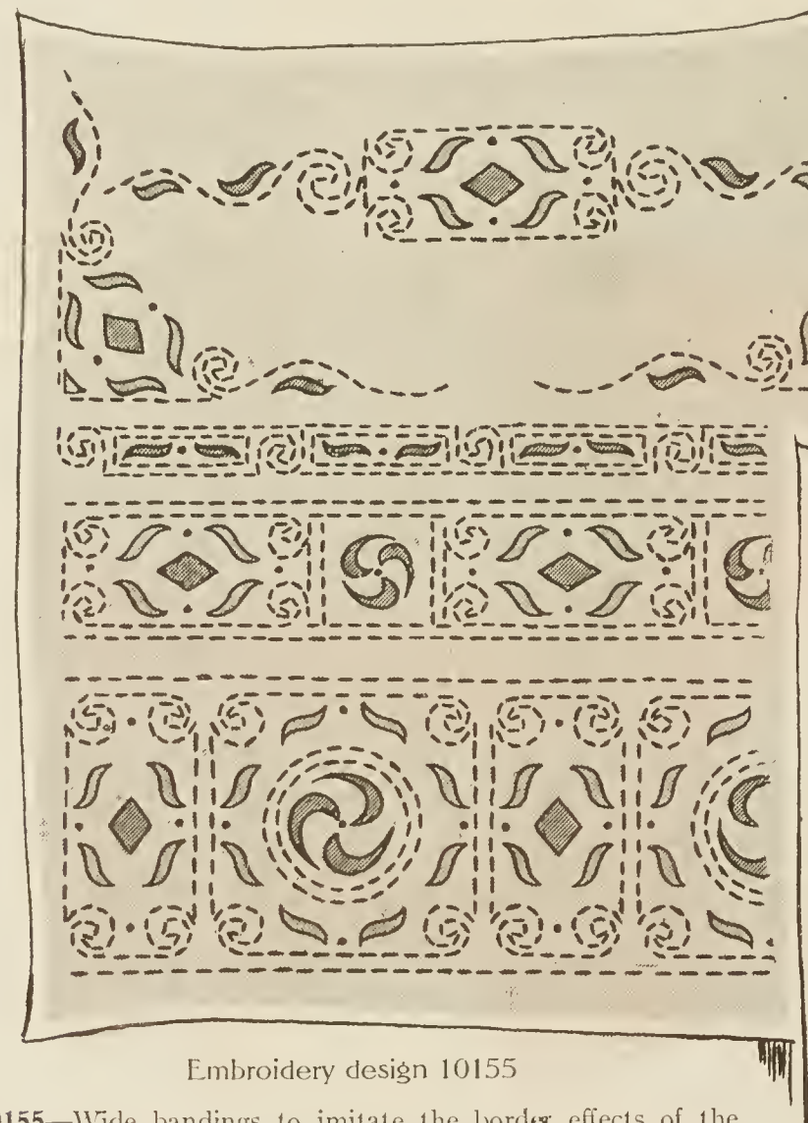


10158—Most attractive Summer hats may be made from silks, silk eponge, cotton ratine, etc., quite easily at home, and one will find a motif from this embroidery design a desirable trimming. It is also suitable to use on dresses, hats, etc., for women or young girls. The design can be adapted to 5⅛ yards of 4-inch banding, 10⅜ yards of ½-inch banding, 15 motifs 3¾ by 6 inches, 12 motifs 4 inches in diameter, and six corners 4¼ by 8¾ inches.

As shown above, the motif from this design is worked on French-blue homespun in black and orange one-stitch for a border with black dots and light-green triangles in the center.



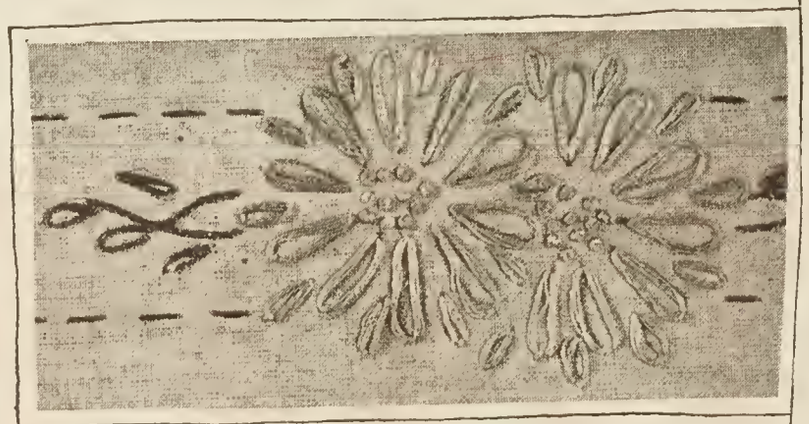
Embroidery design 10158

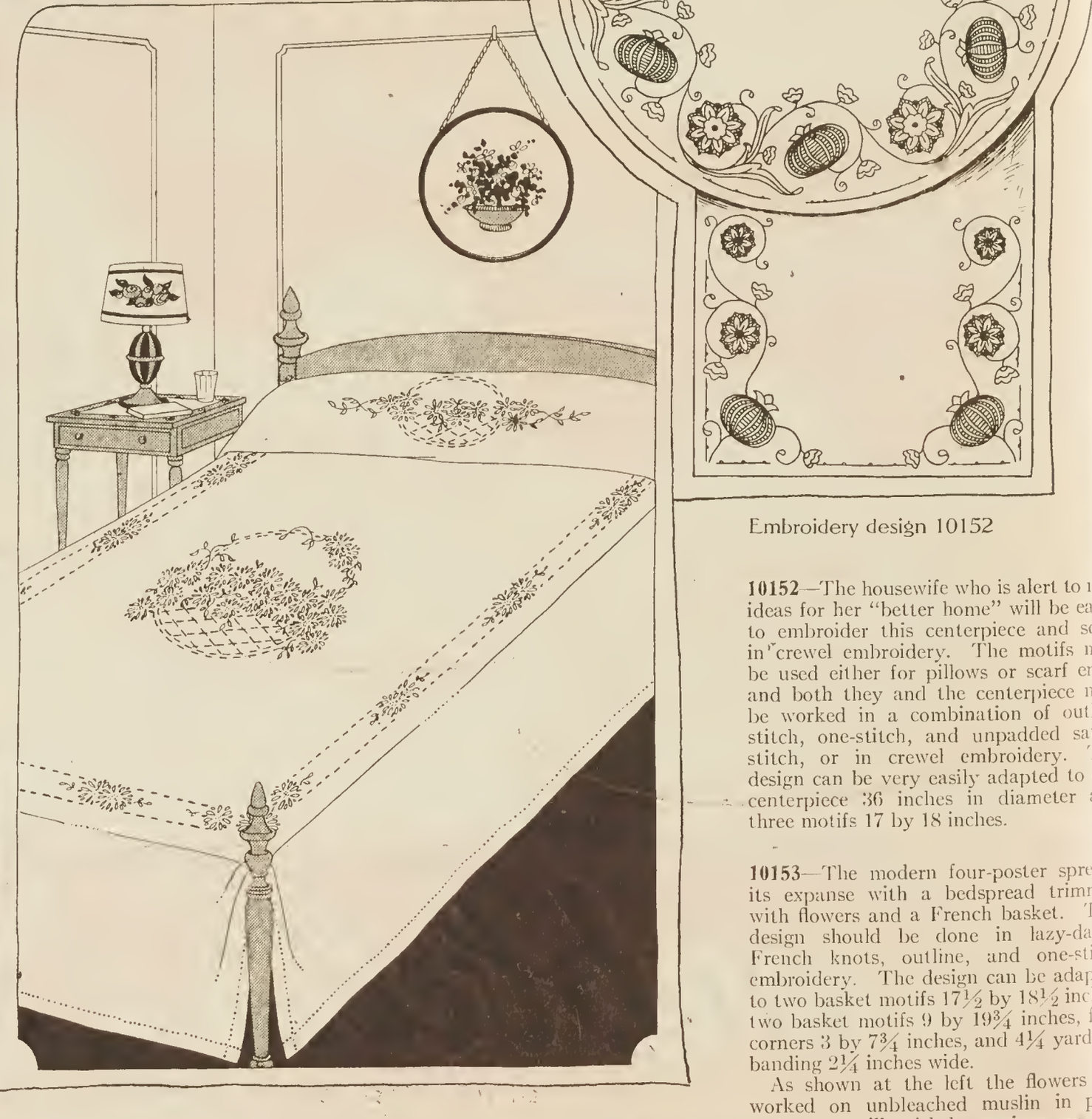


Embroidery design 10155

10155—Wide bandings to imitate the border effects of the light woolens or cotton materials for Spring and Summer are an opportune offering in embroidery. This design may be worked on dresses, waists, skirts, hats, etc., in a combination of one-stitch and satin-stitch, or outline embroidery. It can be adapted to 4⅜ yards of banding 4½ inches wide, 4⅜ yards of banding 2 inches wide, 6 yards of banding ¾ inch wide, 15 motifs 1¾ by 12 inches, and six corners 8¼ by 2¼ inches.

As illustrated above, a motif from this design can be worked on a brick-colored silk or cotton in green silk one-stitch with the row of petals in Yale blue and the center petals in yellow satin-stitch.





Embroidery design 10153



Embroidery design 10152

10152—The housewife who is alert to new ideas for her "better home" will be eager to embroider this centerpiece and scarf in crewel embroidery. The motifs may be used either for pillows or scarf ends, and both they and the centerpiece may be worked in a combination of outline stitch, one-stitch, and unpadded satin-stitch, or in crewel embroidery. The design can be very easily adapted to one centerpiece 36 inches in diameter and three motifs 17 by 18 inches.

10153—The modern four-poster spreads its expanse with a bedspread trimmed with flowers and a French basket. This design should be done in lazy-daisy, French knots, outline, and one-stitch embroidery. The design can be adapted to two basket motifs 17½ by 18½ inches, two basket motifs 9 by 19¾ inches, four corners 3 by 7¾ inches, and 4¼ yards of banding 2¼ inches wide.

As shown at the left the flowers are worked on unbleached muslin in pink and mauve silk with leaves in green and the one-stitch border in gray silk.



The soap that radiates FELS-NAPTHA *Cleanliness!*



You can tell Fels-Naptha by the clean naptha odor

Campers are enthusiastic Fels-Naptha users. Even with cold water it cuts grease from pans, it makes clothes thoroughly clean, and removes grit and grime from hands.



Buy Fels-Naptha in the convenient ten-bar carton. The original and genuine naptha soap, in the red-and-green wrapper.

There is deeper cleanliness to clothes than you can see. A kind that goes below the surface, where dirt is routed from every thread.

Soap alone will not produce it. But you get it from real naptha, that amazing dirt-loosener, combined with good soap in the Fels-Naptha way.

Clothes sop up perspiration, and dirt sticks. Then they need the deep-down cleanliness of Fels-Naptha. The real naptha goes through every tiny thread, and silently, gently makes the dirt let go. The sudsy water flushes it away completely. A good rinse, and clothes are safely washed--sweet, and *hygienically* clean.

Fels-Naptha sends its Cleanliness also into the kitchen, the bathroom, and to every part of the house where there is dirt to be washed away and things to be made sanitary.

Fels-Naptha is more than soap. It is more than soap and naptha. It is the exclusive Fels-Naptha blend of *splendid* soap and *real* naptha that gives you the benefit of both these two great cleaners at one time, and in one economical golden bar.

Get Fels-Naptha, and know the deeper *Fels-Naptha Cleanliness.*

PROVE the cleanliness of clothes washed with Fels-Naptha. Send 2c in stamps for a sample bar. Address Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

© 1923 Fels & Co. Philadelphia

THE NEW FRENCH HATS FOR SUMMER ARE ALL THINGS TO ALL WOMEN AND ALL COSTUMES

Photographs from Underwood and Underwood



Broadly speaking the capeline is the picturesque large hat called into existance to accompany soft Summer dresses. Eliane makes it of tied straw trimmed with fruit and foliage

A smart little cloche of English straw copies its vari-colored satin flowers less from nature than from the fabric trimmings of the new French frocks. From Welly Soeurs



Fine English straw in tête de nègre brown takes a French finish in a ruche of ravelled blue ribbon and a garland of foliage and flowers. From Germaine



Lest we forget the utter loveliness of uncurled ostrich Jose uses it for an exquisite cloche of white straw and drooping feathers



Ribbon in rosettes, cocardes, enormous many-ended choux, and great bows of satin, taffeta or moire trims the hats of early Summer. Esther Meyer uses a cocarde of grosgrain ribbon with a flower center on a large hat



Silver ribbon and clusters of silver flowers hold a flare of delicate lace to a small hat of the red-brown shade that is as smart as black this Summer. From Lewis



Two rows of quill-plaited ribbon underscore the width of a large hat of clear green crin. Leaves and flowers trim the crown and throw their delicate shadows on the transparent brim. This hat is from Lewis

COMMUNITY PLATE

ANNOUNCING THE

Bird of Paradise

NEVER have we produced a design which has received such immediate approval—not only from women whose social demands are the most exacting, but from artists and connoisseurs of note. For instance,

MAXFIELD PARRISH, *Artist*
BARON DE MEYER, *Decorator*
COLES PHILLIPS, *Artist*
ELSIE DE WOLF, *Decorator*

This design reflects the *modern* note in decoration—the new, interesting and colorful. Truly of the vogue.

Teaspoons
Set of Six, $3.75
AT YOUR JEWELER'S

ONEIDA COMMUNITY-MADE

©1923
ONEIDA COMMUNITY
LTD





Three Enemies Menace Your Baby

AS though jealous of your baby's skin—so smooth and delicate—three enemies constantly seek to attack it.

These foes cause crying, sleeplessness, and untold suffering. *But they can be defeated!*

For half a century the Mennen laboratories have studied the causes of skin disorders in babies. Constant experiment and new discoveries have perfected a three-fold defense.

A baby's skin cannot tolerate *Moisture* of any kind. Urine, or perspiration, or drops of water hidden in the skin-folds inflame the cuticle.

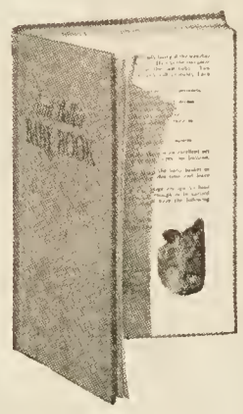
Mennen Borated Talcum is made by a special process that makes each particle very porous and absorbent—just like a tiny white sponge. By sprinkling thousands of these dainty soft sponges on your baby's skin, dangerous moistures are absorbed harmlessly.

Friction is another menace. The rubbing of clothes and bedding, the chafing caused by baby's own weight, is harmful to the skin. So Mennen Borated Talcum forms an invisible protective film over the skin, making it smooth and impervious to friction.

Because a baby's skin is so subject to *Infection* and so helpless to resist it, Mennen Borated Talcum contains wonderfully soothing ingredients of a mildly antiseptic character.

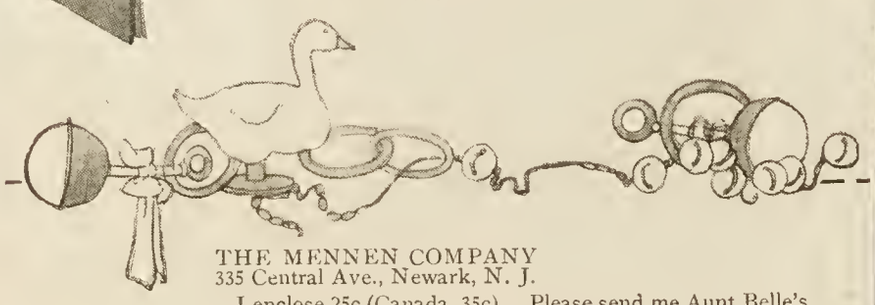
Never be without this safe, scientific protection. Sprinkle Mennen Borated Talcum all over the rosy body after every bath and change of diapers, and before tucking baby in the crib at night.

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.
The Mennen Company, Limited
Montreal, Quebec



One for You!

Mothers call Aunt Belle's Baby Book priceless. While the edition lasts we will send you a copy in plain wrapper for 25c (Canada 35c). Handsomely bound, charmingly illustrated.





THE MENNEN COMPANY
335 Central Ave., Newark, N. J.

I enclose 25c (Canada, 35c). Please send me Aunt Belle's Baby Book postpaid in plain wrapper.

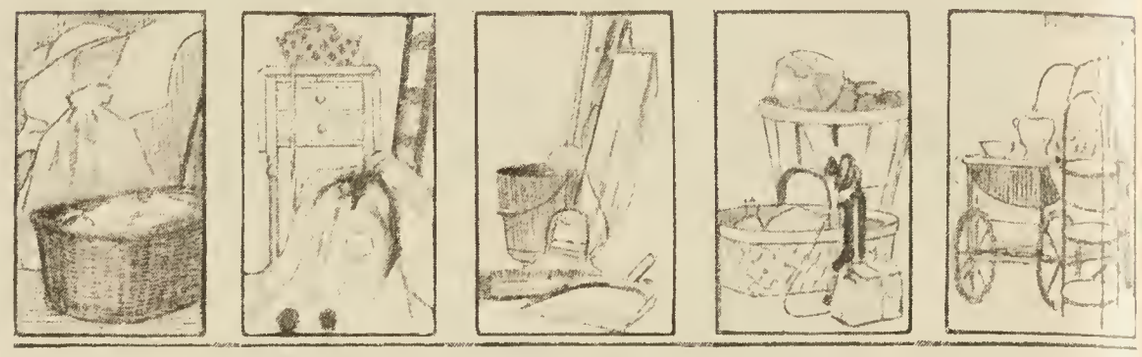
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Address_____

SAVE A DOLLAR

The thrifty use of good things makes a better home

Each suggestion has been tested and approved by the Home-Makers' Department



THE DELINEATOR will pay ten dollars each month for the best suggestion for saving the housekeeper's money, labor, food or fuel. We will pay five dollars for other suggestions used in this department. Items sent in June are not printed until four months later. When duplicate suggestions are received, we consider the first idea to reach us. Unavailable suggestions can not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send your ideas to the Home-Makers' Department

SUMMER-HOME DECORATING

THE dining-room in our Summer home had an oak table, chairs and a serving-stand. It did not look Summery and we did not feel we could afford to buy cretonne to improve it. With the thought of utilizing something we already had, we searched the linen-closet and there found a pile of clean feed-sacks which had been boiled white. These we dyed a rich dark blue and fitted them over the backs of the chairs, using fringe as a finish. We split two worn sheets, tied three large circles at the bottom of each, then dyed them blue and we had very attractive blue window-curtains with white ring decorations.

As we use lamp or candle light, we purchased four straight glass candlesticks and a glass bowl. These we painted with white enamel paint to which we had added enough blue oil-paint to make it a lovely Wedgwood blue.

Two pairs of aluminum salts and peppers were painted black with blue stripes and blossoms.

Our table-cover we made from a square of unbleached sheeting which we stitched with blue in border effect and with a square in the center. We threaded the machine with blue spool cotton, lengthened the stitch to its longest length, filled the bobbin with blue mercerized floss and stitched the material upon the wrong side; this gave the effect of a running-stitch on the right side of the cloth. A scarf for the serving-stand was made in the same way.

When our blue bowl was filled with yellow and white blossoms, our table set with pretty china and our candles lighted we were delighted with the beauty of the room.—ETHEL S. BUSHNELL, New York City.

REPAIRING THE HAMMOCK

WHEN a hammock gets precariously thin in the center, its use may sometimes be extended over two seasons with two burlap sugar-sacks. Stitch the sacks together several times with thread and then baste the burlap carefully to the under side of the hammock and stitch across the hammock every two inches each way. Finish the ends by hand. The valance completely conceals the burlap, so the hammock looks quite as well as it would if the burlap were not there.—MISS ETHEL V. NELSON, Minot, N. D.

SAVE ON PIE FILLING

IN MAKING pies from canned fruits which are juicy, you can get an extra pie from each quart by slightly thickening the juice with corn-starch. When the juice is cool the pies can be filled with fruit and juice without danger of the filling running over or soaking through the crust quickly.—MRS. ESTELLA DISLER, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

PIANO-STOOL IN THE KITCHEN

A DISCARDED piano-stool is an indispensable part of my laundry equipment. It is useful in many other ways in the kitchen, but I prize mine particularly on ironing-day. The original hair-cloth covering has had many successors. These are quickly made by cutting a circular piece of material a few inches wider than the top of the stool and running an elastic through a hem made on the edge of this piece of cloth. The cover is easily slipped off when it needs to be laundered. With my electric iron, a piano-stool, an adjustable ironing-board and a chair on the opposite side of the board, I no longer dread ironing.—MRS. W. S. MACTAVISH, Belleville, Ontario, Can.

STUDENT'S CHAIR FOR KITCHEN

IT IS a great help to have in the kitchen a chair with a wide arm on one side. On this arm the housekeeper may place the pan of potatoes or other vegetable to be prepared. If she must leave her work, she can get up from the chair without having to move the pan.—MRS. L. F. SNAVELY, Wabash, Ind.

SAVE ON WINDOW-WASHING

A SIMPLE way to clean windows is to rub the glass with a cloth saturated with vinegar. When dry, polish with a newspaper.—MRS. O. D. BREHMAN, Berkeley, Calif.

SAVE ON JELLIES

I SAVE considerable money on sugar and also save time during hot Summer days by sealing the hot fruit-juices in Summer without sugar and making my jelly in the Winter. We think the jelly is even better in flavor when it is freshly made, and jelly-making is a pleasanter task in cool weather than in hot weather.—MRS. C. G. WILLIS, Sawtelle, Calif.

SAVE ON BURNED BREAD

WHEN the oven becomes too hot and the top of the bread is browned before the loaves are baked, place a pan of boiling water on the top grate. The steam will keep the bread from scorching while conserving the heat necessary to finish baking the loaves.—MRS. E. W. WAGNER, Rosalia, Wash.

A LAUNDRY HINT

WHEN colored garments have been made at home and the family laundry is given out, include in your washing a large-sized scrap of the new material from which the garments were made. If the scraps hold their colors well, the garments may then be sent to the laundry; if the samples come back faded, the garments should be washed at home with special care.—MRS. MARGARET A. BARTLETT, Boulder, Colo.

SAVE ON KITCHEN CURTAINS

VERY attractive and durable curtains for the kitchen may be made from soft white or cream-colored oilcloth. The oilcloth can be cut so that half the width is used for one curtain. Bind the edges with colored bias-binding. To clean, wash the curtains with a damp cloth.—MRS. J. C. PRATHER, Lynch Mines, Ky.

INEXPENSIVE HOT-WATER BOTTLES

INSTEAD of buying hot-water bottles for my family, I bought aluminum army canteens and brightened them by boiling

Concluded on page 74





Palm and olive oils— nothing else — give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap.

She looks as young as ever

How often one hears this said of some woman whom the passing years seem to leave untouched. She rivals her daughters in freshness, and other women marvel.

Keep that schoolgirl complexion—this is the secret, and every woman should share it. Don't let the years write their record on your face when care will prevent it.

Begin today the beautifying that will help renew youth and charm. It will put natural color in your cheeks and make your face look firm and young.

Simple, but effective

This restorative treatment may seem almost too simple, but it is based upon real skin hygiene.

Dirt, oil and perspiration accumulate and must be removed. Otherwise the pores enlarge and blackheads and blotches result.

Wash your face daily with pure soap and you needn't fear complexion troubles. Your skin will remain firm, with a smooth, satiny texture which makes maturity as attractive as early youth.

All soaps won't do this

This mild cleansing is the most effective of all skin treatments, but you mustn't be careless about soap. Facial soap must be mild, soothing while it cleanses. It must be lotion-like, with no harshness. Such a soap is Palmolive, blended from palm and olive oils. They are nature's cleansers, valued since the days of ancient Egypt.

Apply the creamy lather freely, massaging it thoroughly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly and dry gently with a soft towel.

Bedtime is best for cosmetic cleansing, that your skin may be renewed and refreshed while you sleep. In the morning rinse with cold water and then look in the mirror. Your reflection will delight you by its radiant freshness and charm.

Luxury soap for 10c

You are mistaken if you imagine that Palmolive must be a very expensive soap because of its rare costly ingredients.

Palmolive factories work day and night, thus lowering cost. If made in small quantities Palmolive would cost at least 25c a cake. It is yours at 10c.

Use Palmolive on the wash stand and for bathing.

Volume and Efficiency Produce 25c Quality for

10c

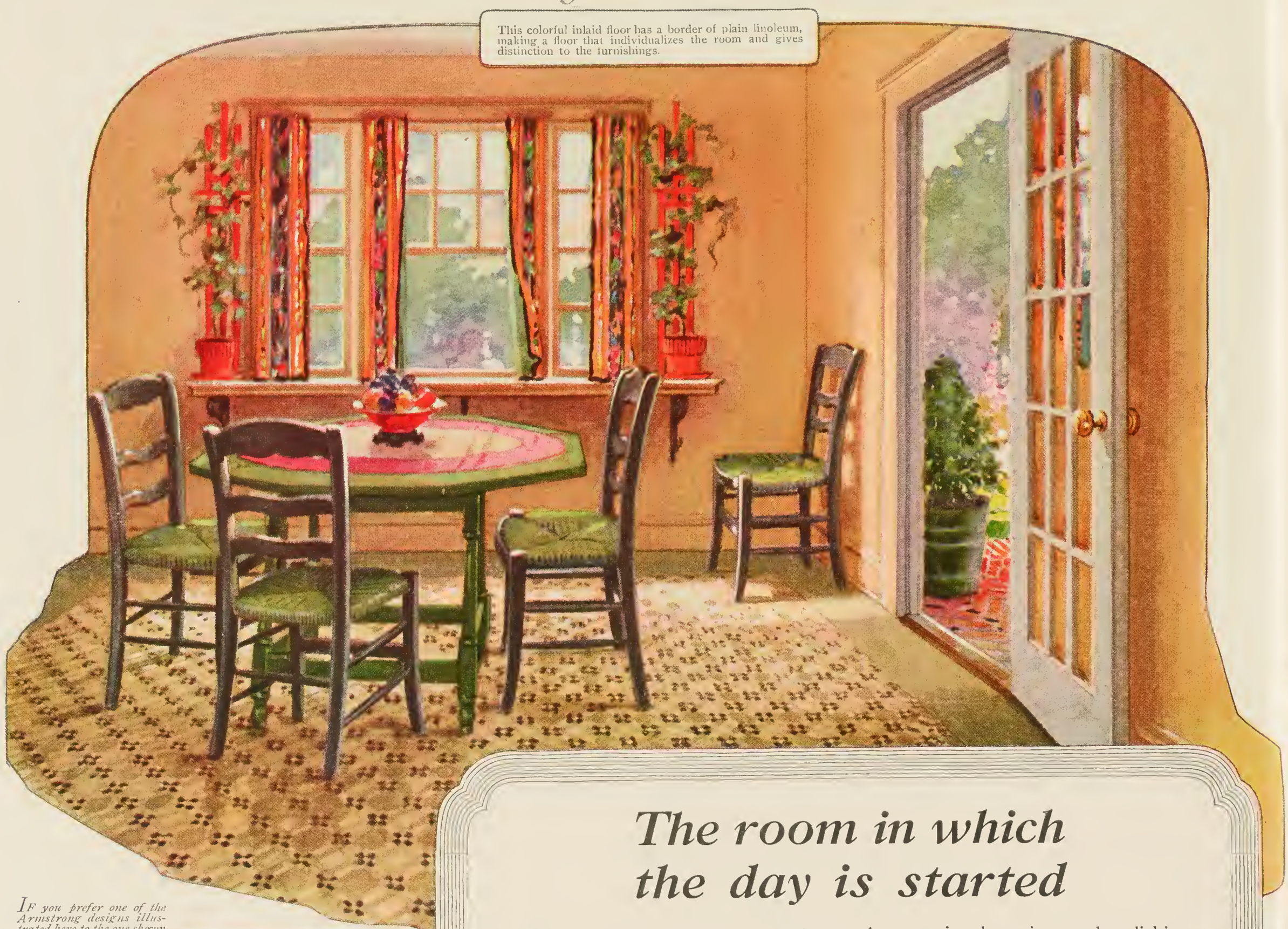


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Armstrong's Linoleum

for Every Floor in the House

This colorful inlaid floor has a border of plain linoleum, making a floor that individualizes the room and gives distinction to the furnishings.



The room in which the day is started

THE fresh and pleasant atmosphere in this simple breakfast room is enhanced by the crisp, clean beauty of the inlaid linoleum floor.

A floor of Armstrong's Linoleum, when properly put down, is beautiful, comfortable, and so easy to clean that it should be always spotless. It does not take up stains or dust, and it is practically waterproof.

Linoleum floors are beautiful because of the charming colors and patterns in which modern linoleum is produced. As a background for rugs, furniture, and draperies, linoleum is a practical floor and can be made a definite unit in the color scheme.

Moreover, the floor of linoleum is warm to the touch, smooth, quiet, and resilient. It does not crack or splinter and never needs expensive refinishing. An occasional waxing and polishing keeps it looking bright and new.

Good furniture and department stores can show you Armstrong's Linoleum in beautiful two-tone Jaspés, parquetry inlaids, carpet inlaids, marble tile inlaids, attractive plain colors, and pleasing printed designs—also linoleum rugs, printed and inlaid. You can be sure you are getting genuine linoleum when you see the Armstrong trademark, a Circle "A," stamped on the burlap back.

Write to our Bureau of Interior Decoration for ideas as to proper patterns and colors for use in any scheme of home decoration. No charge for this service.

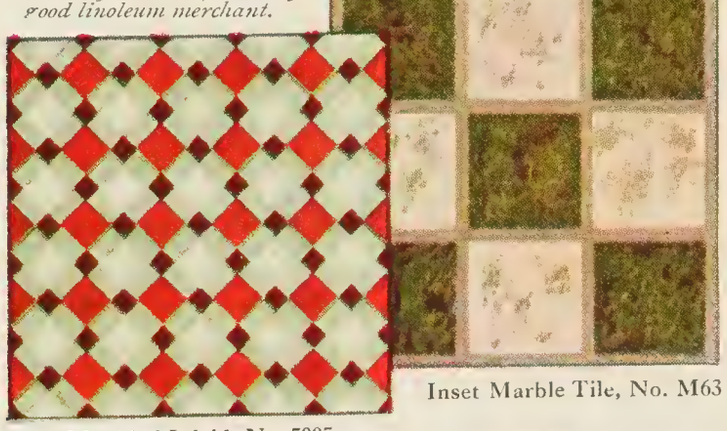
"The Art of Home Furnishing and Decoration" *(Second Edition)*

By Frank Alvah Parsons, President of the New York School of Fine and Applied Art. Sent, with de luxe colorplates of home interiors, on receipt of twenty cents.

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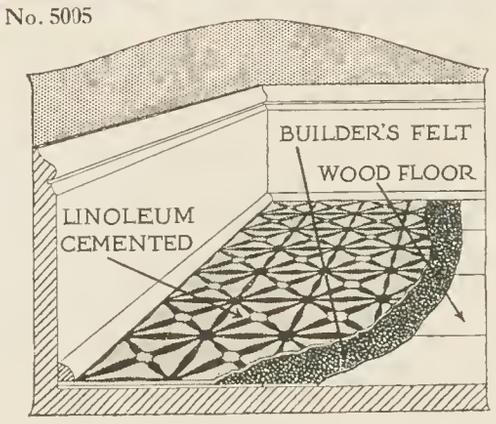
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How to Lay Linoleum on Wood Floors



IN summer wood floors expand. In winter they dry out and contract, with a tendency to open up the cracks between the boards. Your linoleum floor, therefore, should be cemented (not tacked) over a lining of builder's deadening felt which has been previously glued to the bare floor boards. The felt takes up expansion and contraction and gives you a permanent, waterproof, good-looking floor. The added service and wear this method gives are well worth the extra cost.

PRESERVING JUNE FRUITS

Cherries and berries are at their best

By Winifred Moses

Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University.—*Martha Van Rensselaer*



Strawberries that are to be canned without heat must be washed, hulled and cut into halves or quarters before the sugar is added

JUNE heralds the approach of the strawberry, currant, gooseberry and cherry.

Since the strawberry requires a large amount of sugar to preserve its color, it makes a more attractive product when put up as preserves or as jam than when canned. However, the following method of canning strawberries produces satisfactory results, provided directions are followed exactly:

STRAWBERRIES CANNED WITHOUT HEAT

WASH the strawberries, hull and weigh them. Weigh out one and one-fourth the amount of sugar; cut the strawberries in halves or quarters. Put a layer of the cut strawberries in a shallow plate, pan or platter and cover liberally with a layer of sugar; add another layer of strawberries and another of sugar until all the berries and sugar are used. Place in a cool place and let stand for twenty-four hours, stirring once or twice during this period. Pack in sterilized jars, seal and store in a cool dark place. These berries keep their original flavor and may be used with shortcakes or as a sauce for ice-cream. Raspberries may be preserved in the same way.

PRESERVED STRAWBERRIES

SELECT firm, large berries, wash them and remove the hulls. Weigh and allow from three-fourths to one pound of sugar for each pound of berries. Mix the sugar with the berries and allow them to stand for about fifteen minutes. Put them in an agate, enamel or porcelain kettle and boil for five minutes, or until soft, stirring gently during the cooking process. Drain out the berries and pack them carefully in clean jars. Boil the sirup for two minutes and fill the jars. Seal and store in a cool place. Raspberries may be canned in the same way.

In preserving strawberries cook only one basket at a time, since a larger quantity crushes the berries by their weight.

STRAWBERRIES PRESERVED IN THE SUN

FOR this method use equal weights of sugar and berries. Put the berries and sugar in layers in the preserving-kettle, add one-fourth cup of water and let them stand for fifteen minutes. Bring to the boiling-point and cook for seven minutes. Remove from the fire and spread in thin layers on platters. Cover with glass and let them remain in the sun for three days. Raspberries may be preserved by the same method.

STRAWBERRY JAM

FOR each pound of washed and hulled berries allow two-thirds of a pound of sugar. Crush the berries, add the sugar, mix well and let stand overnight. Bring the mixture to the boiling-point and cook until it is thick, or to 220 degrees Fahrenheit. Pack in jars, cover with melted paraffin and store in a cool place.



In making cherry olives the stems are left on and the fruit is preserved in brine without sugar and without the application of heat

PRESERVED STRAWBERRIES AND PINEAPPLE

MIX equal weights of strawberries and diced pineapple. Allow one pound of sugar for each pound of fruit. Mix all together and let stand for ten minutes. Bring to the boiling-point and cook until pineapple is clear and the mixture thick. Seal in jars.

CURRANT JELLY

CURRANTS contain pectin and acid in the correct proportions for making good jelly.

For currant jelly select slightly underripe fruit. Wash and remove the currants from the stems and put the berries in an agate, enamel or porcelain lined kettle. Crush them and add about one-fourth cup of water or currant-juice for each quart of berries. Cook until the fruit is soft and then pour

Concluded on page 56



You won't turn him down!

Pretty confident grin on the little Eskimo Kid! He *knows* his live, friendly drink will get a glad hello from the crowd. *They all like it.*

Clicquot Club is just about a perfect thirst quencher. Its tang and sparkle and fragrance make a happy combination for killing a thirst.

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For quick, economical and dependable cooking service, all the world finds the famous Blue Chimney NEW PERFECTION the most satisfactory oil cook stove within its price range of $6.25 to $100.00.

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THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS CO., 7663 Platt Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

Made in Canada by Perfection Stove Co., Ltd., Sarnia, Ont.

SAVING FUEL AND FOOD

Thermometers and heat-regulators prevent failures

By Freda Winn

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

AMONG the labor-saving devices with which the inventor and scientist are endeavoring to lessen the trials, the labors and expenses of a housewife and increase the sum total of her efficiency are the various contrivances for measuring, regulating and saving heat and fuel.

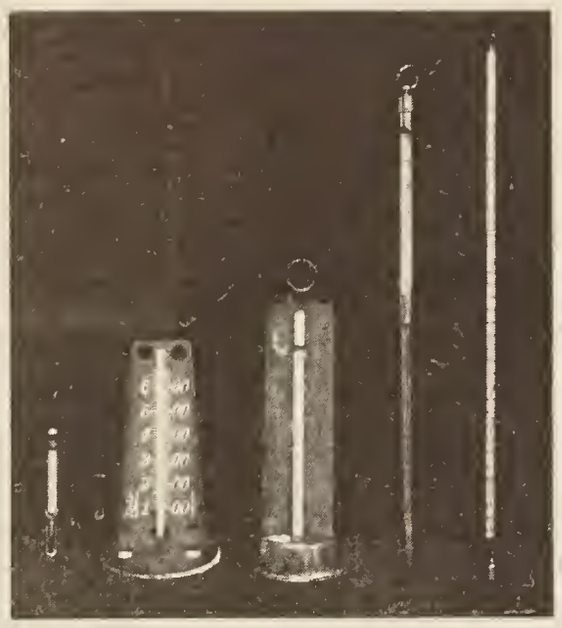
Probably one of the first to be mentioned in this respect is the oven heat-regulator with which many stoves are now being equipped.

Lucky is she who at some point in her cooking career has never found her roast overcooked or done to a cinder, or her meringues brown and tough because the oven was too hot, or her cake a sodden mass because at the crucial moment the oven had to be opened to see if all was well or because the oven was too slow. The experienced have probably forgotten the number of their failures in the process of acquiring their present skill, while the learner fails to mention how often she is obliged to consign her results to the garbage-pail.

The old ways of testing the temperature of an oven were to put a piece of paper or some flour in the oven and judge by the shade of brown attained in a given time whether the oven was slow, moderately hot or very hot, or to put the hand in the oven. If one could count twenty without being obliged to withdraw the hand, the oven was slow; if at twelve or fifteen counts the hand was uncomfortably hot, the oven was moderate, while if the hand had to be withdrawn at five counts, the oven was hot. While the experienced cook has learned to regulate her oven by "the feel," much food was probably wasted and many uncomfortable moments experienced in the process of acquiring this facility. An additional disadvantage to this method is that if the oven perchance has become too hot, it has to be cooled to the desired temperature, which takes time and uses extra fuel, to say nothing of the cake or muffins that are all ready for the oven and must stand on the table deteriorating while the oven cools down. Then once having attained the desired temperature, there is added the difficulty of regulating the heat throughout the remainder of the process.

On the other hand, if you have a stove equipped with a heat-regulator and you wish to cook a loaf of cake, set the regulator at the desired temperature (350 degrees Fahrenheit) seven to nine minutes before it is time to put your cake in the oven (the time depends on the gas-pressure), and light the oven. When the oven has reached this temperature (you can tell this because the flame becomes smaller as soon as the oven reaches the temperature indicated on the regulator), put the cake in the oven and note the time. When the time required for baking the cake is passed, turn off the heat and remove the cake. The cake is then properly cooked. No extra gas has been wasted and perhaps, most valuable of all, there has been no care or worry as to whether the cake was being properly baked and no time spent endeavoring to regulate the heat or opening the oven door, thus endangering the result.

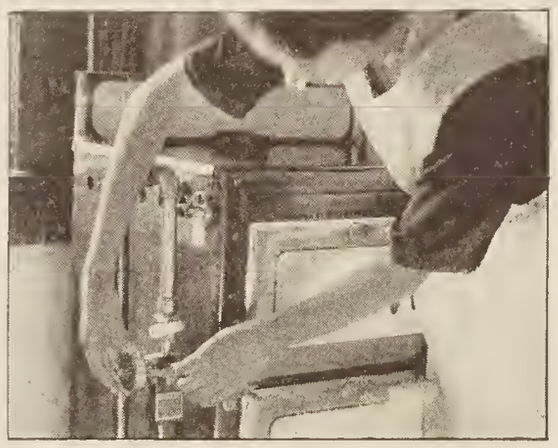
The same is true whether one requires a slow oven (250 degrees Fahrenheit) for cooking meringues or custards, a moderate oven at 350 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit for cakes, a hot oven (400 to 450 degrees Fahrenheit) for breads, or a very hot one (450 to 500 degrees Fahrenheit) for pastry. Set the regulator at the desired temperature and light the gas long enough beforehand so that the oven will be at the desired temperature by the time the dish is ready for cooking. Put it in the oven and cook for the required time without further care. The oven thus equipped may be used not only to cook single dishes and to cook whole meals, but also for canning certain fruits and vegetables. In the case of canning, more gas is used than in the water-bath, but if one takes into consideration the fact that an oven holds sixteen quart jars and that if the house is not supplied with hot water the water for the bath has also to be heated, the discrepancy is not great and the few extra cents for the gas is perhaps more than compensated for in the fact that there is no heavy container to handle or water to carry or empty, while canning.



Candy and oven thermometers make for better cooking

While the oven thermometer in no way regulates the flow of gas as does the oven heat-regulator, it does indicate the temperature and is much more accurate for the inexperienced cook than either the paper or hand method of testing temperatures, thus saving time, temper, gas and food.

The cooking-thermometers may be used either in candy-making, in frying, in cooking boiled icings or in making jams, jellies and conserves. If possible, get a standardized thermometer, one which at sea-level registers 212 degrees Fahrenheit or 100 centigrade when plunged in boiling water. Some thermometers are not standardized and may vary from day to day. You can get accurate results from such thermometers just as you can from a town clock which runs fast or slow if you know just how much it differs from the truth. Therefore, before using such a thermometer it should be tested in boiling water. If you find on testing your thermometer that water boils at ninety-nine degrees centigrade instead of at one hundred degrees, then you will know that it is one degree "slow." You can then rectify your final reading by subtracting one from the degree registered. For instance, in making cooked icing the water and sugar should be cooked at 115 degrees centigrade; if your thermometer registers ninety-nine degrees centigrade as the boiling-point of water on that day, you will cook icing at 114 degrees centigrade. In high altitudes where the boiling-point is lower than one hundred degrees, the above test should be made accordingly.



A regulator will keep the oven at exactly the temperature you wish

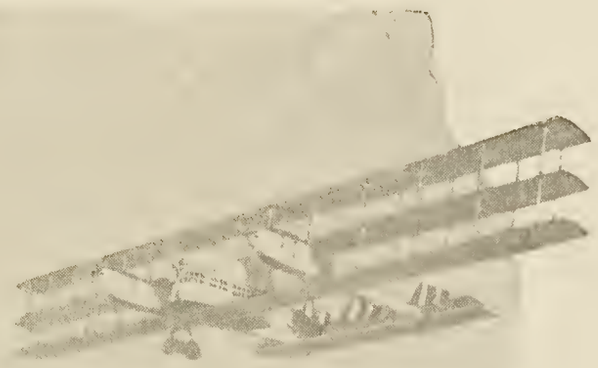
Changing the Ideas of a Nation

Advertisement No. 3





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The Selby Shoe Co.





"Impossible" Accomplishments have made the Nation great!

OF course, people could never fly. Why, it was impossible. Today, to attract our attention, a plane must do a great deal more than merely demonstrate man's control of the air.

Less spectacular, perhaps, but of far greater importance to women, is another "impossible" achievement — the perfecting of a shoe which combines style with foot health and comfort. Until the Arch Preserver Shoe was placed on the market six years ago, women did not expect such advantages.

The Arch Preserver Shoe is different in that it provides a perfect walking base. The weight-carrying structure of the foot along the outer margin from heel to ball must have an adequate foundation or the result will be a strained and sagging arch. The Arch Preserver Shoe affords such a foundation. A concealed, built-in bridge supports the foot trimly, comfortably, even though stylish heels are worn. And, although this walking base never breaks down, the Arch Preserver Shoe bends freely with the foot at the "ball" —the only place where the foot itself bends!

Healthy, happy feet! Handsomely groomed feet! You can have them *now*, simply by demanding Arch Preserver Shoes, as so many thousands of other women are doing.

They cost no more. Really, they are the most economical of shoes, because they hold themselves in shape so nicely, and not only wear longer, but keep their smart appearance as long as you wear them.

THE
ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

ARCH PRESERVER SHOE
TRADE MARK REG U S PAT OFFICE

"KEEPS THE FOOT WELL"

Sold by 2000 dealers. Look for this Trade-Mark on the sole and lining. Styles for all occasions. All widths, AAAA to E. There are seven patents embodied in Arch Preserver Shoe construction. These are vested solely with The Selby Shoe Company, Portsmouth, Ohio, for the making of women's and misses' shoes, and with E. T. Wright & Company, Inc., Rockland, Massachusetts, for the making of men's and boys' shoes.

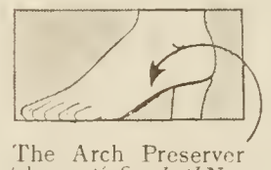
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124 Seventh St.
Portsmouth, Ohio
Makers of women's fine shoes for more than forty years



Nature plans that the foot rest on heel, ball and outside *arch*.



Civilization demands that heel and arch be *raised*.



The Arch Preserver Shoe satisfies *both* Nature and Civilization.



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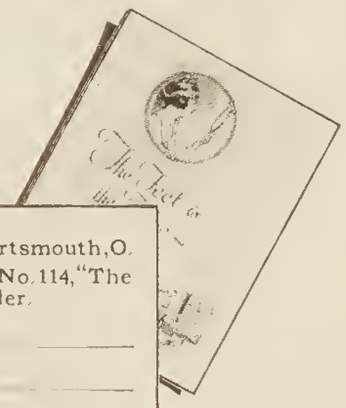


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In the Treasure-Chests *of* Dowagers *and* Brides

In the administration of her household, the wise woman, whether she be dowager or bride, counts as one of her greatest treasures, the ample stores of Fruit of the Loom garments and bedding that she has provided for every need. For, Fruit of the Loom Muslin has proved its virtues to three generations of housewives before her. She knows that this peerless cotton fabric wears supremely well, that it retains its snowy whiteness through countless launderings, and that its fine, soft texture is agreeable to feel and touch. So, she uses it not only for sheets and pillow-cases, but for garments of many kinds.

This general-utility cotton-cloth is now available in finishes other than the muslin. You can buy it in cambric, as well as in prints and plain colors. For lingerie, infants' wear, and other requirements, there is a new Fruit of the Loom nainsook, delightfully soft and silky, which comes attractively boxed in ten-yard lengths.

Ready-made

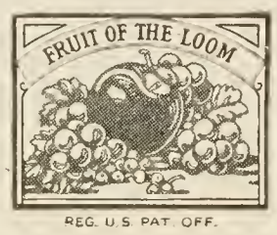
Look for the famous Fruit of the Loom label woven in colors when buying ready-made articles. It identifies for you garments that are guaranteed not only as to the genuineness of the cloth, but also for finish and workmanship. This label will be found on men's shirts and boys' blouses; night wear for men, women and children; on nurses' uniforms, aprons, sheets, pillow-cases, bias seam tape, umbrellas for misses and children and on undergarments of many kinds. See small pictures above.

B. B. & R. KNIGHT, INC.

Converse & Company, *Selling Agents,* 88 Worth Street, New York, N. Y.

Fruit of the Loom

Made by the Knight Mills of New England



Look for the Fruit of the Loom trademark woven in colors on ready-made garments, and the words "Fruit of the Loom" on the selvage of piece goods.

HOW TO MAKE SLIP-COVERS

By Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders

Editor, Department of House Decoration

"NEW furniture for old," is the song of the slip-cover—and close on the heels of Spring cleaning comes the housewife's inspiration to make these light coverings, which will protect expensive upholstery from dust and hard wear or conceal worn or patched furniture from view. Whether of plain or striped linen, gay chintz, or taffeta, they invite both the eye and the body to cool comfort and cost only a few dollars and a little labor to make.

It is a mistake to hold to the popular belief that no one but an experienced upholsterer may be trusted to make well-fitting slip-covers. All that is needed is a systematic assembling of scissors, measuring-tape, needle and thread, plus reasonable care in measuring, cutting and sewing according to the following instructions. The result will be perfectly fitting slip-covers, without a hint of "home-madeness," that will transform the appearance of your rooms.



One of the first requisites in the making of slip-covers is to measure properly for the material you will need. To do this, place a tape measure at the bottom of the chair, A, as shown in the accompanying illustration, and stretch it from A to B, then from B to C, from C to D, from D to E and from E to F, adding an inch at every point for seams. The sides are calculated by measuring from H to G, doubling the measure and adding it to that required from A to F. This will give the quantity needed for a chair without arms.

To measure for a chair with arms, stretch the tape from A to D, as for a chair without arms (for overstuffed furniture, add about eight inches at D as a tuck-away; on other types of furniture an ordinary seam allowance is all that is necessary at D), and then measure from D to E and from E to F. Next stretch your tape from H to the topmost point of the side, with seam allowance, then double that quantity and add to the length from A to F.

After the required amount of material has been purchased, start the making of your slip-cover by stretching the material loosely from A to B; at B make a plait sufficient for a seam, and again at C, D and E. Then pin your cloth to the chair if possible, to prevent it from getting out of shape and carefully smooth all material in position before splitting any of the plaits at B, C, D or E. The next step is to split the plaits and trim, and prepare for side pieces. Side pieces are cut separately by pinning the material into position and cutting, allowing for all seams. Finish by stitching the seams and binding them with tape or braid, except the edges at D, which are pinned so that they may be sewed together from the wrong side or left separate. The lower edges at F, H and A are turned under about one-half inch for hems.



Above—Openings may be either in the center back or on the side of the cover



At the Left—Slip-covers of linen, muslin or silk protect fine upholstered furniture from everyday wear

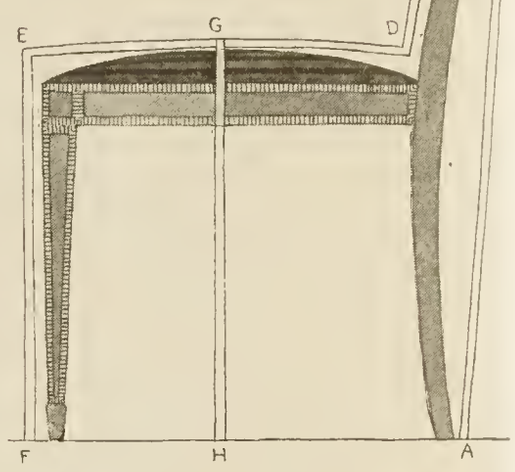
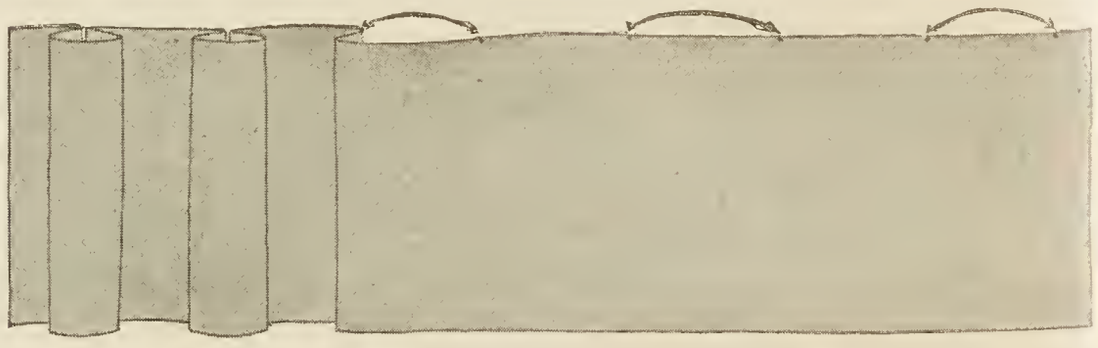


Illustration showing method of measuring a chair for a slip-cover

Chairs wider at the top than at the bottom should have the opening of the slip-cover in the center of the back; but for all others it may be at the sides, as illustrated. In either case, an allowance of two inches must be made for overlap. Hooks and eyes or snap-fasteners can be used to make the closing.

Materials with floral or figured designs should be planned so that the pattern runs toward the top of the chair. Plain or striped goods can be planned to run either way.



Box-plaited ruffles are made by allowing four inches of material for the plait and leaving a space of four inches between each plait



Now is the time to wash your blankets. A clean blanket is practically moth-proof

To wash your blankets at home without shrinking or matting them~

Laundered this way they last for years

This very month, before putting them away, is the time to wash your blankets. They must be put away clean, of course, to protect them from moths.

It is the soiled places on wool and wool nap that moths attack. A clean blanket is almost moth-proof.

Try washing your blankets at home this year. Lux makes the laundering of even your big, handsome ones safe.

Blankets will last for years if washed according to the directions given below. A single careless washing ruins them, for wool is as sensitive as a baby's skin. Strong soap or rubbing will shrink and felt wool so that it becomes harsh and scratchy.

Lux won't shrink your blankets. It is absolutely pure—there is no free alkali or any other ingredient in it to hurt the delicate wool fibres.

Great blanket manufacturer tells why he recommends Lux

The manufacturer of the finest blankets in America, expert in the care of blankets, says 'Extra care must be taken in the choice of soaps used to wash wool. Harsh soaps shrink and mat it, turn it yellow and weaken the fibre.

"The tests and experiments we have made have demonstrated that Lux is an ideal product for washing blankets. It will cleanse the finest woolens with entire safety."

This blanket manufacturer's experience has been repeated by each one of the makers of fine fabrics listed below. All had thorough washing tests made by a famous university.

Sheer fabrics and colorful garments were given the number of washings they would normally receive. There was no loss of color when Lux was used, no coarsening or shrinking of any fabric.

As a result all of these manufacturers are recommending Lux to their customers. They say that if a fabric is safe in pure water it is safe in Lux.

The safe way to wash blankets

A rich, live suds throughout is essential. Use 2 tablespoonfuls of Lux to every gallon of water.

Dissolve Lux in very hot water; whisk to a thick lather. Add cold water until lukewarm. Souse blankets up and down and squeeze suds through. If suds die down, add more Lux. Never rub blankets. Rinse in three or more lukewarm waters of same temperature as suds.

Fold evenly and run through loose wringer or fold and hang dripping. Stretch and pull blanket into shape at intervals during the drying process.



The new way to wash dishes

Won't roughen hands

Lux for washing dishes! *At last* there is a way to wash dishes without coarsening and reddening your hands.

Even though your hands are in the dishpan an hour and a half every day, Lux won't irritate them—won't make them rough and scratchy. These pure, gentle flakes are as easy on your hands as fine toilet soap.

Just one teaspoonful to a pan is all you need! It sounds incredible—but try it! A single package of Lux does at least 54 dishwashings—all the dishes for almost three weeks.

Don't let that hour and a half in the dishpan every day be a hardship to your hands. Begin washing today's dishes with Lux.

MAKERS OF ALL KINDS OF FINE FABRICS SAY "WASH THEM IN LUX"

North Star Blankets
Ascher's Knit Goods
Carter's Knit Underwear
Jaeger Woolens
The Fleisher Yarns
Belding Bros. & Co., Silks
Mallinson Silks
Roessel Silks
Skinner Satins
Forsythe Blouses
Vanity Fair Silk Underwear
Dove Under-garments
Model Brassieres
McCallum Hosiery
"Onyx" Hosiery
McCutcheon's Linens
D. & J. Anderson Ginghams
Betty Wales Dresses
Mildred Louise Dresses
Pacific Mills Printed Cottons
Orinoka guaranteed Sun and Tubfast Draperies
Puritan Mills Draperies

Send today for free booklet of expert laundering advice—"How to launder silks, woolens, fine cottons and linens." Lever Bros. Co., Dept. 57, Cambridge, Mass.



"Me want a bowl full"

A wise young appetite knows what's good—knows that a bowlful of crisp Post Toasties with cream or milk delights the taste.

There's no age limit to liking Post Toasties—flavory, golden-brown flakes of toasted corn. Post Toasties supply real energy-building nourishment for breakfast—for lunch—for supper—for any hungry time.

Order Post Toasties by name from your grocer, and be sure you get the Yellow and Red package.

Always in good taste

Post Toasties *improved corn flakes*

Made by Postum Cereal Company, Inc.
Battle Creek, Michigan

PLANNING THE JUNE WEDDING

Concluded from page 21

The latter return and escort members of the immediate families of the bride and groom down the aisle and assist them to their cars or carriages. The other guests wait in the pews until this is accomplished. Usually the ushers are provided before the ceremony with lists of a certain number of intimate friends who have had definite places assigned to them. In a house wedding as much of this form as can be preserved is advisable, for it lends dignity to the occasion. At a home wedding the ushers may improvise an aisle with ropes of broad white satin ribbon, which may be removed as soon as the procession has passed. The bride should never appear and mingle with the guests before the ceremony; her first appearance should be on the arm of whoever is to give her away. It is better form for the bridegroom to remain secluded also before the ceremony.

The receiving-line is always formed in this manner: First the mother and then the father of the bride, then the mother and father of the bridegroom, then the bride and groom, maid of honor and bridesmaids. The ushers should circulate and escort guests to the receiving-line. After all the guests have passed, the receiving-line breaks up and the wedding-party mingle with the guests. After a certain length of time the bride and groom may leave, attended by a party of their closest friends to speed them on their journey.

Many beautiful weddings have taken place in gardens, orchards in bloom or in groves of trees.

It is usual for the bride to carry a bouquet of white flowers, the gift of the groom. If the bridesmaids carry flowers, these too are provided by the groom. Now and then a bride will carry a white prayer-book with a spray of flowers fastened in a ribbon to serve as a book-mark, and the clergyman may use this book from which to read the words of the service. The book is then a lasting memento of this auspicious occasion.

The bride usually presents her bridesmaids with some little personal gift which will be cherished for its association. It seems to be the custom for the bridesmaids to pay for their own dresses, and if the bride insists upon one model being adopted by all she should see to it that she doesn't involve them in embarrassing expenditures.

Very often the bridegroom presents the bride with a gift that she can wear, but if his circumstances are moderate, he may reserve the indulgence for some future day, using his present funds for necessities. The bride likewise is very apt to want to give the groom some personal gift, be it ever so small.



ELSIE CLEVELAND MEAD
Etiquette Editor,
THE DELINEATOR

THE following questions have been asked:

Q. What time of day is most appropriate for wedding ceremonies?

A. Formal weddings may be celebrated at any time of the day or evening beginning at noon. The late afternoon seems to be the most popular time in New York at present.

Q. Who gives the bride away in the absence of a father?

A. A brother or uncle—or the mother, when there is no appropriate male relative or friend.

Q. What should the groom wear at the wedding?

A. In large cities the frock coat has been very often supplanted by the black cutaway coat worn with the usual dark gray-striped trousers for daytime weddings. At a country wedding or in smaller towns the groom may wear a dark-blue business suit and in the Summer white trousers with a dark coat in the daytime. For an evening wedding full dress should always be worn. The groom usually wears a dark necktie, the duplicate of the ones he has presented to his ushers. His ushers also often receive a scarf-pin or cuff-links as a memento.

Q. At church weddings, where do the parents of the bride and groom sit?

A. Ushers escort the family of the bride to seats in the front of the church on the left side of the center aisle and the family of the groom to the same relative position on the right-hand side. In the same manner, as far as possible, the bride's friends are seated on the left and the groom's friends on the right of the church.

Q. Should music be played during the ceremony?

A. This is optional. If music is decided upon, it should be so soft that the ceremony is not obscured.

Q. Does a bride have to wear the traditional white satin and veil at all formal weddings?

A. If this is the first marriage of the bride, she should wear at a formal wedding a white gown and veil of materials to suit her own personal taste. A second marriage is rarely arranged with the same formality, and the bride may then more appropriately wear a gown of some light color with a hat to harmonize. If, however, the wedding is very small and informal, a dark traveling dress or suit is often worn. Never should there be a note of incongruity between the attire of the bride and her attendants: if she wears a dark dress, they should be clad in similar fashion.

Q. What refreshments are served at a reception?

A. The reception for a noon wedding is called a breakfast and, especially in the larger country houses, includes a table set apart for the wedding-party at which a regular luncheon is served and at which the bride usually cuts a large wedding-cake. In some cases small tables are provided for all the guests. The collation at an afternoon reception does not supplant a meal; it is always a stand-up affair and less food is served.

Q. Can boxes of wedding-cake be omitted?

A. Readily; but it seems to be a custom that brides cling to.

Q. At what time should a wedding-gift be sent?

A. By formal friends, as soon as the invitations are received. Intimate friends may give at any time.

Q. To whom should the gift be sent if the bride is unknown to one?

A. Always to the bride.

Q. In marking linen or silver for a wedding-gift, what initials should the gift bear?

A. It is still customary for the wedding-gifts to bear the initials of the bride, but often for family gifts of linen and silver the couple may decide to use one letter, which should be the initial letter of the last name of the bridegroom.

THE DELINEATOR will be glad to answer any question on good manners. Address the Etiquette Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York City, and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for a reply



Florient
Flowers of the Orient

—a fragrant hint of the flowery East.

Out of the vivid East come essences which give to Florient its mystic fragrance.

It is these imported essences which give all Colgate Perfumes their quality. For Colgate & Co. have searched the world for the rarest flower fragrances.

Three little vials of perfume, with an interesting booklet telling how to choose a perfume to express your personality, will be sent you for a two-cent stamp to cover postage.

COLGATE & CO. *Dept. 53* 199 FULTON STREET
PARIS NEW YORK



June Berries

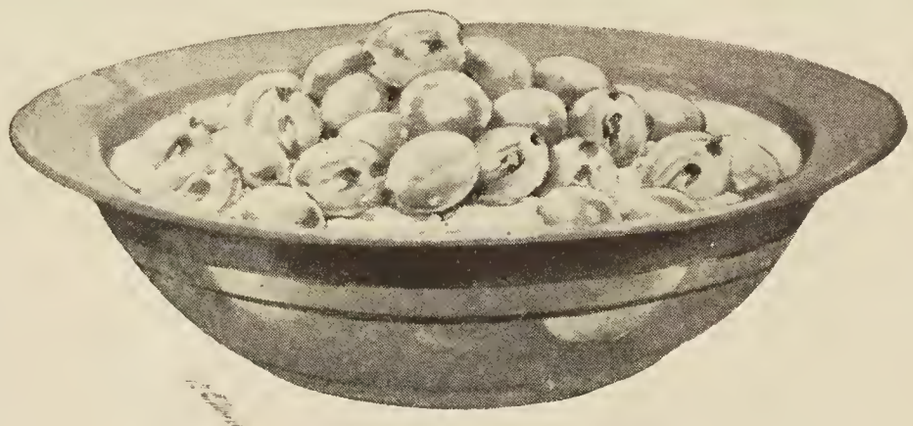
Mix them with Puffed Rice

Serve these airy, nut-like grains with berries.

They add what flaky, flavory crust adds to shortcake, tarts and pie.

These grains are puffed to flimsy globules, 8 times normal size. They melt away like snowflakes in the mouth. The fearful heat gives them an almond taste.

They will give to your berries a double delight, and add a food beside.



June Nights

Puffed Wheat in milk

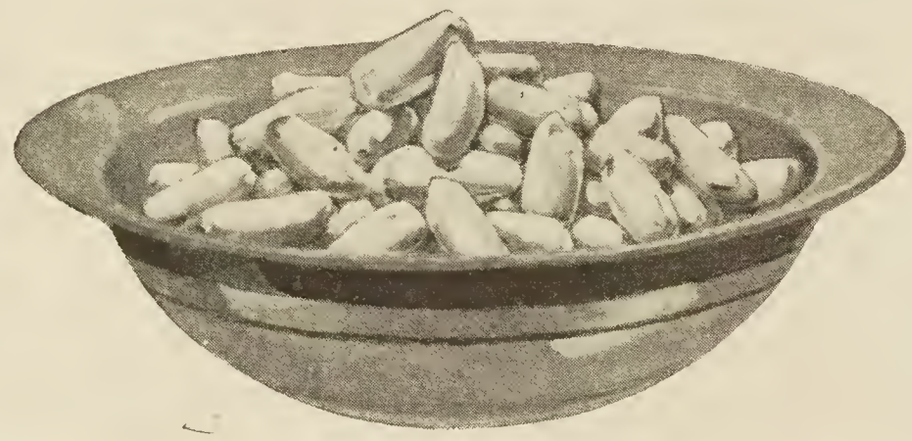
Puffed Wheat is whole wheat steam exploded.

Over 125 million steam explosions are caused in every kernel. Thus the whole-grain elements are fitted to digest and feed.

Whole wheat supplies 16 needed elements. Some of them are minerals, of which countless children never get enough.

Puffed Wheat—airy, crisp and toasted—makes whole wheat a delight. You never knew a wheat dish children liked so well.

Then always serve it in their bowls of milk.



June Lunches

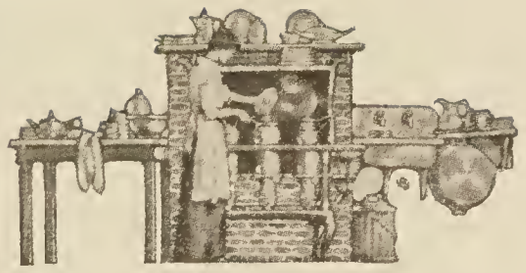
Puffed Rice with melted butter

Puffed Grains are much like nut-meats puffed. They are food confections. Children use them in candy making, or as garnish on ice cream.

Crisp and douse them with melted butter for hungry children when at play. They will eat them like peanuts or popcorn. And what would you rather have them eat than whole-grain dainties, fitted to digest?

These are Prof. Anderson's scientific foods.

Serve them morning, noon and night in summer.



PRESERVING JUNE FRUITS

Concluded from page 49

the mass into a jelly-bag and allow to drip, but do not squeeze. Measure the juice in order to determine the amount of sugar to be added. Test the pectin as follows: To one tablespoon of cooked fruit-juice add one teaspoon of sugar and one-half tablespoon of Epsom salts. Stir until dissolved and let the mixture stand for twenty minutes. If the mixture forms a solid mass in this time, use one cup of sugar to one cup of juice; if the mass is less solid or is flocculent, use from one-half to three-fourths of a cup of sugar. Put the juice in a kettle of four times the capacity of the product to be cooked and cook for five minutes. Add the sugar and boil rapidly. Test as follows: Dip a spoon into the juice and let it drop from the edge of the spoon on to a cool plate. When the liquid sheets from the spoon—that is, when two or more drops merge into one along the edge of the spoon before breaking off and when the juice appears as jelly on the cold plate—the jelly is done. (This is somewhere between 218 and 220 degrees Fahrenheit.) As soon as the jelly test is reached, remove the boiling juice from the fire and pour through a fine strainer into clean glasses. Cool, cover with hot paraffin and store in a cool place.

CURRANT CONSERVE

2 pounds currants
2 oranges, grated rind and juice
1 cup seeded raisins
1½ pounds sugar

WASH the currants and remove from the stems. Add the juice and the grated rind of the orange, the raisins and the sugar and cook until it is of the desired consistency—that is, about 218 degrees Fahrenheit.

SPICED CURRANTS

5 pounds currants
4 pounds brown sugar
1 pint vinegar
2 tablespoons cinnamon
2 tablespoons cloves

WASH the currants and remove the stems. Mix with the other ingredients and simmer for two hours.

GOOSEBERRY CATCHUP

3 pounds gooseberries
2 ounces cloves
1 pint vinegar
4 pounds sugar
2 ounces cinnamon

REMOVE the stems and blows from the gooseberries and wash. Mix with the other ingredients and simmer for three hours.

CHERRIES

CHERRIES are best suited for canning and preserving, although they may be combined with other fruits and made into jams, conserves, marmalades, pickles, relishes and jellies.

Cherries may be canned either with or without the pits. If cherries are pitted before canning, they should be used at once; fermentation may result if they are allowed to stand. If used without pitting, they should be blanched—that is, dipped in boiling water for fifteen seconds and then dipped in cold water, or each cherry pricked with a needle; this seems to prevent splitting. In canning cherries use a sirup made in proportion of one cup of sugar to two and one-half cups of water for sweet cherries and one cup sugar to one and one-half cups of water for sour cherries. If a sweeter product is desired, use one and one-fourth cups of sugar to two cups of water for sweet cherries and one and one-fourth cups of sugar to one cup of water for sour cherries. In sterilizing cherries the flavor and texture more nearly resemble that of the fresh fruit if the temperature of the water-bath is maintained at 175 degrees Fahrenheit. If, however, a thermometer is not at hand, and if a cool place is not available for storage, cook the cherries in the water-bath sixteen minutes for pint cans and twenty-five for quart cans after the water begins to boil, or under ten pounds pressure for five minutes.

CANNED CHERRIES—COLD-PACK METHOD

WASH the cherries and remove the stems. Stone the cherries and reserve the juice. Fill the jars with cherries and make a sirup, allowing one-half cup of sugar and seven-eighths cup of juice or water for each pint jar. Fill the jars with the sirup, adjust the rubbers and covers, put the jars in the hot water bath and cover with water. Cook for sixteen minutes after the water begins to boil. Remove them from the hot water-bath, complete the seal and invert to cool.

To can cherries without stoning them, prick them with a needle or blanch them for fifteen seconds, dip in cold water for an instant, pack in jars and fill with sirup, allowing one-half cup sugar and one cup water for each pint jar, or fill jars with water and cook in water-bath for twenty-five minutes.

CANNED CHERRIES—OPEN-KETTLE METHOD

1 quart pitted sour cherries
1¼ cups sugar
1 pint water

MIX the sugar and water and boil until it begins to spin a thread. Drop cherries into sirup and bring to boiling-point. Cook five to eight minutes. Skim out the cherries and pack them in hot sterilized jars. Fill with the hot sirup. Seal, cool and store in a cool place.

CHERRY PRESERVES

4 pounds stoned cherries
3 pounds sugar
1 pint water

CHOOSE sound, ripe cherries. Stone them. To two pounds of the sugar add one pint of water and boil for five minutes. Put in the fruit and boil eight minutes, and let them stand in the sirup overnight. Drain, add the remainder of the sugar to the sirup and bring it to the boiling-point. Add the cherries and cook eight minutes. Cool and pack in sterilized jars. Add the sirup and seal the jars.

CHERRY-AND-CURRANT CONSERVE

2 quarts pitted sour cherries
1 quart currants
3 pounds sugar

REMOVE the juice from the cherries. Wash and stem the currants. Put the cherry-juice and a few of the crushed currants in a preserving-kettle. Add the cherries, currants and sugar in alternate layers. Let the mixture stand overnight. Cook until it is of the desired consistency and pack in sterilized jars or glasses. Cover with melted paraffin and store in a cool place.

CHERRY MARMALADE

4 pounds pitted red sour cherries
3 pounds sugar

PUT the pitted cherries through the food-chopper. Add the sugar to the pitted cherries and the juice. Cook until thick and clear (this requires about twenty-five minutes). Pack in jelly-glasses, cool and cover with melted paraffin.

CANDIED CHERRIES

SELECT firm cherries and carefully stone them. Cover with vinegar and let stand twenty-four hours. Drain thoroughly. Weigh the cherries and add an equal weight of sugar. Mix thoroughly and spread on platters. Keep in a cool place for seven days, stirring well each day. Put in jars, seal and keep in a cool place.

PICKLED CHERRIES

WASH large, firm cherries (Morellos are good), stem them and pack in clean jars. Mix sugar and vinegar in the proportion of a pound of sugar to a pint of vinegar and boil. Pour the hot sirup over the cherries. Adjust rubbers and cover, partly clamp and put in water-bath. Cover the jars with water. When the water boils, remove the jars. Seal.

CHERRY OLIVES

WASH large, firm sweet cherries. Leave the stems on. Pack the fruit in jars. To each quart of fruit add one cup of vinegar and one tablespoon of salt. Finish filling the jars with cold water. Seal. Turn the jars upside down each day for several days. Store in a cool place.

For additional recipes, including Strawberry-and-Rhubarb Conserve and Cherry Preserves, Conserves, Jam, Relish and Cherry-Juice, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Home-Makers' Department.



"Mother, what is this fork for?"

A natural enough question for a girl of eleven to ask, "dining out" with grown-ups for the first time. But it came so quickly and revealed so much! True, they didn't use salad forks at home, nor ice cream forks, nor lots of other things the Pembertons did. But they would have to be more careful now that the children were growing up. The lack of correct silverware wasn't fair to them—quite aside from the frequent inconvenience it caused.

Have you silverware enough for every-day use?

DO you serve each course of your meals as daintily and correctly as you would like to? Or do you often have to adapt menu to tableware—sacrifice tidiness a little—slight the thorough training in table manners each of your children should receive at home?

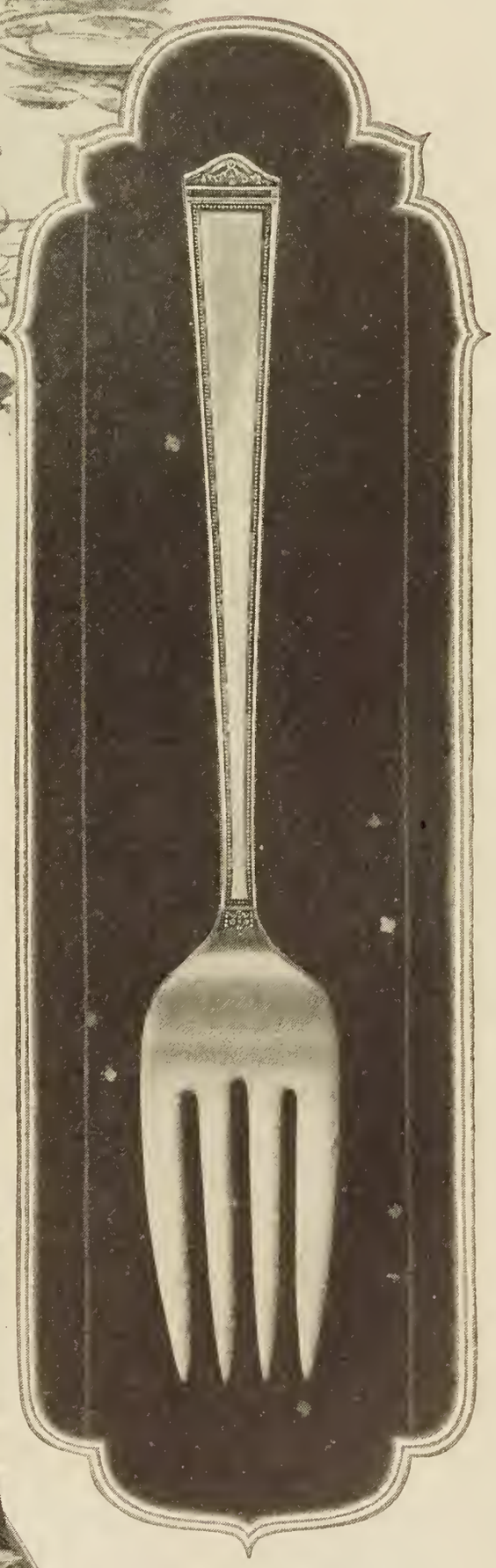
Perhaps you have feared the cost of the new silverware you knew you ought to have. Or you have despaired of adding to your present tableware appropriately. But you need not despair!

In 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate you may provide the needed pieces most economically. For instance, a set of six salad forks in the new Anniversary pattern, or in the others, costs only $7.00. Other pieces are priced as reasonably.

You will find in "1847 Rogers Bros." just the pieces to bring harmony and completeness to the setting of your table ice cream forks, orange spoons, coffee spoons, butter spreaders, serving pieces and even tea and coffee sets.

And when on later occasions you wish to add to your table service, you can do it easily. Leading dealers everywhere carry the newer patterns of 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate.

Send for "HOW MUCH SILVERWARE," booklet F-17, which outlines the table service families of different sizes should have for gracious, comfortable living—every day and for entertaining. We also furnish handsome illustrations of the Anniversary and other patterns.
International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn.



Anniversary Individual Salad Fork



SALAD OR DESSERT SET

Complete, $27.50

This set comprises 16 pieces, each practical and beautiful, packed in a most attractive chest, for which there is no extra charge.

1 Salad Spoon, Olive Wood Bowl
1 Salad Fork, Olive Wood Tines
1 Pie or Ice Cream Server
1 Cheese Server
6 Ice Cream Forks
6 Individual Salad Forks

1847 ROGERS BROS.

SILVERPLATE

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

"It's the Plug Hat Gets the Snowballs"

HOOVER

It BEATS as it Sweeps as it Cleans

THE first portable electric suction sweeper on the market was The Hoover.

It is the first today.

Year in and year out it has renewed and reinforced its leadership by the unremitting thoroughness of its work.

Only a product of unique and special virtue can do that.

It is always the outstanding thing that is the tempting target; and like the leader in every field The Hoover is the focus of competitive attack.

So far as we can learn, this attack assumes only one character.

It does not deny the efficacy of Hoover design, Hoover construction, or Hoover performance.

But it seeks to spread the impression that The Hoover is hard on rugs.

* *

Do *you* think The Hoover is hard on rugs?

If it were, *would it be the largest selling electric cleaner in the world, with more than a million satisfied users?*

If it were, *would it be the choice of rug experts as the preserver of carpetings beyond price?*

If it were, *would more than 50,000 users of many years' experience have voluntarily written us their enthusiastic indorsement?*

If it were, *would more than 48% of our sales result from The Hoover being recommended by users to their friends?*

If it were, *would from 30% to 40% of our sales be to persons who have owned other machines?*

If it were, *would more than $71,000,000.00 worth of Hoovers have been sold, representing perhaps twice as much money as has been invested in any other cleaner?*

If it were, *would leading merchants everywhere have risked the confidence of their trade by continuously indorsing The Hoover—many for over 14 years?*

If it were, *would The Hoover be the standard against which all other cleaners are judged?*

If it were, *would it enjoy the undeniable leadership of the industry?*

No, dear reader, The Hoover is not hard on rugs.

It is only hard on competitors.

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO
The oldest and largest makers of electric cleaners
The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

The HOOVER
It BEATS ... as it Sweeps as it Cleans



CAN YOU WRITE A GOOD LETTER?

Concluded from page 14

"Yes, I know! It's pretty long. But the blue pencil with its (more or less) painless surgery can remedy that defect. So go ahead and cut it to measure. Of course, I'll do the cutting myself, if you prefer; but you'll know better than I which parts seem to you the least essential. . . . I expect to be in New York, by the way, about the fourth or fifth of December, in case you want some one to administer the anesthetic while you wield the scalpel."

The letters of Julia Ward Howe are rich in invented expressions and nicely chosen colloquialisms which create a delightful lightness and familiarity of style. Keats knew how to lend force to his friendly letters by injecting such expressions as "I'll tell you what!" and "When you have time to scribble." He also employed ludicrous exaggeration as a device of informality, as in the sentence in which he pictures himself as "tumbling into bed so fatigued that when I am asleep you might sew my nose to my great toe and trundle me round the town, like a hoop, without waking me."

However, this point must not be passed without a word of caution! Do not flood your letter with inelegant expressions. One of the most prominent faults of the student letters which were examined was a crude attempt at informality. Insert cheap slang, the stale phrases of vulgar parlance or other inelegant expressions in the Adams letter which has been cited and the effect of a perverted informality will become obvious.

Humor—Few persons are capable of writing such a laugh-generating letter as Mark Twain's letter to Howells requesting a copy of the latter's portrait. On the other hand, no person who is qualified to enjoy his personal liberty is wholly devoid of a sense of humor. A surprisingly large majority of the current letters which were studied revealed the presence of humor, either in large measure or small. Little sparkling phrases, smiles tucked away in the corners of sentences or paragraphs, sharp turns, amusing comment, plays on words—all may be used as condiments of letter-writing. One must be discriminating, however, in applying this (or any) characteristic of excellence; what is desirable in a general friendly letter may not be at all desirable in a letter of special occasion, such as a letter of condolence.

Personal Reactions—In one of his letters Bayard Taylor apologized because the letter contained "simply news." The life of a letter is its *thought*. Many of the social letters of to-day may be adequately described as "voluminous chatter." But the *good* letter will be characterized by the presence of intelligent comments, opinions, expressions of attitude. Thoreau's letter to Sophia Thoreau in which he writes "Concord is just as idiotic as ever in relation to the spirits and their knockings. . . ." is a splendid illustration of this point. The news element is not eliminated: it is utilized as a background of opinion.

Restraint—Do not write about *too many* things. The content of a good letter can be organized under very few heads—seldom more than three, usually one or two. The general rule is: employ as few as the subject-matter will permit. The lack of a central theme, it will be remembered, was one of the salient faults found in student letters. Too often a letter is simply a flow of details, an unorganized miscellany. Do not crowd a letter with unimportant and unrelated facts. Learn to lop off irrelevancies without compunction.

Cheerfulness—Any mood is a legitimate mood for letter-writing. But in over ninety per cent. of the letters studied a cheerful tone prevailed. An optimistic outlook on life was evident—perhaps because that is the natural human view of things. But *why* is a laughing letter better than a lachrymose letter? Because a letter is always written *for the other person*. That is the answer to most of the "whys" that may be raised in regard to the characteristics of excellence recorded in this article. To paraphrase the "Merry Wives": A letter's prosperity lies in the eyes of him who reads it.

The cheerfulness referred to here is merely a wholesome optimism. In the student letters which were examined for the purpose of discovering the major weaknesses, there was plenty of bubble mirth, unballasted hilarity and "we-had-a-wonderful-time" effervescence. But *good* letters, it was found, avoid extravagantly glowing statements which are out of all proportion to fact. Such statements are as unwarranted as the expressions of depression and self-pity in which many letter-writers indulge. Jane Welsh Carlyle and Charles Lamb have long been admired as classic exponents of a particularly delightful kind of optimism in letter-writing.

Good Form—In one hundred and fifty letters submitted by competent judges as samples of excellence there were twenty variations in the form of heading, address, salutation and conclusion. However, the following points in regard to the matter of form were established very definitely:

1. The formal style of heading, address, etc., which found greatest favor was as follows:

Columbia, Missouri,
April 22, 1923.

Miss Ella Marston,
2411 Hartson Avenue,
Spokane, Washington.

My dear Miss Marston:

Very sincerely yours,
(Miss) Mary Crafton.

2. The address (Miss Ella Marston, etc.) may be placed at the end of the letter at the left-hand margin.

3. Abbreviations may be used, but it is better to spell the words out.

4. A married woman may prefix (or affix) her husband's name to her signature: *e. g.*, "Mary Crafton (Mrs. John Hastings)."

5. As the correspondence becomes informal, the address may be dropped entirely, the salutation may become "Dear Miss Marston," "Dear Ella," etc., and the complimentary close may consist of any expression of good wishes, esteem or affection which seems appropriate.

The mechanical perfection of a letter also properly belongs under the heading "Good Form."

One person from whom I received a very interesting letter of suggestion in regard to the proposed study of letter-writing declared that *any* letter—regardless of grammar, regardless of appearance, regardless of legibility—is a good letter *if it promotes correspondence between people*. This is simply one way of saying that content and personal interest are greater factors in letter-writing than is the matter of mechanical detail. But ordinarily, carelessly written letters do not promote correspondence. A person's letter is often the criterion by which he is judged, the rule by which he is measured. A few of our intimate and long-suffering friends may tolerate scrappy notes and illegible scrawls, but the world at large is not so generous. It is very much like the director of the private school referred to at the outset of this article: It wants correctness and carefulness *along with* good content; it wants good spelling, good grammar and a fair degree of accuracy in punctuation. And it may punish you for not pleasing it.

Can you write a good letter? This article is offered with the hope that the suggestions it contains may help you write a *better* one

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YOUR FRIEND AND OURS —THE GROCER

Your grocer knows us. He has known us very well for a very long time—ever since he has been in the grocery business.

And we know your grocer. Our force of salesmen is sufficiently large to enable us to visit him very frequently—every few weeks.

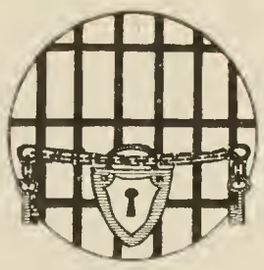
In fact, the grocer who distributes the 57 Varieties in your neighborhood is our local representative there. He knows your wants and tastes—and he helps us serve you.

By dealing directly with your grocer, and by having such frequent contact with him, we are able to keep him supplied with a good assortment of the 57 in limited quantities. In this way we help him make sure that every one of the 57 Varieties on his shelves is of the very freshest quality when he offers it to you.

Your grocer's cooperation in always keeping the 57 Varieties available in your neighborhood makes him an important factor in our business—and an important member of your community.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

57 Varieties



THE FAITHFUL DELILAH

Concluded from page 7

from right to left. He asked himself, with a sob that seemed about to suffocate him, if this could be the answer to his wife's physical comfort, her fine clothes and the education of their child.

The show was over—the lights flared up. At a signal, he rose with the others, got mechanically into line and trudged off to his tier and cell.

At the clang of a bell the bolts slipped into place. He sat in a corner of his cell, the blessed darkness covering his shame but not assuaging his anguish. She was gone from him! His child had gone from him! On the morrow the bright world would offer him only solitary confinement.

That was why she had not written to him this last day of the nearly two thousand long days of ignominy! For a moment the darkness of his cell danced with flecks of red as he imagined his fingers tightening on the throat of Hunter. The murderous frenzy was soon over and he threw himself prone on his pallet, covering his face with his trembling hands.

GILROY'S task was an easy one. His man, in the ill-fitting black suit provided him by the State, trudged the long winding road from the prison to the railway station without looking back or lifting his eyes to the beauties of the morning.

Aboard the train taking him to New York, David sat with his head drawn down in his collar, the stolid detective behind him. Reaching Grand Central Station, they drifted with the tide of humanity into the subway and reappeared on the surface at Wall Street. The ex-convict walked as if in a dream toward the bank where his wife was employed and where he had spent so many years of his life. The bells of Trinity Church at the head of the narrow way of the money-getters chimed the four-quarters and tolled the noon hour. The towering office buildings began to disgorge humanity.

Gilroy took a position in a doorway and studied his man as he trudged up and down the sidewalk opposite the bank, furtively watching the marble entrance.

At half after twelve Hunter appeared, preened himself in the sunlight and then strolled to Broadway and across the surface tracks to Trinity churchyard. He was followed in a few moments by Ruth, her shapely silk-clad ankles flashing below her short skirt as she briskly made her way through the throng to the old edifice that squatted, as if cowed, amid the temples of Mammon, hugging the ground as if trying to hover the flock of abraded headstones over her long-dead children.

DAVID and Gilroy followed Ruth and saw her meet the bank manager within the iron fence. Drawing to one side from the little clumps of girls eating their lunches above the flattened graves or lightly perched on time-stained sepulchres, they conversed with animation. Hunter seemed to be pleading with David's wife and she to be resisting his importunities feebly. Time and again her little hands would finger the edge of his coat as if the touch of it gave her happiness. She seemed enchanted with him, a pretty thing wholly lost in the love-light of his bold, eager eyes. He caressed her deftly and secretly, pleading all the while. Finally he drew from his pocket an envelope and displayed to her what appeared to be steamship reservations. Then he opened his watch and held it between them as if timing her for a decision. As he slipped it back into his pocket, she took both of his hands, looked up to him with mingled pain and happiness in her eyes and nodded yes.

"God have pity on me," groaned David, his haggard face pressed between the iron pickets. Hunter's features were aglow with triumph. He lifted his soft gray hat and hurried from the churchyard. As he stepped to the sidewalk on Broadway a man followed him, raised his left hand to the lapel of his coat and held it there as he passed Jack Gilroy. The detective acknowledged the sign with a nod.

As if led by an invisible tether, David followed his wife back to the bank, and, when she had entered, resumed his trudging, Gilroy again at his post of observation.

Love and honor had gone from the ken of the convicted bank-teller. Cowardice had taken their place. Time and again he lengthened his walk to the corner of Nassau Street, determined to break from the evil spell that held him by turning the corner and going his way to oblivion. But always he retracted his steps.

At two o'clock his wife appeared again at the bank entrance and hurried west. He followed, his shadow pursuing him. This time she skirted the southern boundary of the churchyard, cutting across to the Terminal Building and descending to the Hudson Tubes. The three entered the train by separate doors and left it at Hoboken. On the surface again, Ruth asked a policeman to direct her to one of the trans-Atlantic steamship company's piers. In the crowd that had gathered for the sailing of the liner, David found it easy to keep under cover. She waited at the passenger entrance to the pier, watching for the coming of her lover. He arrived, followed by a porter lugging two heavy bags, himself carrying an alligator-skin valise of stout structure.

"Shall I take this aboard, sir?" a steward asked, reaching for the valise.

"No; attend to those two bags." Hunter tipped him handsomely in advance. "Ask at the baggage office if Mr. Damson's trunks are aboard and then hurry back here." He turned to Ruth and, leaning over, kissed her on the cheek. "I have everything you can possibly need," he told her with a smile. "Have had it all for weeks. And I'll just keep this right close to me." He glanced down at the bag in his hand.

David edged nearer the couple, Gilroy closing in on him. Again the red flecks danced before his eyes. The steward returned and reported the baggage safe aboard ship.

"Did the roses come for Mrs. Damson?" asked Hunter.

"Yes, sir; they're in the stateroom." The man who had given Jack Gilroy the signal in front of Trinity Church a few hours before—a nervous, wiry man of thirty with a cigaret-stained blond mustache—stepped between David and Hunter. Ruth's cheeks were scarlet and her hands trembled.

"Shall we go aboard, sir?" asked the steward.

"JUST a minute." The left hand of Gilroy's partner closed on Hunter's right wrist, twisted it and shook the alligator bag free. With his right hand Pennsie Welch drew a revolver from the bank manager's hip pocket, Gilroy taking it and picking up the bag at the same time. Ruth drew back, her hands on her temples, as there was a flash of bright nickel and a pair of handcuffs made Hunter helpless. Her lover's eyes seemed popping from his white face as he stared at her.

"Open it! Open it!" she gasped to Gilroy.

The bank detective slipped a hand into Hunter's pockets, found his bunch of keys and was soon rummaging in the mass of gold and paper money that filled the alligator bag. "Watch this, all of you," he commanded sternly. "I don't want this thief to give the old frame-up holler. Take a look at 'em, steward." He held aloft a sheaf of bills. "Here they are—five of them—ten-thousand-dollar certificates.

"Oh, David, David! I landed him!" cried Ruth hysterically. The smiles of the temptress were gone from her face and the clean bright tears of happiness filled her eyes.

"Here I am!" Her husband had reached her side and slipped an arm about her, for she seemed about to faint and sobs shook her slender body.

"You— You—" gasped Hunter, stunned by the trick the bank-teller's wife had played upon him.

"Yes, she did it," laughed Gilroy. "And I'll say she did as clever a job as ever I see in my time, even to having me meet her man up at Sing Sing and follow him here so he couldn't butt in and spoil the vamping and disband the parade." He closed a powerful right hand on the arm of the thief. "Come along," he ordered. "We'll go by the bank on the way to police headquarters. I guess the directors would probably like to square the little debt they owe David Mott—and his wife!"



To Children—A new dental era



To Women—New beauty

This New Way

of teeth cleaning—what it means

Millions of careful people, all the world over, have adopted a new way of teeth cleaning. And largely by dental advice.

The results are seen everywhere. Teeth glisten which once were dull. In every circle users tell others the benefits it brings.

If you have not yet found that method, this offers you a ten-day test.

Fighting film

One object is to fight the film on teeth—that viscous film you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

Old brushing methods left much of that film intact. Teeth were kept clouded by it. And night and day it threatened serious damage.

Tooth troubles were constantly increasing, for most of them are due to film.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Very few escaped those troubles, despite their daily care.

New methods now

Dental science, after long research, has found two ways to fight film. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring. Able authorities proved these methods effective. Then a new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. These two great film combatants were embodied in it.

Avoid Harmful Grit

Pepsodent curdles the film and removes it without harmful scouring. Its polishing agent is far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

The name of that tooth paste is Pepsodent.

Fights acid too

Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits on teeth which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Those are Nature's great tooth-protecting agents in the mouth. Every use of Pepsodent gives them manifold effect.



What men see

Tobacco particularly stains that film. So men who smoke see conspicuous results. But most people's teeth, under old methods, are clouded more or less. And most of them suffered film troubles.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

This test will be a revelation. You will know when you make it that this new method means much to you and yours. Cut out the coupon now.

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By day, the Davenport Bed is a most beautiful davenport, a tribute to your good taste; luxurious, in harmony with your furnishings and your decorative scheme. By night, in the same spot, it becomes a bed—*a real bed*—in which the guest finds complete relaxation and rest.

The transformation is made in a moment, and with ease. The bedclothes are in place. The bedspring is resilient. The mattress is as easily aired as in any other good bed. In the morning, the Davenport Bed is restored in a few moments to its daytime appearance — a beautiful davenport, giving no hint whatever of its usefulness as a bed. You can, if you wish, have chairs or rockers to match.

The Davenport Bed is adding comfort to millions of good homes and apartment hotels. From hundreds of styles in which Davenport Beds are made, your furniture store has selected a variety. Ask to see them; have the store demonstrate the excellent features that make the Davenport Bed a worthy addition to your home.



Our brochure, showing a large number of styles, is yours for the asking—write for it

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THE NEED FOR KEEPING FIT

Concluded from page 13

program of a diverting nature during the leisure hours.

We have not yet reached the stage wherein we are all brain and no muscle, but scientists predict that we eventually will reach it. They say that the man of the future will have an enormous head, containing a much better brain than he has nowadays, but a pair of spindling legs and puny arms. He will never have to use his muscles, and consequently he will have poor ones. Whatever he desires will be accomplished by machinery.

This prediction regarding the physical appearance of the coming race is based on the assumption that nothing will be done to supply the exercise that the body needs to remain in its present form. It never will be realized, in my opinion, because the same intelligence that can eliminate working with the hands will realize that well-directed play is essential to health.

H. G. Wells, in his fanciful story "The War of the Worlds," written some twenty-five years ago, pictured the Martians as creatures that were all brain. They had so far eliminated the necessity for muscular activity that they had mechanical arms and legs. They were not an attractive race, as Mr. Wells painted them, and I hope sincerely that we of the earth will never grow to resemble them.

A MAN who reaches maturity in these days with a well-developed and organically sound body has a much better chance of attaining or passing his "threescore years and ten" than a man with exactly the same constitution and muscles would have had one hundred years ago, assuming each of them to be equally abstemious from excesses. But the infant of to-day has not nearly the chance to reach maturity possessed of a strong body and a good constitution unless his parents include an intelligent program of physical education in his training. The percentage of persons living to reach maturity is constantly increasing, and will increase as science advances; but the average physical fitness at maturity will show a depreciation unless we recognize that things once taken as a matter of course must now be supplied in a systematic and studied way.

Our problem to-day is to plan and carry out a physical-training program to furnish the exercise that once was an incidental but inevitable part of nearly every one's life.

The fact that exercise has two distinct purposes—first, to build up the body during the first score of years, and second, to preserve health in the mature body—should be kept constantly in mind. It is impossible for any boy or girl to develop the proper kind of bone, sinew and vital organs without exercise. One might, it is true, attain approximately normal height, weight and bodily contour without a sufficient amount of exercise—but true beauty would be impossible and organic weakness would be present or potential.

On the other hand, the adult who has brought his body to a proper development during the formative stage and who has strong and normal organs can not expect to retain health, even upon this excellent foundation, without continuing to exercise. The young man or young woman who is athletic up to the time that bodily growth ceases and then stops exercising altogether is often disposed to accumulate fat rapidly. This is explained by the fact that fat is poorer and less complex tissue than muscle and is more easily stored. There are some persons who are just naturally inclined to be fat, or bulky, and their excess of adipose tissue is not due to lack of exercise entirely. But in almost every case a tendency to become fat can be partially offset by physical training and careful supervision of diet.

Diametrically opposed to the extremely fat are the extremely thin types who take no exercise. Their lack of flesh is due to the fact that they consume tissue as rapidly as they manufacture it. This may be due either to an excess of nervous energy or to a lack of ability to take enough nourishment to keep the supply ahead of the demands on it. Exercise will often result in a gain in weight for such persons, because the digestive system will be sufficiently strengthened to catch up to the schedule imposed by the nervous system.

The argument may be presented that, because of the increasing substitution of brain work for manual labor, the necessity for developing the body is not so great now as it was half a century ago. It may be said that a brain-worker does not need the physique of a laborer. But remember that the brain is a physical organ and brain tissue is destroyed by mental work in exactly the same manner that muscular tissue is burned up by exertion. In order that the brain cells may be repaired and the waste washed away by the blood, there must be a healthy circulation. Only exercise can produce this. It is a well-known fact that exercise in the fresh air will brighten the mind and relieve mental fatigue much more readily than any amount of sedentary diversion.

IF THE "tired business man," who has probably done nothing more strenuous all day than scratch matches for his cigars, would take a brisk walk on his way home instead of getting into a stuffy car or a closed automobile, he probably wouldn't have to try to find a mental "bracer" in some of the inane musical comedies that are supposed to be put on for his especial benefit. The brain-worker who would succeed must pay strict attention to his program of physical training. The manual laborer, if his is a diversified activity, gets all the exercise he needs; he gets some, no matter what he is doing. But the sedentary individual can not depend on incidental exercise; he must seek it with the same regularity that he seeks his meals.

The substitution of mental for physical work also has increased our hours of leisure. This means increased opportunities for physical training, if we wish to regard them as such. But very often it just means increased opportunities for avoiding bodily exertion. In addition to the physical benefits conferred by exercises and competitive athletics, they have a very great moral value. They serve to fill time that could not be more profitably employed, if not carried to excess. They create healthy interests. In the case of competitive sports, boys and girls learn that they must take good care of their bodies if they hope to excel, and this care contributes to normal growth. Adults who go in for sports and become sufficiently interested to want to perform creditably also find that they must pay some attention to simple training rules and are benefited accordingly.

THE supervision of a physical-training program for boys and girls is one that frequently devolves upon the mother. Our modern business life is so arranged that fathers are not seeing nearly so much of their sons and daughters as they did formerly. Very few men are able to get home for the midday meal nowadays, and in many cases the head of the family habitually returns from his place of business so late that the younger children are ready for bed. On Saturdays and Sundays golf is very likely to prove so fascinating that the father will be away all day.

It is for the mothers of to-day to decide whether the future shall see a race mentally strong but physically weak. Even mental power may be somewhat offset by lack of balance and poise. I believe that when the day of the "all-brain" man arrives—if it ever does—he will be more agile than healthy in his mental processes. The erotic and the erratic alike might avert or cure some of their most unpleasant "complexes" by a proper course of exercise.

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Examine the mouth glands— physicians advise when teeth mysteriously decay

The medical profession adopts a new point of view on tooth decay

RECENT experiments show that the six little glands in the mouth are slowly drying up. This, according to scientists, is the real cause of tooth decay.

We have known for years that the acids which are constantly forming in our mouths slowly eat their way into the enamel unless we can counteract their effect.

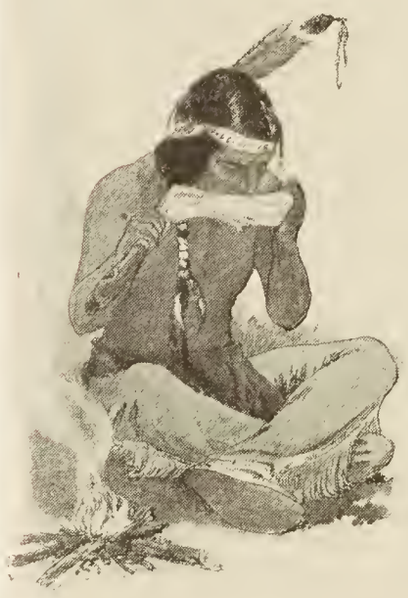
Now scientists declare that the fluids from the salivary glands would *permanently* check the acids—*if these glands could be made to work normally.*

A famous doctor discovered how to make these glands flow normally

Pebeco Tooth Paste was first prepared by a famous specialist for this very purpose.

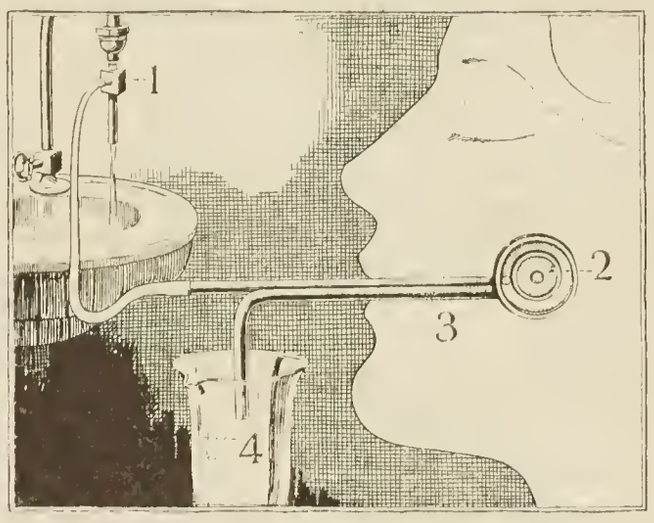
In studying certain troublesome mouth conditions, some years ago he discovered a substance which without injuring or exhausting the mouth glands restored their natural continuous flow. It not only kept their mouth glands active but it had also a tonic effect on the tonsils and the tiny gland cells in the back of the throat.

He found that the patients who used it experienced great relief and that the general condition of their mouths improved. Also it was unmistakably shown that as their glands returned to a normal condition tooth decay was checked.



Investigations among Indians on the Northwestern Coast showed that less than 4 out of a hundred ever had a decayed tooth. Today 98 civilized people out of every hundred suffer with tooth decay. Because of our soft cooked foods our glands no longer protect our teeth.

At first the patients applied this substance directly to the gums. Then realizing the importance of his discovery, the physician allowed a great chemical house to develop the now famous Pebeco Tooth Paste. Like so many other scientists, he received no material reward for his discovery.



The Sialometer—*a new instrument physicians use to study the glands of the mouth*

A small air pump[1] sucks the body of the instrument[2] tightly against the inside of the cheek, directly over the opening of the gland. The saliva passes from this chamber through a silver tube[3] to a measuring flask[4]. The instrument can be worn while talking and eating. (See Journal of Experimental Psychology, Vol. 1, p. 462.)

Why these glands no longer flow naturally

Experiments with a new instrument called the sialometer have shown the reason why our salivary glands no longer flow normally.

Our diet today is so soft and easily swallowed compared to the food Nature intended us to eat that chewing has become almost unnecessary. And it is this chewing that makes the glands work. The sialometer shows they are 20 times more active when we chew.

Primitive man had practically perfect teeth. Chewing hard tough foods kept his mouth glands working—protecting his teeth.

How acids destroy the enamel when the mouth glands slow down

When the glands slow down the acids of the mouth begin to eat their way into the enamel. Even though you brush your teeth several times a day these acids are constantly forming. Small particles of food are left, enough to feed hundreds of acid-forming bacteria.

Nature intended the fluids from the salivary glands to wash away these acids as fast as they form.



Photographed by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Beautiful women have beautiful teeth. The regular use of Pebeco will give you healthy mouth glands, the only sure way to beautiful teeth.

How Pebeco works

Pebeco has a peculiar effect upon the salivary glands. The moment it enters the mouth it causes the glands to flow copiously. This continues for a long time. Thus the teeth are cleaned and the conditions which Nature intended are established. The mouth cleans itself automatically. As fast as acids form—the saliva washes them away.

Pebeco is neither acid nor alkaline. It does not attempt to change the quality of the saliva; that is regulated by Nature. It merely increases the flow to the normal amount.

Take home a tube tonight and note its invigorating taste. It will keep the glands of your mouth active and your teeth sound and healthy. 50c at all druggists. Manufactured only by Lehn & Fink, Inc.

How you can test your own mouth glands

Send us ten cents today and we will send you the material for testing whether your mouth glands are active enough to protect your teeth. We will include a junior size tube of Pebeco and our booklet, "How the Glands Protect the Teeth." Lehn & Fink, Inc., Dept. F-3, 635 Greenwich Street, New York.



Preparing for motherhood

THE expectant mother makes many preparations for the day of motherhood. She fashions the layette, reads books on the care of infants, studies baby diet, and makes final arrangements with her physician.

The anticipation of every need for the all-important day should include provision for the strictest antiseptic cleanliness. With "Lysol" Disinfectant on hand, you are providing the antiseptic that is utilized by physicians and nurses in practically every obstetrical case.

The standard antiseptic for maternity cases

"LYSOL" Disinfectant is the standard antiseptic for maternity cases in hospitals everywhere, because of its *proven* effectiveness as a preventive against possible infection. It is always neutral, has no free alkali nor free acid and is completely soluble in water. It forms a uniformly clear solution, with 100% antiseptic value in every drop.

Also, because of this complete solubility, it is not caustic and, in proper proportion with water, does not irritate even the most sensitive tissues. If "Lysol" Disinfectant is in the house, ready for use, you are sure of having the antiseptic which your doctor and your nurse will approve.

Valuable for personal hygiene, too

"LYSOL" is the ideal antiseptic for feminine hygiene because it is safe as well as thoroughly effective. In proper solution (one-half teaspoonful to one quart of water) it is soothing as well as cleansing.

The use of "Lysol" for this purpose is due to the realization of women that *antiseptic* personal cleanliness is a safeguard of health.

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Canadian Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Limited, 10 McCaul St., Toronto

COMPLETE *directions for use are in every package. The genuine "Lysol" Disinfectant is put up only in brown glass bottles containing 3, 7, and 16 ounces; each bottle is packed in a yellow carton. Insist upon obtaining genuine "Lysol" Disinfectant.*



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The ideal personal antiseptic



SAFEGUARDING MENTAL HEALTH

Concluded from page 16

always springs from a small group of very simple and fundamental activities that we call instinctive because they are inborn, not learned, and come down to us practically unchanged through all the generations. The instincts—for sex (reproduction), for getting what we want (acquisition), for acting with others (herd instinct) and for self-preservation—have to express themselves in a highly controlled way in complex social states in order that people may live comfortably together. This control is largely developed during childhood. Of all the activities of that period none has a greater bearing upon future usefulness, happiness and mental health than those that have to do with the regulation of instinctive behavior.

For most children this process of regulating instinctive life is accomplished without much difficulty. Habit reactions are established when habit formation is easiest. The rewards and punishments that society holds out exert a powerful influence. We are not concerned with those who are so fortunate, but there are others for whom the process is not smoothly conducted. Every year it is necessary to send to correctional institutions twenty-five thousand children and to arrest a much larger number because their failure at some point is so pronounced that the organized forces of society have to regulate something that the other instinct-taming agencies have been unable to deal with. In a much larger number of children the casualties are of an entirely different nature. The process of adjustment does not go smoothly and "nervousness" comes, sometimes as a temporary refuge and sometimes as a more or less permanent type of adjustment in itself.

What can we do to prevent this type of casualty? In the first place we must recognize those who are likely to have an unusual amount of difficulty on account of special handicaps with which they are burdened from the outset of life.

Sometimes these handicaps consist of tendencies not to make adjustments readily that are transmitted from parents. If there are troubles of children that parents should be especially quick to recognize and toward which our attitude should be wholly that of sympathy and understanding, they are those which we ourselves have unwittingly conferred upon them. And yet, because we are so prone to defend our personal weaknesses, these are the handicaps that we recognize most reluctantly and are least likely to deal with understandingly. Having discovered special inherited tendencies to difficulties in mental adaptation, it should be our chief concern to throw special safeguards around the children who have to start off in life so burdened.

THESE safeguards by no means consist of "coddling" processes. Indeed, coddling may be and often is the very worst means that could be devised for dealing with difficulties in adaptation, inherited or otherwise. They should be built upon understanding of the principles of mental hygiene and applied in accordance with a wise, simple program.

Most children who develop "nervousness" are apparently not burdened with inherited handicaps, however, and it can be assumed that their difficulties arise from errors in the process of instinct-taming. This process is education, in the broadest sense of the word, and the avoidance of these errors is the task of mental hygiene. Although very little of the knowledge upon which mental hygiene rests can be given in an article of this length, there are some general principles that it seems worth while to state even if it is not possible to give the information that justifies them.

The first of these principles is that the emotional life of the child must be afforded the freest possible expression and that parents and teachers should be convinced of the dangers in training children to false expressions of emotions. Any success secured by such means is a false and misleading one and carries with it the seeds of its own destruction. A vast amount of "nervousness" in children and in adults consists essentially in the *displacement* of emotional reactions. Very often the first steps in such displacements are the result of misdirected efforts to secure "emotional control" in childhood.

This brings us to the important principle of mental hygiene that *direction* and not *suppression* is the end to be sought in dealing with all instinctive tendencies. If the biological and psychological facts upon which this single principle is based were generally understood and applied, there would be very few nervous adults who owed their "nervousness" to emotional distortions arising from the mismanagement of their childhood problems.

Another vitally important fact regarding the development of healthful mental adaptations in childhood is that the process is carried on under conditions that are constantly changing. Far too often advice on "child culture" gives the impression that childhood is a fixed condition—a pool, and not a flowing stream that runs at different rates of speed at different points in its course. Reactions that are entirely appropriate at one period are quite inappropriate at another. Tendencies that should be encouraged *as such* at one period have to find entirely different outlets at another. A large amount of "nervousness" consists in the survival of emotional responses that were essentially normal in an earlier phase of growth. Ordinarily the child disposes of his outgrown emotional reactions with the efficient help of the world about him—chiefly that of other children. To be "mama's baby" at one phase represents the height of attainment; a little later it is almost criminal, if we are to trust the judgments of the "herd" to which the child's instinct unerringly prompts him to conform.

THE crowning achievement of childhood is its final emancipation from parents, teachers and all others who personally control its activities and the substitution of self-determination. To parents, largely through an incorrect appreciation of its real nature, this achievement is very often looked upon as a tragedy and, in consequence of this attitude and of unwarranted interference with a most important and necessary process, the struggle of children to be persons is a battle that numbers its casualties by the tens of thousands. Many an educated family knows more about the biology of fishes than it does about the biology of this phase of family life. The knowledge and acceptance of a dozen facts regarding this drama in which we ourselves are the chief actors would be all that is needed in many instances to avert the most serious kinds of "nervous breakdowns" in adolescence.

The child's world—the environment in which these complex processes are operating—consists chiefly of other children and his family. The intangible influences of the family are, in the main, more important than the intentional ones. The "nervousness" of mothers often provides a pattern that is faithfully reproduced. Fads as to diet that, in spite of their elaborate rational explanation by the grown people who have them, are really of nervous origin, furnish the starting-point for food whims of children. Strong likes, dislikes and suspicions regarding persons that are habitually expressed by parents are accepted as standards by children quite as frequently as the good ones that we place so ostentatiously before them. We depend very greatly upon imitation in this process of instinct-taming, and the child has no apparatus for separating the desirable from the undesirable in finding things to imitate. In considering the effect of family influences upon children's adaptations it is well to remember that the family sometimes includes servants and that the influence actually exerted upon the child may depend much more upon the number of hours of contact than upon the relationship.

The process of developing mental adaptations of the kind that insures health is, as can be seen, a complex one.

The questions of mothers that were given at the beginning of this article are urgent and practical ones. In a later article an effort will be made to answer each of them, but it is the earnest belief of the writer that the only way in which such answers can be made generally useful is by first presenting the principles that underlie the practical aid that mental hygiene has to offer in childhood.



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"Across Seven Seas"

DINNER conversation would sparkle with stories of romance and adventure if some of the foods on our tables could tell us of their travels and experiences.

Far beyond the "Mystic Isles" is another tropical island of mystery and romance, drowsing in brightest sunlight, where thatched-roofed villages and towns are half concealed by shimmering palms and lofty, flowering trees, with their million brilliant blossoms—all outlined against a rippling skyline, splashed now and again with a streak of smoke and vapor from a slumbering volcano. This is the Island of Java, from whence comes the cassava flour which is used in the manufacture of Minute Tapioca.





Cassava Plant and Roots

For eighteen months the sturdy cassava plants nestle on sunny slopes, while the potato-like roots ripen in the earth warmed by a tropical sun.

Brown, half-clad natives—men, women, and children—cut down the cassava plant and skillfully dig the roots with their queer V-shaped hoes. They load the roots into quaint high-sided carts drawn by strange-looking oxen and then take the roots to a mill in a nearby town.

At the mill the roots are crushed. The tough fibres are extracted and the pure white tapioca is left in the form of a fine flour. It is sacked and sealed and sent to a coast town, where natives carry the sacks on their backs to the hold of a waiting ship.

The ocean journey is long, interrupted by frequent stops to take on other cargo. The ship usually stops at Singapore, where treasures from the Orient are collected. Then she sails through the Straits of Malacca, sometimes into the Bay of Bengal, touching at Calcutta, or, possibly, by way of Ceylon into the Arabian Sea to Bombay, where richest silks and rarest prayer rugs of India are taken on board.

Stopping at ports on the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, more and more treasures are added, and then she sails out through Gibraltar and across the Atlantic Ocean, bringing her cargo of tapioca flour and other treasures of the East to our shores.

Across the seas, from a land of sunshine and tropical splendor, the tapioca flour has traversed more than 12,000 miles before it finally reaches the factory where it is made into Minute Tapioca.

In our factory the tapioca flour is first sifted through a cylinder of silk. Then it is made into a dough and put through a special beater, steam-cooked, steam-dried, and at last crushed into the small crystals of Minute Tapioca. It is this that you buy in the red package with the blue band and the Minute Man—it is this same tapioca which comes from the land of sunshine and flowers and across the seven seas. Now, don't you think the modest Minute Tapioca dessert on your table savors of romance?

You can use Minute Tapioca in any number of different desserts, and all of them are good. Try it with fresh or canned fruits, cocoanut, chocolate.

Minute Tapioca is high in food value and it is easy to assimilate. It is good for children and they like it. It helps to make their bodies rugged, and it gives them energy for hard work and play.

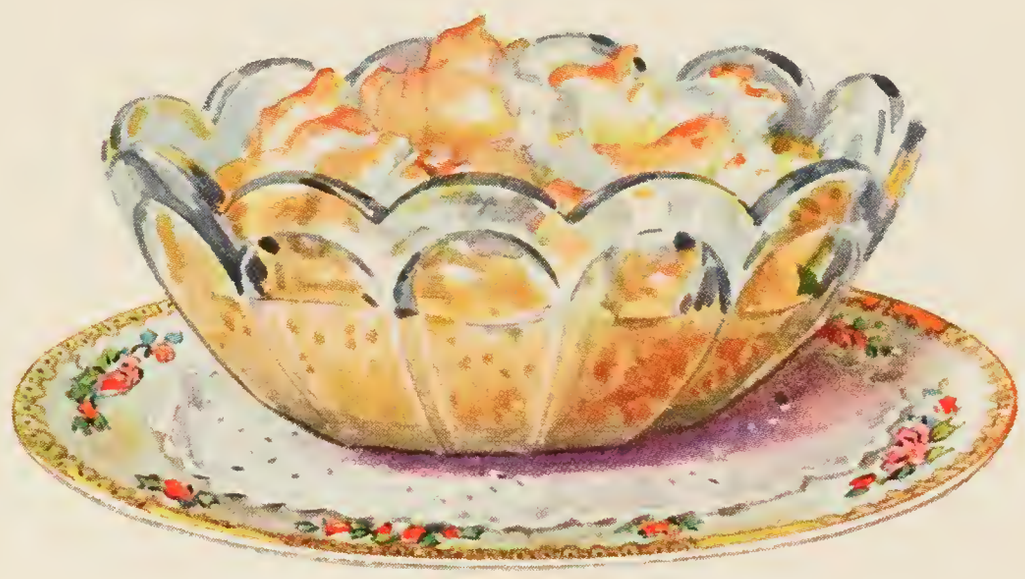
It requires no soaking

By using Minute Tapioca for desserts, time and energy are saved. You put it right in to cook, for it requires no soaking. In fifteen minutes it is cooked through—you can serve it hot or cold.

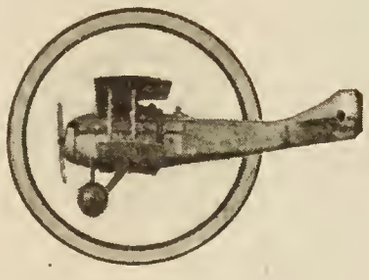
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THE "LINE-A-DAY" BOOK

Continued from page 9

"They're in the oven, sir—not in my pocket!"

"I can trust 'em not to burn for a minute, can't I?"

"Remember King Alfred!"

"He was the Johnny that burned the hot cakes, wasn't he? Quite a different thing. Biscuit and hot cakes—all the difference in the world!"

"I don't believe you know anything about it."

"Yes, I do. I used to watch my mother make 'em when I was a kid. Biscuits, I mean. She used to get flour on her cheek—just like you."

"Have I flour on my cheek! Why didn't you tell me?"

"It looks cunning there; I like it."

"You are a frightfully cheeky person."

"No, I'm not—I wish I were. Is that a joke, Mrs. O'Neill?"

"It is not. I make an awfully good joke!"

Laughter—absurd, delicious young laughter, shot with delicate thrills—over nothing.

Glenn came in and wanted to know what it was all about. Felise wouldn't tell him. Glenn, the star of anybody's dinner-party, wouldn't have thought it was funny. She admired Glenn's sophisticated wit exceedingly; she blinked before the rapier point of his sarcasm, so long as it wasn't directed at her—but she slid her floury little fingers along Harry's white sleeve and whispered childishly: "Sh! It's too silly!"

Harry would rather have had the fingers than the admiration any day. He touched them under cover of turning swiftly—and Felise remembered that touch: it had made her happy, somehow—innocently happy, it seemed then.

WHAT had he put in the "line-a-day" book about that ever-so-long-ago supper-party?

"March 25: Studied all morning and part of afternoon. Went into town to supper at O'Neill's. Wonderful time."

That was all: "*Wonderful time.*" If that were all! Felise read doggedly on. Monday he flew over Koko Crater. There was a bit about his biplane; nothing more personal. Tuesday he cleaned his car. Wednesday, inspection. For almost a week no mention of Glenn or herself—then, all at once, page after page:

"April 2: Went into town this afternoon. Called on Mrs. O'Neill. Had talk at University Club with Colonel J."

"April 3: Major and Mrs. O'Neill dined with me at quarters. Went to movies afterward. Saw Elsie Ferguson. Noticed remarkable resemblance: eyes like Mrs. O'Neill."

"April 4: Letter from home. Marsh lots sold. Check for fifteen hundred. Sent roses to Mrs. O. Bought two new tires."

"April 5: Up one hour and a half this morning. Favorable weather. Went into town to Country Club dance to-night. Saw Mrs. O."

"April 16: Tea fight at Japanese consul's. Baron K. in port. Detailed to go. Saw Felise. Wonderful time."

"Saw Felise!" Would the deepening intimacy of the name stand out to Glenn's eyes as it did to the tear-filled dark ones shut tight for one moment above that small neat page? Like a scene in a moving-picture, the whole of it flashed back to her: rooms full of laughing, jabbering people; uniforms and richly stiff kimonos; scent of flowers and food; sound of weirdly crying Oriental instruments; geishas dancing on a flag-draped platform; roses wilting in huge brazen jars; in the heart of the crowd, young Donnaud crushed against her, his surprised smile deepening unmistakably to delight.

"Why—Mrs. O'Neill! You look lost. Where's the major?"

"I have lost him! Isn't it a dreadful jam! Do get me out of it—I'm stifling!"

His hand on her arm, a sense of instant cherished security; his shoulder, with its double silver bars, between her and all those other shoulders; his undeniably nice voice close to her ear, reassuring, eager.

"Don't worry—this room is the worst; there are places to sit and things to drink farther on. I was just leaving. Lord, I'm glad I saw you!"

"Oh—don't let me keep you!"

"I wouldn't—if I could help it!"

"Harry!" a delicate squeal of anguish, "that man stepped square on my foot! Oh dear, how silly of me!—but Glenn calls you that all the time."

"Are you going to let me call you Felise? What man? Does it hurt frightfully?" An absolute current flowing from his fingers to her arm.

"It certainly does. Oh dear—why did I come!"

"I'm mighty glad you did. Saved the afternoon for me."

"Take me over where the geishas are dancing; I've never seen a geisha."

"Haven't you really—Felise?"

"No—Harry, I haven't! Neither an armadillo, a-dillo-ing in its armor. . . . Aren't we silly!"

"Fun to be silly—with you!"

"Hard to be anything else with you."

"You don't mean that."

"I never mean anything."

"Some day you will—Felise!"

EYES meeting—and parting, because hers, at least, were startled.

"I see Glenn over there——"

"He's talking to Mrs. Japanese Consul. Don't let's bother him—I'll take care of you!"

Her own fault, of course—her own fault more than any one's. Why had she supposed she could play with fire and not burn her fingers? Only, this had seemed such a clear, clean young fire——

Glenn went up to the States about the first of May. Did the book show that? Her fingers shook with nervousness, turning pages. In between, of course, with a damning frequency: "Saw Felise"—at dances—on beach-parties—at her own tea-table. "Sent rose to Felise." "Found a beautiful edition of Laurence Hope in the bookstore at Hotel Street. Got it for Felise——"

Whatever else he had done, Felise starred the pages. She came to it at last: "May 1." That was it:

"O'Neill left for Coast to-day on *Transport Sherman*. To Washington. To be gone four weeks. Official business. F. stays here. Mrs. W. stays with her. Saw F. at boat; much upset. Up one hour to-night; dropped red and green flares. Conditions good."

"Saw F. at boat." "Felise" no longer; a subtly pointed nearness.

Felise heard again the strident clamor of the *Sherman's* whistle, smelled the maile and plumaria of the lei-women's offerings, felt Glenn's possessive arm about her quivering shoulders (how she had cried over that, their first separation!), felt Glenn's kiss, hard and passionate—what was it he had said, at the very last, just before he ran up the gang-plank?—a low-voiced friendly warning: "I'd be a bit careful about young Donnaud, kitten. He's a susceptible youngster."

Was there any one fairer or juster than Glenn? Any man that ever breathed more decent?

The fire was getting lower; there was chill in the rosy air of the living-room. Felise twitched and started when the windows rattled in the wind. But she clung desperately to the little book. One had to go through with things—and there was never any way out of a blind alley except the way one had come into it.

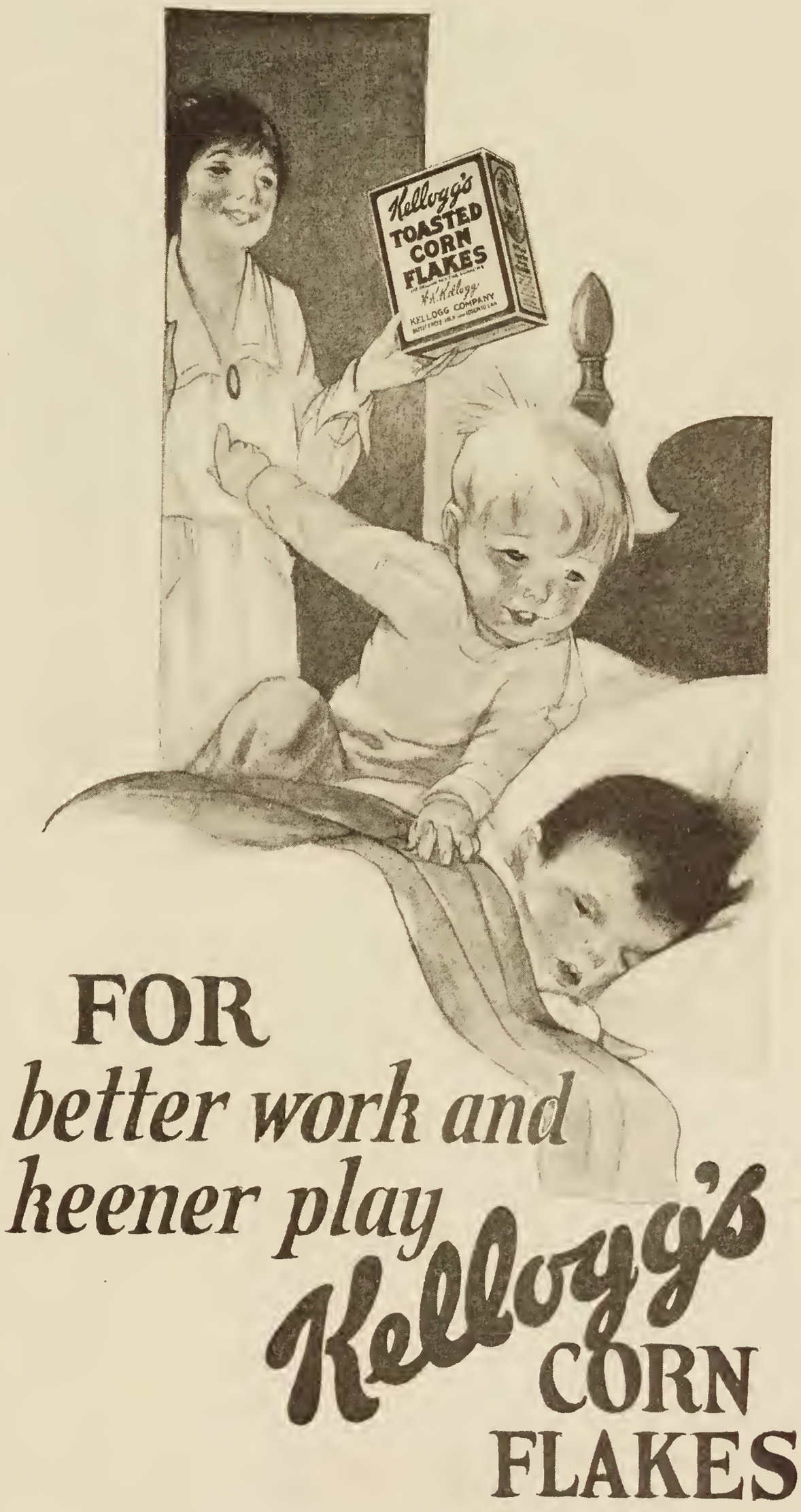
GLENN had gone to Washington. They had decided between them that it was hardly worth her going for such a hurried trip. He had left Mrs. Wallace, the widow of an old sea captain, with her as companion—and Beulah. He *had* asked her to be careful about young Donnaud—and Felise had done just as she recklessly pleased.

There was no explaining it, even to herself. How much less chance, with this merciless day-to-day record once in his hands, of explaining it to Glenn.

"May 2:" (Oh, Harry, what were we thinking of—the day after he left!) "Went into town this afternoon. Took F. for drive. Stayed to dinner with her. This begins to be a serious thing with me."

Glenn's cool questioning of that. She

Continued on page 68



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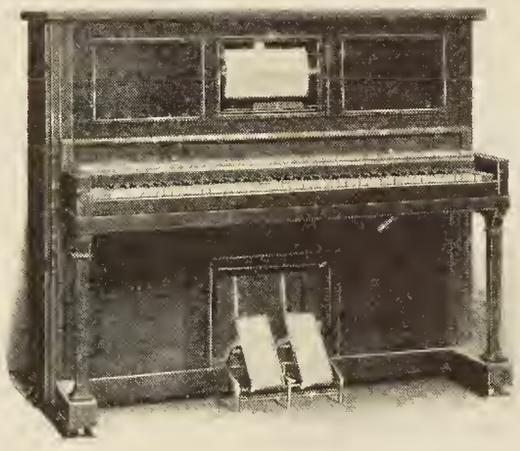
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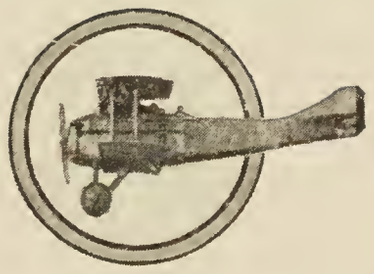
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THE "LINE-A-DAY" BOOK

Continued from page 67

could see it, hear it, feel it in every shrinking fiber!

"May 5: F. and Mrs. W. dined with me at Moana Hotel. Took Mrs. W. home afterward and took F. to movies. Elsie Ferguson again. Same look about eyes. Drove around Diamond Head later. Home about twelve."

It was unbelievable that Harry should have set it all down so starkly. So complete a record of their folly; so damningly explicit a witness—if witness were ever needed. But Felise could not feel surprised; she had known it would be there. Young Donnaud was like that; he had an uncontrollable passion for accuracy, for detail. If he had murdered a man, it would very likely have gone into this extraordinary sort of diary with the same definiteness.

Only—if only Glenn weren't the one to be hurt by it!

One day after another—six nights out of the week: "Saw F. at the club dance." "Had dinner with F. and Mrs. W."

It might be noted by the most casual eye that Mrs. W. was as good as no duenna at all. Very soon she ceased to figure even nominally.

"May 8: Drove F. out to Haleiwa for dinner and dance. Full moon. Never realized before what a moonlight drive could be."

"May 10: Inspection. Tiresome morning. Into town for dinner with F."

Felise dropped the book in her lap and stared into the fire with hopeless eyes.

She had forgotten what a fool she had actually been. Here it all was in black and white; every reckless meeting set down with date and circumstance.

SITTING there, tense and wretched, she cast back vainly for something that should explain, even to herself, the madness of those seven weeks while Glenn was in Washington—because the four weeks stretched to seven before he came back to her.

There was the war, of course. There was always the war in those days as an excuse for any folly. Any parting might mean parting for good.

And never to have known each other's secret hearts—never to have played the game to the end! That was, of course, unthinkable.

Young Donnaud wanted to go overseas. He had used all the influence he could muster to that end. Meantime, the daily papers kept one in mind of men who were not coming back any more—men one had known, men every whit as young and ready and hale as young Donnaud.

It made one feel that it wasn't generous to refuse—anything. And Harry had pushed his advantage.

Nothing on earth could turn him aside from what he wanted. He had a gentle yet dogged persistence it was hard to stand out against. And he simply didn't recognize Glenn's right to Felise. Felise should have been his—she was born to be his. By an unhappy accident of fate, Glenn had found her first. There was nothing in Harry's friendship for Glenn that convicted him of any disloyalty, much less dishonor, in loving Glenn's wife.

But it wasn't all young Donnaud, either! Felise herself had been mad, undeniably. He couldn't have taken her where she hadn't wanted to go.

"May 13: Beach-party at Waimea. Drove F. out to it. Heavy surf. She got a nasty blow from a wave. Head ached all evening. Wonderful drive back."

"Wonderful drive back!" Snuggled in Harry's big coat under a woolly brown steamer-rug—half the time, her plaintively aching head against his shoulder—talking in low intimate snatches—watching the tarnished silver ribbon of road unwind—across chilly, misty gulches, between odorous fields of pineapple, between high thorny clumps of fragrant acacia, between cane fields, between little sleeping houses with drowsy yellow lights in murky windows—That night she said to him:

"Harry, people are talking about us."

And he had answered: "Are they, dear? Do you care?"

"Do I care? Of course I do! Glenn would be—annoyed."

(Funny, the hot little glow at her heart when he called her "dear," like that!)

He said, laughing (what a wonderful voice he had! or was it just her own insane reaction to it?): "Glenn *would* be—annoyed—I reckon!"

She insisted: "Do you think he won't hear things?"

"I don't care—do you?"

"Oh, Harry, of course I care! It's horrid to be talked about! My mother would hate it!"

"You funny sixteen-year-old person!"

"But Harry—she would! She's frightfully conventional. So's Glenn, really."

"You're not—I'm not—we're not!"

"We don't own the world."

"TO-NIGHT we do. Look at the moonlight on those mountains yonder! Look at that little yellow star so close to the moon! Want me to get it for you?" Then he began, just above a whisper, half-laughing still:

"If I were king—ah, love, if I were king,
What tributary nations would I bring
To stoop before your scepter and to swear
Allegiance to your lips, your eyes, your hair!"

"What's the rest of it? Oh, yes—I know:

"The stars should be your pearls upon a string,
The world a ruby, for your finger-ring,
And you should have the sun and moon to wear—
If I were king!"

"Like that?"

"Oh, Harry, I adore it! But don't you think, honestly, we ought to be a little bit careful about our—our friendship?"

"Are you asking me to stay away from you? I will—if I can—if you want me to."

Cruelly sensitive, he let her see just how much she had hurt him.

And after all, with Glenn away, how terribly lonesome she'd be! She couldn't endure the thought; she pushed it away from her. Every bit as much to blame as young Donnaud!

"I suppose we should—but I don't care. People are stupid. Can't you and I be friends?"

"No, we can't," said Harry frankly. "But that's nobody's business but our own."

"And Glenn's."

"Not even Glenn's! . . if you ask *me*."

She shouldn't have asked him. She should have told him to go back to his hangars and let her alone—but she didn't.

Instead of that, she went about with him, continually and conspicuously, as the relentless little book showed, winding herself tighter and tighter in the pretty web. He barely noted down the dates of his flying, now. Almost every day: "Saw F.—" If he didn't see her, he telephoned her. It was all there, distinct and damning.

And it brought back everything—even the whir of his propeller above her roof—everything she had almost forgotten. The last bits, sharpest of all.

May 20th to 30th—there wasn't a day he didn't see her!

ALL THE first part of June—she spangled his notes—F. was on every other line. "Sent roses to F." "A note from F." "Took F. for a drive—stayed for dinner." "Couldn't get in to see F.—rotten day."

"June 15th," a blot and an underscoring: "Got my orders to-day. Leave Friday for States. Going overseas. Phoned F. Couldn't get into town. This is going to be the biggest wrench of my life."

That telephone call—she remembered it word for word! Suddenly Harry's voice, queerly excited, striking along the wire:

"Is that you, Felise? Listen—I've got my orders."

"Oh—Harry!"

"Overseas. What did you say?"

"I—I didn't say anything. Overseas? When?"

"I leave Friday—on the *Thomas*. Felise——"

"Yes—I'm listening."

"I can't get in to-night. Will you be home to-morrow afternoon?"

"Yes—of course. Are you—awfully pleased—Harry?"

Continued on page 70

Loss of sleep cost Napoleon his empire

History tells us that Napoleon, exhausted from wakefulness, gave contradictory orders on the afternoon of his Waterloo.

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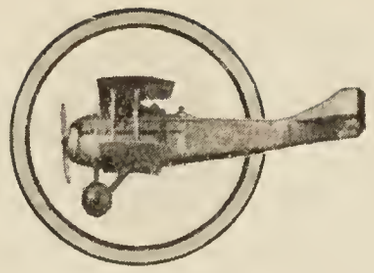
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THE "LINE-A-DAY" BOOK

Continued from page 68

"One way. I want to go, of course. Felise, are you—awfully pleased?"

"Harry! I am—one way. I want you to go—of course. We can talk about it to-morrow—can't we?"

"Won't be any one else there?"

"No. Come early!"

"I will."

"Good-by. It seems funny, doesn't it? Only three days, Harry."

"Only three days more. Good-by—dear!"

There wasn't an indiscretion conceivable that they hadn't committed in those three days—and the "line-a-day" book told them all.

"June 16: Went into town. Saw Colonel J. at headquarters. *Thomas* leaves Friday at five. Saw F. Told her everything. Stayed to dinner. Afterward to movies. Back to post half-past twelve. Feel as if I should never sleep again."

She remembered clearly that when they got back to the house—Glenn's house—after the movies, young Donnaud had come in and stayed an hour or more. There was a swinging-seat in the shadow of the thickly white-flowered vine that screened the wide lanai, and there young Donnaud had sat, Felise beside him, while Mrs. Wallace slumbered peacefully in a room up-stairs and Beulah remained at least invisible in her room behind the kitchen.

Mysterious world, dark and cool, with all the pulse of life fluttering in Felise's slender fingers—under Harry's!

"I may never come back," he said. "You know that, don't you?"

Yes, she knew that. He was part of her life, part of her youth.

He said: "You know I love you, don't you?"

And she: "I know."

"Say you love me—a little!"

"I will—to-morrow night."

"Our last night—maybe."

"Don't—don't!"

"ALL RIGHT, I won't. You've been happy playing around with me these last few weeks, haven't you? Say you have."

"Terribly happy."

"And you'll think about me—when I'm gone? Are you going to write to me?"

"Yes. I'll probably think about you—more than is good for me."

"That would only make us even—if you did."

Somebody had been giving a party next door. The phonograph wailed endlessly: "There's a Long, Long Trail a-Winding—" That was a tune that had power to trip the steadiest heart-beat those days. Felise gave Harry both her hands to hold and hid wet eyes against his shoulder for a moment.

"You've got to go," she told him.

"I'll be coming into town about noon to-morrow," he said, standing up and pulling her gently to her feet. "What'll we do in the afternoon—and to-morrow night?"

"Am I going to see you to-morrow night?"

"It's my last night," he reminded her.

She was a little afraid of that last night—of Harry—of herself.

On the next page, a longish entry:

"June 17: Busy all day winding up personal affairs. Couldn't get into town at noon as planned. Phoned F. Made it about five. Out to F's house for dinner. Afterward to movies. After movies, drove up Round Top. Back to F's house about twelve. Back to post about two. Never knew it would be like this."

The heart-breaking ambiguity of his brief, boyish comments! Damning, either way! Felise winced to recall even what had really been. Movies, eternally—an intimate dusk there and the seclusion of a crowd. Round Top—a winding, shadowy road swept by a small, chill wind. Far, far below and to the south a dim dark belt of stillness that was the sea. They hadn't said good-by on Round Top: they had talked pretty nonsense and what he was going to send her from Paris.

"You will be careful, Harry, won't you—when you begin flying—over there?"

"No. Would you like me to be?"

"No—but— No, *don't* be careful! You couldn't—it isn't in you!"

"If I were careful—you wouldn't love me."

"No—I shouldn't."

"Then—you do!"

"Let's go down. I'm getting chilly. It must be late."

They had gone back to the house—sat in the swing on the lanai. A clock in the house struck twelve in a smug little chime as he tucked a cushion behind her.

She said: "It *is* late. You mustn't stay too long."

And he stayed till after one.

It was cold and he put his arm around her. Her heart began to stumble. She shut her eyes and drew a long half-frightened sigh. It went through her head that she had a letter from Glenn only that day—that Glenn had said he would be coming home soon that he hoped she had missed him half as much as he had missed her.

Well, she didn't. She had been like a flower fallen into a stream and borne along by the current. Now the current was stopping—and life would go on just the same.

HARRY took her hand and kissed it. He held it to his eyes, and his eyes were wet.

"You needn't be afraid of me," he said. "I've had it all out with myself. I thought I could take you away from him, but somehow I see it's no good. Maybe I could—maybe I couldn't—I don't know——"

Felise had begun to speak.

"I don't want to know," he said abruptly, a little huskily. "If I knew—no telling how good I'd be. Anyhow—what I'm trying to say is—you're Glenn's. And I've been a fool. But I won't be any worse. I'll take a clean pair of hands into the scrap. And Felise—you'll think about me sometimes—won't you?"

"I'm the one that's been a fool," Felise had whispered, half-crying. "*My* hands—do you think they're very clean now?"

"Your hands," he had told her, trying to laugh—"your little, soft, white, rose-leaf hands—if they're not clean, the walls of Heaven are cobwebbed!"

He had stayed till after one, and he had been like that all the time. More of a boy than ever in his high desire to "take a clean pair of hands into the scrap."

He quoted Rupert Brooke to her that night:

"And those that would have been their sons, they gave their immortality!"

"Felise, all the immortality I ever want is your remembering."

"I shan't forget," Felise promised brokenly.

And she had not forgotten. Like a shining mist, the glamour of that moment came back upon her now. A farewell—with innocence.

At the very last, he had said to her unsteadily:

"Kiss me good-by— I can't kiss you at the boat to-morrow—with everybody there—and I may never see you again. . . ."

She had lifted her face to stop him, clutching his sleeve pathetically, and he had kissed her good-by. The next moment he had gone, blindly, down the steps, and from the half-gloom of the dining-room Beulah was coming toward her, a shadow against shadows.

"Miss 'Lissy—das' you?"

IMPOSSIBLE to tell what Beulah had or had not seen. But Beulah would never tell—Felise had been her "baby."

She read again:

"June 17: Out to F's house for dinner. Afterward to movies. After movies, drove up Round Top. Back to house about twelve. Back to post about two."

And despair rose up and crashed down upon her like a breaking wave.

Let Glenn read that—and what interpretation could he place upon it save a possibly dreadful one? He wouldn't know that on the edge of disaster the switch had been thrown by young Donnaud's own hand. There was nothing in the "line-a-day" book to show it. Truth is so seldom plausible. In this case, it wore a smirk uncommonly oblique.

Concluded on page 72



Just a few drops
combed into the hair and almost immediately you can see "listless locks" begin to take on new life, new lustre, new silky sheen—stray ends and straggly strands melding into glorious waves and curls.



And in 20 minutes
your mirror shows you a new head of hair—marcelled and curled as you like it best; with a natural wave that no artificial beauty-parlor process could possibly duplicate.



Marvelous New Spanish Liquid

Makes any hair naturally curly *in 20 minutes*

The Spanish Beggar's Priceless Gift

by Winnifred Ralston

FROM the day we started to school, Charity Winthrop and I were called the tousled-hair twins. Tom Harvey nicknamed us that—horrid, red-headed Tom Harvey who used to put burrs in our pigtails and angleworms in our inkwells.

Our mothers despaired of us. Our hair simply wouldn't behave. As we grew older the hated name still clung to us. It followed us through the grades and into boarding school. Then Charity's family moved to Spain, and I didn't see her again for five years—not until last New Year's eve.

A party of us had gone to the Drake Hotel for dinner that night. As usual I was terribly embarrassed and ashamed of my hair.

Horribly self-conscious I was sitting at the table, scarcely touching my food, wishing I were home. It seemed that everyone had wonderful, lustrous, curly hair but me and I felt they were all laughing or, worse, pitying me behind my back.

My eyes strayed to the dance floor and there I saw a beautiful girl dancing with Tom Harvey. To my surprise she smiled and started toward me.

While there was something strangely familiar about her face I didn't recognize her—then. No—it—it couldn't be.

About this girl's face was a halo of golden curls. I think she had the most beautiful hair I ever saw. My face must have turned scarlet as I compared it mentally with my own straggly, ugly mop.

Of course you have guessed her identity—for it was really she—Charity Winthrop who once had dull straight hair like mine.

It had been five long years since I had seen her. But I simply couldn't wait. I blurted out—"Charity Winthrop—tell me—what miracle has happened to your hair?"

She smiled and said mysteriously, "Come to my room and I will tell you the whole story." She was stopping at the hotel.

Charity tells of the beggar's gift

"Our house in Madrid faced a little, old plaza where I often strolled after my siesta.

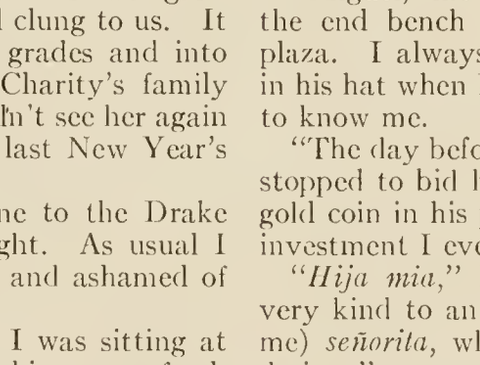
"Miguel, the beggar, always occupied the end bench of the south end of the plaza. I always dropped a few centavos in his hat when I passed and he soon grew to know me.

"The day before I was leaving Madrid I stopped to bid him goodby and pressed a gold coin in his palm. That was the best investment I ever made."

"*Hija mia*," he said, "You have been very kind to an old man. *Digamelo* (tell me) *señorita*, what it is your heart most desires."

"I laughed at the idea, then said jokingly, 'Miguel, my hair is straight and dull. I would have it lustrous and curly.' "

"*Oigame, señorita*," he said—"what you wish is even simpler than I thought. Many years ago—a Castilian prince was wedded to a Moorish beauty. Her hair was black as a raven's wing and straight as an arrow. Like you, this lady wanted *los pelos rizos* (curly hair). Her husband offered thousands of *pesos* to the man who would fulfil her wish. The prize fell to Pedro, the *droguero*. Out of roots and herbs he brewed a potion that converted the princess' straight and unruly hair into a glorious mass of ringlet curls.



A Matchless Marcelle

Lovely Curls

"Pedro, son of the son of Pedro, has that secret today. Years ago I did him a great service. Here you will find him, go to him and tell your wish. *Adios, señorita, voya con Dios.*"

* * *

"At the door of the apothecary shop, Pedro, a funny old hawk-nosed Spaniard, met me. Nervously I stammered out my explanation. He bowed and vanished. Presently he returned with a bottle which he handed to me.

"When I was finally in my room alone, I took down my hair and applied the liquid as directed. In twenty minutes, the transformation which you have noted, had taken place.

"Come, Winnifred—apply it to your own hair and see what it can do for you."

Twenty minutes later as I looked into Charity's mirror I could hardly believe my eyes. The impossible had happened. My dull, straight hair had wound itself into curling tendrils. My head was a mass of ringlets and waves. It shone with a lustre it never had before.

You can imagine the amazement of the others in the party when I returned to the ballroom. Everybody noticed the change. Never did I have such a glorious night. I was popular. Men clustered about me. I had never been so happy.

The next morning when I awoke, I hardly dared look in my mirror fearing it had all been a dream. But it was true—gloriously true. My hair was curly and beautiful.

I then asked Charity's permission to take a sample of the Spanish liquid to my cousin who is a chemist at the Century Laboratories, and finally he solved the problem, isolated the two Spanish herbs, the important ingredients.

They experimented on fifty women and the results were simply astounding. Now Century Chemists are prepared to supply the wonderful Spanish Curling Liquid to women everywhere.

Take advantage of their generous trial offer

I told my cousin I did not want one penny for the information I had given him. I was only too glad to know the formula was to be so easily available. I did make one stipulation, however. I insisted that he introduce the discovery by selling it for a limited time at actual laboratory cost so that as many women as possible could take advantage of it. This he agreed to do.

That is the opportunity you have now. Please believe me, who was once called tousel-head—no matter how straight, dull and unmanageable your hair is, this Spanish Liquid Curler will work magic for you.

No need to undergo the torture and expense of the so-called permanent wave, which might even destroy your hair. You can have natural curly hair in twenty minutes. One application will keep your hair beautiful for a week or more.

Free Distribution of $3.50 Bottles

(ONLY ONE TO A FAMILY)



Wavy Bob

IN accordance with our agreement with Miss Ralston we are offering for a limited time only, no-profit distribution of the regular $3.50 size bottle of our Spanish Curling Liquid.

The actual cost of preparing and compounding this Spanish Curling Fluid, including bottling, packing and shipping is $1.87. We have decided to ship the first bottle to each new user at this actual cost price without a penny of profit.

And you do not have to send one penny in advance. Merely fill out the coupon below—then pay the postman $1.87 plus the few cents postage when he delivers the liquid. If you are not satisfied in every way, even this low laboratory fee will be refunded promptly.

This opportunity may never appear again. Miss Ralston urges that you take advantage of it at once.

CENTURY CHEMISTS
(Originators of the famous 40 Minute Beauty Clay)
Century Bldg., Chicago

Send No Money—*Simply Sign and Mail Coupon*

CENTURY CHEMISTS, Dept. 98
Century Bldg., Chicago

Please send me, in plain wrapper, by insured parcel post, a full size $3.50 bottle of Liquid Marcelle (Spanish Curling Liquid). I will pay postman $1.87, plus few cents postage, on delivery, with the understanding that if, after a five-day trial, I am not elated with the results from this magic curling fluid, I may return the unused contents in the bottle, and you will immediately return my money in full.

Name .....

Street .....

Town ..... *State* .....

If apt to be out when postman calls, you may enclose $2 with coupon, and Liquid Marcelle will be sent to you postpaid.

Hair needs food

NO matter how unattractive your hair may be, it can be made really charming and lovely with this dainty new shampoo that does more than merely wash.

Your hair needs food just like a plant needs water—And Wildroot Taroleum Shampoo feeds it with purified crude oil and tar.

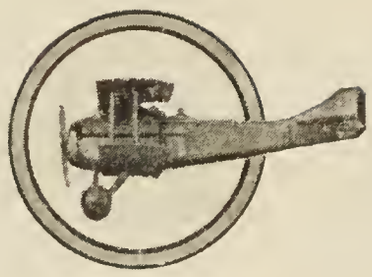
Its creamy, abundant lather cleanses.

Its purified crude oil and tar feed the scalp.

Its antiseptic qualities keep the hair healthy.

Sold everywhere





THE "LINE-A-DAY" BOOK

Concluded from page 70

She couldn't tell Glenn and see him look back at her, unbelieving. She couldn't expose herself to his unbelief. She couldn't fight doubt and distrust and suspicion in him. She couldn't bear him to feel any of those things where she was concerned, because, in the light of five years together, she loved Glenn now in a way that made that butterfly romance of hers with Harry Donnaud seem less than a shadow in the sun.

She had known before Glenn got back to her, before the week between Harry's sailing and Glenn's returning was up, that she loved her husband.

She began to say to herself, "Was I mad? What was the matter with me?"

The worm in the bud! And she had thought herself so safe.

Glenn had come back eager for her, starved for her, amazing lover and husband in one. She had not told him about Harry. No one, so far as she knew, had told him about Harry. As for Harry himself, there had been a polite little note, a stereotyped post-card or so—before long, unostentatious silence.

And the rest was what might have been expected.

Glenn never got to the war. He served out his two years in Honolulu, after which he was ordered back to the States, to a flying field in Texas, eventually to this their present station. And here, unexpectedly, they had found once more young Donnaud.

Young Donnaud, who, like one or two others, had come through the war with safety and a decoration, strangely the same, strangely different.

He took up the friendship with Felise and Glenn as if nothing had ever happened. Felise sometimes wondered if the flame had died out, if any flame could die out so completely as young Donnaud's manner to her suggested that his had done. Never did he refer to those weeks in Honolulu. They met day after day in the friendliest fashion.

SHE sat up and stretched her cramped body, drew a shivering long sigh, fingered the little book in her lap. One chance more: the last day—the day he sailed—what had he written? She read it and swallowed a sob:

"June 18: On board the *U. S. S. Thomas.* Sailed at five. F. down to see me off. Had lunch with her to-day. Sent roses and violets. Together all afternoon. Hope to God I crash over there."

If anything more were needed, that entry afforded it.

Of the exceedingly young innocuousness of that luncheon and afternoon together no third person would readily be convinced. Harry had been, by then, strung to a tense passion of renunciation, a fever of remorse, poor boy!

There was a step in the doorway. Felise looked up with a start and smothered a scream: "Beulah—what are you doing! You frightened me."

Beulah, gaunt in a gray woolly bathrobe, crossed the quiet living-room and stood by the winged chair.

"Miss 'Lissy, ain't yo gwine ter baid ter-night?"

"I'm coming right now, Beulah," said Felise obediently.

"Whut's dat l'il book you sittin' h'yer studyin' over all dis time?"

"Something — of — Captain Donnaud's, Beulah."

"Honey," said Beulah gently, "dat po' lamb ain' need yo' grievin'. Lawd Jesus done took him. Jes' you come on ter yo' baid now. I'se gwine git yo' er drink er hot milk——"

Felise got up and walked over to Glenn's big desk by the window. She put the "line-a-day" book back inside the rubber band and left it there. The thought of destroying it never occurred to her; Glenn had left it in her care.

She went to bed and cried herself to sleep with her arm across Glenn's pillow—Glenn, who might never love her again, once he had seen the record of her despicable folly!

Felise's sleep was riddled with hateful dreams. Next day she could not eat. Her small white face with its big dark eyes grew perceptibly smaller and whiter, strained as to smile and pathetically haggard.

Glenn came home just before sunset, a trifle tired, demanding a hot bath and dinner.

He hugged her bearishly and she gave herself to his arms with the abandon of despair, fed her heart on the tenderness of his worried reproof:

"What've you been doing? You look a little wreck! I've a good mind to put you to bed for a week. Kitten, didn't I forbid you to worry while I was gone?"

"Yes. I'm sorry."

"You'll be all right, now I'm back, you unspeakable goose?"

"Yes—" She barely choked back the tears.

"You're a fine wife for an aviator!"

A fine wife, indeed! Finer than he knew. She gulped down a sob and he took her on his knee and rocked her like a baby.

"Now, kitten, what's all this! I'm ashamed of you——"

His every word turned a knife in her heart. She got away from him to stand behind a closed door, fighting and praying for control.

DINNER went by somehow. Glenn ate like a boy. Beulah hovered, watchful as a hawk, Beulah with her memories—and intuitions.

After dinner—after endless, trifling delay—the living-room, the cheerful wood-fire and Felise's mahogany sofa pulled round before it. Glenn talked a while, casually and comfortably through his cigaret smoke, of conditions at Gareth Field, of people he had seen there—of a great many things, related and unrelated. He got up at last, walked over to his desk and stood looking down at it.

"What is it, Glenn?" asked Felise faintly.

"I think I'll just look over young Donnaud's papers now—get it off my mind."

"They're—they're in the desk there."

"I've got them."

He brought the papers and the "line-a-day" book, clipped in the wide rubber band, back to the fireplace and the sofa, back to a seat beside Felise.

She said in her heart, as clearly, to her own senses, as if she had said it aloud: "Good-by, Glenn! Good-by! . . ."

He took out a Liberty Bond, unfolded it carefully, took out another. There were three in all.

"Not very much," said Glenn thoughtfully.

He took up the "line-a-day" book, handling it with amazing gentleness. The blood roared in Felise's ears.

"Remember the day he showed us this, kitten? Odd, that streak of old-maidish detail! Probably everything he did in the last five years is right in this book."

"Probably," said Felise. Her hands were icy cold; she locked them together—waiting.

Glenn sighed and said, "Well—*sic transit!*" and held the little book toward the fire.

"What are you going to do?" gasped Felise.

"Burn it, my dear. What *could* I do with it?"

"You—you aren't going—to read it?" Inviting the lightning, shrinking incredulous from the opening of the prison door!

"READ it? No," said Glenn, slightly surprised. "Donnaud never meant for any one else to see it." He dropped the book between two logs, where the flames wrapped it greedily. Then he got up once more, saying something rather husky about an ash-tray.

Felise watched her doom disintegrate. She wanted to cry; she wanted to laugh; she wanted to scream—like a woman reprieved from the guillotine. But she sat very quiet.

When Glenn came back and dropped down beside her once more, the remaining papers still in his hand, she put her head against his shoulder, shut her eyes and clung to him hard.

"He was a good scout," said Glenn gently, and slipped a comforting arm about her. "We'll miss him."

His brown head touched her dark one. Felise caught his hand to her cheek in a passion of shame and thanksgiving.

Before them, young Donnaud's closely written pages disappeared in smoke and fell to the hearth in ashes.



When you dance

WHEN you glide over the floor close to your partner—

Are you one of those fortunate women whose hair is fluffy and soft to his cheek—*perfumed with cleanliness?*

Or is your hair greasy, dry, lifeless, with an odor that offends?

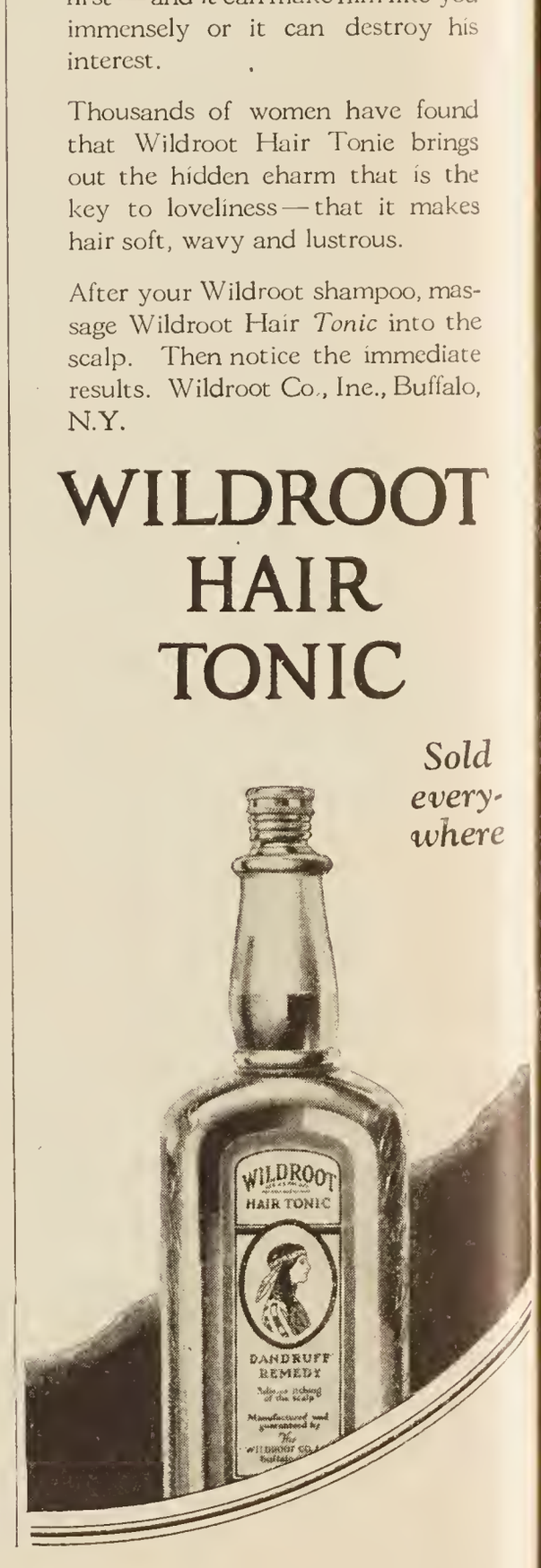
That is the thing a man notices first — and it can make him like you immensely or it can destroy his interest.

Thousands of women have found that Wildroot Hair Tonic brings out the hidden charm that is the key to loveliness — that it makes hair soft, wavy and lustrous.

After your Wildroot shampoo, massage Wildroot Hair *Tonic* into the scalp. Then notice the immediate results. Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.

WILDROOT HAIR TONIC

Sold everywhere



Boys choose them by instinct

Now great specialists tell mothers that Keds mean added health and comfort for the whole family—



Watch a boy when he's wearing a pair of Keds! Notice his light, springy step. Notice how often he prefers running to walking—jumping over obstacles instead of walking around them!

Restrictions are off—hard, stiff, heavy shoes no longer cramp him. He feels like the healthy young animal he is!

Now great foot specialists say that these light, flexible shoes are *scientifically correct* for every normal foot. Keds mean added health and comfort not only for children, but for the whole family. Relaxation for tired feet—the strengthening of muscles which have been bound and cramped—the prevention of countless foot troubles!

Footwear that has made a new summer comfort popular

Keds are a complete line of canvas rubber-soled shoes. High shoes and low—pumps, oxfords and sandals—styles for boys and girls, women and men.

Keds will give you an entirely new idea of canvas, rubber-soled shoes. The quality of the rubber from our own Sumatra plantations means long wear—even in the most active use. The details of the finish—the stitching and reinforcements—the workmanship throughout—put Keds in a class by themselves.

Keds, of course, vary in price according to style. But no matter what type you buy, every pair of Keds gives you the highest possible value at the price.

But remember—while there are other shoes that may at first glance *look* like Keds—only Keds can give you the real Keds value. Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company. If the name Keds isn't on the shoe, they aren't real Keds. It will pay you to make sure.

Games and inventions, interesting information on camping, radio, etc., are contained in our new Handbooks—one for boys and one for girls. Either sent free. Address Dept. D-1, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

United States Rubber Company



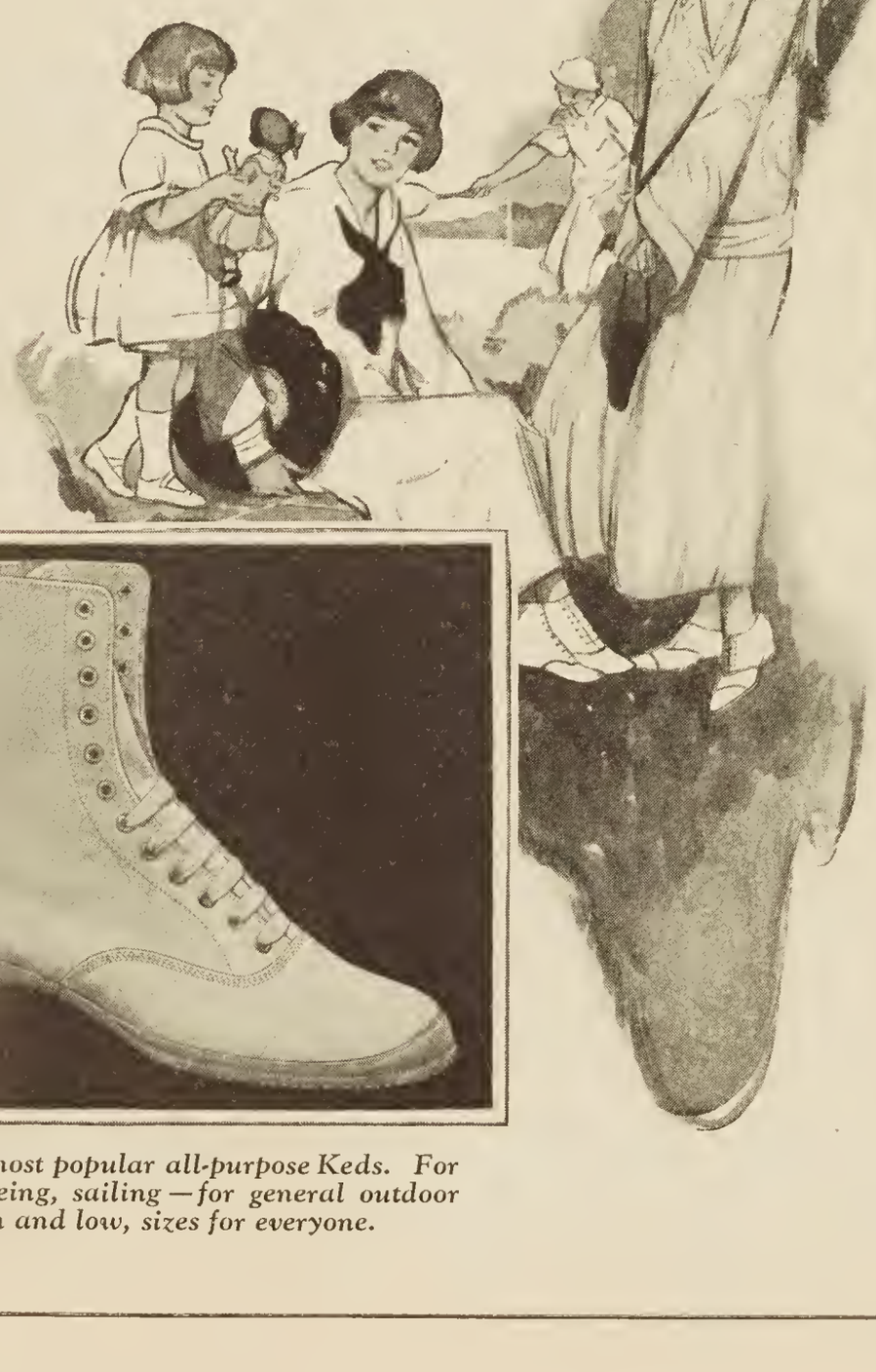
Sturdy sport shoes with heavy reinforcements. Smooth, corrugated or suction soles. A favorite with boys and men.



One of the children's Keds—made on a nature last. Similar models both with the strap and without it for women and young girls.



An attractive model for women and girls. White or colored trimming. Appropriate with the daintiest frocks.





One of the most popular all-purpose Keds. For tennis, canoeing, sailing—for general outdoor wear. High and low, sizes for everyone.

Keds

Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

They are not Keds unless the name Keds is on the shoe



All in Oats

16 food elements, including 12 minerals

Why is oat flavor so important? Why do mothers, the world over, insist on Quaker Oats?

Because the oat is the greatest food that grows. It supplies 16 elements which growing children need. Of these, 12 are minerals essential to child growth. Millions of children suffer for lack of some of them.

That is why mothers want the oat dish delicious. They send from 50 countries for these flavory Quaker Oats.

Go wherever children are fed on oats, and you will find that Quaker dominates.

This unique flavor is important in your home.

You want children to love oats and eat them in abundance. Then get this flavor for them. Make the dish delightful.

Quaker Oats, despite its choiceness, costs you less than a cent per dish.

Quaker Oats

The extra-flavory flakes



Just the cream

This brand is flaked from just the choicest grains—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds of such flakes from a bushel.

So you get the utmost in an oat-food—just the cream of the oats—when you ask for Quaker.

Packed in sealed round packages with removable covers

SAVE A DOLLAR

Concluded from page 46

them in a very weak acid solution. I made Canton-flannel bags for covers and sewed to the hems of each case two strong snaps. For a cost of less than fifteen cents apiece, each member of my family now has his own hot-water bottle.—MARGERY QUIGLEY, Endicott, N. Y.

SAVE WORK MAKING COOKIES

WHEN making cookies, it is not necessary to use a board and rolling-pin. Drop the dough by spoonfuls on a well-greased pan and then grease the bottom of a measuring-cup, dip it in flour and flatten the dough, giving the cup a slight twist. With a little practise nicely shaped cookies can easily be made.—MRS. OLIVE F. MERRILL, Amherst, N. H.

HOME-MADE SINK-MAT

THE bottom of an enameled sink is easily stained when the dish-pan or kettles are placed on it. I made a very satisfactory rubber sink-mat by arranging twenty-four rubber fruit-jar rings, two deep, in the shape of a rectangle. I then fastened the rings together and now have an excellent sink-protector.—MRS. JESSE J. KRUM, Lawrence, Kans.

WHEN GATHERING GRAPES

WILD grapes make delicious jams and jellies, but it is difficult to gather them and they stain the hands badly. The second year I gathered wild grapes I equipped myself with a wire shaped like a hairpin. Holding the stem of the bunch of grapes in one hand, I slipped the loop end of the wire over it and drew the wire from the top to the bottom of the bunch. The plan worked beautifully; the grapes were not crushed, they were gathered much more quickly than when I attempted to pick them in the old way and my hands were practically unstained. This method may be followed in gathering many other stem fruits, such as currants and wild cherries.—MRS. J. J. EGLAND, Glenville, Minn.

SAVE TIME LENGTHENING SLIPS

WHEN the children's princess slips must be lengthened, open the slip on the shoulder seams and insert in each a piece of cloth long enough to allow for the needed length of the skirt. This results in a larger armhole and at the same time gives the needed length without disturbing gathers or hem.—MRS. CHARLES A. RHOADS, Boone, Iowa.

TO COOK OLD FOWLS

A TOUGH fowl may be made tender and served like young roast chicken if it is first steamed for three or four hours. It should be prepared with the dressing as for roasting and placed in the steamer. After the fowl has steamed for four hours, place it in the oven for about a half-hour and brown it well. It will be quite as tender and delicious as roast chicken.—MRS. MARGARET H. WOOD, San Pedro, Calif.

SAVE ON GRAPES

WHEN grapes are expensive or out of season, a delicious grape jelly can be made by using three parts apple-juice and one part bottled grape-juice with the usual amount of sugar. The result is a richly flavored grape jelly beautiful in color at little cost and labor.—MRS. FRANK E. MONTEITH, Nampa, Idaho.

SAVE BY EARNING

DESIRING to earn money at home, I bought an electric mixer and a gallon of salad-oil. With these I made mayonnaise and sent a sample to all my relatives who live near. I put up the mayonnaise in pint fruit-jars and added fifty cents to the price of each jar for my profit. There is such a demand for my mayonnaise now that I can not supply new customers unless I employ a helper. This extra money makes it possible for me to buy many things which otherwise I could not get.—MRS. RUELLA TUCKER DAVIS, St. Elmo, Ill.

OILING THE CLOCK

WHEN the clock needs oiling, or even when it refuses to run, saturate a piece of cotton with kerosene oil and place it inside the clock-case. Often this is all that is needed in the way of repair.—MRS. LEWIS V. JUDSON, Worcester, Mass.

Doctor Crabtree's own little boy—

Dr. B. F. Crabtree, of Anderson, Mo., is a physician who prescribes Eagle Brand on occasion.

He says, "The 'flu' unfortunately left me with a 90 days' old baby. The only recourse was for me individually to care for him—which I did, feeding him and taking him with me on all my visits regardless of weather.

"I placed him on Eagle Brand and nothing else. After the bottle he used Eagle Brand as a beverage and has continued to do so more or less up to the present time."



Many Doctors recommend it

A GREAT many physicians recommend Eagle Brand Condensed Milk when artificial food must be used; in difficult feeding cases when other foods have failed; when mothers are obliged to travel with young children; or when a family lives far from the ordinary conveniences of life.

Eagle Brand is thoroughly digestible and has saved the lives of many babies according to their own mothers' testimony. It is absolutely pure and standardized.

If you cannot nurse your baby, feed him the safe, sure Eagle Brand way. Eagle Brand is *milk*—pure, rich country milk condensed with sugar. It is the natural, normal food for baby when mother's milk fails. In fact, Eagle Brand is more used than all other infant foods combined.

THE BORDEN COMPANY
156 Borden Building New York

Borden's
EAGLE BRAND
CONDENSED MILK



Wouldn't you like to have a copy of "Baby's Welfare", the new Borden baby book? It is authoritative and scientific, yet written in everyday language. It is free.

Your success or failure depends on the service the pattern gives you



To-day's fashions require more than the perfunctory general directions you get with ordinary patterns.

This season's "simple Summer dresses" with their straight lead-pencil silhouette—their apparently artless simplicity means that every detail in their cut, putting together and finishing must be perfect. You have no chance of "covering up" a mistake.

More formal dresses for afternoon and evening follow draped lines this Summer, or the bouffant lines of the robe de style that is so enchanting in taffeta or organdy. Drapery, the bouffant, the circular—every feature of the new mode demands expert handling. This is what you get in the Deltor that other patterns fail to give you.

The Deltor begins by giving you a cutting layout that is made for your exact needs. It is for your dress in your size and view and laid out on the very width material you are using. You do not run the risk of wasting material as you do with a merely general chart. This is very important this season when the mode—like the bouffant or circular—can cut into a quantity of material if not most skilfully managed.

Think of being able to make even your coat dress yourself! It is having a tremendous vogue in Summer materials. The Deltor shows you exactly how to put it together, step by step, so beautifully, so successfully that you can make it with perfect confidence.

Various new finishes place dresses as definitely this Summer's. The Egyptian sash that is worn at the low waistline—the Deltor shows you exactly how to make it and tie it Egyptian-wise at the center front. A hip bow may tie your frock, your blouse, your coat, any or all of them—the Deltor shows you how to make it so that it fairly cries out "Paris." You give your clothes the newest finish exactly as it would be done in France.

With the Deltor you can make every article of your new wardrobe. The very hat of suède or silk that gives your costume such completeness you make and trim yourself with the Deltor! You cut it out, put it together, make and adjust its French trimming with the utmost ease and success. From start to finish the Deltor gives you the complete guidance the present styles demand if they are to look right when done. No other pattern gives you a Deltor. Between the results of just general directions and the results of the Deltor lies the difference between a costume that is frankly "home-made" and one that delights you.

Stop at the pattern department and look at one of the Summer patterns and its Deltor. You will see why women are insisting on the Deltor—with it they can make clothes they never dared attempt before.

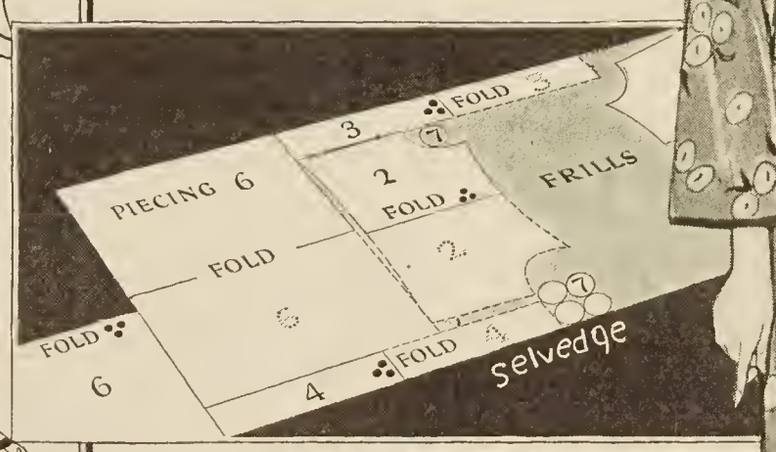
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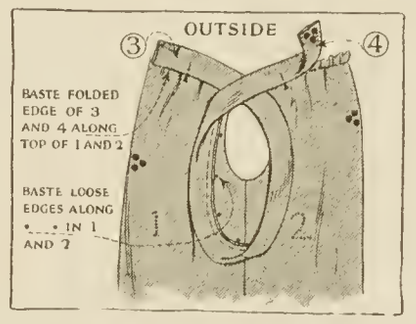










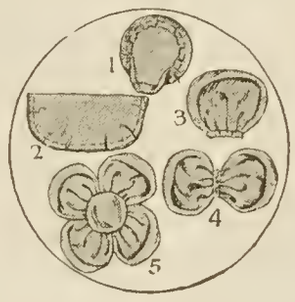


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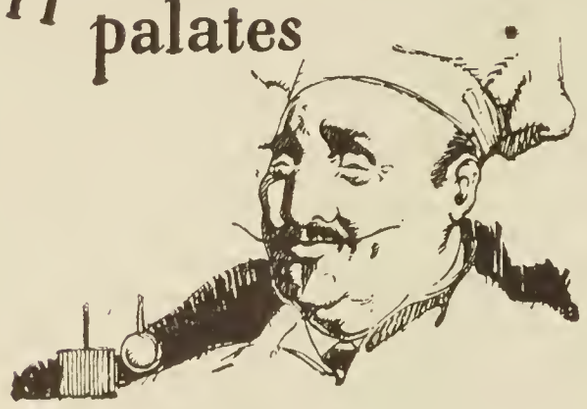


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The finishing touches that are new, that distinguish imported clothes—the Deltor shows you exactly how they are made in Paris. You give your dress the freshness, the perfection of a French model.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS WITH THE DELTOR

He has regaled our palates



—has he also ruined our teeth?

THE CHEFS of France have had a tremendous influence on American food. They have taught us how to delight our palates, but they have almost ruined our teeth!

Teeth need work and gums need stimulation, and with this creamy modern food of ours, there is neither work for the teeth nor stimulation for the gums.

Trouble on the increase!

Consequently, teeth and gums are today less robust. Trouble from both is on the increase. The prevalence of pyorrhea is one item in a long list.

Thousands of dentists have written us to tell how they combat soft and spongy gums by the use of Ipana.

The use of Ipana

In stubborn cases, they prescribe a thorough gum-massage with Ipana *after* the ordinary cleaning with Ipana and the brush. For Ipana Tooth Paste, because of the presence of Ziratol, has a decided tendency to heal the soft gum and to keep the healthy gum firm.

Ipana is a modern tooth paste formulated with an eye to the welfare of your gums, whether they give you trouble or not, and in addition it is a tooth paste of remarkable cleaning power and unforgetably good taste.

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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

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THE TERRIBLE TURK

Continued from page 5

need any explanation. But she'd forgiven that, too, because, of course, after all, he'd been going to sail for Europe with his people that afternoon, and it was confusing. But still——

So she'd explained. He knew how hard it had been for her at home, how unsympathetic Aunt Margaret and Uncle Bill were. Uncle Bill had his points, of course, but Tommy knew how his wife dominated him. And since she'd been engaged to Tommy, it had been the limit. Wasn't that Tommy's own fault? No one approved, because they were so young, and said that, even if they were engaged, they'd have to wait ages to be married. They'd both suffered because of that, of course, but it had been worse for her, because things are always easier for a man, who has his freedom, at least. But if she'd known the use Tommy was making of *his* freedom! That hadn't come out till later, though.

She'd explained all that, but Tommy had just been stupid. He'd kept saying: Yes, but why had she blown the works just then? And she'd been ever so patient and explained how Aunt Margaret, who was quite without principle, had had the nerve to make a row because she went about a little with a sweet old thing called Dicky Prescott she'd met at Pasadena, just because some one had said he was married, and had had the sublime cheek to use their engagement, of which she didn't approve a bit, as a reason!

And Tommy, instead of understanding, had been simply furious! Jealous! She'd been quite pleased, of course, really; it was thrilling to know the power you wielded. But she hadn't let him see that; she'd just pointed out, in a dignified way, that it was poisonous nonsense for him to get up on his ear that way, because if she hadn't cared about him, would she have come chasing across America to make him marry her? So she'd forgiven him for that, too, after a while.

BUT then, just when everything seemed to be all right, it began going all wrong. And she hadn't known why till later. She'd been just as blind as some Victorian heroine. Tommy had crawled! There was no other word for it. He'd said that maybe it was sort of silly to stir up the animals, and perhaps she'd better go home and patch things up with Aunt Margaret, and this would show them where they got off and fit in with a scheme he'd been doping out so that they could be married as soon as he got home from this trip to Europe.

Well, she'd just stared at him incredulously then, and he'd turned red and said that, after all, he didn't have any money except what he could work the old gentleman for, and hers was tied up till she was twenty-five, and, well—it was pretty sour, but—after all— And a lot of other sentences he didn't finish. And she'd drawn herself up and said she was sorry she'd embarrassed him, and he'd tried to be stuffy and made a poor job of it, and had really been sort of sweet about how beastly it was, so that she'd almost believed him and been sorry for him.

And he'd said again he didn't see anything for it but for her to go back to Aunt Margaret and make the best of things, but she'd better cut out rotters like Prescott. And she'd said she wouldn't, of course, that she'd die first; and that if he really had to go abroad, she'd stay in New York and get a job.

And he'd gone right up in the air then, of course, and asked her where, and she'd said in the movies. And he'd been positively insulting. He'd said it was just like her to come from California to New York to get a job in the movies, and that he wouldn't have her pulling anything like that, anyway, because every one knew that the only way a good-looking girl got by in the movies was by standing for—well, she'd stopped that, because that sort of talk was all rot.

Then, for a while, they'd just talked without getting anywhere. They were sitting in the lobby in the back of the Biltmore and it was beginning to get crowded. And everything was frightfully mixed up, because, of course, if he was going to sail, he'd have to go to the steamer. And just then that Roscoe girl from Baltimore she'd always hated had come bursting through. She hadn't noticed Stella at all, but she'd screamed at Tommy:

"Tommy!"—Stella could still hear her horrid voice—"Tommy! You'll miss the boat! I've had the most frightful time with mama, but she's in a taxi now! Want a lift to the pier?"

And Tommy had turned red and mumbled something, and the Roscoe creature had gone off, still screaming.

So that was why! Tommy having the nerve to call her down for playing with Dicky Prescott, who was old enough to be her father, if he *was* rather sweet! And planning all the time to sail with Madge Roscoe!

SHE'D refused to listen to a word, of course, and given him his ring, and begged him, as coldly as she could, not to annoy her by speaking to her again, ever! If it had been any one else——!

And then she'd rushed back to the station for her bags, and lost Tommy, and taken a taxi to the Plaza. And she'd been rather clever there: she'd registered as Sara Turner, so that the initials on her bags would look right. When you looked for people, you always hunted up the hotel registers. And so here she was, walking down Fifth Avenue to find a job in the movies. And, now that she had reviewed the whole situation in her mind, she went back to the bookshop and put out her tongue at those dozens of books. She didn't have herself to blame at all. It was all Tommy's fault.

But, however that was, she didn't have time to think about him any more—because life was real and earnest for her now, as the poet Longfellow said. She'd seen a sign at the hotel about bills being payable weekly, so she had to get a job, at once, because the last time she'd counted her money she'd only had about a hundred dollars. Her room was ten dollars a day, and the check at lunch had been more than two dollars, although naturally, having just had her life blighted, she hadn't ordered a thing; but it showed what you could expect when your appetite came back. And there'd be cabs and things, and she had no charge accounts of her own in New York, although she had them everywhere in Detroit, of course, which was home, or had been, until she'd got through with Aunt Margaret and Uncle Bill.

They were pleasant, but rather discouraging, at the movie places. They told her that their pictures were made on the Coast—except at one place, where a young man said there was a little doing in the East and she might try the studio, though there wasn't much of a chance. He gave her the address, and her appetite was better at dinner, and afterward at the news-stand she got a seat for something at the nearest theater, because, she felt, it was important to keep her spirits up; and later she slept so well that it was practically lunch-time when she was ready to start for the studio.

It was then, as she was going out, that she heard some one speaking her name by the desk, and she listened, and the clerk was telling a man in a derby hat that no Miss Stella Thayer was known there. And the man said all right, there were a lot of hotels in New York, but he wasn't paying for his taxi, so he should worry.

SHE mightn't have minded letting Uncle Bill know she was all right, but she couldn't trust him. When she was married, she decided—but then she remembered, and bit her lip, and winked. She wasn't going to be married, ever. Not after yesterday. Her simple faith in mankind had been shattered. No. She'd get a job and live on what she made, which probably wouldn't be so very much, till she was twenty-five and got her money. Then she'd build homes for working-girls and endow hospitals and live a rich and useful, if lonely, life.

You took a train to this studio. It was in Westchester, or Long Island, or New Jersey, and the thing was to remember which station you used and the name of the place. A cab took her to the studio. It scared her, it was so quiet and echoing. A man at the

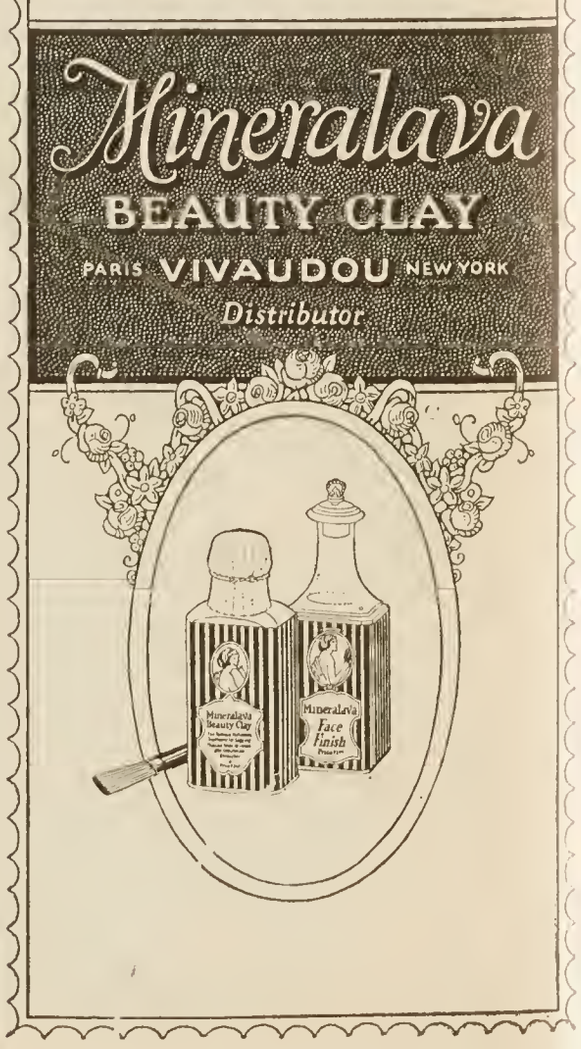
Continued on page 77



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corrects all forms of Skin-Malnutrition — the prime cause of wrinkles, sagging muscles, oily and dry skin, blackheads, pimples and other complexion blemishes.

MINERALAVA has 24 years' successful use behind it in the best homes of the country, and is used and endorsed by all the leading stars of the stage and screen. Don't experiment with new and untried Beauty Clays. The original is your only protection. It is sold by all Department and Drug Stores with a positive guarantee. The $2.00 bottle, with a soft brush for applying, contains eighteen treatments. There is also a Trial Tube at 50 cents.





Here's the Famous "ONE HOUR DRESS"

Let us tell you free *just how to make it*

THE "One Hour Dress" has created a sensation! Newspapers throughout the country have published pages and pages about it, hailing it as evidence that this season dressmaking at home has come into its own again.

The "One Hour Dress" can be made in one hour and the only expense, of course, is for materials. In silk, it makes a charming afternoon or street dress at a total cost of $6 or $7—value at least $15. In gingham, it makes a dainty home dress at a cost of $1.50—value $3 or $4. And in print or lawn, it can be made for as little as 60 cents—a splendid $2 value.

The "One Hour Dress" was designed by the Woman's Institute as proof that with the proper instructions you really can make pretty, becoming dresses at wonderful savings, right in your own home. It is just one example of the amazingly simple methods in the

Woman's Institute *New Course* in Dressmaking and Designing

This New Course presents an entirely *new* way of learning to make your own clothes, based on the Institute's successful experience in teaching 170,000 women and girls. It is a *new* method by which you start at once to make actual garments. A *new* plan that covers every phase of dressmaking thoroughly, and yet makes it so fascinating that you will want to spend every spare moment in planning and fashioning and making the pretty clothes you have always wanted, but never felt you could afford to buy.

Mail the Coupon To-day

PROVE to yourself, without obligation or expense, how easy it is to make your own clothes. Let us send you—*free*—the booklet containing complete, detailed, illustrated instructions for making the "One Hour Dress," and also the full story of the New Course in Dressmaking and Designing. Simply send this coupon or a letter or postal to the Woman's Institute, Dept. 41-T, Scranton, Penna., and both will come to you by return mail.

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE
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Please send me, without cost or obligation, the booklet, *"The One Hour Dress and How to Make It,"* and the full story of the Woman's Institute New Course in Dressmaking and Designing. I am most interested in—

☐ How to Plan and Make My Own Clothes
☐ How to Earn Money as a Dressmaker
☐ How to Make My Own Hats
☐ How to Earn Money as a Milliner

Name.....
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....



THE TERRIBLE TURK

Continued from page 76

gate asked her what she wanted. Then he laughed.

"Not a chance, sister," he said. "Might's well go on in, though. Gosh—you can't ever tell about them directors."

"Are they—are they making a picture today?" She wasn't a bit timid as a rule, but this was—well, it was funny, and queer, and as if anything might happen, and, after all, Tommy was a man, and men did know more about some things than girls did, although it didn't do to let them know you thought so.

"Sure; Conway's shooting 'The Terrible Turk.' On your way."

If it wasn't the director, it'd be the star—that was what Tommy had said. Even if the director were decent, the star would refuse to work with a girl if she didn't let him make love to her. But there might be a woman star, though. Hardly with that title, though. It really wasn't an encouraging title, in the light of what Tommy had said. But she went on—she must.

Clamor broke in upon her thoughts. She was bathed in a horrid and intense light that made her hands look green, and men were shouting and moving things about, and she saw a camera. So she understood that she had walked right into the making of a picture. People were standing about and a man with a soft hat was waving a lot of paper and making a speech to them. She waited until he stopped talking and put his cigar back into his mouth, and then went up to him.

"Are you the director?" she asked in her clear, high voice.

He stared for a minute, then grunted.

"Ye-ah," he said, at last. "No jobs. Goo' day."

SHE didn't know it, but that was the greatest compliment she had ever had. Always considering the time and the place and all, Jim Conway was behaving like the late Lord Chesterfield. But she didn't know that, and wouldn't have cared much had she known. The point was that there was no job. Not, no job unless she'd meet impossible terms; just no job. Something had gone wrong.

No one noticed her after that, except when she got in the way, and then they shouted at her and she moved. She felt rather as one does when one drops in just as people are going out and one doesn't know whether to go or stay. And so, presently, she wandered off among disused stages and hanging ropes and batteries of lights and scenery that was piled all about. It was all new and oddly interesting, and she wandered until she was a long way from the clamor—until, suddenly, she came upon a small boy who sat on top of a pile of flats.

He was a most disreputable and engaging small boy; she had seldom seen one dirtier and more unkempt. She wasn't good at guessing how old boys were, but this one, she thought, would be about ten.

"I'm not going back," he said. "I won't, and you needn't talk. Who're you, anyway? I never saw *you* before!"

"Why—I'm Stella—Miss Thayer—" She was so surprised she forgot all about Sara Turner. But this child didn't matter. His mother must be one of the actresses.

"Well, you go back and tell Jim Conway he can go scratch himself, Stella—Miss Thayer!" The treble mimicked her tone perfectly. "Old sneak, finding me——"

"I am not a sneak!" she said indignantly. "I wasn't looking for you!"

"Honest?" He considered her doubtfully. "Don't you work for Jim? Say—how old are you? You bobbed your hair, didn't you? What pictures you been in?"

"Haven't been in any!" Her grievance was rankling. "He wouldn't give me a job——"

"Come on up here. I like you. Here—I'll help you——"

Concluded on page 78



Keeping your child's hair beautiful

What a mother can do to keep her child's hair healthy—fine, soft and silky—bright, fresh-looking and luxuriant

THE beauty of your child's hair depends upon you, upon the care you give it.

Shampooing it properly is the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out all the real life and lustre, the natural wave and color, and makes the hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

While children's hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, their fine, young hair and tender scalps cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating mothers, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

When oily, dry or dull

If your child's hair is too oily, or too dry; if it is dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy; if the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, or if dandruff is accumulating, it is all due to improper shampooing.

You will be delighted to see how easy it is to keep your child's hair looking beautiful, when you use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo.

The quick, easy way

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water is sufficient to cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly.

Simply pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out quickly and easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil—the chief causes of all hair troubles.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want your child to always be remembered for its beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and healthy, the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for Children—Fine for Men.



Mulsified
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Cocoanut Oil Shampoo

It is important to have a dependable VANILLA

by Mrs. Alice Wentworth

A FRIEND of mine said to me the other day, "I don't know why it is, but I haven't had any luck with my baking lately. I can't even seem to make good puddings." And yet that woman is really an unusually good cook!

But there is one thing that she does not realize—that it just isn't possible to get good results every time, unless your ingredients are dependable, every time. And vanilla, I think, is one of the most important ingredients of all.

For years, I have been using Dr. Price's Vanilla. I use it because, in my opinion, it is the finest vanilla you can buy. It is absolutely dependable. In all the time I have used it, I have never had a bottle that was not up to Dr. Price's high standard of quality, purity and uniform strength.

Price's Vanilla, you know, is made from the very best vanilla beans. It is the pure extract, mellowed in wood. And you certainly can tell the difference. Price's has a rich, smooth flavor—not the least like ordinary vanilla extracts or imitation "vanilla flavors." It is just right in strength, neither weak nor too strong. Cooking authorities everywhere accept it as the standard. So when your recipe calls for one teaspoonful of vanilla, use one teaspoonful of Price's Vanilla and the result will be perfect flavoring.

You need only to try one bottle of Price's Vanilla, to notice the improvement in your cooking. If you will send 15c to the Price Flavoring Extract Co., 237 E. Superior St., Dept. 4-C, Chicago, Ill., a generous trial bottle of Dr. Price's Vanilla will be sent you, anywhere in the United States. Or, upon request, an attractive recipe book—"Delicious Desserts and Candies"—will be forwarded to you free of cost.

MRS ALICE WENTWORTH.

At your grocer's

Dr. Price's True Lemon, Almond, Orange and other extracts are as true and delicious as Dr. Price's Vanilla.

Dr. Price's Red Fruit Coloring and other pure food colors make many dishes dainty and attractive.



DR PRICE'S
TRUE
VANILLA
EXTRACT



THE TERRIBLE TURK

Concluded from page 77

There was something about this boy. Wondering at herself, laughing a little, Stella scrambled up to a place beside him.

"It's more fun with some one to hide with. I never knew a girl called Stella. I think I'll marry you when I grow up." He scowled. "That big stiff, Jim! You wait till they start yellin'!"

She laughed at him, and he slipped a moist, dirty little hand into hers.

"Listen!" he said, and giggled. "Gee—I bet Jim's mad!"

Beyond the scenery that hid them, voices were calling. One named William was being sought.

"Bill! Billy Carter! Billy—be nice! Have a heart, Bill!"

Vague memories stirred in Stella. Hadn't there been a film with a child who didn't act, but was just a child, unconcerned and unafraid, while millions rocked upon their seats in helpless laughter? She regarded him with a sort of awe.

"Are you the Terrible Turk?" she asked.

"Sure! Say, if I pulled half his stuff—Sh-h!"

They clung together in aching laughter while the hunt went by.

"What're you hiding for, Billy?"

"Aw—Jim makes me sick! Wouldn't let me go out to lunch—sandwiches and milk to save time! I'll show him——"

Stella's adult conscience awoke.

"Don't you think you're even with him now?"

"Aw—" He hesitated, grinned and then slid down. "A'right! Come on. Bet you daren't slide!"

"I do so dare!" And she stood beside him, laughing.

"Say—you're all right! You got May lashed to the mast!"

"Who's May, Billy?"

"AW—SHE goes 'round with me. Mama can't—she's not strong. So I got to have May. She's old—thirty, I guess. Can't have any fun with her—she wears glasses. Say—d'you know you can be 'rested if you hit any one with glasses on? Jim says so. He wears 'em sometimes."

"Really?"

"Sure! Say, will you marry me when I'm grown up?"

"If you still want me to then! I'd love to!"

"'Course I'll still want to! Cross your heart?"

She crossed her heart. And caught him up and hugged him and planted a betrothal kiss on his dirty little face!

"A'right," he said, squirming. "Let's go!"

Hand in hand they went. Conway bore down upon them, and a formidable young woman—May, obviously.

"Bill—for Pete's sake shake a leg! You've held us up half an hour!" Thus Conway. And May: "Willy! Aren't you ashamed?"

"Naw. What've I got to be 'shamed of? You sit on a tack, May!"

"Willy! What will this lady think of you?"

"You should worry! We're engaged!"

"Oh, chop it!" Conway became conscious of Stella. "Didn't I tell you there was no work? That's the way out——"

"You shut right up, Jim Conway! You better find a job for my—my fy—for Stella here——"

"Oh—" Conway seized upon the hand Stella wasn't holding and gave a jerk. Billy promptly lay down. "Shan't go!" he said. "You can't make me act—not if I don't want to——"

"Willy—when I tell your mother——"

"Tattle-tale! Sneak! I don't care!"

"Billy!" Stella took a hand. "Please—for my sake——"

"Aw—I just want to make him treat you right——"

"I know, dear. But I'd rather you went and acted——"

"Aw— I——"

"Hold on!" Conway turned to Stella. "I don't know you, young woman, but I'll arbitrate! You've got a job: riding herd on Bill till this picture's done. You're the first person I've seen who can do anything with him! Twenty-five a week—and a chance later——"

"Ataboy, Jim!" Billy, smiling, sprang up.

"All right?" Conway was impatient—no wonder!

"Twenty-five dollars a week?" Stella was trying to do sums in her head. "B-but—my room's ten dollars a day!"

"Ten—dollars—a day!" Conway took the time to be sarcastic. "Where are you staying—the Plaza?"

"Yes," said Stella simply. That did for Conway.

"I— All right—we'll fix it," he said. "Somehow. Pay your bill, probably—within reason. *Camera!*"

Stella went to work at once. When he wasn't busy, Billy sat with her, and she laughed. Tommy had said the star would make love to her!

SHE went back to the Plaza in Billy Carter's limousine, under May's chilly gaze, and after he had kissed good-by and promised to call for her in the morning, she went in, tired after her first day's work, but happy. She turned toward the desk mechanically to see if there were any letters before she remembered that there couldn't be—and had a shock. A man's back was so familiar that her heart missed a beat. But Tommy was off the banks by that time—walking the deck with his Roscoe girl, probably.

Only he wasn't—for he turned, and it was Tommy. And when he saw her, he dropped his stick and gloves and just jumped at her and gathered her into his arms and kissed her, before every one, and shouted things about thanking God and sweetheart and being frightened half to death and having supposed she was at the Biltmore and going to every hotel in town since yesterday and not having had the time to have a shave. And she knew that was true, because his cheek was rough when he kissed her and—she got away from him and remembered she wasn't engaged to him any more.

"I thought you'd sailed——"

"Suppose I'd go off and leave you like that?"

"And that cat of a Madge Roscoe!"

"Stell!"

"You'd planned to cross with her——"

"Sweetheart!"

"Don't you dare! I gave you back your ring——"

"I've got it! Here—put it back——"

"I won't! I'm engaged to some one else, anyway——"

"Stell!" His voice shook her a little. "Perhaps, after a year or two——"

"And I did get a job in the movies. But you were right, Tommy, the star did make love to me——"

"I'll break his damned neck——"

"You'll do no such thing! He's a darling' Tommy—he's Billy Carter——"

"What do I care what his rotten name is! I'll— Billy—Billy Carter—" He stared. He began to laugh. And her laughter joined with his, and spread, and infected people in the lobby, and way over by the news-stand, and even the head-waiter over on the Fifth Avenue side, who smiled.

"TOMMY—everybody's looking! Oh—yes—I will! Oh, I was—too—I thought I'd die—no—that finger—not that one—that one——"

"Your Uncle Bill's on his way East—they've had detectives hunting you. It's all right. *Every one* wants us to be married right away—to-night—to-morrow——"

"Oh, Tommy, I can't!" She explained about her job. "Billy's a darling, but he must be trying. And I promised I'd marry him! Well, if he still wants me, you'll just have to let me get a divorce!"

"Come on!" Tommy was being masterful now. "I'll help you keep cases on him—don't want you to do any one dirt for me. Let's go down and put it up to him—right now——"

So they went down to the Ritz. Billy was philosophical. Besides, it seemed he knew all about the way Tommy had shut Princeton out the year before.

"Jim says you can't count on a woman, anyway," he said. "Say, Tommy—will you show me how you throw that fadeaway? A'right—I guess you can marry her!"

Rest-Time Footwear

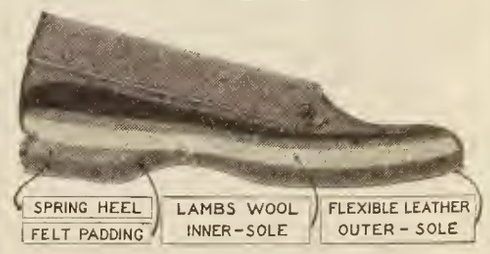


THE MADRID

CAPITOL Slippers bring much needed comfort to feet that have worked or played through the long summer day. And—Capitol Slippers are the sort of slippers you feel "dressed up" in. They have beauty and style seldom found in felt slippers, and a trim snug fit.

Dealers everywhere are displaying new Capitol Slipper models, in a variety of attractive colors to match your "rest-time" wardrobe. Slippers for daddy too—and the youngsters. At prices that mean *real* value.

Capitol Slippers



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PEQUOT WIDE COTTONS

This label on all piece goods



THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 12

"And then your idea would be to come back and be married?" Stanley asked.

"Well, what else?" she asked, faintly alarmed. "But there is just one thing I want you to promise me, Stan"—Shirley jerked herself a little nearer him and half-rested against his arm, even while she faced him in the thick dusk—"and this you *must* promise me, because my entire life depends upon it. Now, I'm not going to say a word against Margaret Yorke. But—listen to me, now, Stan, and then you can talk!—but *didn't* you ask me to marry you, down at the Cannons', at Pebble Beach, Stan, and haven't you written me dozens of notes and sent me tons of flowers, and didn't your aunt approve, and don't our friends know all about it?"

"Well—" Stanley was beginning. But she interrupted him inflexibly:

"*Didn't* they? Answer me, yes or no?"

"Well, of course!"

"Of course. Exactly! And now," pursued Shirley, warming to her subject, "now you act as if I had trapped you, Stan—as if you have been somehow bewitched into it!"

"My dear girl!" Stanley protested, laughing, but genuinely shocked.

"Don't laugh," Shirley said sharply. "Now you propose to get out of it—or you act as if you did! You want to make me the laughing-stock of my old friends; you want this whole crowd—just when I've come back here so simply and quietly to fight my way up again and take my rightful place in society—you want to give them all a chance to gossip about me again!"

"AND you—what do you do?" he countered. "Here you are running off to New York to see your divorced husband!"

"Nothing of the kind—or at least, if I see Cuyler you are the only person who will know it," Shirley said promptly. "I'll not mention it to anybody else, from now on—I'll even deny it to the Hyde-Browns! I'll go on to get clothes—that's what every one will think. But I'll see Cuyler while I'm there—you *can't* object to that?"

Stanley sat silent, stretched back in his chair, his hands thrust into his pockets, his face dark and scowling.

"Or else," Shirley suggested brightly and reasonably, "let's get married right away—you and I. How about to-morrow? And *then* I'll go on and have my little talk with Cuyler. You and I always said that we would go to New York twice a year——"

Stanley glanced up, laughed cynically, and looked moodily down again.

"You're a wonder!" he said again briefly.

Shirley looked bewildered and sulky. She studied his face for a minute discontentedly, and then said uncertainly:

"Is there any reason in the world why I should not go on and have a business talk with Cuyler Theobald or anybody else?"

"No," he said dryly, not looking at her.

"The real reason," Shirley suggested shrewdly, "is Margaret Yorke."

Stanley flushed darkly. He took no other notice of the remark.

"Why don't you deny that you're in love with her?"

Stanley glanced up at her briefly, glanced down again.

"I am not—ashamed—of it," he said slowly.

"Well, you ought to be!" Shirley said hotly. But sheer surprise and curiosity quieted her, and she asked suddenly: "Stan, do you mean that you would marry her if you could?"

He raised somber eyes. The look in them answered her, and she said slowly:

"Jim's—governess? Would you, really? Stan, do you think any possible happiness could come of anything so crazy? My dear," she went on, stretching out an affectionate hand and laying it warmly upon his,

Continued on page 80





Know the Joy of A Smooth Healthy Skin

WHAT person today can be a success—socially or in business—with a skin that looks unhealthy or repellent? The present demand for absolute cleanliness, freshness, and vigor of health accepts no substitute.

The first step towards attaining a healthy skin is right living—spending hours in wholesome outdoor activities, etc. But the second, and equally important, is *proper* cleansing. Your skin is like a delicate fabric—easily injured by rough scrubbing or the use of a harsh, caustic soap. Why run the risk of hurting it by using anything that happens to be handy, when you *know* that Resinol Soap protects it?

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Crushed Strawberry Jam

For this jam it is necessary that *each berry* be broken up. Therefore, crush about 2 quarts ripe berries in separate portions, so that *each berry* is mashed. This allows fruit to quickly absorb the sugar during the short boil. Measure 4 level cups (2 lbs.) crushed berries into large kettle, add 7 level cups (3 lbs.) sugar and mix well. Use hottest fire and stir constantly before and while boiling. *Boil hard* for one full minute, remove from fire and stir in ½ bottle (scant ½ cup) CERTO. From time jam is taken off fire allow to stand not over 5 minutes, *by the clock*, before pouring. In the meantime skim, and stir occasionally to cool *slightly*. Then pour quickly. If in open glasses paraffin at once. If in jars seal at once and invert for 10 minutes to sterilize tops.

Use same recipe for Raspberry, Blackberry or Loganberry jam.

Be sure to try the "Pineapple and Strawberry Jam" recipe, page 6 of *Recipe Book*



THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 79

"I know just how you feel. She *is* charming and pfetty, and I suppose she's told you all her troubles during these rainy days and got your chivalry and pity all stirred up! But that doesn't mean that you aren't mine, dear! Things like this are always coming up—half the marriages in the world wouldn't take place if these little crushes amounted to anything. Besides, I thought she wasn't free?"

"She isn't," Stanley admitted.

"Then let's get back to ourselves," said Shirley practically. "Shall I go to New York or shall I not? I've offered to marry you to-morrow," she reminded him, "or I've begged you to let me go on to New York to do some wedding shopping and see Milly—and *perhaps* Cuyler Theobald. Is there anything so monstrous in all that?"

Stanley, in the dusky room, scented with powders and delicate perfumes and the flowery odor of tea, felt bewildered and trapped.

"I tell you frankly, Shirley," he said slowly, looking down and with an effort making himself say the ugly words, "I tell you frankly that I think our engagement is a mistake. I want to end it. You can go on to Theobald—you can do as you please——"

"Yes—well, we won't discuss that!" Shirley interpolated breathlessly and swiftly. "That's ridiculous. There's no question of our breaking our engagement, so don't waste breath. People of our class don't do it," she added, with one of the little affectations of caste that were characteristic of her. "It's practically announced—all our friends know it and I'll give it to the papers myself to-morrow. I'll have them announce that Mrs. Theobald is going to New York for her trousseau and will be back in three weeks. Just stop *worrying* me about it, for goodness' sake! You'll honestly drive me crazy if you annoy me with shilly-shallying back and forth—the thing's settled, and that's all there is about it!"

She stopped, but Stanley did not speak. Shirley peered at him; she could not see him in the heavy dusk. She stretched an imperative white jeweled hand and jerked the chain of a light, and she saw that he was again looking thoughtfully down at his hands.

"Promise me you'll play fair, Stan?" she asked simply.

"What can I say?" he responded sharply. "I tell you I think we've made a mistake!"

"Yes, but if *I* don't think so?" she breathed daringly.

Stanley shrugged faintly, bowed.

"In that case, of course you have the right of way."

"The right of way," she reminded him smoothly and good-naturedly, almost humorously, and with her soft fingers touching his, "the right of way over a woman you know nothing about, who appears from nowhere, who doesn't know anything of us or our crowd, who never would be accepted and who confesses that she isn't free to marry! My *dear*, if ever you want to give me a real rival, please pick some one a little better suited to you than that!" finished Shirley, with an amiable laugh. "Now, let us settle this once and for all. Shall we be married to-morrow, or will you be sensible and let me do as I think best? I'll go East—I may and I may not see Cuyler—and I'll be home in a month, all ready to get married——"

STANLEY had risen and walked to the window. He stood there, his arms folded on his chest, his eyes fixed gloomily upon the fast-thickening darkness without. Shirley, trailing laces, followed him and caught his arm with a smooth, placating little hand and rested her beautifully waved head against his shoulder.

"Tanny, I had no idea you could be so jealous!" she murmured. "Why, do you think that, after loving you all my life, I'm going to let a silly little lovers' quarrel separate us?" she pleaded whimsically.

"This is not a lovers' quarrel, Shirley!"

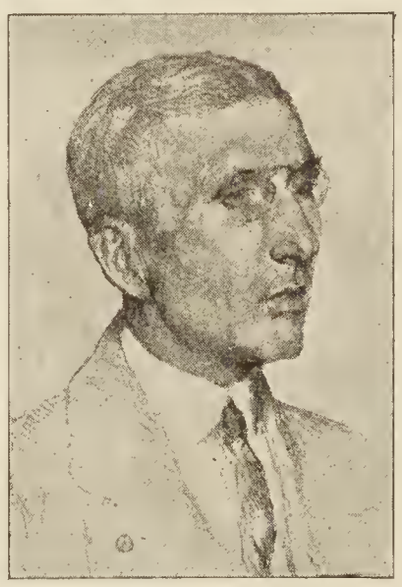
"No," she said quickly with a sensible laugh, "this is just nothing at all, is it? Except your absolute talent for worrying—you dear old boy! Wouldn't any one think you were crazy if they heard that Shirley Theobald wanted to go to New York to buy clothes and attend to a little business—and that Stan Crittenden was perfectly frantic over it!"

"Shirley," he protested, summoning all his resolution, "this is no foundation for marriage!"

"It seemed to be enough for you a few weeks ago," she said shrewdly. Then, with an immediate change of manner and in a businesslike tone: "Stan, will you help me with tickets and things? I'd like to go

Continued on page 81

BRAND WHITLOCK'S NEW SERIAL



The title of "J. Hardin & Son," which begins in the July DELINEATOR, is taken from the sign that hung over the door of the carriage-shop owned by the hero's father, a sign that plays a significant part in the young man's life history. In Paul Hardin's boyhood the manufacture of buggies was still conducted in small shops throughout the West. This was before big business consolidation and the advent of the automobile profoundly changed the lives of people like the Hardins and communities like Macochee, Ohio, where the story is laid. It all makes fascinating reading as Mr. Whitlock tells it. There was as wide a gulf between the generation that Paul grew up in and that of his parents as there is between our contemporary after-the-war youth and his—perhaps wider. The story is American through and through. Dissatisfied readers of books of the type of "Main Street," who say, "Oh yes, but this is only one side of the picture," will find the whole of it here—the good, bad and indifferent in American small-town life—all contributing to the development of Paul Hardin: his boyhood struggle with stern parental discipline, his introduction to the first signs of a changing social order, his love affair, his business career and his adventure with living. "J. Hardin & Son" is that most satisfying kind of serial: A novel of worth and substance with a story that holds your interest to the end.



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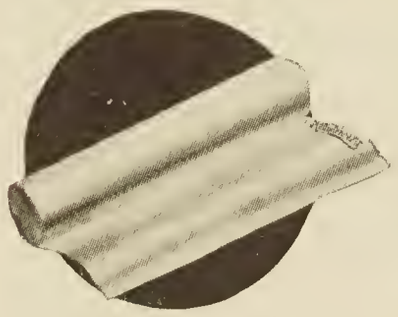
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THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 80

Wednesday or Thursday, if I could. The sooner I go the sooner I come back!"

Stanley was regarding her thoughtfully. Now he said resolutely:

"I'm not making any further comment about your going, Shirley, because it doesn't seem to concern me. I know that sooner or later you'll come to your senses and end this farce of an engagement between us!"

"You're jealous," Shirley said, unruffled. "Well, then, shall we be married to-morrow?"

Anger reddened the man's brown face and set the line of his hard jaw; he did not answer.

"You don't seem anxious to do that!" Shirley reasoned, with an air of patience.

"It would be insanity," Stan said shortly.

"Then I'll go to New York and be right back. And meanwhile, do for pity's sake get over your crazy habit of worrying over what you feel and what you don't feel. I'm a fool to put up with it, and I want to warn you that I *won't* when I come back! Every one feels that same nervous, undecided way before they get married, and it just upsets everything and does no good. Be a good boy and don't flirt with Miss Yorke and run along now, because I'm going to make myself beautiful for dinner!"

Too furious and withal too much confused and distracted to speak, Stanley abruptly left the room. He went to his own dark room, chilly in the dusk, and flung himself into a chair and sat there, brooding and angry, trying to get some order and sequence into his whirling thoughts. He heard the walkers come shouting and laughing back; there was a confusion of fresh voices and then the noise died into silence—they had scattered to their rooms to dress. Stanley sat on in the dark, the chill of utter depression and doubt enveloping him like the dusk itself.

SHIRLEY, beautiful in black satin, announced at the bridge-table that evening that she might make a flying trip to New York.

"I need frocks to do Stan credit," she said. "I may and I may not see Cuyler. Stanley says that he doesn't care whether I do or not, but I shall be guided entirely by what seems to be the generous, the right thing to do!"

Margaret had been impressed into service in the game while Willis Hyde-Brown was telephoning. Now her blue eyes moved swiftly to Stan's and darkened as blue water darkens when a chill wind whips it. She averted her gaze from his instantly, but he saw her color fluctuate and a mood, like a tangible shadow, change her serious face. The black lashes were half-lowered, an expression at once patient and rebellious marked the sweet and sternly disciplined young mouth and on the thin cheek-bones two spots of crimson burned. Her slender brown fingers trembled and she laid her cards face downward upon the table and linked both hands lightly over them.

She was suffering—and for him, he thought, watching the beautiful, expressive face. And a spasm of love and pain seemed to clutch at his own heart, to make him feel suddenly weak and dizzy and yet buoyed by a strange delight and intoxicated as with new wine.

The next morning, a cold, sharp windy morning, Shirley seized an opportunity for a word alone with Margaret.

"We've had such a wonderful time here, Miss Yorke—or Margaret, which do I call you? I do want to thank you——"

They were in Shirley's room and she was strapping and packing her bags busily. Margaret, standing in the doorway, felt the significance that lay under the friendly tone and a hot wind seemed to touch her skin.

"I wanted to tell you something," Shirley went on. "It seems only fair. I wanted you to know that Stan—Mr. Crittenden and I had a wonderful talk yesterday afternoon.

Continued on page 82

YOU and three others may pay the price



Bleeding gums are the danger signal

Do you know that four persons out of every five past forty, according to irrefutable dental statistics, and many thousands younger, are afflicted with Pyorrhea?

Has Nature warned you, with tender, bleeding gums, of Pyorrhea's presence or coming?

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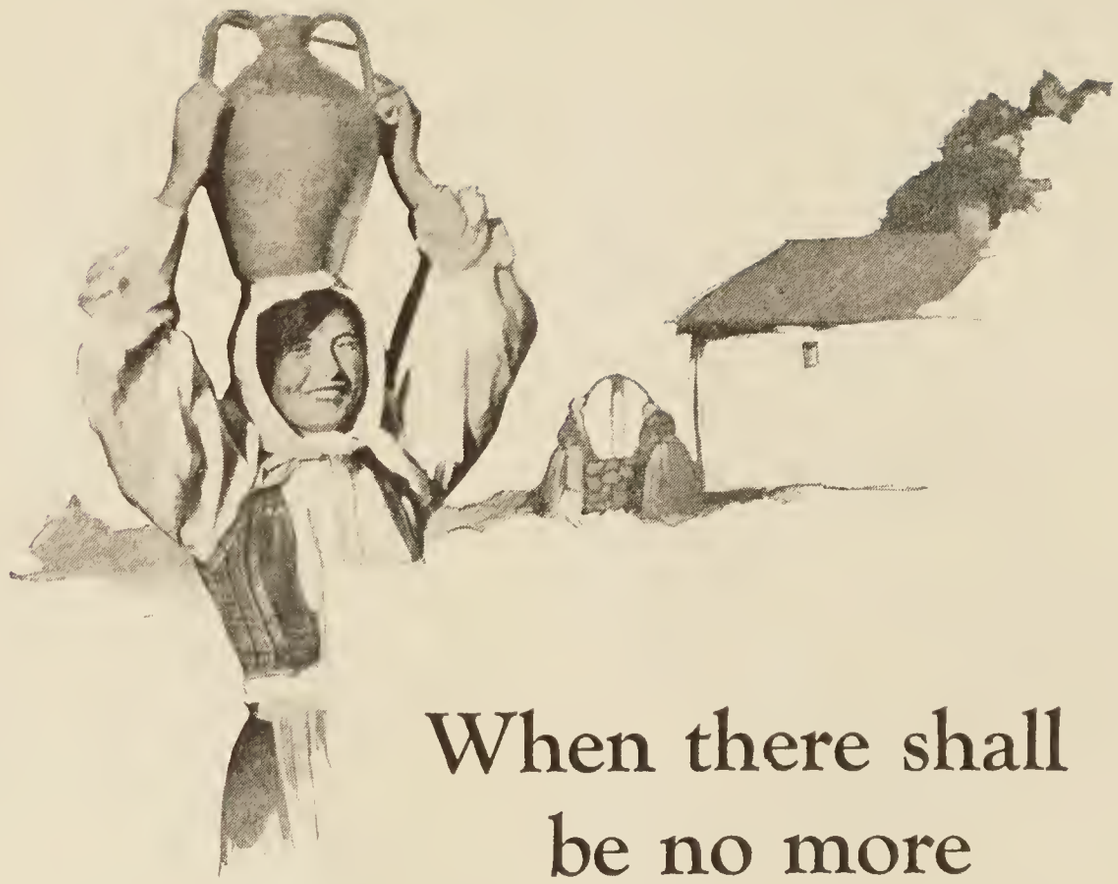


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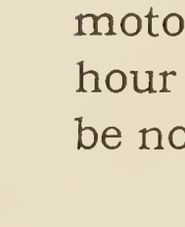


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THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 81

I explained my position fully—and he understands. I have his promise that it shall make no difference. Now, I can see—perfectly!—that you have been using your position here—don't interrupt me—" as Margaret made an inarticulate exclamation—"I see the *whole thing!* So please don't waste your breath denying that you are madly in love with Stan Crittenden!"

She paused, good-naturedly laughing, and looked at Margaret challengingly, her breath coming hard and her bright eyes glittering.

"I have done things for which I *might* apologize in my life," Margaret said slowly, "but I do not apologize—for that."

"You deny it?"

"No," the other woman said thoughtfully, almost absently, "I can't deny it."

Shirley, turning her back upon the half-packed suitcase on the bed, looked at her in astonished resentment.

"You admit—you love—him?"

"I don't think that has anything to do with it," Margaret said patiently.

"I accused *him* of it, and he promises me that it is *over*," Shirley said agitatedly, triumphantly.

"There was never anything to end!" Margaret assured her proudly.

Shirley continued to eye her uneasily, her expression a mixture of resentment, contempt and angry self-confidence. Suddenly Margaret raised her eyes and said gently:

"I shall not remain here. It's only fair to tell you—we plan, Nora and I, to take Jim and go away."

"Ah-h-h?" Shirley said, on a long breath. She hesitated and her own face softened. "I'm sorry," she said awkwardly. And as Margaret was silent, she added: "You see how I'm placed. It's very hard for me. I *must* be sure of Stan, and if he's to be attracted by every pretty face—you see how difficult my position is?"

"Oh, yes!" Margaret said wearily. And turning, she left the room without a further word.

Almost immediately the departure took place. Stan was to be taken all the way in to town; the Hyde-Browns and Shirley dropped in San Mateo and Burlingame.

"Get here in back with me, Stan," Shirley directed. "We can have a talk all the way in. So many thanks, Margaret," she said, leaning out. "It was perfect! Say good-by to Margaret, Tanny——"

"Good-by, and thank you," Stan said, touching Margaret's hand. His manner was cold, his face dark and troubled. He did not glance at her. Margaret's face was suddenly rich with color and the protective hand that she put about Jim's little shoulders was trembling.

The engine roared; the car moved. They left her, standing tall and slender in the whipping wind with her blue eyes fixed half-wistfully upon them as they whirled away.

CONSTANCE, Willis and Shirley united in praising her. She was an exceptionally charming person. But when the Hyde-Browns were murmuring together on the front seat, Shirley snuggled confidentially close to Stan and told him that he mustn't flirt with Margaret while she was away.

"She speaks very confidently of staying with little Jimmie," Shirley commented mildly. "Is it the idea that she shall—permanently remain with him?"

"Oh, certainly!" Stanley assured her. "His mother!" his heart said, with a pang.

Shirley said nothing more at the time, but that evening, when they were talking together, she returned to the subject.

"My dear, isn't the child going to be a part of *my* job?" she demanded prettily. "I wouldn't care, Stan," she added quickly, as he scowled, "I wouldn't care, if you hadn't admitted a sort of feeling for her! But she has been flirting with you—you didn't deny it—and now she assumes this passionate devotion to Jim, which of course keeps her right under your eyes!"

"I shall never separate them!" Stanley said. "I'm the boy's guardian, and that sort of thing is under my control."

"And you're under mine, but you don't know it!" Shirley thought to herself confidently. But aloud she said nothing, contenting herself merely with a wise and significant smile. She had the whip hand after all; he and she were on a firmer footing now than they had ever been in their lives. He could not free himself; he understood her position perfectly. He would not go back on his word.

She kissed him good-by at the train on Wednesday morning with real emotion.

"Tanny, somehow I think I'll make you a better wife, for—for not failing poor old Cuyler!" she said. "I'm that way, Stan: giddy and impulsive, and an awful fool! But I've never thrown a pal down yet, and Milly's wire *did* say he was asking for me, you know, and I know—I *know*—that if I can once get by the nurses, and if that old ass of a Trowbridge hasn't put his fine Italian foot in, I'll not have any trouble with Cuyler. He's always been *crazy* about me. And Stan," she coaxed him smilingly at parting, "don't think it's the *money*. It's not. Honestly, that's the least consideration with me. I do think—I *do* think that some of it is coming to me. I was his wife for more than three years—I gave him my whole life, Tanny, my youth, you know—the most precious years a girl has! A man *ought* to provide for a woman who has done all that for him, oughtn't he? And Cuyler will, he's the soul of generosity, when he's himself. He was sick once in Rome. It was terrible. The doctors warned him then that he would have to stop drinking, and I used to sneak him little cocktails and get him peppermints to take away the odor from his breath! Are you my porter?" Shirley added, without a change of tone, to the colored man. "Porter, I want you to take extra good care of me. Kiss me, Stan. Good-by, you old lamb. I'm going to bring you a stunning present from New York, and I know exactly what it's going to be!"

A WEEK, ten days went by, and Stanley did not see Margaret again. He made no effort to see her, although she was never for five minutes absent from his thoughts. All women suggested her, all places—and voices sometimes, overheard in the street, suddenly brought to him the memory of her voice and brought his feet and his heart to a standstill.

He must not see her—he was in honor bound—yet every fiber of soul and body was pulling against him as he faced his long, blank day without her.

It was with an actual shock, one day, that he caught sight of her face in town. He was passing the Palace Hotel; there was no mistaking the woman who had turned in, a few feet away from him, at one of the swinging doors: tall, slender, trimly dressed in black, with violets pinned to her plain seal furs and her exquisite glowing face unusually demure under a small hat and veil—it was Margaret, of course. Even in the moving crowd, and even though he had but a glimpse of her, he knew that it was she.

Stanley experienced something like a vertigo and all the world held only Margaret and himself. He must get to her somehow, he must talk to her, hear the rich, positive voice and watch the play of feeling in the sensitive, nervous mouth and the blue eyes fringed so deeply with black.

His heart thumped violently; perhaps she was lunching at the Palace, and he could find her—he surely couldn't fail to find her. He drove to a garage and leaped from his car with his pulses thrilling and every sense tingling with eagerness, fear, perilous doubt and perilous hope—but he did not find her, though he searched for an hour or more.

And the next day, quite unexpectedly, even to himself, and breaking the covenant between them, he appeared at the ranch. Margaret was taken unaware and he knew that she had been crying. She and Jim were in the roomy old kitchen; it appeared that Hang and Chung had departed for their monthly forty-eight hours in the city, and Margaret was chief cook. She wore a brief, almost sleeveless, almost shapeless calico apron; her cheeks were gloriously flushed.

The ride down had proved bitterly cold, and now the short Winter afternoon was closing in. The roaring fire in Hang's big spotless range threw a little barred, rosy light upon the clean, pinky white of the

Continued on page 83



MRS. GRACE HORCHLER, 4352 MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

From 234 lbs. to 160

The amazing story of Mrs. Horchler, who took off 74 lbs. through a novel method of weight reduction, and became a new woman in health and figure



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I HAD just about given up hope when I got in touch with Wallace. Every reducing method I had tried, from fasting and Turkish baths to drugs and machinery, had failed me, and I looked with question on the Wallace method.

"Just like the rest," I thought. "You either have to stop eating or work yourself to death to get any results at all. Finally I persuaded myself to try out Wallace's first lesson reducing record in my home, on his free trial offer. *That* opened my eyes! My reduction in one week was so great and so delightfully achieved as to be almost unbelievable. Continuing with my reducing records—well, here is what I did—took off 74 pounds in 4 months, and made a remarkable improvement in my health, figure and whole appearance." Mrs. Horchler is only one of Wallace's many cases of wonderful reduction. More than 200,000 people in all will tell you that Wallace's is the method that *works*—just as surely as heat or cold works on the thermometer.

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Wallace can take off *your* surplus weight just as he took off Mrs. Horchler's. He can take off the necessary number of pounds, whatever it be—20—50—70—or 80. He can make your figure normal in weight and dimensions. And he won't ask you to starve yourself or tax yourself with book reading or any other irksome rigamarole. His method is a simple and easy one because it goes hand in hand with Nature. What Wallace gives you to do *takes care* of the food you eat. It causes the food to make only blood, bone and sinew. Nothing is left to make fat.

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Height in Inches	Age 20 to 29 yrs Lbs.	Age 30 to 39 yrs Lbs.	Age 40 to 49 yrs Lbs.	Age 50 and Over Lbs.
60	111	116	122	125
61	113	118	124	127
62	115	120	127	130
63	118	123	130	133
64	122	127	133	136
65	125	131	137	140
66	129	135	141	145
67	133	139	145	150
68	137	143	149	155
69	141	147	153	159
70	145	145	156	163

Results in 5 Days

Just try Wallace's method for a week! That's all he asks. You'll see results in a week that will once and for all settle the question of how to reduce.



Send No Money

Not a cent! Just mail the coupon and get Wallace's first Reducing record (in a plain container) free for 5 days' trial in your home. Put Wallace's method to the test. Note your reduction in 5 days. Let the scales tell you. If you are not more than delighted and amazed with your reduction and the ease with which it was made, just return the record at Wallace's expense and you won't owe him a cent for anything. Fill out and mail the coupon and be prepared for a wonderful surprise.

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Please send me FREE and PREPAID for 5 days' free trial the original Wallace Reducing Record for my first reducing lesson. If I am not perfectly satisfied with the results, I will return your record and will neither owe you one cent nor be obligated in any way.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....



THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 82

scrubbed wooden floor. Jim was messing ecstatically in a blue bowl; Margaret was cutting ginger cookies. The kitchen was warm, odorous of the spicy cakes, the fire roared hearteningly, and in the half-light woman and child looked the embodiment of homely sweet domesticity and peace.

And she had been crying. Stan felt it, rather than saw it, at once. He sensed it in her quiet manner, her slightly thickened voice, and the fashion in which she averted her face from his eyes, even in this dim light, whenever she could.

"Well, you're comfortable here!" Stan said, with a sick premonition that she was angry with him. "But don't you want lights?"

"Not quite yet," she said, in her deep, thrilling voice.

She was angry with him, he thought, terrified. He shouldn't have come—he shouldn't have come! He was so cold that the delicious sudden warmth was making chilly shudders run over him and he felt a great weariness and an overpowering disinclination to leave this seat at the end of the scoured table with all the bleak wintry darkness of the ranch outside the panes and all this purring, odorous, restful comfort shut within. But he could not have her angry!

He reached out a long arm, touched a switch and instantly the out-of-doors vanished and the kitchen was bright with lights.

"You've been crying, dear," he said.

SHE was standing beside him. Now, with a weary sigh, she laid one arm loosely about his shoulders and Stanley put his own arm around her slender waist. For a moment they remained so, Marga et resting lightly against him and not speaking. Stanley on his part was afraid to move or to speak, this moment of weakness and of affection was so exquisitely rare and precious. He felt that she was breathing deeply, and after a moment she sighed again.

Then she went back to her bowl, scraped from it the last batter, rolled the brown sheet trimly, punctured it with a cutter and transferred the limp disks to a hot pan. Stanley sat still, watching her, his whole soul and mind and body one blazing pain of love and admiration. She was so sweet, so young, so infinitely dear in her crisp little calico, busy here in this fragrant environment of scrubbed wood and shining coppers. Her dark eyes were full of shame and suffering to-night, and her vivid, glowing body seemed eclipsed and subdued by some subtle disorder of her soul.

He felt a wave of pity for her, a wave of admiration for her courage and self-control; he wanted with all his heart to help her regain calm and confidence. But for his life he could not help saying: "You've been crying?"

"Women love to cry!" she said lightly, her voice thickening treacherously on the last word. And hastily and incoherently, to the child, she said: "Show Uncle Stan—tell Uncle Stan——"

Jimmy eagerly displayed the streaked mess that was presently to be blended smoothly into chocolate custard.

While he talked of it, Margaret poured milk upon his churning white and brown powders and presently she stood him on a chair at the range and gave him a saucepan and a spoon to superintend.

Then she came to the now clean and orderly table and began to fit the big cookies neatly into a tin cake-box. Stanley reached for one, nibbled it, put it down and suddenly caught at the bare warm brown arm and touched it with his lips.

Instantly she was on guard, eyes and cheeks blazing, and he was standing too, his fingers still holding her arm and her slender, beautiful body so turned that their eyes, over her shoulder, were only a few inches apart.

Continued on page 84

"Conspicuous nose pores grow larger if neglected"



You cannot conceal Conspicuous nose pores— *but you can reduce them*

BY a special treatment you can reduce conspicuous nose pores.

On your nose, there are more fat glands than elsewhere. Unless your skin is in an active condition, the fat sometimes accumulates and hardens in these glands, with the result that the pores become enlarged.

Don't let your skin suffer from this very noticeable fault. Begin tonight to use the following treatment, and see what a simple thing it is to correct this trouble:

WRING a cloth from very hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in *very gently* a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, *stopping at once if your nose feels sensitive.* Then finish by rubbing your nose for a few seconds with a piece of ice.

Supplement this treatment with the regular daily use of Woodbury's Facial Soap, and soon you will see how it gradually reduces the enlarged pores until they are inconspicuous.

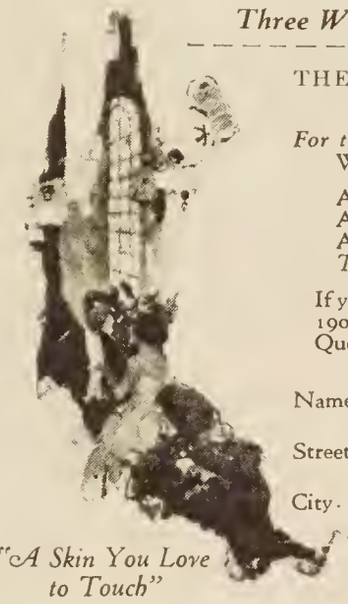
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The treatment given above is only one of the famous skin treatments contained in the booklet *"A Skin You Love to Touch,"* which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

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Three Woodbury skin preparations—guest-size—for 10c



"A Skin You Love to Touch"

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Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

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Plaster cracks like this in corners are prevented by Metal Lath

The beauty of this room would be marred by unsightly plaster cracks

Are Your Friends' Homes Marred By Plaster Cracks?

LOOK around the homes of your friends and notice how often beautiful rooms are marred by unsightly cracks in the plastered walls.

Such cracks can be prevented, if expanded metal lath is used at only a few points when a house is built.

The remedy is simple. The cost is small. It is not even necessary to use metal lath all over the house.

If you make sure, however, that your builder uses Mahoning Expanded Metal Lath on the ceilings of the prominent rooms, such as living room, dining room and entrance hall, that he bends a strip a foot wide into the corners where side walls join and where the walls and ceilings come together—these are the places where plaster-cracks usually occur—you will prevent most of the ugly cracks that ruin costly wall decorations and are such eyesores in many homes.

And the cost of this crack insurance will not be more than 1% of the total cost of your house—an investment that will return many times over in satisfaction the amount expended.

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THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 83

"Why were you crying?" Stanley asked, not knowing what he said.

She did not answer. But the fire died out of her eyes and he was horrified to see that she was about to cry again. She moved to the stove and helped Jimmy with the completion of the custard and gave him a cold wet bowl into which to pour it.

The child had his bread and milk at the end of the kitchen table, finishing his meal with the precious custard. But Nora would allow the older members of the party no such comfort, and Margaret found herself dining opposite Stan in a dining-room warmed only by a newly lighted fire.

"Ah, do let us get warm!" she said impatiently, after the silent, uncomfortable meal, when she and Stan went into the living-room, which was like an ice-box. "I feel as if I had not been warm for years!"

Stanley, in an agony of sympathy and concern, piled the logs on the fire recklessly. The first heartening snap was heard, and then a volley of snaps and crackles. Outside, in the kitchen, Nora rattled plates and silver and in his snug crib Jimmy slept, rolled into a hall, like a hedgehog. Stanley and Margaret had the shabby, homelike room, and might have had all the dark, frost-bound, starry world, to themselves.

Gradually the stupid aching and heaviness of Margaret's limbs relaxed and some of the ice that was packed about her heart melted, too. She felt the blessed heat stealing over her and she sat passive in her deep chair, her feet stretched toward the blaze, her dark, brilliant little head resting against the cushiony back and her shadowy, curly lashes dropped upon her cheeks. Her hands, those living brown hands that Stanley never tired of watching, were locked in her lap.

"I'VE been doing too much to-day and yesterday in town," she confessed. "I've been rushing about with Jimmy, and then, when he napped or rested, Nora and I have been accomplishing marvels! With Hang gone, one attempts too much! Too much!" she finished, with an air of restoring matters to normal and a cheerful smile.

"And you cried, dear?" Stanley said, his own heart so full of the pain of it and the tragedy of it that he could not spare her.

He was in the chair beside her now, and from the comfortable depths of both chairs they stretched their hands, and her brown thin fingers were in his again and his whole being was thrilling to their touch as if they had been flames.

"Ah, my dear, my dear," said Margaret, after a long look and a longer silence, when her blue eyes were on the fire, "you know why I cried."

"Tell me," he said, trembling.

"I cried for the moon," she confessed. "It all came over me: how young I am, how long the years will be, and how I—how I want to belong to you! How I want to be everything that a woman can be, beloved and needed and followed about the ranch and consulted and laughed at—and that—that—" stammered Margaret, her voice suddenly thickening with tears again, "that it can't be, it's not for me! I'm forced to go away—to be alone—to waste all these wonderful years of living and loving.

"And it seems to me," she sobbed, burying her head in her hands, "it seems to me that I *can't* go away from Uplands to be all alone again, to try to make friends, to read just books and books and books—and to sit in the evenings, when Jim is in bed, remembering you and how wonderful—how wonderful—you've been to me and what you've given me and taught me!"

Stanley sat like a man of iron, his teeth shut on his pipe, his arms folded over his breast, his gray eyes half-closed, fine beads of perspiration coming out on his upper

Continued on page 85

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Here is a Suggested Menu

Fruit Cup
Jellied Chicken Jewel Salad
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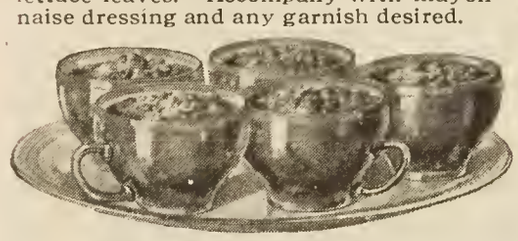
ALL these dishes are not only beautiful to the eye but dainty and delicious to the taste. —Other menus may be had for the asking.



JEWEL SALAD

½ envelope KNOX Sparkling Gelatine
½ cup cucumber
½ cup canned sliced pineapple
¼ cup cold water
¼ cup boiling water
¼ cup sugar
¼ cup mild vinegar
⅔ cup pineapple syrup
1 tablespoonful of lemon juice
Few grains of salt

Pare, chop, and drain cucumber. Chop and drain pineapple. (There should be ½ cup of each.) Mix cucumber and pineapple, add gelatine, which has been soaked in cold water and dissolved in boiling water; add remaining ingredients. Turn into large or individual molds, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Remove from molds to nest of lettuce leaves. Accompany with mayonnaise dressing and any garnish desired.



NUT FRAPPÉ

½ envelope KNOX Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
½ cup sugar
1 cup cooked pineapple and strawberries
1 cup cream or evaporated milk
¾ cup of milk
1 cup chopped nuts
White of one egg

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve over hot water. Add dissolved gelatine to whipped cream, milk and sugar; stir in beaten egg white. When cold, add the pineapple and strawberries, which have been chopped in small pieces, also the chopped nuts. Serve ice cold in sherbet glasses.

FREE Recipes and Menus

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GELATINE

166 Knox Ave., Johnstown, N.Y.





THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 84

lip and on the palms of his hands. He neither moved nor spoke.

Margaret's voice died upon the familiar silence of the room. She sobbed brokenly for a moment, gathered her self-control desperately, dried her eyes, twisted in her chair to yield to a fresh rush of tears, drew great hitching breaths that stabbed into Stanley's vitals like a sword, and was presently silent, occasionally wiping her swollen eyes with the sodden ball of her handkerchief.

"I didn't know you were coming down this evening," she said at last in a casually conversational tone that steadied on every syllable.

"No," Stanley answered gravely, on exactly the same note; "I told you I wouldn't come. I didn't mean to come. But—but I saw you in town yesterday and I thought—everything considered—that this might be a good time for me to come down. I wasn't sure you were here again!"

This was anything but the truth; but anything to calm her, he thought, in actual terror of her tears. But he felt ashamed when she gave him a grateful look from the blue eyes behind those babyish, sopping lashes.

"You are the best man I ever knew, Stan," she said quietly. Stanley was alarmed to feel his own heart tramping within him like an approaching giant. His head began slowly to turn and a delicious languor pervaded his senses; he had a dizzy idea that anything he said would be fraught with extraordinary significance and that all familiar bearings were vanishing in the rushing waters of an oncoming tide.

FORTUNATELY—fortunately, he thought, as his own resolution went down in utter wreckage—Margaret seemed to have taken the wheel.

"Whatever brought you," she was saying shakily, "it is most fortunate. Because Nora and I have been planning all day, and it was our plans—Jim's and mine—that took me into town yesterday. We go to-morrow. Yes, of course that's all I *can* do," she added quickly, as Stanley looked up. "I must go away, at least until things here are—settled."

"Until I am married," Stanley supplied, suddenly hoarse.

"I suppose so," she conceded, very low. "I wish it might have been different, Stan," she said, not quite so steadily as before. "One hears of great love all one's life—but it has to be *felt*, doesn't it? My whole life, these last few days, is just you. I took your old tweed jacket to-day to mend the pocket lining, and it was that—it was that— I will *not* cry again!" Margaret interrupted herself desperately. "I was reading Shakespeare, to-day," she added, trying to smile, "reading Capponsachi, and Meredith's poetry, and they all seemed *pale*, Stan. I couldn't settle on anything. *Romeo* was you, and when *Juliet* met him, my eyes blurred so that I had to shut the book!" Her eyes were blurred again, but she was smiling gallantly. "Oh, Stan, it's richness to care this way, to suffer this way!" she said suddenly. "I went yesterday and stood on the porch where we talked on Sunday morning, and the miracle of it—of just *you*, all old tweeds and sunburn and—and grin——"

Her voice choked and she was still. Stanley left his chair and knelt beside hers and laid one arm along the softly cushioned low back of it and smiled at her.

"You wonderful—you glorious woman!"

"I love you so!" Margaret whispered, laying her face against his and linking her arms about his neck.

"Then that's all that matters!"

"No," she corrected him, pushing a lock of the mouse-brown hair into place and resting against him, "there's something else!"

"You mean, that I love you, with every fiber of my soul and body?" Stanley asked

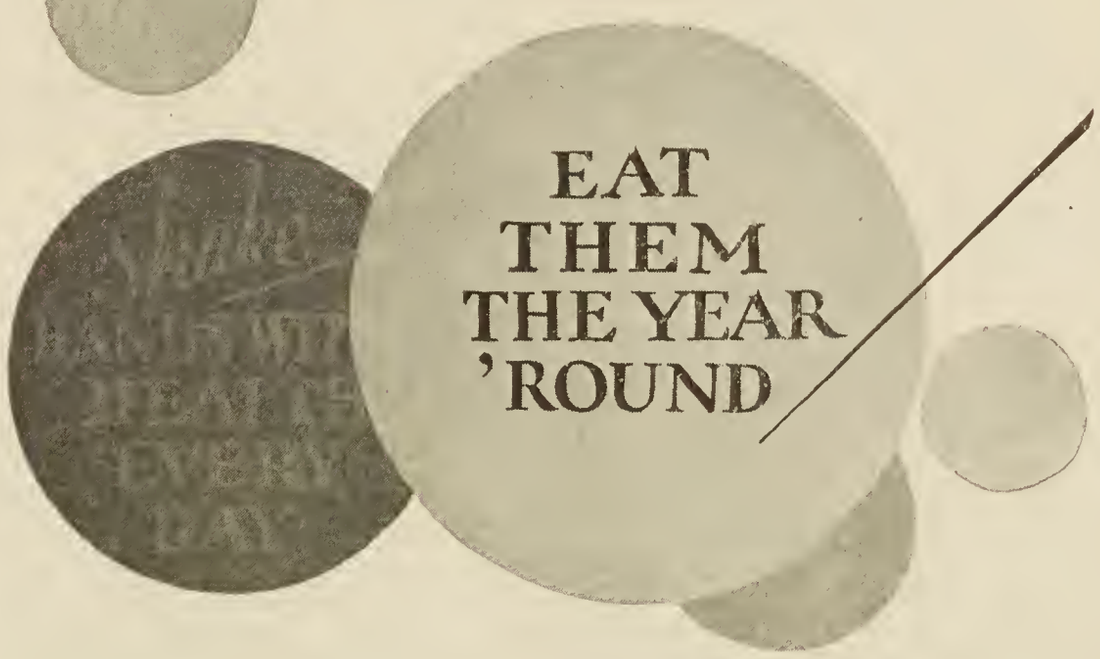
Continued on page 86

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Scald 1 c. milk and stir slowly into 2 beaten eggs, 1 c. sugar, ⅛ tsp. salt and 1 tbsp. flour. Cook in double boiler, stirring until mixture thickens. Remove from fire. When cold, fold in 2 c. heavy cream, whipped. When partially frozen stir in 2 c. strawberries—crushed, and sweetened with 1 cup sugar. Finish freezing. Mould.



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THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 85

her. Radiance flooded her blue eyes, as if the full magic of the old words had never reached her before, and for a long time they had nothing more to say, only occasionally repeating the enchanted assurance in broken, contented monosyllables and clinging together in the silence and sweetness of the old room.

"You see, I must go away, Stan," Margaret presently said, so marvelously heartened and strengthened by the mere touch of his arms that she could speak in quite her usual quiet voice. "There is no way out—for us. It's just one of the things that has to be forgotten—outgrown. And I can never do that here! I can leave you, here before this fire, to-night," she said steadily, with a glance at her bedroom door, "as I *will* do! But to-morrow night—or a week from to-night, suddenly the whole fight wouldn't seem worth while. Shirley's rights, and the fact that my husband is living—even Jim's right to look toward his mother for his code—would all be so much *air!* You're the reality, dear, and it's taking every ounce of courage I have to remember that I may never belong to you! I've never felt this before, Stan—never. When I married, it was with I can't tell you what misgivings! He—my husband—was hurrying me and confusing me, and there was the question of a contract, either I was going to sign it or I wasn't, and the manager was hurrying me, too! And I kept telling myself that every girl felt that way. But now," she said, laying her head against his forehead again, "what it would mean to me, *now*—if you and I were free! It wouldn't only seem sure, and safe, and right, but it would be the only thing that I could do—the *only* thing that wasn't just utter blankness and suffering and loneliness!"

"MARGARET, Margaret, can't we wait? Aren't we making the worst mistake of all ever to be parted again?" Stanley said, feeling that with agony and shock he was being reborn into this world of love and pain and renunciation.

"Perhaps we can, but I shall have to go away, anyway," she said steadily. "And Stan, any day without you is a year now, and what weeks and weeks and months, and perhaps years, will be, I can't think," she finished wearily.

"There's no such luck as his dying—Yorke, I mean?" Stanley asked bitterly.

"There's always that chance—and the chance that Shirley will change her mind. But we'll have to part now. I'll take Jim and go somewhere— It isn't as if I were afraid of you, or you of me. Isn't it amazing—isn't it amazing," Margaret said dreamily, "that Fate brings a man and a woman thousands of miles for this! From being Mrs. Cutting's nephew, who played polo and tennis and wasted money, to think that you should come to be—*you!*"

"To think that everything in the whole world resolves itself into just you and me," Stanley said in a wondering voice. "You've come to be my whole life, Margaret—you *are* me, or I'm you, I don't know which! I can't sign a letter in the office without a sort of feeling of *you* fluttering up in my face. I remember things you said, and they choke me and make me get cold I'll remember just the twist of your head, and it sort of blinds me! The minute I leave you, the only thought I have is how to get back; and while we're together—well," Stanley said, with his pleasant grin upon his sunburned face, "the darnedest little things will just seem like miracles!"

"Does it occur to you how wonderful marriage could be?" Margaret presently asked him. "A young man and a young woman going into a new home and shutting the door. The world's full of it, of course; one passes towns and towns and towns full of pleasant homes with gardens and grocers' boys going

Continued on page 87



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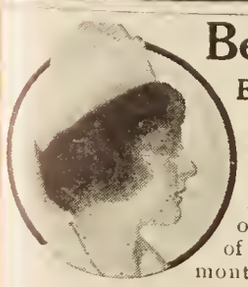
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THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 86

in the side gates and little cars in little garages. But when you love, and when you think what all that would mean with love behind it—then doesn't life seem too beautiful to be true! Imagine us fixing our books on a wet Sunday afternoon, Stan, and feeling that all the machinery—ice-cream for dinner, and taking Jim into town for new shoes, and meeting for lunch, and planning for Christmas—all that machinery was moving about us and that we were the Stanley Crittendens before all the world!"

"*Don't!*" Stanley cried. "I can't bear it!"

"Jim's coming meant such misery to me," Margaret said. "I tried to be strong and happy and hopeful for my poor little baby's sake—but all the springs seemed broken. I couldn't be glad that I was to bear a child—to that man. I used to feel that out of sheer justice to the baby I shouldn't have given him life! But he came, Stan, and you see what a darling, sunny, giddy little idiot he is. He's just like my father: there's nothing calculating and cold and cruel in him—I know there never need be!

"But it makes me think," she went on, her eyes on the fire and her cheek still resting quietly against his own, "it makes me think what it would be to bear a child to you, Stan, to have you as happy as I was over his coming—over them all. To come down here for the long vacation with a troop of them, my dear, and hear them calling 'Dad!' and 'Mother!'—and to have a tiny staggering one in a white coat and set her down on the lawn——"

"*Don't!*" Stanley exclaimed again briefly and levelly, as she paused, her eyes brimming with quiet tears.

"That they *might* be those glorious, welcome, noisy little girls and boys," she said. "And that they may not be! Isn't it a waste—a bitter, bitter waste! I go off, alone, to Inverness and sit there on the beach watching Jim dig and you and Shirley get rock-crystal and silver spoons!"

"My God!" the man interrupted sharply. "I don't think I *can* go through with it!"

"And I don't think *I* can," Margaret said, smiling through a dazzle of tears.

"MARGARET," he said suddenly, "there are islands, dear, there are little Italian hill towns, there's Paris—where nobody cares! Or Barbados—you've never seen Barbados, with a gray storm coming up over the water and the green hills. My darling, no one would know—no one would care! Jim's father would never find us there, and we could laugh at Mrs. Grundy! You won't get a divorce, I am promised to Shirley—it means wretchedness for three of us, perhaps four—perhaps five, for we have to think of Jim—this way. And *that* way means freedom for the man, safety for your boy and Heaven for you and me! Margaret, it isn't as if marrying me meant happiness for Shirley! You don't know her as I do. There's no happiness anywhere for her. She'll like it for a while; she'll stick to it just as long as it's the best thing in sight. And I'll be one of those husbands—the world is full of them!—who keep the surface smooth, who agree and smile and get into evening dress and pay bills. There'll be no children—I wouldn't *ask* a woman who feels as she does toward children to bear me one as a concession! There'll be no ranch, except with a crowd of bridge-playing, chattering women along! I can't spend my life that way. I've grown up, Margaret. I'm not even like the man I was six months ago—you've changed me, you've changed everything I think and say."

"I love to think that's partly true," the girl said, smiling. "But it only means this, Stan: We must wait."

"Yes, and if Shirley comes back all ready for the wedding?"

"You couldn't delay it indefinitely, I suppose?"

Continued on page 88



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A BETTER night's rest—*every* night. You get *permanent* sleeping comfort and restfulness in the genuine

WAY Sagless Spring

"NO SAG IN ANY WAY"

Guaranteed for 25 years not to sag, stretch or break. To be sure of getting all the patented "Way" features and advantages, look for the red stripes on the frame.

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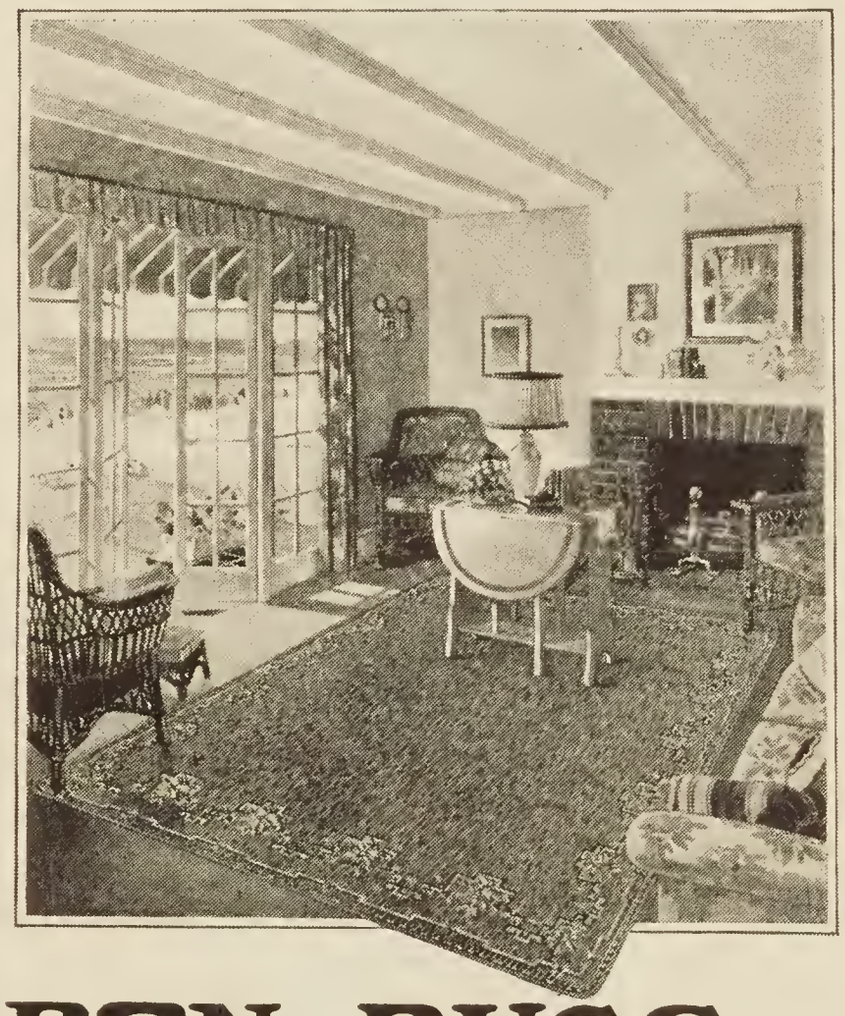
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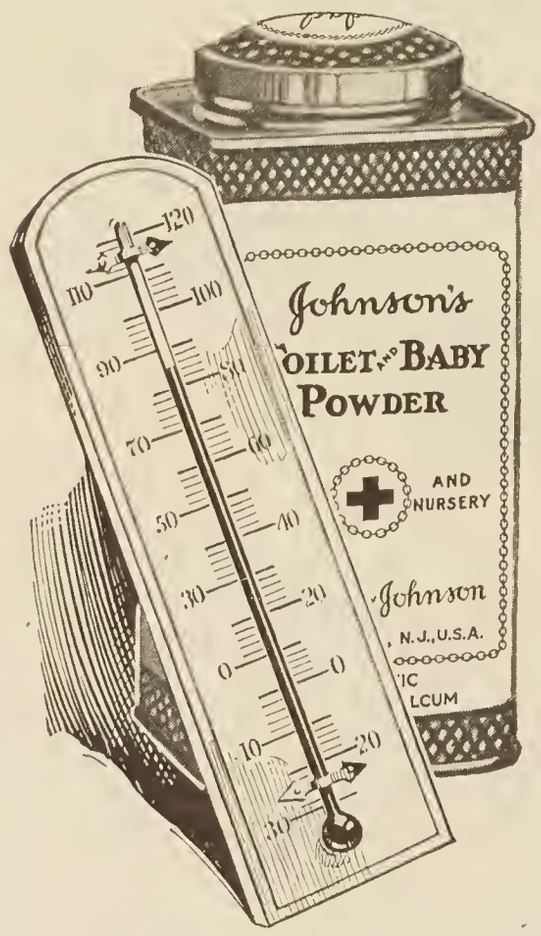
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THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 87

"No, she's against that. It's her reentry, you see. She feels that she will be completely reinstated at last."

"If I were not here," Margaret mused, "then she would certainly be *more* willing to delay it, wouldn't she?"

"Well, I suppose she would."

"Then that's another reason for my going," Margaret said. "When she comes back, and I suppose she will come back, after she has had the talk she hoped for——"

"Oh, I think her idea was to stay with Theobald until he dies. But he won't die!" he added sceptically and heartlessly. "He's had these scares before. No, it was just a grand chance for a reconciliation, and I think that the thought of the money—his uncle died about three months ago, it seems—has been fretting Shirley for some time!"

"No, I don't believe he'll die," Margaret conceded slowly. "And that means that she'll be back, right after Christmas, say. But if I am not here, and if in any way you could get her to delay things, Stan, that's our only hope!"

"Unless," he said, "unless you are brave enough and big enough to throw aside all their petty rules and regulations and say that love is the great thing and that you and I are too big to lose the most beautiful thing in life just because the Wylies and the Cannons and the Hyde-Browns have decided that there must be ministers and rings and licenses brought in!"

"YOU mean give myself to you?" Margaret asked thoughtfully. "As Shirley did to Tom Duncan?" she added.

"What Shirley did with Tom Duncan," Stanley protested hotly, "was take him away from his wife and children and break Mamie Duncan's heart—that was the real offense! What you and I do gives happiness, not ruins it. We love each other, Margaret," he said, holding her close. "Don't be afraid of me. I love you so that there is nothing else in life—and your happiness will always come with me before my own!"

"What a love you are!" the girl murmured, smiling. And then, with a quick butterfly kiss against his bronzed, hard cheek, she was out of his arms, out of her chair and had crossed to his own chair in which she seated herself.

"Sit there, in my chair, please, Stan," she said. "Please—or I shall go away!" she added warningly. "No, dear, I'm not afraid of you and I'm not afraid of marriage—of life. It has come to me with fear and misgivings, and why should I be afraid when it is only Stan—the dearest, the closest and kindest friend I ever had, or any woman ever had! Better than love is trust, Stan, and you don't know how I trust you, how sure I am of always being safe and comfortable when you are managing things!"

The man, his arms folded, was regarding her steadily. Now there was no change in his expression except a little twitch at the corners of his firmly set, strong mouth.

"But it's myself I fear," Margaret resumed, after a moment. "I love you too much. Every time you loitered on the beach, my dear, in Barbados, or every time you were late for dinner in our little apartment near the Bois, I should suffer agonies. I should feel that other women, wiser and stronger women who had played fair by their vows, were winning you away from me. I should feel that all your heritage of decency and strength of character and—yes, and of purity, was pulling against me. I'd have no position; a woman who ran away with a man after divorcing another——"

"You'd be married to me!" Stanley interrupted.

"Well, I might be, legally—but never in my own eyes! I would have broken my vow to God and to myself. I couldn't enter a drawing-room as Shirley can, Stan, and

Continued on page 89



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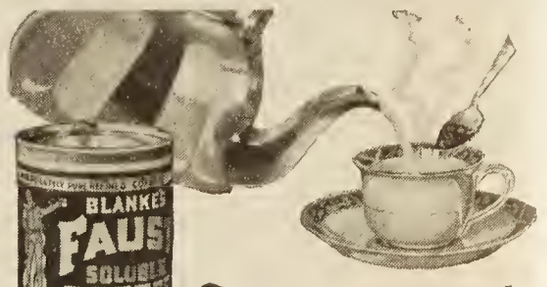
1 pkg. Lemon Junket Powder	1 pt. milk
1 tbsp. powdered sugar	⅓ pt. cream
½ cup chopped walnuts	marshmallows
½ tsp. almond extract	cherries

Cut marshmallows in quarters with shears and place in bottom of tall dessert glasses. Whip cream, almond extract and sugar together until stiff, add chopped walnuts. Warm milk slightly in a separate dish, then dissolve in it the Junket Powder, quickly, turn into the cream mixture and stir a moment carefully. Pour at once into the glasses. The nuts and marshmallows will rise to the top. Let set until firm, then chill. Serve with sweetened cherries on each glass.

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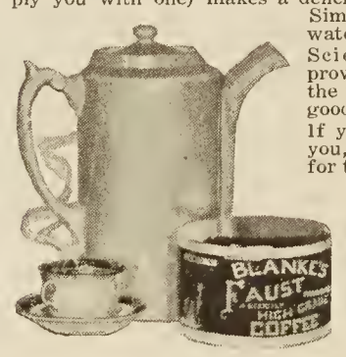
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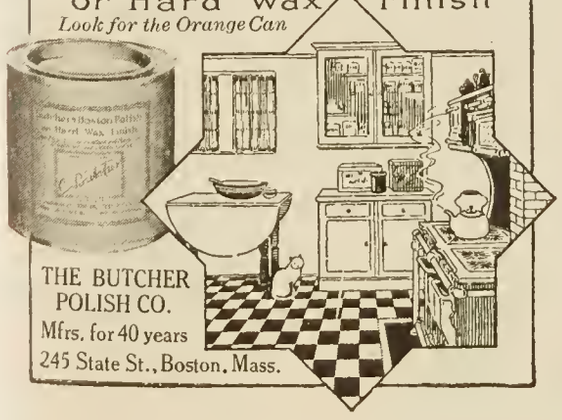
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THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 88

revel in defying them all. I haven't the moral—or the immoral—I haven't the courage, anyway! I should shrivel and shrink and imagine that people were pointing me out. Yes—you're going to say that we wouldn't mind that, and *I* never should!" she interrupted eagerly, as he made a motion as if he would speak. "But *you* would, Stan—men always do. They always want to do the unconventional thing, and then become passionately conventional and wonder why their wives aren't accepted—and get mad about it! My dear, I've seen it all so often: women putting up a good fight after they've made an irretrievable mistake!"

"Yes, but you're extraordinarily sensitive about such things, Margaret——"

"I *say* I am!" she conceded, interrupting. "I say that I've got to have everything clean and straight—baths every day and clothes to the laundry Mondays and babies learning the Beatitudes!"

"There is no earthly reason, because I am unfortunately engaged and you are unfortunately married, why we should not start fresh and have all that—all the reasonable, good things, too!" Stanley said stubbornly.

"You think you can!" Margaret answered with animation. "But there are psychologic values, things that are the very fiber of your soul, and when some other woman, some woman one enormously admires—no," Margaret went on, in a low tone, "then one pays. And then men are different to one too," she added, as Stanley was silent. "They have a certain familiar, easy, good-natured manner with the women who have failed—oh, I can't describe it. But it's there—it's even between you and Shirley! a sort of—of *knowledge* that you can approach her, a feeling that the bloom is gone, the reverence you might feel, that there isn't anything to revere."

HE HAD been scowling as he listened. But now his voice was low and even a little husky as he said, protestingly:

"You keep a man up to a pretty high standard, Margaret! I didn't think there were any women in the world who felt that way any more! You make me feel—I admire you very much, my dear," he finished rather tamely, blinking away a little mist before his eyes and smiling at his own emotion. "And for the sake of that little girl baby in her white coat who is going to run on daddy's lawn, we'll—I won't tease you any more, dear. We'll wait—we'll try to wait. I'll be square with Shirley—she has her rights, I suppose—and maybe she'll let me off. And if she does, I'll turn into an old bachelor, puttering about this place, fussing with chrysanthemums and pigs and heifers and dreaming about you!"

He came over from his chair and knelt beside her again, and her blue eyes were very tender and sad and sweet as she laid her thin, beautiful hand on his shoulder and said whimsically:

"God doesn't always make the right men kings, Stan!"

"My girl—my girl!" Stanley said, with a sort of sob, speaking between gritted teeth, tightening his arm about her and crushing all her young sweetness and slenderness against his breast. "My darling!"

"And years from now," faltered Margaret, with the tears running down her face, "years from now, I'll come down to Uplands, Stan, and we'll walk among the flowers together and go up to the pool and remember the day we dived into the water and came up together—and the morning of the big fog, when we knew that we loved each other—and tonight, when we had to say good-by!" And she locked her arms about his neck and buried her face in his shoulder.

For a long time they stayed so, without moving and without speaking. But gradually Margaret's breathing became more and more natural, and when Stanley

Continued on page 90



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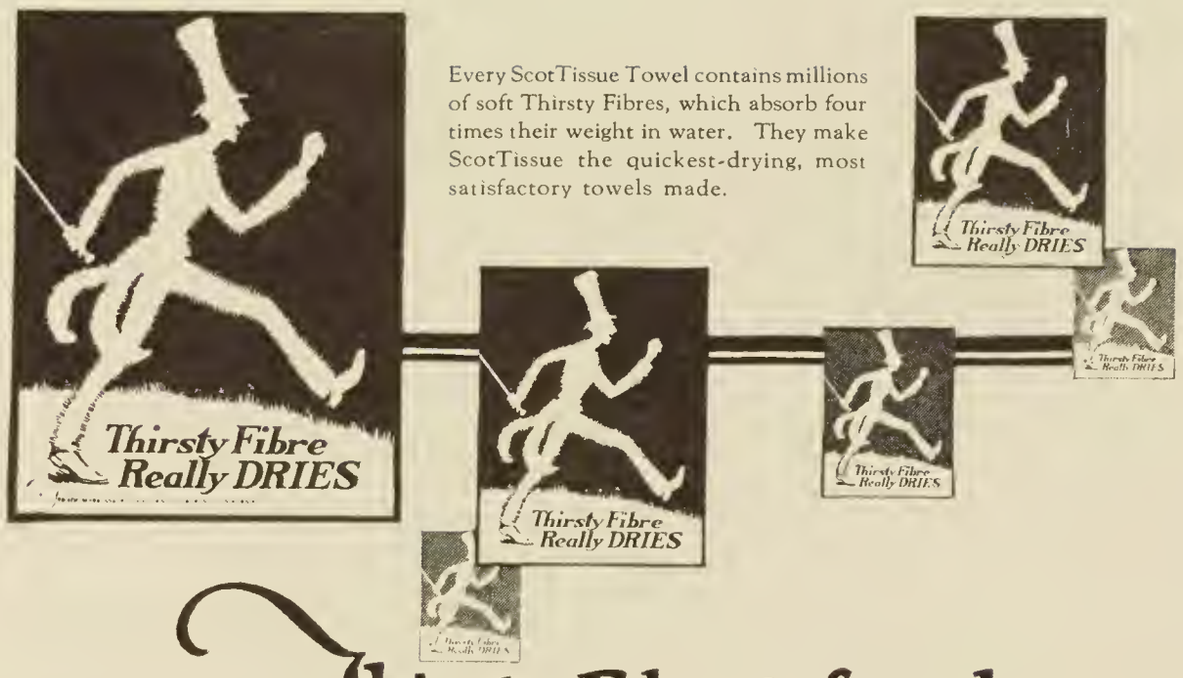
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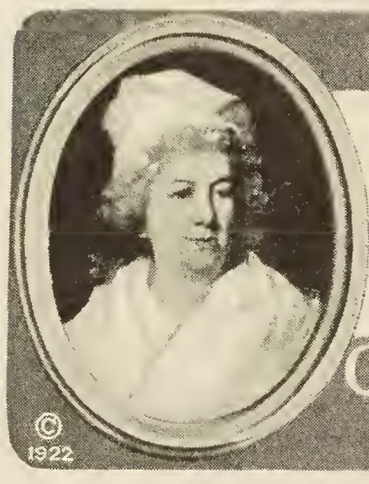
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BATHASWEET



THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 89

presently looked at her eyes, they were fixed quietly upon the dying fire. He gave her his handkerchief and she wiped her wet face with it quite simply and restored it to him, once again resting the dark, soft fragrance of her hair against his shoulder.

Then Margaret got up and framed his face between her hands and kissed him on the forehead and went to her room. Stanley heard the door close, and for a long time there was no sound except the little noises in the sitting-room and the occasional cold Winter sounds from outside.

Stanley sat on, his arms folded, his firm lips shut in a hard line. Upon his lean, sunburned, boyish face there was a look of puzzled unhappiness, but there was no hint of faltering. If the key had been turned in that door, he would have heard it; she was not the woman to twist it noiselessly, afraid of his suspicions.

He had only to stride to that door, then, and throw it open and surprise her at her hair-brushing, with the thin folds of some silky wrap falling about her, or perhaps find her at her prayers, with the dark hair braided and falling down her back and her slender, vital figure outlined against the bitter, icy moonlight beyond her window.

She had confessed her love for him; she had cried. In his arms once more, she must surrender. Stanley did not analyze what he felt—there was no reason, no philosophy involved in it. He simply must see her again.

He sat on, arms folded. Suddenly, out of the silence:

"Margaret!" he said.

The word died away into the air; a log split, and the little sucking of flames filled the silence. Far up on the hills the coyotes were barking—barking——

Suddenly every pulse in Stan's body vibrated—there was a stir behind her door. And then the whole world grew sane again: it was Jim's little voice, sleepily piping, and Margaret's rich soft murmur in answer:

"What waked you up, my darling?"

He went to the door.

"Everything all right, Margaret?"

Instantly she appeared, a dim light behind her, her dark braid falling over a long, warm, woolly blue wrapper.

"Hang and Chung just came back," she said in quite her natural amused voice, "and Hang's alarm went off! It waked Jim."

If there was any self-consciousness in her, if she had been sharing his mood of irresolution and troubled longing, she gave no hint of it. She smiled her rare, deep smile and closed the door.

Stanley had wished to see her, and he had seen her. He grinned at himself somewhat shamefacedly as he went upon his own way to bed. There would be to-morrow.

THEY decided at breakfast that their last day together should begin with a walk. Then Jim should be bathed and dressed before lunch and Margaret would finish some small ends of packing, and immediately after lunch they would all drive into the city, Stanley leaving them at the Fairmont Hotel. And after that, they would not see each other again.

Margaret decided upon this course of action resolutely. She seemed cheerful and strong this morning, in dark-blue linen, with her rich hair severely brushed from her glowing face.

But her mood sobered as time went on. There was a strange and exquisite beauty about these last hours spent alone together and in the place they both loved so dearly. The commonplaces they had shared so long were not commonplaces to-day. Breakfast was less like a meal than a sacrament; they watched each other wistfully, answered at random.

After breakfast she and Jim and Stan went for a long walk, beginning with the familiar

Continued on page 91



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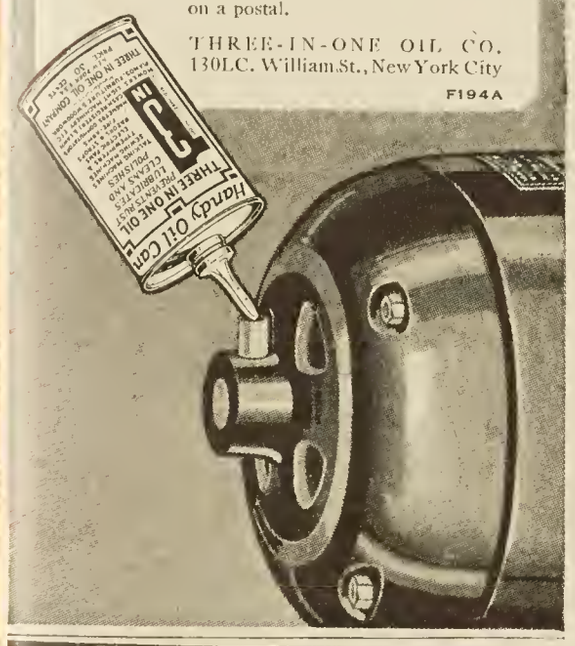
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THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 90

barnyards and stables and wandering on up into the woods. After an hour of it, during which Jim had been triumphantly riding upon Stan's shoulder for at least fifty minutes, they reached the summit of a hill and sat down upon a dry log in an open sunny space to rest and get their breath.

Far down in the valleys a lonely ranch here and there sent up a plume of pale-gray smoke into the sparkling morning air; nearer, the steam was rising from the sloping tangle of roof that was Uplands, and Jim could identify the new windmill and the empty pool and even the small forms of Tony and Battersby walking past the barn.

The cattle were toys of red and white now, and Hang, coming out to get a pumpkin, only another toy. Jim reveled in a sense of largeness, of superiority; but his elders studied the stretching magnificence and beauty of the panorama with eyes as full of pain as pleasure.

"Margaret, if I must marry Shirley, I'll sell all this!" Stan said with bitterness.

"Oh, don't ever sell it!" she protested.

"Where will you be?" he asked.

"I thought of Carmel, Stan; that's warm and quiet and near the sea, which is wonderful for the small boy. Or Inverness. I don't know any one at either place," Margaret added, her voice shaking against her will.

"I could run over to Carmel from Del Monte in ten minutes, if you needed me!"

"But only if I did!" she decided, with a rueful little smile. "It simply mustn't be that we are constantly meeting, my dear. If you dropped dead to-day, I should somehow get over it, and that's exactly the way I must get over it—all alone. If you marry, I'll know it, never fear; and if you don't, and I am ever free——"

"IF IT isn't Shirley, it will be nobody, of course!" Stanley reminded her sharply. "If it isn't Shirley, it simply means waiting. It isn't any one thing I love you for, Margaret, any one thing that some other woman might have," he said. "It's everything: your wrists and your eyes and your voice and the things you talk about and the point of view you have and the expressions you use and the clothes you wear. I'd rather suffer," Stanley added, presently, as she did not speak, "as I'm suffering to-day for years than go back to where I was before you came along and changed me. You make life wonderful to me—I just simply want to be where you are and do everything I do with you and meet you in town and help you into my car and discuss lunch with you and tell you about the office and dig in the graden with you—damn it all, damn it all, damn it all!"

The last words burst from him in a tone almost of despair; his voice shook and his face was grim and pale. Immediately he sprang up, caught up the child and started down the homeward trail.

Margaret followed him. The sun was veiled now and the air was mysteriously cool and uneasy; the foliage of the live-oaks rustled and a chill wind went over the world.

Back at the farm again, Jim was in splendid spirits, but Stan and Margaret's mood oddly matched the subdued sad change that had come over the bright day; the girl felt her muscles sore, her head ached a little, she felt cold. It was one o'clock already—at four it would all be over.

Their farewells were quiet; Margaret wondered afterward how she could have been so calm. Stanley went with Nora and herself to the hotel, went up-stairs with them to their big rooms, tipped the porter, glanced about to be sure everything was complete, and then said his quick good-bys. He smiled at Nora, kissed Jim and touched Margaret's hand. She had one look, a half-pleading, half-encouraging look, and the ghost of his heartening grin. Then he was gone.

She stood at the window, looking down at

Continued on page 92



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10144	30
(each letter)	
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10146	40
10147	30
10148	30
10149	30
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THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 91

the bleak wintry city and the steely bay and the somber shoulders of the encircling hills. Her senses seemed atrophied for the time, her heart lead. There would be a dinner-card to consider presently; there would be nights and days—nights and days—nights and days——

There would be months of this—blank, endless months—there might be years! And she was twenty-four.

ALICE was a fine motherly woman and an excellent cook. Nora liked her and Jim adored her. Margaret superintended the quiet little routine that involved them all. They lived in a brown shingled cottage not three hundred feet from the sea. The dunes were all about them; in every direction ran little dipping walks among the aromatic pines. The Winter days were warm and sweet and empty; the blue sea rolled in, slipped back, rolled in again, as it had rolled when Padre Serra walked on the firm white sands.

In late February there were blue onion flowers and poppies and buttercups on the cliffs above the sea. And in March fleur-de-lis starred the sparse woods in cream and lavender.

Day after day Miss Yorke and the little Cutting boy walked to the post-office, bought milk chocolate, chatted with the woman artist who lived in the little one-room stone house, with the mother of the twins. The sun was quite hot here in this windless, peaceful place, and her little shaded dining-room, with the Jesuit lilies in the blue bowl and the Japanese linen table-cloth, would look cool and inviting to Margaret at lunch.

Sometimes Jim made her laugh suddenly, and sometimes she fell into long conversations with Nora or Alice. Nora was a proud and loving grandmother, many times, but Alice had lost her man, and her only baby.

Margaret would look at the fine old face wistfully.

"Alice, didn't you nearly die of heartbreak as the months and months went by?"

"Oh my God!" old Alice said simply, busy with artichokes.

"But Alice—but Alice, tell me! How long was it terrible—the loneliness, I mean?"

"Ah, you don't ever get over that, Miss Yorke!"

IN MARCH, Stan's letter—his first. She carried it home, trembling, her whole being flooded with ecstatic hope and pain. Just to touch it—just to hold it——

After a while she read it. It was not long:

"Margaret, dear," he wrote, "the unbelievable has happened! Shirley wired me this morning. She and Cuyler Theobald were remarried yesterday; she says he is much better and they plan to go down to Long Island for an indefinite time.

"You can't know what the ranch is without you—what my life is. I stay at Uplands; I don't see anybody or go anywhere. It's all a blank. My dearest, does this make any difference—this news that I'm free? Margaret, I'll keep my word. But I could be with you in two hours!"

Two hours; that would be just dinner-time. He could dine with Jimmie and herself—big, brown, sweet, humbly grateful Stan, with his flashing grin and his gentle, clever hands. She could talk to him again, draw in great breaths of life, of laughter, confidence, hope again!

Two hours. She spent them sitting motionless, caught in a net of pain. Jimmy roused her presently; dinner was ready. She came to the table, but she touched nothing. And at nine o'clock she telephoned a telegram to Stan:

Thanks for good news. No change in my position.

Concluded in the July DELINEATOR



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It is the hair and she who would retain it through life must keep it in a cleanly, healthy condition.

The use of Canthrox is, in thousands of cases, the only difference between beautiful hair and ordinary hair. Canthrox removes all dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil; it cleanses and invigorates the scalp; it promotes the growth and natural beauty of the hair. After a Canthrox shampoo the hair will be soft, silken, full of life and luster and develops a natural wave and luxuriance that will delight you.

Canthrox

Shampoo

is daintily perfumed, is equally efficient in hard or soft water and is easy to use and so quick in showing results that it has become the favorite hair wash of all women who have tried it during the many years that it has been a leader in the shampoo field. Men, too, will find it the perfect shampoo.

At All Drug Stores

The cost of a Canthrox shampoo is only about three cents. After using it, your hair and scalp will feel absolutely cool, clean and refreshed. The continued use of Canthrox will gradually beautify and glorify your hair.

Free Trial Offer

To prove that all we say of Canthrox is true and that one application will make you a constant user, we will gladly send free one perfect shampoo for a two-cent stamp to pay postage.

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CHICAGO, ILL.



for wrinkles

ELIZABETH ARDEN has developed a wonderful **Anti-Wrinkle Cream,** splendid for a quick afternoon treatment at home. Nourishing and astringent, this cream fills out lines and wrinkles, tightens and smooths the skin. Erases all look of fatigue, makes the skin youthful and satiny. $2, $3.50.

Write describing yourself, and Elizabeth Arden will send you personal advice on the care of the skin, with her booklet "The Quest of the Beautiful," which tells how to use her famous Muscle-Strapping Skin-Toning method at home.

Elizabeth Arden has just produced her famous Exercises for Health and Beauty in the form of records. Send for booklet describing them.

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Learn This Secret
of growing perfect flowers. Spray with "Black Leaf 40"
Rids plants of destructive aphis and similar pests. Bottle making 6 gals. of spray only 35c. At your dealers.

TOBACCO BY-PRODUCTS & CHEMICAL CORP. Incorporated
SPRAY Louisville, Ky.
"Black Leaf 40" 40% NICOTINE
Kills Aphis



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Use Boott Towels for face, hands and bath—they absorb every bit of moisture quickly and gently.

They are sturdy, durable, attractive; and they launder bright-white.

Buy Boott Towels from your dealer in packages of six; and also Toweling by the Bolt, from which you can make towels for all uses, as well as bibs, bureau and buffet scarfs, table covers and runners, pillow covers and aprons.

Send name of your dealer and thirty cents to Boott Mills, Dept. DJN3, Lowell, Mass., and receive in return an 18" x 36" cut length hemstitched standard towel.

When buying look for this label and "Boott Mills" on selvage

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Beautifully Curly, Wavy Hair Like "Nature's Own"

Try the new way—the Silmerine way—and you'll never again use the ruinous heated iron. The curliness will appear altogether natural.

Liquid Silmerine

is easily applied with brush. May be used with any kind of curlers. Is neither sticky nor greasy. Perfectly harmless. Serves also as a splendid dressing for the hair. Directions with bottle. At drug and department stores $1.

Parker-Belmont Powder Compact	$1.00
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LABLACHE
FACE POWDER

The subtle perfume of Lablache recalls grandmother's garden of old-fashioned flowers at dusk of a perfect day in June.

Lablache is chosen by women of all ages for its purity, fragrance and clinging softness.



Refuse Substitutes

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream. **50 cts.** a box of druggists or by mail.

Send **10 cts.** for a sample box.

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ASK THE DELINEATOR

Don't forget when writing THE DELINEATOR *for information or aid to enclose stamps with your complete address and to direct your inquiry to the proper department. Inquiries unaccompanied by stamps and your address can not be answered, nor will replies be made on a post-card. Only three folders on any subject can be posted for a two-cent stamp.*

BABIES

The Happy Child is the healthy, properly brought-up one. Give your child the benefits of the expert advice of the greatest child specialists in America. Dr. L. Emmett Holt is the Chief Adviser of THE DELINEATOR'S campaign for healthier children. Any one of six pamphlets may be obtained for ten cents in stamps: "The Expectant Mother and the New Baby," by Dr. Ralph Lobenstine, "The General Care of the Baby," "Maternal Nursing" and "Artificial Feeding," all by Dr. L. Emmett Holt, "Early Childhood," by Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw, and "Good Posture," by Dr. Alan De Forest Smith. "The Baby's Record Book," by Dr. Bird T. Baldwin, in cloth binding, is one dollar, including postage.

BETTER HOMES

THE DELINEATOR is the General Headquarters and Bureau of Information of the "Better Homes in America" movement. Demonstration week, 1923, will be June 4th to 10th. Information about its direct benefits to your community will be mailed on request. A plan book, telling the scope of this work and how to organize a local campaign, will be sent for ten cents.

HOUSEKEEPING

The Home-Economics Department has prepared, under the direction of Martha Van Rensselaer, a list of leaflets which will lighten the housewife's burden and make scientific home-making an easy art. These leaflets range from milk recipes to the technique of laying the table. Mention specific subjects or write for a list.

HOUSE DECORATION

Make Your Problems Clear by listing your questions and by giving dimensions, exposure and full description of the rooms you wish to decorate. Floor and curtain problems are fully covered in printed bulletins entitled "Good Floors," "Curtains and Draperies" and "Walls, Woodwork and Ceilings," price twenty-five cents each. Any *one* letter addressed to Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders, Editor, Department of House Decoration, should ask not more than five questions or advice about the furnishing and decoration of not more than two rooms.

CHILDREN

The Story Hour is a pretty important time in childhood. Do you know what books to read to your children? The Children's Department has prepared lists of books for children of all ages, which will assist in the parental job of forming good reading habits. Write in to the Children's Department, too, for a Page of Prayers for children to learn.

BEAUTY

You Can Improve Your Complexion with a little time and careful study. The Beauty Editor will answer special questions and will send folders prepared by experts on the care of the hair, skin and hands, posture, exercises, lotions and cosmetics. Tell us what subjects interest you most.

ETIQUETTE

Are You Uncertain about the ways of the social world? Mrs. John Cabot Kimberley will send you a number of useful leaflets on manners and form, covering every social quandary. "Weddings," "Calls and the Use of Cards," "Letter-Writing," "Etiquette at the Table" are some of the titles. She will answer any puzzled inquirer.

ENTERTAINMENT

The Entertainment Department has a new party, "A Nonsense Musicale," which anybody can give. The prehistoric party is novel and jolly. Tell us about the party or dinner or dance or church fair you would like to give and we will help you out. "Entertaining without tears is our specialty."



The Treatment Your Skin Needs

WOMEN everywhere have reached a realization of the importance of an attractive skin. The next step is the necessary treatment that insures a good skin.

Your skin is bound to respond to proper treatment with Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream. It is a tonic and a cleanser, and if you use it every day your complexion will benefit by the treatment. Apply it liberally and rub in with the tips of the fingers. Wipe it off after each application as the idea is to *clean* your skin. You will be surprised at the amount of dirt removed this way. Make it a point to give your skin a daily cleansing. Use Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream to protect your face from wind and sun.

Ask for it at any drug or department store. In Tubes, 10c, 25c and 50c. In Jars, 35c, 50c, 85c and $1.50.

A FREE TRIAL—Write for a free tube of this perfect skin cleanser and complexion beautifier. Daggett & Ramsdell, Dept. 1237, D. & R. Building, New York

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S
PERFECT COLD CREAM
"The Kind That Keeps"

ZIP IT'S OFF *Because* IT'S OUT



Don't Be Embarrassed!

WHEN you go to the beach this summer, are you going to be afraid to raise your arm? Are you going to shrink from the scrutinizing glance of your friends? Are you going to permit unsightly hair on your face, arms, underarms and limbs to spoil the freedom which awaits you at the beach?

NOW is the time to eliminate every unwanted hair before the heat of summer has a chance to strengthen them. An application of ZIP today will do more than all the continued use of ordinary depilatories thruout the summer, for it does not merely take off surface hair—it gently lifts out the roots with the hairs and thus ***destroys the growth!***

It has been proven that merely burning off surface hair with ordinary depilatories is the same as shaving and is bound to strengthen the growth.

ZIP gently lifts out the roots with the hairs and in this way destroys the growth. (Do not confuse this with forcing hairs out by pulling.)

ZIP is easily applied at home, pleasingly fragrant, quick, effective, painless and absolutely harmless. It leaves the skin soft and smooth.

Guaranteed. It is significant that no other manufacturer of a superfluous hair remedy offers FREE demonstration treatments to prove the merits of the preparation. By all means, take advantage of my Free Demonstration treatment offer at my Salon.

Avoid imitations which stick to the skin and are not effective. Leading beauty shops give ZIP treatments. Do not be deceived. See that the word ZIP is stamped right on the preparation used for ***your*** treatment.

Write for ***free book*** *explaining three types of superfluous hair, or call at my Salon to have* ***free demonstration.***



Madame Berthe

MME. BERTHE
Specialist
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562 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

Dept. 124, 562-5th Ave.
(Ent. 46th St.) New York

JEAN JORDEAU INC.

Please send me FREE BOOK, "Beauty's Greatest Secret," explaining the three types of superfluous hair, and in which leading actresses tell how to be beautiful. Also a FREE sample of your Massage and Cleansing Cream guaranteed not to grow hair. (PLEASE PRINT YOUR NAME.)

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MADAME BERTHE'S ANTISEPTIC TALC—*Delightfully fragrant. Can 25c, Jar*	75c
LASH-LIFE—*Beautifies the eyes. Makes lashes long and brows lustrous. In tube form*	50c

For Sale Everywhere

If your dealer cannot supply you, simply mail the coupon, stating the preparations you desire, and enclosing your remittance. Postage fee, add 5c for each preparation.

OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 26


4454


4465


4393


4462

4465—10150—No wedding-gown could be quite as lovely as this dress, with graceful cascade drapery on the four-piece skirt joined at a low waistline. It slips on over the head. The beading is in sunburst effect and can be done in pearls. Use plain weaves in crêpe de Chine, light-weight or transparent silk crêpes, satin crêpe, silk voile, Georgette; or for a dress for Summer use cotton Georgette, cotton voile, or fine cotton crêpe. Lower edge 54½ inches.

36 bust requires 4⅛ yards 39-inch Georgette.

The dress is graceful for ladies 32 to 44 bust.


4402

4454—The sleeveless one-piece dress entirely accordion or side plaited is an innovation for the June bride. This dress slips on over the head, has a straight lower edge and a casing arrangement of elastic at the low waistline. Use plain satin crêpe, medium, light or transparent silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, silk voile, or chiffon. For a dress for other wear use printed materials or foulard.

36 bust requires 4¾ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge with plaits drawn out, 2¾ yards.

The dress is smart for ladies 33 to 40 bust, also misses.

4462—An opportunity to use one's old family lace is afforded by a dress with a flounced straight skirt joined to a slightly long body lining. It closes under the left arm. Use lace with taffeta, or for a different type of dress use taffeta or gros de Londres with lace, net, Georgette or chiffon fichu, etc. Lower edge of foundation skirt 48 inches.

36 bust requires 1½ yard 35-inch taffeta and 5⅝ yards 13½-inch lace flouncing.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 40 bust.

4393—10956—A bow on one hip balances her shower bouquet on the other. This one-piece dress on the slip-over order is lovely in crêpe Roma or crêpe de Chine, beaded or embroidered, or plain in crêpe satin, Canton crêpe, heavy flat crêpe, etc. The dress may have sash ties on one shoulder. The all-over beading is effective. It may be done in pearl or crystal beads. For a different type of dress use printed satin crêpe, etc.

36 bust requires 3 yards 39-inch crêpe satin. Lower edge 53 inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 42 bust; it is also good for misses.

4402—Lace over white satin or taffeta will make a lovely wedding-gown for a happy bride. This dress closes under the left arm and has a straight full skirt and a drop skirt joined at a slightly low waistline to a body lining which has a camisole-top arrangement. Lower edge of the outside skirt 2¾ yards. For evening one may use silver cloth under lace.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards 35-inch taffeta and 2¾ yards 40-inch lace flouncing.

The dress is new for ladies 32 to 40 bust.

OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 27


4492


4476


4482


4486

4476—Utterly graceful lines in this dress make it a suitable type of dress for transparent materials such as Georgette, silk voile or chiffon to be worn over crêpe satin, charmeuse, satin, taffeta, in the same color or printed, etc., or of cotton Georgette, cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe or marquisette, of one material or over a print. It slips on over the head and has a straight skirt and a long underbody with a camisole top. Tucked loose panels and a chou of ribbon are very smart.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch chiffon and 2¼ yards 35-inch flowered taffeta. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is new for ladies 32 to 44 bust.


4498

4492—The smartest decoration for a hip is the plaited panel and, combined with the new diagonal line of the tunic of this dress on the slip-over order, it is most attractive. The skirt, tunic, and panel have straight lower edges and join the body at a low waistline. Use medium or light weight or transparent silk crêpes, satin crêpe, crêpe satin, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, or silk voile.

36 bust requires 4½ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4486—Circular flounces on an apron front enable this one-piece dress to put its best side forward. It slips on over the head and there may be a body lining. Use medium or light weight silk crêpes, satin crêpe, taffeta, or gros de Londres. The shirring on the shoulders gives a soft effect and the cuff to the sleeve is smart.

36 bust requires 4¾ yards 36-inch taffeta silk. Lower edge of dress 51½ inches.

The dress is very good style for ladies 33 to 40 bust, also misses.

4482—The one-sided surplice line is new and smart. This dress has a draped straight skirt and a loose panel joined at a low waistline. The sleeves are sewed into a long body lining. Use medium or light weight silk crêpes, printed silk crêpes, printed satin crêpe, crêpe satin, or crêpe de Chine for this dress.

36 bust requires 4½ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 49½ inches.

The dress is attractive for ladies 34 to 48 bust.

4498—The "first award" goes to the simple one-piece dress in heavy printed silk crêpes or novelty cotton ratine. This dress slips on over the head and has a casing arrangement of elastic at the low waistline or a body lining. One may use crêpe satin, satin crêpe, charmeuse, or plain cotton ratine, chintz, gingham, etc.

36 bust requires 3 yards 39-inch printed silk crêpe. Lower edge 54½ inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.



Neither the Wash Tub, the Hot Iron nor the Sun can take the Color from "Pamico Cloth"

Repeated soaping, boiling, and ironing do not affect the fast colors of PAMICO CLOTH. It is fast dyed by a patented process that makes it proof against even perspiration discoloration.

Through six years of constantly increasing popularity, "PAMICO CLOTH" has now become the standard cotton fabric of the so-called "beach cloth" weave.

This is because the greatest care is taken in weaving. Two-ply yarn is used, and by a special Pacific Mills process an exceptionally fine finish is obtained, which not only greatly enhances the brilliant colorings of "PAMICO CLOTH" but also immeasurably lengthens the wear of

PAMICO CLOTH

The genuine "PAMICO CLOTH" is branded "P. M. L. Guaranteed Fast Color," on selvage of every yard. Do not accept any fabric without this mark on the selvage. Made by the Pacific Mills, the world's largest makers of printed, dyed and bleached cottons, every inch of genuine "PAMICO CLOTH" is *guaranteed fast color.*

In "PAMICO CLOTH" you will find rich, beautiful colors — deep blues, yellows, and reds, cool pinks, lavenders and wistaria, and eleven other modish solid colors as well as black and white, and each of unequaled radiant brightness.

"PAMICO CLOTH" is unequaled for street dresses, house gowns, skirts, children's frocks, rompers, etc.

"PAMICO CLOTH" is sold by most retailers, but if you fail to obtain just the color you desire, write Mrs. Charles R. Small, 24 Federal St., Boston, Mass., for free samples and information where you can secure it.

PACIFIC MILLS

Lawrence, Mass. Dover, N.H. Columbia, S.C.

The Pacific Trade Mark is a guarantee of the excellence of every fabric that bears it.



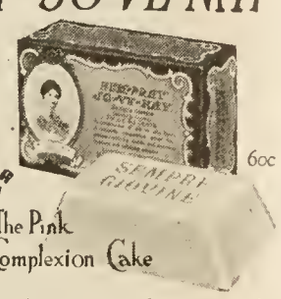
An Old Family Secret

BASKING under the blue skies of sunny Italy centuries ago was a beautiful maid, reflecting in her cheeks the color and warmth of her native land. She had finished her toilette and was admiring the magic effects produced by the application of that formula which had been a guarded secret in her family for generations. That 400 year old Beauty Secret is to be found again in

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Sempre Giovine

Sempre Giovine Meaning "Always Young"



Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay cleanses, clears and smooths the skin, removes black heads and makes a wonderful base for powder. "Always Young" indeed is the girl or woman who uses Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay.

Send your name and address for 7-day trial size cake free. Bring charm and loveliness to *your* skin.

Full size packages at almost all toilet counters

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Exquisitely Perfumed — 50c
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Neutralizes all bad and distressing odors

Eversweet is a smooth, white, unscented cream—soothing and marvelously comforting.

It gives the body that fresh-from-the-bath sweetness throughout the day and night. All that is necessary is to pat a little under the arms, between the toes or anywhere. It will not injure skin or clothing.

At Drug and Dept. Stores 25c and 50c a jar or send for free sample

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$3 BRINGS THIS COLLAPSIBLE *Acme* DRESS FORM INTO YOUR HOME

MAKES DRESSMAKING EASY
Perfect fitting dresses *easily* and *quickly* reproduced: **Makes dressmaking a pleasure and satisfaction.** As necessary for *fitting* as the sewing machine for *sewing.*

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Thomas Young's REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

TRUE IRISH LINEN

It is easy to make handkerchiefs of decided personality with little effort by using Thomas Young's True Irish Linen handkerchief squares with the corded borders (which are an exact reproduction of hand-drawn threads) or the woven border of white or fast dyed colors.

They are ready for hemming and the addition of any other little decorative touch your individuality dictates.

Ask to see Thomas Young's linens for art needlework in "Italian" Brown, Ecru, Ivory and White, and look for Thomas Young's signature on the bolt.

To be had in the wash goods, linen and art departments of the best stores.

Send 35c and your dealer's name and we will mail you a lady's handkerchief with colored thread border, ready to hem, and our book, "The Lure of True Irish Linens," which contains many valuable suggestions on the practical and artistic uses of linens.

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The Stockingless Vogue

WOMEN who love swimming for the sake of the sport, find stockings a great hindrance to their enjoyment. Hence the stockingless vogue you notice almost everywhere.

X-Bazin—the century-tested French depilatory—enables a woman to bathe stockingless without self-consciousness. It makes her skin as smooth and white and lovely as sculptured marble!

X-Bazin is entirely safe and utterly painless to use. It does not injure the most delicate skin. Sold with a "*money-back*" guarantee at all drug and department stores. 50c and $1 in the United States. Elsewhere, 75c and $1.50.

Manufactured by Hall & Ruckel, Inc.
Makers of Sozodont

Send 10c for sample and descriptive booklet

GEO. BORGFELDT & CO., *Sole Distributors*
In the United States and Canada
Dept. T, 16th Street and Irving Place, New York

X-BAZIN

The French way to remove hair

OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 28

4466—3727—For playtimes a dress of lightweight cotton prints, pin dot voile, pin dot swiss, or pin check gingham, or organdy is becoming. The lower edge is straight and bloomers separate. The sunbonnet is quaint.

4 years and 20 inches head measure requires 2 yards 35-inch printed cotton and 5/8 yard 35-inch plain cotton.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6, the sunbonnet for children, girls, misses, ladies.

4479—Diminutive Maud Müllers rake hay or judges ride by in a play suit of denim or khaki, linen finished cottons, cotton poplin, heavy cotton prints or cotton crêpes, etc.

5 years requires 1 7/8 yard 36-inch denim.

The play suit is for children 1 to 6 years.

4487—4491—Such an 'angel child' should wear this slip-over dress with a straight lower edge and separate bloomers. Use pin dot voile, pin dot swiss, dimity, check gingham, etc. A hat with shirred brim is adorable.

4 years and 19 3/4 inches head measure requires 2 5/8 yards 32-inch dotted swiss.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6, the hat for girls 2 to 12.

4501—4517—10833—10151—A hat of pique or cotton poplin, etc., and a straight trouser suit of chambray, linen, linen finished cottons, etc., are new. Smocking trims the suit and a quaint appliqué the hat.

4 years and 19 3/4 inches head measure requires 1 1/2 yard 32-inch pongee silk, and 3/8 yard 36-inch pique for hat.

The suit is for little boys 2 to 4, the hat for little boys or girls 2 to 8.

4481—10939—Gardening requires a sturdy suit with a blouse and straight trousers. The emblem pleases a boy. Use chambray with serge trousers, white with colored serge, white with colored jersey, or white with colored cottons.

4 years requires 7/8 yard 36-inch linen and 7/8 yard 36-inch linen for blouse.

The suit is for little boys 2 to 6 years.

4435—4491—This June rose wears a slip-over dress of organdy, cotton Georgette, fine lawn, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, etc., with a straight skirt. The hat matches her dress.

12 years and 21 1/4 inches head measure requires 3 3/4 yards 36-inch cotton voile.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

4468—4493—Side ties decorate a one-piece dress on the slip-over order and with tucks at sides in front and back. The hat is gay.

12 years and 21 1/4 inches head measure requires 2 1/4 yards 35-inch novelty ratine and 1/2 yard 36-inch ratine for hat.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15, the hat for girls 2 to 12.

4427—Soft gathers at the low waistline and tucks on the straight skirt make a becoming slip-over dress in organdy, fine lawn, batiste, cotton voile, cotton Georgette, fine cotton crêpe, or crêpe de Chine, Georgette, or net.

12 years requires 2 1/4 yards of 44-inch organdy.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

4477—Separate bloomers are a recommendation to a one-piece frock of the slip-over type. Use gingham, chambray, cotton prints, cotton pongee, with cotton poplin, or pique cuffs, cotton crêpe with linen cuffs, etc.

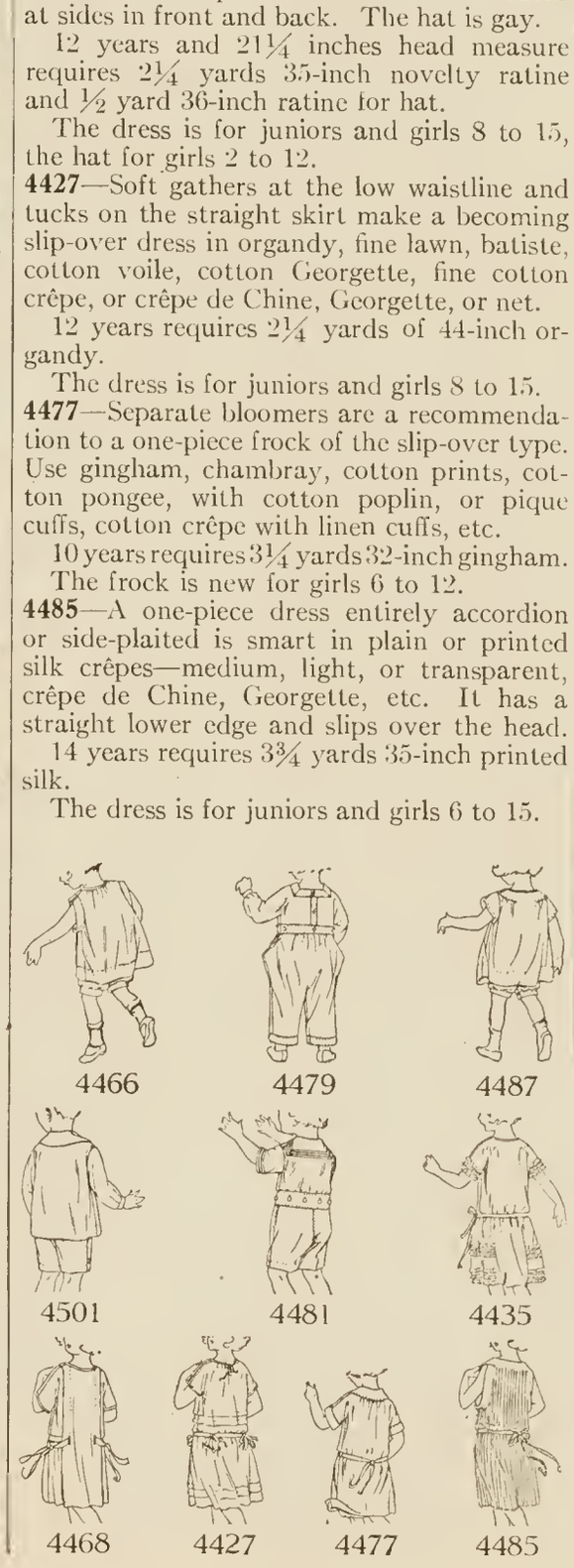
10 years requires 3 1/4 yards 32-inch gingham.

The frock is new for girls 6 to 12.

4485—A one-piece dress entirely accordion or side-plaited is smart in plain or printed silk crêpes—medium, light, or transparent, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, etc. It has a straight lower edge and slips over the head.

14 years requires 3 3/4 yards 35-inch printed silk.

The dress is for juniors and girls 6 to 15.



Dorothy Dodd REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. CAN.

Faultless Fitting Footwear



This dainty turn sole pump with Spanish Louis wood heel is presented in a choice of White Kid, Black Satin, Black Kid or Patent Leather.

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ENJOYABLE, because faultless fitting—and comfortable, yet styled in the mode of the moment: And for your greater assurance in buying, every genuine "Dorothy Dodd" style, every Dorothy Dodd PEDO-PRAXIC patented flexible arch shoe, and every "Little Dorothy" style for children bears the Trade Mark stamped on the sole.

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Zephyrspun is the silk for blouses, shirtwaists, dresses, scarfs, handkerchiefs, nightgowns, pajamas, chemises, step-ins, hat-trimmings, children's dresses. By the yard at your favorite silk counter, or made up into ready-to-wear articles. Look for the words Empire "Zephyrspun" on the selvage, or for the label in the ready-to-wear garments.

A sample and a booklet containing helpful illustrations of models will be sent on request.





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There are other silk stockings as light, as cool and as well made, but there are none more beautiful than

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On Her Wedding Day

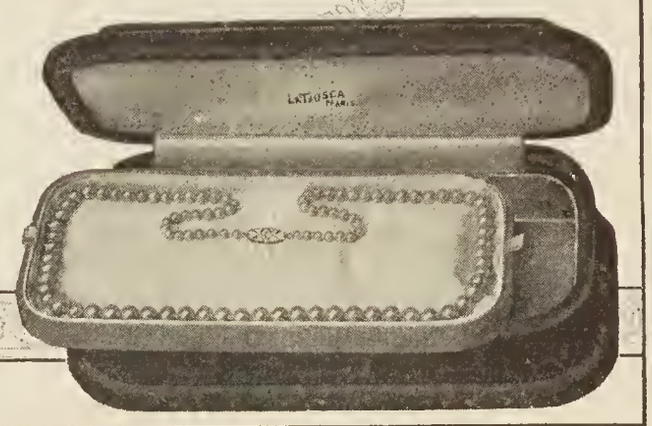
La Tausca Pearls

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SUMATRA PEARLS

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Accompanied by a Bride book for the recording of Wedding Day Memories.



LA TAUSCA PEARLS

At Your Jewelers'

OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 29

4496—For the Summer season a dress with two-piece skirt of plain cotton ratine meeting, in a decorative fashion, a long body of novelty cotton crêpe is smart; or use heavy cotton prints or check gingham with plain gingham. Lower edge 52 inches.

17 years requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch cotton ratine and ⅞ yard 38-inch figured cotton crêpe for body.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20, also small women.

4436—A perfect dress of its type has a basque waist opening under the left arm and a flounced straight skirt. Use taffeta, gros de Londres, organdy, chiffon, voile, etc.

16 years requires 3 yards 35-inch taffeta. Lower edge of skirt 48 inches.

The dress is new for misses 16 to 20.

4429—Pinch tucks create the panel effect at the upper and squares in the lower part of this one-piece dress on the slip-over order. It has a straight lower edge. Use plain cotton voile, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, etc.

16 years requires 3¼ yards 39-inch cotton Georgette. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

The dress is smart for misses 16 to 20.

4456—4449—10749—Organdy panels to a one-piece dress on the slip-over order are new. The sleeves go into a body lining.

17 years or 34 bust and 21¾ inches head measure require 3⅛ yards 32-inch plaid gingham, 1 yard 39-inch organdy, with ⅜ yard 36-inch cotton ratine for hat. Lower edge 48 inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 18 or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies; the hat for misses, ladies, girls and children.

4514—The new bordered voiles or crêpes are especially suited to a slip-over dress with straight skirt and loose panels; or use light-weight printed silks or cottons, etc.

17 years requires 3¾ yards 39-inch bordered cotton voile. Lower edge 49½ inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20, also small women.

4469—*Charmante* is a fitting adjective for this slip-over dress with straight skirt in gingham, light-weight cotton prints, striped madras, dimity, dotted swiss, cotton crêpe or tub silks. Lower edge 54 inches.

17 years requires 3⅛ yards 32-inch novelty striped gingham and 1 yard 44-inch organdy.

The dress is smart for misses 16 to 20, also small women.

4424—4451—Plaited sections at each side and a straight lower edge make a one-piece dress of the slip-over type easy to make. The hat has a rolled brim. Use plain cotton voile, cotton crêpe, crêpe de Chine, etc.

16 years or 33 bust and 21¾ inches head measure require 2¾ yards 39-inch figured cotton voile and ⅝ yard 39-inch silk eponge for hat. Lower edge, plaits out, 2⅛ yards.

The dress is for misses 16 to 18 or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies; the hat for misses, ladies, girls and children.

4446—A bertha over the shoulders and a tucked straight skirt make a delightful slip-over dress in cotton Georgette, fine cotton crêpe, cotton voile, batiste, etc.

16 years requires 2⅞ yards 35-inch batiste. Lower edge 58 inches.

The dress is new for misses 15 to 20.



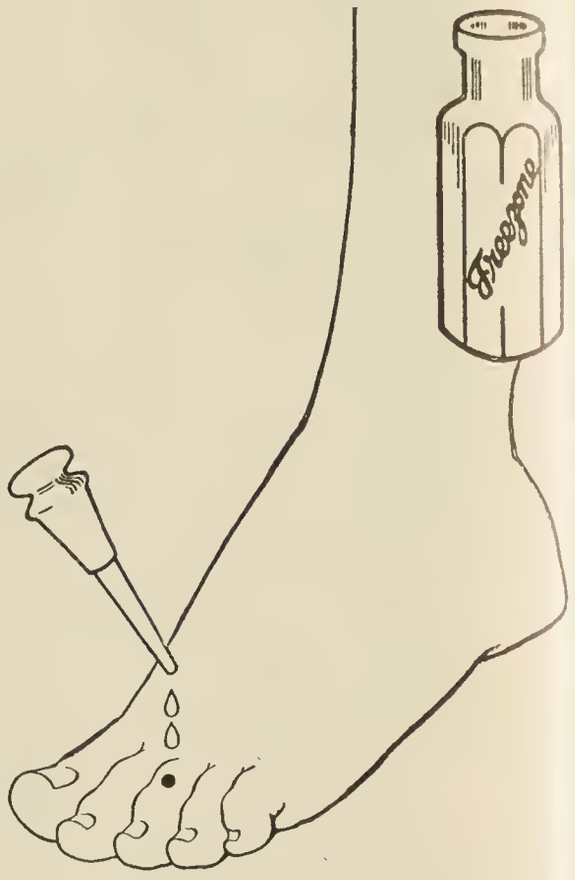
4496 4436 4429 4456



4514 4469 4424 4446

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OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 30



4490 4500 4488 4502 4494

4490—10135—Straps simulate cuffs on a dress with long body in jumper effect and two-piece straight skirt with a tuck along its side seams. The embroidery is effective. Work it in one-stitch. Use heavy silk crêpe with printed or contrasting color silk crêpe, moiré silk with plain silk crêpe, cotton ratine with printed or plain cotton crêpe, etc.

36 bust requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch silk crêpe with 1½ yard 39-inch contrasting silk crêpe for body. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4500—4451—10995—This bright one-piece dress of the slip-over type and with a straight lower edge, is very simple to make. Use gingham, striped madras, dotted percale, or heavy cotton crêpe. The appliqué is attractive. Cut the circles from the gingham. The hat is smart in cotton ratine, etc.

36 bust and 22 inches head measure requires 3⅝ yards 32-inch gingham, ½ yard 44-inch organdy for dress, and ¾ yard 36 -inch cotton ratine for hat. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 46 bust, the hat for ladies, misses, girls and children.

4502—Tucks and a hip sash on the straight skirt are a delightful trimming for a slip-over dress in embroidered voile, cotton Georgette, fine cotton marquisette, fine cotton crêpe, organdy, light lawn, dotted swiss, gingham tissues, or Georgette, silk voile, crêpe de Chine.

36 bust requires 4⅜ yards 36-inch embroidered voile and 1⅛ yard 44-inch organdy (including camisole). Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

The dress is a good style for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4494—A sleeveless coatee makes the Summer version of the three-piece costume suit with a printed one-piece dress of the slip-over type. Use novelty silk eponge with heavy crêpe de Chine for coatee, novelty silk crêpe with plain to match, novelty cotton ratine with heavy cotton crêpe, printed cottons with plain to match, etc., or all plain cotton ratine, etc. Lower edge 54½ inches.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch printed and 1⅝ yard 39-inch plain silk crêpe.

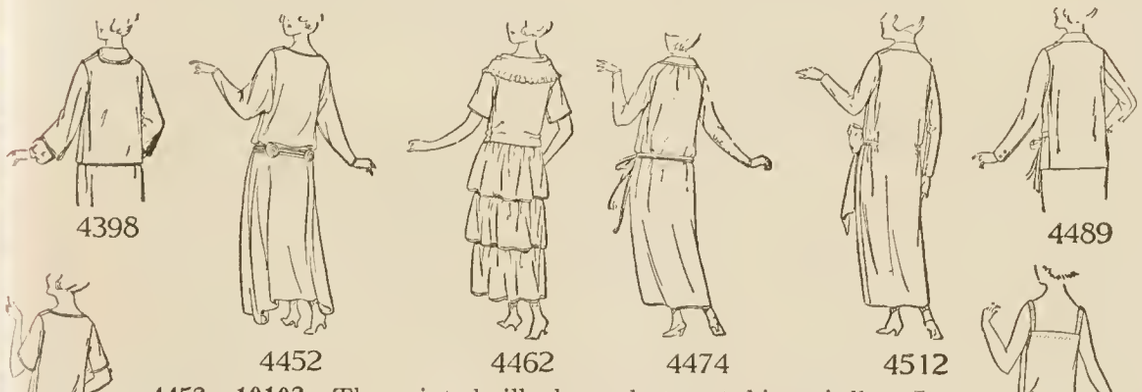
The costume is new for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4488—One welcomes a dress which is suitable for bordered or other materials. This dress slips on over the head and has a straight skirt. The loose panels are becoming. Use printed silks or silk crêpes of medium or heavy weight, or bordered silk crêpes, silks, or bordered cottons of medium or heavy weight, etc.

36 bust requires 4 yards 40-inch bordered silk crêpe. Lower edge 52½ inches.

The dress is Summery for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 31



4398 4452 4462 4474 4512 4489 4398 4251

4452—10102—The printed silk dress elects a tubing girdle. Its two-piece circular skirt joins the low waistline and the dress slips over the head. Use satin crêpe, heavy silk crêpe, or charmeuse, with sleeves of lace or Georgette, or for a dress all of one material and with a leg-o'-mutton sleeve use satin crêpe, heavy silk crêpe, charmeuse, etc. The embroidered bag is smart.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch printed crêpe satin and ¾ yard 40-inch Georgette. Lower edge in plain outline, 2⅜ yards.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4398—The Eton jacket sheds its sleeves for Summer and goes on over a slip-over dress with a straight skirt. Use cotton ratine or novelty cotton for jacket and skirt with body of dress in cotton crêpe, or use heavy silk crêpe with contrasting silk crêpe body, moiré silk with silk crêpe body, or soft twill with printed silk, etc.

36 bust requires 1½ yard 39-inch figured cotton crêpe for body of dress and 2⅝ yards 35-inch cotton ratine. Lower edge 52 inches.

The suit is becoming to ladies 32 to 40 bust.



4504

4474—10155—A one-piece dress in raglan effect of jersey tubing, silk jersey, medium-weight silk crêpe, heavy crêpe de Chine, or light-weight pongee, heavy cotton crêpe makes a useful town and country frock. It has a straight lower edge and slips over the head. The embroidered border is effective. Work in one-stitch and satin-stitch or outline.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch silk jersey and ⅜ yard 36-inch contrasting material. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is for ladies 36 to 44 bust.

4462—A lace fichu outlines the graceful neck of this taffeta dress which closes under the left arm and has a flounced straight skirt. Use taffeta or gros de Londres with lace, net, Georgette, chiffon, fichu, or use organdy with lace or net, or the entire dress of dotted voile trimmed with organdy, or for evening, lace with taffeta or silver cloth.

36 bust requires 4 yards 35-inch taffeta. Lower edge of foundation skirt 48 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 40 bust.

4504—10130—Jersey tubing or Persian challis fall into the simple lines of a one-piece dress with a straight lower edge. It slips on over the head. Use silk crêpe, satin crêpe, crêpe de Chine, or for later wear use cotton ratine, cotton homespun, cotton crêpe, printed fabrics, linen, gingham, or chambray. The sleeve, slit along the upper part, is sewed on a drop shoulder.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 36-inch linen. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4512—10123—A very simple but smart type of wrap-around dress has a bow on one hip and slight fulness over both. The embroidery gives the border effect. Work it in running and outline stitch. Use heavy silk crêpe, or wool rep, wool crêpe, etc., or cotton ratine or novelty cotton crêpe.

36 bust requires 4 yards 39-inch heavy silk crêpe. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4489—4251—The French touch to this straight jacket comes from a bow contributing to the snug fit over the hips of an accordion or side plaited skirt. In silk or cotton matelassé, heavy printed cotton crêpe, over a crêpe de Chine, Canton crêpe, etc., skirt, it is smart. The skirt may join a camisole body. Lower edge plaits out 2½ yards.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2¼ yards 39-inch heavy printed cotton crêpe and 3¼ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine for skirt.

The jacket is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses, the skirt for ladies 35 to 42½ hip.



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THE LAST WORD

A Page of Shop-Talk, Gossip, and Comment

A New Health Program

Elsewhere in this issue we are introducing Mr. Fielding H. Yost in a brief prefatory note to the first of his series of articles on keeping fit. To thousands—perhaps tens of thousands—of DELINEATOR readers, especially in the Middle West, the introduction is superfluous. To them the name of "Hurry Up" Yost is inseparably associated with athletics, with a long record of successful achievement in a field where his position is unique. It is highly improbable that any man in this country has had more opportunity to study the physical capacity of American youth, to know from experience how their native endowment can be improved by intelligent direction or impaired through negligence. In one other respect Mr. Yost is particularly well equipped to write for DELINEATOR readers: The University of Michigan, with which he has been associated for twenty-three years, is a coeducational institution. Ten thousand students constitute its undergraduate enrolment and Mr. Yost is responsible for the required and extra athletic activities of all of them—men and women. Mr. Yost at fifty-three is a splendid example of his own teaching. He tells us that the foundation for his rugged physique was laid in his boyhood when he followed the plow on a Tennessee farm, long before he graduated in law from the University of West Virginia or decided to make athletic coaching his lifework. The labor-saving conveniences of a mechanical age, as he tells you in his first article, make it difficult for the youth of to-day—or, indeed, for any of us—to get sufficient physical development through such natural and wholesome effort, but something must replace it if we are not to become weaklings. Mr. Yost's substitute is regular exercise coupled with the observation of elementary rules of hygiene. His "prescription" for keeping fit is devoid of fads or fancies. His talks on the subject will appeal to your common sense and you may undertake to apply them at home in the certain knowledge that they come out of the experience of an expert who knows his subject.

LITTLE DELINEATOR Prizes

The following children have won prizes in LITTLE DELINEATOR contests now concluded: November cover, Sadie Yancey; Chinese cover, Donald Oldershaw; Chinese drum, Edward Parker; Chinese tea-set, Eleanor Rodgers. Monkey clip-clip scissors: Laura Lou Higbee, Marjorie Barden, Louise Wene, Walter Benedict, Marian La Rose, George Pratt, Frank Zygalinski, Osborn Holden. Santa Claus cover, Robert Saalbach. Christmas gift contest—First prizes: Evelyn Thompson and W. Earle Miller; second prizes, Della Oppenlander and James Skow; third prizes, Eugene Schmall and Mildred Muir; fourth prizes, Ruby McNeill and Donald Lane; extra one-dollar prizes, Katherine Warwick, Elizabeth Traub, Balmer Kelly, Ruth Schofield, J. Austin Turner, Jr., Rebecca C. Miller, Helen Steele, Robert Harvey, Harry E. Brown, Paul S. Strain, Johanna Vander Werf and Edwin Toy. January cover, Jean Fuller.

"Home, Sweet Home"

Everybody knows "Home, Sweet Home," the world's most popular song, the centennial of which is or should be celebrated on May 8, just one hundred years after it was sung for the first time at the Royal Theater, Covent Garden, London. Although every schoolboy knows that John Howard Payne, an American, wrote the memorable words, it is not so generally known that they were first heard as part of a light opera called "Clari, the Maid of Milan," composed by Sir Henry Bishop. The one popular music number was so superior to the rest of the piece that even the name of the production has long since been forgotten except by historians of music, but the sale of "Home, Sweet Home" made a fortune for its publisher in the first year of its existence, and the beautiful simplicity of its words, matched by its equally perfect musical accompaniment, still appeal and probably will continue to do so as long as the sentiment of home has a place in human hearts. Now comes news that the original manuscript of the song, one of the most valuable musical manuscripts in the world, permanently becomes an American possession through the generosity of Mr. Hiram W. Sibley, who has given it to the Sibley Musical Library of the University of Rochester. The lovely old cottage at East Hampton, Long Island, that inspired John Howard Payne's song is the subject of Mr. Charles S. Chapman's painting on this month's DELINEATOR cover. In THE DELINEATOR for May, 1922, there was a story of the house and its contents and a sketch of the composer's life. In the same issue we presented plans for a modern seven-room house based on the lines of this splendid early American model, and prospective home-builders who favor that type of construction may still obtain plans or information about it by addressing THE DELINEATOR'S Home-Building Editor, enclosing a stamp for a reply.

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MIX *and* SERVE

Edited with Willing Hands and a Mean Pencil by the Only Mere Man on the Staff

WE HAVE been so busy denying reports that we are the original of the columnist in "Black Oxen," the new novel by *Gertrude Atherton*, that we haven't had time to more than skim this month's barrel of clippings about the never-sufficiently-praised sex ◈ ◈ ◈ Instead, we are devoting our homiletic quarter of a page to the miseries attendant upon our own unhappy lot, hoping thereby to keep the minds of our fair pew-holders from dwelling on their own ◈ ◈ ◈ To convince our sceptical lady associates that we have a genuine heartfelt interest in the contents of this great family paper, we prayerfully went into the silence and emerged with some plans for its improvement ◈ ◈ ◈ But such is the nature of a lady editor that she looks askance at constructive criticism from a mere man and all our suggestions have been spurned ◈ ◈ ◈ We appeal to our readers as the final judges of merit ◈ ◈ ◈ For instance, we suggested a symposium entitled *Does Wife-Beating Pay?* intended to be an honest effort to ascertain by stories of actual experiences whether or not the exertion expended in walloping the frau ever brings satisfactory results ◈ ◈ ◈ We anticipated receiving some papers that would be edifying and stimulating, but the suggestion came to naught ◈ ◈ ◈ Then we turned our attention to the service departments and proposed changing the title of *Save a Dollar* to *Save 98 Cents*, arguing that 100's of 1000's of new readers would be attracted by our title for the same reason that women will risk life and limb to buy a ninety-eight-cent chain of colored beads at a sale in a cut-rate store even though in getting there they may have to pass a dozen glass-bead shops where equally useless necklaces are displayed at a dollar a throw ◈ ◈ ◈ The suggestion was ignored ◈ ◈ ◈ Still imbued with an altruistic ideal of service, we proposed opening for home-brewers, vintners and distillers a department to be run on the highest ethical principles, supplying only tested recipes and formulæ and recommending strictly scientific methods ◈ ◈ ◈ That, too, went into the waste-basket ◈ ◈ ◈ As a last resort we planned a series of articles intended to popularize *the poorhouse*, a much misunderstood and maligned institution. In the one where we plan to spend our declining years the guests are fed on the fat of the land, with vegetables and fruits from their own gardens and orchards. They get free medical attention, have just enough light work to keep them in good physical condition, the women are segregated and firmly disciplined, and when the coal shortage hereabouts was most acute they had steam heat in abundance ◈ ◈ ◈ Every week they get a free ride in the superintendent's flivver to the nearest motion-picture palace and in their ample leisure they are free to commune with nature, smoke or chew their liberal rations of tobacco, discuss the topics of the day with the cool detachment of philosophers, or sit with their feet stretched comfortably on the veranda-rail enjoying the spectacle afforded by the near-by State highway with its constant procession of the expensive cars of their "betters" racing by in the fruitless pursuit of far less substantial happiness ◈ ◈ ◈ We were all warmed up to the idea and were even prepared to write the articles free of charge, but lady editors are stubbornly committed to the vicious sentimentality of alleged poems like "Over the Hills to the Poorhouse" and will have none of it ◈ ◈ ◈ We then fired our last shot and complained that there are not enough recipes in THE DELINEATOR for dishes containing ALECITHAL eggs ◈ ◈ ◈ They are still stumped by that one, for a real editor will not condescend to use a dictionary ◈ ◈ ◈ A few weeks ago we came across an old questionnaire sent out by an editor to a list of women asking them what text or quotation they found most helpful in the day's work ◈ ◈ ◈ One replied that many times in the course of a week she had occasion to repeat to herself "There's no rest for the weary" ◈ ◈ ◈ We feel a brotherly affection for this lady and find some consolation in the thought that occasionally wisdom is justified in her children ◈ ◈ ◈ An even better example lies close to hand: "When my youngsters have objectionable company," writes a reader from *Muskogee, Oklahoma*, "I call guests and all into the living-room, take an old book of sermons from the shelf and read in a dull monotone for a short time. One by one they all depart and I save my offspring from contamination."



THE DELINEATOR



MRS. WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY Editor

W. MARTIN JOHNSON Art Director

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FROM *the* EDITOR'S POINT *of* VIEW

THE NEW FOURTH OF JULY

THERE are always a few men and women who scoff at those who believe in the spirit of a nation—who deny that a people can have a soul. It is not these who make the fine traditions of a race or defend it in its hour of peril.

When fireworks were abolished, there were some who sneered. "The spirit of the Fourth of July went out with the Roman candles and the giant firecrackers," they said.

This is not true. We have changed the manner of our celebration, but the spirit has not died.

People still put fresh flowers at the feet of the bronze Nathan Hale in City Hall Park in New York. It is one of the busiest spots in the world—and New York is supposed to be a heartless and sordid city. Yet almost any day you may find tributes laid at the feet of the young schoolmaster whose only regret was that he had but one life to give for his country. On the Fourth of July flowers are banked there. They are not contributions from patriotic organizations; this down-town park is not a gathering-place for paraders or celebrators. They are tributes from American citizens who treasure the traditions of our forefathers. They give proof that the nation has a spirit, the people a soul.

The giant crackers have gone and the soap-box orators have lost prestige, but we have come to a saner, finer Fourth of July. Not so many people are getting drunk on that day, and not so many children are being killed or maimed. But we have not forgotten Nathan Hale and all that courageous soul stands for.

And we are remembering the torch-bearers of our own time—each State has her heroes of whom she is justly proud. Kentucky has her John Yandell, the young lieutenant who could not pick "the weakest man in the outfit" for an errand that meant sure death, so he went himself. South Carolina has her Major Sinkler Manning, who could not send his men ahead of him in a hopeless drive at Mount Faucan, so he led them—and was the first to die. Massachusetts has her Quincy Mills, the young newspaperman, who, knowing that he was about to die, wrote his mother:

"For myself, I would have you believe that whatever end I met, I met it with an even mind, constant in the conclusion that I would rather have gone out to this war and not come back than not to have gone at all. My chief regret, if I may not live to see the end, is that I may not witness the triumph of right over wrong in this the most terrible eruption of the forces of reaction in the history of man. That these forces can triumph is unthinkable; if they are to win, I would rather die now than witness the victory."

There is a long list of these modern patriots. They have justified their forefathers—they have given us a new Fourth of July.

MRS. JOSEPH CONRAD

READERS of THE DELINEATOR have recently been given the privilege of peeping into Mrs. Joseph Conrad's cook-book. In the issue in which we began the publication of this interesting work, the editor told of a visit she had made to the home of the Conrads in England two years before.

At that time Mrs. Conrad's son had returned from the war, the world had come to recognize her husband as the foremost novelist of his generation, and with this recognition had come the material reward which had solved all financial problems. But Mrs. Conrad was an invalid, unable to leave her bed. She had been injured by a fall which seemingly had permanently crippled her.

However, the mind of Jessie Conrad was not crippled. She had been active for many years, her husband's companion in his travels and a leader in welfare work wherever she happened to be. She was a famous cook, and she was also a philosopher. When the accident came which tied her to her bed for years and apparently for her whole lifetime, she set to work sorting the recipes which she had gathered for many years from all parts of the world and making them into a cook-book.

About this time Mrs. Conrad was visited by an American woman who had been crippled in an accident and after long suffering had been put back on her feet through the work of a great American surgeon, Dr. Virgil P. Gibney. This woman told her experience to Mrs. Conrad and urged her to consult a surgeon again.

Mrs. Conrad recently wrote the Editor of THE DELINEATOR that Sir Robert Jones, the noted English army surgeon, had performed a successful operation and that after her years of helplessness she is once more able to walk and to take an active part in the life of her community. Mrs. Conrad adds:

"I was extremely pleased to have letters from the readers of THE DELINEATOR, and I would be grateful if you would find a small space there to give them my message of thanks."

BETTER HOMES IN AMERICA
THE DELINEATOR
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS

DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE
Office of the Secretary

Washington, December 28, 1922.

Mrs. William B. Meloney,
222 Spring Street,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Mrs. Meloney:

I want to express to you in writing how highly I regard your work in undertaking and carrying through the 1922 Better Homes in America Campaign. This Campaign served to draw the attention of a large proportion of the American people toward better standards for the homes in which they live, and directly and indirectly it should have an uplifting effect on American life.

I hope you will convey to the publishers of THE DELINEATOR my appreciation of their providing the funds necessary to handle the work. I feel that your initiative, continued resourcefulness and painstaking exertions underlay the success of the movement and I want to congratulate you for the results attained.

Yours faithfully,
HERBERT HOOVER.

OUR NURSES

ONE of the most unjust attacks ever made on a profession was an article aimed at the nursing profession which was published not long ago in *The Medical Review of Reviews*.

There is no nobler work for women than that of the scientifically prepared minister to the suffering. There are few occupations so exacting, during the years of preparation or in the years of active service, as nursing. To it have been attracted some of the noblest women of our time. During the recent war, twenty thousand of the thirty-five thousand nurses who belong to the American Nurses' Association volunteered for army or Red Cross work and saw active service.

There are average nurses, and there are some few unworthy nurses. Even among the twelve disciples, there was one who betrayed. But the percentage of nurses who are fine, efficient, self-sacrificing women is very high. There are men, women and children in America to-day who owe their lives not merely to the medical profession, but to the nurses who faithfully watched over them through long hours.

During the "flu" epidemic this year and two years ago, there was a shortage of nurses, and many of those who were able to work at all did night duty and day duty, stopping for one hour's sleep, and frequently going twenty-four and even forty-eight hours without any rest at all.

In public-health work, in emergency hospitals, in large sanitariums and in the home, death would take a far higher toll were it not for the skill and the self-sacrificing spirit of professional nurses.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN

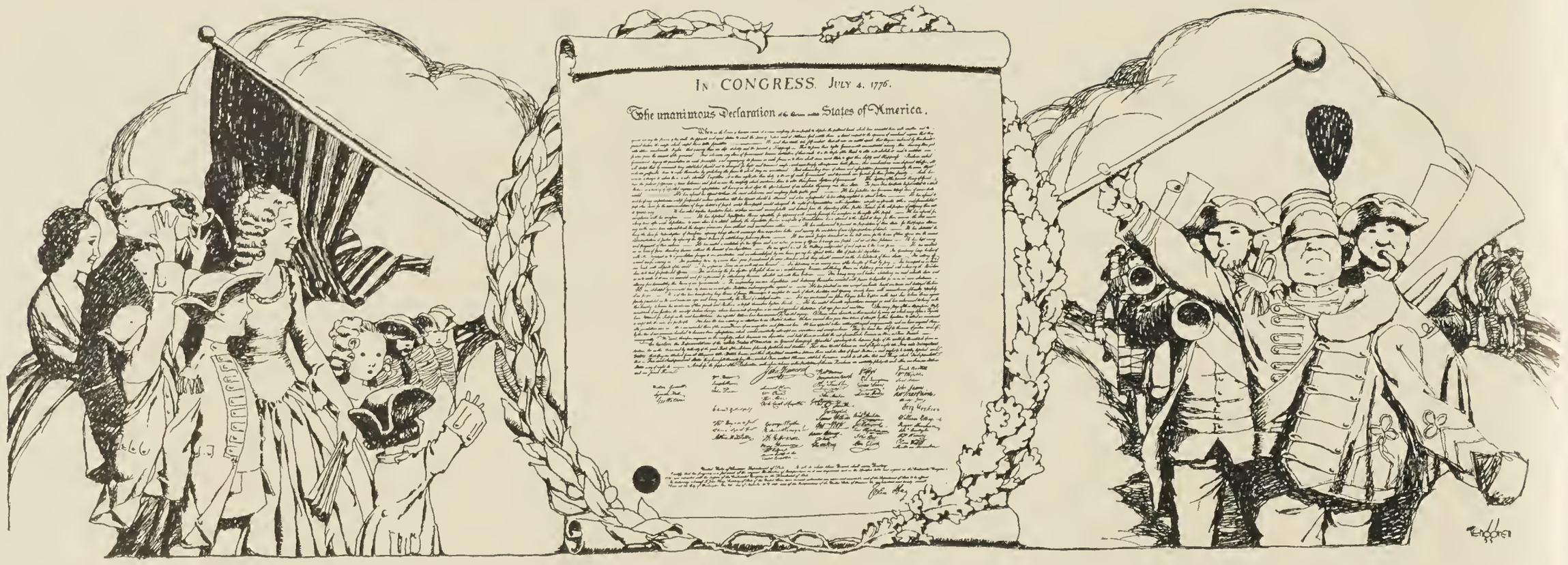
MRS. PERCY V. PENNYBACKER, who was appointed by President Harding to head the Woman's Committee for Near-East Relief, has written the following appeal to the readers of THE DELINEATOR:

Women of America, where are your children? Safe at home. You see them off for school in the morning, you know they are well cared for through the day, you see them safe at home at night, the little ones tucked into bed, the older ones safely in the house, before you think of sleep yourself.

Over in Greece, now, while you read this, twenty thousand children brought out of Turkish military territory, where many of them have been in terror for their lives every hour of the twenty-four, are drawing their first safe breath in months. Think of children three and four years old, little girls and boys of seven and ten, wandering the streets all day in search of bits of food. Not professional beggars, but children—their parents dead or lost from them, their homes burned, nowhere to go, no one to look after them, countless numbers of them dying from starvation and exposure.

The Near East Relief has been able to take into their orphanages twenty thousand of these children, to give them food and warm clothes and medical attention.

It has cost many thousands of dollars to move these children to places of safety and will cost many thousands more to reestablish them in permanent homes and transport the food and supplies necessary to keep them there. Surely this is a work for every American—and particularly every American woman—to be proud of. Greece is donating buildings and almost matching us, dollar for dollar, in contributions. Won't you help? MRS. PERCY V. PENNYBACKER.



THE FOURTH OF JULY

Its place in the heart of a child

By ANGELO PATRI

Author of "A Schoolmaster in the Great City" and "Child Training"

THE birthday of our country ought to be rich in meaning for the children. It should give them a thrill of exultation, a feeling of deep gratitude and reverence for the days gone by, days whose burdens nobly borne made possible this day, made straight its way and planted its foundations deep. It should bring to them a great pride of inheritance and a lofty determination to keep themselves worthy of it. It ought to bring them a moment of consecration at its dawning and leave them filled with the hope and humility that murmurs: "God bless America. God save us the Fourth of July."

We who are old ponder all this and hope fondly that the children really understand and respond. But do they? Can they? They do not hear our murmured prayer. They can not glimpse our moment of renewed consecration. How could they? They have no memories of this day. They have had no scorching experiences linked with the flag. There is no pain mingled with their joy at the sight of the glorious riot of color, no ache in their throats at the sound of the martial music. No reverence of the past that lies in the songs and the stories and the marching veterans brings a solemn light to their dancing eyes. 'Tis a glad, mad, prancing holiday made wonderful with flags and drums and gay uniforms and tremendous noises. 'Tis hurrah and hurrah! because they can read only the outward signs and interpret them in their own terms.

I CAME to America a little lad scarcely five years old, knowing no tongue but the Italian of my ancestors. I lived in an Italian colony. About me were children as ignorant of the speech and tradition of the country as I, and we made common lot of our isolation.

There came a bright morning in July. The streets were broiling in the hot sunshine, flags were flying from every window and housetop. Holiday spirit was in the air. From every quarter came the sounds of exploding powder. "Blasts," said one little lad to the other. *Boom, boom, sputter, crack, boom!* What could it mean? So much blasting and nobody working; so much laughing and shouting and gay costuming and still the *boom, boom, bang!*

"It's the Fourth of July," said a big boy who gathered we wanted to know what was happening. "The Fourth of July—" and then a long stream of words that held no meaning for us. But it was sufficient—we had it: "Fourth of July" to us said "forte gelato," and what could be simpler to our Italian mind?

"Forte" meant big, strong, powerful. "Gelato" meant frost, ice. There must at one time have fallen a great frost upon this people on this day—so great a frost that they had to blast their way through it with much powder. Frost in July! Imagine! Small wonder these people made festival and bombarded heaven with their grateful prayers. We, too, would celebrate this great event, and forthwith raced home for nickels to buy ammunition.

Such a funny interpretation!—and yet was it funnier than some that English-speaking children put upon our celebration of the day? Think about the day as it is celebrated in the different homes about you and picture what the children make out of it.

There is a family who believe that the way to teach honor to this day is to have the greatest display of fireworks in the neighborhood. To be sure, they have in the background of their minds and hearts a deep appreciation of the Fourth and its meaning, but it finds its expression in this peculiar way. They buy boxes and boxes of fireworks until they have a collection of rockets and crackers and red fire and green fire that would do credit to a life-saving station fitted out for emergency.

"JUST you wait, Tommy. You're going to have the best Fourth of July any boy ever had. We'll give the boys a surprise. Don't tell. In the evening, after all your fireworks are gone, we're going to have a set piece: George Washington crossing the Delaware. Won't that be great? We want you to grow up patriotic, Tommy; we want you to celebrate the Fourth the right way, so we're going to a lot of trouble and expense."

All day the house is a place of bombardment. When evening comes, Tommy is about ready to be carried off the field. He has a blood-blister on his thumb where the cap-pistol nipped him; his right eyebrow is singed and his left hand burned because some of the crackers went off ahead of schedule; he's longing for his cool bed, but the hope of eclipsing the other fellows sustains him.

George Washington crosses the Delaware true to the form of all good set pieces. There is a glimpse of his tricornered hat, a bending oar, a mass of what might have been the ice, then a tremendous bang and a burst of flame, followed by the cheers of the envious lads next door. That is the end of the blistered day. Noise and weariness and pain and disappointment mixed with joyous anticipation and excitement. How will the boy interpret that? Not as his father and mother hoped when they planned it all.

We all know the conscientious parents who are determined that the children shall have the proper atmosphere for the great holiday. They rouse the children early and dress them in their stiff and uncomfortable best and start off to make the rounds of the parades and the unveiling and decorating ceremonies.

The wait is long and tiresome. The children have to be rested now and again, and when at last the parade comes, they must be lifted above the heads of the crowd that they may see the hats of the marching men.

The bands blare. The crowd surges toward the monument and the children are urged to hurry along after. The old soldier who is speaking addresses the men and women who built the monument and they scarcely heed him as each thinks of his own soldier and becomes lost in recollection. Absorbed in themselves, trying to soothe a great sorrow at the shrine of a hopeful memory, they have no thought for the children.

What do the children get out of such a day? An impression of roaring bands, drum-beating, people crowding and hurrying, long minutes dragging by, once in a while a rift in the dreariness caused by an old song or a familiar word. Over and under and through it all is woven the gray net of fatigue, the deadly enemy of all worthwhile impressions and pleasant memories.

To many, many people the Fourth is just a holiday, a cessation of things, a day to do nothing at all, while the children play about or go on trips. The children idling about the house are uneasy and fussy. Their routine has been broken and their bodies resent it. They beseech their mother for some way to soothe their uneasiness. "Mother, may I go to see the parade? May I, mother? Ellen is going. Mother, are we going to have ice-cream? Why, mother? May I go get it now?" They fret and wiggle and squirm until weariness, coming with the dark, sends them to bed thankful that the day is over.

The day after the Fourth one dreads to read the papers lest the lists of accidents and mistakes and casualties leap out to distress the very heart of one. Poor children for whom no clear and safe interpretation of this day had been made possible have been hurt, or worse—and that because of our silence or actions or our strange symbols.

WHAT is it we want to make clear to them? How can we do it?

We would give them an idea of the beauty and glory and majesty of the spirit of America, born after great struggle and strife on July 4, 1776.

We would have them know that on that day their forefathers, the people of America, set out the first white milestone on the road to their destiny which promised freedom, the greatest and fullest that men can know, to all those who should come after them.

We would have them know that this great gift was bequeathed them by their fathers, gray men and bent, just as those they saw this day marching so bravely to the flower-covered stand to salute the flag and tell its story.

We would teach them that America is an idea so big, so fine, so enduring that nothing little or demeaning to people can find a place in its interpretation. So mighty, so serene, so secure is America that nothing can shake her faith in herself, and to-day she faces the future with the same faith that signed the Declaration of Independence and "made and preserved us a nation."

Concluded on page 66



Victrola VI
$35
Mahogany or oak



Victrola No. 50
$50
Mahogany or oak



Victrola IX
$75
Mahogany or oak



Victrola No. 100
$150
Mahogany, oak or walnut



Victrola No. 220
$200
Victrola No. 220, electric, $240
Mahogany, oak or walnut



Victrola No. 240
$115
Mahogany, oak or walnut

Select the style you prefer but be sure it is a Victrola!

There are no better judges of performance than those who themselves perform. Practically without exception, all those who represent most in the world of musical art choose the Victrola as the one best instrument to perpetuate their achievements. The purchase of a Victrola therefore carries with it assurances of satisfaction which can be obtained in no other music-reproducing instrument.

Hear these Victor Records by the world's most famous artists:

For You Alone	Caruso	87070	$1.25
Song of the Volga Boatmen	Chaliapin	88663	1.75
Ol' Car'lina	Galli-Curci	66014	1.25
My Laddie	Gluck	64183	1.25
Caprice Viennois *Violin*	Kreisler	74197	1.75
Mother Machree	McCormack	64181	1.25
Good-Bye	Melba	88065	1.75
Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 10 *Piano*	Paderewski	74788	1.75
Spinning Song *Piano*	Rachmaninoff	64921	1.25
Danny Boy	Schumann-Heink	88592	1.75

Go to the nearest dealer in Victor products and ask him to play these records for you. They are representative of the great Victor Catalog. You will be thrilled by their music and realize as you never have before your need of such music as the Victrola and Victor Records used together can produce.



Victrola
REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

Look for these trade-marks. Under the lid. On the label.
Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N.J.



"I'm terribly sorry to have kept you waiting, Jane," Mrs. Jollyco is saying, "but Elektra is ill and I've been washing the luncheon dishes."

"I've just been through the same experience for a week," replies Mrs. Latham. "And just look at my hands! Did you ever *see* anything so red and rough?"

"Why, Jane, dear, how awful! I never have to worry about my hands—see how smooth they are! Of course, we always use Ivory Soap for dishes. It seems to prevent any of that roughness or redness."

"Well, of all things! I never *thought* of that!"

To assure protection to all things that need summer cleaning



"Mr. Jollyco, excuse me, sir, but I understand you have specified Ivory Soap for washing the office linoleums. Don't you think that's pretty expensive?"

"I've done that, Jimpson, because the linoleum manufacturers wrote me last week that strong soaps rot the fibre base and soon ruin the linoleum itself. They have tested every soap on the market and found that Ivory is one of the very few soaps they are willing to recommend. So I guess we'll save money in the end."

"Well, that's certainly news to me, sir. I supposed *any* soap was good enough for linoleums."

No, Mr. Jollyco is right. Linoleums are very sensitive to soap. Ivory is the *only* generally known soap that appears on the approved list. We'll be glad to show you the evidence.

Women who take good care of their sensitive skin know that Ivory Soap is a faithful protector against the glare of summer suns.

The purity that makes Ivory thus beneficent for tender skin also renders it kind to delicate garments and to all those hangings and household furnishings which so readily collect the dust that swirls through summer's open windows.

A special large size for protection and economy

For the washing of all such things—silks, sheer cotton voiles and dimities, delicate-hued blouses and skirts, summer chintzes, table-linens and bedspreads—a special laundry size of Ivory is made.

This fine, big cake of Ivory is exactly the same soap as the Ivory you use on your face—pure, mild, gentle, white.

Indeed, it is as fine a soap as skill can make and money can buy, yet it is economical enough for general household use!

Harsh soap is destructive to fine fabrics and tender hands

Harsh soap is destructive to linens and cretonnes and silks. Harsh soap shrinks and mats delicate woolen fabrics. Harsh soap soon ruins varnished surfaces and linoleums. And when you use harsh soap for washing dishes, you know only too well what happens to the tender skin of your hands.

So it is only natural that, in seeking a means of protection both for these precious possessions and for your hands, you should turn with confidence, like so many millions of other women, to Ivory Soap.

May we suggest, therefore, that when you buy the smaller size of Ivory for your toilet and bath, you also buy, for both protection and economy in your general cleaning, several cakes of the large size, also?

We have published a booklet called "Unusual Uses of Ivory Soap." We shall be glad to send you a copy free. A post-card will bring it.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100% PURE IT FLOATS



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THE FEAR-HEALER

By PERCEVAL GIBBON

Author of "The Second-Class Passenger" and "Those Who Smiled"

It is written that the old geographers, the "cosmogoners" who opposed world voyaging, believed in a "tropic point," where "white men burned hop-skip to blackamoors." They believed also that the voyagers returning across the "tropic point" recovered their natal color. There is probably for every man a tropic point; it happens to many men to cross it and undergo the change—it happens to the fortunate few to make the return voyage. This is the story of such a man—and of the girl who brought him back



THEY COULD MAKE OUT ONLY THAT, FAR AWAY, THERE WAS MOVEMENT AS OF MANY PEOPLE

THE swell of the inland hills broke upon the plain in a surf of rocks, filmed over with a thin spray of spike-barbed cactus and plumed aloes. Here, upon the last boulder slope, where the heat dazzle trembled man-high over the stones, Barlow stood and looked forth to the trim plantations below, which had once been Hackitt's. Away to the right of him, standing as though afloat upon the riot of a tropic garden, he could see the house, its windows dim under the pent of its wide veranda. None moved about it; no smoke rose from it.

"Cleared out in time," guessed Barlow, thinking aloud in a cautious murmur. "Wonder if they know Hackitt's dead."

He squatted down where a straggle of prickly pear made a narrow shelter of shadow from the high and overpowering sun and continued to watch for some movement about the house which should answer him. There was an urgent need just then that he should look well not only before he leaped but before he even crawled. "Native unrest," it is called; he had come upon it while moving on his secret and generally discreditable affairs beyond the hills at the back of the Mozambique Province. The black spearmen were out in their thousands; hell was spilt in a tide of blood and fire among the villages; and it was death—death long drawn out, like the day-dream of a demoniac—to be white. His native carriers had deserted, and, turning back alone, he had come that morning early upon the body of Hackitt, plainly killed, by good fortune, in a fight. And now he was watching Hackitt's house, where Hackitt's wife and daughter had lived, lest the Kafirs, having got there first, might be there yet, lying quiet and hoping for such visitors as himself.

His vigil had endured for perhaps half an hour when he saw movement in the shadow of the veranda. With brows puckered over the pale eyes that looked bleached and colorless in the strong tan of his face, he watched alertly. The door was open—he could see the dark blur of it—and some figure that showed white came forth and stood upon the threshold. It was motionless for a space, as though it stared forth at the empty lands; then it moved forward and came into the sunlight by the low veranda-rail.

"Ah!" said Barlow, letting go his held breath. "There's time yet, then."

He rose and stepped forth from his place of ambush amid the spiked and barbed vegetation to the open sunlight. He did not call, for the house was yet some third of a mile away, but, laying down his rifle, he stood to his full height and brandished his arms, semaphore fashion.

The figure on the veranda—it was that of a woman—moved swiftly back toward the door, paused and came forward again. Barlow waved once more, picked up his rifle and started toward the house. As he went, his thin face, with its deep and uneven stain of sun that lay like carelessly applied paint on his mild and rather commonplace features, took on a complacent and self-satisfied blandness; he knew himself to be advancing fearlessly to the rescue where a rescue was fearfully needed; the posture warmed and pleased him.

He was, for the rest, a smallish man, with no bulk of body to serve as an ensign of his steel-and-hickory strength and endurance. He had not even any telling emphasis of manner, any compulsion of the eye or graphic force of gesture; and outside of his own profession he had little of either renown or credit. The natives of course knew him with that uncanny and narrowly detailed accuracy which Kafirs show in their estimates of white men; they had an ugly and devilish apt nickname for him. But the man himself was there to contradict with his vague hesitancy and mildness of demeanor their tales and complainings of daunting prowess and iron ruthlessness.

HE WAS passing through the last of the young coffee before a new trouble touched him. He had come four days on foot through bush and over hills since his carriers had bolted with their loads, and his toilet had not been one of his preoccupations. His clothes were what the thorns had left of them; there was a week's growth as of sparse fur, the color of wet sand, about his jaws. And the girl had been dressed in white. Out of the great sun-drenched African silence that yet seemed to rustle with stirrings and mutterings of peril and fear a paltry embarrassment, a mere shyness, descended upon him suffocatingly.

The tumultuous growths of the garden let him through at last, reluctant and uncomfortable, to the little open space of stamped red earth, veined like a leaf with sun-cracks, to which steps came down from the veranda. At the head of the steps stood the girl in white; she had a gun in her hand, holding it by the barrel, its butt resting on the ground. Barlow lifted deferential eyes, made a formless movement toward his sagging hat-brim and shambled forward.

"Stop where you are!"

Save that they were jerked forth like a gasp made articulate, the words were clear—icy clear. Barlow halted as at a word of command and stared.

She was staring down at him too, with feverish intentness, as though all her being were gathered up and driven forth at her eyes in a desperate energy of scrutiny. She was about his own height, slender, brown-haired and might have been twenty-two years of age. The oval of her face had a delicate and luminous tropic pallor; her eyes, great and dark, glowed from it like sleeping fires. Barlow, who saw little of white women at any time, quaked inwardly before her; for him she was exquisite, as colors in a sunset, as scents at dawn, as tones

Continued on page 50

Beginning a new novel

J. HARDIN & SON

By BRAND WHITLOCK

TOWARD the close of a rainy afternoon late in the month of May, Paul Hardin stood on the hill, known in the region as the Hogback, that rises a mile to the east of Macochee. It is the highest point in Ohio, and as his teachers had often explained, the topmost ridge of the principal watershed of all that part of the United States.

From this commanding eminence, Paul dominated the whole of the physical world as it was known to him, that world of which he was the vital, throbbing center—though on such a height, under that overarching, tumultuous sky with its rack of blue-gray clouds, the insignificant boyish figure appeared to be the victim, rather than the lord, of the dreary scene. There, a mile below him, were the shingled roofs of Macochee among the trees, with the dome of the court-house rounding above them, the jail, the public school and the spires of a dozen churches pointing upward with their divergent testimony to the devout nature of the inhabitants. In the plain were farms, with their hulks of barns, and around to the east there were the dark woods of the Marmon Valley and the groves of maple, whence the farmers drained the sugar for which Gordon County was famous. There were orchards, too, planted by Johnny Appleseed, that weird, half-crazed friend of man; Paul had a picture of him in a book at home, a grotesque tatterdemalion with his bag of apple-seeds. But far more mysterious and fascinating, the figures of Simon Kenton and Simon Girty, the Indian fighters who once had roved those woods. And Logan, the Mingo chief: he and his braves had lurked and fought there too. Generally when they read "Logan's Speech" in school, Paul felt rather sorry for Logan. "I appeal to any white man if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry and I gave him not meat; if ever he came cold and naked and I gave him not clothing."

However, it was not the white man's injustice to Logan that troubled Paul just then, but rather the white man's injustice to himself. Because of the sudden illness of his teacher, the afternoon had opened with the bright promise of an unexpected half-holiday; but his father had meanly taken advantage of the occasion to send him to Hosea Ortman with a message about a temperance meeting. Hosea Ortman's farm lay on the slopes of the Marmon Valley, a mile on the other side of the Hogback, and when Paul had done the errand, the afternoon was gone—lost forever. Now he loitered along the homeward way in the hope that the North Clarksburg hack might give him a lift into Macochee. When he had climbed to the Hogback, he stopped to wait until the hack came along. He was in a mood of resentment toward his father for having spoiled his holiday. But his resentment had somewhat cooled in his long trudge and was now subsiding into a mellow sense of injury not wholly unpleasant, though he tried to keep it alive by picking up stones and shying them viciously at the old oak-tree that stood on the summit, holding out its arms defiantly to the winds.

AFTER a while, hearing the hack strain up the hill, he hid behind the oak and as the hack passed ran out and sprang on to the step behind. On this occasion, though the hack was full, there was but one native aboard. As Paul mounted the step, this man was addressing the stranger who sat disconsolately opposite him:

"We're nigh about there now."

The stranger leaned forward, looked out, and turning toward the interior of the hack, said:

"Cheer up, Evelyn; we're almost there. The town is just down the hill. Our troubles are nearly over."

At this a heavy male voice of peculiar stagy timbre gave vent to three hollow and sardonic ejaculations:

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hush, Edward!" said the peremptory voice of an elderly woman. "Can't you see how she suffers?" And then turning with maternal solicitude toward a young woman who was reclining at the end of the long seat with coats, shawls and rugs piled about her, she said:

"Don't mind him, Evelyn. We shall soon be there. Be brave just a little longer, dear."

To the eyes of Paul, now accustomed to the semidarkness within the hood, the face of the girl, a pale spot among her improvised pillows, was alternately visited by the expressions of pain and terror. She was young, her features were delicate and pretty, and the ministering hand of the elder woman smoothed back reddish hair from a brow that was moist with suffering. Opposite her sat the man whose tragic voice had uttered the sardonic commentary on the irony of things. His visage was large and his cheeks blue with a heavy unshaven beard. He had a large, mobile mouth, glowing eyes and locks that hung lankly to his shoulders. There were six others in the party: a silent young woman, who looked gravely on at her stricken fellow traveler, and five men.

Paul sat there, his childish imagination painfully affected by the suffering young woman in the corner of the hack. Fortunately, he felt, these strange beings took not the least notice of him. Who could they be? Then, suddenly, he recalled the posters that had been on the walls of Macochee for a week announcing a play to be given at the opera-house that very evening—"one night only." And now here he was actually in the hack with the "show people" riding into town! He stole glances one after another at those superior beings who dwelt above him in a world of romance and delight; they filled him with awe; he had never dreamed of drawing so near! And then a groan came from the end of the hack where the young woman reclined among the rugs. She had an immense fascination for him, and yet he was troubled; he felt a strange, instinctive indelicacy, a kind of shame, of which he was only half-aware. He dared not look at her, and he sat there, troubled, in the presence of mystery.

They rode on down the hill, the suffering girl wincing at the screeching of the brakes—a disconsolate little company, dragging out the last moments of their miserable journey. But at the bottom of the long hill, where the road entered Macochee, they bowled more smoothly over the graveled roadway under trees that sheltered prosperous Macocheean residences, standing there remote from the desperate emergencies of life, comfortable, serene and respectable.

The members of the company began to gather up their luggage and presently the hack drew up before the McBrier House. They carefully aided the girl to alight, bore her into the hotel and then, amidst the bustle of the arrival, the young man who had sat near the door of the hack called:

"Send for a doctor, quick—the best in town!"

The young actor, his sensitive face drawn with concern, disappeared indoors and the members of his company, depressed and downcast, followed; the North Clarksburg hack drove away; the old tragedian lingered an instant in the doorway, cast a glance of dubiety up and down Main Street, took in its gaunt, haggard façades, its gnawed hitching-racks, its crazy signs, its mud and filth, and then wagging his head sadly, turned and strode majestically into the hotel. The landlord was lazily gathering up the luggage from the sidewalk when the young man, in an agony of concern, came scowling out on to the veranda.

"Haven't you sent for the doctor yet?" he demanded.

The landlord looked up with a glance of indifference.

"I guess you'll have to wait until the nigger porter gets back from the five-forty; then I'll send him," he said.

"My God!" exclaimed the actor in despair. He looked about him helplessly, and then noticed Paul.

"Here, boy," he called, "run and fetch a doctor, will you?"

Paul started forward eagerly.

"Wait," added the actor. "Want to go to the show to-night?"

Paul's eyes stared so widely that the actor smiled, and taking a book from his pocket he tore out two slips of paper and gave them to Paul. "Skip!" he said.

Paul found Doctor Bowles in his accustomed haunt, in Ogle's drug-store, saw him roll into his phaeton and drive away, and stood there, loath to sever his relation to this mysterious event. In the window of the drug-store hung a show-bill, a lithograph in colors, representing a smiling young woman standing in a field of mown hay and swinging a sunbonnet by the strings; beneath was the inscription: "Evelyn Walling, as Sally," and then the yellow placard that read: "Opera-House, one night only, Thursday, May 26." There could be no mistake—it was she! He had been close to her, had ridden in the hack with her. An immense pride swelled in him—and then a poignant sadness, as there came to him the memory of that face, pale and drawn with pain, a few freckles across the delicate nose, little drops of perspiration on the brow; he could see her, biting her lips with those white, even teeth. He was filled with adoration and an excruciating pity.

He looked eagerly at the slips of paper in his hand—and then he remembered his parents. Sometimes he felt ashamed for his parents, since they would not feel ashamed for themselves or for him; he had tried to explain to them that it made him ashamed before the other boys at school when their parents permitted them to go to the theater while his would not, but he could not move them. And now, when for the first time in his life he had tickets to the theater—even if this fact could move his parents, which he doubted, so inflexible were their principles—the lovely actress was ill, would not be there, unless Doctor Bowles could cure her more quickly than he had ever cured his father of a bilious attack.

THUS, with his bitter reflections, Paul lingered on long after he should have gone home. He was about to leave the scene, when he was joined by a boy whose yellow hair, straggling from beneath his cap, gave to his face an aspect that varied between the comic and the grotesque; the boy's eyes were too small and too shifty to be friendly, and in the brief years of his pilgrimage a curiously furtive smile had already marked their corners with little wrinkles, revealing a spirit which, when it was not to his interest to be ingratiating, was generally malign.

"Going to the show to-night?" he asked, taking his place at Paul's side and sharing his inspection of the lithograph.

"I don't know," replied Paul. He did not like Clyde Sturrock—or did not often like him. "Are you?"

"Sure!" said Clyde, turning to spit with the important manner of a man and cocking his head with an air of superiority. "I wouldn't miss it. I bet if my old man wouldn't let me go, I'd show him!"

"I guess I can go if I want to!" said Paul. "I guess I've got tickets!"



This portrait is a study of the author of "J. Hardin & Son," a story that grips you because it is real, as life is real; a theme that stirs you because it is sincere, as Brand Whitlock is sincere; a book you can not forget, because its people are living people, not names and faces. It is essentially an American story, rooted in the soil of our pioneer days; and yet it is universal in its understanding and portrayal of those fundamental things in human nature which are never of one country nor of one age

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"Aw, you have not!" said Clyde.

"I have, too!" Paul retorted.

"Let me see."

"Well, here!" said Paul, and he thrust the little slips of paper under Clyde's nose.

Clyde was taken aback; his manner changed.

"Gi' me one," he said.

"Yes I will!" said Paul.

"Aw, gi' me one!"

Paul shook his head and Clyde drew nearer; he smiled in his most servile manner.

"Aw, Paul," he begged, "come on, gi' me one—you know me! I'd give you one if I had two, like you've got. I'll give you—I'll give you my two agates for one."

Paul shook his head; the marble season, he reflected, was over. Clyde tried all manner of cajoleries.

"You needn't tease," said Paul; "it won't do any good." If he could not use the tickets himself, no one else should. And Clyde, finding his efforts useless, dropped his whining tone and became threatening.

"I'll be mad at you if you don't," he said.

Paul looked in Clyde's narrow eyes, with their yellow lashes and pale irises of a greenish blue. "Who cares?" he said, and moved off.

When he had gone a few steps out Cedar Street, Clyde called after him:

"Wait'll I ketch you!"



AS THE HACK PASSED, PAUL RAN OUT AND SPRANG ON TO THE STEP BEHIND

PAUL, already compromised by his delay in returning from his errand, now hastened to reintegrate himself in the straight and narrow path as represented by Cedar Street, which led to his home. There, on his entrance, one glimpse revealed his father in his normal mood. It was a glimpse merely of his father's back, but it was enough; Paul at once retreated. His father stood in the dining-room window, his massive shoulders shutting out the light; in one hand he held his watch, the lid of which he snapped from time to time in sharp reproach for the delay that kept him from his supper. Paul knew from certain sounds in the kitchen that his mother was lending a helping hand to Annie, the old negress who cooked for them, bustling about in the intimate sympathy of women who, however widely separated in other ways, were one in their understanding of the despotic and tyrannical nature of man. And Paul remained discreetly in the sitting-room, listening to the snapping of the watch-lid and the urgent sounds in the kitchen while the house, otherwise heavy with silence, throbbed and vibrated in every cranny with the virile influence of the overpowering personality that filled it like an atmosphere. Paul stood in the bay window of the sitting-room and looked out on the same scene that his father contemplated: a narrow strip of unkempt grass; a picket fence; and in the great yard just beyond, the cluster of buildings that in the Hardin family was known as "the shop"—the lumber-sheds, the low smithy of red brick, the engine-house, the paint-shops, his father's little white office, and then the "the old shop," a gaunt structure of rough brick occupying the corner of Cedar and Mad River Streets, with great double doors on either thoroughfare and a sign-board flung like a flying buttress across the sidewalk bearing the device: "J. Hardin, Carriage-Maker."

But J. Hardin had heard his son come in.

"Paul!" he called.

"Yes, sir!" cried Paul with alacrity, going to the door of the dining-room.

J. Hardin stood there, a tall, bony figure in loose gray tweeds. Over his heavy shoulder he turned his dark head with its mass of black hair, presenting a lean bronze visage, its beard trimmed in loose configuration to the determined jaw, its long stubborn upper lip cleanly shaven. He fixed his son with his cold gray eyes.

"Well?" J. Hardin said, as though he had been waiting long for an answer to some question.

"Now," Paul began, "Mr. Ortman said—" and he repeated what Hosea Ortman had told him to say in response to his father's message.

"Humph!" said J. Hardin, and then: "What kept you?"

Paul explained: he told of the woman who was sick and of his going for the doctor. But he did not say that the woman was of the troupe of theatrical folk, nor did he mention the tickets to the play; his heart was going too rapidly for him to plan an approach to that question.

The supper at last was served. J. Hardin restored the heavy silver watch to its pocket and took his seat at the table. He placed his large clean hands on the cloth beside his plate, waited until his wife had taken her seat and Paul had slid into his chair, and then, closing the gray eyes under their shaggy black brows, he prayed:

"O Lord, bless this food to our intended use and our lives to Thy service. Amen."

Paul had been slowly turning over his inverted plate while his father had been asking this blessing on the food and now he promptly held it forth. J. Hardin's eyes, just then opening again on the things of this world, saw the little outstretched hand and filled Paul's plate. Paul in his nervousness ate rapidly. His heart was throbbing, and presently, not sure that the psychological moment had come, but unable longer to restrain his eagerness, he abruptly asked:

"Pa, now, can I go to see the show?"

J. Hardin looked up. "What show?" he demanded.

"Why, the show that's coming to-night."

J. Hardin merely sniffed with a contempt that dismissed the subject and addressed himself to his food.

"But I've got tickets," Paul insisted.

"Tickets? Where did you get tickets?"

"The man—he's got something to do with the show—he gave them to me—for going for the doctor."

"Oh," said J. Hardin, as though he understood. "Let me see those tickets."

Paul handed over his precious tickets. J. Hardin took them, looked at them and thrust them in his pocket.

"If you go anywhere to-night, it'll be to prayer-meeting!"

Paul in his eagerness and suspense had stood almost erect, his heels on the rung of his chair. Now he sank back, a tear rolled down each cheek and he got up and left the table.

"Paul," said J. Hardin, "come back. Fold your napkin and sit there until we are done."

Paul resumed his seat with an expression on his brow that gave him an odd resemblance to his father. His mother broke the silence:

"You know, dear, that father does not approve of the theater."

Paul gave an impatient start at this superfluous statement, but J. Hardin snapped his fingers at him and he sat there glaring. He dared not lift his eyes to his father's face, but looked instead at his father's hands—large, clean, powerful, with minute black hairs on the backs of them. He turned his glance elsewhere—out the window to the garden, where, in the fading light, he could see the pungent young onions sprouting their vivid green, or across to the shop where, in a window, he could see the glistening spokes of a buggy-wheel. The meal was finished in silence and Paul went moodily into the sitting-room and flung himself into a large chair. His father had gone up-stairs; he could hear him washing those large clean hands again, vigorously brushing his gray coat. His mother, coming through the room, paused long enough to pass her hand over his head and to say: "You can sit here and read your book." But Paul jerked irritably away from the caress and gave a look of disgust at the shelves where, among his father's small collection of volumes—religious books, for the most part, and works relating to the Civil War—there were two or three books of his own, like "Frank at Don Carlos's Ranch" and "Beldin, the White Chief." They need not expect him tamely to accept commonplace substitutes for the splendid opportunity they had so callously denied him. He would not read that evening; he preferred to be miserable in moody indolence. And he rocked violently, a loose board in the floor squeaking dismally with each lurch of the chair.

IT WAS a large and rather cheerful room, with a sofa whereon his father, after he had read the Cincinnati *Gazette*, took his nap every day after dinner, and, in the bay window, the table at which his mother sewed or read. Through a door that stood ajar he could gaze into the parlor, a bleak and alien apartment, set round with chairs upholstered in black haircloth; and, though the gloom was slowly expanding within its walls, he could still descry the portrait of John Wesley, in his white clerical bands, and an engraving of the Savior, who stood before a door, bearing a lantern; he could make out the inscription: "Behold, I Stand at the Door and Knock."

And then upon his ears there fell the sound of bells ringing for prayer-meeting. Paul went out into the yard and around the house and waited there until he saw his father and mother set forth. He watched his father's broad back—solemn, unyielding, orthodox in its ample coat—until it had disappeared, his mother going along by his side, her bonnet nodding unquestioning wifely acquiescence. Paul sat down on the steps of the porch, his elbows on his knees, his chin in his hands.

The church bells were ringing again, one after another, over the roofs of Macochee. Night-hawks were flying low in the gray sky, wheeling and whirring and emitting their sad shrill cries. The notes of a cornet came to his ears as from some open window far off and high, and the

darkness that lurked under the cedars and among the piles of ash lumber about the shop stole out and enveloped Macochee and hid away the lonely figure on the steps of the porch suffering numbly from the first of those disappointments and denials that life holds even for the most innocent of her victims.

When Paul came down to breakfast the following morning, he knew from the low voices that issued from the dining-room that his mother was receiving a morning call from Mrs. Tilling. Mrs. Tilling was frequently "running in," especially if she had a bit of news. J. Hardin, who had the bucolic conviction that early rising was perhaps, next to total abstinence, the highest of the moral virtues, was at the shop by six o'clock every morning to set things in motion; at seven the whistle blew, the engine began to throb, the wheels to purr and the great belts to flap, their broad expanses of shining brown leather running dizzily in their endless labor. Then J. Hardin would come in to breakfast.

It was a morning of dismal rain; the elms in Mad River Street, their foliage heavily saturated, waved their boughs wildly with sounds like sighs and the air was chill. His mother and Mrs. Tilling were carrying on their confidences in a melancholy tone, and as he was about to enter the dining-room Paul heard his own name mentioned. With the egotism of a child, he stepped softly and stopped to listen.

"Yes," Mrs. Tilling was saying; "she died at two o'clock this morning. Mr. Yates, the milkman, told me when he came to fetch the milk. Doctor Bowles stayed there, his poor old horse standing in the gutter all that time. The baby lived."

Paul did not at once grasp the import of her words, until he heard the reference to Doctor Bowles—and then he realized that it was Evelyn Walling of whom Mrs. Tilling was speaking.

Dead! That pretty woman! Dead! And yet he had run all the way to Ogle's drug-store and Doctor Bowles had gone at once! How close he had been to her—he could have touched her—and now she was dead! A little shiver ran through him.

Paul caught snatches of the conversation.

"The man went back to the hotel after the show was out," Mrs. Tilling was going on, "that nervous he couldn't set still, but walked up and down the hotel porch all night smokin' seegars! Yes — smokin' seegars!" Mrs. Tilling sniffed.

"Her husband?" asked Mrs. Hardin.

"Why, Mis' Hardin!" exclaimed Mrs. Tilling, with a sophisticated laugh, "don't tell me you s'pose those show actors ever gets married?"

"Poor thing!" his mother replied.

"Poor thing indeed!" rejoined Mrs. Tilling obdurately, and her voice sank to a lower tone.

ALL that day at school the death of Evelyn Walling oppressed Paul with a kind of terror. Certain facts came to him clearly enough—as, for instance, that the play had been given at the opera-house without Evelyn Walling, who, it appeared, had not been playing for several weeks. The company could wait no longer than that day; they had followed her to her grave in Oak Grove Cemetery and that evening boarded the train for Dayton. They left a baby, a girl, with Mrs. Hobbs, an old woman recommended by Doctor Bowles.

The following day Paul was going along Main Street with his father; they were passing the drinking-saloon kept by Steve Lubbock, a crusted old public character who, in Paul's world, was looked upon as a very wicked man, not because his saloon was low and disorderly like those in Market Square, but precisely because it was quiet, and even respectable, and was frequented by men of consequence in the community, like Wade Powell and Malcolm Dyer, who just then came out from behind the green shutters at its door. J. Hardin would have avoided them if he could, but they said almost in unison:

"Good morning, Mr. Hardin."

J. Hardin gave them a cold, perfunctory reply and looked at them closely, not to say suspiciously, wondering what was up. Paul looked at Wade Powell, a fine figure of a man in his black garb, with his white collar and black cravat, his broad-brimmed hat, smooth-shaven face, long glossy black hair and that forensic air which proclaimed the lawyer of those days.

"We should like to speak to you a moment, Mr. Hardin—Dyer and I," said Powell, indicating his companion, a man shorter and stouter than he, wearing a bright red cravat and trousers of shepherd's plaid, whose stocky figure gave an effect of stubbornly blocking J. Hardin's way.

Malcolm Dyer, like Wade Powell, was one of the figures of that larger Macocheean world which lay about, but mostly above, Paul—figures which, to his puerile sense, were not as yet arranged in their proper relations. Malcolm Dyer inspired in him a certain awe and at the same time an admiration that he would not willingly have owned to his father. Malcolm Dyer was, for Macochee, a rather flamboyant personage. He had come to the town not many years before and had at once offended the sense of the community by the striking differences his own character presented. He was rich and owned farms all over Gordon County. He lived in a large brick house at the end of Winter Street on the western edge of the town, a house with high sharp gables surrounded by cedar-trees—lived there with his wife, a frail, reclining woman, and daughter, somewhat younger than Paul. Paul had seen the daughter at school, a shy, dark, sallow little girl with solemn eyes.

Dyer had come from Virginia and was suspected of entertaining Southern sympathies: what was worst of all, perhaps, he proclaimed himself a Democrat, though he took no active part in politics. He had a large stable and kept several well-bred horses and two pointers, over which he shot quail in the Autumn. Altogether, he made a conspicuous figure in Macochee, and yet he had few friends, aside from those heteroclite souls with whom he foregathered at Steve Lubbock's or played poker in Wade Powell's law office on Saturday nights.

Dyer's small eyes were peering at J. Hardin now out of a square reddish face; he had a closely cropped mustache that bristled toward the right side of his mouth, giving an asymmetrical expression to his face. It was a rather good-natured and humorous face, and its highly colored skin showed, as it were prematurely, a complex network of capillaries. From time to time he drew his right hand across his mouth, an odd gesture that accounted for the fact that his mustache grew to one side.

"We want to speak to you, Mr. Hardin," said Powell.

POWELL was making a supreme effort to appear dignified: he was very solemn, his brows contracted, his lips compressed, and he stood erect and stiff, in the impressive attitude of the orator, with a pompous, almost senatorial, bearing. Dyer, too, was making a visible effort, but he was trying for a more jaunty and careless effect: he stood negligently leaning on his stick, his body slightly bent to one side, one foot cocked over the other, carrying the thing off with a casual air. From time to time he would turn his head and spit, wipe his mouth with his hand and then turn and fix J. Hardin with an important, serious expression. In a word, Dyer and Powell were both slightly drunk.

"Well, what do you want of me?" J. Hardin demanded.

"Mr. Hardin," said Powell, "we are interesting ourselves, as a committee, in the welfare of the little baby that was born the other night."

"Oh, you are," said J. Hardin dryly, suspecting, not without reason, that they were quizzing him.

"Yes. You see, a number of us met last night, and in talking over the plight of the little creature, we decided that a subscription should be taken up to support it."

"Humph!" ejaculated J. Hardin. He could imagine their meeting, there in the back of Steve Lubbock's saloon; he had heard of the convivial scenes that were enacted there late at night after the saloon had been closed.

"We drew up a subscription paper, headed by our friend here"—Powell nodded in the direction of Dyer, who at once adopted an appropriate expression of generosity—"and we thought that we should ask you to subscribe." He drew a large sheet of paper from his pocket and handed it to



"GOOD NIGHT, PAUL—DEAR," SHE WHISPERED—AND WAS GONE

J. Hardin. J. Hardin scanned the paper suspiciously. But three subscribers had set their names to it: Powell, Dyer and Steve Lubbock. Then, even more suspiciously, he scanned the faces of Powell and Dyer, as if to read there that which was not explicitly written on the paper: the subtly ironical and impertinent intention of their act.

"I don't care to sign, Mr. Powell," said J. Hardin, and he gave the paper back to the lawyer. A flush overspread Powell's cheeks and he made as if to put the paper back into his pocket. But Dyer said imperatively:

"Hold on, Wade. I want to know why he won't sign it."

"Oh, come, Malcolm," said Powell.

"No, wait," said Dyer, with stubborn insistence. "I want to know why he won't sign it! Does he think he's too holy to put his name down on a paper with yours and mine?" And then he turned to J. Hardin and demanded:

"Why won't you sign, Hardin?"

J. Hardin looked Dyer over from head to foot and said: "Dyer, you're drunk." And then he turned away.



SHE PUT HER ARMS ABOUT HIS NECK AND SNUGGLED UP TO HIM, AND HE HELD HER CLOSELY, FEELING SUDDENLY FOR HER A GREAT AFFECTION

THE Winter that wrapped Macochee in its snows some three years after the catastrophe that had overtaken the troupe of players was peculiary favorable to the growth of moral interest. For six weeks snow lay in the valley of the Mad River; a stinging north wind blew without relenting, low gray clouds hung over the town and the gloom was only at the rarest intervals lighted by the sun. The usual protracted meetings in the church began early in January and the revival was instantly a success.

Among the converts who were made in the course of the revival were two persons in whom Paul took an exceptional interest. One of them was Julia Eden, the daughter of Judge Eden. She was a handsome young woman, with the warm coloring and voluptuous curves of the blonde at thirty. She had reached the age when it was said of her that she had been a beauty in her time. As the belle of Macochee, she had once been popular and seemed ever on the point of marriage, but for some reason, never quite defined, she hung fire. Then, that Winter, she had attended the revival and surprised Macochee by giving up the vain pomp and glory of this world and professing religion.

The other figure that attracted Paul's attention was that of Harvey Costley. Harvey Costley was an aging young man of thirty-five, the son of William Costley, the owner of the Macochee Woolen Mills. Harvey Costley as a youth of nineteen had run away from home and joined a circus. He was not heard of for years. Then one morning he returned and remained in Macochee for a season, only to depart again. He came back a year later, however, and thereafter disappeared and returned at intervals so frequent that it was his appearance, rather than his departure, that came to be dreaded by his father. Latterly his appearances were humiliations to William Costley, for, on the last three occasions, Harvey had chosen the Winter as the season for his apparition and each time he had attended a revival and had been triumphantly converted—the first time at the Presbyterian Church, the second at the Baptist, and now, this Winter, at the Methodist Church. Each time he had risen and in his capacity of repentant prodigal had recounted such amazing tales of romantic adventure that he was listened to with awe and wonder that mounted to admiration. In his testimony he devoted more time to a retrospection of his sins than to a celebration of his new state of grace. He had been all over the world; there was no country that he had not visited. Mouths watered at the succulence of the husks on which he had fed so voraciously.

It was but natural that between two such romantic natures as Julia Eden and Harvey Costley an affinity should be discovered, and, meeting thus at the revival, they were constantly in each other's company. Harvey escorted Julia nightly to church and home after the services; the common report was that they were engaged.

In the Autumn of that year Paul completed his six months of probation and with a score or more of the other converts, Julia Eden and Harvey Costley among them, was received into full communion in the church. He had entered the high school that Autumn, and in studies of wider interest and with a generally broader outlook on life he began to feel in himself the stirrings of a man. He began for the first time, with a feeling that was no longer the contemptuous superiority of a boy, to notice the tall girls in the upper classes of the school.

ONE evening in December at the weekly prayer-meeting he was directly behind Julia and Harvey. He sat gazing at Harvey's broad shoulders and, more intently, at the soft white nape of Julia's neck, when suddenly he became aware that the relations between the two had been chilled. Julia sat rigidly upright and turned her head away from Harvey, while he bent toward her with an ingratiating and assiduous air. During the prayer that followed the hymn, when they both bent forward and bowed their heads, Harvey sought Julia's hand, but she withheld it; and when finally he succeeded in touching it, she gave him a slap and whispered irritably: "Behave yourself!"

The low-ceiled room was growing very warm from the enormous heater that was burning in it and Paul before long became sensible of a peculiar odor in the atmosphere. Faint at first, it grew stronger as the heat increased and before the prayer was ended Paul recognized it as the odor of alcohol. The discovery filled Paul with horror—Harvey Costley, then, was a backslider!

The prayer ended, Harvey sat bolt upright in an attitude of offended dignity. Paul gradually became aware that others were noticing the couple. After a while Harvey's gaze was not so steady, his eyelids drooped heavily, his head nodded and it seemed that he would fall asleep; then suddenly he jerked his head impatiently, sat more determinedly erect and fixed his eyes as before. Even the pastor was aware that something was wrong; his own attention flagged and his eyes wandered uneasily in the direction of Harvey Costley. Just at that moment Harvey gave vent to a loud and explosive sigh and finished with a wide audible yawn.

A hymn was sung and the pastor called for testimonials. Several persons rose and testified to their state of grace, and then Paul was aware that Harvey was getting ready to rise. Julia plucked at his sleeve.

"Don't make a fool of yourself!" Paul heard her whisper.

But Harvey struggled, escaped from her insecure grasp and said:

"I want to give my experience."

And he got to his feet. An intense stillness fell. The congregation turned toward him in expectancy. He began to speak. There was an unsteadiness in his utterance; his speech lacked its usual fluent flow; he was relating certain incidents connected with his life in the Far West, and he related them with a redundant wealth of banal and insignificant detail. As he was speaking, the odor on his breath grew stronger and filled all the room. There was a general look of shocked and grieved surprise. Julia Eden moved away from him, but Harvey talked on and on.

THEN suddenly Paul heard a familiar voice lifted in the strains of a hymn. It was his father's voice. J. Hardin, his face dark with wrath, sang a line or two of the hymn alone, his heavy voice rising above the rambling and monotonous utterances of Harvey Costley. There was for an instant a rivalry in the two strains, a hesitation on the part of the congregation; then a voice timidly joined with J. Hardin's, then another and another, and finally the whole congregation lifted the strains of the hymn and the voice of Harvey Costley was drowned in the volume of song.

He looked uneasily about him for a second and precipitately sat down.

The prayer-meeting was soon at an end, and in the confusion of dispersal Harvey turned toward Julia and prepared to help her put on her wraps. She turned away with an air of independence.

"Are you ready to go home?" asked Harvey.

Julia looked around and her eye fell on Paul. Turning upon him her most ingratiating smile, she said sweetly:

"Oh, Mr. Hardin will see me safely home."

Harvey stared at Julia an instant; then his eyelids fell, he swayed slightly and made a bow that was intended to be intensely sardonic. Julia had placed herself at Paul's side, taken his arm and he now felt himself impelled, almost led, to the door.

"It is very warm in here, don't you think?" she was saying.

"Yes, ma'am," he said timidly, and then he felt his face flame and he detested himself for having said "ma'am" to her with such juvenile politeness. But he could not think of anything else to say and was glad when they had run the gantlet of all the sharp inquisitive glances, amused or malicious, and had gone out into the cold and darkness of the street.

Since her conversion, Julia Eden, as any of the saved might have warned her, found life more difficult than once it had been. She had no social diversion and had accepted Harvey Costley's advances as a kind of last resort, until the scene of that evening had threatened her with the one infliction she could not endure—ridicule.

Continued on page 56

BACKWARD BENJAMIN

True love is true love still—even in a generation of flappers

By BERTHE K. MELLETT



"GREETINGS!" HE SHOUTED. "HOPE I HAVEN'T KEPT YOU WAITING"

CISSIE PATTERSON didn't exactly tell "Bounding" Benny Burchfield to go jump in the creek for the time that Lalisse Spencer was to be in Seattle, but she did make a very earnest effort in the direction of letting him know that she hoped to goodness he would keep himself and his disreputable old flivver submerged until the distinguished guest had departed.

Cis was sitting on the terrace of the tennis club when Benny saw her and came across the courts. She had had the Lalisse-Benny worry on her mind for days, and Benny's visit presented an opportunity for getting it off.

"Oh, dear!" she sighed. "Dad simply *won't* get a new car. He says the old one's plenty good. And it is—for anybody but Lalisse. Did I tell you my chum at boarding-school is coming from New York day after to-morrow? She's the most exquisite thing you ever looked at, and I positively know she's never set foot in anything worse than a Rolls-Royce in her life."

"Say—" "Bounding" Benny's pink face flushed, and for a moment Cis thought the deed was done. No chance. Benny's blush was not of shame, but of eagerness—which was more in his line. "Say," he repeated, "I'll chauf her around if you don't want to be bothered. Tuned old tin Lizzie up myself only yesterday, and I'll say that baby walks now."

Cissie groaned inwardly and started to tell Benny that he and his flivver were the two things, above all others, which she dreaded lest Lalisse should find out about Seattle. But somehow, no matter how mad you got at Benny for galumphing in where angels fear to tread, there was something about him that kept you from being mean. You see, when a kid has had rotten luck from his cradle—and if you don't believe Benny'd had rotten luck, ask any old settler if there had ever been a panic in the West without Benny's father being there like a hunted hare with liabilities enough to sink a ship—well, when a kid has had luck like that, you can't help hating to hit him over the head every time he comes up smiling. And then, too, you remembered how he'd got his education. Pure grit. Working in logging-camps and lumberyards every vacation until finally, when he got out of high school, there was a dandy place waiting for him in one of the mills. You had to admit there was the right stuff in Benny. He was the sort of boy you'd respect and like most—if only he didn't everlastingly turn up with the air of being sorry the party'd been a frost without him, but here he was at last!

"Now, look here, Benny"—Cis swung her racket and tallied one dandelion head—"I can't let you neglect your job."

"Vacation!" Benny expanded his chest to add emphasis to his announcement of the beneficent coincidence. "Starts any time I say. Boss came around yesterday and asked when I wanted a lay off; said I had a good one coming."

"I'll tell the suffering universe!"

"Thanks," Benny acknowledged the corn. "And if I do say it, some of the best things in the sales end of the shop have been pulled off by yours truly this year. I've kept a record of them. I'll bring it around for your friend to read."

"Don't trouble yourself."

"No trouble at all. When did you say she was coming?"

"A week from to-day—two weeks from to-day," Cis lied desperately.

"No, you said day after to-morrow," Benny corrected. "What's the matter with the old bean, Cis—giving out? Well, so long. Sally Placer's looking for me to play with her. I'll buzz around Friday night."

And he did.

LALISSE had arrived late that afternoon, up to specifications in the matters of prettiness and elegance, but with a timidity and gentleness of manner that was startling in a girl so rich. She brought her own maid—thereby terrifically complicating the Patterson housing problem—and nine trunks. But for all that, Mrs. Patterson took one look at the nice dark eyes raised to hers and then stooped down and kissed the child.

"I didn't mean to bring Hortense," Lalisse whispered apologetically. "But she wanted to come——"

"Why, we're glad to have her." The daughter of the expansive West made a rapid calculation of rooms available and saw that she could move herself and her husband up one floor without any bother at all. "You and I are going to like each other!" and she patted the little gloved hand, then shooed her guest before her up the stairs.

Dinner was hardly over that night before cars began to climb the hill to the house overlooking the bay, and by the time the mountains had shut off the sun from the world every rug on the lower floor was up and the phonograph was putting in a hard day's work. Benny hadn't showed up yet and Cissie was breathing freely, when suddenly there was a familiar clamor in the street, a violent ring at the door-bell—and in walked the late Mr. Burchfield.

"Greetings!" he shouted, adding his hat to the collection on the hall bench. "Hope I haven't kept you waiting. I——"

He caught his breath. Lalisse had stopped in the middle of a step with Dub Taylor and stood in the door of the living-room. She stared and he stared. Everybody within range stopped dancing to have a look at "Bounding" Benny, standing there, struck dumb by a little girl in blue tulle.

"Why—" he managed to get out at last, his round face shining, "why——"

And then suddenly Lalisse blushed and held out her hand.

"I'm the company," she sort of purred. "How do you do."

That's exactly the way it happened. It's hard to make people believe that the thing called love comes all of a heap like that—and reciprocally. It was hard to make that bunch believe it, even with the evidence before their eyes. And when I tell you that Benny was one of those pests who always have wild steps and stunts to drag a partner through, you'll say they were pretty dumb not to see that the girl who gave him nine dances in a row had to have more than common politeness in her heart to keep her going. All they deduced from the spectacle was that Benny was butting in again, and that the thing to do with him was to tie a brick around his neck and heave him over the bluff when the tide was in.

Maybe Dub Taylor got something more out of it. He didn't say; he only looked glum.

After the impromptu ball was over that night, Cissie knocked at her guest's door. Lalisse was sitting up in bed when she entered, and Cis saw her stow something under the cover to hide it.

"Look here, Lissa—" Cis sat down on the foot of the bed—"I've run you into a jam, though goodness knows I tried to sheer it off. I mean Benny Burchfield. The thing for you to do is to tell him, quick, where to get off."

"But I think he's awfully pleasant."

"Pleasant? Good Lord, pleasant isn't the word! He's effulgent!"

"And he's interesting. He's done wonderful things!"

"Lalisse Spencer!" Cis grabbed the cover to which Lalisse clung. "Give me those papers. Do you mean to say he brought those awful records!" With another yank she jerked the cover back. And there, on a satin fold of Lalisse's dressing-gown, lay a large copy-bookish document.

Cis slapped the book together and put it under her arm. "He'll get this back to-morrow, with my compliments. And if he ever shows up again——"

But he did. At eight o'clock next morning he phoned. Hortense said she had not yet called her mistress. At nine he phoned again—and got the same answer. At ten Lalisse came down-stairs, dressed as though to go out.

"Has anybody phoned?" she asked anxiously. "I've been dressed since eight o'clock, but Hortense hasn't been near——"

"Yes, he called," Mrs. Patterson spoke up. "Now you sit right down and I'll send Lucy for a cup of coffee. While you're drinking that, I'll get him on the phone and tell him to come around in his car. I feel safe with any girl in my charge going out with Benny——"

"Mother, for the love of Mike!" ejaculated Cissie.

"And that's more than I can say for most of the young speed-kings that come around here," concluded Mrs. Patterson without heeding the interruption.

After that, about all Seattle knew of Lalisse Spencer was that she wore wonderful organdies when canoeing with Benny Burchfield and that she played a pretty poor game of tennis but ought to improve under the instructions lavished upon her by her partner. And so by the Friday evening that Malcolm Johnson thought

up the scheme of taking the whole outfit camping with his father at the falls that ran the latter's power-plant in the mountains, there was a widespread sentiment in favor of leaving Benny home.

The bunch was on the Pattersons' porch that night. Below them on the lawn that ran to the edge of the bluff overlooking the bay sat Benny and Lalisse in the moonlight. Benny was telling her many interesting things about the lumber business and she was listening in rapt attention.

"It's narrowed down to Benny and a planing-mill in the contest for carrying on with the most noise and destruction," said Dub Taylor, "and I for one am willing to go into the silence for a while. We'll have to start out about the time they're shooting traitors to-morrow morning, anyhow, so what's to prevent us getting all balled up about carrying the news to Benny that he's invited. You know: Malc thought I was going to do it, and I thought Cis was spokesman—and so on. He can't holler until we get back—and we should have an inhibition about something that's a week off!"

"But he's got such a darned honest face!" Malcolm straightened himself out of a steamer-chair and went to the porch-rail. "And he'll forgive us! It's like kicking a friendly pup that insists on believing your foot slips and comes back wagging. I don't like it. But—" He gave up vain reflections and got down to details: "Father and mother are up there and have quite a lot along. We'll eat at the cook-house. But at night it's colder than Amundsen's next two years, and anybody who'll get rugs and blankets out of moth-balls will be doing a public service."

"I'll go in and ask mama about some now," said Cissie.

NEXT morning dawned as pretty and clean-smelling as any that the sun and air of the Pacific Northwest ever produced, which is saying a good deal. But Mrs. Patterson was not to be deceived by a gilded dawn. Surveying creation, first from the broad front porch and then from the broad back porch of her house, she returned to the table where Cissie and Lalisse were making a hasty and abundant breakfast.

"There's a cap on the mountain," she announced, "and that always means a storm."

"Good gracious, mama, this is no time to be superstitious."

"It's not a superstition—it's a cloud caught on the peak, and I don't like to have you girls heading into the mountains while it's there. Promise me one thing: Don't let Dub Taylor lead just because he's got the biggest car if a storm does come. What with blinding rain and trees falling you'll need a leader who knows the woods. Benny's the only one I trust——"

"Benny!"

"Certainly. So last night, after you'd been in seeing about blankets, I waited up to catch him before he went and made him promise he'd take the lead——"

"Mama! Did you tell Benny——"

"Shouldn't she have done so?" Lalisse laid her fork down ominously. "I want to know, because if Benny isn't wanted on the party—I'm not either."

"Why—" Cis managed a pretty unconvincing change of tone—"why—of course Benny's wanted. But you see, Dub's car is a closed one—and that makes him—well, the logical leader."

"I don't care who leads," laughed Lalisse, "so long as I ride with Benny!"

Dub was furious when he saw what had happened.

"I'll lose him," he told Malcolm, who was stowing fruit and pickles and fudge and sardines and ice-cream in the back of his roadster. "Just watch me!"

"I'll back Benny to stick," laughed Malcolm.

Dub glared. "What do you think I brought this old dreadnaught of a bus for," he demanded, "if not to ride Lalisse to the falls in the style to which she is accustomed? And if you think any old tin can of a two-passenger paddle-jumper is going to rook me out of the privilege, you've got another think!"

Benny showed no inclination to take charge of the expedition. Indeed, it was the way he rattled along behind everybody else that got Dub Taylor's goat, so that young gentleman assured Cissie whenever he ceased brooding long enough to speak. Even when the cap that had been on the mountain thickened and expanded and settled over the foot-hills and a few drops of rain speckled the wind-shields of the cars, Benny hung joyously back. It was not until after a halt had been made for lunch and the meal had had to be eaten in Dub's car owing to inclement weather that Benny assumed the office with which Mrs. Patterson had invested him.

"I'll whip ole Liz up front," he said, when the whine of wind in the woods had grown alarming, "so's I can sing out and save the rest of you if any giants of the forest begin to fall."

"Fine!" said Dub, bending over his wheel to hide his face. "But it doesn't seem right to expose Miss Spencer to your dangers."

"I like going with Benny," Lalisse spoke up. "I'm not afraid."

Benny stepped on to the running-board of his so-called automobile and surveyed the situation. The road was already throwing back nasty splashes, and what with tree-limbs ripping back and forth across it and continuous water curtains flowing down wind-shields and hiding landmarks the way of the pilot was not going to be an easy one.

"No, you can't ride with me," he said. "I'll have to keep my wind-shield up to see, and the car'll be flooded. You go with Dub. And Dub, I guess you can see the back of my car ahead, even with your glass closed, if you keep close enough. Malcolm, you follow Dub, same way. Keep close, all of you, because the road twists a lot and I'm going to be good and busy looking ahead. Don't try to follow by sound; you can't hear anything in this wind."

"Righto," said Dub in the first cheerful tones he had used that day.

Lalisse, with her eyes fastened on Benny's car, made a fuss the minute that vehicle got out of sight ahead.

"I can't see Benny!" She opened the door beside her, but Cis yanked her back. "And you're going fast, too!" she said to Dub. "Why can't I see Benny?"

"He's just around this corner," Dub answered airily. "No—I guess it's the next one. Oh, well—what's the difference where he is? I'll take care of you."

It was ten minutes afterward before Dub consented to hear the insistent horn of the roadster behind and to slow down. When Malcolm got out and came up the road, Dub pulled his collar up around his ears, stepped out and closed the glass door behind him.

"Hey!" Malcolm shouted, "you're off. You're going down-hill instead of up."

Dub turned him around, facing from the cars.

"Shut your trap!" he growled under his breath. "Didn't I tell you I was going to lose that bird?"

"But you're off the road. And it'll be the deuce for the girls to get back——"

"Get back, your grandmother!" said Dub. "We're going to Oleson's mill for the night. Serpentining the way we have to down into the valley, it'll be about ten miles. We'll land about supper-time and the woman at the boarding-house'll look after the girls. Benny'll think we're lost and spend the rest of the week running up side roads looking for us. That'll leave us free to dig out of the mill for the falls to-morrow—and have them for ourselves."

"*I'm* going back to find Benny."

"Look behind you. The road to Oleson's isn't like the main road—there's no bottom to it. We've been going down-hill a mile, and if you think you can shove that omnibus of yours up through that soup——"

"You're right—I can't. But it's a darned rotten business. Go ahead!"

IT WAS not until they reached the mill that Dub admitted to Lalisse that he had taken a wrong turn and lost Benny.

"But," she insisted anxiously, "he'll turn back, won't he, and find our tracks?"

"Rain washed the tracks out as soon as they were put in." Dub looked complacently through a window of the alleged parlor in the boarding-house. The rain had paused for a moment. The sky was a kind of brassy, poisonous-looking cover laid flat over the sharp wedge of the valley.

"Isn't there any other road?" she asked.

Deceived by her quiet tone, Dub appointed himself "spieler" of a "Seeing Oleson's Mill" tour.

"Yes, madam," he said. "There's the well-known skid-road. That wet streak you see ascending in a straight line between the trees is a skid-road. It is made, madam, of cedar-logs placed horizontally like the jiggers on a xylophone, and it is excellent, when greased, for scooting logs down. But it is impractical as a speedway for automobiles. It hits the main road about where we left it, but is much shorter, being straight, than the spiral way by which we reached Oleson's place. And now if you will walk this way, madam——"

"But Benny—back there in his brave pitiful little car—looking for our tracks——"

"Say, you can't hurt Benny—he's tough. Now, madam, if you will walk this way——"

Dub was being very entertaining, but Lalisse couldn't see it.

"Excuse me," she said coldly. "I'm going to lie down.

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"I ALWAYS WAS A BACKWARD GUY," HE SAID. "WE'LL SLIDE DOWN TO OLESON'S MILL TRUE TO FORM!"

THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

"Happiness, like everything else, is an accomplishment"

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

Author of "Certain People of Importance," etc., etc.

PART SIX—CONCLUSION

DAY after day after day, Margaret Yorke felt herself caught in the web of dreamlike, quiet days and sensed in every fiber of her body and spirit a passionate hunger for noises, for voices, for events. Had she ever been a normal human being, she wondered: shopping in the briskly moving crowds of the avenue, dressed for grand opera and watching the snow flutter upon the grimy sidewalks outside the Metropolitan?

Life was full enough for all her kindly, book-loving, nature-loving neighbors. Why, Margaret mused, should it seem only ashes, only utter emptiness and dryness, to her? Why could she never walk off, sleep off, work off the hungry agony of her soul?

She went over and over the pitiful arithmetic: She was twenty-four, Stan nine years older, her husband—living, living, living on—only a few years older than Stan. All three of them so young—so mercilessly, hopelessly young! And thinking of this, she remembered her last talk with Stanley, that oddly inconsequential talk that they had had during the long drive into town from Uplands on the day when they had last seen each other.

"You'll write to me, Margaret?" he had pleaded. "And Carmel isn't so far but what I could see you now and then?"

She remembered now her answer, made slowly, as if she were feeling for words:

"People do get over these things, don't they, Stan?"

A pause. Then Stan had said a little stiffly:

"What has that to do with us?"

"Because," Margaret had answered gravely, "I think that that is what we must do: Get over it."

"Perhaps you will tell me what harm there could be in our writing to and seeing each other?" Stan had asked then.

"Weakness! And I've been weak too often," she had answered. "To write and to meet is only to prolong it—to play with it. I've looked my whole life over in these last few days; I've let myself think how wonderful it would be if I could have my boy and his comfortable little income to manage and you, too! But it can't be. It's just one of those blind things that women do when they love—twisting all life about to fit the new condition and sacrificing everything they have fought so hard to gain!"

"The child is perfectly normal and he has an income," Stanley had said disapprovingly. "I confess I don't see why you should sacrifice your whole life to him!"

"But there are conditions you can not possibly understand, Stan," she had reasoned patiently.

"No, not unless you tell me about them!"

"You don't think," Margaret had begun again, after a



"WHAT A HOLD THAT WOMAN HAS ON YOU, STAN! BE CAREFUL IT ISN'T TOO MUCH OF A HOLD!"

pause, "that I am giving my life to Jim exactly as I would if conditions were normal, do you? Exactly as I would if I were a widow? You know that I am hiding from his father, Stan!"

"Yes, but—my Lord!—couldn't you divorce the father, like every one else, and claim the child?"

"That would mean notoriety!"

"You think it would! But it would be only in your own mind. A newspaper item of five lines—it wouldn't be read by a hundred people in all! The chances of some smart reporter getting hold of the details—I mean Trowbridge's share of the business, and the adoption, and all that—wouldn't be one in a million!"

"Yes, but we couldn't risk that one chance of ruining Jim's life!" she had whispered, her suddenly paled cheek resting against Jim's round white sailor hat.

"You mean—your husband—mightn't acknowledge the child? What if he didn't? Jim would only be all the more yours—and mine!"

THE last word had touched Margaret to the heart and she had felt a sudden dangerous weakening and softening.

"Ah, Stan, you're so good to me! But I lose my head when we talk, dear, because—because of loving you so, I suppose. It's in the nights, when I think it all over, that I realize just how weak—how bad it would be of me to run any further risk now. Think of it, Stan, the miracle of the whole thing! I prayed to live and to be able to keep my baby safe and happy, away from that terrible influence—that has wrecked me! And think how that prayer has been answered! Look at me, here, with him close to me, mine forever, through all his little first lessons and first skates and first adventures generally! How can I—how *dare* I—risk all that again!"

"How would you risk it in just seeing me—in just writing to me?" Stanley had said, scowling gravely.

"Because that sort of thing simply mustn't come into my life again," she had answered.

"But, my darling, you don't think that you and I, loving each other, can go on living all this Spring and Summer and Fall within two hundred miles of each other and not meet?"

"I think—" her breast had risen on the sharp, knife-like sigh that had interrupted the words—"I think we must try," she had said simply.

"Very well. But I don't think it can be done!"

"Then, while things are as they are, I must go farther away," she had answered steadily. "But before we part to-day, Stan, I think you are going to promise me that there shall be no playing with fire, no—no fooling—none of this dallying with the situation that most men and women in our position love so much! There is no reason why you should write to me or see me. After to-day—until there's a change, as there *might* be, in the situation—it's silence. If this is real love, and we are to be happy some day, we can't kill it. But I'm going to try to forget it—to put it to sleep for a while!"

Had he answered? She could not remember now. They had driven on in silence, past the chilly, heavily wooded cemeteries and on into the dismal early late-afternoon grayness of the wintry city. There had been a gusty, bleak wind moving fitfully; Margaret remembered that she had felt intensely weary, intensely cold, utterly sick in soul and mind.

Perhaps he had not answered, in words. But he had been true to the spirit of her command; until the amazing news of Shirley's remarriage had found her, a few weeks ago, he had not broken the silence between them.

How had she summoned courage to rebuff him then, Margaret wondered. There had seemed to come to her suddenly, that night, the realization that she must not break now, and the telegram had been sent. Shirley's marriage, however much a miracle it might seem in reference to Stan's affairs, did not really lessen the distance between Stanley and Margaret.

AND so this news simply became one more fact in the world. Stan was free now, and the little stir of gossip and speculation among their intimates had had time to die away. With this Margaret had nothing to do. The days at Carmel went on and on—sweet, dry, sunshiny days that could be lived on the dunes and the shore; now and then a long wet day, filled with blocks and the animals from the marvelous "Nozard," and sewing and books and long thoughts.

At five, on such a day, she would perhaps summon all her physical energy and rouse herself. This was dreadful—she and Jimmy were a couple of drowsy old frumps. They would take a turn on the shore before dinner.

And so down the dipping road through the pines and the sedgy sand-hills they would go in the Spring dusk, breathing deep of the mild, bracing air scented so deliciously with wet pine and sage and marjoram.

Jim would find one more shell, one more chunk of stone-worn boiler-plating or rusty chain, to drag laboriously



"MY DEAR, JIM HAS MADE UP HIS PRECIOUS LITTLE IDIOT MIND TO CALL ME 'MOTHER!'"

home to his precious collection. And so they would come back, breathless and fresh, to find the air in the living-room insufferably warm and close and the smell of Alice's broiling chicken almost too delicious to bear.

The next morning might break in flawless blue and gold, with opal lights dancing on the effervescent Pacific and Summer odors drifting through wide-opened, sun-flooded windows. And to-day Margaret might bestir herself desperately, washing the masses of her beautiful dark hair, straightening the toy-room, raking the side yard, perhaps taking Jim and a luncheon down the especially beautiful road to the old Mission, where there was a rocky beach and thousands of gulls and the river mouth and instructive inspection of adobe and old Spanish mural painting upon which to feast when the lunch-box was empty and the little socks and sandals had been taken off and put on again.

But even here the treacherous, hopeless pain might creep into her heart again with the first weariness, the first pause, the first hint of sunset. And Margaret would ask herself over and over:

"Am I alive—am I dead? It doesn't seem real, somehow. It doesn't seem *me*. I've been married—I've had a child—I'm not an utter fool! It can't be that all my life is going to be just this eternal 'Stan—Stan—Stan!' I wonder—I wonder if women go crazy—thinking one thing, like that?"

A gray car might turn in from the Monterey road; her heart would leap. That big man in tweeds——

No, it was not Stan. It was never Stan. Margaret would hold Jim's small sandy hand firmly, whistle to the Airedale, glance indifferently at the car as it swept by.

Gulls, piping and circling restlessly, alighting on the wet sand, walking in busy, fussy curves, rising precipitately, only to alight again twenty feet farther away. Water streaming steadily through the rushes of the river mouth, widening on the shingle, mingling with the low, noisy breakers. Sunshine, hot and steady, poppies and buttercups, and glittering shells on the glittering sand. And always somewhere in the picture the tireless little boy, digging, running, investigating, balancing himself cautiously on the big hot rocks.

"Am I alive?" Margaret would say half-aloud. "Am I dead?"

EARLY Summer came graciously to the little seaside settlement that year; the fog was usually gone before noon and the windless, flower-scented, sun-drenched afternoons were actually hot.

One day in April Margaret took Jimmy and Russell, his little friend next door, upon an all-day picnic to the rocks at Point Lobos. This was no light undertaking, and the small boys planned ecstatically for days in preparation for it.

They took the inevitable spoons, sweaters, spades; the cold chicken and the camp-grill, the matches and the rug, the thermos bottle full of fresh milk for the cocoa, the camera and bathing-suits and towels and button-hook, the French bread and fresh butter and the sifting package of salt for the eggs and the squashy chocolate cake into which the big oily skinned oranges would presently embed themselves. Nora took her knitting and Margaret her sun-glasses and her alpine-stock and a change of boots for each boy, and "The Patchwork Girl" to read aloud in the hour of enforced rest after luncheon.

The road dipped down past the Mission, rose over a bare hill and Margaret turned to the right through a toll-gate and drove through cliff meadows where cows

were grazing. The little boys knew this enchanted ground well—the whistling rock through which the waves came spitting and blustering, the wind-blown, twisted oaks; the infinitely varied, infinitely fascinating tangle of pools and boulders, all bathed to-day in sunlight and fragrance, and the sound of the ceaseless boom and crash and trickle and bubble of the restless water.

They rested, the little boys' chatter rising above the piping of gulls and the laughter of the blue ocean. Margaret read to them about the gallant adventures of the *Woozy* and the glass cat, saw them comfortably started at the establishment of a museum in a sapphire pool that had all colors of a hundred rainbows captured in its translucent depths and settled herself with her back against a sun-warmed rock—thinking, thinking, thinking.

The boys and Nora wandered, shouted halloos, wandered again. Margaret felt weary, dreamy, soul and body dulled by the sunshine and the restful arms of the warm earth.

"Am I alive?" she asked herself half-aloud. "Am I dead?"

NORA roused her—roused her to a sense of alarm. The little boys had crossed a twelve-inch channel upon precarious footing and were scaling a small cliff some distance beyond. The end of the shore, a low-lying tangle of oaks, rocks and sparsely wooded earth, was a little island at high tide, and the boys were on the island.

There was no danger; no, no danger whatever. And still the boys did look extremely small, scrambling so gallantly among rocks and protruding roots and crumbling bits of sandy foothold, and it was disquieting to discover that they were beyond the reach of voices. Margaret's vain shouts alarmed her more than anything else; either she or Nora could of course follow the children, but to do that they must descend the broken cliffs on their side and cross a space of tumbled boulders quite outside the range of the children's vision.

And meanwhile they were very small, Jimmy not five and Russell but seven, and any rolling stone or treacherous shelf-like path might betray them. Below them, all about them and between them and safety bubbled the indifferent green waters; not very deep in the channel—no, and not rough to-day, but still——

Suddenly Margaret's heart experienced that sick transition that all mothers know, from safety to a vague uneasiness and from uneasiness to definite fright. She and Nora descended the little slope as best they might. It was hard going. Margaret seemed to herself almost to be standing still, for all her desperate anxiety to make haste.

The gulls piped, the sun shone, the seas boomed. And still the little boys scrambled and chattered happily, their backs to the shore and their small feet finding new and exciting hazards at every step.

"Oh, my God—my God!" Margaret cried, with a sudden full realization of what the next few minutes might hold. One slip of a careless little boot and a small boy would be down there among the rocks and water—unyielding rocks and rushing and roaring, if not very deep, water. "Jimmy—Jimmy!" she screamed. "Come back!"

But Jimmy did not hear her. Only some hundred feet away, yet he was quite beyond reach of her voice.

"Oh, why did we bring them here! Watch them—watch them!" Margaret cried frantically. "I'll go after them!"

IT HAD all taken seconds rather than minutes; now it seemed to her to be taking hours. It was so hard to get over the boulders, to choose the right steps. And the channel was widening with every wave; she must step knee-deep into it. No matter—she dared not risk a jump to the slippery grasses and mosses on the island side!

She waited; this unusually high wave sickened her with fear. If there were to be many like that——

But the next was merely a low, lifeless bubble of water. Margaret stepped boldly into the channel; it was unexpectedly cold and deep and her footing was unexpectedly broken and unsteady.

"Here's a man!" Nora, following her, screamed in sudden hope. And here was indeed a man, sent miraculously in this hour of need and to this lonely place: a big man, swift of foot—a man in tweeds, running down the cliffs between the oaks, jumping the boulders, shouting as he came.

"Stan—get them!" Margaret faltered. And as he ran by her she broke into tears and covered her face with her hands.

In another hundred seconds it was all over and Stanley was stepping cautiously back to the mainland, a small surprised boy hung under each arm. Then Margaret had Jim in her arms, Nora was laughing and crying, and they were all seated on the scattered, sun-whitened rocks of the warm safe grass, telling each other over and over again that children had marvelous foothold, anyway, and that all boys ran risks like that, and that there had really been no danger.

But Margaret was pale, and she kept Jimmy in her arms and held tightly to Stan's hand. And she would not look again at the sea for a long time.

Presently, however, Nora was established with her charges upon a sunny scrap of innocent and sheltered beach, and then Margaret and Stan, twenty feet away, seated in the rocks, with only a quiet cove from which the tides were receding before them, could talk.

For a while it was in monosyllables only and with long silences between the words. To both, the ecstasy of being together again made the first words come almost with pain.

"My dear—you did come—after all——"

"I had to come!"

"I think I would have died—of this——"

"Oh, I know."

Her fine brown nervous hand was tight in his. Looking down at the ruffled rich dark hair, from which she had pushed her broad-brimmed hat, he could see the line of her cheek and the lowered thick dark lashes.

A pause. Then Stanley said, like a man suddenly relieved from pain:

"Whew!" And Margaret raised her dark, sapphire eyes, full of deep meaning and understanding and rueful amusement, and echoed his tone.

"Ah, hasn't it been—*awfull!*"

"This can't go on—we can't keep this up," the man offered presently.

Margaret laughed with trembing lips and wet lashes. It was all so incredibly sweet.

"We have to-day," she said. "All this afternoon—all this evening! Then it'll begin again, I suppose. But I won't think about that."

"I wish you could know what the ranch is without you," Stan mused, a little later. You wouldn't know the place. The house seems shrunken somehow. The rooms all look so unnatural: comforters folded on bare mattresses, and the dining-room musty, and a mud-wasp's nest built right outside your window. Mrs. Battersby's gone to her mother in Chico, and Hang doesn't get back from China until next week—and altogether the whole place has gone to hell!"

"Our darling, beautiful Uplands!" Margaret mourned.

"You and I—if it's ten years from now, or twenty—" Stan said courageously, "we'll go down there, and the trunks will arrive and we'll open it all up and let in the sunshine and make it home again!"

"Twenty years!" Margaret said in a whisper. And her eyes filled again and she looked out toward the dazzling line of the Pacific.

"Then you're not at the ranch, Stan?"

"At the club."

"And you drove all the way from the city to-day?"

"Like a crazy man. All those hundred and twenty miles without once stopping my engine. I was in the office; Foote had just brought the car in. He told me that it was filled with gas and oil, all in perfect shape. I had no more idea of coming here than of going to China. I meant to keep my word to you, dear, my promise not to annoy you—truly I did. But I picked up my cap and walked out through the outer office and told Lusk I'd be in to-morrow afternoon and jumped in as if I'd been keeping an appointment."

She laughed again, giving him one amused, adoring glance. And for a while they said no more, basking in the sweet warm sunshine and watching the constant shuffle and slide and shift of the waters.

"If this were Tahiti beach, Stan, and we had a little hut up there in the trees——"

"Ah, my dear, *don't!*"

"Are you dining with me this evening, Mr. Crittenden?"

"If I may."

"And do you love me, Stan?"

That roused him. He sat up suddenly, sat back again, looked at her with his crooked half-grin, shrugged, reddened all over his brown hard face and moved his eyes to the ocean. His big fingers flipped a flat rock toward the beach. He did not speak.

"If you can honestly answer that in the affirmative, Stan, then I have a tiny piece of news for you. It's this: I'm in love!"

"I'll answer it—after dinner," Stanley said, with a glance that made her heart flutter in exquisite fright.

"Shall we—shall we dine over at Del Monte?" Margaret asked a little confusedly.

"No; we'll dine at home," he said, with another level and disturbing glance—a glance that was all male.

Margaret raised her eyebrows questioningly, but she loved the authoritative, quiet manner. She had been drifting too long; it was good to have Stan's hand at the wheel again.

"YOU must go back to-morrow?" she asked, to say something that might distract him from her suddenly hot cheeks.

"Not necessarily," he said easily. And without glancing at her he added thoughtfully: "I may start—to Tahiti—to-morrow!"

"No, I don't think you'll do that!" she assured him laughingly.

"Might!" Stan countered speculatively, narrowing his eyes as he stared out to sea. He was half-sitting and half-lying, twisted sideways on the rocks, one arm propping his head in a position from which he could easily turn his eyes to Margaret and his free hand gripping her fingers.

"No," she said again soberly. "We've fought so far. Let's fight it out to the finish."

"Ah, but Margaret, if you could know how I want my wife! It's so horrible, this hiding and cheating—this pushing it all back. I get so lonely! I want you in my arms, dear—I want the big room at the ranch to be 'our room,' and to talk to you while you're brushing your hair—and to have you come in and out in your wrappers—in those loose white things women wear——"

"Oh, here—here—here!" she breathed, half-laughing, half-afraid, putting her silencing fingers over his eager mouth.

"I love you," Stanley said simply, accepting the rebuff with a shrug and subsiding into silence. "And that intimacy," he went on after a long while, when he had kissed the fingers and she had taken them away, "that intimacy—that—oh, I don't know: talking about meals and the servants with you, and telling you not to get too tired, and hooking your gowns, and having the right to come in when you're reading at night and having you look up—so sweet and so dear!—with your hair in a braid, perhaps——"

"Yes, I know!" she whispered quickly, as he paused.

"That's marriage," he concluded slowly. "That's where you're going to be an hourly, a daily—a miracle to me. My girl, my companion, meeting me in town for lunch and letting me buy her violets. 'I'm lunching with my wife.' My God! I think I will die of joy some day when you telephone in that you're coming into town and to meet you at the Palace!"

"But Stan, you're a poet—I never heard you talk this way before!" Margaret exclaimed. And although she

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AS A WOMAN THINKETH

By Marion McLean

There is a woman who is one of my best friends, and people wonder why I like her so much.

She isn't particularly attractive, she doesn't talk well at all, she is too busy with her children to have entertaining parties, if she knew how. In fact, she is not at all a remarkable person.

Except in one respect: She is a real friend.

She is as pleased when my husband gets a good fee as when her own does, and they are in the same profession.

She apparently thinks the things my children say are as funny and clever as those her own children pull.

I can have a better time with her going to the market where the cabbages are cheapest than at the opera with lots of other people.

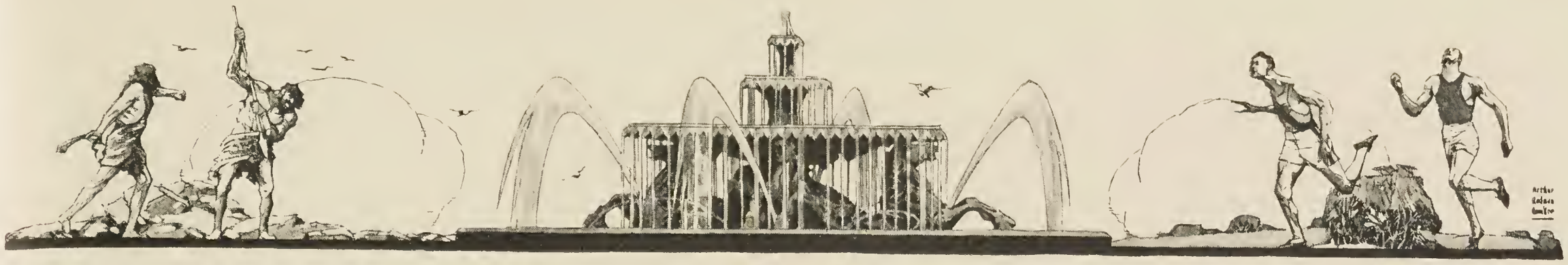
She is a good housekeeper, but she wishes she could do things the way I do!

She will offer me anything she owns, if she finds out I need it, from a five-dollar bill to some clean sheets.

If I do not see her for months, she is just exactly the same when I call her on the telephone and it takes us just about five minutes to catch up.

I know she would stand up for me to Clemenceau, Lloyd George and Henry Cabot Lodge if necessary, though meeting new people puts her in a panic.

There isn't a sign of jealousy or selfishness in her whole being, and I would go to Jericho and back for her if it would do her any good.





AIR, WATER *and* SUNSHINE

By Fielding H. Yost

In this second of a series of articles on how to keep fit, Mr. Yost discusses some elementary aids to personal hygiene that most of us know, but occasionally need to be reminded of. Later he will recommend some simple daily exercises which he has prepared especially for non-athletic women. Mr. Yost was our choice for this purpose because in his twenty-three years of experience as coach and instructor of physical training at one of our largest universities he has been exceptionally successful and because he is familiar with the needs and capacities of women students as well as men. Mr. Yost is Director of Intercollegiate Athletics, of the Four-Year Course in Physical Education and of the Summer School of Athletic Coaching and Administration at the University of Michigan

FRESH air and pure water are essential to the preservation of all animal life; sunshine, though not indispensable in preserving life, is one of the requisites of health and growth in the human body. In this complex and fast-moving civilization of ours, it is safe to say that we do not get enough of any one of the three. Curiously enough, almost all of us get too much food, the fourth of the essentials.

Nature designed the human body for the kind of a life in which there need be no worry about air, water, food and sunshine. Indeed, it might almost be said that man has sacrificed physical perfection as he has progressed in mental development. Yet the human body, viewed as a machine dependent on food and lubrication and cooling, just as an automobile engine depends on them, has not changed a particle.

In his primitive state, man did not have to worry, or even to think, about getting plenty of air, water and sunshine. He lived out-of-doors or in the rudest kind of shelter. His clothing was of so sketchy a character that his skin got all the air it required—rather more than was comfortable, I imagine, at some seasons of the year. He had his beginning in a land where there was abundant sunshine. Thus it was not necessary for nature to supply him with an indicator or gage that would tell him when he was getting insufficient air and insufficient sunshine. Because it required an effort on his part to put food in his stomach, Nature designed that organ in such a manner that when food was not forthcoming he suffered inconvenience or even pain—what we now call the "gnawings of hunger." When he had gone a certain length of time without eating, something inside of him sent a message to his elemental brain telling him to hustle around and find some food.

As the pursuit of food involved physical activity in those early days, and physical activity produces thirst, he drank plentifully and got all the water he needed, though perhaps he didn't always select a source of supply that would pass muster with modern sanitarians.

WHILE the sedentary person is usually eating too much, he is drinking too little. It is easier to allay the pangs of thirst with too little water than the pangs of hunger with too little food. For this reason, one who is doing little exercising can get along without any particular discomfort on insufficient water and the harm that he is doing his system does not become apparent until it has taken deep root. It is therefore well for every one to drink a certain quantity of water every day, without waiting to be actually thirsty. Men engaged in manual labor develop a good, healthy thirst because of their activity and they are more likely to drink too much water, especially ice-water in warm weather, than to use too little.

The same is true of athletes. I am glad to say that the old-fashioned theory of training football-players, oarsmen and others engaged in vigorous sports in which they were limited to a pint of water a day, or some ridiculously insufficient quantity, has been superseded by a saner and more humane system. Athletes are now allowed to drink all the water their bodies require. Those inclined to take on weight are held down to the minimum actually needed, but others are given considerable latitude, with a caution not to overdo it.

Water composes the bulk of the blood and approximately two-thirds of the weight of the body. Every moment poisons are being formed in our bodies, and it is of the utmost importance that they be eliminated. If it were not for the organs and the skin which do this work, we would speedily die of acute poisoning. In fact, it is said that all death, except that due to violence, is due to poisons in the body—poisons that are generated by germs or in other ways.

The kidneys are the principal organs of elimination, and water is their chief agent in this function. The blood needs a constant supply of water, and when it does not receive this through the stomach will absorb it from the colon or other sources and take in poisons also. The "cures" effected by various famous spas probably are as much due to the fact that the treatment requires the drinking of a large amount of water as to the minerals in the water. Except in cases where there is organic trouble in which these minerals are specified as curative agents, the same results probably could be obtained by an equal amount of pure water without any more than the usual mineral content.

As a general rule, every person should drink at least six glasses of water every day, preferably one upon arising in the morning, one at meals and one between meals. Ten glasses would do even better work. Excessive water-drinking has no merit as a curative or preventive measure and should be avoided, especially where heart or kidney troubles exist. (By "excessive" is meant twice or three times the normal quantity.) But it is by no means necessary to limit any one to six glasses. A healthy thirst induced by exercise can safely be slaked at any time, bearing in mind the caution that copious drafts of very cold water when overheated are to be avoided. Water is always easily available almost everywhere, and any one who neglects to take his proper quantity has only himself to blame.

The water supplied to most American cities and towns is sufficiently pure to be used just as it comes from the faucet. Strainers and boiling are to be recommended where the source of supply is not thoroughly supervised by a board of health. It probably would be the safest rule to boil all drinking-water, yet sanitary engineers have so far succeeded in purifying the supply sent to the average city that this can hardly be called a necessary precaution except in special cases.

Water is beneficial externally as well as internally. Bathing clears the pores of the skin and makes it possible for them to discharge their duties as part of the system for eliminating poisons. A shower or tub bath, followed by a brisk rubdown with a coarse towel, improves the circulation and acts as a tonic for the nerves; it invigorates the body and the mind as well.

Fresh air, the easiest and cheapest thing in the world to procure and the first thing on the list of human necessities, is too often practically ignored or taken as a matter of course by highly civilized people. All that any one has to do to get fresh air is to open a window. It may be that the outside air is polluted by smoke, dust and other undesirable things, but even at its worst it is preferable to air that has been further contaminated by being confined in human dwellings or working-places. It is all very well for the city dweller to sigh for the "pure country air," but at the same time he would benefit considerably by getting a constantly renewed supply of what he terms the foul city air. Country air, being comparatively free from smoke and dust, is of course the best. But thousands of city dwellers maintain excellent health in spite of the impurities in the air they breathe because they are not afraid to ventilate their homes and offices. The respiratory apparatus can sift out a great many of the impurities in fresh air, but it can not regenerate air that has become foul.

THERE has grown up among us a mistaken idea that it is dangerous to sit in a draft. Now as a matter of fact, a current of air is very desirable, and without some motion in the air proper ventilation is impossible. This does not mean, naturally, that one should be directly exposed to a strong current blowing on an exposed part of the body, particularly when perspiring. Athletes who allow themselves to sit down in a draft before they have had their baths are sure to pay the penalty of stiffened muscles, if nothing worse; and trainers are always very careful that as soon as a man has finished violent exercise he is immediately sent to the dressing-room or else wrapped up warmly.

Persons who have cherished the delusion that all drafts are dangerous, if not fatal, should accustom themselves gradually to air in motion. It would not be prudent for them to try to become "fresh-air fiends" all at once, any more than it would do for those that have worn heavy clothing all their lives to change to very light garments in the dead of Winter. By using common sense in the process of hardening, however, any one can "make friends" with moving air in a short time and not run any risk of catching cold.

Contrary to a very general idea, colds are not caused by drafts nearly so often as by other agencies. A cold is usually of germ origin. These germs are almost always present in the nose and throat, and when the resistance becomes sufficiently lowered for them to gain a foothold, the cold becomes acute. Men who live outdoor lives, even though they are frequently chilled through and must go about with wet feet and sleep in damp clothing, seldom have colds.

The ideal ventilation system provides an opening for fresh air and an exit for foul air at opposite sides of the room. Where this can not be had, a circulation can be effected by opening a window at both top and bottom. Window-boards are valuable in that they deflect the cold

Concluded on page 66

THE HAPPY CHILD

SCIENTIFIC BABY CARE

The purpose of the series of articles under this title, of which the accompanying one is the thirteenth, is to place at the disposal of mothers the knowledge of America's foremost specialists in baby care and child welfare

PRECEDING ARTICLES

Prenatal care, the care of the baby at birth, general care, maternal nursing, artificial feeding, early childhood, feeding after infancy, the health education of the child, and safeguarding mental health have been covered in preceding issues. Articles to come will have to do with equally important steps up through the formative years of early youth. The completed series will comprise the most up-to-date scientific information accessible to mothers

PAMPHLET REPRINTS

Six of the most helpful articles are available in pamphlets. "The Expectant Mother and the New Baby," by Dr. Ralph Lobenstine, "The General Care of the Baby," "Maternal Nursing "and "Artificial Feeding," all by Dr. L. Emmett Holt, "Early Childhood," by Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw, and "The School Child," by Dr. William Palmer Lucas, will be mailed on receipt of ten cents for each pamphlet. Address the Child Health Department, THE DELINEATOR



"THE WORLD IS MINE"

CONTRIBUTING EXPERTS

DR. L. EMMETT HOLT
Adviser in THE DELINEATOR'S Child Health Campaign; Physician-in-Chief, Babies' Hospital, New York City, and President of the Child Health Organization

DR. HENRY L. K. SHAW
Recently President, American Child Hygiene Association and Consultant Division of Maternity, Infancy and Child Hygiene in the New York State Department of Health

DR. THOMAS W. SALMON
Former Medical Director, National Committee for Mental Hygiene; Professor of Psychiatry, Columbia University

DR. RALPH LOBENSTINE
Chairman of the Medical Advisory Board of the Maternity Center Association of New York City; formerly Obstetrician to the New York Lying-in Hospital

DR. WILLIAM PALMER LUCAS
Professor of Diseases of Children, University of California; formerly Director of the Child Welfare Work of the American Red Cross in Europe

DR. OWEN LOVEJOY
General Secretary, National Child Labor Committee

FURTHER AIDS TO MENTAL HEALTH

By DR. THOMAS W. SALMON

MENTAL health of both children and adults depends not only upon good physical health, but also upon avoiding dangerous eddies in the currents of emotional life. Emotion is dependent upon instinct, and instinct upon the oldest and most deeply rooted part of our nervous system. Many emotional disturbances, therefore, whose cause on the surface seems obvious, may and do actually spring from quite a different and a deeper source.

Unfortunately, most of this important information about mental health has been in the hands of the small group of specialists who have developed it, and it has therefore been of benefit only to the children brought to them for treatment. Meanwhile, the great majority of children needing this attention continue to break down in nervous invalidism or develop "queerness" of one sort or another.

Mental hygiene is a new and complex subject, but there is no reason why intelligent parents should not understand its point of view and some of its principles, so that at least they may know just what mental-hygiene problems are and when skilled advice is needed.

Some of the more important mental mechanisms and the best-established principles of mental hygiene were explained in last month's article. We learned that the child who is sorely pressed in bringing his instinctive life under control often finds some temporary solution that is not really a solution at all or manages to exchange the difficult situation for one that seems simpler but is really more complex.

THE most common of these temporary measures of relief is nervous invalidism. This is natural enough, for nothing more completely changes the current of one's life than illness. A situation hard to bear, with its load of anxiety, fear or humiliation, fades away, and in its place the invalid has at his disposal all the resources which humanity has devised to comfort the sick.

In the war hundreds of thousands of soldiers, with struggles as great as those of the battle-field going on in their instinctive life, unconsciously found a way out of their difficulty by developing nervous disability.

There is no essential difference between the basis for much of the "nervousness" of children and that for the "war neuroses." Even at a very early age, flight from the facts of life into the fancied security of "nervousness" is possible. This refuge, despite its apparent advantages, is in reality not a refuge at all, yet the best-intentioned parents often actually lead their children into it and then help to keep closed the only exits to mental health.

The parents themselves often accept this solution, even when they understand the real nature of the situation, merely because it is easier. "Something definite" can be done about illness, and a good deal of responsibility can be shifted to the physician or clinic, where too often it rests very lightly when it is discovered that no organic disease exists or surgical operation is required.

Such a case is that of a boy of nine who was brought to a psychiatric clinic on account of persistent and increasing "nervousness." He was an only child, of normal intelligence, who had been "under the doctor's care" since birth for "weakness, insomnia and a tendency to heart trouble." For a year and a half he had not been attending school, having been removed upon the advice of a physician on account of sleeplessness, for which a sedative had been prescribed and not discontinued.

Full of complaints as he was, the normal instinct for play was apparent beneath his invalidism. To every attempt of his parents or teachers to interfere with any of his activities, he responded readily, almost automatically, with complaints of illness. A careful examination showed that this child had a normal body. It was apparent that the invalidism was of his own manufacture, as a method of adjustment to life.

The origin of this boy's "nervousness" was revealed when the study of his case was extended to the family. The mother had called upon the same process to adjust her own difficulties. She had found in the boy's illness an opportunity to continue his babyhood indefinitely and, perhaps, to find an object for the maternal feeling that would have found a more natural outlet in another child. She had carried him in her arms to the kindergarten for a year and warned his teachers to report any sign of overstrain. Until he was eight, she bathed and dressed him.

The father was silent but acquiescent, evidently regarding illness in the home as his wife's domain. These home conditions made it desirable to secure another environment. The boy was sent to a country home well adapted for cases of habit-training and efforts were made to educate the parents in the elements of mental hygiene. A week later a visitor found the boy, sunburned and happy, eating without caprices and sleeping without medicine. Unexpected visits from his family, however, brought tears, demands to be taken home and dark hints of headache and unwholesome food, in spite of the fact that they often came upon the patient in activities scarcely possible for an invalid. When he returned, he attended school regularly and the systematic spoiling that the mother had brought about through her own "nervousness" and lack of knowledge came to an end. Thus, by relatively simple means, a condition was cured that might have resulted in a life filled with needless illness and a personality permanently warped with self-pity, peevishness and insincerity.

Sometimes the "nervousness" of mothers manifests itself in the child in exactly the same symptoms. Not infrequently these are planted early in life and reappear only when the child has grown up and is at last able to reproduce the entire adult situation. Sometimes illnesses other than "nervousness" in the mother are reproduced in nervous illness by a child. A little child of four during the whole period in which her mother was nauseated in two pregnancies suffered herself from hysterical vomiting. By this means she was able to secure the attention of which the mother's condition would otherwise have deprived her.

IT IS not always in physical symptoms that the child's emotional conflicts find temporary solution. He may find it in another emotion. Fear is the emotion that accompanies the instinct for self-preservation and, without its warnings, none of us would long survive. Useful as fear is in its proper place, there are few emotions more harmful when attached to other activities than those to which it belongs. For some reason not clearly understood, fear is most frequently so displaced in difficulties with the sex instinct. All parents should know that the sex instinct and its emotions have other manifestations than those which we commonly recognize as belonging to sex in adult life. Little children have a sex life quite different from that of adults and also from that of older children, but capable, nevertheless, of having disturbances that may affect mental health. The natural object of sex interest in the very young child is itself, and it is only by slow degrees that this interest is transferred, first to those about it of either sex, and later exclusively to those of the opposite sex. In this process of transfer there are numerous opportunities for mishaps, some of which may be trivial and some serious.

Normally, the interest and experiences of one phase are quickly disposed of when the next phase is ushered in. But sometimes interests that are natural in one phase survive and become unnatural and sometimes distressing features of another. To handle these survivals tactfully and sensibly, parents should possess just the kind of information and point of view that is the task of mental hygiene to supply.

People who pride themselves on knowledge of the complete life-cycles of insects are unaware of the nature of this transformation that is going on in their own children under their very eyes. They have entirely forgotten or otherwise disposed of most of their own experiences at the same period of life. Through their own ignorance and anxiety, they try to frighten a child

Continued on page 64



THE LITTLE DELINEATOR

JULY 1923

EDITOR—HARRIET IDE EAGER

IF YOU WANT TO WIN A BIG FRAMED PICTURE LIKE THIS COVER, LOOK ON PAGE EIGHT FOR THE WASHINGTON CONTEST

Tommy Tip-Toe

WRITTEN BY YOUR EDITOR

CHAPTER ONE
Tommy Meets the Ladybug

THERE was once a boy named Thomas. Whenever Thomas was *very* much interested in something, he stood on his tiptoes—so his friends called him Tommy Tiptoe.

If you will be his friend, you may call him Tommy Tiptoe, too.

Tommy was playing in the sunshine one day, when a ladybug flew on his hand. She was a pretty ladybug; she wore a red dress with black spots.

Thomas—oh, excuse me! Of course I mean Tommy Tiptoe. I forgot you are his friend—Tommy Tiptoe blew on the ladybug: "*Pf-f-f-f-f!*" Then he sang:

"Ladybug, ladybug,
Fly away home!
Your house is on fire,
Your children all gone!"

Then Tommy had a great surprise. He heard a little buzzing voice singing. This is what it sang:

Tommy-Tom, Tommy-Tom,
What do you know
Of ladybug homes
Where the baby bugs grow,
Why ladybugs come
And where ladybugs go?

And the next thing Tommy knew, he was smaller than the ladybug. She was holding him fast in her legs. She was flying to her home!

CHAPTER TWO
The Ladybug's Home

WHERE do you suppose the ladybug's home was?
You could never guess.
On the nearest rose-bush! Right in Tommy's own front yard!

The bush was full of red roses. It looked almost as if it were on fire.

Tommy Tiptoe was so little, now, that the tiniest twig of the rose-bush seemed as thick as a giant tree-trunk. The leaves were as big as elephant ears. The red roses smelled so sweet they scared him. They were bigger than the biggest giant cabbages you could imagine. The ladybug's red back looked like an automobile top.

Tommy stared at the ladybug. He could see now that she had two big shiny eyes. From between her eyes grew two feelers.

"Oh, Mrs. Ladybug!" cried Tommy. "I can count one, two, three, four, five, six, seven black spots on your back. And one, two, three, four, five, six legs! Oh, you have black and blue and red spots on your legs!

"Are your little children pretty like you?"

"Look!" buzzed the ladybug, waving one of her six legs proudly.

Tommy looked. There on the rose-bush twig lay twenty funny little balls stuck together.

"My eggs," explained the ladybug. "Soon they will turn to grubs."

"What are grubs?" asked Tommy Tiptoe.

"People have babies. Insects have grubs," said the ladybug. "After a month, each of my grubs will turn to a chrysalis."

"What's a chrysalis?" asked Tommy Tiptoe.

"A grub grows into a chrysalis the way a baby grows into a boy or girl," said the ladybug. "A chrysalis looks something like a caterpillar. After a while my children will have wings. Then they will be real grown-up ladybugs, like me. That will be my time to die—but I shall not mind it a bit! Oh, excuse me a minute!" buzzed the ladybug.

Tommy saw some small green insects with long mouths like needles. They were boring into the rose-stems and sucking up the juice.



MY LITTLE PAGE

HELLO, CHILDREN! I can only say hello in this little print and then I must run away to make room for the list of prize-winners that so many of you have asked for. Send a stamped, addressed envelope if you want an answer from the Washington contest or a letter from your editor telling how to have a happy Fourth without firecrackers. Good-by till next month. Please write to me. HARRIET IDE EAGER.

PRIZE-WINNERS

December Cover—Robert Saalbach. *December Christmas Present Contest*—First Prizes, Evelyn Thompson and W. Earle Miller; Second Prizes, Della Oppenlander and James Skow; Third Prizes, Eugene Schmall and Mildred Muir; Fourth Prizes, Ruby McNeill and Donald Lane; Extra one-dollar prizes, Rebecca C. Miller, Katherine Warwick, Elizabeth Traub, Balmer Kelly, Ruth Schofield, J. Austin Turner, Jr., Helen Steele, Robert Harvey, Harry E. Brown, Paul S. Strain, Johanna Vander Wert and Edwin Toy. *January Cover*—Jean Fuller. *February Cover*—Nora La Fromboise. *February Lincoln Contest*—First Prize, Paul Paton Patmore; Monkey Clip-Clip Scissors, Richard Honke, Morris Le Vine, Paul Barker, Richard G. Coleman, Wilbur Goldsack. Stella W. Palmer, Charlotte Jones, Elaine Kimball, Dick Porter and Fredelle Keyes.

WHAT'S IN WASHINGTON'S FACE?

EVERY picture is something you can find in Washington's face. Write out the correct list, then write your editor what page you like best in this LITTLE DELINEATOR and *why*. The correct list, with the most helpful, interesting letter, will win a big framed picture like the cover. Contest closes July 20. Address Washington Contest, THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York City.

Whiff! the ladybug pounced on one green insect and ate him up. *Whiff!* the ladybug pounced on another insect and ate him up. *Whiff!* she pounced on another and another and another until there were none left.

Then she flew back to Tommy.

"Ugh!" she shivered. "Ugh! Horrid aphids! I hate 'em. Sucking up all the nice sap that makes the roses come. Killing all my beautiful roses before they are born. Ugh!"

Tommy had heard his mother talk about the aphids that hurt her rose-bushes, but he had never seen them before.

"Why, Mrs. Ladybug," cried Tommy, standing on his tippest toes, "I didn't know you were good for anything!"

"Huh!" buzzed the ladybug angrily. "Huh! Why, I began to eat aphids the first minute I hatched from an egg into a grub. Why, I can eat forty in one hour. Why, my own father and mother and grandfather and grandmother ate aphids up to the day of their death!"

Before Tommy could answer, a big shadow came over the rose-bush. Then a giant red hand with five giant red fingers touched their twig. The giant fingers brushed off the twenty eggs. Then the hand moved away.



Poor Mrs. Ladybug began to cry and to wail.

"Oh-h-h-h!" she cried. "Ah-h-h-h!" she wailed. "My twenty little babies! Oh-h-h-h! Ah-h-h-h! *Bz-z-z-z!*"

Tommy felt very sorry for her.

"That was the gardener! Stupid man!" buzzed Mrs. Ladybug. "Now he will pay money for sprays to kill the aphids—and my twenty babies would have eaten them all for him free, and so much better! Oh-h-h-h!"

"I must turn her mind to something else," thought Tommy. "Mrs. Ladybug," he asked politely, "how do you know which rose-bushes need you?"

The ladybug dried her tears with one of her purplish-brown legs. She cocked her head saucily.

"Oh, oh!" she buzzed. "That is our secret. We know! We know! As soon as I was a grown-up ladybug I knew I must find a husband. Then I knew I must fly around until I found this sick rosebush. Then I knew I must lay my eggs here."

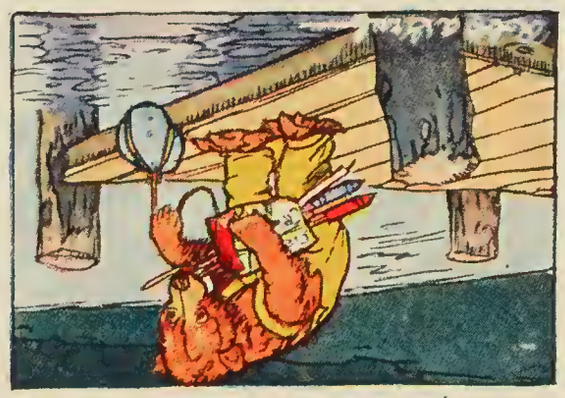
"Bz-z-z-z!" sang the ladybug. She caught Tommy up in her legs. The next thing he knew, he was big again. A little ladybug was flying off his hand. Tommy Tiptoe thought he heard her say: "*Bz-z-z-z!*" Just wait till to-morrow.

NEXT MONTH—
Tommy meets the green monster.



So to the moving-pictures she treated the whole crew.

"Now look," she said, "what fireworks might do to one of you!"



When DELI understood the dreadful trouble he might make,
He tied up all those fireworks and dropped them in the lake.

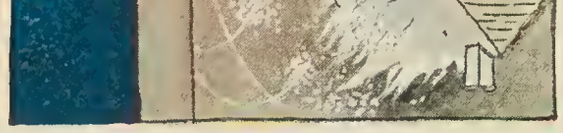


Then grandma gave a party, with cakes, ice-cream and more,
And everybody had more fun than any Fourth before!

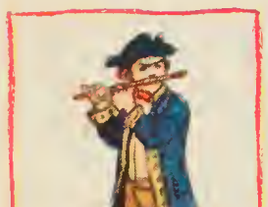
"And watch that pretty rocket some child set off for fun:
"It burns a house and leaves the children homeless—every one!"

A happy DELI-bear was he, his arms both filled with crackers,
Sky-rockets, candles, baby-squibs and great big giant whackers.

But grandma frowned and looked surprised and shook her wise old head,
"Only a safe Fourth of July is stylish now," she said.



DELI-BEAR'S SAFE FOURTH



THE YOUNGEST SOLDIER IN THE REVOLUTION

Richard Lord Jones was only ten years old and a soldier on the army pay-roll! He marched into battle with his regiment, playing the fife. He walked two hundred miles barefooted. There was only once when Dick was not brave——





THIS young soldier of the Revolution just *could not* get up in the morning! Often he was late to parade, where he was supposed to play the fife. One day the bandmaster sent three men to pull Dick out of bed. Everybody, even the bandmaster, laughed when the three big soldiers marched out with one small fife-boy between them!

At one time Dick and some of his regiment were captured by the British at Newport. The officer in charge was amused to see such a small soldier.

"Who are you?" he asked Dick.

"One of Hancock's men," answered Dick proudly.

"And what can *you* do?" laughed the officer.

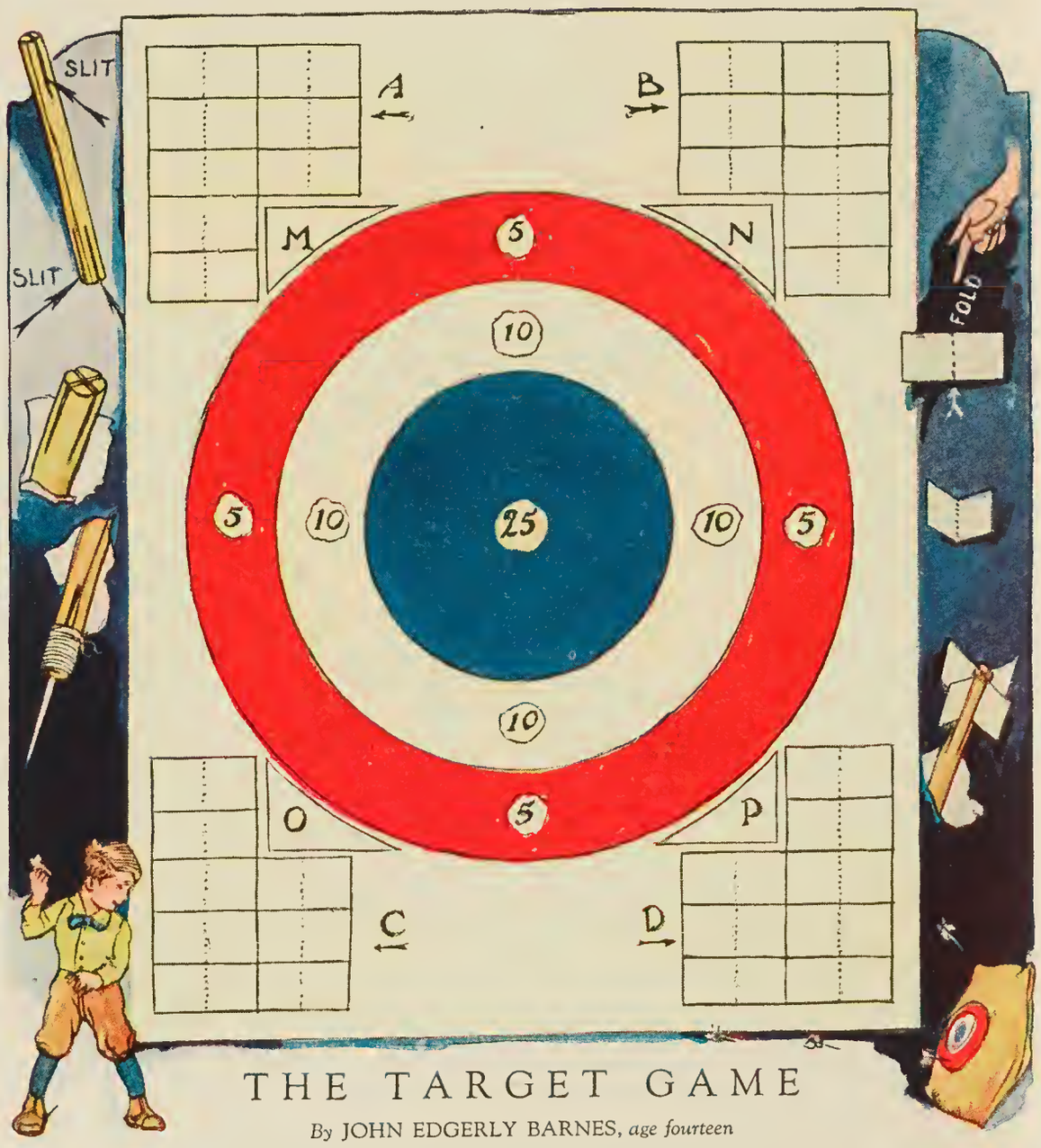
"Fight for him!" answered Dick. The officer called a big boatswain's boy. "Come here and fight for your King," he cried, and turning to Dick: "Fight for your 'General' Hancock!"

The two boys fought while the British officers stood by and cheered. The boatswain's boy was much bigger, but at last Dick won. The British officer was so pleased that he set the little soldier free.

Later in the war, at a party which the colonel of Dick's regiment gave for General Washington, Dick sang a patriotic song so well that General Washington sent him to Mrs. Washington's hut to sing it for the ladies. Mrs. Washington gave him a three-dollar bill, but Dick was so proud of it that he never spent it. His descendents still keep it to this day.







THE TARGET GAME

By JOHN EDGERLY BARNES, *age fourteen*

DRAW the target on wrapping-paper with a dinner-plate, a butter-plate and a drinking-glass. The outside circle counts five, the next circle ten and the bull's-eye twenty-five.

Get sixteen kitchen matches, sixteen needles and a spool of white basting-thread. Cut off the head of the match and slit one end twice, as in illustration, and the other end once. Then push the head end of the needle into the end of the match with the one slit. Bind firmly with thread.

To make the tails, draw squares like A, B, C and D on paper. Cut out each part on the black line, fold on dotted line and insert in match as in illustration. Mount on a pillow by flaps M, N, O and P.

Rules—Two, three or four persons may play. Each player has four darts. The first to score one hundred wins.

THE HOME-MAKERS' DEPARTMENT



Edited by
MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER
Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

NOT long ago I dined at the home of a young woman who, with part-time help from a student, does her housework, cares for her husband and four children, and still finds time to interest herself in civic activities.

There was no evidence of that feverish preparation for company that sometimes leaves its mark upon a hostess. The dinner was excellent and daintily served; comfort pervaded the house; the host and hostess were easy and gracious.

I asked the hostess what her secret was—how she managed to take such good care of her family and still have time to be hospitable to her friends and helpful to the community.

She said: "At first I was confused by the demands of modern life, but I soon learned that I must work out a plan that would provide for the essentials and discard the things of lesser importance.

"I saw that since I could not afford both an up-to-date wardrobe and help in my housework, I must choose one or the other; and I decided that leisure for association and recreation with my husband and children was of more value to me than good clothes.

"Another decision I made was that the children should have all the freedom of action I could give them. So if they break out with a desire to play house, I let them take my pots and pans, my cushions and rugs and chairs, because I know that such play is more educational than any exercise I could devise.

"If I refused to allow this freedom, I might have a better-looking house for callers; but the welfare of the children comes first in my plan. We love to have our friends come, but the arrival of guests calls for no change in customs or manners. We feel that our job is to provide our children with good food, fresh air, rest and sunshine, to see that the weeds of life are kept out of their way so that they may be free to grow, and to direct their education along honest and sincere lines. We have found that they learn more readily by example than by precept. They are quick to detect sham; we never pretend that disagreeable medicine will taste nice. We let them know the penalty for a wrong act; and if they choose the penalty, we see that they get it. We have found that when they are treated like reasonable human beings they respond with ready obedience."

There is of course nothing startlingly new in this woman's plan of life; but I carried home a conviction that one reason why she is a conspicuous success as a wife and mother is because she realized the need of a plan, because she took the time to decide what things are essentials from her point of view and is willing to do without other things in order to have the essentials.

It is possible for every woman to face the facts of her life and make her plan. It may differ in every particular from the one outlined, but if it is made to fit the conditions of the maker's life, and then followed out, it will free her mind from care about little things and give her time for the things she has decided are the essentials.

Martha Van Rensselaer









"HOW WE CELEBRATED A PATRIOTIC HOLIDAY" CONTEST

THE "safe and sane" Fourth of July is a well-established idea throughout the United States, judging from the contributions submitted in the contest on the topic "How We Celebrated a Patriotic Holiday." Methods of observing other holidays were described, Armistice Day and Thanksgiving ranking in order after July fourth. A Canadian reader told how Dominion Day was observed, and there were descriptions of several celebrations of local anniversaries, interesting in themselves but not easily adaptable to other localities and conditions. The prize of fifty dollars was awarded to Mrs. Frances A. Blanchard for her account of the way Greenville, New Hampshire, celebrated the Fourth of July in 1922. The award was made to Mrs. Blanchard because it was felt by the judges that her contribution contained in larger degree than any other received the qualities that make it helpful, and in the announcement of the contest helpfulness was given as the prime requisite.

THE PRIZE-WINNING ESSAY

THE FOURTH IN OUR TOWN

By Frances A. Blanchard

OUR town boasts an area of just about four square miles, but this four square miles comfortably harbors thirteen hundred and forty-two of us the year round.

Somebody remembered one day that the town's fiftieth birthday would fall on July fourth and suggested that there be a parade in observance of the event. From that moment the preparations grew and grew.

Great secrecy prevailed as to decorative ideas. Miles of yellow cloth were hidden away for this one and billows of pink for that. Blond wigs and black make-up were smuggled away. War veterans and an Order of Owls in a New Hampshire city heard of the fun and begged to be let in on it.

After breakfast on Fourth of July morning there resounded over the hills the cheery notes of a bugle, calling us all out of doors. It was the "Horribles" coming to town. Howls of delight greeted the town character, "Fatty" Caouette, his big round face beaming with its customary good nature from the ruffles of a beribboned white bonnet as he sucked a lollypop and was perambulated up the street in a fancy baby-wagon propelled by two gaudy clowns.

An hour afterward came the parade. Huge vans went by, their framework hidden with festoons and streamers and evergreens, trucks draped with striped bunting. "Bernadette" passed with her portable ice-cream parlor, its latticed canopy like a veritable flower-garden, a creation for utility as well as beauty, since later in the day she dispensed many a delectable icy cone from its blossoming depths. The Grange was represented by products of the soil and woodland—it is really marvelous what an attractive affair can be created without a cent of cost from the beautiful things that Nature provides. The most cheered float of all bore a gigantic representation of the little button on many a coat lapel, along with its soldier and sailor and marine and Red Cross nurse.

There was another sight that will never cease to quicken the pulse and moisten the eye: those stalwart marching figures in olive drab with their overseas caps jauntily tilted on the edges of erect heads. There was a touch of pathos, too, in autos bulging with white-haired citizens whose banner read: "We were here fifty years ago." To Sousa's thrilling strains they marched and rolled up and down the hilly streets. The parade ended with a drill performed by the visiting Legion, and the crowd melted away for dinner.

After dinner everybody congregated at the ball-ground for the tug of war and the races and to see the greased pig and the boys climb the greased pole, and, of course, the ubiquitous ball-game. Supper, and following that a rush back to the Square for the open-air band concert. The day's activities ended with a dance in the hall after the concert.

It had been a safe and sane Fourth, with all the necessary noise and none of its dangers. To be sure, it had cost money. The price for the band alone for the whole day had been two hundred dollars, and there had been the expense of dinners for the visiting guests, and the prizes to be paid for, with all the incidentals that accumulate. The town had appropriated five hundred dollars for the celebration at the Winter town meeting—a large sum for a town of only four square miles—but every one of the thirteen hundred and forty-two had enjoyed the expenditure of every dollar of that sum.

JULY FOOD CALENDAR

LESS hot foods and more cold dishes is the key-note of the menu program for the hot days of July.

Meals for these days may well begin with a cold soup of aspic or gelatin.

Gelatin is a hot-weather ally. There is an appeal in the coolness and sparkle of vegetable, meat or cheese combinations set in gelatin or aspic.

These are days of less meat. Some housewives will go on a once-a-week meat schedule during hot weather. Vegetables served with oil or combined with milk or cheese come into the menu, as do such vegetables as peppers, tomatoes or potatoes stuffed with left-over meat, crums, eggs or rice.

Let the shopkeeper's big ice-boxes do the work, and order in smaller quantities during hot weather. Steaks, chops, cutlets, sweetbreads, kidneys, heart or tenderloin require less time in the kitchen than roasts and may be purchased in one-meal quantity.

Try a sandwich meal occasionally. One of tomatoes, anchovies and chopped cress, with a salad-dressing, is good for a starter. Add a glass of milk and a sweet and you have a good meal.

Combination vegetable salads with hard-cooked eggs or cheese are good dishes to rely on.

The bread-box and ice-box need careful attention in hot weather.

Save on the ice bills by keeping the refrigerator doors closed, by not putting hot foods in the ice-box, by keeping once cooled foods in, and by buying enough ice at a time so that the ice-box doesn't heat up between fillings.

A MEETING OF INTEREST TO HOME-MAKERS

THE meeting of the American Home Economics Association, which will be held at the University of Chicago from July thirtieth to August third, is planned to be of special interest to the woman in the home. Membership in the association is open to all women, and the committee in charge of the program promises that any housewife who can make it possible to attend will find the problems of the home, the school and the community discussed from a practical viewpoint both on the general program and in the section meetings. Any reader of THE DELINEATOR who is interested in joining the association or in attending the convention in Chicago will receive full particulars if she will write to Miss Nina Streeter, 1370 East 54th Street, Chicago, Illinois.

EATING FOR HEALTH

ARE YOU UNDERWEIGHT?

MANY persons are with reason dissatisfied with their present weight. For the person who is underweight, the following rules may be followed with success:

1. *Have a thorough medical examination* to determine whether any focus of infection or other physical disturbance is the cause of malnutrition. Remove the difficulty.

2. *Eat foods to increase the appetite.* Fruits, vegetables, whole-cereal breakfast foods and breads, and meat soups in limited amounts will help to do this.

3. *Eat foods which will improve digestion.* Fruits and vegetables not only increase appetite, but they increase the tone of the digestive tract. If raw fruits are difficult to digest, eat cooked fruits, fruit-pulp and fruit-juices. If raw milk causes digestive difficulties, cook it in foods or boil it. If it causes constipation, mix it with fruit-juice before drinking it or make it into vegetable soups. Avoid a large amount of fat at any one meal. The digestion is improved by having some fruit at the close of any meal that contains considerable amounts of fat.

4. *Eat foods that will build good tissues.* Plan the day's meals to include at least a pint of milk a day and one serving of meat or eggs or fish. Meat or fish may be used as well as eggs once a day. Have vegetables twice a day; one of these should be a green vegetable as often as possible. Cabbage, onions and carrots may all be considered green vegetables. Have fruits twice a day; as often as possible one of these should be oranges or tomatoes. In the morning eat a good dish of cereal. After these foods, simply prepared, have all been included, satisfy the appetite with additional amounts of any other simple prepared foods which are desired.

5. *Eat enough food each day.* Many thin persons think they are eating quantities of food when they are really eating too little. Eat three good meals a day, or if it suits better, divide the food into four or five meals a day.

6. *Take cod-liver oil.* If possible, once each day take a tablespoon of pure cod-liver oil. This is best taken one hour after the noon meal. Have a quarter of lemon or half an orange at hand and eat this at once; it will facilitate the digestion of the oil.

7. *Increase rest and reduce fatigue.* Go to bed early and remain there at least eight hours. Plan for rest-periods during the day. If the body begins to be fatigued, lie down for fifteen minutes and relax.

8. *Reduce worry.* As worry is often but one form of self-centeredness or egotism, forget yourself and your troubles and think of something else.

The Home-Makers' Department has prepared a leaflet containing "A Day's Program for the Thin Person" and "Suggested Menus for the Thin Person." If you would like to have a copy, write for it and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address the Home-Makers' Department, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York City.

WHEN, WHERE AND WHY HOME CANNING GOES WRONG

By Lucile Brewer and Alice Blinn

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

WHEN the confessions of those who have canned and failed are examined, it is apparent that home canning goes wrong because at some point along the way of preparation or processing the ever vigilant micro-organism of spoilage has been given an opportunity to creep in. The theory of canning methods is now generally known and understood. Women have, for the most part, mastered the terms "cold pack" and "process." Water-baths and pressure canners are on their lists of acquaintances, if not members of the household. But all too frequently the home canner steps from the path beaten by science and indicated as the way to success in canning because she thinks that trifles do not matter. Unfortunately it is just these side-steps that matter the most.

All canning directions say "use only freshly gathered vegetables," but in order to get an early start the eager canner sometimes gathers vegetables the evening before they are to be canned and lets them stand overnight. Occasionally she even shells peas or cuts beans and lets them stand until morning. Another may try to can when she has the day scheduled full of other work. In such cases the vegetables are left lying in a hot kitchen or soaking in cold water or packed in the jars for hours before they go into the canner. In any of these cases, organisms causing a condition known as "flat-sour" (the name describes it exactly) have developed to such an extent that the food is as good as spoiled before it is canned. The directions say: "Carry through all canning processes as quickly as possible, and as soon as the cooking of the jars is completed remove them from the canner, seal, wash the jars and store them in a cool place."

The truth is that every woman could wash away half her canning troubles. Of course it is difficult to get a vegetable entirely clean of all organisms, and even so it might spoil from other causes. However, it is a fact that a thoroughly clean vegetable stands a much better chance of seeing the Winter through behind the glass of a tidy jar than a carelessly washed one does. The dirt that clings to vegetables is naturally full of micro-organisms, and those that live in the soil are often the most resistant kind: they are used to hard times, and at the first sign of adversity they go into a shell, like the turtle, which in their case is called a "spore form." In this state they may be boiled for hours, only to "come to" when they find themselves comfortably housed in a jar of food. As soon as their activities begin, your food begins to spoil. Here are a few pointers about washing vegetables: Wash your string-beans before you begin to prepare them, and wash them well; otherwise you carry the dirt from the outside of the bean into the cut portion, and the chances are you can't get it out again. Wash peas in the pod thoroughly before you begin to shell them.

Greens—spinach especially—are the hardest of all foods to rid of soil. Success lies in washing these in warm water instead of cold. Use water as warm as the hand and wash in many waters—so many that no trace of sediment is seen in the last water. And wash in this case means scrub, rubbing the greens between the hands as clothes are rubbed, using a brush for the first attack on the roots and stems and a knife for trimming away the root-stalks and dead or dying leaves. When the washing is finished, plunge the greens into cold water to crisp again.

ANOTHER cause for failure in canning is the desire to get as much food as possible into a jar. If a can is packed tight with food, there is little room for water, and the result is a thick, dense, compact product through which heat travels slowly and with difficulty. In such a case, the chances are that in the entire cooking process the food in the center of the can is never heated even to the boiling-point. The little organisms which happen to have this advantageous position come through the cooking process unscathed. It won't take them long to spoil such a jar of food. Better to follow the directions faithfully: "Pack the vegetables loosely in the jar. Shake gently, but do not press down the contents. Leave a space of one-half inch at the top of the jars. Add one teaspoon of salt to each jar and fill with boiling water."

A longer period of cooking is always allowed for such products as cream-style corn, pumpkin or Winter squash because of the denseness of the product. The same is true of meats, which are dense and compact and to which no water is added.

Blanching is a custom generally discarded for most vegetables because of the extra work involved and the loss of flavor. The rule now is "Blanch to shrink" such vegetables as greens, or "Blanch to remove skins," as with tomatoes or peaches. Make your foods clean by *washing*.

Guesswork is another trap into which the home canner falls. It is not safe to guess how long the jars have been cooking. The only safe way is follow the directions: "Count the time of cooking from the time the water begins to boil over the jars and keep it boiling throughout the entire period." An alarm-clock may help to mark the time.

Don't worry if the jars of food aren't full of liquid. The micro-organisms in the air above the food have been treated to the cooking process the same as those in or on the food and will cause no trouble. Occasionally an anxious individual actually opens such a jar, adds boiling water and seals it up again. Such a procedure at once renders useless all the work that has been done before. A new batch of lively organisms from the air and from the fingers touching the jar have been admitted. Once a jar of food has been boiled or steamed and sealed, the seal should not be disturbed until you are ready to use the contents of the jar.

In an effort to save, some housewives try to use old jar-rubbers. This is poor economy. A poor rubber easily becomes porous and admits air.

Here is a résumé of the first principles of canning of midsummer fruits and vegetables.

Brief directions for canning vegetables by the cold-pack method:

1. Choose vegetables that are young and that have made a quick growth.
2. Do not use very dirty vegetables.
3. Can vegetables as soon as possible after they have been picked. This is particularly necessary with asparagus, peas, beans and corn.
4. Clean the vegetables thoroughly.
5. Do not attempt to handle too large a quantity of vegetables at once, especially in hot weather. Carry through the various steps in the canning process in rapid succession.
6. Pack the vegetables in clean tested jars to within one-half inch of the top, or one inch if corn is being canned. Shake the jars to get a good pack, but do not press down the vegetables with a spoon.
7. Add from one-half to one teaspoon of salt to each pint jar. Some vegetables, such as peas, corn, beets and pumpkins, are improved by the addition of a small amount of sugar.
8. Fill the jars with boiling water to within one-fourth inch of the top.
9. Place a new rubber on each jar, adjust the cover and partly seal it by adjusting only the upper clamp or by slightly screwing the lid.
10. Heat the jars for the required length of time. Tomatoes may usually be successfully canned in the hot-water bath by one continuous heating. It is recommended that other vegetables be canned by the steam-pressure or the acid method. If the hot-water bath is used, the boiling water should cover the tops of the jars to the depth of about one inch. Do not begin to time the heating until the water boils over the top of the jars. Keep the water boiling during the entire period. Vegetables canned in the hot-water bath without the use of acid should be boiled before they are served as a precaution against botulinus.
11. Remove the jars from the canner, seal them and invert them to cool. Avoid a draft on the jars, but cool them as quickly as possible.
12. Wash the jars, label them and store them in a cool place.

Use of Acid—For those vegetables that are especially difficult to can successfully, if a steam-pressure canner is not available, a small amount of vinegar or lemon-juice may be used. The acid seems to increase the proportion of success in canning corn, peas, beans, asparagus or greens. The acid flavor with most of these vegetables is scarcely noticeable.

For each pint jar of vegetables one teaspoon of salt and one tablespoon of vinegar or lemon-juice are used, and the jars are boiled in the hot-water bath for one and one-half hours.



Half the troubles in canning may be washed away. Wash greens in warm water, rubbing them vigorously, and then plunge them into cold water



The pack must be loose in order that heat may penetrate to all parts. It will be good-looking if arranged in an orderly way

Brief directions for canning fruit by the cold-pack method:

1. Select well-grown, firm, but not overripe fruit.
2. If possible, can fruit on the day it is picked.
3. Wash, pare or otherwise prepare the fruit, removing all bruised or decayed parts.
4. Pack the fruit in clean tested jars to within one-half inch of the top.
5. Fill the jars with boiling sirup or hot water.
6. Place a new rubber on each jar, adjust the cover of the jar and partly seal it by adjusting only the upper clamp or by slightly screwing the lid.
7. Boil the jars the required length of time. If the hot-water bath is used, the jars should be immersed in sufficient boiling water to cover the tops to the depth of about one inch. Do not begin to count the time until the water boils over the jars. Keep the water boiling during the entire period.
8. Remove the jars from the canner. Seal them and invert them to cool. Avoid draft on the jars, but cool them as rapidly as possible.
9. Wash the jars thoroughly, label them and store in a cool place.

SIRUPS FOR CANNING

Thin Sirup (about thirty per cent. solution): Two cups of sugar and four cups of water. This sirup may be used for such fruits as apples, pears, raspberries and other sweet berries, when a rich product is not desired.

Medium Sirup (about forty per cent. solution): Two and one-half cups of sugar and four cups of water. This sirup may be used for such fruits as sweet plums, blackberries and sweet cherries.

Thick Sirup (about fifty-five per cent. solution): Five cups of sugar and four cups of water. This sirup may be used for such fruits as peaches, cherries and pineapples, when a sweet product is desired.

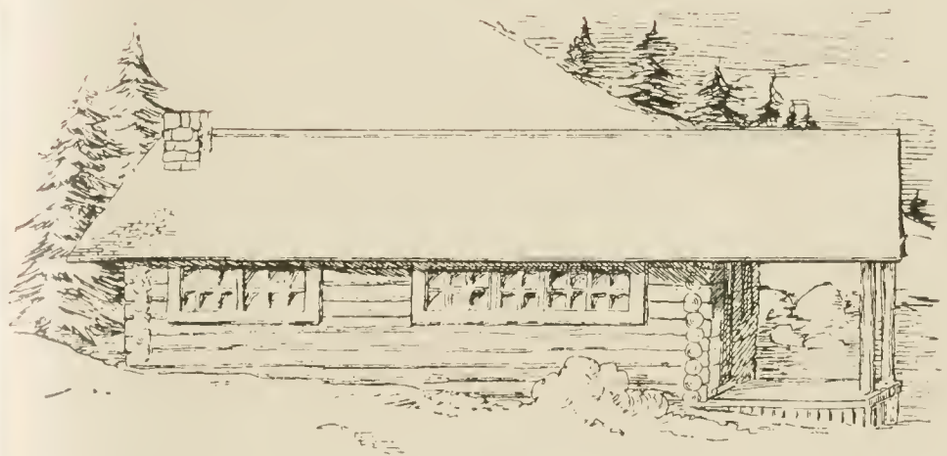
A still thicker sirup may be desirable for rhubarb, gooseberries, currants, sour cherries and other very sour fruits. Such a sirup may be made by boiling thick sirup until it begins to spin a thread, instead of using it when the sugar has just dissolved.

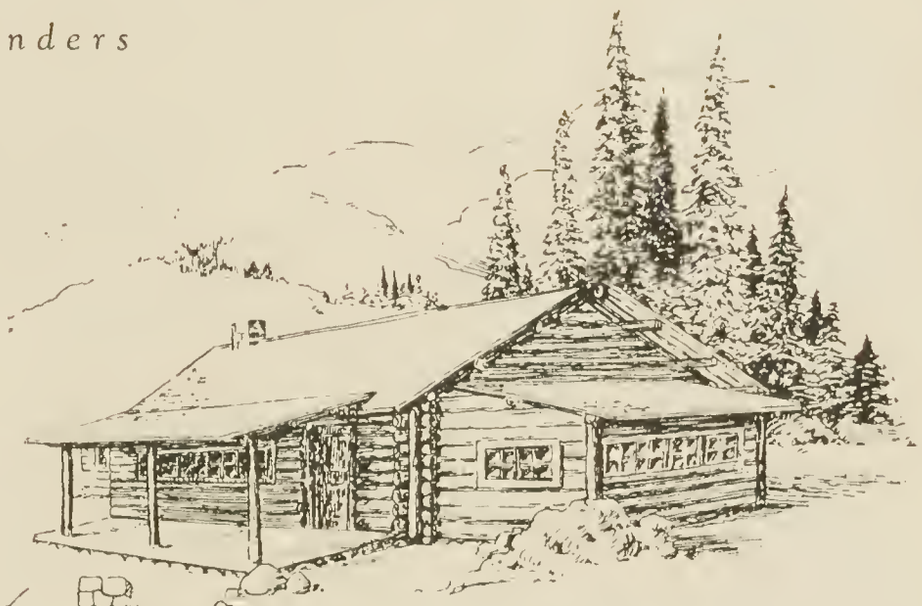
The Home-Makers' Department has prepared, as supplementary to this article, (1) "A Time-Table for Canning Foods," (2) "Eight Recipes for Summer Canning," (3) "A General Guide for Determining the Amounts of Raw Fruits and Vegetables Required to Make a Given Amount When Canned." These three leaflets will be sent upon request if a two-cent stamp for return postage is enclosed. Address the Home-Makers' Department, THE DELINEATOR Butterick Building, New York City.

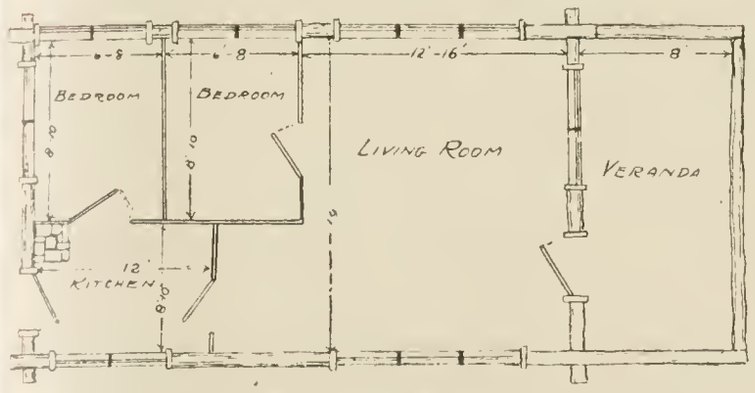
INEXPENSIVE LOG CABINS

By Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders

Editor of House-Decoration Department

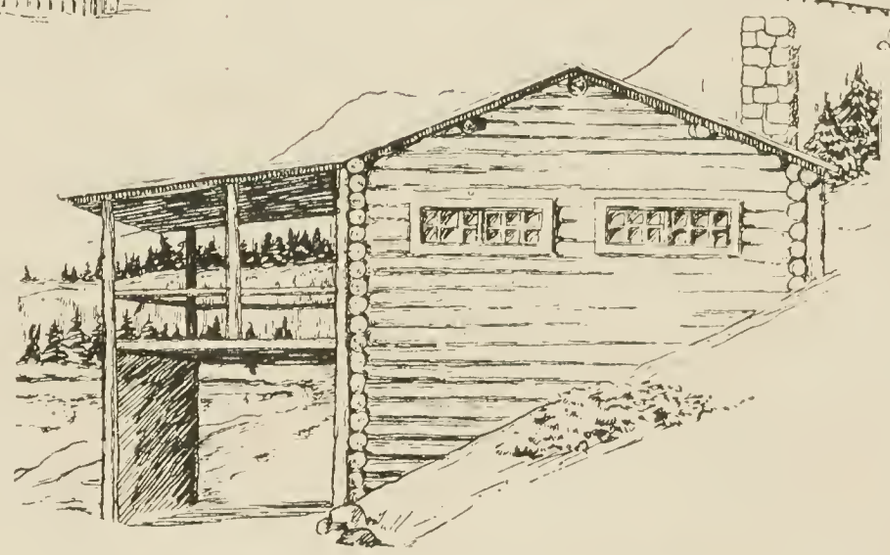


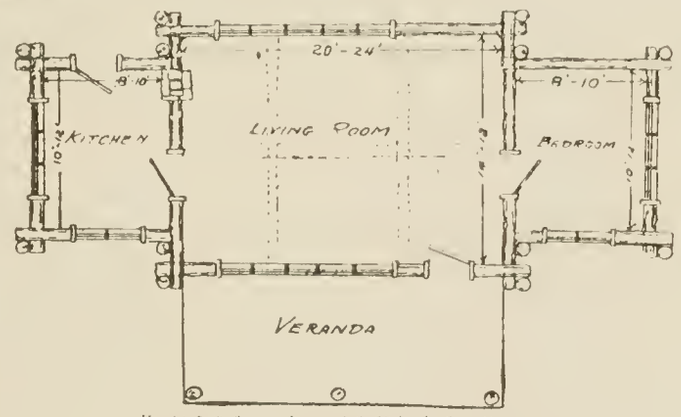




Height, 7 ft. 6 in. Doors, 2 ft. 10 in. by 6 ft. 10 in.

BY MAKING A SLEEPING-PORCH OF THE FRONT, THIS CABIN CAN ACCOMMODATE EIGHT PEOPLE





Height, 7 ft. 6 in. Doors, 2 ft. 10 in. by 6 ft. 10 in.

THIS CABIN MAY BE ENLARGED BY ADDING A BEDROOM TO THE BACK OF THE LIVING-ROOM

FOR the outdoor-loving American there are few inexpensive structures that can take the place of the log cabin. Since the days of Lincoln, the simple log dwelling has been a national symbol in American architecture. More recently, in addition to its significance as the home where early American patriots lived and worked, the log cabin has proved most appropriate for Summer pleasure. It enables those of us who have a desire to seek the woods for rest or recreation to take back to the "forest primeval" traces of civilized dwellings which will beautify the landscape and at the same time permit us to continue living in almost the same comfort we are accustomed to at home.

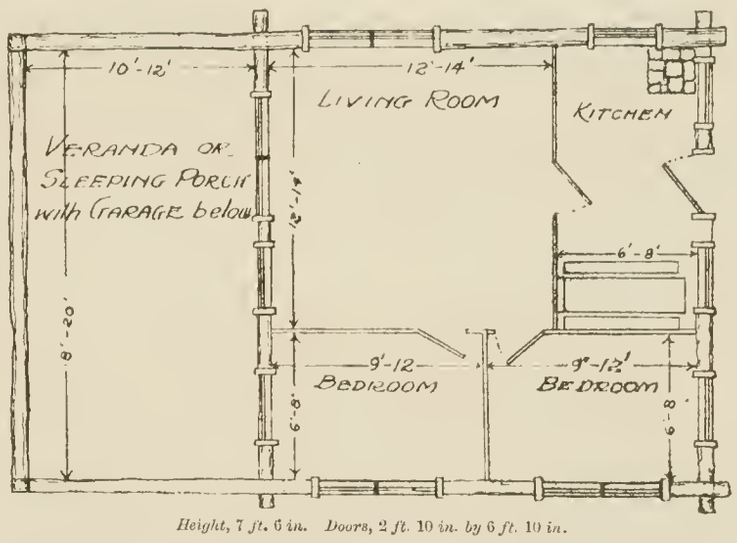
The location of a camp should be determined by considerations of health, convenience and scenic beauty. Good water, and plenty of it, is of the utmost importance; if possible, build your cabin near a swiftly running brook. A site overlooking a lake, with wide views on all sides of the cabin, is ideal, for to be thoroughly content in the woods one should be able to see long distances over stretches of beautiful landscape. No matter how small the contemplated log cabin may be, be sure and have the living-room face south or southeast.

In selecting the timber, choose logs that are straight, sound and uniform in size. Spruce, pine, hemlock and balsam are the best, and may vary from six to ten inches in diameter. The tops of the trees, if straight, will work in for joists and rafters. In cutting logs, remember that they should be at least two feet longer than the given length or width of the building.

THOSE willing to go to the additional expense of installing a fireplace in their cabin will be well repaid in warmth and comfort. Aside from the heat that is so desirable on cool Summer nights and mornings, a fireplace is beyond all doubt the most decorative feature a log cabin can possess. Fireplaces and chimneys appropriate for log cabins are generally built of stone, but brick is a material that is also quite commonly used. Fireplaces may be any size and chimneys any height, but care should be taken to build in proportion to the size of the cabin. A good rule to follow in the building of a chimney and fireplace to insure the proper working is that the inside measurement of the flue should be from one-eighth to one-tenth of the area of the fireplace opening. Flues round in shape are considered better than square ones, as the smoke passing up whirls around; in a square flue, the corners are still dead air.

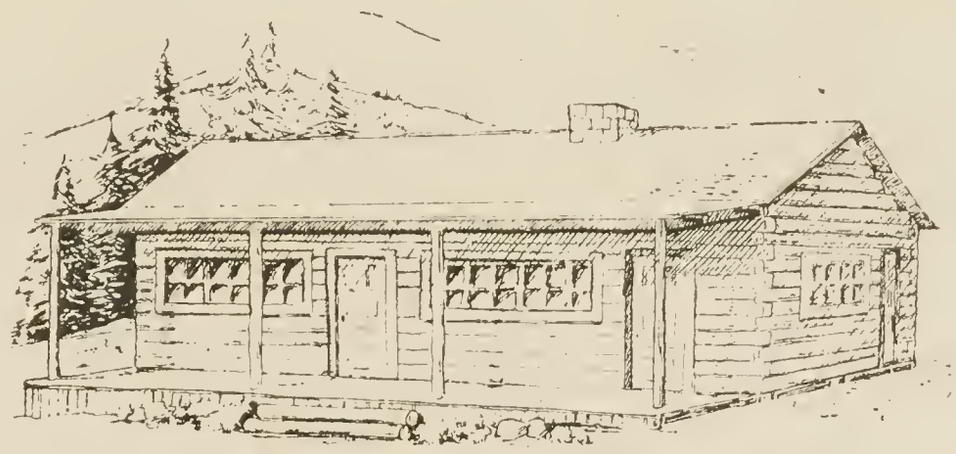
The interior of a log cabin may be made to look finished or left rough, as the individual taste desires. To some it gives a more homelike appearance to cover the logs on the inside of the cabin with matched boards or a composition wallboard, while to others a rough finish—which is to be had by simply peeling the logs or leaving on the bark—is preferable.

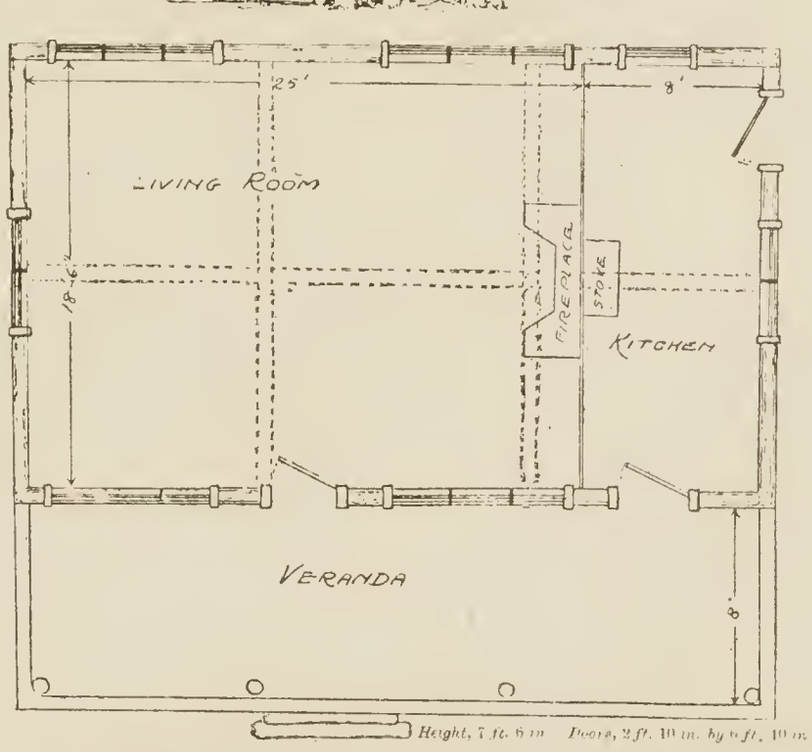
Economy of floor-space and the careful arrangement of the absolute necessities in furnishings and housekeeping utensils are problems which need considerable thought when planning a log cabin. In almost every instance the floor-space devoted to the kitchen is very small, and a proper choosing of the most necessary articles of furniture and utensils is most important. A stove, a table or work-shelf and an ice-box or food-closet are the most important. The stove should be chosen to burn wood or oil, since coal and cartage are not only expensive but most difficult to obtain in the woods. The food-closet may be made by fastening tightly together a medium-size packing-box with the cover hinged as a door. Nail this closet midway up an interior or exterior wall of the cabin. Such a closet is a safe place for cooked foods. All closets or boxes containing foodstuffs should be kept tightly closed to keep out ants and other undesirable visitors. The few pots and pans necessary for housekeeping in the woods may be safely hung on nails driven in the walls of the cabin.



Height, 7 ft. 6 in. Doors, 2 ft. 10 in. by 6 ft. 10 in.

A GOOD PLAN FOR A SIDE HILL. THE SPACE UNDER THE VERANDA MAY BE USED AS A GARAGE





Height, 7 ft. 6 in. Doors, 2 ft. 10 in. by 6 ft. 10 in.

THIS EASILY BUILT CABIN CAN BE FITTED TO OTHER FLOOR-PLANS IF DESIRED

THE most necessary utensils for convenient cooking for a family of five may be listed as follows: Two frying-pans, one coffee-pot, three pots (graduated sizes), three covers to fit pots, four pans for mixing, serving and dish-washing, one cake-griddle, one can-opener, three tablespoons, two large and two small knives, one hatchet or ax and one saw. All these may be hung, saving the shelf-space for china and food supplies. Occasionally a handy pot-hook can be made from the crotch of an alder or willow tree.

As an ice-house is a luxury in the woods, there is little necessity of planning for one. Fresh meats and perishable foods may be cared for in a small log hut built half underground, with just enough room above ground to get in through a door. The walls of the hut should be sheathed with matched boards, leaving a space between the exterior walls and the inside sheathing which should be well filled with moss or a similar filler.

The problem of appropriate furnishings for a log cabin may be simply and easily solved by making the window-seats, chairs, bunks, stools and tables of slender logs, which may be bolted or nailed together. Comfortable beds can also be made by obtaining four posts with the bark on and bolting to these strong side and crosspieces and a head and foot board. Then from the head to the foot of the bed lay even-shaped springy pieces of wood about two inches in diameter. Cover the entire frame with pine boughs, which serve the purpose of a mattress; if a regular mattress and springs are desired, they may be placed on top of the frame already constructed. Tables are easily constructed by nailing four corner-posts firmly to the floor and, to make a top, nailing crosspieces of slender sticks for a framework like the bed, covering them with either boards or split-pieces of soft-wood logs. Bright ginghams, dyed burlaps and colored denims make inexpensive curtains, bedspreads and table-runners, while Indian blankets and rugs are cheerful and warm coverings for the cool nights in the woods.

The accompanying floor-plans for several types of log cabins were loaned by courtesy of the Forest Service of the United States Department of Agriculture. They will be found thoroughly practical because they have been prepared from actual cabins now in use.



SIMPLICITY AND BEADS

By Celia Caroline Cole

In season and out, Mrs. Cole preaches the kind of beauty that is more than skin deep—the good complexion that is the outward sign of inward well-being, the grace and poise that should be inevitable accompaniments of personal charm. Her personal advice is at the disposal of any reader who wants to ask questions and will enclose a stamp for her reply

FUNNY how life never *will* sit down and fold its hands and be quiet so that you can get things done! Here we are in our forty-oddth year with, for the first time in our whole life, everything sort of tied up in neat little bundles and put where it belongs, when right out of a clear sky we discover we have a lymph!

Have you known all along that you had a lymph; that all these years you've lived so excitingly there was a quiet little thing called lymph running around in your system—something that never murmurs until you get somewhere around forty and then *bang!* begins to send in bills?

Your body quite abruptly becomes a long, ponderous train you lug around with you instead of wings you spread and fly along on. You wake up some morning and find a beastly little line in your face that has never been there before, in the *morning*. You take the mirror to the window—yessir, it's there! Your face is saggy, you look your years; your eyes, that you've always secretly been a little cocky about, haven't a shine in them: dull, uninteresting—just eyes. Life's a failure.

Lymph!

You don't find that out right away; but sooner or later somebody says "Lymph!" at you. You may know what they mean; we didn't, but we're not proud, so we asked. It's a second circulation. Just as the blood runs around and takes oxygen to everything—tissues and so on—so the lymphatic circulation carries food. Colorless and practically unknown to fame, this lymph has the important function of bathing and sprucing up those mysterious glands we hear so much about these days. The thoracic duct is the center of its activities, just as the heart is the center for the blood.

PEOPLE are exchanging old glands for new, sometimes rather disastrously, when really all they need to do is to perk up the lymph and not let it lie down on its job just because it's thirty-five or forty years old. You have to feed it the right kind of exercise. When it begins to slow down, we are eating too much and too complex food, we are living too hurriedly and falsely. When it slows down with all this enormous work we've piled up on it, the food begins to stagnate in the ducts, the lymph can't take care of all of it and we feel the result of this unclean condition of our reservoirs all over our whole body: we're fat and flabby, or we're anemic and weak, or we're nervous and tired all the time, or we're just dull and don't know what *is* the matter with us. The lymph needs a lift.

Personally we've always thought of our body as a nice, kind asset—something it was rather fun to clothe as attractively as possible, to take out to dances and let it be the last one to stop, to swing through a storm with it and delight in its freedom, and to watch come up to scratch when big demands of endurance were imposed upon it. But for the last few years it's no longer been a thing we went out with for a glorious kind of frolic. It was something we had to keep a stern eye on oftener and oftener, to look straight in the face and command to stop whining or get out!

And then another thing: it wasn't fun any longer to dress it up. We'd lost our boyish lines. We had to shop and shop to get things that made us look the way we like to look. We had to patronize expensive dressmakers. We began to realize what being a "perfect thirty-six" means, how it simplifies life—we who had always bragged about our motto: "If it simplifies life, go get it; if it doesn't, leave it alone."

Also we began to envy those ladies who keep house under a bamboo-tree and wear beads for a costume. But right on the heels of that thought we realized that we wouldn't be happy in beads with that thickening look across the backs of the shoulders and our nice flat little tummy trying to be a hill.

AND that's when somebody said "Lymph!" to us. We sleuthed exercises with the faithfulness of a Couéite doing "better 'n' better." We weren't one who had character enough to do exercises every day, and we knew it. We tried this set and that set and we did get better and our lines began to smooth into some kind of contour again, but we couldn't keep at it. And then we ran across a set of exercises where you lie down on a nice little pad and do all your exercising. We were entranced. The music was enchanting, the exercises were as beautiful to watch as dancing and they did the work. They were born for women; you could do them all day and you'd never get bulging muscles nor stretch a ligament. You'd just slide into smooth, lovely, young lines and that old lymph would go scurrying about his business like a gay young lymph of twenty-one. We have a feeling that we oughtn't to praise anything as much as we want to praise these exercises, but we want every woman on earth to make her lymph and lines sit up and be polite the way we have.

After twenty-five, everybody has to battle with stagnation. Then battle intelligently! Your hair, your skin, your eyes, your color, your philosophy, your family, your work, and that subtle, God-given thing, your personality, hinge most awfully closely on your circulation and your ability to get rid of waste deposits.

For instance, if your general health is under par, nothing will really help your hair but massage, bringing the circulation up; nothing will make your eyes bright, except for a few moments at a time, but toning up the whole body with better circulation; skin is just an outward sign of the condition of your health.

A lazy, comfortable way to take the right kind of exercise is what everybody around forty should be trying to find to keep her fit and keen and her mind eager and flashing like a sword-blade.

And then this little matter of the face that the lady in the beads under the bamboo-tree doesn't bother her fat, sleepy head about. We've always wanted to get to the place where we could say "one cream is all you need"—(it sounds so neat and simple). But it isn't true. We think you need three: one to cleanse, one to feed and one to contract pores; and if you have a very delicate skin, one to put under your powder to help protect against weather.

This has been a great Spring for us: we've found a perfectly beautiful, soft, melty *inexpensive* cleansing cream, (we've waited four years for that inexpensive, exactly right cream), and we've discovered that a certain brand of camomile tea steeped five minutes in a quart or two of water—it depends on how much hair you have—and then let stand for five minutes will do the most wonderful thing to gold or light-brown hair that ever you saw.

We've discovered that, so far as we are concerned, we are going to live forever with the new inexpensive cleansing cream, a *soupçon* of a certain skin food under our eyes at night, a thin layer of cream for the pores mixed with a certain oil, and a bit of tonic to pat when we're tired or after cleansing so no possible grease can be left.

Being as lovely to look at as you can possibly be, having as lithe, lovely, free a body as you can—those are the things that simplify the details of life. Any hat is becoming to your charming face, any simple little dress will do beneath that alluring face and over that lovely, rhythmic body—there's the pesky detail of clothes settled.

THEN there's your voice. You can charm an enemy into a friend with nothing but a voice. Haven't you ever been turned in on a busy wire and heard a strange, rich, gold-and-velvet voice that made you long to step right through the mouthpiece and go find the person who belonged to a voice like that? Voices, unless they're trained into a different tone and cadence, betray what you are just as much as any chin ever did.

If your voice isn't a lovely, delightful thing, go right inside yourself and pull down the blinds and find what it is in your mind or soul or heart that is harsh or whiny or dried or suspicious or cold or eternally practical.

Then after you have diagnosed inside, do a few simple voice exercises every day. Say "me-me-me-me-me" right on the tips of your lips and hear it ring in the bridge of your nose every time you have a chance; then wide, soft "ahs" way in the front of your mouth; the word "more" said until you love the sound you're making—glad, and free, and soft. Take practically any beginner's book on voice-building—we'll send you a list if you like—and practise a little every day until you can make your voice express any emotion without words.

Nothing simplifies life like charm. A woman is a perfect goose to think that cultivating charm is rather silly, vain business. We'd like to tell her a few things we've seen cultivated charm do. We know one girl who changed her whole life by learning simply to stand and to sit down properly. She was rather a heavy-looking person—frightfully rich, too, that girl—and she always stood sort of lumped down in herself, resting on her tummy, and she walked as if she pushed herself along, her tummy leading the way. And whenever she sat down, she sat in that hideous posture of knees rather wide apart. Her body was full of potential beauty, but it didn't have even a scrap of charm; and the consciousness that she was a rather unimportant, undesired person colored her really good mind and she became just a dull, neglected young thing of twenty-odd.

THEN somebody got her to do rhythmics, and the next time we saw her she had sprung alive all over. She walked as if the ground were just something she *chose* to touch; she had always been big, and now she was so vital and sweepingly beautiful in line and movement that we could think of nothing but the "Winged Victory." Utterly gone was the lumpishness—mind and body. When she started to sit down, we held our breath. Glory be to all the blessed saints, she'd learned it! The fascination that lies in sitting at ease, relaxed, but gracefully relaxed—the soft, flowing line from shoulder to toe, the arms not folded across the tummy or breast but resting on the arms of the chair or the seat of the chair, loose and lovely or folded in the lap, the feet or legs crossed. Practise it a little, sitting down and making lovely restful lines of yourself. Release everybody who looks at you by being delightfully released yourself.

You can get almost the same result physically by taking the right exercises to music that you get from rhythmics—we mean, that your body will become free and articulate and alive. In smaller cities where there are no rhythmic teachers, get the best set of exercises to music that you can find and give your body wings.

Just a word about powder before we say the benediction: We've been trying out a lot of heavy powders and we can't find any that doesn't make us look a bit artificial, especially in the daytime. If you think that you have to have a heavy powder, that a light powder doesn't stick, put on a vanishing cream underneath the powder—or better still, get your skin into condition and you won't need much powder. If you want to look like something one wants to take home and keep forever, don't have one single scrap of artificiality anywhere about you.

And that's the benediction. May you be found acceptable in your fundamentals: a body that is clean-lined and free and strong and not in need of clever covering to disguise its ugliness; a face that never shows neglect, clear-toned and firm and sweet; a spirit that reaches out to the joy in people that is always waiting somewhere inside of them to be called out, that speaks understandingly to the pain in people and makes them remember that "that, too, will pass."

THE NEW IN NEW YORK



Photograph by Nickolas Muray

A new photographic study of Lillian Gish who has been in Rome making a film version of F. Marion Crawford's "White Sister"

By EVELYN DODGE

SUMMER tub dresses are being made of large handkerchief squares of white linen bordered with light blue, rose, green or navy, or of cotton handkerchiefs printed in Indo-Chinese or Persian patterns. The cotton handkerchiefs are brilliant in color—black printed in red, orange or yellow, cream with chocolate brown and rose red, clear blue with Persian designs in salmon, or ochre color patterned with green. The design of the handkerchiefs finishes the neck and short sleeves and makes a border for the straight skirt. The handkerchiefs can be bought by the yard at the Fifth Avenue shops and make extremely smart little dresses with practically no work because of their self-finished edges.

IN A recent successful musical comedy the young heroine wears an evening frock made after the coat-dress fashion, wrapped around the figure and caught up with a chou at the side. The dress is of white crêpe silk embroidered with crystal beads and over it is worn a straight cape of white Georgette gathered to a collar of white fur. It made a very exquisite Summer costume.

MANY of the new costumes sent over from Paris and shown by the Fifth Avenue shops are made with capes. Light jersey dresses are made with rather short capes and the same length of cape is used with silk crêpe dresses. A French suit seen at the Ritz at lunch was made with the short cape and lower part of the dress of heavy silk crêpe in marine blue. The body of the dress was of white crêpe embroidered with grass green glass beads. It was worn with a white hat with a calla lily at one side and the long pale green stem of the lily wound around the base of the crown.

THE bouffant styles express themselves in organdy, net and taffeta and make the prettiest of Summer dancing dresses. One that came from a famous house in Paris was made of bright green organdy opening over a foundation of black taffeta. The deep bertha collar and the opening of the skirt were embroidered with field flowers done in poppy red, buttercup yellow and bright ragged-sailor blue. Another French combination of very rare loveliness was of lavender blue net used over flesh color with garlands of silver and crimson roses and pale-green grapes on the full skirt.

THE one-sided diagonal line is very smart for the wrap-around coat dress. In a new frock of ochre-colored silk crêpe the neck, closing and sleeves were outlined with tri-color braid of red, black and gold, while on pale gray the combination of colors was deep blue, light green and silver.

BLACK and white make the most distinctive of the new blouse-jacket and jacket-blouse costumes. The skirts, either wrap-around or accordion-plaited, are made of black crêpe silk, satin crêpe or crêpe de Chine. The jacket or blouse can be of printed black and white silk crêpe, of white silk crêpe embroidered in black silk or black chenille or steel thread or braided with soutache. Green is also used in embroidery on either a white or black jacket. A narrow collar, narrow bands on the sleeves and a bow on the hip of black crêpe or satin establish a definite connection between the blouse and skirt.

SOULIÉ'S SKETCHES SENT FROM THE DELINEATOR'S PARIS ESTABLISHMENT



Poiret, the picturesque, makes a characteristic frock of navy blue "Djellaba" with a woven design carried out in white and red wool. The fulness in the wide skirt is thrown to the side and the basque has a double fichu, the upper one of bias lawn

Only the Parisian tailor possesses the art of making a tailored costume an essentially feminine thing. Martial et Armand use white poplin for a jacket suit stitched with polychrome bands of green, blue and pink silk and worn with a pink blouse

Moire and the bustle back have reappeared in Paris after many years of innocuous desuetude. Martial et Armand manage to make a very graceful thing of the rejuvenated bustle drapery on a dress of black moire heavily endowed with Milan lace



White moire with the new Egyptian drapery and an after-Egypt girdle of green Georgette is embroidered with green tubular beads of satin and glass. It is sleeveless and the work of Premet

In a magnificent moment Paul Poiret created a dress of cloth of gold with spiral flounces of gold net, embroidered with consummate art with green, pink and yellow silk flowers. There is but one sleeve

PARIS APPEARS IN PLAITS AND FLOUNCES



Plaits stop short of a front panel, but take sides with the long body on a Summer dress of fine white serge, with a string tie of pink silk

Lanvin Modèle déposé conformément aux lois. Reproduction interdite

Organdy moves in green circles in the collar and cavalier cuffs of a dress of black silk alpaca with volants on the fronts of the skirt and a green cocarde at the throat. From Premet

The flounce, sometimes above and sometimes below the knee, is an insistant note in the new French fashions. Doeuillet uses it on an evening dress of scarlet silk lace with braces of red jet. It has a very Spanish air

Characteristic of Lanvin is the short, free-hanging jacket richly embroidered with silk and braid, the fence-like collar and the wide sleeve. The skirt is noticeably narrow

Lanvin Modèle déposé conformément aux lois. Reproduction interdite

"Plage fleurie" is Doeuillets' delightful name for a frock of white chiffon flowered with pink and blue posies. The edges are scalloped and bound with blue taffeta and the short tunic confines itself, apron fashion, to the front

Dress 4562

Dress 4572

Dress 4576

Dress 4549

Dress 4570

Dress 4574

Dress 4566

Other views and descriptions of these garments are on page 76



Blouse 4437
Skirt 3485
Embroidery design 10127

Blouse 4511
Skirt 4405

Blouse 4557
Skirt 4425

Other views and descriptions of these garments are shown on page 76

Blouse 4573
Skirt 4370
Hat 4449
Embroidery design 10141

Blouse 4548
Skirt 4497

Blouse 4569
Skirt 4251

Suit 4519
Hat 4451

Dress 4544

Dress 4532
Hat 4547

Dress 4503
Hat 4493

Dress 4495
Hat 4491

Dress 4541
Hat 4547

Suit 4539
Hat 4517

Dress 4559
Hat 4318
Embroidery design 10877

Other views and descriptions of these garments are on page 77

Embroidery design 10934

Dress 4555

Embroidery design 10951

Dress and blouse 4535
Sunbonnet 3727

Dress 4498
Embroidery
design 10163

Dress 4556

Dress and
coatee 4494

Dress 4551

Other views and descriptions of these dresses are on page 78

Dress 4486

Dress 4520

Dress 4554
Embroidery
design 10823

Dress 4564

Dress 4545
Embroidery
design 10146

Dress 4558
Embroidery
design 10166

Dress 4560
Embroidery
design 10882

Dress 4549

Dress 4508
Embroidered bag 10102

Other views and descriptions of these garments are on page 79

Dress 4540
Hat 4451
Embroidered bag 10102



Cape 4542
Dress 4545
Embroidery design 10873



Blouse 4581



Jacquette blouse 4577



Dress 4538

Jacket 4489
Dress 4349
Embroidery design 10163

Other views and descriptions are on page 79



Blouse 4483
Skirt 4405



Blouse 3302
Skirt 4585
Embroidery design 10163



Coat 4530
Embroidery design 10158

AN EGYPTIAN SASH, A RUSSIAN OR WRAP-AROUND EFFECT, ETC.



Dress 4593

Dress 4584

Dress 4589

Dress 4594

Dress 4591

4584

4592

4589

4593

4591

Dress 4592
Embroidery design 10163

Evening dress 4595
Embroidery design 10951

4595

4594

4593—The tuck trims the one-piece dress of cotton Georgette, cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe, fine lawn, handkerchief linen, organdy, pin-dot swiss or gingham tissues. It slips on over the head and has a straight lower edge. One may use crêpe de Chine, Georgette, silk voile.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards 36-inch cotton voile. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 52 bust.

4584—A one-piece slip-over dress with a straight lower edge in heavy cotton crêpe, linen, linen-finished cottons has hand-hemstitching. Or use gingham, striped madras, dotted percale with collar, etc., of cotton voile, lawn or linen-finished cottons which are suitable for hand-hemstitching, or light-weight cotton prints with lawn, pongee with contrasting pongee.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 36-inch linen. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4589—For a one-piece slip-over dress with a straight lower edge use gingham, striped madras, dotted percale with collar, etc., of cotton voile, lawn, linen-finished cottons—suitable for drawn-work, or light-weight cotton prints, dotted swiss, dimity with lawn, light-weight pongee with contrasting pongee, or all of heavy cotton crêpe or tub silks.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch striped tub silk. Lower edge 53 inches.

The dress is attractive for ladies 33 to 46 bust, also misses.

4591—Tucks on both the waist and straight skirt make this a graceful dress for Summer fabrics. Use cotton Georgette, fine cotton marquisette, organdy, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, fine lawn, etc. It slips on over the head.

36 bust requires 4½ yards 39-inch cotton voile. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

The dress is good style for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4594—A Russian closing is smart on the long body of this dress with a straight skirt. Use moire silk with plain Georgette, heavy silk crêpe with printed or contrasting-color silk crêpe, with or without embroidery; or use gingham with chambray, printed cotton ratine with plain cotton crêpe or *vice versa*, or heavy cotton prints with plain cotton crêpe, etc.

36 bust requires 1⅞ yard 39-inch plain and 1⅝ yard 39-inch figured silk crêpe. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4592—10163—The straight skirt of this slip-over dress is accordion or side plaited or gathered. The embroidery is new. Work in Egyptian colors. Use the dull with the shiny surface of satin crêpe, medium or light-weight silk crêpe, crêpe satin, crêpe de Chine—printed with plain, etc. Lower edge of plaited skirt with plaits drawn out, 3 yards.

36 bust requires 4⅛ yards 39-inch silk crêpe and 1⅝ yard 39-inch crêpe satin.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4595—10951—The wrap-around evening dress of crêpe de Chine or silk crêpes is beaded all over effectively. Work the design in self or colored beads. It has a draped straight skirt and separate one-piece slip. Use moire, satin crêpe, charmeuse, silk crêpes with top of slip trimmed with metallic lace, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge of skirt 49 inches.

The evening dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 48 bust.

THE YOUNG GIRL ADAPTS HER FROCKS TO BORDERED OR EGYPTIAN SILKS

AND JUNIORS CHOOSE BANDS, BOWS AND SUMMER HATS



4549

Dress 4549
Embroidery design 10166

4549—10166—The Egyptian touch comes in the embroidery and the French in the hand-made girdle of this slip-over, one-piece dress with straight upper and lower edges. The embroidery is the Egyptian type. Work it in satin-stitch, outline, etc. Use plain or printed silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, silk voile, cotton voile, cotton crêpe, borders, handkerchiefs, printed squares, light-weight pongee.

17 years or 34 bust requires 2⅞ yards 39-inch cotton crêpe. Lower edge 50 inches.

The dress is smart for misses 16 to 18 years or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.



4583

Dress 4583

4583—One's primrose freshness lasts far into Summer with plenty of frocks like this dress with a ruffled straight skirt meeting the body at a French waistline. Use cotton voile, cotton Georgette, organdy, batiste; or use chiffon, net, point d'esprit with ribbon ruchings, taffeta, crêpe de Chine, Georgette with self ruchings, or an organdy or batiste body with embroidered edging, taffeta and lace edging.

8 years will require 1⅝ yard 39-inch embroidered dotted voile.

The dress is suitable for girls 4 to 10 years.

4578—The very French effect of this young maiden may be attributed to the hand-made flowers, the lace collar, bands and the trimming at the sides of this slip-over dress. It has a straight skirt. Make the dress of plain silk crêpes, plain crêpe de Chine, plain fine cotton crêpe, plain cotton voile.

13 years will require 2¾ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is smart for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

4588—For garden parties is a slip-over dress of light-weight cotton prints or printed cotton crêpe with a plain cotton crêpe body. It has a lower part with a straight lower edge. Use check with plain gingham or *vice versa*, plain with contrasting cotton crêpe, small-patterned printed silk crêpes or silks with plain, printed with plain crêpe de Chine, plain crêpe de Chine with same material in contrast.

12 years requires 1⅛ yard 35-inch plain and 1¼ yard 39-inch printed cotton crêpe.

The dress is attractive for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.



Dress 4578

Dress 4583

Dress 4588



Dress 4575

Embroidery design 10829

Hats 4547

4550

4568

Dress 4550
Hat 4547
Embroidery design 10125

Dress 4568

4550—4547—10125—For a dainty dress use nainsook, lawn, batiste or dimity. It may have plaited fulness under the arm and at the center of the back or a gored underarm seam. The flowers and scallops are dainty trimming. Work them in lazy-daisy embroidery, satin-stitch, or eyelets, outline buttonholing. The hat of piqué, cotton poplin, lawn, etc., has a removable crown.

3 years and 19¼ inches head measure require 1¼ yard 36-inch batiste and ½ yard 36-inch piqué for hat.

The dress is quaint for children ½ to 3 years, the hat for children 1 to 5 years.

4568—Egypt has come to life again in the revival of the styles which were once popular in King Tut's day. The hand-made ornament lifts the drapery on the one-piece skirt of this slip-over dress with its straight drop skirt. Use silk crêpes, satin crêpes, crêpe de Chine, cotton crêpe—printed or plain. For evening use silk crêpes, satin crêpes, crêpes de Chine in colors.

16 years requires 2⅞ yards 40-inch embroidered cotton crêpe cut crosswise. Lower edge of draped skirt 56½ inches, of drop skirt 45 inches.

The dress is new for misses 16 to 20, also small women.

4575—The junior puts a butterfly bow on the sash which pulls through her slip-over dress with straight upper and lower edges. Use borders, light-weight pongee, printed or plain weaves in silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, cotton voile or cotton crêpe.

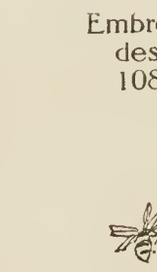
12 years requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch bordered silk crêpe.

The dress is attractive for juniors and girls 6 to 15 years.

4547—10829—Tiny hats with crowns which may be buttoned on are the type for beach or Summer. They may be laundered easily and are therefore serviceable for play. The scalloped edging on View A is attractive. It is used for both crown and brim. Make the hats of piqué, cotton poplin, lawn or any heavy wash material.

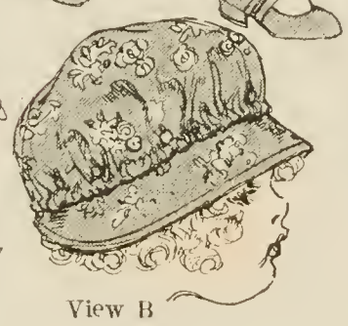
The hat for 3 years or 19¼ inches head measure requires ½ yard 36-inch piqué for View A and ½ yard 36-inch cotton print for View B.

The hats are adorable for children 1 to 5 years.



4547

View A



View B



4575

4578

4547

BOTH DRESSES AND THE JACKET-AND-SKIRT COSTUME TIE ON AND OUTING COSTUMES FORETELL HAPPY VACATIONS



4527 — 4582 — A straight jacket of matelassé, moire silk, blistered silks with plain silk crêpe, or cotton matelassé, heavy printed cotton crêpe, etc., with plain cotton crêpe, fits over the hips of a one-piece wrap-around skirt of heavy silk crêpes, cotton ratine, etc.

17 years or 34 bust and 36 hip require 2⅜ yards 35-inch cotton print, 1⅛ yard 36-inch plain, and for skirt with camisole body ⅞ yard 54-inch sports flannel. Lower edge 45 inches.

The jacket is smart for misses 16 to 18 or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies; the skirt for misses 16 to 20, also small women.

4586—Fishing days are here and he needs a play suit with removable collar and narrow cuffs. The straight trousers with a wide leg button over the blouse. Use silk and cotton jersey, poplin, chambray, linen-finished cottons, piqué, rep, madras, serge, wool jersey.

4 years requires 1¼ yard 36-inch cotton poplin.

The suit is quaint for little boys 2 to 7 years.

4567 — 4451 — A dress of check gingham, cotton prints, chambray, heavy cotton crêpe, cotton homespun, cotton pongee or pongee has a vestee and a straight skirt. The hat has the rolled bias brim.

12 years and 21 inches head measure require 2¼ yards 32-inch gingham and ⅜ yard 36-inch lawn, with ⅝ yard 36-inch ratine for hat.

The dress is becoming to juniors and girls 8 to 15 years; the hat for girls, misses, children, ladies.

4552—True enjoyment of outdoor life is determined by one's choice of costume. This middy blouse and separate knickers make hiking a pleasure and in it she will never be mistaken for a "tenderfoot." Use khaki, cotton poplin, serge; or a middy of white jean or pongee with knickers of khaki, tweeds, serge, corduroy.

14 years requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch khaki.

The middy blouse and knickers are practical for misses and girls 6 to 18 years.

4157—Bacon bats and hiking trips are fun if one wears a middy blouse of white jean with navy blue serge or khaki bloomers or the whole suit of khaki, serge or cotton poplin. The middy blouse may have a removable collar and a yoke, and the bloomers may be plaited or gathered.

12 years requires 1¾ yard 36-inch jean and 1¾ yard 36-inch serge.

The middy blouse and bloomers are practical for juniors and girls 6 to 16 years.

4587—This dress with long body in Russian effect has a straight skirt. Use heavy silk crêpe with printed silk crêpe or silk crêpe in contrasting color, moire silk with plain Georgette, printed cotton ratine with plain cotton crêpe, gingham with chambray, heavy cotton prints with plain cotton crêpe, etc.

16 years requires 1½ yard 40-inch figured cotton crêpe, 1½ yard 36-inch ratine. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is becoming to misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

4571—4517—10939 — Play suits with a slip-over blouse and straight trousers are useful. Use chambray, linen, linen-finished cottons, poplin, madras, galatea, pongeee, silk and cotton jersey. For cool climates use wool jersey, soft serge. The emblems are appropriate. Work them in satin-stitch or Kensington embroidery. The hat may be of piqué, cotton poplin, cotton ratine, etc.

4 years requires 1⅝ yard 32-inch striped madras.

The suit is for little boys 2 to 7; the hat for little boys and girls 2 to 8.

3482—Whether one has attained the honors of her organization or not, a one-piece dress in khaki, linen-finished cottons, plain-colored cottons or serge is very practical for hiking, camping, etc. This dress fits very easily through the body and sleeves.

14 years will require 3½ yards 36-inch khaki.

The dress is serviceable for misses and girls 10 to 19.

MODEL COSTUMES OF THEIR KIND FOR HOUSEWIVES, NURSES AND THE BATHING GIRL

House dress 4534

Apron 4579 View A

Dress 4543

Shirt-waist 4563 Skirt 4182

Apron 4579 View B

Dress 4536

4536

4579

4579—A bright apron like this of percale with rickrack braid for trimming would inspire lagging spirits in the day's work. Use cretonne, chintz, heavy cotton prints, printed cotton crêpe, printed sateen or gingham. One may use black sateen or unbleached muslin trimmed with colored bindings or embroidery.

36 bust requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch percale for View A.

The apron is practical for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4579—The pointed flare and ripple to this apron urge one to don it and dabble in household arts. One may use cretonne, chintz, heavy cotton prints, printed cotton crêpe, printed sateen or gingham, or black sateen or unbleached muslin trimmed with colored bindings or embroidery.

36 bust requires 1⅜ yards 32-inch gingham (cut crosswise) for View B.

The apron is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4563

4182

4534

4534—An added argument that house dresses to be useful need not be unattractive comes in this becoming one-piece dress with box plaits. Use gingham, chambray, percale, striped madras, linen-finished cottons all one material with collar, etc., of linen-finished cotton or lawn.

36 bust requires 5 yards 32-inch gingham and ½ yard 36-inch lawn. Lower edge with plaits out, 2 yards.

The house dress is suitable for ladies 34 to 52 bust.

4536—Nurses or housewives will find comfort in a dress with a shirt-waist and four-piece skirt. The neck and sleeve may be finished to wear with a separate collar and cuff or fastened to them. Use nurses' linen, sheeting, Indian head, Oxford cloth, cotton poplin, cambric, chambray or seersucker; or for a house dress, gingham, chambray, madras, percale, cotton poplin, colored cottons, seersucker. Lower edge 2 yards.

36 bust requires 2½ yards 54-inch nurses' linen.

The dress is comfortable for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

4565—Mother can make these rompers with inside pocket and opened or closed at the bottom. Use check gingham, chambray, linen-finished cottons, madras, cotton poplin with dimity waist, check gingham and chambray, heavy cotton crêpe and contrasting cotton crêpe, stripes with plain material, dimity and plain lawn, seersucker with contrasting seersucker, colored cottons with white or lighter colored cottons, or rompers entirely of these materials.

3 years requires ½ yard 36-inch plain cotton and 1¼ yard 36-inch cotton print.

The rompers are quaint for children 1 to 4 years.

4565

Rompers 4565

Bathing outfit 4523

4523

4543

4543—A yoke and two plaits at each side of the front and back of this one-piece dress make it suitable for either nurses or housewives. Use chambray, gingham, percale, striped madras or linen-finished cottons, or for nurses use Indian Head, nurses' linen, sheeting, lightweight Oxford cloth, cambric, chambray.

36 bust requires 4 yards 36-inch percale and ⅜ yard 36-inch plain. Lower edge with plaits drawn out, 2 yards.

This dress is good style for ladies 32 to 52 bust.

4563—4182—For a trim costume she chooses a shirt-waist of dimity, madras, cotton or silk shirtings, heavy crêpe de Chine, pongee, to wear with a two-piece skirt with set-in pocket in cotton ratine, cotton homespun, cotton poplin, cotton gabardine, linen, prunella, serge, sport flannel, etc. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

36 bust and 38 hip require 1¾ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine and 1¾ yard 54-inch wool rep.

The shirt-waist is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also misses, the skirt for ladies 35 to 52 hip.

4523—At the beach a bathing-suit with separate knickers and a handkerchief cap has few rivals. Following the inclination of dresses the blouse of this suit is the wrap-around type. Use surf satin, taffeta, foulard, surf velvet (if you omit embroidery), or use check gingham, printed silk with plain, foulard with plain, printed with plain cotton.

36 bust requires 4 yards 35-inch satin with a Paisley handkerchief not less than 31 by 31 inches for cap.

The bathing outfit is gay for ladies 33 to 48 bust, also misses.

NEGLIGÉES FOLLOW WRAP-AROUND LINES OR ADOPT SHELL RUCHING AND PAJAMAS AND UNDERGARMENTS ARE WARM-WEATHERWISE



Pajamas 4590



Pajamas 4537



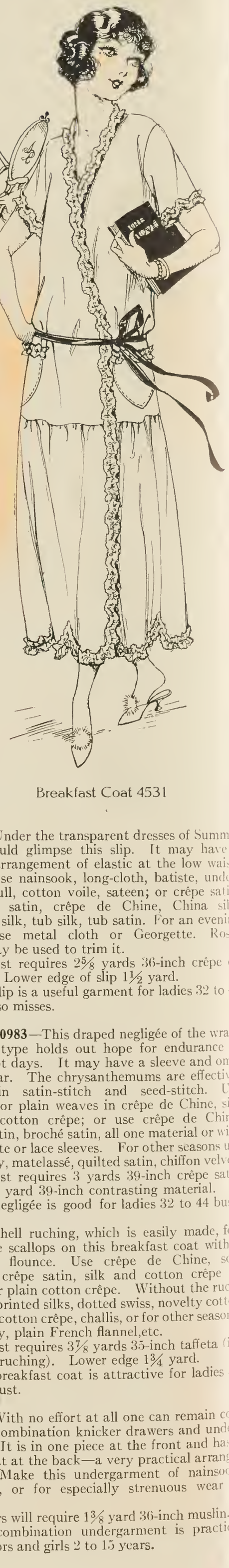
Slip 4533

Pajamas 4561

Combination 4546



Negligée 4580
Embroidery design 10983



Breakfast Coat 4531

4590

4537

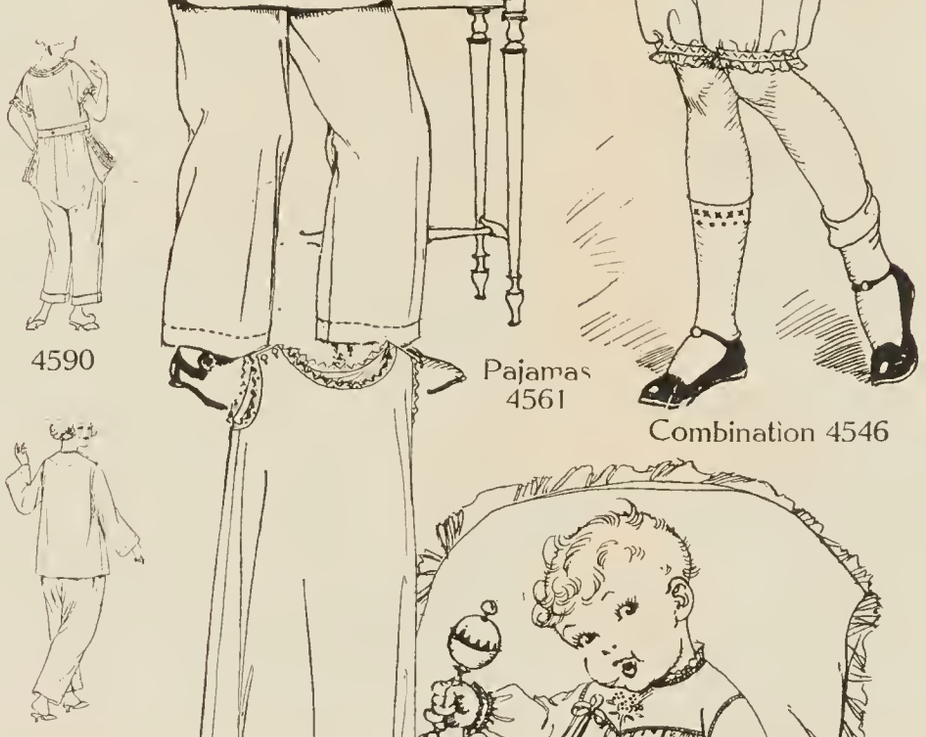
4561

4553

4533

4580

4531



Slip 4553

Dress 4553
Embroidery design 10843

4553

4546

4590—One feels like a "gamine" in these step-in, slip-over pajamas of cotton crêpe, cotton voile, batiste, nainsook, long-cloth, mull, dimity or mercerized fabrics. They have a one-piece front. One may use crêpe de Chine, wash satin, wash silks, pongee or Georgette. The belt is at the normal waistline and the pajamas are particularly easy to make.

16 years requires 3½ yards 36-inch figured cotton crêpe.

The pajamas are attractive for misses 16 to 20, also small women.

4537—She can appear in these two-piece pajamas as a negligée with every assurance that they are very becoming. Make them of cotton crêpe, mercerized fabrics, dimity, pongee, tub silks, tub satins, crêpe de Chine or China silk. For other seasons one many use outing flannel or flannelet. The neck may be cut in a V in front if one prefers that type.

16 years will require 4¾ yards 32-inch madras.

The pajamas are suitable for misses 16 to 20 years. They are also nice for small women.

4561—"Listening in" is a temptation for one to steal some of his sleeping hours. On hot July nights he will be cool in these pajamas. The upper part slips on over the head and the trousers may be made with a fly. Use percale, madras, muslin, fine cottons, wash silk, pongee. For other seasons pajamas of outing flannel are serviceable.

10 years will require 3⅜ yards 32-inch madras.

The pajamas are practical for boys 8 to 15 years.

4553—10843—A dress for the new baby may be of lawn, batiste, handkerchief linen—materials in which threads draw easily for hemstitching—or of nainsook, dimity. The embroidery is appropriate. Flower sprays are fine trimming. The dress is 25 inches long, has a straight lower edge, and may have a shorter sleeve. For the slip, buttoning or tying on the shoulder, use nainsook, lawn, batiste, cambric or flannel.

The dress for infants requires 1⅜ yard, the slip 1 yard 40-inch batiste.

The dress and slip are dainty garments for infants.

4533—Under the transparent dresses of Summer one should glimpse this slip. It may have a casing arrangement of elastic at the low waistline. Use nainsook, long-cloth, batiste, underwear mull, cotton voile, sateen; or crêpe satin, radium, satin, crêpe de Chine, China silk, habutai silk, tub silk, tub satin. For an evening dress use metal cloth or Georgette. Rosebuds may be used to trim it.

36 bust requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge of slip 1½ yard.

The slip is a useful garment for ladies 32 to 48 bust, also misses.

4580—10983—This draped negligée of the wrap-around type holds out hope for endurance of these hot days. It may have a sleeve and omit the collar. The chrysanthemums are effective. Work in satin-stitch and seed-stitch. Use printed or plain weaves in crêpe de Chine, silk crêpes, cotton crêpe; or use crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, broché satin, all one material or with Georgette or lace sleeves. For other seasons use corduroy, matelassé, quilted satin, chiffon velvet.

36 bust requires 3 yards 39-inch crêpe satin and 1⅛ yard 39-inch contrasting material.

The negligée is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4531—Shell ruching, which is easily made, follows the scallops on this breakfast coat with a straight flounce. Use crêpe de Chine, soft taffeta, crêpe satin, silk and cotton crêpe de Chine or plain cotton crêpe. Without the ruching use printed silks, dotted swiss, novelty cotton voile or cotton crêpe, challis, or for other seasons, corduroy, plain French flannel,etc.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards 35-inch taffeta (including ruching). Lower edge 1¾ yard.

The breakfast coat is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4546—With no effort at all one can remain cool in this combination knicker drawers and underwaist. It is in one piece at the front and has a drop seat at the back—a very practical arrangement. Make this undergarment of nainsook, cambric, or for especially strenuous wear of muslin.

8 years will require 1⅜ yard 36-inch muslin.

The combination undergarment is practical for juniors and girls 2 to 15 years.

SOUP MAKES THE WHOLE MEAL TASTE BETTER



WHAT FAMOUS SOUPS
DO THESE PICTURES SPELL?

We have the name, we have the fame
For skill in preparation
But let us state that in each plate
Is Campbell's reputation!



The answer's easy!

Mention soup and people think of Campbell's. More than likely they have had Campbell's that very day for lunch or dinner and they remember how good it tastes. The best Campbell's advertisement ever placed before the public is a plate of Campbell's Soup. You'll realize how true this is the moment you taste

Campbell's Tomato Soup

A plate of it delights the eye. Its delicious fragrance tempts the appetite. And then comes the enjoyment of eating it! We blend all the good of the full-ripe tomatoes—the rich tonic juices and the plump "meaty" parts, strained to a fine puree. Golden butter and delicate seasoning make it tastier still. So good it could not help but be famous! Enjoy it this very day!

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

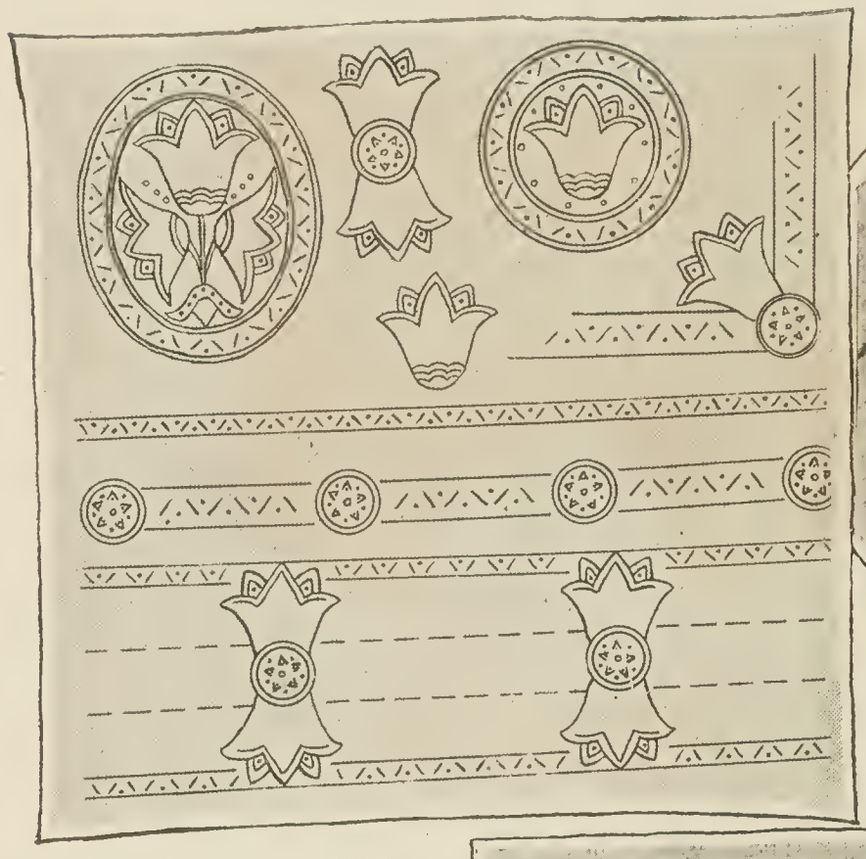
Prepare Cream of Tomato with Campbell's!

The best Cream of Tomato and the easiest to prepare! Heat separately equal portions of Campbell's Tomato Soup and milk or cream. Be careful not to boil. Add pinch of baking soda to the hot soup and stir into the hot milk or cream. Serve immediately. Many prefer to use evaporated milk for an extra rich, thick Cream of Tomato.

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

EMBROIDERY IS ENRICHED FROM THE PILLAGE OF KING TUT'S TOMB, DISCOVERING NEW COLOR COMBINATIONS FOR DESIGNS OF EGYPTIAN CAST



Embroidery design 10166

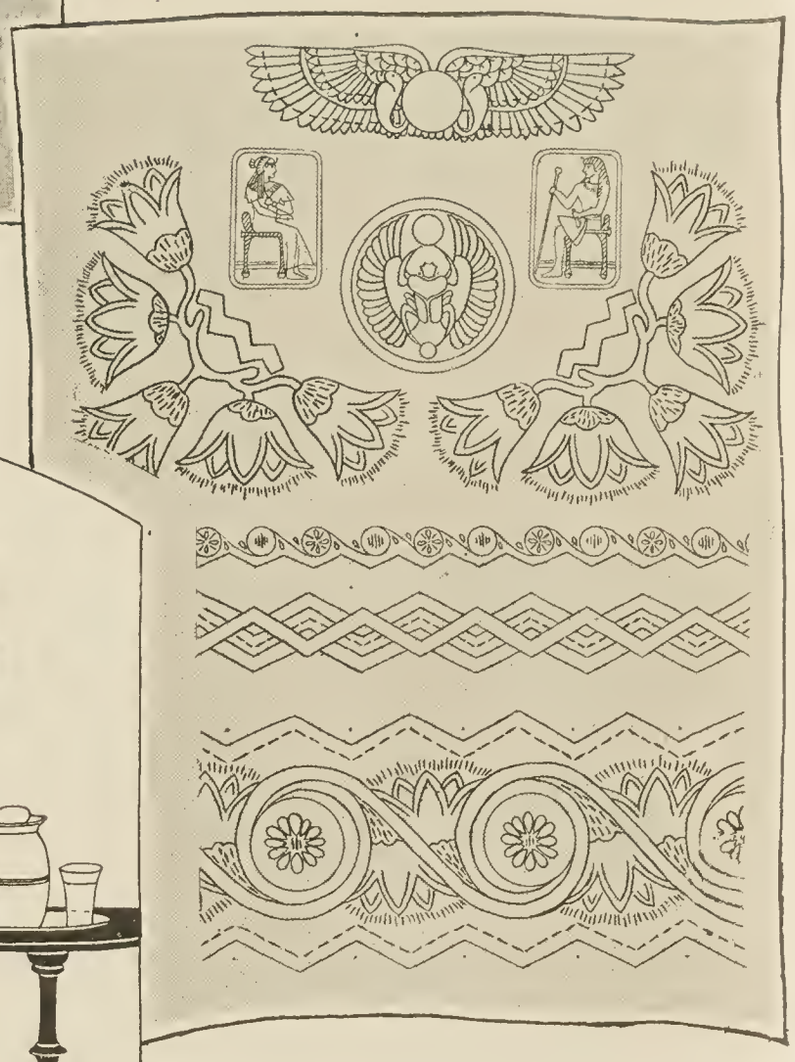
As shown above a motif may be worked in red and yellow silk outlining the circles and flower, and one-stitch in green silk with black beads between the inner and outer circles.





10166—So very much effect from so very little work makes this embroidery as important as any find in an Egyptian tomb. For blouses, dresses, coats or hats, etc., it is attractive. Both banding and motifs should be worked in a combination of satin-stitch, outline, beading or French knots, and one-stitch. It can be adapted to 5⅜ yards of 4-inch banding, 5⅜ yards of ⅜-inch edging, 5 yards of 1¼-inch banding, twelve motifs 2¼ by 4 inches, nine motifs 3¾ inches in diameter, nine motifs 4⅜ by 5½ inches, six corners and twelve motifs 2¼ by 2¼ inches.





Embroidery design 10163



Embroidery design 10160



Embroidery design 10161

10160—Back in the Sixteenth Century, Italian peasants did crude needlework by using cross-stitch as a background and leaving the design open. In bringing this idea up to date, modern embroidery ignores ethnology and uses the head of an Egyptian king for its motif. The background of the design should be worked in cross-stitch leaving the design itself free so that it stands out. This design can be adapted to one centerpiece 36 inches in diameter, three motifs 8¼ by 20 inches for use on scarf ends or cushions, and three motifs 4¼ by 11 inches for use in the center edge of a scarf and pincushion.

10163—Those gorgeous clothes so fashionable in years B. C. along the Nile, could not have been any brighter than modern dresses, coats and hats which are embroidered Egyptian-fashion. The motifs and banding of this design should be done in satin-stitch, outline and one-stitch. It can be adapted to 1¾ yards of 6-inch banding, 3½ yards of 2-inch banding, 3½ yards of 1-inch edging, four corner motifs 6¼ by 9¼ inches, ten Egyptian figures 2⅛ by 3¼ inches, six winged scarabs 4 inches in diameter, and two winged disks 2 by 9 inches.

As shown above, a winged disk may be worked in blue, green, and brown wool for the outermost "feathers" and blue and green wool outlining the disk, with the innermost part of the wing and the birds in orange and old rose.

10161—In a new bedspread, embroidery offers a light and easy task for Summer needlework on the porch. Like the centerpiece and scarf, the design on this bedspread has been inspired by King Tut The background is worked in cross-stitch and the design itself is the free material. It can be adapted to one motif 16¼ by 27 inches for the center of a single, three-quarter or double bed, four corners 25 by 11 inches, and enough narrow banding to join the corners.



The Doctor: Perfect health for baby and for grown-ups, too, requires clothes that not only *look* clean but are *hygienically* clean.

What have clean clothes to do with health?



Real naptha! You can tell by the smell

Wash Baby's woolen shirts, bands, and socks in lukewarm suds of Fels-Naptha Soap. Rinse thoroughly in lukewarm water. Rinsing is *so* important. Diapers washed with Fels-Naptha are easily and thoroughly cleansed, with the least possible handling. Soap! Soak! The real naptha and soap together quickly do the work. And the fabric is left soft—soothing to the tender skin.



The original and genuine naptha soap, in the red-and-green wrapper. Buy it in the convenient ten-bar carton.

More perhaps than you realize! Consider the health-value of clothes washed with Fels-Naptha. They not only *look* clean but they *are* clean through and through.

Because—the clothes are given a *double* cleansing; they are naptha-cleaned and soap-and-water cleaned.

The real naptha in Fels-Naptha dissolves the body oils that hold the dirt fast to clothes. Thus the naptha makes the dirt let go by soaking it loose, with only a light rub on extremely soiled places. All the poisons, body oils and perspiration in the clothes are taken out. The naptha having done its work, vanishes completely, carrying away all odors. Then the soapy water flushes away the dirt. The clothes are thoroughly purified. They are sanitary—with that sweet, wholesome, clean-clothes smell.

Wash all your clothes, even the fine dainty baby garments, with this perfect combination of *good* soap and *real* naptha.

Fels-Naptha is more than soap. It is more than soap and naptha. It is *splendid* soap and *real* naptha so blended that it gives you the best of these two great cleaners in one golden, sanitary bar. Get Fels-Naptha at your grocer's today! Give your home the benefit of *Fels-Naptha Cleanliness.*

PROVE the sanitary value of Fels-Naptha. Send 2c in stamps for sample bar. Address Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

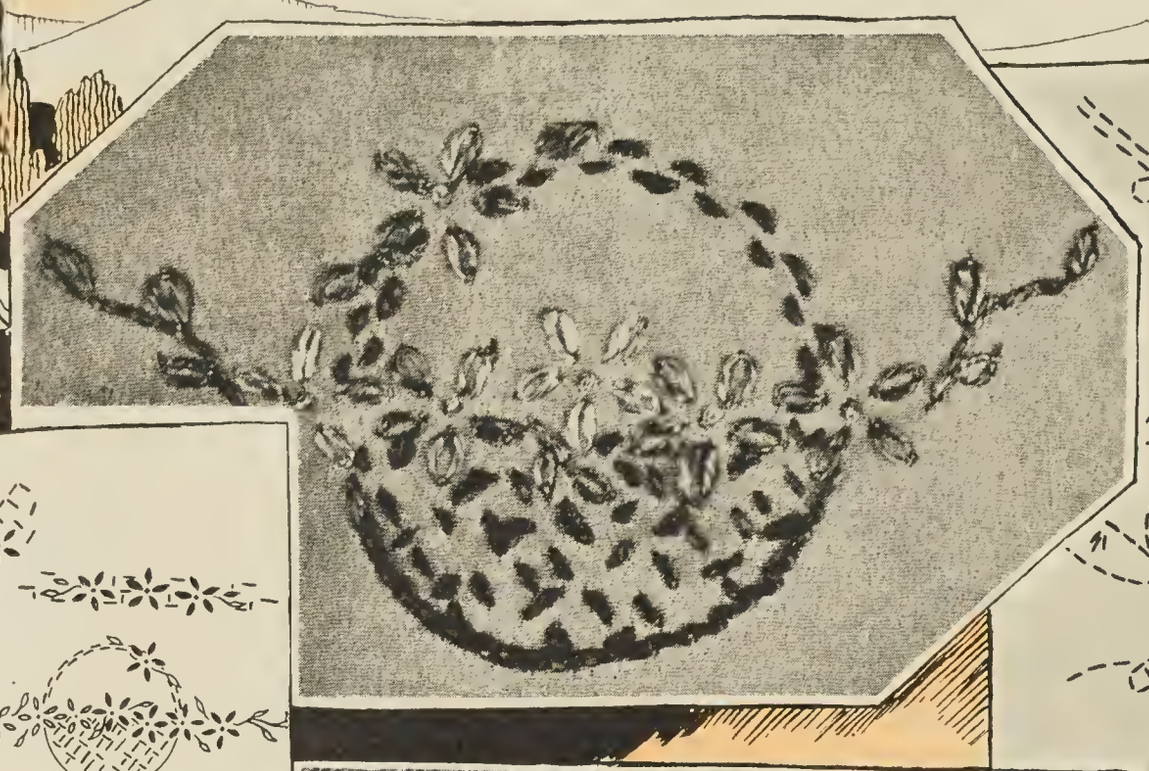
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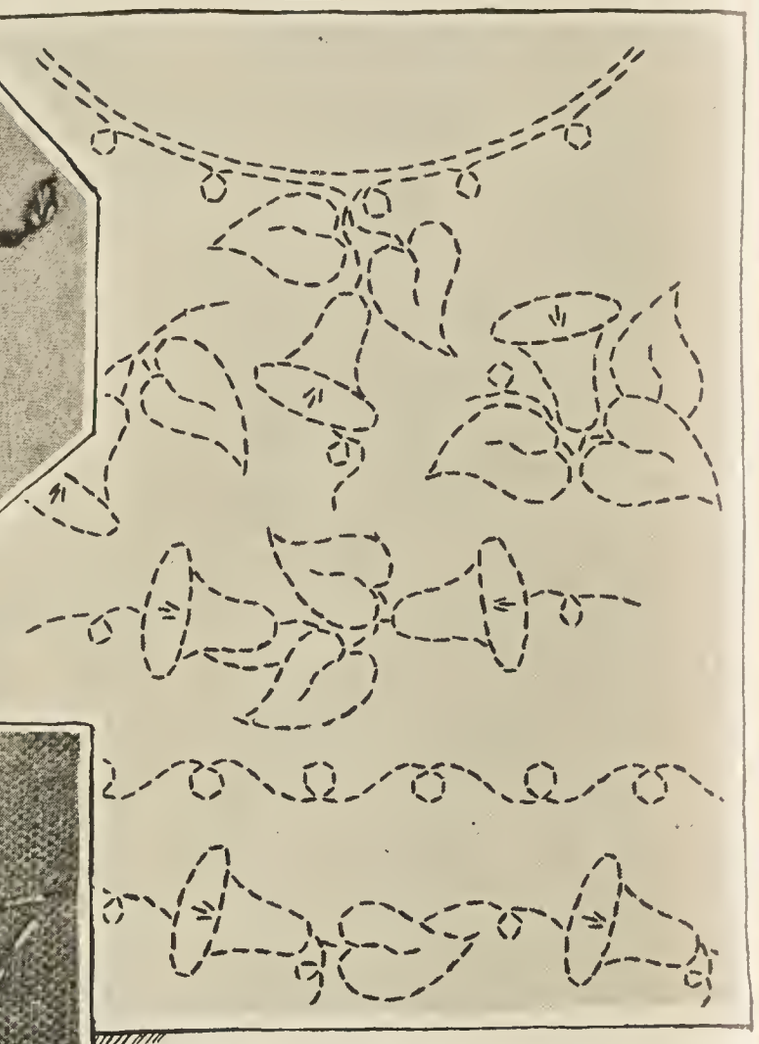
ITALIAN EMBROIDERY, ONE-STITCH, CROSS-STITCH, ETC., REST IN CORNERS AND BRIGHT EMBROIDERIES BLOOM ON CLOTHES



Embroidery design 10164

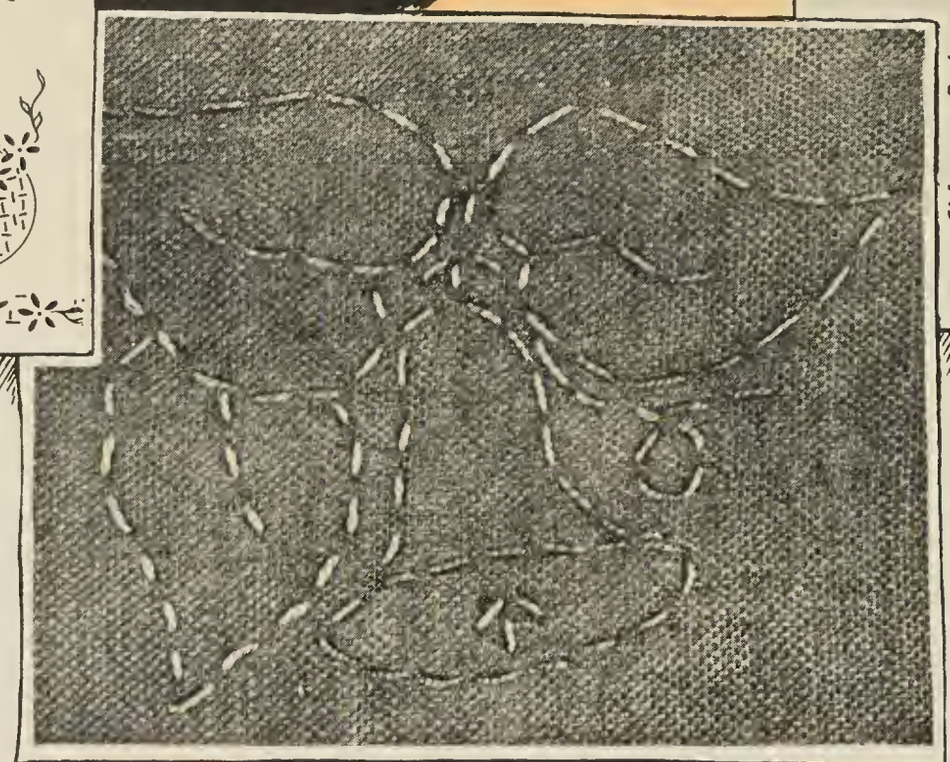
10164—Little spots of brightness on children's clothes are usually contributed by embroidery around the neck or hem of tiny frocks or on the pockets of aprons or rompers, etc. The basket motifs and bandings of this design may be worked in lazy-daisy in vivid colors of silk with the basket itself in one-stitch in black silk. This embroidery is especially attractive for lingerie or dresses which can be laundered. Luncheon-sets to cover bridge-tables at refreshment time, tea-cloths and bureau-scarfs may be decorated with such a design. It can be adapted to 4¼ yards of banding ⅞ inch wide, one neck motif and 34 motifs in seven assorted styles.



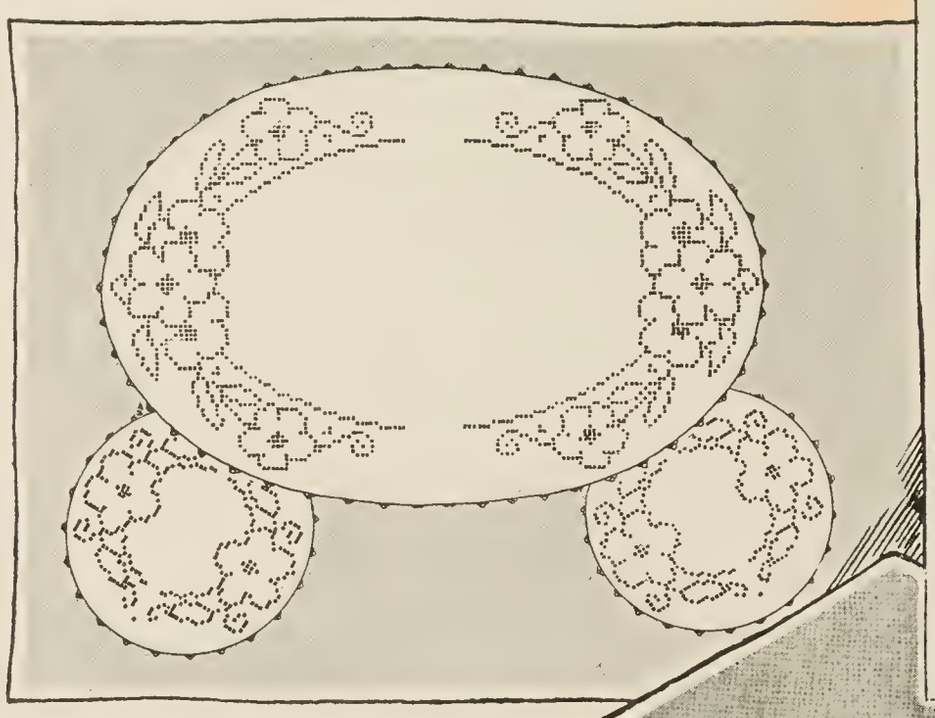


Embroidery design 10167

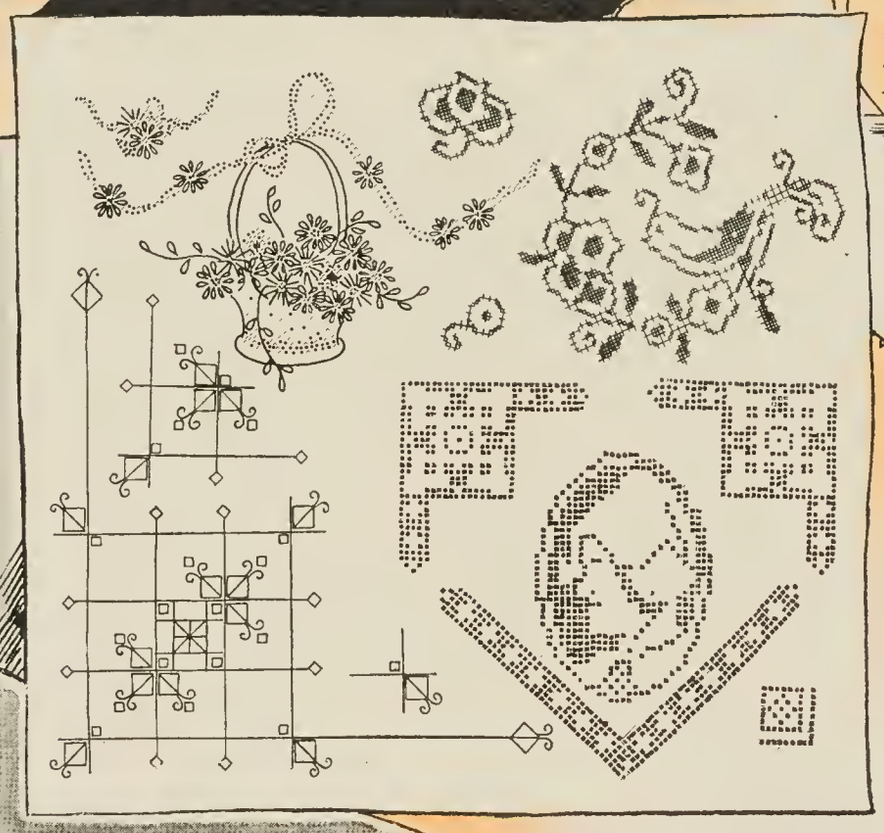
10167—For the plain cottons, linens or ratines for Summer this design in running stitch adds the smart touch to one's dresses, blouses, skirts, hats or Summer suits. It may be used also on checked or figured fabrics. The design can be adapted to 4¾ yards of banding ⅝ inch wide, 5 yards of banding 2¼ inches wide, two neck outlines, eight motifs 3 by 9⅝ inches, eight motifs 3¼ by 4¼ inches, and fourteen motifs 3 by 4 inches.



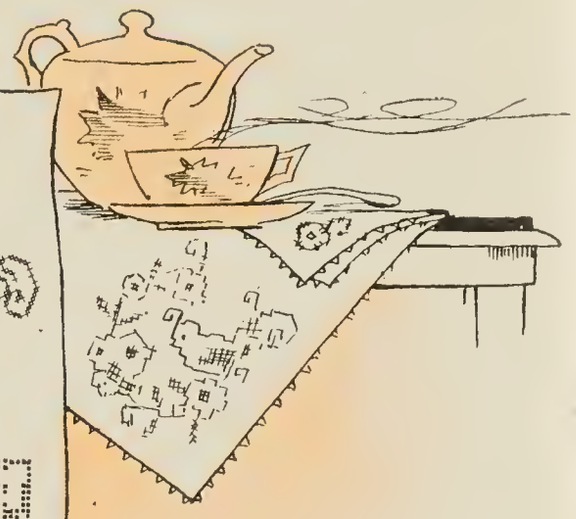
Embroidery design 10165



10165—A new buffet set will give a refreshing touch to your dining-room and be pleasant, easy needlework for warm weather. In Summer-time one needs many doilies to use on sandwich-trays when serving refreshments on the porch, on the console or gate-leg table or dining-table. There are many places where these doilies will look most attractive. The design on all three doilies should be done in one-stitch, which, as it is worked here, gives the effect of *filet tiré*. It can be adapted to one oval doily 16⅜ by 24⅜ inches and two round doilies 9 inches in diameter.



Embroidery design 10162



10162—In this "front-porch" era we even serve our refreshments there and one should be well supplied with lovely tea-sets. This design contains several types of embroideries. There are corners to be worked in Italian embroidery, corners with one-stitch as a background for a head motif, cross-stitch corners, and flower-basket corners and napkin motifs to be worked in outline, French knots and lazy daisy. All four motifs on the tea-cloth need not be the same size; one corner motif may be large with three smaller ones. These designs may adorn bureau scarfs, square centerpieces and other household linens. This design can be adapted to two large and six small corners for Italian embroidery and twelve napkin corners to match; two head corners, six small corners and ten napkin corners for one-stitch; four baskets and twelve motifs to match; and two large corners and ten small corners for cross-stitch.



WITH ordinary soap, the rompers and stockings of creeping children must be rubbed—very hard, and probably boiled! P and G will wash them clean and fresh with only light rubbing between the hands. They *wear* longer this way, and don't fade.





SOAKING with P and G, in lukewarm water, and light rubbing between the hands, will clean cuff-edges and neckbands of men's shirts. This method lengthens "shirt-lives" and preserves freshness and whiteness.

Snow-white linen at home promotes good manners abroad

WHEN a mother is hostess to her children's friends, she quickly notices any carelessness or breach of good manners among her little guests.

When her *own* children are guests, it is encouraging to realize that she has done her best to prevent such occurrences. And part of that "best" is to see that they are brought up with snowy-clean things—like tablecloths, napkins and bed-spreads. Children thus trained to careful habits are less likely to cause their mothers embarrassment when away from home.

You should choose the soap

If your washing does not now come out pure white every week, the trouble may lie with the soap—not with the laundress at all.

Just *any* soap can't produce pure white clothes, even when used by a good laundress. *You* should select the soap, *carefully*.

There is one soap that is producing pure white clothes for millions of families every week—P and G The White Naphtha Soap.

With P and G, "average" laundresses have been transformed into ***good*** *laundresses; good laundresses have progressed to* ***fine*** *laundresses.*

There is no mystery about this. P and G possesses certain unique properties. These properties endow it with power to wash *clean*, to act upon *dirt* without injuring fabrics or colors, to rinse out *thoroughly*, leaving no traces of soap or soapy odor. It is a *cleansing* soap—not a *strong* soap.

New whiteness
Colors safe

Watch the steady improvement in the appearance of your clothes after you have changed to P and G—it will come *without fail*. By the third or fourth washing, your clothes should noticeably approach their *original*, *new* whiteness, with their colors fresh and unharmed.

Furthermore, while P and G is keeping your clothes white, it will be making an enthusiastic convert of your laundress. With P and G she will need to boil less often and to rub less hard. Her time and energy will *both* be conserved.

Is it any wonder that this remarkable soap has become the largest selling laundry and household soap in America?

PROCTER & GAMBLE

Not merely a naphtha soap,
Not merely a white laundry soap,
But the best features of both, combined.

NAPHTHA SOAP + WHITE LAUNDRY SOAP =



Speed + Safety

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In Mother Earth's Gay Colors

Clean, happy babies, like the flowers, belong on Mother Earth's sunny lap. She teaches them the blueness of the sky, the grass's tender green, the flush of opening buds and the sunniness of flowers.

That is why mothers dress their babies in these colors — to bring them close to Mother Earth.

The babies' clothes must be washed to keep their colors bright. When mothers wash them in Fab-suds they come out each time fresh and spotless, like rain-washed flowers. For Fab is made of cocoanut-oil.

Cocoanut-oil is one of Mother Earth's bland oils. It is put in Fab to make Fab soft and white and cleansing.

The cocoanut-oil in Fab makes each tiny flake dissolve completely. No bits of soap can stay in Fab-suds to stick to little dresses and spot their colors.

Fab-suds bring back the purity of the babies' white smocks.

Our 115 years' experience in making fine soaps has gone into the production of Fab. No effort has been spared to make these cocoanut-oil flakes soft for the washing of children's clothes.

COLGATE & CO.
199 Fulton Street
NEW YORK

FAB

A color print of this Saida (H. Willebeek Le Mair) painting for six cents in stamps. Address Dept. F-53

SAVE A DOLLAR

The thrifty use of good things makes a better home

Each suggestion has been tested and approved by the Home-Makers' Department



THE DELINEATOR will pay ten dollars each month for the best suggestion for saving the housekeeper's money, labor, food or fuel. We will pay five dollars for other suggestions used in this department. Items sent in July are not printed until four months later. When duplicate suggestions are received, we consider the first idea to reach us. Unavailable suggestions can not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send your ideas to the Home-Makers' Department

PRIZE-WINNER
EXTEND EXPENSIVE MEATS

IF A small chicken is not enough for your family and you can not afford a large one as often as you would like to have it, you may extend a small chicken so that there will be plenty for all the family; or left-over chicken may be made into a full meal by inexpensive additions. Get about a two-and-one-half-pound chicken and have it cut up as for a fricassee, and then cut each of those pieces in two. Salt, pepper, roll in corn-meal and brown the pieces in bacon grease or drippings. Meanwhile, boil for half an hour a pound of macaroni. Now arrange the chicken and macaroni in alternate layers in a large baking-dish, with occasional sprinklings of grated American cheese, and cover with milk. Add a generous layer of cheese and cover with bread-crums dotted with small pieces of butter. Bake for an hour. This is something that will make the family happy. It is filling and digestible and a luxury to the palate.

Veal chops may also be extended. Brown the chops just a little, then put into a tightly covered baking-dish with five small onions, a handful of peas and a few small potatoes; add a half-cup of water or stock and bake slowly for an hour. When cooked in this way, veal chops have the merit of agreeing with every one, which they do not always do when cooked in the ordinary way.

Lamb's liver instead of being fried might be done the following way sometimes for variety: Cut it in rather thick slices, brown in butter (drippings are not good for this dish) and add four carrots peeled and cut in thin rounds. Put on the cover and cook slowly for an hour, or until the liver and carrots are both very tender and there is a thick dark sauce in the pan. This dish should be salted and peppered only after it is done.—LOUISE RICE, Ste. Eustache, Quebec, Can.

SAVE CRUMS

WHEN using a meat-grinder for crumming dry bread, a paper bag over the end of the grinder will catch the crums and prevent them from being scattered.—MRS. GARFIELD DARLING, South Peacham, Vt.

SAVE WILD FRUIT

IN THESE days the automobile and trolley bring the countryside within reach of all, and wild fruits are easily obtainable on almost every leisurely trip to the open. Get into the habit, therefore, of always including a basket with your impedimenta when you take excursions afield.

Spiced Wild-Apple Jelly—To make this jelly, cut up any desired amount of wild apples—or tame ones. Put in a kettle and add cold water and vinegar (three-fourths water to one-fourth vinegar) until you can just see the apple, boil until a mush, stirring and mashing. Strain through jelly-bags, measure. Allow three-fourths cup of sugar to each cup of juice. The pectin test may be used if desired. Boil the juice with a muslin bag of mixed spices very rapidly for twenty minutes; then add sugar which has been heated and boil five minutes, or until it sheets from a spoon. Pour into sterilized glasses, cool, seal the glasses with hot paraffin and cover.

Monadnoc Blueberry Pudding—For this pudding, stew one quart of fresh berries—or same amount of canned ones—sweeten to taste, and fill a mold with alternate layers of berries and sliced buttered bread; pack closely, fitting the bread into the mold so that it may be perfect when turned out. Be sure that the bread, berries and juice are so proportioned that the bread may be well soaked. Stand overnight, if possible. Eat cold with whipped cream.—FLORENCE TAFT EATON, Concord, Mass.

MENDING WITH PAPER TAPE

A ROLL of gummed paper tape is excellent to have on hand for mending torn music-sheets, paper patterns, window-shades, book leaves and backs, and for use as labels on fruit-jars. It will hold the snag or tear in a silk or wool dress for some time, if there is no strain on the part that is mended.—MRS. LENA BAKER, Rushville, Mo.

SAVE CLEANING THE MOLDING-BOARD

WHEN you use the molding-board, place a clean piece of paper over it; then when you have finished you can pick up the paper and sift the surplus flour back into the bin without the inconvenience of handling the board or cleaning it.—MRS. F. A. BULLINGTON, Kansas City, Mo.

SAVE CHEESE.

TO KEEP a large piece of cheese for any length of time without molding, pour melted paraffin over the cut surface.—MRS. HENRY OSTERMEIER, Chatham, Ill.

SAVE TIME ON WASH-DAY

WHEN boiling a number of small articles, make a cheese-cloth bag and put them in it. In this way none will be lost and all can be removed quickly from the suds.—MRS. L. E. STREETER, Modesto, Calif.

SAVE STEPS IN SERVING

DURING the Summer months when iced drinks are served, a bowl filled with cracked ice may be kept on the table; it will save trips to the ice-box during the meal. If a wooden bowl is used, the ice may be chipped in the bowl. A simple band or other design may be painted around the top of the bowl and on the handle of the ice-pick. If a wooden spoon with a slit bowl is used for serving, that also may be decorated.—MRS. C. H. VAN ZANDT, Bonham, Texas.

SAVE ICE

A SMALL nursery-refrigerator may be insulated as follows: Use a packing-box about six inches larger in all dimensions than the refrigerator. Place a three-inch layer

Concluded on page 65



Moistures Dangerous to Baby

Mennen's absorbs them harmlessly

A baby's skin cannot tolerate moisture secreted in the folds. All authorities on babies recognize that fact.



Specialists, doctors, and nurses attribute many skin disorders to minute quantities of urine or perspiration or water held in contact with the skin.

Yet a baby cannot be toweled vigorously—some moisture is always present. It is one of the three daily enemies that harass a baby's skin.

For half a century the Mennen laboratories have studied those foes of skin health and year after year perfected methods of combating them. Today Mennen Borated Talcum contains a three-fold protection for your baby's skin tissues.

To counteract *moisture*, each particle of Mennen Borated Talcum is made as porous and absorbent as a sponge. Sprinkling this powder on your baby is equivalent to applying millions of dainty white sponges to the skin. Those tiny sponges bring hidden moistures to the surface where they are harmlessly absorbed.

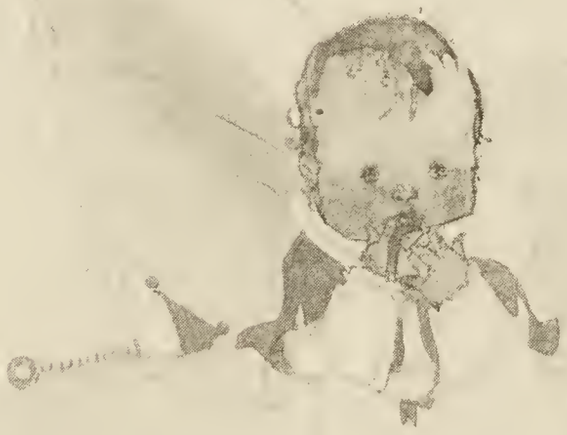
Another recognized danger is the *friction* of skin folds against each other, and the constant chafing of clothes and blankets. Mennen Borated Talcum meets this condition by covering the cuticle with a slippery film, an extra protective covering.

Since a baby's skin lacks resisting power against *infection*, Mennen Borated Talcum contains a wonderful combination of mildly antiseptic ingredients.

This carefully-studied triple defense is at your command for a few cents. It is simplicity itself—you merely sprinkle the powder all over baby's body.

Yet the comfort it will give your baby, the prevention of suffering, lessened crying, better sleep—you would be glad to pay many dollars for it.

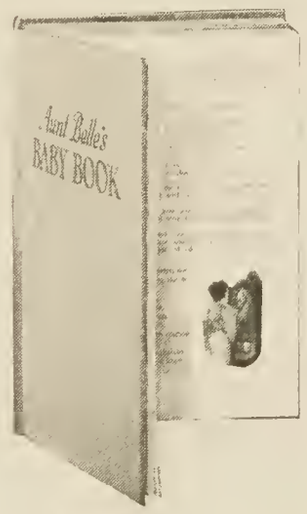
Never omit the Mennen Borated Talcum shower after every bath and change of diapers, before each nap; whenever baby is fretful.



THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.
THE MENNEN COMPANY, LIMITED
Montreal, Quebec

Aunt Belle

wrote the authoritative, delightful Baby Book that mothers everywhere are reading and following. Although it is bound expensively and illustrated by famous artists, we will send you a copy postpaid in plain wrapper for only 25c (Canada 35c). The coupon below is for your convenience.



THE MENNEN COMPANY
335 Central Ave., Newark, N. J.

I enclose 25c (Canada, 35c). Please send me Aunt Belle's Baby Book postpaid in plain wrapper.

Name .....

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Let the "VACUUMITES" freeze the

ICE CREAM



Take the AUTO VACUUM FREEZER in the Car
– the ice-cream will be frozen when you get there

ICE CREAM for a picnic lunch when motoring! Who ever heard of such a thing! Who wants a leaky old wooden pail packed with ice along on a motor trip?

No one, of course. But a quarter of a million women who own Auto Vacuum Ice Cream Freezers know that refreshing, nutritious, home made ice cream is the very easiest dessert to serve at a wayside lunch.

How is it possible?

Because, in the Auto Vacuum Freezer, the ice cream *freezes itself*—without cranking. All you need do is turn the freezer upside down, pack it with ice and salt, invert it, prepare the mixture, pour into the ice cream compartment, seal and forget it for an hour—or *eight hours*—until you are ready to serve it. Makes rich, velvety ice cream. All the flavor is *sealed* in. No churning to let the air in and the flavor out. Both compartments being tightly sealed, not a particle of salt can get into the ice cream during the freezing or serving.

The Auto Vacuum Freezer is a white-enameled, all-metal, one-piece container, made on the principle of the vacuum bottle. A sealed dead-air space surrounds the ice cream compartment, retaining the freezing effect for hours with no repacking. Takes up only a small space in your car—or on the pantry shelf—and is so attractive in appearance that the ice cream can be served from it direct if you desire. Comes in 1, 2 and 4-quart sizes.

Join the ranks of the quarter million pleased owners and save ice, money, energy, time and your disposition.

At leading Hardware, Department and General Stores

Auto Vacuum Ice Cream Freezer Co.
220 West 42nd Street, New York City

Raspberry Ice Cream

1 qt. red raspberries
1 cup milk
2 cups sugar
2½ cups heavy cream

Look over berries, wash and crush. Press through sieve. Measure two cups. Add sugar and let stand an hour. Then add milk and cream—whipped stiff. Freeze.



Auto VACUUM ICE CREAM FREEZER

THE NO-CRANK FREEZER



Send for Recipe Book

Send for book of recipes for delicious frozen foods that may be easily prepared in the Auto Vacuum Freezer. Address, Auto Vacuum Ice Cream Freezer Co., 220 W. 42nd St., N. Y.

COOL DRINKS FOR HOT DAYS

By Elinor Judd

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

THE home-served ice-cream soda is now quite a matter of course, and the up-to-date hostess dispenses it and other fancy drinks with all the "fixin's." A pint of vanilla ice-cream, with fruit sirup and carbonated water, will mak six or eight ice-cream sodas. The wonder is that the average household has been so long in making the discovery.

Along with the jam and marmalade in the preserve closet now stand rows of jars filled with limpid fruit sirups, and the increased interest in ingredicnts for thcse soft drinks has proved surprisingly educational.

Here are a few recipes, sponsored by two well-known professionals who have for the past five years been studying the changing public taste as to beverages and know what flavors are wclcomed by the "great American sweet tooth."

Orange Lily—Tall glass half-full of shaved ice. Fill quarter-full with white grape-juice, add two tablespoons of orange-juice and a teaspoon of sugar; fill with charged water, holding bottle high above the glass and pouring in a thin stream. Serve with two straws thrust through thin slice of orange.

Grape-Juice Ricky—Juice of half a lime, glass of grape-juice and teaspoon of sugar. Pour back and forth in mixer with crushed ice. Add plain or charged water.

Silver Fizz—White of one egg, juice of small lemon and tablespoon of sugar. Mix thoroughly in shaker with shaved ice. Finish with charged watcr. Add twist of lemon-peel as garnish.

Green-Tea Cooler—Freshly made green tea with twice quantity of white grape-juice. Fill glass with charged water and garnish with fresh fruit and sprig of mint.

Punch and Judy—Juice of one-half lemon and one-half orange. Mix thoroughly with shaved ice and fill glass with charged water. Add half a slice of each fruit as garnish.

Golden Fizz—White of one egg, juice of small lemon and tablespoon of sugar. Mix thoroughly in glass of shaved ice and finish with carbonated water to fill glass.

Ice-Cream Puff—Break an egg into mixing-glass, add four tablespoons of any preferred fruit sirup and a spoon of vanilla ice-cream. Shake until well mixed, fill with carbonated water and sprinkle with nutmeg. Extra ice-cream may be added just before serving.

Loganberry Cocktail—Mix in shaker six tablespoons of loganberry-juice and five each of lemon and orange juice, together with four tablespoons of sugar and some crushed ice. Pour into cocktail-glasses and add effervescent water to fill. Garnish each with a shaving of lemon-peel twisted to form a spiral.

MANY hostesses keep on hand a jar of what is known as "simple sugar-sirup," as this sweetening gives better results than uncooked sugar and is especially desirable for making "punches and cups" which are to be served in considerable quantities when entertaining. The proper proportion for sugar-sirup is one cup of water to one cup of sugar. Put in saucepan, stir constantly until sugar is thoroughly dissolved and then allow to boil gently for eight minutes. Pour into glass jar and keep ready for use.

Another important feature of the successful mixed-fruit beverage is in the brewing, or "ripening," as it is sometimes called. This process consists in mixing all the ingredients, except the effervescent water and ice, and letting them stand on ice for at least an hour. In this way the mixture not only becomes thoroughly chilled, but the different fruits are so well assimilated that instead of several distinctive flavors the whole is united in what the French call a "bouquet."

Fruit-juice cocktails are frequently served as a preliminary to a meal. Thesc should be somewhat tart and snappy, rather than sweet. A little lemon-juice should always be included with whatever other fruit-juices are used, as this brings out the full flavor of all ingredients. The addition of effervescent water gives sparkle and is an important part of many of these refreshing drinks, though fruit-juice cocktails are often without this addition. The fruit cocktail must be ice-cold, but there must be no ice in the small glasses in which these drinks are served. Fastidious persons order the glasses filled with ice some time in advance, then turned out, leaving chilled receptacles ready for the cocktails. They should be daintily served on a small tray, and, if taken in the living room, will be understood as an announcement that the meal is ready. If preferred, the cocktails may be on the table when guests are seated.

IN MANY of the new recipes now printed for non-alcoholic drinks, the little bar-measure known as a "jugger" is referred to. This term in domestic parlance simply means two tablespoons of any liquid. An ounce of granulated sugar represents one heaping tablespoon.

For all practical purposes, the words "punch" and "cup" as applied to fancy beverages are synonymous. The former, however, should be served, if possible, from a punch-bowl, while the fruit-cup is poured from a glass pitcher which should be ornamented with grape-leaves twined around the handle, with grapes or cherries and slices of fruit over the rim of the pitcher. Both these fancy drinks are served in small glasses: either low sherbet-cups or taller narrow glasses holding the same quantity.

Grape-Juice Cup—One cup of sugar, one cup of water, juice of six lemons. Let infuse in this for a half-hour the detached leaves from a bunch of fresh mint, reserving the tips of the sprays for garnishing. Strain this infusion and add one pint of red grape-juice, two pints of ginger-ale and one lemon sliced very thin. Serve in glass pitcher full of ice with spray of mint on the handle of the pitcher and small tips of the mint as a garnish.

Prohibition Punch (Twelve small glasses)—Boil one cup of sugar with two of water for five minutes. When cool, add the sirup from one can of pineapple, juice of three lemons, one orange and a pint of grape-juice. Put a block of ice in punch-bowl, pour in the mixture, add a pint of effervescent or plain water and garnish with shreds of pineapple and half-slices of lemon and orange.

Besides the cold beverages that are intcnded solely for refrcshment, the modern soda-water fountain is serving a variety of deliciously flavored and highly nutritious mixtures of egg and milk that are almost identical with what were formerly classed as "invalid beverages." In fact, thousands of business men and women in the large cities claim that they get more satisfactory results from a soda-fountain luncheonette than from the old-time luncheon of sandwich, coffee and pie. The time spent on the new type of refreshment is much less than a seated meal, and this allows time which may well be spent in outdoor exercise before returning to work. Following the good example of the business world, the housewife has found how simple a thing it is, in the midst of her work, to beat up a "food drink" of egg and milk which nourishes as well as refreshes.

The old-time egg-nog minus the liquor and plus two tablespoons of fruit-juice is one of the best examples of these popular "food drinks." Here is a good recipe:

Egg-nog—Add a few grains of salt to the white of an egg and beat to a stiff froth. Add one tablespoon of powdered sugar. Add to this the well-beaten yolk and two tablespoons of fruit-juice. Fill the glass with ice cold milk and sprinkle with chopped nuts.

A *Milk Shake* is even more simple: Fill a glass two-thirds full of ice-cold milk. Sweeten to taste and flavor with two tablespoons of fruit-juice, strained preserves or melted jelly. Fill the glass with finely chopped ice. In the absence of a regulation mixer, pour from one glass into another, holding one high above the other as you pour. When frothy, sprinkle with cinnamon or nutmeg.

Egg Lemonade is another luncheonette drink of the nourishing type. Into a tall glass half-full of crushed ice put a spoon of chopped fruit, such as pineapple, peaches or crushed berries. Beat in an egg, add juice of one lemon and sugar to taste. Fill glass with plain or effervescent water and shake or stir until very cold.



Now *their little feet can stretch and grow naturally again*

How children tease to go barefoot when summer comes!

Did you ever realize *why* they love it so?

Their little feet are *growing!* They want to stretch, to work those young muscles. They want to get out of stiff, hot shoes—to wriggle and stretch a bit!

That's why millions of mothers today put children into Keds at the first sign of warm weather. Keds with their flexible, springy rubber soles and fine, cool, canvas uppers give feet the freedom they need without sacrificing the protection they *must* have. Designed by foot experts, Keds are *anatomically correct* for every normal foot.

A new comfort for the whole family

Keds are not only for children. They are an entire line of summer footwear—with styles for all the family and for every occasion.

You'll find Keds very different from ordinary canvas, rubber-soled shoes.

The quality of the rubber from our own Sumatra plantations means long wear—even in the most active use. The construction has been designed to combine greatest strength with the most attractive appearance. The details of the finish—the stitching and reinforcements—the careful workmanship throughout—put Keds in a class by themselves.

This is true throughout all the models—pumps, high shoes and low, oxfords and sandals.

Keds, of course, vary in price according to type. But no matter what kind you buy, every pair of Keds gives you the highest possible value at the price.

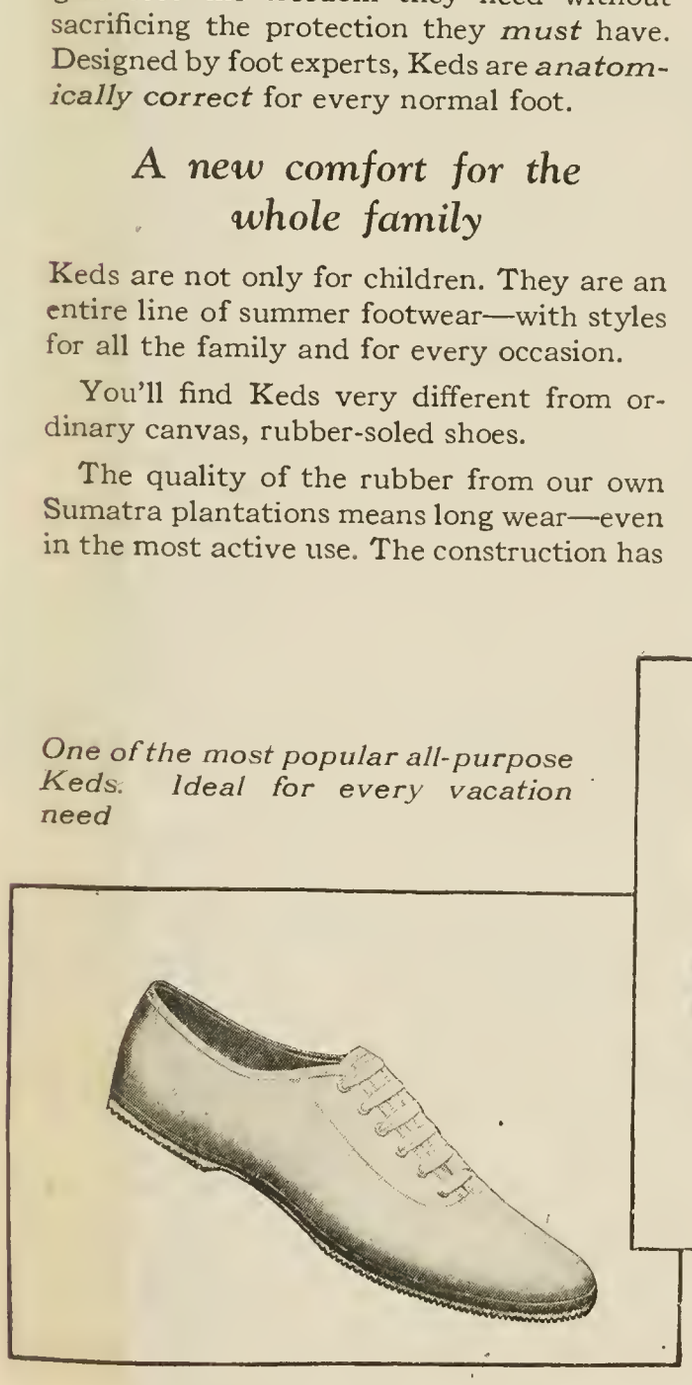
Remember—while there are other shoes that may at first glance *look* like Keds—no other shoe can give you real Keds value. Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company. If the name Keds isn't on the shoes, they aren't real Keds. It will pay you to make sure.

Valuable hints on camping, radio, etc., are contained in the Keds Handbook for Boys; and games, recipes, vacation suggestions and other useful information in the Keds Handbook for Girls. Either sent free. Address Dept. D-2, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

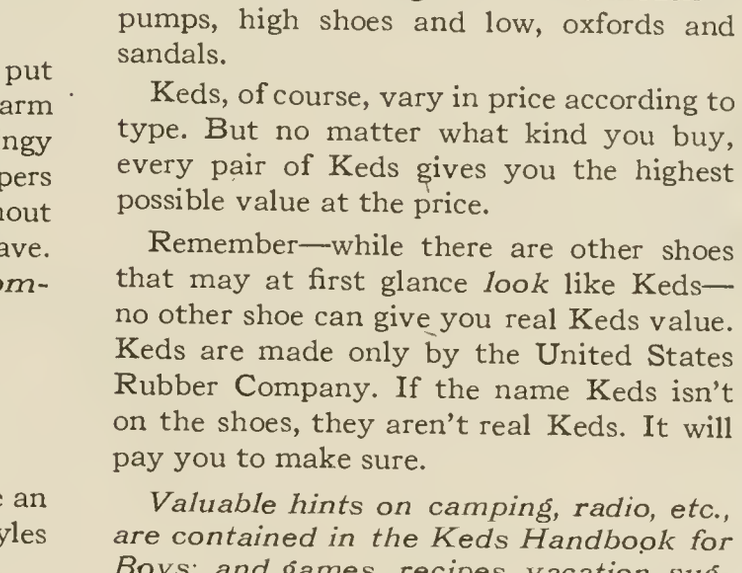
United States Rubber Company



An attractive Keds model for girls and women. White or colored trimming. Appropriate with the daintiest frocks



One of the most popular all-purpose Keds. Ideal for every vacation need



This sturdy sport model is a favorite with boys. Strongly reinforced and made with tough, springy, long-wearing soles

Keds

Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

They are not Keds unless the name Keds is on the shoes



Here it comes!

What a welcome the smiling Eskimo kid and his delightful drink always get from everybody! Whenever people are thirsty, they always call for Clicquot Club.

Its tingling taste and gingery fragrance are popular with just about everybody—old or young or in between, men and women and kids. *They all like it.*

Clicquot Club is pure. Spring water, real Jamaica ginger, excellent fruit flavors—all these good things are in the happy blend that's been a favorite for thirty-eight years.

Try the other Clicquot Club drinks—Sarsaparilla, Root Beer, Birch Beer. Order them by the case from your grocer or druggist.

The Clicquot Club Company
Millis, Mass., U. S. A.

Ginger Ale
Sarsaparilla
Birch Beer
Root Beer

Clicquot
Pronounced Klee-Ko
Club

GINGER ALE

AWNINGS FOR SUMMER DAYS

By Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders

Editor, House-Decoration Department

IN THE planning of new houses it is very easy to decide on the size, type and exposure of the porch so that it will be comfortable, well shaded and in the path of the prevailing breezes, but to create a cool, comfortable place for outdoor living for houses that have no porch or that have a small, sunny one is a problem that involves the use of porch awnings. Then, too, there is the living-room, dining-room and kitchen to protect from the rays of the sun, and the bedroom to keep shaded so that a cool, refreshing sleep may be enjoyed in it after a hot day. All this may be accomplished by the use of window awnings.

As there is something very alluring about a well-shaded porch, we will consider the merits of porch awnings first. Perhaps your house has a small porch, or one of those long shelves that architects once called porches which do not protect one from either the sun or the rain. If yours is such a one, do not be disheartened about ever converting it into a shady, restful porch, for there is a remedy. From the edge of the porch roof hang an awning that projects four or six feet and notice the added protection, seclusion and comfort!

Then again, your house may not have a porch of any kind, like the one in the illustration; but with cement flagging, or even turf for flooring, there is hope for outdoor comfort. It is possible and perfectly easy to hang an awning from the siding of your house—say over the front door, or if a more secluded spot is desired, over the rear door. Let this awning be wide and extend out as far as possible. What is the expenditure of a few dollars compared with the comfort of outdoor life that can be enjoyed under a protection of this kind? If the house happens to be in the country, a low boxwood or privet hedge can be planted around the edge of the awning square to ensure privacy, and against the house itself one may put or hang stone pottery or wicker vases to make the furnishing complete.

Such awnings can be made to order in any width or length required, and they may be made up in any of the fascinating stripes or plain-colored materials that are so easily obtainable in awning canvas.

Modern taste in house painting is expressed in so many ways that the selection of the proper color for awning material is very important so as not to spoil the color scheme of the house. As awning material may be purchased in either white, yellow, green, blue, brown or a gray striped or plain material, one can either match the color of the house or create a contrasting color scheme.

Awnings for windows are really dollar-savers, as they protect the furnishings from the sun and give the room a healthful, cool atmosphere on bright, sizzling days. They can easily be taken down when the dark, short days of Fall set in. The regular type of window awning, which has side-pieces and a valance, is the most practical, as it keeps out both sun and rain and still allows for sufficient ventilation.



On a house without a porch of any kind it is possible to hang awnings from the siding of the house



A shallow, sunny porch may be made into a shady, comfortable spot by hanging awnings from its roof

To measure for porch awnings, mark off a spot about five feet up from the floor of the porch, which will give the place about where the hinges of the frame should fasten. A porch that is eight feet or under in height usually requires an awning three feet high by three feet projection; porches more than eight feet in height require proportionately larger awnings.

Many prefer a broad curtain to an awning for the porch. The top of the curtain is fastened inside the porch, generally to the ceiling, and it is weighted with a slat at the bottom.



No place is more inviting on scorching Summer days than a shady, cool, restful porch such as this one, which is equipped with porch awnings

Lamb is at its best now

This is an especially good time to acquaint your family with the delights of lamb—to give the essential meat part of your menus a new appeal.

Not necessarily with a "leg o' lamb" or with rib chops—many other cuts are just as delicious, just as nutritious, though they cost considerably less.

From the shoulder, for instance, your butcher can cut for you excellent chops, a roast, or meat for a most appetizing and wholesome stew.

The breast of lamb is also a great delicacy which many women overlook. It is delicious when stuffed and roasted, or braised.

By following this chart you can easily select those cuts of lamb best suited by preference and price to your various uses.

Its publication is but a part of the service which Swift & Company is constantly rendering—that of supplying the American public with good meat foods, and doing it so economically that the consumer in buying Swift meats, pays us as profit, from all sources, only a fraction of a cent a pound.

Look for the legend "U. S. Inspected and Passed" on meat foods.

Standard Lamb Cuts
(*Chicago Style*)

1 Leg
2 Loin
3 Ribs
4 Breast
5 Shank
6 Shoulder
7 Neck



Boneless Lamb Roll; Consists of Shoulder, Breast and Shank



Chops from the shoulder are large and meaty



Lamb Leg for Roasts and Steaks



Lamb Steak cut from Leg



Lamb Loin for Roasts

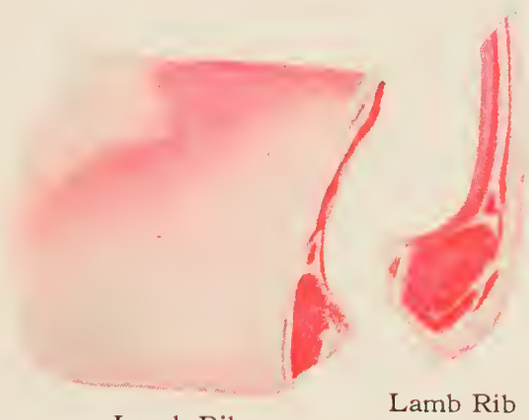


Lamb Loin Chop





Breast for Roasts or Stews



Lamb Ribs for Roasts

Lamb Rib Chop



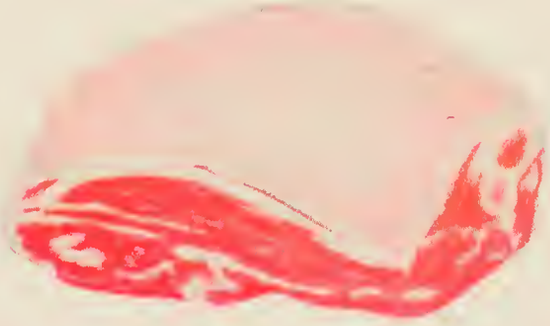
Shank for Roast, Stew or Broth



Neck Slice for Braising



Neck for Roast, Broth or Stew



Shoulder for Chops or Roasts

Remove the Fell

The fell is a tough membrane that acts as a protection to the meat. It should always be removed before the meat is cooked

Recipes upon request

Some especially good lamb recipes on filing cards will be sent you free upon request to Home Economics Dept., Swift & Company, Chicago

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Makers of Premium Hams and Bacon, "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard, Premium Frankfurts, etc.

Such a wonderful taste thrill for a warm summer's day!

Kellogg's Corn Flakes with fresh fruit and a friendly pitcher of ice-cold milk or cream!

Why—eager appetites can scarcely hold their peace till the magic words—ALL READY—come! And such a cooling, delicious, sensible feast when the thermometer's hitting-on-high—Kellogg's Corn Flakes, all crispy, crunchy and sunny brown; keenly appetizing, digestible, satisfying, sustaining!

Never was a cheerier summer breakfast or lunch for big and little folks to thrive on! Because, Kellogg's Corn Flakes teach one and all what it means to good health to eat lightly during the warm weather!

Kellogg's let you feel mighty snappy all day long; they help you work harder and play harder, and put you across the finish line in fine fettle! And Kellogg's lighten home work because they're all ready to serve to hungry folks!





TRAVELING

By Elsie Cleveland Mead

THE DELINEATOR will be glad to answer any question on good manners. Address the Etiquette Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York City, and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for a reply



Elsie Cleveland Mead

WHY is it that people whose manners are without reproach at home often forget them when traveling? The traveler who has learned that his rights to space and attention are shared by his fellow passengers and who shows a due regard for their comfort and convenience proves himself well-mannered. He never puts his bags in the aisle for people to stumble over, and after he has finished perusing a newspaper he does not strew it on the floor. Some of us have had our appetites taken away by the untidiness with which some people handle food. Children, especially, who at home have only three meals a day, often are allowed to eat or drink every minute on the train, and it is not surprising that many of them get car-sick. Tidiness and daintiness in one's manner of eating in a coach or Pullman car is a public obligation and bespeaks the person used to the proper amenities at home.

The system on which our dining-cars are run is the one of "first come first served," and passengers should be good sportsmen enough to make the most of standing in line and not try to push in out of turn. The well-mannered will always be prompt to use the little courtesies of their own home table, such as passing the salt and sugar. It is not necessary to enter into conversation with one's companions, but no harm is done if a conversation springs up spontaneously. The acquaintance need not be pursued away from the table.

THERE is no doubt that the arrangement of the general sleeping-cars, with their rows of berths, is not conducive to the making of one's toilet with ease and comfort. A woman should be sure to provide herself with a black or dark-colored Pullman robe, made preferably of silk, which takes up very little room and also sheds the dust, and she should try to make herself look as tidy as possible and not be seen emerging from her berth with her hair hanging loosely or done up in curl-papers. There are many devices for holding toilet articles but one that can be suspended from a hook is convenient, as there is often no place to lay anything down in the wash-room.

A bottle of eau de cologne is the best antidote when one is forced to breathe in coal-smoke, and a jar of plain cold-cream with small squares of old linen or gauze with which to remove the soot from the face and hands is better than depending entirely on soap and water.

Travelers should always remember that the wash-room is not their own, and it behooves each person to take particular pains to leave it in a neat condition. The basin should be carefully rinsed and wiped after using it. There is no excuse for the woman who strews hairpins and powder and little bunches of stray hair or old hair-nets about.

As to the proper clothing for travelers, the main thing for a woman to avoid is wearing fussy or elaborate clothes made of impractical material, such as velvet. One often sees women on trains decked out with every jewel they possess, assuming, perhaps, that this is the safest way to carry them. This is conspicuous and in very bad taste, and it is not difficult to provide a little chamois reticule made with pockets to hold pieces of jewelry which can be securely fastened underneath one's dress. Many hand-bags containing valuables have been stolen. Therefore, secreting them about one's person seems the wisest plan.

The well-mannered person always avoids attracting attention to himself and avoids noisy and boisterous welcomes and farewells which may invite ridicule, if not cause annoyance. Upon the meeting and departure of a young person, kissing by parents seems natural, but in other cases it is certainly questionable propriety in public.

Have you ever noticed a woman hunting madly through her hand-bag for her ticket while the patient conductor stands by? No matter how often he returns, there is always the same scramble. Somehow men never seem to offend this way, and women should take a valuable hint from them and have one place where the ticket can be easily found when needed. Another important adjunct is a purse for change to make hurried purchases of newspapers and other little things at brief stops. In this connection, before starting on a journey be sure to provide yourself with plenty of small change.

To avoid flurry and excitement when traveling over a route for the first time, ask the porter or conductor to notify you well in advance of reaching your destination.

There are many unavoidable discomforts connected with travel—cold, too much heat, dust, coal-smoke, snoring neighbors and crying children. To face any of these, a philosophical equanimity will make the annoyance more bearable. If you find that some one occupies your seat or has taken possession of the berth presumably reserved for you, it is not necessary to abuse the offender. A quiet explanation to the porter or conductor will usually adjust matters. Experienced travelers cultivate a give-and-take in the matter of opening and closing windows, sharing of luggage-racks, etc., and the thoughtful person does not disturb his fellow passengers by loud talking. A good traveler should be quiet, neat, calm, thoughtful of others and patient with unavoidable annoyances.

THE following questions are frequently asked:

Q. How much should one tip the porter on a parlor-car?

A. For a short trip, the passenger with one bag should give a dime. For a long trip, and when there is more luggage, a quarter would be just.

Q. What is a proper tip for a sleeping-car porter?

A. For one berth for one night, many feel that a quarter is sufficient, but if the porter is called upon to do any extra service, fifty cents would be fairer. If one occupies a section or stateroom, one pays as if for two people.

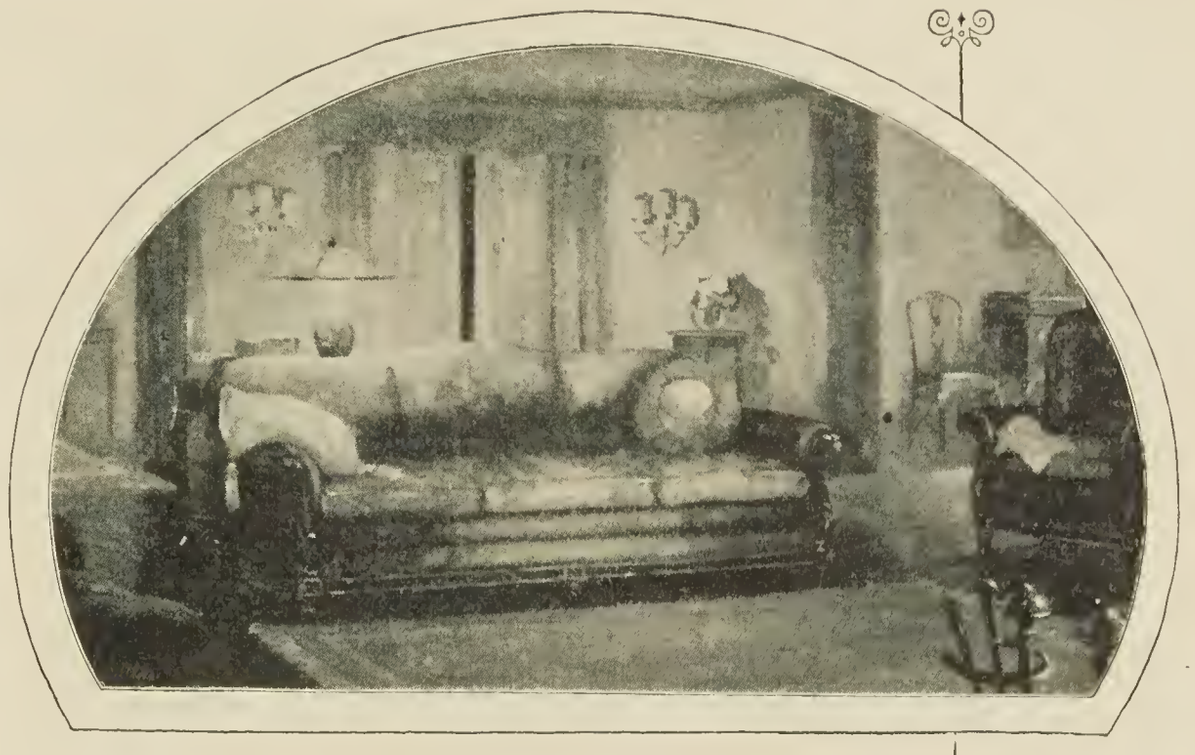
Q. What should one tip the waiter in the dining-car?

A. The usual ten per cent. of the check is customary.

Q. If a girl is traveling alone and finds herself sharing a section with a man, how should she manage about arranging to retire?

A. The thoughtful man in this case takes the initiative by staying in the smoking-room or another section while her berth is made up and she retires. Very often the girl can have her berth exchanged in case an awkward situation arises.

To the many questions that are asked regarding advances made by fellow passengers, no general rule can be laid down, but if a woman shows a proper dignity and reserve, she need never fear the consequences of such casual encounters.



Ready
when friends call

Sometimes on long, lazy evenings with the second pipe well alight and the hero of the story in the book you are reading just remarking to the lady in blue that they must have met somewhere before, there is a sudden ringing at the door. Then the cheerful voices of friends—the greetings of welcome and the settling back for a visit.

A Davenport Bed is the popular haven at such times as this. Four or five group themselves on its snug cushions, relaxing to its gracious comfort. And later, when happy hours of visiting must give way to hours of restful sleep, the Davenport Bed offers the comforting embrace of a restful bed, with real bedsprings, real mattress—all that a good bed means.

Davenport Beds are charming and inviting pieces of furniture. In graceful outlines and with exquisite skill the designers have builded into them a tone of luxury and beauty that adds to your joy of living.

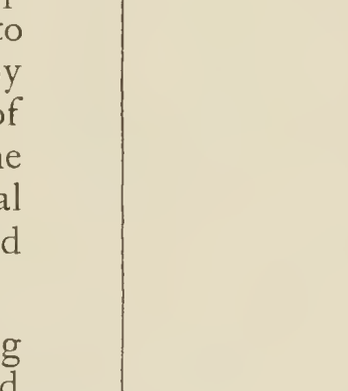
The Davenport Bed is a modern addition to the furnishings of the home, saves space, and is easily converted from davenport to bed and back again. In both capacities the Davenport Bed is eminently practical.

Your furniture merchant will gladly show you many designs and combinations of upholstery and woods from which you can readily make a selection.

Our brochure shows photographs of nearly a hundred styles. Write for it.

DAVENPORT BED MAKERS
OF AMERICA

912 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago



The DAVENPORT BED

SERVES BY DAY AND BY NIGHT

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Mary Nash—famous for the grace and loveliness of her hands, posed for this picture. She uses Cutex and says: "I don't see how I ever tolerated having my cuticle cut—Cutex is so easy to use, so quick and makes my nails look so well."

Mary Nash



Photo by Nickolas Muray

[Left] In an instant the dead cuticle is softened and loosened. Rinse the fingers and it wipes away.

THEIR WHOLE BEAUTY DEPENDS *on Cuticle kept soft and smooth*

UGLY little ridges of dead skin dried tight and hard around the base of the nail. Those little stiff shreds that you could not scrape away—nor cut away.

How often you have filed the nail tips, *cleaned* them and even polished them—and yet there they were—those nails simply looked as if you had never spent a moment on them.

Do you know you could have spent less time on them and had them a thousand times lovelier!

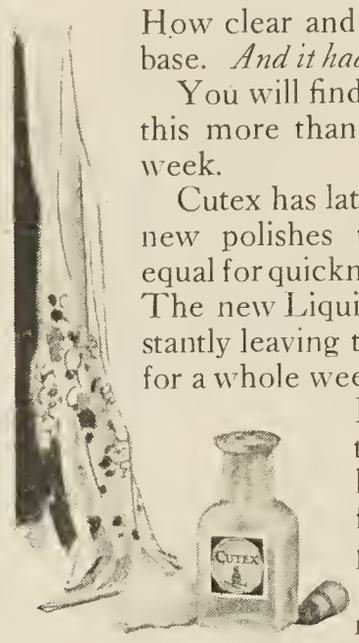
The whole secret of lovely nails is the care of the cuticle. Keep it soft and smooth. Cuticle *will* grow hard to the nail, tighten and break. There is only one safe certain way of removing those little stiff particles of dead cuticle without injuring the soft new skin. That way is with Cutex.

With the little bottle of Cutex there comes an orange stick and some absorbent cotton. Wrap a bit of this around the end of the orange stick, dip it into the bottle, then pass the moistened cotton carefully over the dry dead cuticle. In an instant the dead cuticle is softened and loosened. Then rinse your fingers and *wipe* the softened cuticle away.

As you dry the finger-tips, push the firm unbroken new cuticle back. How lovely, even and shapely it is. How clear and smooth the nail base. *And it hadn't taken a minute!*

You will find you need not do this more than once or twice a week.

Cutex has lately perfected two new polishes that are without equal for quickness and brilliance. The new Liquid Polish dries instantly leaving the nails gleaming for a whole week. The Powder Polish gives a tinted lasting brilliance with just a few strokes on the palm of the hand.



Cutex Cuticle Remover

Cutex sets come now in four sizes, at 60c, $1.00, $1.50 and $3.00. Or each preparation can be had separately at 35c, at all drug and department stores.

Introductory Set—now only 12c

Fill out this coupon and mail it with 12c in coin or stamps for the Introductory Set containing samples of Cutex Cuticle Remover, PowderPolish, Liquid Polish, Cuticle Cream (Comfort), emery board and orange stick. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., New York, or if you live in Canada, Dept. D-7, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 12c TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN
Dept. D-7, 114 West 17th Street, New York.
I enclose 12c in stamps or coin for new introductory set containing enough Cutex for six manicures.

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THE FEAR-HEALER

Continued from page 5

in a melody are exquisite—as delectable and unsubstantial.

"Who are you?"

He shifted his feet awkwardly at the brief question and made a strained grimace in the shape of a conciliatory smile.

"Me?" he said. "My name's Barlow. I thought I'd better come——"

He broke off. The girl had taken a quick backward pace. She held the rifle now in both hands across her body. If she blenched, he did not see it, but there was no mistaking the new-lit horror in her face.

"Why!" he exclaimed, in utter astonishment, "what's wrong?"

He moved forward as he spoke. The girl brought the rifle to the crook of her arm, its muzzle pointing toward him.

"I'll shoot!" she said.

He stopped again, vacant with bewilderment. He gazed at her stupidly, his mouth open, as though to let what words would drop forth. But no words came.

"I know you," said the girl. "Barlow! I've heard about you! You've done more to make the natives fear and hate white people than any other man in Africa. My father told me; and when—when he comes back——"

She gulped on the phrase, hesitated and went on.

"Go away!" she ordered. "Get off our land before my father comes back. I'll shoot you if you come any nearer!"

She made a movement with the rifle. Barlow did not stir. His faculties fell into gear again and his mouth closed.

"Shoot, then!" he said. "Shoot when you like. Look at this, though!"

He stooped and laid his own weapon on the ground and rose upright, unarmed, to face her again.

"Now," he said, "I don't understand all this. I came here to move you down to the coast before it's too late. Don't you know that the niggers are up all over the country? What you afraid o' me for?"

The horror in her face had a note in it of bitter contempt.

"Move me down to the coast—you! The coast!" She cried out the last word in a tone of hateful hysteric derision. "The coast—when you could sell us—me—to the Kafirs—as you sold the Lumbo chief to his enemies! We'd—we'd fetch more, wouldn't we—two white women!"

"Well—I'm damned!"

THE Lumbo chief! He had almost forgotten himself how, once, for a substantial fee payable in quills of rough river gold and black tusks of ancient ivory, he had, single-handed, surprised and captured a very dangerous and blood-stained raider and handed him over to those who had best right to his blood. It was like being called to account for the sins of his babyhood.

He pulled himself together. "Never mind about the Lumbo chief!" he said. "Miss Hackitt, don't you waste that bullet on shootin' me! You'll want it for yourself before morning if you don't start for the coast tonight. I know niggers—I do! And the people that told you all those other things about me must ha' told you that."

He paused; she was still staring at him with the same repulsion and horror.

"What the hell!" he exploded. "I'm a white man, aren't I? An' you're a white woman in distress? Isn't that the whole thing? Isn't it natural an' proper an' just simply right that I——"

The girl above him shook her head. It stopped him in mid-speech like a hand on his mouth. "Eh?" he gasped.

"No!" she said. "Not you! I—I don't trust you—don't believe you! You—you must go away. My father——"

Barlow felt within him a sensation like physical sickness. Never had he esteemed himself highly or met with high esteem from others. He had plundered freely in his time; he had enslaved; he had killed—in short he had sinned very hard for a living, but always within the spirit and letter of the code. He had never stolen, for instance, except with the strong arm; he had never cheated at cards or used violence to a woman, and his word was his valid bond. By no standard that he knew had he lowered by a single inch the white man's pedestal of virtue and worth. And now, this fragile wisp of daunting, dainty femininity was using to him hurtful words—fighting words, words for which men were killed—and believing them utterly while she spoke them.

"You mean—" he choked—"you mean you think that I'd betray a—a white woman—to the niggers?"

He was not to know what she would have answered. A voice sounded indistinctly from within the door behind her; she half turned to listen, and with the movement so swung the rifle that it no longer covered Barlow. Three lightning strides took him to the foot of the steps and a single spring to the head of them, so that as the speaker from within appeared in the doorway he was standing at the girl's side.

"I *thought* I heard voices," said the newcomer. "Ah!"—seeing Barlow—"a gentleman!"

BARLOW, strung and keyed for quick action, slackened like a broken string. It was a lady who beamed softly upon him, with the right shade both of greeting and distance for a travel-stained stranger. A lady in every conceivable sense, but especially in the sense of the picture-book, the early Victorian novel and the best suburban convention. Gray-haired without austerity, pretty without piquancy, mature without mellowness, she had, in that place of blinding sun, soul-searching solitude and horrid danger, the effect of an English flower pressed and preserved between the gray pages of a scrofulous French novel. Biscuit-colored shantung silk clad her from neck to ankle, with white frills at throat and wrists; but much more effectively there shielded and adorned her her complex carapace of manner and manners. Like a turtle with its shell or a king with his crown, to strip her would have been to destroy her.

The girl, following her mother's glance, looked round and found Barlow at her elbow. She recoiled.

"Mother!" she said. "Mother, you've heard of him—it's Barlow!"

Mrs. Hackitt lowered her head in a nod of pleased comprehension.

"How do you do, Mr. Barlow? These are dreadful times, are they not? Dreadful, indeed. But perhaps you have not heard our sad news? My dear husband—Hester's father——"

"Mother!" cried the girl, in an agony. "You shouldn't—you shouldn't have told him!"

Barlow flashed a look at the distress and anger of her young face. He understood. She had been bluffing him, threatening him with the return of Hackitt, whom he had seen that morning when the clamor of the kites and vultures had guided him through the thorn-bush to where the body lay. One of the dead man's "boys" must have escaped and gone home with the news.

"I knew," he said quickly. "I—I saw him this morning. That's why I hurried on here."

Mrs. Hackitt repeated her nod of acknowledgment.

"That was kind of you," she said in her delicate small trickle of a voice. "For, as it happens, we are quite alone. All the boys have run away. These foolish native disturbances, you know—so silly! As if we hadn't always treated them well!"

"Yes," answered Barlow dazedly. "Yes!"

"But you must be tired, Mr. Barlow. Oh, I'm sure you are! Won't you come in? We can't offer you tea, I'm afraid, because there aren't any fires; but there is some whisky and some sparklets. Oh, but you must! And you, Hester, dear—do put down that great ugly gun; I'm sure there's nothing to be nervous about now Mr. Barlow is here!"

She flattered him with her soft restrained smile. The girl looked wanly from one to the other.

"Nothing at all," agreed Barlow. "But I'll just bring up my gun from out there, 'case any niggers should swoop on it."

He went slowly down the steps and slowly raised his rifle from where it lay. He made, slowly still, a pretense of examining it, bending his head over it the while. It was in his mind to give the girl time to pass on her warnings to her mother. She should say her

Continued on page 52

The vital help in making your dress that other patterns fail to give . .

Best materials for Design

French finishing and trimming

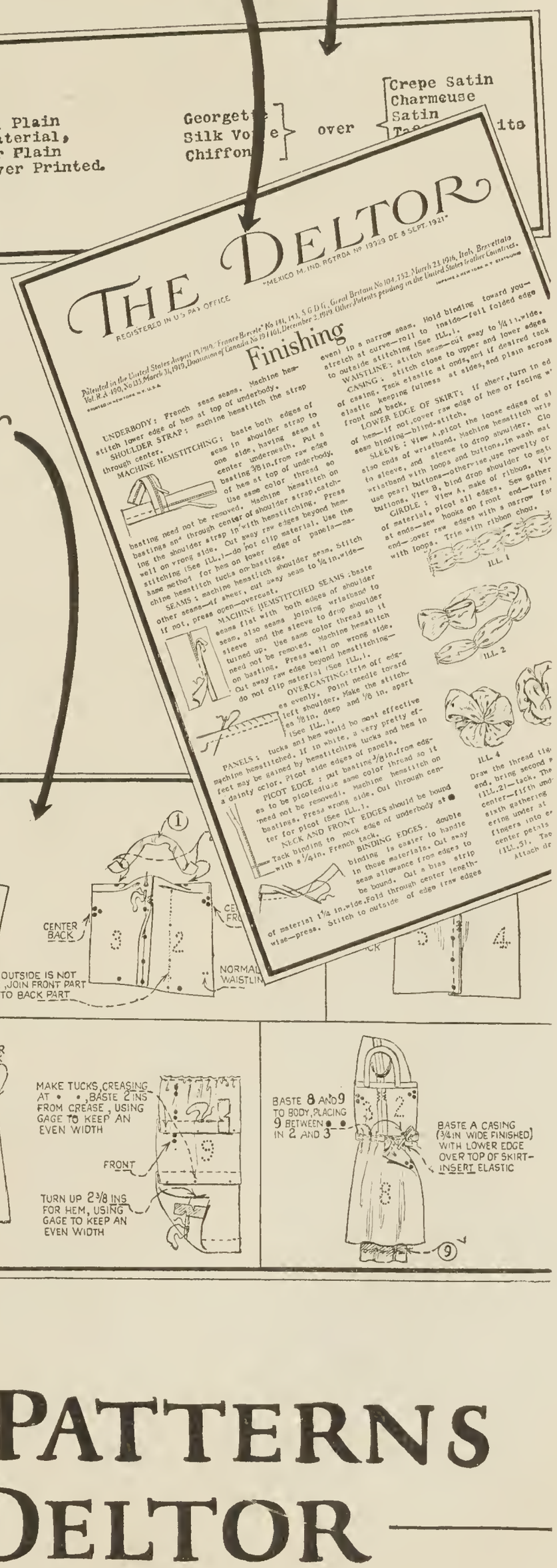
Pictures of putting together

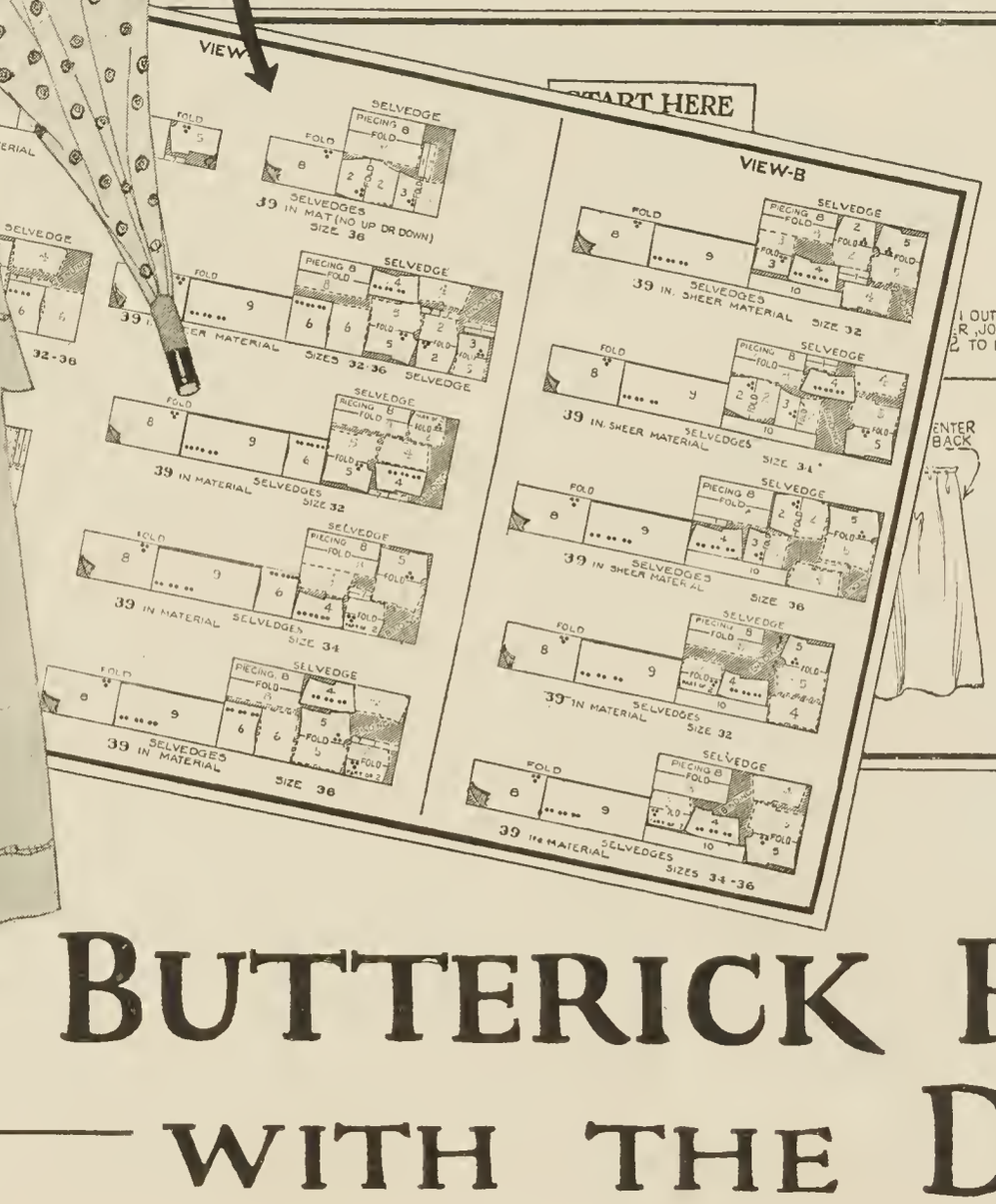
Clever cutting saves goods



Cotton Georgette
" Voile
Fine Cotton Crepe
" " Marquisette
Crepe de Chine
Georgette
Silk Voile
Chiffon
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Georgette
Silk Voile
Chiffon
} over Crepe Satin, Charmeuse, Satin, Taffeta





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One reason the ill effects of kitchen work are so trying is because they are so gradual. But they are no less certain. No wonder there are so many evenings when you are too tired to enjoy yourself.

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A HOOSIER for Every Home

No matter what kind of a kitchen you now have—there is a HOOSIER to fit it. Special models have even been designed to fit in under the kitchen window.

All will save work and worry—time and energy. Go to your HOOSIER dealer and select the HOOSIER best suited to your needs.

Such Easy Terms You'll Never Miss the Money

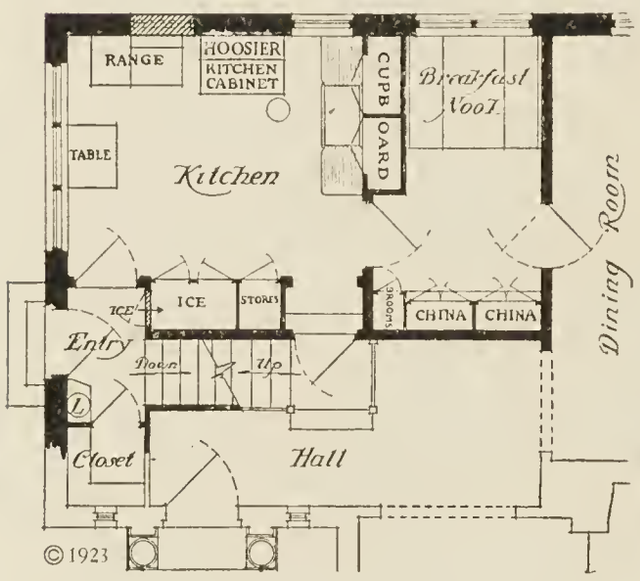
How often you have said, "I'm just too tired out to enjoy myself at night."

That is a condition which can be changed at once. There is no longer any reason to go on doing your work in the difficult old-fashioned way.

Let us tell you where you can buy the HOOSIER on such easy terms you will never miss the money. Write for illustrated folder.

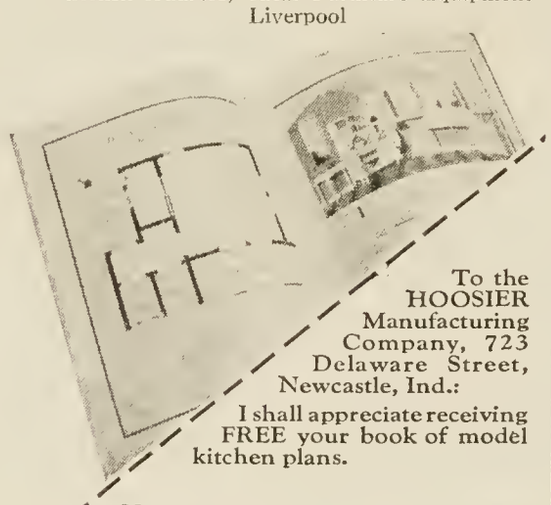
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THE FEAR-HEALER

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worst of him and then he would handle the pair of them together.

He was still fiddling with the breech of his gun when, from the *stoep* above him, the girl's rifle roared and the bullet threw up its dust-spurt at his feet. He jumped aside smartly lest a second shot should follow. But none came. Upon the *stoep* the girl was leaning weakly against a post beside the steps and her rifle had fallen to the ground. Her mother had gone in and now reappeared swiftly in the doorway. At sight of her, Barlow moved composedly toward the steps. The girl gazed at him with eyes wherein a faintness stood like a blur upon their brightness.

"Oh, what was that?" asked Mrs. Hackitt.

"Accident," replied Barlow promptly. "Knocked her rifle against the rail, or something. Pity, because o' the noise!"

"There, Hester!" said Mrs. Hackitt. "You hear what Mr. Barlow says? And I warned you time after time."

IN THE big sitting-room within there was coolness and shadow, and likewise the promised refreshment. It was a large room, extending from the front to the back of the house, handsome in its proportions and luxurious in an up-country, pioneer sort of way, with its inevitable trophies of skins and heads, its photographs of plump complacent people in old secure England and—Barlow wondered at it—a long varnished oar with a light blue blade hanging on a slant upon one wall. But the most wonderful thing was unquestionably Mrs. Hackitt. She sank to an armchair and forthwith it was as though she had put on the room as a garment. If she was incongruous in the glare and color of the day without, here she dwelt as fitly as the scent upon a flower.

"I have been thinking, Mr. Barlow," she suggested, "that possibly we should do well to leave here for a while."

The girl, standing by the window and gazing forth in silence, turned and sent a look across at her. Barlow leaped at this unhoped-for opening.

"You're right, Mrs. Hackitt. It's what I was saying to your daughter out there. If we start to-night, I could have you in safety by to-morrow night, an' next mornin' you'd be in town. There's nothing else to do."

Mrs. Hackitt gave him a look of gentle deprecation.

"To-night?" she demurred. "But the night air, Mr. Barlow—you know it is very unhealthy!"

"Yes," said Barlow, with an unwonted note of grimness. "Liable to give you fever, unless you're lucky. But, just now, the day-air's certain death. Only thing is, we can't take much with us and the going is pretty rough—rough for you and Miss Hackitt, I mean."

Mrs. Hackitt nodded thoughtfully. "Ye-es," she said. "I see. But perhaps—well, we have a donkey here, a great big donkey. We might take turns at riding him. Though he has a nasty habit of lying down suddenly sometimes."

Barlow smiled. "He'll soon get a habit of standing up again," he said. "I know donkeys."

And thus, with no more of argument or persuasion, it was arranged. The girl had said no more. She helped her mother to get together the likeness of a meal and protested no further, but for Barlow there was a puzzle in the still strain of her face and a hair-trigger quality in her each attitude and movement as though she were gathered up for sudden action.

"She's got something up her sleeve," he told himself. "There's liable to be another 'accident' if I don't keep a lookout."

He replenished his stock of cartridges from Hackitt's supplies and found the means in the dead man's room for a little improving his appearance by a shave and a wash. He also found a toy of a revolver.

"Miss Hackitt," he said to the girl when for a moment her mother was clear of the room, "I'm goin' to smash that rifle of yours before the niggers get it. This'll be better for you. Nobody can get within arm's length of you with that, an' it'll be handier to carry."

She put out a hand and took the little weapon. From somewhere within the house came the small noises, the patter and shuffle of Mrs. Hackitt's hospitable activities.

"I am armed already," she said suddenly. "I will never be taken—nor handed over, either."

"Not if I can help it," he answered. "What is it—a knife? A knife's no good against an assagai or a club, you know!"

"No!" He could not read her look. "My father"—she checked on the word painfully, but held on—"my father always kept it here. He never told us, but I knew! I knew; I was ready for you, you see! Whatever came out of this horrible country, I was ready for it. Do you know why I missed you when I shot at you? It was because I was holding it in my hand all the time."

She nodded at him in defiance and triumph. He merely looked at her, while his mind roved from vitriol to hand-bombs.

"He had it in a drawer in his desk," she went on with a sudden fresh energy of utterance. "I have known of it ever since he took it out to kill our old dog—all these years! But it was when I heard about you and Scott and Harrigan and Pirate Smith"—it was like listening to a child reciting the Comminations Service to hear her reel off the names of those men, all known to him, who had seared themselves on the country like a shameful brand—"that I understood what he kept it for. He never told me, but I understood, and I knew I was safe!"

"Ye-es," hesitated Barlow. "But what is it?"

Again that gleam of malice and triumph.

"This!" she answered curtly, and opened her hand to show him the phial she held in her palm. "If you touch me—if you try to——"

She stopped, for he was smiling.

"So that's your secret!" he said. "Funny, but all those men you're so scared of—Scott and Harrigan, and so on—they carry that stuff. But *they* know why it's useful. They've seen what was left o' men who would have given a million pounds for a taste of it. So have I! Look!"

His left hand explored the waistband of his breeches; it came forth and he held out to her such another phial as her own.

"In case," he said. "Just in case!"

She had not time to answer him, for at that moment her mother was audible, gently rattling the contents of a tray as she bore it in.

IT WAS in the first of the dusk that at last they departed. Mrs. Hackitt had produced for herself a long dark sleeveless cloak with a hood which gave her, with the long flow of its folds, a strange dignity like that of a stage abbess. Don Juan, the tall donkey, degenerate descendant of the splendid Iberian ass, suffered himself to be saddled and loaded by Barlow, and then upon being led forth, promptly lay down.

"Oh, Juan, Juan!" appealed Mrs. Hackitt.

"Yes, Juan! Get up, Juan!" said Barlow. He bent persuasively to the animal's hind-quarters and seemed to pat them, whereupon Juan did not so much rise as spout to his feet. Barlow repocketed his jack-knife and assisted the lady to mount.

"You're sure you know the way, Mr. Barlow?" was her question before he hoisted her to the saddle.

The ground rose to the edge of the bush above the plantations, and at the top of the slope they paused, moved by an unspoken common impulse to look back. The colors of the western sky endured yet, dulling like dying fires; Africa's brief evening mood laid a still glamour over that wild land, with the house and its fields in the heart of it, aloof from it like a sanctuary. Barlow had left the lamps in the rooms alight, that chance watchers from the boulder ridge might have something to hesitate about and so delay pursuit; and the windows shone at them with a mildness and passivity in their stare like the eyes of quiet kine. Had there been time, he would have turned the whole building into one deadly booby-trap before he left it. Mrs. Hackitt, lofty on her steed, her cloak flowing from her shoulders like a ghostly dragoon's, looked long and in silence. Then she sighed.

"I wish I could have brought away my bedroom furniture," she breathed.

But the girl only stared, her young face

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Three Times a Prize Winner



THE first time Teddy Burton Graham won a prize for health and development he was only six months old. This was in May, 1921, in the All Mothers Club Baby Contest, held in Los Angeles, California.

448 babies were entered in this contest and Teddy Burton Graham was pronounced the best of them all. Teddy is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. N. Glen Graham of 1338½ Euclid Ave., Santa Monica, California. Up to this time, Teddy had had no other food at all except Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, long famous as a baby food. But Teddy's older brother had also been fed on Eagle Brand and had won a blue ribbon for health.

Having found his food so successful, Teddy's mother kept him on Eagle Brand until he was sixteen months old. By this time he had two more prizes to his credit.

In the second of these contests he again won first place for his wonderful health and vigor.

The third contest in which Teddy was a winner included the whole of Southern California. Contests were held in various cities. Teddy was chosen from his locality and taken up to Los Angeles for the final examination. In all there were 8,754 babies who competed in this contest. Several hundred made the final test and from these six were chosen for the Grand Prizes. Teddy Burton Graham was among these six perfect specimens of babyhood.

Other mothers whose babies failed to make the final prize winning group crowded around to ask her how she raised her prize winner.

"I told something like three or four hundred mothers at the contest that he was an Eagle Brand Milk baby," she says.

"I am sure it is the most nutritious food obtainable for an infant.

"I have known several mothers that were having trouble with their babies and I urged them to try Eagle Brand, and in every instance their little ones started to pick up and get along wonderfully."

* * * * *

The national reputation of Eagle Brand Condensed Milk for infant feeding rests on a million such cases.

One mother who found it exactly right, recommended it to another. If she fed one child successfully with it she used it for her other children. If she was fed on Eagle Brand herself when a baby, she was likely to give it in turn to her own babies.

Thus, in the past sixty-five years Eagle Brand has been on the market, generations of children have been raised on it, millions of mothers have learned its value, thousands of doctors have prescribed or recommended it. Today it is more used than all the other infant foods put together.

July is more or less a danger month in the life of the young baby. "Summer complaints" are actually digestive troubles. And it is through the heat of summer that Eagle Brand is particularly valuable.

Teddy Graham has spent all of his short life in a warm climate and never been ill at all. For



Eagle Brand is an exceptionally digestible food. It is milk—just pure country milk—but it is combined with pure cane sugar in the special Borden way.

Eagle Brand can be kept indefinitely in the unopened cans. This enables you to keep a supply in the house so that you need not run the risk of not having a fresh supply for the baby, no matter how hot the weather. And if you are obliged to travel with your baby, you can carry Eagle Brand with you easily or buy it anywhere you happen to be.

Nurse your baby of course, if you can, but if you must resort to artificial feeding follow the safe, sure, Eagle Brand way.



Borden's
EAGLE BRAND
CONDENSED MILK

Do you ever feel the need for a little authentic advice on the small problems that arise almost daily in the care of your baby? If you do, send for *Baby's Welfare*. It is a thoroughly practical, useful little volume and entirely free. The Borden Company, 157 Borden Building, New York.



The new use for Lux robs dishwashing of half its drudgery
54 dishwashings in a single package

And now—relief from that three-times-a-day-in-the-dishpan-look

This new way to wash dishes is as easy on your hands as fine toilet soap

So natural—so obvious—you wonder it wasn't thought of before!

Lux for washing dishes. Of course it would bring relief from that three-times-a-day-in-the-dishpan-look. Of course, too, it would be as gentle on your hands as on the dainty things you have always trusted to its pure suds.

Your skin needs just as careful attention as fine fabrics, for it is even softer and finer in texture than the most delicate silks or chiffons.

Won't roughen hands

Every day your hands are in the dishpan for an hour and a half—sometimes even longer. How you dread this constant roughening of your hands! But dishwashing needn't make your skin rough and dry. It is the coarse soaps in your dishpan that play such havoc with your hands—robbing your skin of all its indispensable natural oils.

Nature provides these oils in abundance in millions of tiny sacs just beneath the surface of the skin. Their generous supply of healing, nourishing fluid is constantly refreshing the tissue-thin outer layer of skin. That is why the normal skin is so pleasantly soft and supple.

But the supply is not plentiful enough to hold out when harsh alkaline soaps are used for washing dishes. They are irritating to the skin and drain all the oil sacs dry. Your skin becomes so coarse and scratchy that you can't even touch a piece of silk without roughing it up.

With Lux in your dishpan you won't have any of these annoying after-effects. Lux won't dry the natural oils. It won't redden or roughen your hands. These delicate, tissue-thin flakes are as easy on the most sensitive skin as fine toilet soap.

Just one teaspoonful to a pan

That is all you need—just one teaspoonful in your dishpan. It sounds incredible—but try it.

A single package of Lux lasts for at least 54 dishwashings—all the dishes morning, noon and night, for almost three weeks. Not just the china for special occasions, but the regular, every-day dishes as well.

Spotless and shining in half the time

You will be delighted with your bright, sparkling dishes. Lux leaves them without a trace of film or murky cloudiness. Glasses, silverware and china all come out spotless and shining in half the time.

Just toss a teaspoonful of Lux in your dishpan. See how the delicate flakes dissolve the instant the hot water touches them. The Lux way is so much quicker and easier than waiting for bar soap to melt or stopping to beat up a lather with an awkward soap-shaker.

Now just a swish of your dishmop and your pretty dishes are cleaner and more lustrous than ever before.

Keep a package of Lux handy on your kitchen shelf. Use it for the dishes always. Don't let that hour and a half in the dishpan every day be a hardship to your hands. Begin washing today's dishes with Lux. Lever Bros. Co., 164 Broadway, Cambridge, Mass.



THE FEAR-HEALER

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clenched in a frown against the dim dregs of the sunset. It was the place where for years she had been housemate of the poison bottle, thought Barlow, where the means of swift death had been her hoarded treasure.

He took the halter in hand and set forth again. The sparse bush took seizin of him with a shark-toothed branch that touched the sleeve of his shirt and ripped through it to his skin. It closed behind them like deliberate jaws; with one step farther, night and the ageless wild had made them their own. Voices clamored, the cries of little beasts delivered from the fears of the daylight; and far up the wind, like a hoarse and low-pitched trumpet, a lion challenged in the dark.

"That's a lion," said Barlow, over his shoulder. "Cowardly swine, they are! Nothing to be scared of in *them*."

Mrs. Hackitt acquiesced in a liquid murmur; the girl, bringing up the rear, said nothing. Juan shuddered and gave signs of being about to bray. Barlow kicked him and towed him on.

THE man knew his way as a homing pigeon knows it, but not otherwise, for he dared not approach the Kafir path to the south of him which was the one road of the district. The fighting-men or their scouts would be holding that. At daybreak he would need to see it to check his position; but for the rest of the night there was only that trudge and crush through the dry and crackling bush that was yet not so parched and brittle that it could not strike back and wound like a beast of prey.

Soon after midnight they halted in a small open space whence the bush had moulted back from the bare earth. A sky pangled with great white stars roofed them in; from over the tree-tops came the first illumination of a late-rising moon. They had sandwiches and whisky and water in plenty; they sat together as though at a picnic.

"We're makin' good enough time," Barlow was saying. "We'll move faster by daylight. And we'd have heard something before now if we hadn't outdistanced those niggers."

The words had but left his lips when the night let through the retort. From the southward it came, brief but repeating itself in echoes, the unmistakable sound of a gunshot.

"Oh, what was that?" It was the girl, crying out in a whisper, as it were.

Barlow lifted a hand. "Wait!" he commanded. "Listen!"

There followed perhaps ten seconds of silence, of held breath, of ears in an agony of alertness. Then, from near at hand—scarce more, it seemed, than a hundred or two yards away—a second shot answered the first.

The women crowded together. Barlow's lifted hand still hushed them.

"It's all right," he whispered to them hastily. They saw him rise to his knees and draw his rifle to him. "A line o' scouts movin' up an' firin' off their guns to keep in touch with each other. Lie down and let this nearest one go by."

The ass was tethered under the trees out of sight. Barlow stowed the women between bushes at the edge of the clearing, kneeling behind them. A chance channel through the undergrowth opened before them across the line which the scout would follow. Presently the crackle of his progress was audible; and then, in a slanting shaft of moonlight, they saw him: a great negro, naked but for the wisp of loin-cloth about his middle, lifting his blunt and dreadful face to the light of the moon. In one hand he carried the usual sheaf of slender, broad-bladed spears; in the crook of his other arm was his rifle. Perhaps he smelled or breathed something, for he paused not thirty yards from them and stood, turning his head from side to side as though in suspicion. Barlow felt the girl trembling strongly against his knee. He put a firm hand on her back and pressed her down.

"Wait!" he breathed.

But still the negro stood, seeming to peer and listen. Then, from the south again, came the rifle-shot of the uneasy scout who had fired before. The negro jerked to attention, set down his spears and prepared to fire an answer.

Barlow spared him the pains. He jerked up his own rifle and at thirty yards shot the negro cleanly through the head. The women lying before him saw the tall black shape fall at full length as a tree falls; they squeaked and started at the noise of the discharge, while a mile away to the south an uneasy warrior, lonely and ghost shy, heard it from afar and was comforted with a sense of companionship.

"Now," said Barlow briskly, returning from an inspection of the body with the bolt of the dead man's rifle in his hand, "now we've got to move. We've got to keep with that noisy nigger down yonder and answer his signals. And when daylight comes, we'll edge down that way and put him out o' business. Then we'll have the path to travel on."

And so it was they proceeded, strangely in touch with that scared foe whose weapon bleated to them plaintively from the solitude of his murder-path asking for reassurance, till dawn paled in the east and the little wind that comforts the world at sunset couched down at the coming of the sun.

"We're behind him a bit, I think," was Barlow's judgment. "He'll be camping soon, to eat. We'll find the path about here and come on him from behind."

"Need we see him at all?" inquired Mrs. Hackitt. "That last one was rather dreadful, you know! Couldn't we just pass him by without his knowing anything about it?"

Barlow shook his head. "He'd be reporting that all was clear and the main body would just pass on. But two dead scouts—that'll make 'em think. They'll go carefully for a bit."

Mrs. Hackitt frowned faintly and regretfully. In the frame of her hood her pleasant face was lined with the strain of the night's travel, but her poise was unimpaired.

"Bloodshed!" she murmured. "I never thought I should see it, Mr. Barlow! And before Hester, too!"

The girl made an inarticulate noise like a jeer without words.

"Bloodshed!" she said. "I've gone in fear of it all my life. But I thought it was worse than that!"

"Hester!" protested her mother.

The girl shrugged fretfully. "I feel," she said, "as if these black beasts had been after me to murder me for years—ever since you sent for me to come out here! And now, at last, it's our turn! Our turn and father's!" she cried. She wheeled on Barlow. "We're wasting time. Where is that path?"

He nodded and led the way.

IT IS a pity that there can be no record of the sensations of N'Zomi, one of the thirty sons of M'Tebu, the chief, as he sat at his simple meal of crushed millet and cold broiled bullock and lifted his eyes to behold the *umhungu*, the lordly white man, standing over him, watching him with what seemed an almost scientific interest. He started convulsively and his movement brought within his view a further horror: a black-robed woman sitting upon a great ass and a younger woman who stood at the animal's head. All were looking at him. None spoke.

N'Zomi, son of M'Tebu, the chief, went suddenly to pieces. With a throaty howl he threw himself on his face at the white man's feet. "Chief!" he pattered. "Father! King!"

Barlow kicked him off and began to question in swift, easy Kafir. And N'Zomi, prince and patrol-leader, answered him faithfully, not daring to lie. He told of the whereabouts of the main body, of its strength and its leaders, of his orders, of his exploits. Barlow listened and nodded agreeably.

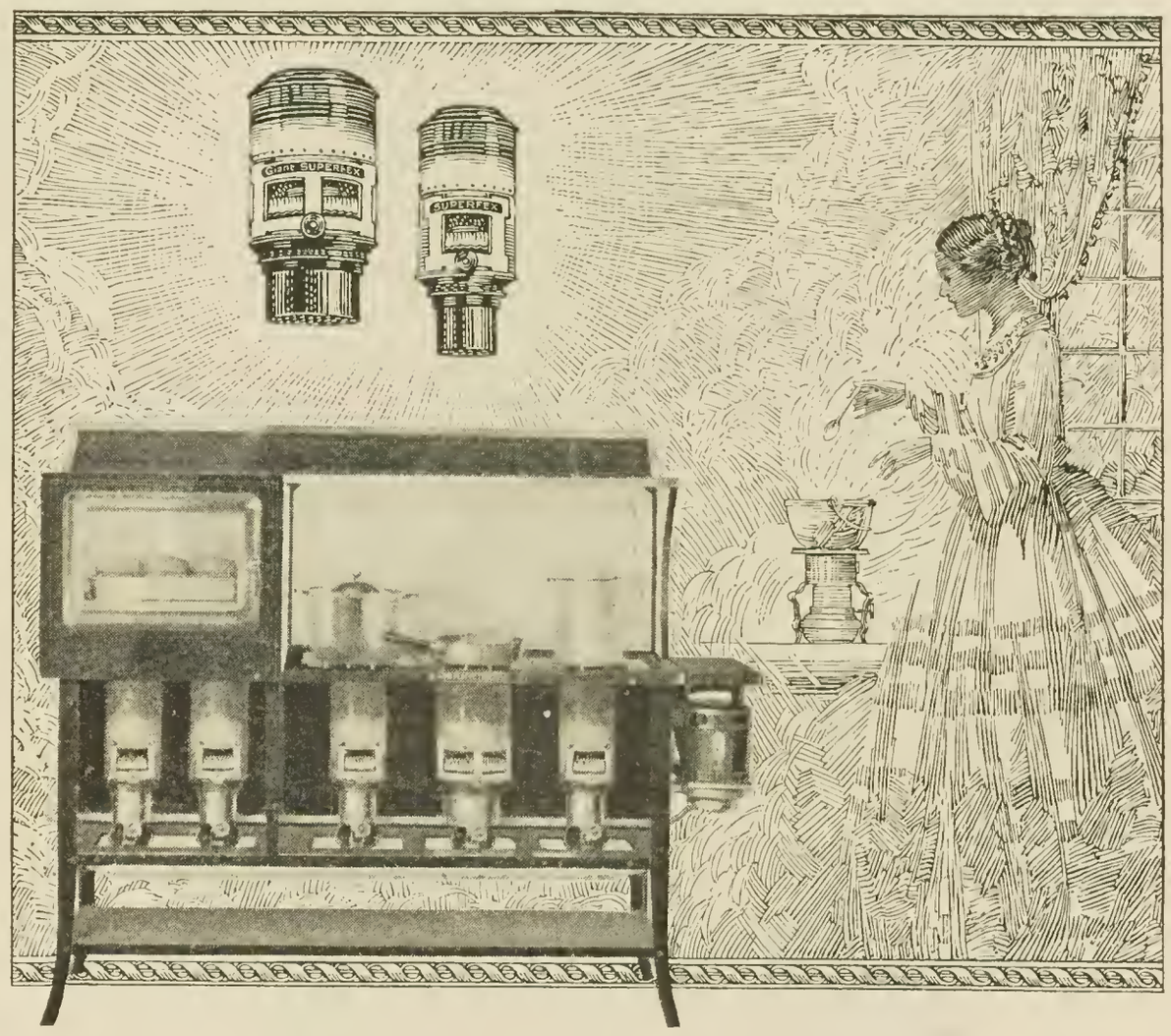
"And now," he inquired, at the end of all, "how do you wish to die?"

"Chief!" N'Zomi sprang to his feet. Nothing livened him like the prospect of death. "Chief! You will not——"

He sprang at Barlow, both great hands splayed for the grapple, and Barlow shot him through the body. He fell across the trodden rut of earth that was the main road to the coast.

It was evening when Barlow checked upon the crown of a rise and pointed forward.

Concluded on page 56



Our Grandmothers Never Dreamed of a Stove Like This

Unsurpassed Cooking Speed

This latest NEW PERFECTION range is equipped exclusively with SUPERFEX Burners. One burner on every stove is the big GIANT SUPERFEX. The others are "little Giants" or standard size SUPERFEX Burners.

The standard SUPERFEX equals the cooking speed of the ordinary gas burner and is faster than any other oil burner, except its own big brother the GIANT SUPERFEX. And the big GIANT itself is unsurpassed even by the giant gas burner.

Range illustrated has built-in heat-retaining oven equipped with soapstones. Price $120.

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These burners revise upward all ideas of oil stove cooking speed and set new marks in economy, matching the speed and comfort of gas, rivalling eighty-five-cent gas in cooking cost.

SUPERFEX Burners are mounted only in beautiful ranges of ample size, suitable for year-'round use anywhere. They carry many further improvements for 1923, including a removable, easy-to-clean, enameled burner tray. Any stove dealer will make a convincing demonstration. Prices $36.00 to $145.00.

In addition to the new SUPERFEX Models, our long established Blue Chimney Models of the NEW PERFECTION line used in 4,000,000 homes, continue to be the world's most satisfactory oil stoves at their lower range of prices.

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NEW PERFECTION
Oil Range with* SUPERFEX *Burners



What secret is your mirror holding back?

NIGHT after night she would peer questioningly into her mirror, vainly seeking the reason.

She *was* a beautiful girl and talented, too. She had the advantages of education and better clothes than most girls in her set. She possessed that culture and poise that travel brings.

Yet in the one pursuit that stands foremost in the mind of every girl and woman—marriage—she was a failure.

Many men came and went in her life. She was often a bridesmaid but never a bride. And the secret her mirror held back concerned a thing she least suspected—a thing people simply will not tell you to your face.

* * * * * * * * *

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle.

It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these peculiar properties as a breath deodorant. It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. So the systematic use of Listerine puts you on the safe and polite side. You know your breath is right. Fastidious people everywhere are making it a regular part of their daily routine.

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antiseptic and has been trusted as such for half a century. Read the interesting little booklet that comes with every bottle.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

For **HALITOSIS** 

use **LISTERINE**



THE FEAR-HEALER

Concluded from page 55

The women strained to see. Lacking his hunter's eyes, they could make out only that, far away, where the bush gave place to thorn-studded veldt, there was movement as of many people.

"The Portuguese," said Barlow. "Portuguese troops, with guns. We've done the trick. You'll sleep in a bed to-night, an' to-morrow you'll be in town. You'll get a steamer in a day or two, an' then you'll be out of it all. An' you"—he turned to the girl—"you won't need to carry that bottle any longer. Come on, Juan!"

He started forward. The girl ranged alongside him.

"I'm *not* carrying the bottle any longer," she said. "I threw it away when we first came to the path."

He smiled at her, not clearly understanding.

"Well, you're safe enough now," he said. "You'll be in camp in an hour."

She nodded. "And you? What will you do?"

"Me?" He did not at once answer. He looked about him at the stale country, with its bush and earth the color of rust, its sky of brass, its odors of dust and rotting vegetables.

"Well," he said at last, "you heard those stories about me—the Lumbo chief, an' all that? They need to be told differently, that's all; but it's true, though I say so, that there are places here where the niggers can frighten their children with my name. So, I suppose I'll just go to work an' stop this rebellion."

She glanced sideways at him. "You will stop it?"

"Well," apologetically, "me and some others—like Scott and Harrigan. The Portuguese 'ud take years, an' all that time the niggers'd be gettin' the habit o' war. So it's up to us, who've got our livin' to get here. You'll see!"

"Yes," she said slowly, "I mean to see."

"Eh?" He thought she had spoken with some hidden significance; her words were the ambush of her meaning.

"I am not going away," she said. "Mother will go by the steamer, of course. But I'll stay—without my bottle of poison. I'm cured."

"Yes!" He was not yet clear about it. "It's a good thing about the bottle, o' course, useful as they can be sometimes. But I don't see just why you're goin' to stay, when you can get out so nicely!"

She smiled, but not at him. She was looking straight before her as she answered.

"I shall stay to see you stop this rebellion!" she answered.

And then the Portuguese sentry challenged and Mrs. Hackitt, on her tall ass, threw back the hood from her comely, kindly face.

"I do hope that handsome Colonel Alvarez is here," she said.

J. HARDIN & SON

Continued from page 9

She had luckily found Paul near by and had held out her hand to him. She had known Paul always, and now, as she looked at him, she was surprised and pleased to find him a boy who all at once, it seemed, had grown very nearly to the proportions of a man. He was almost as tall as his father, and his face, mantled with the blushes her glances summoned to his cheeks, was handsome.

They walked to Julia Eden's house, Paul silent and constrained, and at the gate they paused.

"Thank you for seeing me home, Paul," she said. "Won't you come in?"

"Oh, no, thank you," he gasped. "I guess I'd better not."

In the light of the street-lamp that stood not far from Judge Eden's tall gate Paul saw an amused expression come over Julia's face. He walked home in a kind of a daze. He had escorted a girl home!

JULIA EDEN continued to go to the church, and, when the service was over, a glance sufficed to summon Paul to her side and he would escort her home. To Julia it was no doubt a tame flirtation, made to serve until better offered, but Paul lived in the golden haze of a new and wonderful world. Throughout the service he would look at her; her blonde hair, the authenticity of which he did not question, seemed like a halo to him. All that Winter he walked home with her over the snow that sparkled in the starlight, with sleigh-bells sounding in the distance. All day in school he dreamed of her. He began to be solicitous about his clothes; on evenings when he was to see Julia he made a careful toilet with what meager materials he had.

And then, presently, it was Spring. One evening they were walking out Main Street. The night was warm and Julia set the pace very slowly as they strolled under the trees whose new leaves showed vivid green in the lamplight. The darkness, the odor of the leaves, the subtle influences of Spring, the intimate presence of the girl who walked by his side, so closely that he could feel the movements of her limbs, filled Paul with a kind of ecstasy.

"Tell me, Paul," she said, leaning more closely, her breath warm on his cheeks, "have you ever been in love?"

He gasped with confusion.

"Ah!" she went on, "I knew it! There is a girl somewhere! There always is with every man."

He was flattered, and yet he could not bear that she should think that he could be in love with any one except herself.

"I have never—liked any girl as much as you," he said stoutly, unable to bring himself to utter the word "love."

"Now you're trifling with me," she said. "You do not like me."

"Yes—I do," he insisted.

"But how much?"

"Well, a lot—more than any other girl."

"But I'm no longer a girl," she said. "I'm nothing but a poor old maid."

"You're not!" he protested. "You're—well, you're lovely!"

Her laughter rang out on the soft air. He thought she was making fun of him.

"Don't do that again," he said solemnly. "I don't like it."

She was so suddenly still that he became alarmed, fearing that he had offended her.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Have I——"

"You don't care for me," she said.

"But I do."

"No you don't."

"Yes I do! I'm—I'm—well, I'm crazy about you!"

She compressed his arm against her side and clung more closely to him. The contact thrilled him.

"You care for me just a little?"

"Not just a little. Lots!"

"More than for that other girl?"

"There isn't any other girl. There never was—there never will be!"

"Don't say that! A boy like you must have lots of girls. You have such lovely gray eyes!"

They strolled slowly along past houses that were wrapped in a slumberous mystery behind their shade-trees. From the pastures and the fields that lay not far beyond, the odors of the country were wafted to them. They walked slowly and more slowly, steeped in the influences of the soft and mellow night of Spring, which wrought a mysterious change in them, making Julia more a girl and Paul more a man. When they reached Judge Eden's house, they stopped in the thick shadows of an old elm that stood by the high gate.

Paul's heart was beating violently. She stood so close that he could scent the perfume that filled her garments. She had taken off her jacket and carried it over her arm, revealing the outlines of a full breast and white arms in her thin blouse. Her lips parted in a smile.

"You may kiss me, Paul," she said—and before he was aware, he felt her soft bosom pressed against him and she had kissed him full on the lips.

He was conscious of a fearful ecstasy; he stood dumb, trembling, wondering what to do, wondering what would happen next.

"Good night, Paul—dear," she whispered—and was gone.

He stood there amazed, her kiss upon his lips—he could feel it still! And when reason slowly returned, he thought of those lips, of their redness, of their curves—lips that smiled and spoke and kissed; they had been indelibly imprinted upon his own! A great elation coursed through his limbs as wine might have done, and proudly, in this new intoxication, he walked home, as though his head were among the stars. A miracle had been wrought: he had entered a new world, a world of grown men, in which he felt important, proud and strong.

And then something happened.

THAT Autumn a new superintendent of schools had come to Macochee, a man named Herbert Westerberg—Professor Westerberg, as he was called. He had made a favorable impression at church, and in the Sunday-school he had organized a class of young men to engage in a really serious way in Bible study.

Westerberg was a strong man physically, with a powerful frame, a large blond mustache and a mass of yellow hair that grew low on his neck. The boys in the high school liked him at first, because at recess he entered into their sports—running, wrestling, jumping and the like—and by his superior strength distanced them all. Then one afternoon a number of them undertook to lay him prostrate on his back and cover him with Autumn leaves, and in the struggle he lost his temper and hurled two of the boys heavily across the yard and against the fence, knocking the breath out of them. Later, in Winter, when on a day of rain the boys were playing in the basement of the school, Westerberg again lost his temper and struck one of the boys a heavy blow that felled him; and then, to justify himself and give his brutality the appearance of discipline, he made the boy remain after school every night for a week. After that a coldness sprang up between teacher and pupils and he ruled more by fear and force than by any moral authority.

One evening then, early in Spring, Paul on his way home saw approaching him in the twilight a man and a woman. They were walking slowly, the man bending over the woman in a tender solicitous attitude. As they drew near, Paul recognized Westerberg and Julia Eden. The sight made him sick at heart and had there been any avenue of escape he would have run. There was none, however, and he went on, his heart throbbing so violently that it gave him a headache. Presently they were face to face.

"Good evening, Hardin," said Westerberg casually, and Julia Eden, on whom Paul's eyes were fixed, said in the tone in which one speaks to a child:

"Why, Paul!"

When they had passed, Paul heard his name repeated and both Julia and Westerberg burst into a laugh. Paul instinctively turned and surprised them in the act of looking back at him. The expression on their faces in that moment was of such significance that he felt himself sicken with shame and humiliation, and such a fit of melancholy came on him it could compare only to those that now and then assailed his father.

The following day when he went to school he could not bear to look at Westerberg; he felt outraged and disgusted and he thought he detected in the attitude of Westerberg a certain severity toward him. It was not long, then, until he heard the name of Westerberg and Julia Eden connected, first in the gossip of the church and then at school.

One morning he saw the names of the two principals in the commonplace romance written conspicuously on the wall of one of the buildings. But he had quite forgotten it when, just as school was to be dismissed that afternoon, he was told to remain. He sat at his desk with the look of unconcern appropriate to such a situation while the scholars filed out with curious or encouraging or sympathetic glances. He had not the least notion what was to be required of him; he had not been as diligent in his studies as he might have been—the vision of Julia Eden had too often filled his brain. He waited there in the schoolroom and at length Westerberg appeared.

That he was in an ugly mood Paul knew by the flush that mounted his cheeks and then fled them, leaving them of their doughy pallor. He did not summon Paul to his desk, but came down the aisle to where he sat.

"Hardin," he said, "what do you mean by writing my name with a lady's?"

Paul's face went blank at the accusation.

"I don't know anything about it."

"You do too," said Westerberg. "I can tell by your looks you do. Don't lie!"

"I do not!" said Paul, his cheeks flaming.

"Your face shows it! I knew it was you the minute I saw it! And now stand up and take your licking!"

Paul glanced up into the broad, angry, pallid face. Westerberg's hands were behind his back, and just as Paul moved sidewise to get to his feet the man seized him by the collar of his coat and began to beat him over the head and shoulders with the hickory pointer that he held in his right hand. Paul was at a desperate disadvantage; his position made resistance almost impossible. But he had something of the strength of his blacksmith ancestry and, though not yet of mature size, he was strong and big of bone. By a mighty effort he drove his elbow into Westerberg's stomach, and doubling the fellow up, slipped into the aisle. Then he turned on Westerberg and grappled with him. And mad with fury, they fought—fought until they were bruised and bleeding—fought until Paul succeeded in grasping the hickory pointer and in wresting it from the man. Then they stood confronting each other, their faces scarred and swollen, covered with blood and sweat and dirt. They were blowing heavily with exhaustion; the air was foul with the acrid odor of their bodies; they were glaring at each other with passionate hatred. They had fought like savages, in reversion to the primitive type and over the primitive cause. Paul, inhaling his breath in short gasps in the exhaustion of immaturity, fixed his eyes upon Westerberg, who, seeing that Paul was not conquered, had recourse again to the relation of teacher and pupil, abandoned and forgotten in the moment of the reversion to a savage type.

"And now, Hardin," said Westerberg, "you rub it out."

"Never! I didn't put it there! I will not rub it out!"

"Then you'll not come back to school!"

"All right," said Paul.

He fixed Westerberg with a steady gaze and held it until at length the man's eyes wavered and fixed their gaze somewhere out through the tall uncurtained windows through which the level rays of the sun were streaming. And after gazing some time, Westerberg said:

"You may go."

PAUL was sore from the beating he had received; he ached in every muscle and his bruises throbbed with dull pain, but he smarted far more mentally at the injustice of which he had been the victim and the indignity Westerberg had put upon him. At home he met with no sympathy from his father, who made no comment on the incident when Paul told him of it, and after supper he retired up-stairs to his room to nurse his wounds and his feelings. It was not long after supper that he heard the door-bell ring, and when J. Hardin went to the door, Paul, hanging over the baluster, heard the voice of Westerberg. He stole surreptitiously a little way down the stairs and in the dim light of the gas-jet he saw that Westerberg was carefully dressed in the black clothes he wore on Sunday and that he had contrived to elaborate a toilet that concealed the traces of his recent conflict, save a bluish spot that outlined the cheek-bone under his left eye. J. Hardin invited his caller into the parlor and closed the door. The rumble of voices continued some time, and then the door opened and his father called:

"Paul!"

He went down into the parlor, and Westerberg, looking up with a yellow smile, said in a conciliatory tone:

"Why, good evening, Paul."

But Paul deliberately turned away. He knew that he was at a disadvantage; he knew that his father would be on the side of authority, on the side of law and order.

"You've forgotten your manners," said J. Hardin.

"I've got nothing to say to him," said Paul.

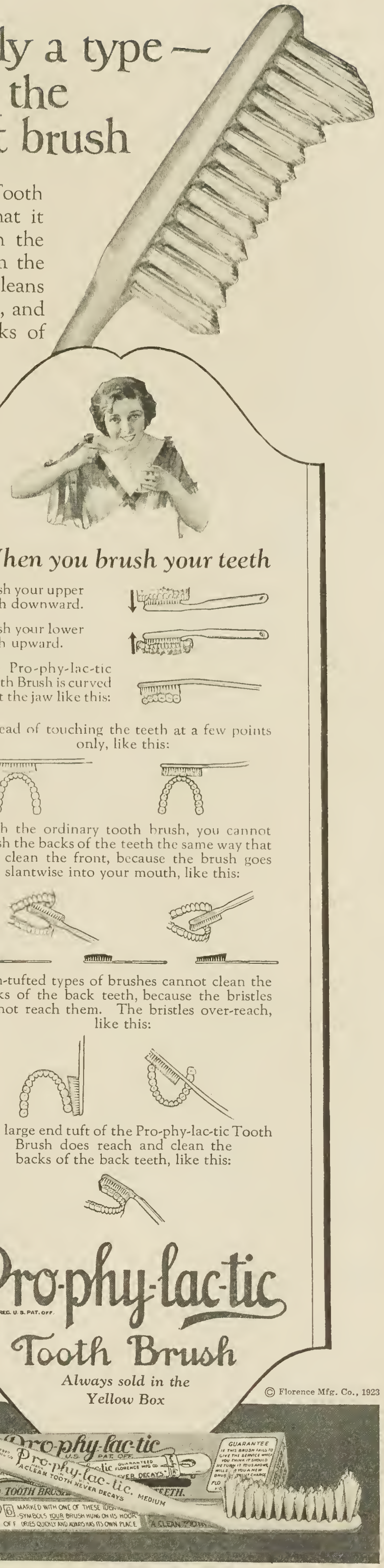
Paul turned away, biting his lips. To his

Continued on page 58

Not merely a type—but the correct brush

THE Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is made so that it will clean your teeth the right way—away from the gums. It reaches and cleans between the crevices, and even cleans the backs of the back teeth.

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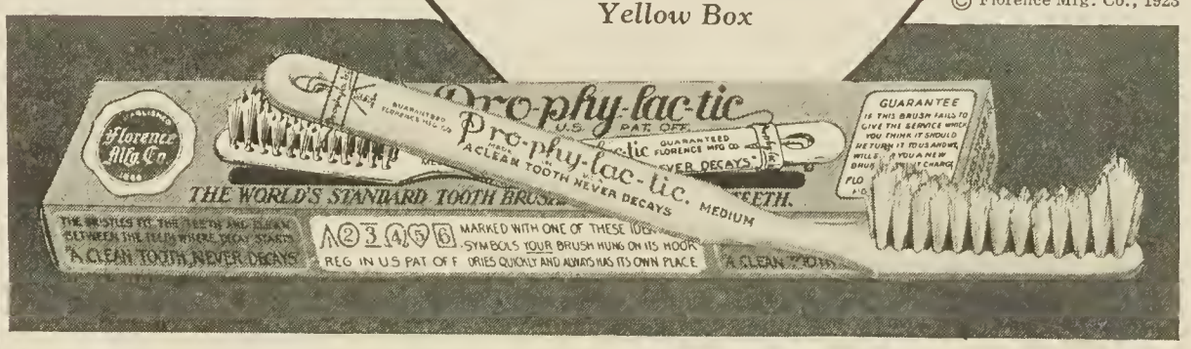
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"A Clean Tooth Never Decays"

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Always sold in the Yellow Box



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J. HARDIN & SON

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chagrin, tears had come to his eyes and he was winking rapidly to keep them back.

"Professor Westerberg has come," J. Hardin was saying, "to tell how much he regrets having had to punish you this afternoon. But he says he hasn't got anything against you, and he wants you to come back to school. All he wants is for you to say you're sorry and rub out those words."

Paul turned and faced his father and Westerberg. His face was white and his eyes burned against his pallor.

"I will not say I'm sorry!" he cried. "I will not! I'm not sorry! I haven't done anything to be sorry for! And I will not rub those words out! I did not write them!"

A slight cut on his lip and an abrasion on his cheek showed lividly. His breast heaved with his breathing. J. Hardin's eyes narrowed in the close scrutiny to which he subjected his son. It was Westerberg who spoke first.

"Why, Paul," he said, "didn't you tell me you had written them?"

Paul's lips opened in a gasp of amazement; he stared with dilated eyes. This incredible affair that had been thrust upon him by forces he had never known to exist before was suddenly assuming appalling proportions. He had known injustice, but he had never before encountered intellectual dishonesty, subtle disingenuousness and dissembling. It was sweeping him beyond the vocabulary of his experience, and he could not think of a word to say. Westerberg leaned forward to press an advantage.

"Didn't you?" he said softly.

The tears were streaming down Paul's face and his lips were trembling. His body was racked by a nervous agitation; he could only look at last in appeal to his father.

"No! I did not!" said Paul. "And you know it!"

J. Hardin, with a motion of his head, sent Paul from the room. After a while Westerberg went away, and when J. Hardin came out of the parlor he looked at Paul an instant with a stern, unchanging expression and said:

"To-morrow morning put on your old clothes and go over to the shop. Lucien Sage will set you to work."

J. Hardin made no reference to the difficulty with Westerberg; he never mentioned the subject again; there came from his frugal lips no recognition of the fact that the course of Paul's life had suddenly undergone a decisive alteration.

ONE evening in the Autumn of 1884, just before the presidential election, Paul had gone up-town with Clyde Sturrock to witness the torchlight procession and grand rally that was to close the campaign. In Main Street there were the throbbing of drums and the echoes of shouts and cheers as the marchers, in oilskin caps and capes of red, white and blue swept along in column, their torches tossing in an undulating river of flame over which wavered the reek of burning petroleum. The procession was headed by a brass band and in the line there was a fife-and-drum corps; and when the band was not playing and the fifes not shrilling, the rolling drums beat time and the marchers in unison shouted: "Blaine! Blaine! James G. Blaine!"

A stand for the speakers had been erected in the Public Square. Here the congressman from that district was beginning to speak. Paul and Clyde, having found a coign of vantage, stopped. Looking about him, Paul saw Wade Powell standing with his arms folded listening to the speech, a sardonic expression on his face. Beside him stood Malcolm Dyer. Dyer's expression was bland and indifferent; he rolled a cigar about in his mouth with a manner somewhat bored. But with them was a young man whom Paul recognized as Harvey Costley. Clyde explained to Paul that Costley had been traveling with a circus that Summer and was now returned to Winter at home. There he was, smartly dressed and evidently not so much interested in the congressman as in the human spectacle, for his gaze roved over the crowd, and when presently it lighted on a couple standing somewhat on his right, Costley raised his hat with an elegant gesture not often seen in Macochee. Paul's gaze wandered in the same direction and he descried in the shadows Julia Eden. She raised her brows in surprise at the apparition of Costley and her teeth gleamed in a smile that was indubitably one of welcome. She was with Westerberg, whose hulking figure had been indiscernible in the shadows; Julia glanced at him as though to assure herself of his entire preoccupation in the fate of the Republic, and then looking at Costley, made movements with her lips, raised her brows and fluttered a gloved hand as signals not to come too near. Westerberg was giving a dutiful attention to the speech, so that he was not aware of the little pantomime that was being played behind his back. But Paul was aware of it. The strange encounter had been a shock to him; he was delighted to see the clumsy Westerberg thus betrayed, and yet it stung him with jealousy to be once more so near the creature who had captivated his fancy and to find her indifferent, openly showing her preference for the discarded Costley. In the dim light her face was lovelier than it had ever been, and when she smiled and he thought of her lips and how he once had kissed them he was sick at heart. Several times, after a cautious look at Westerberg, Julia glanced back over her shoulder and smiled at Costley, who, despite her warnings, now edged nearer. This went on for some time—until Costley drew near enough to exchange words with Julia. Indeed, he stood there talking with her behind the very back of Westerberg, who was wholly absorbed in the eloquence of the congressman.

THE general interest, however, was gradually growing cold. Dyer was plucking at Powell's sleeve.

"Wait a minute," said Powell, who had a lawyer's interest in eloquence.

"Oh, come on!" insisted Dyer. "Let's go over to Steve's and get a drink." He moved away.

Powell followed him, and Paul and Clyde were left almost alone in the presence of Julia and her two suitors. It was just at that moment that she saw him and flung him a careless nod of recognition. It was not the kind of nod she had had for Harvey Costley: there was in it a somewhat too patronizing intention, a differentiation of him as a mere boy. It stung his pride, and in a sudden reckless and despairing humor, he flung past her, saying so that she might hear—and, as he hoped, bitterly remember—the words he had heard the masterful Dyer employ a moment before:

"Oh, come on, Clyde; let's go over to Steve's and get a drink!"

They were no sooner out of the presence of Julia than Paul began to regret his reckless invitation. He had spoken in that bold and dashing manner for the purpose of impressing Julia's unfeeling heart, and this having been accomplished—if it had been accomplished—he would have preferred to let the matter drop. He had never been in Steve Lubbock's in his life, or ever dreamed of going there, but now launched upon the adventure, he was too proud to draw back, fearing what Clyde would say, even though, in general, he had only contempt for Clyde and his opinions. He did not know, as they walked on, that a similar conflict was going on in Clyde's heart. The fact was that Clyde had never been in Steve Lubbock's saloon either, though it was not so much that which deterred him as the knowledge that Steve Lubbock would not receive minors to his bar. His somewhat more pliant conscience enabled him to find a compromise, and he said to Paul:

"Tell you what: let's not go to Steve's—let's go to the McBrier House."

Paul liked the plan better than the one he had proposed. The McBrier House was something more, and something less, than a saloon; it afforded opportunities for explanation. And so they went to the McBrier House.

The old timidity assailed Paul as he entered that forbidden door, but Clyde went in with assurance.

"Hello, Jimmy!" he said, addressing the barkeeper.

"Howdy, Clyde," the man replied, and then to Paul: "Good evening, Mr. Hardin."

Paul had not expected Jimmy to know him. The recognition touched his pride. Evidently it was a fine free world, this that lay outside of his narrow sphere. He returned Jimmy's greeting and then, uncertain of the etiquette, waited for Clyde to move. Clyde carelessly cocked one foot on the iron rail that ran before the bar and with a glance at Paul said:

"What'll you have?"

Paul envied Clyde his fine knowledge of the world. In the mirror behind the bar, above the rows of shining glasses, he saw his own image and Clyde's; it was hard to realize, this thing of his actually being at a bar about to take a drink! Jimmy waited, his arms spread wide along the bar. If he felt the importance of the moment he gave no sign; he merely said quite calmly:

"What'll it be, gents?"

"I'll take a beer," said Clyde.

Beer! Paul's heart came into his throat. He knew how perfectly wrong, how wicked it was, and yet his pride was involved; he nodded.

Jimmy with an adroit and practised air filled the glasses and with a flourish set them on the bar.

Paul, his heart beating rapidly, moistened his lips in the soft white foam; he took a sip and swallowed. It was done—the sin was committed, quite irrevocably.

At the billiard-tables in the rear of the long, barren room young men were playing at pool; the colored balls raced across the green cloth and cracked sharply; now and then out of the talk and laughter oaths struck on Paul's ears as sharply as the crack of the ivory balls. Paul, feeling that he was expected to drink his beer, however bitter and, what was worse, however sinful, imitated Clyde and drained his glass.

Clyde drew from his pocket a package of cigarets.

"Have one?" he asked.

"Don't care if I do," said Paul.

They lighted their cigarets and Clyde inhaled the smoke deeply and then exhaled it in a long thin stream. Paul tried to do the same, but coughed.

Clyde put down a dime and, turning to Paul, said:

"Want to roll me a game of pool?"

Paul had not imagined that Clyde could carry his dashing ways so far. He was beginning to feel rather queer and forlorn; he wondered if it could be the effect of the beer. He thought of his home—thought of it with something like homesickness. His father and mother, the shop and all that, began to seem far away and strange; he had put something irrevocably between them and himself. He said, as though it were a rare exception in his days not to play pool:

"Oh, not this evening, Clyde; I must be getting home."

"Well, I guess I'll hang around a while," said Clyde.

PAUL was glad of the cool moist air outside, glad even of the familiar aspect of Main Street. The great wooden watch on the post before Judd's jewelry-store reminded him painfully of the flight of time, even though its painted hands in stupid persistence pointed always to twenty minutes after eight. He hurried on with a sense of guilt, wondering what he would say to his father. His own footfalls sounded with awful distinctness in the silence.

And then suddenly, in the darkness before him, he saw a man and a woman, the man with his arm about the woman's waist, his head bent low beside her so that their cheeks touched; now and then the woman raised her face to his and their lips met. Paul looked more closely—yes, it was Julia Eden and Harvey Costley. And after that he did not care; he felt reckless and went past them with a swagger. Harvey Costley was not the only one who could drink!

Paul opened the door at home with exquisite caution, closed it behind him softly and entered the sitting-room with a casual manner as one who had not been out at all but was merely passing from one room to another. To his surprise and relief his father's chair was empty. His mother was sitting by the table under the lamp reading the *Western Christian Advocate*. At Paul's entrance she looked up over her spectacles with a mild glance.

And so he need not have hurried after all! Strange, how the things one expected to happen, and dreaded, so seldom happened; and how the things one had not expected were always happening! It struck him as a remarkably brilliant and profound generalization of life; he was proud of it and would have liked to impart it to some one, but of course he could not impart it to his mother. But he must remember it! How did it go? The things that one——

But his head swam slightly. He sank into the nearest chair, quite across the room from his mother.

"Where's father?" he contrived to ask.

"He's up-stairs asleep," she replied. "He was tired to-night; he took his bath early and went to bed."

WAS it, then, Saturday night? His mother, somehow—he did not precisely know why—was pathetic to him: sitting there, late on a Saturday night, her work-basket with its ever unfinished, ungrateful tasks thrust aside while she tried to study the Sunday-school lesson. A tenderness welled suddenly in his heart; he had half a mind to cross the room and kiss her, but he restrained the impulse, remembering that beer leaves an odor on the breath. He was somewhat startled when, thrusting her spectacles back on her gray hair, she suddenly remarked:

"Where have you been?"

"To the rally," he said.

"Did it last so late?"

"Well, pretty late," Paul replied. It would do no harm to stretch the matter a little, he thought.

"But the band stopped playing long ago."

"We went over to the McBrier House for a minute."

Was she going to cross-examine him, he wondered—the way his father did? She was not, of course, as good at it as his father; she was not so terrible, did not bore him through with a glance, nor did she have the mordant sarcasm that could wither him up like a blight. Still, she could ask questions—and having mentioned the McBrier House, they were getting on dangerous ground.

And then suddenly a feeling of revolt surged up within him. How much longer, he asked himself, must a fellow stand this sort of thing—this tyrannizing, this bullying, this browbeating? How much longer must he endure to be treated like a kid and not be allowed to come and go as he pleased, to be afraid to stay out of an evening and to have to come sneaking into the house and be questioned and cross-questioned as though he had committed some crime? He was a man now: he had left school, he was doing a man's work in the shop—though, as he bitterly reflected, he was not being paid for a man's work—and he was not going to put up with it any longer.

At this hardy resolution, a feeling of elation possessed him; he must at once do something to declare his independence. He pondered an instant, wondering what he should do; but he could not decide. He thought he would stand up, but, as he started to do so, the room grew suddenly warm, it seemed to turn strangely, his mother seemed to be a long way off. What was the matter? Could it be the beer? Could it be that he was drunk? He had better get up, go out to the kitchen and get a drink of water. He rose, glad to find that he could do so.

When he came back, he stood a moment in the doorway.

"Were there many at the meeting?" his mother asked.

"Yes; a big crowd," said Paul. He scowled and felt rather important. "Old Isham made a big speech," he went on.

She was looking at him so intently that he was a little troubled. Did she suspect that something was wrong?

"Paul," she said, "you're the spitten image of your father!"

He was relieved.

"You look just as he did at the close of the war. He was a little older than you, three or four years, perhaps; he wore his hair longer and maybe he was a little stouter than you—but you do favor him! How time flies!" she sighed.

Paul looked at his mother's pale, somewhat wrinkled face, the glasses gleaming on her gray hair, so carefully parted. Her lips trembled, and she said:

"Can't you kiss mother good night?"

A lump came into his throat.

He crossed the room, bent down and kissed her; he even laid his hand on her shoulder. She held him close to her an instant and then said:

"You smell of tobacco-smoke. It's queer how they always have to smoke so much at political gatherings."

"Aren't you going to bed?" he asked.

"Not yet," she said. "I am going to read a little more in the *Advocate*. Good night."

"Good night."

"Don't wake your father!"

No danger of that! He went cautiously

Continued on page 61

The secret of having beautiful hair

How to keep your hair soft and silky, full of life and lustre, bright and fresh-looking

NO one can be really attractive, without beautiful, well kept hair.

Stop and think of all the good looking, attractive women you know. You will find their hair plays a mighty important part in their appearance.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

You, too, can have beautiful hair, if you care for it properly.

In caring for the hair, proper shampooing is the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out all the real life and lustre, the natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

When oily, dry or dull

If your hair is too oily, or too dry; if it is dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy; if the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch; or if it is full of dandruff, it is all due to improper shampooing.

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Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water is sufficient to cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly.



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Simply pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out quickly and easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil—the chief causes of all hair troubles.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

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Splendid for Children—Fine for Men

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"Standard"
PLUMBING FIXTURES

"Standard" kitchen sinks, "yard stick high," provide comfort and prevent back-strain. How high is yours?

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co., Pittsburgh



J. HARDIN & SON

Continued from page 58

up-stairs and to his room. He sat down on the edge of his bed and looked about the narrow little chamber with its bed, its wash-stand and looking-glass and the one gas-jet, with its whistling blue flame. His neckties hung over the gas-bracket; how few, how old they were! His working-clothes lay on a chair where he had carelessly flung them that evening; they emitted a slight odor of the shop.

He began to undress, to take off his Sunday suit. It was the only decent suit he had, and it was old and had been worn a long time. Why couldn't he have good clothes and plenty of neckties like the boys he had seen at the McBrier House playing pool? He must have a new suit: none of your ready-made, common "hand-me-downs," such as one got at Morgenroth's, "the one-price clothier." He was not going to be humiliated any more by his father taking him in there, looking around a moment, and saying: "I want to get a new suit for my boy." He would have a suit made to order by Allison, the tailor, that would cost about twenty-five dollars. But where was he to get the twenty-five dollars? He bent his head into his hands. There was but one way, and that was to assert himself, to declare his independence, to strike the old man for wages. He thought of this a long while. Yes, he would strike the old man for more wages—that's what he would do! It was a shame the way he was treated!

OF THE multifarious and complex consequences of the Democratic victory in that year a patient omniscience might have disentangled more than those that were visible to the purblind finite eye. But, for one thing, Malcolm Dyer, in celebration of Cleveland's election, had gone on a spree. Wade Powell had tried to restrain him, and Steve Lubbock conscientiously refused to sell him any more drink—but in vain; the headstrong, violent man continued on his course for a whole month.

One December afternoon Paul, having been in the south end of the town to inquire about certain materials for the shop, was returning along Main Street. He had passed the ugly building of the South End Grammar School, standing in its bleak yard, and had almost reached the bridge over Possum Run when he heard the shouts of children. Though the school had been dismissed for the day, they were not the shouts of joy, but were angry and menacing, and Paul, quickening his pace, presently saw a little girl dart out of a cross street, running as swiftly as her little spindle legs would carry her. She was bareheaded, her hair streamed behind on the wind, her thin arms outstretched in abandoned flight; on her pale, delicate little features there was a look of the abject and awful terror of a hunted animal, and behind her, at her very heels, there came, like a pack of hounds, a mob of children pursuing her in some mad, inexplicable frenzy, and as they ran they shouted in a chorus of treble voices:

"Bastard! Bastard!"

Their small and innocent mouths, contorted by some mysterious and cruel passion as they bawled the word of whose significance they could know so little, gave their childish faces a hideous expression. They pressed onward in hot, relentless pursuit, and the little girl ran on with that look of terror, the children screaming after her:

"Bastard! Bastard!"

Paul stood and gazed on the amazing and monstrous spectacle—and then, to his horror, suddenly, before he could interfere, the little girl plunged down the steep bank and into the cold waters of Possum Run. The water was not deep at any point in Possum Run, but she splashed into it and, stumbling and falling, was hidden from sight beneath the bank. The pursuing children halted.

Paul ran forward to rescue the child. It was not until that moment that he was aware of a man standing on the bridge, and before he could take a second look the man had leaped into the stream. Paul went on to the bridge and looking over the parapet he saw Malcolm Dyer wading in the waters below, bearing the little girl in his arms.

"Give me a hand!" Dyer shouted, and leaning over the bank, holding on to the iron rail of the small bridge, Paul helped Dyer up the bank.

Dyer held the girl in his arms, the water dripping from her clothing, and turning on the mob of children he shouted:

"Get away, you murderous, nasty little beasts; you——"

But without waiting for other epithets from the red-faced, terrible man, the children wheeled and fled.

"We must take her somewhere," said Dyer. "She's wet through and through, and it was devilish cold in that water!"

"Take her into Mr. Sikes's shop," said Paul, remembering the old man who kept the cooper-shop that hung out over Possum Run there by the bridge, the shop where as a boy Paul had gone so often for bows and arrows.

They went into Sikes's stuffy shop and Paul was instantly carried back to childhood by the odor that permeated it. The old man was astride a shaving-horse making a stave, and at the noise of the irruption in his shop he looked up quickly, the light coming through the panes of the window striking out simultaneous reflections from his draw-knife, his spectacles and his bald head. Mr. Sikes, Paul remembered, wore his wig only on Sundays, or on those rare occasions when he went abroad. The old man slid off his shaving-horse and came shuffling forward in felt slippers through the shavings and dust that bestrewed the floor.

"Wh-what's—what's the matter?" he stammered.

Dyer had gone directly to the stove and placed the little girl on her feet.

"Can you stand up, honey?" he asked.

The child nodded her head gravely and stood shivering, her small mouth open, her blue eyes not on Dyer, but on Paul.

"There, now," said Dyer, "don't be afraid; no one's going to hurt you."

"Did the child fall into the run?" asked Mr. Sikes.

"No; she was driven in by a pack of little brutes. But never mind that now—we've got to get these wet things off."

And Dyer knelt before her and began examining the fastenings of her dress. Old Mr. Sikes, putting on his spectacles again, knelt also, and Paul followed their example, the three men squatting before the child, their faces on a level with her own.

"Let me see," said Mr. Sikes.

"No, let me alone," protested Dyer. "I know about such things. I've got a little girl of my own, not much older than she. How old are you, honey?" he asked.

"Going on nine," the child whispered.

"And what's your name?"

"Evelyn," she whispered.

"Evelyn? Evelyn what?"

But she looked blankly at him.

"Evelyn," she repeated.

Dyer's hands were unsteady and Paul saw that the effort to unfasten the child's clothes was irritating him. Dyer scowled, compressed his lips and tugged at certain hooks and eyes

"Oh, hell!" said Dyer at last. "You do it—I can't!"

"Here," said Paul, "let me," and he thrust his hand among the others that were fumbling with the wet garments. The child sidled a little nearer to him. He unfastened the clothes and stripped them off the slender, shivering little form. And then suddenly they found themselves confronted by another problem.

"What the devil are we going to put on her?" asked Dyer. "She can't go home naked!"

MR. SIKES, after a moment of reflection, got to his feet and shuffled off behind the calico curtains that separated his private quarters from the workshop, returning presently with a blanket, an old quilt and an incongruous mass of his own garments. They bundled her in these as well as they could, and drawing up an old cane-seated chair placed her in it near the stove.

"She must have a cup of tea," said Mr. Sikes, who had caught the spirit, and he bustled about hospitably, getting a tea-cup, wiping it out and polishing it with a corner of his blue apron. The tea was simmering on the back of the stove, and Sikes poured out a cup of it, sweetened it and gave it to the little girl. She sat there, gravely sipping it, her blue eyes looking at them all over the edge of the cup.

Continued on page 62



They Need Food

Five times daily when they play

Children have small stomachs which cannot hold a five-hour food supply. Let them eat whenever they are hungry.

But give them real foods, not confections.

Give them supreme foods—whole grains and milk.

Whole grains puffed

Prof. A. P. Anderson invented the finest grain foods in existence—Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat. They are steam exploded. Over 125 million explosions are caused in every kernel. The food cells are broken for easy digestion. The whole-grain elements are fitted to feed.

The grains are puffed to airy globules, 8 times normal size. They are flimsy, crisp and flavory—enticing in their texture and their taste.

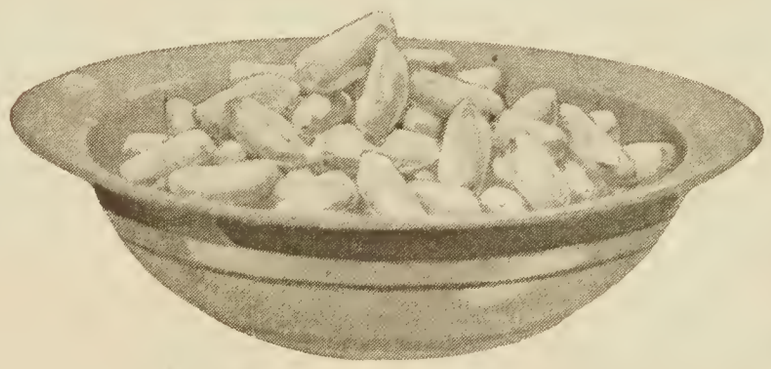
They delight the children, and make whole grains most welcome, morning, noon and night.

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You want your children to eat more whole grains and more milk. Then make them tempting. These whole grains are food confections.

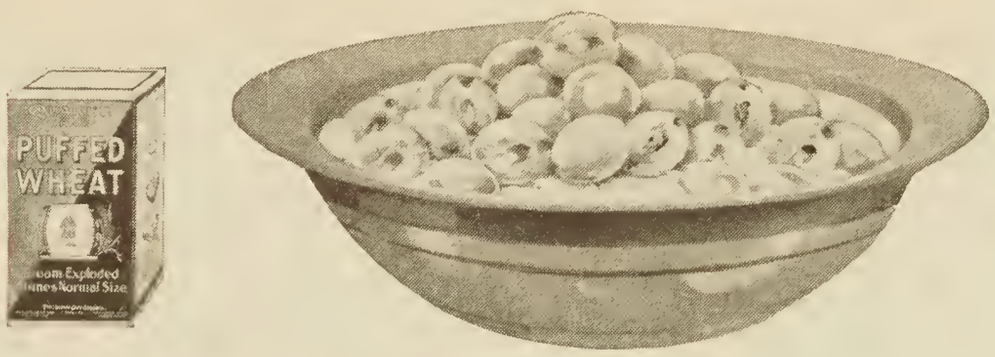
Whole wheat supplies, among other things, 12 essential minerals. Without them, children cannot thrive. And they need the bran on wheat.

Every day, Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice will take the place of lesser foods if you keep them handy.



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Serve with cream and sugar. Blend with any fruit. Crisp and douse with melted butter for hungry children to eat like peanuts or popcorn. Use like nut meats on ice cream or in candy making.



For luncheons—for suppers

Nothing makes the milk dish so inviting as these airy, flaky, toasted globules of Puffed Wheat.



You just can't help liking MAVIS

The instant you see Mavis Talc you want it. The tall red can, with its gilded crown, is just what you feel such a package should be. Then, as you turn the sifter top, and streams of snowy talc come pouring through, its delicate fragrance allures you—its fineness and coolness refresh you, and you know that, at last, you have the perfect talc.

Mavis is a master product of the world's greatest beauty scientist—Monsieur Vivaudou.

And, for Mavis, he takes the finest imported "talc base," has it sifted and re-refined until it is so sheer that, blown into the air, you see only a snowy cloud, and then, by secret processes, he blends and perfumes it until you have the perfect talc. Not a particle that is harmful can remain in Mavis. All impurities are extracted from the "talc base" by the secret processes of Monsieur Vivaudou.

This is why you may use Mavis in abundance with absolute safety. And always, it will cool and relieve you. No matter how tired you are. The effect of Mavis Talc is always refreshing. It cools, and soothes, and smoothes your tender skin.

Yet Mavis costs no more than common talc.

Made in vast quantities, in both France and America, Monsieur Vivaudou is able to put Mavis Talc on your toilet table at a cost you consider a trifle compared to the comfort you get.

Use Mavis Talc in abundance—lavishly. It does not pay to stint. For Mavis defies perspiration—and all perspiration's effects and discomforts. You rejoice in its delicate fragrance—as of sweetest flowers in spring.

Babies coo with delight over Mavis.

Men, after shaving, or after a bath, use Mavis Talc unsparingly—and find it most beneficial—a well-bred habit.

Take Mavis with you wherever you go. It is easy to get it in all the best shops. Say Mavis Talc to the girls at the toilet counter. You'll find they all know Mavis well.

VIVAUDOU'S
MAVIS
TALC
Paris ✣ New York



J. HARDIN & SON

Continued from page 61

"We've got to get the child home," Dyer presently remarked. "Where do you live, honey?"

"At Mrs. Hobbs's," the child said, still speaking in that frightened, husky whisper.

"And you go to school?"

A shudder passed through the form that was huddled in all those coverings. She nodded her head, but raising her voice for the first time above a timid whisper, she stammered:

"I don't want to go to school any more. They chase me—they call me names."

Dyer stood looking at her helplessly, as if in the presence of such an extraordinary revelation of the ineradicable cruelty of human nature he found himself at a loss for terms.

"The damned little devils!"

"They are depraved," said Paul.

His acquiescence seemed to rouse Dyer.

"They're worse than that, my boy," he exclaimed; "worse than depraved. They are moral!"

THE paradox perplexed Paul, and it seemed to perplex Mr. Sikes as well. The old man had been gazing at the child with a remote expression in his faded eyes, blue as porcelain; but at the word "moral" he pricked up his ears and leaned forward, and, with his mouth open, scratching his long chin, he said:

"You said moral, sir?"

"Yes, I said moral. The morality of the mob, I call it. Nothing so moral as a mob, or so many mobs anywhere as in Macochee."

Then, as if it were neither the time nor the place to discuss recondite questions, he said:

"But we've got to get her home. I think she's all right now. Do you feel all right, honey?" He bent over, his hands on his knees, and peered into the little face. "All nice and dry and warm and comfy?"

She nodded her head briskly.

"And ready to go home?"

The child hesitated, with a return of her timidity.

"Well, then, come along; we'll take you home."

But Paul stepped forward.

"Don't you go, Mr. Dyer," he said; "you're all wet."

Dyer looked down at his feet, and then raising his eyes, with a droll expression said:

"Why, so I am!" And as if the consciousness for the first time had come to him, he began to shiver.

"I'll take her home," said Paul; "you'd better go and dry yourself."

"I'll go up the street and get a little drink."

He kissed the little girl on the cheek, patted her head, and then, as if seeking some other way to testify his sympathy, he drew out all the change in his pocket and gave it to her.

Paul looked at Dyer and realized for the first time in what a disordered and dishevelled state he was. He noted the red and swollen eyes, the red face with its stubble of sandy beard. The man's clothes were stained, his collar soiled and the effect of general demoralization was completed by the fact that his trousers were drenched up to his hips.

"Do go and take care of yourself, Mr. Dyer," Paul urged.

"Oh, I'm right as a trivet!" Dyer said. "You can't hurt an old stager like me!"

They bundled up the little girl as best as they could and Paul took her in his arms. She shivered.

"Cold?" he asked.

"I'm afraid to go out—they'll be waiting for me!"

"Oh no they won't! I shan't let them hurt you."

She put her arms about his neck and snuggled up to him, and he held her closely, feeling suddenly for her a great affection.

"Good-by, honey," said Dyer, on the pavement outside, as Paul with his strange burden went off across the bridge.

Two days later Paul heard that Malcolm Dyer was down with pneumonia. By the end of the week he was dead. The funeral was held in Dyer's house, and Paul, as the one who had been with Dyer in that last and fatal adventure of his life, felt it to be fitting that he attend. If, in this conventional observance of the proprieties there was something of the propitiatory quality of an act of grace, there was, too, a tribute of admiration, almost of affection, for Dyer. Paul had long been under the spell of Dyer's flamboyant personality, and this sentiment had now received a definitive consecration by the circumstances of Dyer's taking off, for Paul belonged to that one of the two parties into which Macochee was just then divided which held that it was Dyer's heroism that had cost him his life; the other—and it represented precisely that body of opinion which prevailed in Paul's world—held that there were more remote and less creditable causes, which, unless the discussion waxed too warm, it would be just then ungenerous to name.

He was still dazed and horrified by the tragedy, as, with a beating heart, he went up the path and to the door where hung the long streamers of black crêpe. The hall, the parlor, the sitting-room were filled. Many consequential citizens were there: Mayor Miller, Judge Eden, Captain Heritage, Mr. Cowan, and among them, too, sat Mr. Sikes, in his Sunday clothes, wig and all, giving to the occasion that slightly ridiculous note which in all assemblies of human beings it seems impossible to avoid. There was on the air a heavy odor of flowers, an oppressive stillness, broken only by the heavy breathing of old men about him and subdued sounds that seemed to come down the stairs from the upper hall, where sat Mrs. Dyer and her daughter Winona, now a tall young girl.

Paul wished that the funeral would end, so that he might get out into the air again away from the odor of all those white flowers about Malcolm Dyer's black coffin with the silver handles.

The minister finished the reading of the lesson, and Wade Powell, who had been sitting with his head bowed in his hands, rose. He stood a moment in the pose of the orator, his brow lowered in thought, and the stillness in the room grew more still, the odor of the flowers more oppressive and the attention of all that gathering was suddenly concentrated on him. Paul felt his heart throb painfully.

Powell, in a voice that was unusually soft and low, yet vibrant, began to speak about the mystery of death. To a mind more cultured than Paul's, it would have been evident from the beginning that his address was keyed in the note of a poetic agnosticism. With many ornate figures, in a cadenced, florid style, he extolled the kindliness, the generosity, the pity that were found in Malcolm Dyer's character. He spoke of his love of children, animals, flowers, his liking for poetry and the color of life; and in his peroration he bade a last farewell to his friend and concluded with a passage from Dyer's favorite poet, Robert Burns.

And so, as he lay there, about to leave his house forever, Malcolm Dyer came to a kind of real dignity, and Paul's juvenile admiration was all at once justified. Dyer was no longer the roisterer, but a personage, and the feeling was shared by those others there, who, perhaps gaining a new revelation of him in the transfiguration of death, now that he was powerless to help or hurt them, paid him the belated tribute of their admiration and respect.

A FEW days after the funeral the house of the Dyers was closed and Mrs. Dyer and her daughter went to live in Cincinnati. And Malcolm Dyer disappeared from the scene of Macochee leaving a memory that quickly faded into a pale adumbration of what he had been in his heyday and prime—a memory soon to be lost, save as it was recalled now and then in the traditions of such places as Steve Lubbock's or in the hearts of the anonymous ones who had been the beneficiaries of his whimsical kindnesses. Perhaps his memory lingered on as long as anywhere in the mind of Paul, whose imagination had been so impressed by his fate and the curiously interwoven circumstances that had led up to it. His own life seemed to have touched the lives of the Dyers in their most critical moments, and the reappearance of the child born to Evelyn Walling so long before lent to the circumstance an almost mystical significance.

He had been impressed, too, by Wade Powell's funeral oration; he kept a copy of it and reread it now and then. It justified, in a way he could not quite explain, the sneaking admiration he had had for Dyer; had he dared, he would have liked to be such a man

as Dyer. And so if he did not consciously adopt Malcolm Dyer as a model, he did fall into those ways that Dyer would have found it so natural to pursue. Though he worked diligently enough in the shop by day, he spent his evenings away from home in company where Malcolm Dyer's memory was recalled with more sympathy than it was in other quarters. That such infraction of the discipline to which all his life he had been subjected could long escape the eye of J. Hardin was impossible; and Paul knew by his father's dark taciturnity, his minatory scowl, that there would come a day of heavy reckoning. And yet for a long time J. Hardin gave no sign that he noticed this aberration. His mother always sat up and waited for him in silent, touching solicitude. He had intimations and warnings from old Brethitt, the painter in the shop, who pictured J. Hardin a grim figure, stalking through the sleeping town, pausing to peer into the windows of saloons or to rattle their closed doors. But Paul flouted Brethitt's warning.

AT ONE o'clock of a warm night in June, Paul was standing at the bar in the McBrier House. Clyde Sturrock was talking importantly, laying down the law, with the solemn air induced in him by beer. Jimmy stood behind the bar, not too patiently waiting for them to leave that he might close up; other young men were playing at pool. The barroom was filled with their loud idle talk and with their high excited laughter, the smoke of their cigarets and cigars closing in gray wreaths overhead.

Paul could never achieve that fine carefree manner and carry off his dissipation with such a high hand as he would have liked. He could never do it in the way Malcolm Dyer would do it, or even as well as Clyde, whom mere moral considerations apparently did not concern. Paul always had a nagging consciousness of doing wrong, a half-guilty sense that compromised his enjoyment, as he stood at the bar, sipped beer, smoked, talked with Clyde or Jimmy, the bartender.

So he stood there on that night in June, his sense of guilt growing acuter with each advancing hour. All of a sudden the noise at the billiard-table was stilled, the barroom became strangely silent; Clyde looked round and Jimmy stared as though he had seen a ghost. Paul turned—and there, just inside the screen door, stood his father.

J. Hardin's tall figure filled the door, his bearded jaws set, and out of his dark, grim visage under the wide brim of his hat his eyes blazed. Slowly those eyes took in the scene, the group at the bar, the young men playing billiards, the bottles, the glasses; his nostrils seemed to dilate with the smell of beer and other deleterious spirits and of tobacco-smoke. There was a moment of suspense, and then J. Hardin said:

"Paul!"

Paul stepped away from the bar.

"Come," said J. Hardin.

He turned away, Paul with him, and as they passed through the screen door into the lobby Paul heard behind him a ribald shout of derision.

Paul, walking homeward that night beside his father, could feel his cheeks burn. In his ears there rang—and, as he thought, would ring forever—that laugh of derision. That awful scene! To-morrow it would be the talk of the town. He hated his father, who had brought this public disgrace upon him. He hated his mother, who no doubt had been privy to this paternal midnight raid; he would not speak to her, and went to bed without a word to comfort the mother who through so many long nights had been yearning for him in that pain which is the prolongation of the maternal agony.

The next morning Paul heard that his father had had warrants issued for the arrest of Slater, the proprietor of the McBrier House, on charges of keeping his bar open after hours and of selling liquor to minors.

To Paul, however, he said nothing. The silence that always endured between them on most subjects—on all subjects, indeed, that touched on the deep, or intimate, or sacred things of life—was heavier than ever. J. Hardin could not have spoken with his son of such things. Perhaps he had no wish to speak with him; like that law of which he unconsciously felt himself to be the incarnation, he assumed that his son knew as much as he did of the evil in life and the obligation to avoid it.

Paul could feel the moral reprehension in his father's silence, but he himself had no regrets. His mother, in her husband's presence, might lean toward his condemnatory attitude, but she had a mother's subtle sympathy for her son, and in the low mumble of conversation that went on in the chamber of his father and mother at night, after the household had retired—it seemed that the tongue of J. Hardin was then miraculously unloosed and that he spoke like other men—Paul knew from the tones of the voices, every shade of which he had long since learned to recognize, that she was speaking in his defense.

Action in some form, however, being necessary, J. Hardin assigned to Paul certain new duties in his own office. He was not explicit as to what they were; in his mind, probably, they were regarded merely as a well-known device for keeping a boy out of mischief. And so Paul went to work in earnest, his career determined thus in its beginning by accident.

It had not been for nothing that Paul had spent his youth playing about the shop; he had unconsciousiy absorbed a knowledge of the industry, and from having seen the process repeated every day his whole life long he knew just how buggies were made. J. Hardin was satisfied to meet the demand for buggies, the modern principle of creating a demand not having been revealed to him. But Paul brought to the business the energy and the ambition of youth, and by the time that he had been at work in the shop for three or four years he was assuming a good deal of authority and responsibility. If J. Hardin grumbled as a matter of principle, secretly he was pleased, for he had more liberty to devote to the avocation that was to be the absorbing passion of his life.

J. Hardin conceived life as a conflict, stern and uncompromising. He had hated slavery, and so had gone into the Civil War to crush it, to beat it down under his feet. That crusade accomplished, he was without a moral issue to live and die for. The growing agitation for the prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquors was just the thing, of course, to fill this void.

WHILE J. Hardin became more and more bound up in his work for the Anti-Saloon League, Paul suddenly found his old interest in the sex revived by a pretty apparition that appeared now and then in Cedar Street. He was to think of it oftenest—until subsequent events overlaid the impression—as seen in a flurry of snow at the early close of a Winter day in the light of a street-lamp: the vision was of a briskly moving figure with rustling skirts, a floating scarf of red, ruddy cheeks, lips parted in a smile and great flakes of snow melting on the dark lashes of sparkling eyes.

Paul thought that there was some recognition in the glance the girl gave him, though he was not sure, and even in his thought of her there was something of the old timidity of his social experience. But he thought of her frequently, began to wonder when he went down-town whether he would encounter her, and when he did, blushed at sight of her.

Then, one morning, as he stood in the door of the shop, she passed and their eyes met and she gave a little nod. He went indoors, and standing at his desk, idly turning over the pages of the ledger, racked his memory for the name, the identity of the girl, whom he was more and more sure he had seen before. His father was seated at his desk, his steel spectacles on his nose, his broad back bowed, his gray head bent on a letter he was slowly, methodically writing; the scratching of the pen and his father's heavy breathing were the only sounds in the little room. Paul, with a sudden attention to unessential details, observed with what tight seizure his father pinched his pen between his blunt thumb and heavy forefinger; it was a picture that remained in Paul's memory for years and always was associated with the thought of the girl, for in that moment he suddenly remembered: it was Winona Dyer.

Continued in the August DELINEATOR

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FURTHER AIDS TO MENTAL HEALTH

Continued from page 16

out of an undesirable habit, thus adding fear to situations in which it should have no place and is capable of doing much harm. A little boy who had been thus dealt with when he failed to lose his sex interest in himself, developed a fear that had no reasonable bearing upon the real situation when the time came to take the next step. He was afraid to go to bed because "there was a snake in it." All sorts of logical approaches were mistakenly employed to deal with a purely emotional affair and nearly every evening witnessed a dramatic snake hunt, the object of which was to remove a fear that had become displaced. A hunt carried on with the same enthusiasm and half the energy in another direction would have revealed the real source of the emotional disturbance and solved the situation.

ANOTHER instinct that has to be greatly modified in order that its activities may be tolerable to society is the instinct for acquisition. Few parents realize that the whole history of the race is reenacted in much of the process by which crude instinctive activities are transformed into acceptable conduct. This is illustrated in the attitude of culture compared with that of instinct toward property. Modern ideas regarding property are quite different from those of an earlier phase of human life. The communal ownership of the tribe was nearer the instinctive attitude toward possessions than the system of to-day. The child has to learn the difficult and comparatively new lesson that, *even in the same family*, property is individual. Mishaps occur in this process. Probably a majority of children—more boys than girls—take pennies from their mothers' pocketbooks long after they understand its ethical significance. Very few of these children would take pennies from each other or from servants or guests, but sometimes it is hard to make them grasp the fact that the apparent givers of life and everything else must not be made involuntary givers of possessions.

The native common sense of many parents, aided perhaps by fleeting recollections of their own childhood, prompts them to handle this situation as it should be handled. But processes that are destructive to personality often commence when a different type of management is used. A boy of thirteen was brought to a psychiatrist for advice as to the proper type of institutional care for "moral depravity." A year before he had commenced to take pennies from his mother's pocketbook. This boy had certain constitutional feelings of inadequacy that made care and understanding especially desirable in this situation. But the father, who was himself poorly adjusted in some of his own finer relations with life, followed severe corporal punishment by the statement that henceforth the boy was to be considered a "moral suspect." Almost immediately this boy entered an impulsive, highly pathological type of misconduct in which there was no regard for consequences nor effort to hide his delinquency. A long and painful period of reconstruction repaired the damage in this case, but how easy it would have been had the father possessed a rudimentary knowledge of the instinctive processes involved and of their modification in the progress of the race!

Almost entirely through the work of Dr. William Healy, a wise and patient student of human behavior, it is known that a curious relationship exists between the instincts for reproduction and for acquisition. Frequently the sudden closing of an outlet for one of these instincts results in a burst of activity on the part of the other. This fact was responsible for sudden and persistent stealing on the part of a girl who was sent to a boarding-school to help break up undesirable acquaintanceships at home. It took a great deal of time and skill to unravel all the strands of the tangled skein enmeshing this child. A wise teacher with knowledge of some of the facts regarding instinctive life was chiefly responsible for "the mental-hygiene approach" with which this child's problem was solved, a method of study that takes into account *all the situation and all the child* before a plan of management is formulated.

Sometimes arrest or retardation in the development of the intellect are responsible for "nervousness" that appears to have quite a different origin. A boy of normal physique who was retarded in his intellectual growth commenced at fourteen to realize the widening gap that separated him from the intellectual activities of boys of his own age. He developed headaches and "feelings as if he were going to faint away" when the time came to go to school. On Saturdays and Sundays he was free from such "feelings" and they ceased with the commencement of vacation and returned as soon as school opened again. When his parents were brought to frank, though somewhat belated, recognition of the facts and reformulated their program for his preparation for life, this retreat was unnecessary and the child abandoned it.

On the other hand, difficulties purely emotional are sometimes transformed into what appears to be intellectual inferiority. A little boy did so poorly at school that he finally became a candidate for the "special class." He had a speech defect that was looked upon as an additional stigma of his mental subnormality. A more careful study, not limited to the ordinary measurement of intelligence, disclosed the fact that this speech defect had caused the little boy to develop a very strong *feeling* of inferiority. Groping about alone for a reaction that would hide it, he had developed a rough buffoonery which made the defect seem to the casual observer like a humorous affectation. Preoccupied with his main problem, he had little time for school work, external appearances were strongly against him and he quickly realized the truth of the maxim about the ease with which a certain descent is accomplished. Attention to the real need solved his problem and the boy not only did well in his classes but became a leader in other activities of life.

NO ONE can study the difficulties that beset these children without realizing that the little patients possessed one characteristic in common: *a relatively easy detachment from reality*. The excursion into unreality was different in each case, but after trying to find a solution for the problems in real life, each child found one, or *seemed* to find one, in an unreal situation provided by a particular type of nervousness. In some of these children the type was more or less determined by the pattern of mind they had inherited. In others, however, there was no inheritance that made the way toward nervousness look like the easiest way out.

If this detachment from reality possesses dangers, what should be done about it? If we had to give up unreality and face all the facts of life all the time, with no flights into the world of fancy, many of us would be unwilling to continue to exist. We can not get along without the world of fancy, but there are unsafe as well as safe ways to enjoy it. It is very important that we should not get reality and unreality mixed.

Many children have imaginary playmates. One girl had one for many years. A place was set for her at the table, the girl used to talk with her and found in her a perfectly satisfactory substitute for the companionship of other children. There were certain defects in personality that placed this girl at a disadvantage in the company of others, and the imaginary playmate exerted a harmful influence by providing a reason for withdrawing from healthful social influences.

Toward the end of childhood the intimacy of this girl with her imaginary playmate increased and her contact with the real world diminished. Finally she invented a secret language which she used in talking with the imaginary playmate and, when it was too late, her parents became anxious. Efforts to draw the girl back into the world around her drove her more deeply into the world of fancy, and now it is very doubtful whether she will emerge again.

It is easy to say that this was a distinctly abnormal tendency to retire into a well-known type of mental disease and that little could be done about it, but the more we know about this mental disease the more grounds we find for combating such a tendency when it first shows itself. The wise course is to help the child to tell the difference between fancy

and reality. With *insight*—the ability to tell the difference between fact and fancy, and recollection of the route out again—one can go far into the world of unreality with perfect safety and enjoy its wonders, but we should make sure that *insight* exists in our children and, if we doubt it, take pains to help them to acquire it.

The chief burdens in the lives of many mothers are the dietary fads of their children. Arising from small beginnings, it is almost incredible how quickly they grow. Often the example of ill-considered remarks of an adult member of the family provides the starting-point.

Very properly we give much attention to the purity of food, but it is important to remember how easily an entirely incorrect idea may be instilled in the mind of a child, especially if there is an emotional setting when the idea is planted. An attack of indigestion or, more often, a small illness following but entirely unconnected with eating a certain article that has been discussed causes a child to get "off" that article forever. When we are sure that it is not a real case of individual food-poisoning, we can find no better guide for action than the practise followed in the aviation service of the Army after a flyer had had a fall: the aviator was made to fly as soon after as practicable. His example may be used to interest the child who dislikes a certain food to "return to the fray" in his own case.

It has not been easy to select cases and situations that best illustrate some of the practical tasks for mental hygiene in childhood. It is still more difficult to decide where to place the final emphasis. We can only state a broad principle and leave its application to the increasing wisdom of parents and teachers. Mental hygiene has few "don'ts." It has little patience with the mother who said to the governess: "Go out and find what Reginald is doing and tell him to stop it!" The chances are that Reginald was trying to find, by the experimental method, some outlet for his instinctive activities that society would accept. It is probable that Reginald needed help, but it is not likely that the best way to help him was to make him "stop it." "Nervousness" and other unfavorable adaptations to mental difficulties exact an interesting toll from childhood in a society that in every other way is growing more healthy, more civilized and, presumably, more intelligent. There is need to recast some widely prevalent ideas regarding the mental lives of children. We must look behind the apparent reasons for human behavior and study the emotions that it expresses and the instincts that furnish its driving force. There is no nobler task for parents than that of *understanding* the emotional lives of children. Among the rich rewards to be earned, by no means the least will be the better understanding of our own emotional lives.

SAVE A DOLLAR

Concluded from page 42

of hay, sawdust, excelsior or crumpled newspaper evenly over the bottom. Set the refrigerator in the box, make a hole in the box for the faucet to protrude, pack the insulating material in the space around the sides of the refrigerator and make a pad to cover the top.—Mrs. H. F. Fox, Riverside, Conn.

SAVE IN CLEANING BOTTLES

ORDINARY small lead shot may be used successfully to clean the inside of glass bottles and cruets which have become discolored by water, vinegar or other substances. A small quantity of the shot in sudsy warm water shaken well will remove the stains.—Mrs. S. William Kingsland, Westfield, N. J.

SAVE TIME IN HANDLING RECIPES

FOR every-day recipes or those used every few weeks I keep a card index; but for the occasional ones which are used only once a year or at special seasons I have twelve large mailing-envelopes and label each one with the name of the month. I can then turn to the November envelopes for Thanksgiving recipes, December for Christmas cakes and the like. This also helps to jog the memory as seasons approach.—Mrs. F. J. LaLonde, Galion, Ohio.

SAVE TIME BY COOPERATION

THREE young married women living close together arranged to save time and energy in preparing their family dinner in the following way: We bought jointly a three-well fireless cooker. We decided each week on the dishes we were to have on Sunday and where we were to eat. Each family prepared one dish and took it to the house to which the fireless cooker had been moved for the day. The three housekeepers went serenely to church and the dinner was ready when they returned. Three pairs of hands made quick work of the cleaning up after the meal.—Mrs. J. A. Steck, Walhalla, S. C

SAVE ON FURNITURE

I HAD my round oak table cut to make two console-tables, one with three legs and the other with one. The larger table I painted with several coats of black paint and then put it in the hall with a mirror over it. The small table, which I have in my room, is painted French blue to match the other furniture. This little table holds a clock; it is very firm when placed against the wall and needs no other support.—Catherine Ursprung, Brooklyn, N. Y.

HOME-MADE LAP-BOARD

LAP-BOARDS are a great convenience in every home. Obtain from a dry-goods store one of the boards which materials are wrapped around. Cover it with cretonne, gingham or any other suitable material, using small white tacks to hold the edges in place; or paint the board, decorating it with a monogram or stenciling. These boards come in different lengths. They make excellent gifts for a college girl to be used across the arms of her chair for sewing, studying and writing.—Mrs. W. A. Wheeler, Bangor, Me.

WHEN COOKING OLD POTATOES

WHEN boiling old potatoes, add a slice of lemon to the water in which they are to be cooked and you will find that the potatoes will not discolor. A teaspoon of vinegar will also help.—Mrs. Segar M. Townsend, Modena, Pa.

SAVE ON IRONING

IF GLASS-CURTAINS are dipped in a little starch when laundered, put back on the curtain-rods while wet and hung at the windows, they will look like new without ironing.—Katherine L. Keeler, Brooklyn, N. Y.

SAVE ON PAN-HOLDERS

SLIP-COVERS of washable materials for pan-holders can be easily washed often and slipped back on the pad. This prevents the necessity for making or buying new holders frequently. The covers are more easily laundered than a thick holder.—Mrs. R. P. Bissell, Ridgefield, Conn.

SAVE IN HANGING CLOTHES

WHEN hanging out small articles to dry—such as hose, cuffs, collars and handkerchiefs—I use a coat-hanger. This shortens my time of staying outdoors. It is possible to hang the articles on the rack while sitting down. A hook or two outside the window makes it possible to reach out easily and hang the articles in the sun.—Mrs. S. C. Jones, Augusta, Ga.

SAVE TIME AND FUEL ON BAKED POTATOES

CUT large potatoes in half and bake them in the morning while the range is in use. When done, scrape the potato from the skin, mash it, add milk, egg, butter and salt, and refill the shells. Sprinkle cheese or cracker-crums over the top, or merely add a piece of butter. Brown nicely in the oven. When dinner-time comes, you can have delicious stuffed potatoes by reheating for ten or fifteen minutes.—Mrs. J. Tracy Barton, The Dalles, Oreg.

SAVE IN PICKING UP PLAYTHINGS

A PLAY-CLOTH may be made by using a square of any strong material, such as denim. It should be at least six feet square. When laid on the floor for children to play on, it saves much strength in picking up playthings later, since everything can be gathered up at one time.—Clara Jackson, Waterville, Conn.



—and just at bedtime

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1923

Now down underneath these homes and hotels, smooth-running electric locomotives and motors handle 600 trains a day.



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AIR, WATER AND SUNSHINE

Concluded from page 15

air upward and prevent its going to the floor and chilling the feet.

The sleeping-porch is an excellent thing for all the year, but where one is not available, good ventilation is possible by the use of a window-tent or by opening all the available windows as wide as possible. One should remember that when sleeping on a sleeping-porch in Winter warm night-clothing and some sort of head-covering are necessary. Rooms opening on courts or air-shafts are not good for sleeping, but where there is nothing else to be had, ventilation can be improved by leaving the door or transom open so as to induce a current of air.

Cold air is not always fresh air. One may sleep in a very cold room, for example, and still not have ventilation. The important thing is to see that the air is kept in motion. Where the weather is so severe and the heating apparatus so inadequate that the windows can not be opened in the daytime, the air can be improved by the use of an electric fan or even a hand fan.

A very large percentage of our houses are kept too hot. The living-rooms or workrooms should never be allowed to get over seventy degrees in Winter, and a temperature of as much as ten degrees lower is preferable where the persons using the room are in vigorous health or are active. Heat is enervating, whether it is Summer heat or artificial heat, the latter the more so because it is usually accompanied by little ventilation. The air in most houses is too dry in the Winter and some means should be employed for moistening it. While the merits of a dry climate can not be denied, there is no climate found with civilized habitations that is as dry as the atmosphere of an overheated house.

The skin needs ventilation as well as the lungs and in too many cases doesn't get enough of it. In its way, tight heavy clothing is as detrimental to health as the sealed room. Skin ventilation is possible only when loose, porous clothing is worn. Underclothing should be of a character that will give the skin a chance to "breathe" and the fabrics of outer garments should be chosen with regard to their porousness. We should train our skins to adapt themselves to quick changes of temperature, and to do this they must be hardened. The skin that is swathed in heavy, tight clothing at all times is so tender that any exposure is likely to cause a cold. This is one of the things that make a draft dangerous to persons who are not accustomed to air in motion. It will do almost every one a lot of good to take an air-bath morning and night—that is to say, to spend a few minutes without clothing, giving the skin a chance to harden itself. Exercising in the cold air without clothing is an excellent thing, provided the room is not so cold as to cause a chill.

As sunlight is a positive destroyer of many kinds of germs, its value as a preventive and curative agent is enormous. It is true that some persons do live for considerable periods with practically no sunlight, and in some parts of America there is little real sunshine in the Winter months; so it can not be said that it ranks with fresh air and pure water as an every-day necessity. Yet perfect health and normal growth can not be had or retained without some sunshine.

The average adult does not get enough sunshine, owing to the economic system that ordains that so many of us must pass most of the daylight hours indoors. Nearly every one, however, can find more time to be outdoors if he will make a serious effort to do so. Men engaged in indoor work can make it a point to take a walk in the sunshine at noon when the weather is not too hot. Women engaged in household duties, no matter how busy they may be, can find time to get out-of-doors at least once a day.

IN THE so-called mid-Victorian age, when it was considered "ladylike" to "enjoy poor health" and robustness in the female was regarded as bordering on vulgarity, women shunned the sunshine as they would have shunned a pestilence. Sunburn on the face was considered as bad as a crop of moles, and freckles ranked with warts as disfigurements. Fortunately we have a more sensible view-point to-day and our idea of a beautiful complexion is one that shows it is built upon a foundation of buoyant health. Freckles on the nose are not considered a calamity by the modern young woman, provided there is color in her cheeks and a sparkle in her eye. The languid, pallid lady of half a century ago, who was subject to the "vapors" and was given to going into a swoon on the slightest provocation, is "out," as they say in theatrical circles. In her place we have a more cheerful, more intelligent and much more useful type.



THE FOURTH OF JULY

Concluded from page 2

We would have them know that hers is the spirit of peace—that this country dreads war as a pestilence and undertakes it only as a last resource.

Then the empty holiday, with its weariness and dangers, will disappear, for the spirit of America which will fill it is alive and purposeful and intelligent and dedicated to human betterment.

The fireworks will have no place in such a day, for they speak in terms of war and distress and woe. They leave pain and sorrow in their wake. Away with them!

The adult ceremonies are not for the children. They do not speak in terms the children can understand; they furnish still another background for misinterpretation. We must speak so that the children can understand us, so that some of the love and faith and loyalty that fills our hearts shall seep through to theirs and inspire them with the real meaning of the Fourth of July. It is a matter of hearts after all. We must share our feeling—put it into plain words and simple deeds that the children can catch easily.

Isn't the best place to do this in the school or town hall or church room? They can not get it from the parades or the ceremonies or the holiday. It must be taught in the terms of color and music and action and story that children love. All good teachers know how to do this. All good parents know it ought to be done.

Then isn't the thing to do plain? Let the schools put the day into a glorious pageant that tells the story of the Declaration of Independence, tells what it has meant to us and what it has meant to the world.

Let the old granddaddies do their part and the young men do theirs. Let the mothers dress in the brocades and ruffles and wigs of their grandmothers and do theirs. And of course all the children will gladly do theirs. Let the whole town turn out and show their place in history. Every town has a story, and every story of an American town is tied up to the Fourth of July. That will be something the children can understand and something the old folk can enjoy with them.

Don't keep the Fourth of July as something far off, a great frost that has to be blasted off the souls of the people, but as something warm and close and living and growing in the hearts of the oldest and in the minds of the youngest. It isn't finished. It isn't the same this year as last year and the years past. It's newer and younger and grander every year because it is the joy day of the most alive and interested people in the world.

Let us keep it so that when the children hurrah they will have something real to hurrah about: the spirit of America made plain to them.



BACKWARD BENJAMIN

Continued from page 11

I hope nobody will disturb me. I don't want anything to eat."

"She's mad." Cis fixed Dub with a reproachful eye.

"Well, I'd rather have her mad without Benny than oblivious of my presence with him," he argued defensively, and relapsed into gloom.

The boarding-house keeper set beans and coffee and boiled meat and pie on the table for the visitors. They ate in silence. The brassy sky had grown black and rain had begun to fall again in heavy leaden drops. Young timber in the valley and old timber on the hills united their voices in one long dissonance. Dub ate, then went to the window and stared at the lights of Oleson's mill.

"This party's going to be either a knockout or a frost, according to what we make it," he began. "I think somebody ought to talk to Lalisse about her temper——"

And then—in walked Benny.

He came through the door sidewise to admit as little wind as possible, shut it quickly, and stood wiping his wet face with a soaking handkerchief.

"Gosh!" he apologized. "I'm sorry I walked away from you. That darned little car of mine forgets all about her heavy sisters——"

Dub rasped a chair on the floor pushing it out of his way, banged the door open and went out.

Benny closed the door and picked up a calendar that the inrush of wind had taken from the wall.

"Where's Lalisse?" he asked, when he straightened up.

Cissie by this time had got the breath of which surprise had deprived her.

"Benny!" she gasped. "You're dripping. Come to the kitchen and get dry."

Out in the hallway Benny caught at her sleeve.

"Where's Lalisse?" he asked again.

Cis pointed to a door.

"In the room we girls have together. She doesn't want to be disturbed."

"But she'll be glad to know I'm here," he said, and rapped softly.

There was no answer. He rapped again with harder knuckles.

"Go in, Cis," he said, when there was still no response.

CIS went in, closed the door and felt for the swinging drop-light. Then she came back into the hall again.

"She's gone!" Cis grabbed Benny for support. "Her coat's gone—everything!"

A heavy bludgeon of wind hit the house, rattling it to its foundation.

"She's gone after me," said Benny, buttoning up his dripping coat again.

"Oh!" Cissie's eyes were wide with terror. "Oh—why—yes! Why, yes—she asked Dub about other roads, and he said the skid-road ran up to the main road near where we turned off! Then she went to her room——"

"Thank God for tin Lizzie," said Benny. "She can climb skids like duck soup." And leaving a trail of water behind him, he went out into the rampaging night.

Cissie got back to the parlor just as Dub came in from outside, laughing.

"S-sh!" he said, when she tried to speak. "Where's the bounding boy?"

"Gug-gone! He's gug-gone—after——"

"Great! Listen: When he said that about heavy cars, it made me mad—and any time I get mad I'm apt to get an idea too. I did then. So I went out and drained his gas-tank of all but about a pint. Left just enough to start him along with us up the hill to-morrow and hang him up about halfway to the top. Get the picture? Benny Bumbershoot flat on the hillside. We're ahead—see—and don't know he's stuck. So we just go on. He can't *start* with Lalisse in his car, because it's a wreck. So we go along slick as fixed dice, and all 'Bounding' Benny can do is to coast back to the mill. But I'll fix Oleson not to give him any gas——"

"You—" Cissie got the words out at last: "You—drained his tank of gas?"

"You're dead right I drained his tank of gas!"

"But a pint— Oh, surely a pint will take him——"

"Say, that curb-duster of his would run from here to Miami and back on a pint if the road were level. But it's got a gravity feed. Know what I mean? The engine will be higher than the tank on the hill. He'll have to feed it with a spoon if——"

"Dunbar Taylor! You did that? And he's just started up over the skid-road after Lalisse. She didn't go to her room: she started to find Benny—before supper. She's been gone an hour and a half at least."

"Good Lord!" Dub was back at the door again, Malcolm piling up behind him.

"Look here—" Cissie lost her hysteria on the instant and took the situation in hand—"no use trying to follow in either of those heavy cars: they couldn't make the skids. Each of you get a couple of gallons of gas from Oleson and start walking——"

"Hey, Oleson!" Dub was back in the hallway pounding at a door. "Oleson, where d'you keep your gas? We've got to have some gas—right away!"

BENNY had already left the mud of the valley and was on the skids of the steeply ascending road. "Atagirl, Elizabeth," he coaxed under his breath as the sharp wheels cut between the horizontal logs of the road and clung, as if to perilous, slippery steps. "Atagirl! Shoes off and green pastures for you in your old age if you make it. Steady—there's a bad one. Steady—quit your spinning. There you go. Ataway to do it—ataway——"

The side curtains of the little car had been torn from their buttons and the sheets of rain, slapping down upon the battered top, found vent for their spume and surplus underneath. The cushions on the seat would hold no more water, the rim of Benny's hat was a brimming cup, his clothes had long before reached the saturation-point.

Up went "Elizabeth," and up, and up. Slipping, clinging, spinning, climbing—up the road. Minutes passed. The skids became a long stairway behind, a shorter stairway ahead. Holding the wheel in a kind of loving embrace, Benny urged the quivering, leaping vehicle on.

"Atagirl!" he coaxed. "Ataway to find the lady——"

And then, suddenly, his coaxing ceased. The engine was gasping, stuttering, struggling for breath. It died.

"What the—" Benny jammed on the emergency-brake and slid out of the puddle in which he had been sitting to the road. There was a flash-light in his pocket, and turning back the hood of the car he shot it into the simple mysteries of the engine. Nothing wrong there. Gas? But he'd got gas; he'd found a country store when hunting around and had filled his tank. It couldn't be the gas. He got in and tried the engine. The starter made a sound like a mosquito—but that was all.

Getting out again, he raised the sopping seat and shot the flash into the tank. In the far angle there was a triangle of liquid; forward there was none.

"Must have been leaking. I don't see how—but it must have been leaking." He crouched over the emptiness which had undone him, a helpless, pathetic figure of despair.

And then, as suddenly as it had wilted, his backbone stiffened.

"By hector," he said, "what gas there is in that tank's going to run down into the engine!"

He slammed the seat down in place again. Then pocketing his flash, he hitched his waterlogged garments to a snugger fit, found a heelhold in the skids of the road, bent his strong young body until his shoulder was under and against the hood of the car—and shoved. The machine went half around. He fell, but gathering himself up, he found another heelhold and shoved again. Again he fell as the car swung, but when he picked himself up, he smiled to find the engine facing down-hill and to know that the little triangle of gas was forward of the tank—and that the engine would run.

Climbing to the seat, he set the reverse. The starter struck its attenuated note—the engine drowned it out.

"Atagirl!" Benny resumed his refrain. "Backward when you can't go forward!"

Concluded on page 68

Heating Facts

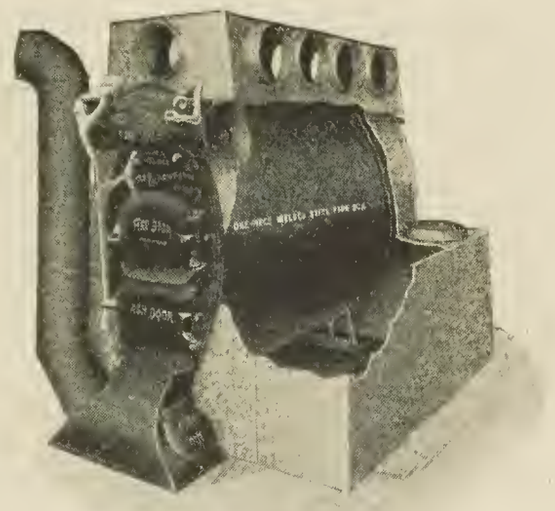
for those who think

YOUR home can be refreshingly and healthfully warmed with pure, fresh air, even in coldest weather. Stagnant air, contaminated by occupants, and heated and reheated numberless times, is neither refreshing nor healthful.

Therein lies one of the chief points of superiority of the FarQuar Heating and Ventilating System. No other heating system can possibly produce the results achieved by the FarQuar.

It automatically replaces the stale, devitalized air with pure, fresh air, gently warmed and evenly distributed through the house, producing an atmosphere that is both comfortable and healthful.

And the FarQuar one-piece, electrically welded, seamless steel fire-box is the controlling member of the FarQuar System. It is air-tight—no gas nor smoke can escape into the rooms to soil and damage the decorations.



THE FARQUAR SANITARY HEATING AND VENTILATING SYSTEM

Also, the scientifically designed fire-box actuates the automatic control, which, with the large grate area and long smoke travel, is responsible for the economical operation of the FarQuar.

This positive automatic control prevents super-heating the air, while the ample capacities provided insure the movement of a large volume of gently warmed air so necessary to complete circulation and successful ventilation of the home.



One of many FarQuar Heated Homes in and around Baltimore, Md.

If you want your home healthfully heated with pure fresh air, get ALL the facts. Ask for booklet, "The Science of House Heating."

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An unusual opportunity is offered a few reliable young men who can qualify as FarQuar Distributors. Ask for details.



Hale and Hearty —from youth up!

Nourishing, body-building, blood-making whole-wheat KRUMBLES should be in the children's diet each day. For KRUMBLES—ready to serve—contain every atom of whole wheat, with its wonderful mineral salts; and besides, KRUMBLES give you the full, delicious flavor of whole wheat for the first time in food history!

Puny children will grow strong and sturdy on Kellogg's KRUMBLES—they delight in the crispy, delightful flakes served with milk or cream.

KRUMBLES should be eaten at least once each day by every member of the family, for they renew the strength of the workers and sustain the aged as no other food can. KRUMBLES are wonderful. Sold by all grocers.

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WHOLE WHEAT—*ready to eat!*

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The only whole-wheat food with a delicious flavor!



Good Food? *Yes* Good exercise? *NO*

TEETH were meant to work hard; gums are healthiest when massaged in masticating rough food. And this soft modern food of ours gives little work to your teeth and even less exercise to your gums.

Does your tooth-brush "show pink"?

Because the gums get so little stimulation, they are, in late years, growing soft and flabby, and tooth troubles, due to weak gums—and most of them are—show a decided and alarming increase.

How to clean teeth *and* protect your gums!

The dental profession is awake to the situation—nearly 3,000 have written to tell us how they combat soft and tender gums by the use of Ipana Tooth Paste.

In stubborn cases, they prescribe a gum-massage with Ipana *after* the ordinary cleaning with Ipana and the brush. For Ipana Tooth Paste, because of the presence of Ziratol, has a decided tendency to strengthen soft gums and keep them firm and healthy.

Ipana is a tooth paste that's good for your gums as well as your teeth. Its cleaning power is remarkable and its taste is unforgetably good. Send for a sample today.

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A trial tube, enough to last you for ten days, will be sent gladly if you will forward coupon below.

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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

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BACKWARD BENJAMIN

Concluded from page 67

Rear end foremost, the car trembled, hesitated—and climbed to the skid above the one on which it had stood. With his body twisted and his arm around the wheel, Benny peered out through the place where a mica window had once been in the back curtain and inch by inch, skid by skid, coaxed the distance ahead until it joined the distance behind. The car reached the summit and found footing. The skids ended there and a dirt road went at a slight drop down to the main thoroughfare. Head on, he could coast. He'd turned on what gas he had left. He swung the wheel around and the machine followed it. The headlights once more flattened themselves against the rain ahead. Benny's lips set themselves in a line of pain as he straightened his twisted body.

"Now," he said to the car, "just a little farther—just till we start coasting—just a little farther, for Benny——"

"Benny!" came an echo from the road ahead. "Is it you, dear? It sounded like your car—and I've been running back——"

He leaped the low door, flashing his torchlight. She was running toward him—stumbling, falling, draggled——

"Don't you ever run away from me again!" He grabbed her up and carried her to the car.

"I wasn't—I was running to you!"

He put her down on the squashy seat of the demoralized car and got in beside her. Their weight shifted the fine balance that the wheels had held—and they began to roll backward again. They jolted over the first skid of the road. Benny reached for the brake—then he took his hand back and laughed.

"I always was a backward guy," he said. "We'll slide down to Oleson's mill true to form!"

TWISTING again to watch the road through the place where the mica window used to be, he let his lips touch the wet soft, sweet-smelling hair of the girl beside him.

"B. B. Burchfield's my name," he said. "Backward Benjamin Burchfield!"

Malcolm and Dub Taylor yelled loudly as the retrogressive flivver plunged past them. But the two on board were too sufficient unto themselves to want to stop and take on passengers.



THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 14

laughed, there were sudden tears in her blue eyes when he said simply:

"I don't think I ever did talk this way before. I—I didn't know I could!"

Talking, silent, talking again, they went on into the golden hours of the afternoon. And to Margaret it was as if her mood of yesterday had never been. Where was the bitter despondency and the baffling vague sense of unrealness almost harder to bear? To-day she was glowingly, gloriously alive, thrilling in every fiber of her nervous, beautiful, finely tempered body. The sea called to her, the bath of streaming sunset light intoxicated her, she felt joy in the very dexterity of the hands that buttoned Jim's little coat and in the blithe, springing step with which she turned back to the cars.

They must separate now. Nora could not drive. Margaret gave Jim to his guardian's keeping as a sort of hostage. The gray roadster and the little closed car reached her gate in the same sixty seconds, and then the miracle of having Stan with whom to talk and in whom to confide began all over again. Margaret went into her house with all the first joy of possessing it; they must have a fire—and company for dinner, Alice!

It all went on like a wonderful play. Firelight, lamplight, Jim hilarious in pajamas, even while sandily falling asleep over his early supper.

Stan carried the child to bed. Stan carved the steak that Alice had cannily provided, suspecting that the visitor might remain. And Stan and Margaret, shut in a peaceful world of dunes and pines and rugs and deep chairs and lazily flaming logs and soft lights and shadows, felt the magic and the ecstasy that lay over every separate second and in every casual word.

Margaret put on her black-satin gown that made her beautiful slender body look like that of a Greek boy. She put on the emeralds that had been her mother's, the long earrings, the big ring, the chain of old-gold filigree that carried the handsomest green stone of all. Her dark hair was a smoky cloud above her serious, eager face, with its high cheek-bones and its sensitive red mouth and the blazing blue of the somber eyes. She needed no rouge to-night. Whenever her eyes fell upon the big, tweed-clad figure, her heart went on with its little song of joy. She managed to maintain an outer calm; she managed sufficient self-control not to kiss him every time she passed him, not to lay her hand invariably upon his shoulder when his shoulder was within reach.

"Happiness is an accomplishment, like everything else we do in this world, Stan," she mused, when dinner was over and their two chairs were close together beside the fire. "One has to learn the rules of living—the rules that govern heart and soul, and then it is comparatively simple to apply them."

"Yes, but some people have happier lives than others—it's just—*so*," Stanley offered, moving contented eyes from a flaming eucalyptus log to smile at her.

"I don't know," she countered. "I've been thinking about these things all these endless weeks. I think the Kingdom of Heaven really is within you. But what hasn't it cost me to learn! I'm like half the other women in the world, Stan, and lots of the men. I know *now* what I want. I know that I could be the happiest woman in the world with just you. Fame and money and travel and everything else have come down to that one little door. They're all beyond—with you. To be Mrs. Stanley Crittenden would be enough fame for me. 'Mrs. Stanley Crittenden.' Going into the White House in San Francisco to shop and meeting other women and having them call me that! As for money—my dear, if that were all our problem! If it were just to find a little flat in the Mission with you and manage on two hundred a month—wouldn't we be rich?"

"IT'LL come," he said, stirred by the fire and beauty of the earnest face. "It'll all come, dear. You'll be freed some day, just as I was. Why, Shirley had me tied so tight a few months ago that I used to feel that nothing on earth would ever free me. And by the way," Stan added, "she was back last month closing up the Ferguson house. I only saw her once—but she asked about you." He grinned. "Want to hear about it?" And when Margaret nodded—"Well, she was the same old Shirley. She came out to the car one day when I was starting to Uplands, and wanted me to take her out to the Country Club. I told her I had to be at Uplands all day, and I suppose she thought you and Jim were there. Anyway, she warned me about you! She looked me straight in the eye and said: 'What a hold that woman has on you, Stan! Be awfully careful it isn't too much of a hold for your comfort one of these days.' So you see, my dear, if I'm bound it's with my eyes open."

He was fumbling in his pockets while he talked, and now he pulled out a crumpled telegram. "I'd almost forgotten," he said. "I meant to mention this before, but in all the excitement it completely slipped my mind. She's free herself now—Shirley, I mean. I had a wire this morning. Theobald's dead."

Continued on page 69

Try this yourself

Rub a little Zinc Stearate Merck in the palm of your hand. Then rinse your hands. You will find that most of this protective toilet powder is still left. It has shed water.

That is precisely the way it acts in protecting the skin against moisture.

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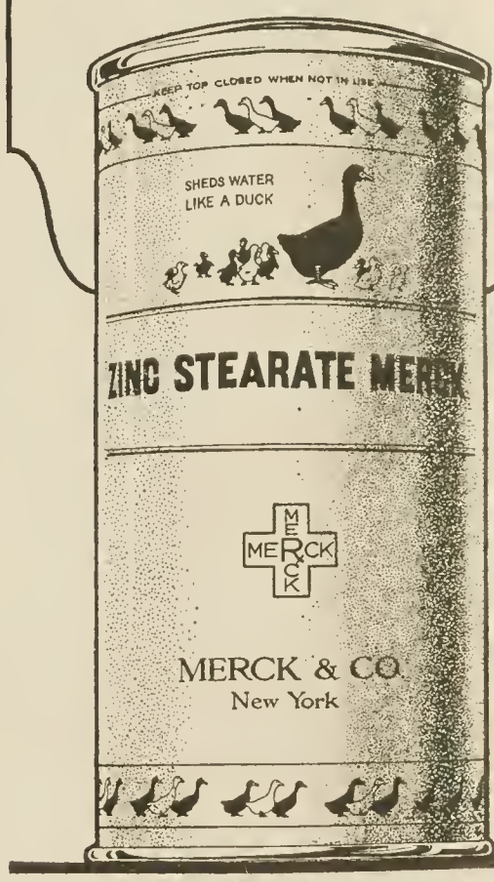
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Its creamy, abundant lather cleanses.

Its purified crude oil and tar feed the scalp.

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Sold everywhere





THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 68

He turned to her, the yellow paper in his hands. For a second there was no sound in the room. Then Margaret sprang to her feet as if electrified, her whole body flung backward with a motion that loosened her rich dark hair.

An instant later, like a woman suffocated, she sank again into her chair and buried her head in her hands.

"No—no—no!" she gasped, as she pushed back from her forehead the soft disordered masses of hair and turned to him her strained and ashen face. "Not Cuyler? Not Cuyler!" And again she buried her face in her hands and Stan heard her whisper over and over: "Oh, my God, I thank Thee! Oh, my God, I thank Thee!"

Instantly he was on his knees beside her, his arms around her, his eyes frantic with anxiety.

"Margaret!" he said sharply, as she leaned, spent and sick, against him with all the relaxed weariness of a child. "What is it, my darling? What *is* it?"

"Let me see it," she answered fixedly in a whisper, groping for the telegram.

She read it again, turned dazed, dark eyes to Stan's concerned face.

"He was my husband, Stan," she said simply.

Stan stared at her blankly, as if her words were devoid of meaning.

"Who—who was?" he stammered.

"Cuyler. Cuyler Theobald married me when I made my first little Broadway success," Margaret explained, after a pause in which they had looked steadily, almost bewilderedly, at each other. "I was really Peggy Yorke, you know, but mother had made her big hit as Rose Irwin, and in my first parts—as a baby—they always called me 'Baby Peggy,' so I kept her name and called myself Margaret Irwin."

"IT'S all so simple, Stan," she added, as he continued to stare at her. "I'll explain it, step by step. As it has turned out, it's hardly believable; but you'll see how naturally it all happened! Cuyler is the man from whom I ran away."

"Cuyler Theobald! Yes, but then this man who's holding you——"

"*That* was Cuyler. He was the man I was hiding from—the man I feared."

"Then, all this time—" His utterly incredulous glance broke over her bewilderedly. "All this time—" He stopped again. "When you and I and Shirley——"

"All this time," she nodded. And he saw her eyes widen as her own realization of what this all meant deepened. She smoothed out the telegram and read it again.

> Cuyler Theobald died in Roosevelt Hospital eight this morning Bitterly sad but feel my work here is done Will keep you informed of my movements Love
>
> SHIRLEY.

"Cuyler dead!" Margaret breathed, staring into space. "*Cuyler*. He was so big and strong—you knew him, Stan? And he was handsome, too, in a way. I'll never forget coming out of the theater one night, not long after mother's death, and seeing him standing with one of the juveniles of the cast waiting to be introduced. He had the *biggest* overcoat, the *smartest* car and the *yellowest* gloves! And I wasn't nineteen——"

Her voice stopped; she brooded for a minute, absent eyes upon space.

"Then Jim is *his* son?" Stanley asked.

Margaret nodded.

"He never knew it, though," she said. "I dared not let him know. It might have meant nothing to him—it might have meant anything! There was never a divorce, you see—I simply ran away."

"But there was a divorce in Paris, dear. He's married to Shirley."

"No, he was never really married to Shirley. The French courts gave him a decree of divorce, but it doesn't hold in America. The California law, where the bulk of his property is, gives no recognition to French procedure. In the eyes of the law here, I am still his wife and Shirley was never married to him!"

Stanley looked at her steadily, grinned.

"I don't get it!" he said. "Then—what, to begin with, was this promise that bound you? You certainly didn't promise Theobald— But it's all too perfectly extraordinary! You Theobald's wife, and living with Aunt Hattie, and her chancing—*chancing* to adopt his baby—and then Shirley— By George, you'll have to show me——"

"In the first place," she said, holding his hand tightly and still resting lightly against him as he knelt beside her chair, "I married Cuyler five years ago. We didn't hide the marriage deliberately, but as a matter of fact I was a legal resident of Detroit, and he came there and we were married there. There was no newspaper talk, and it didn't seem to matter to any one. We went to New York, and the people we knew were the—well, Cuyler's set was a fast set, and for the rest, I suppose his family and his old friends didn't care enough to follow us up.

"It was a mistake from the very first, Stan," she went on, with a frown in the blue eyes that were fixed on the fire. "Even now I hate to remember what my marriage meant to me. But he's gone now, thank God!" she broke off, shuddering and burying her head in Stan's shoulder.

"Go on, my dearest; I want to understand!"

"WELL, it was—bad," Margaret went on, with a long sigh. "I told you once how terrible it was. One hot Sunday I ran away and only a few weeks later I was sure—about Jim. So I went to Trowbridge, Theobald's family lawyer. Cuyler and I had seen a good deal of him when we'd had business with the estate, and he was always wonderful to me. I told him everything and begged him to help me hide. He came to see me once or twice in New Jersey where I was living with an old actress friend of my mother, and then on the day Jim was born he came to the hospital. He saw him before Jim was two hours old.

"I've never seen Cuyler since the day I left him. But I used to see Trowbridge now and then, and one day when Jim was very small the old man came over to see me. He had a wonderful scheme. Ross Cutting, your uncle, had just died, and your aunt had come to Trowbridge to ask him about the legal steps for adopting a baby. He asked me if I would give up Jim.

"I was still shaken and broken and terribly, terribly afraid of Cuyler's finding me—and, after all, I was only twenty. I didn't see how I could go back into my profession without being instantly identified, and there was nothing else I could do. But still I felt sure that somehow I could take care of my baby, and the thought of parting from him never entered my head.

"And then came that terrible Autumn, Stan—the Autumn of the Armistice, you remember? The war was terrible—the epidemic frightened us all—the whole world seemed demoralized and frightening. My friend—the only one I had, the woman I lived with—died, and one afternoon I knew that I was ill, too—desperately ill—I knew all the signs so well! The raging fever came, the tight agony in my chest—I was alone in the house with my baby, and I hardly dared go near him——"

"My God!" Stanley whispered in the pause.

"So I telephoned Trowbridge," Margaret said, "and in two hours he was beside my bed—the dear, dear old man! I don't remember all that part very well. We had a talk, and I gave him my word that living or dying I never would betray his helping me. He agreed with me that it wouldn't be fair to leave my tiny Jim an orphan, with no claim on what was rightfully his, and he talked to me so comfortingly about Mrs. Cutting's being a blood relation, and all that. But he said that I must decide myself and give my promise.

"I was so ill, and I was young, too, you know. I gave him my word. After that I don't remember anything, although I learned later that Trowbridge sent his old housekeeper for the baby, and that when she came the neighbors—nice little young married people!—had Jim and told her that I had been taken to a hospital in a dying condition.

Continued on page 70



Hair like spun gold

THEY had been in bathing for hours. Yet, as she took off her bathing cap, her hair was like spun gold.

Every girl knows how difficult it is to make her hair attractive after she has been in the water.

But there are thousands of women who have learned the way to lovely hair at all times. They have found that Wildroot Hair Tonic keeps hair soft, fluffy and attractively wavy.

No matter if your hair is dull, lifeless or even full of dandruff, you can use this secret, too.

After your Wildroot Shampoo, massage Wildroot Hair *Tonic* into the scalp. Then notice the immediate results. Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.

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The nourishment of wholesome food is the *basis* of health and strength, and is especially needed by the woman at 40 or over.

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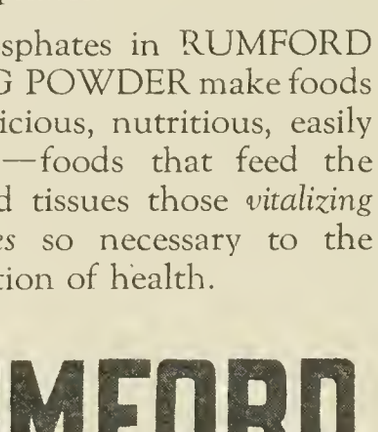
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THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 69

"I was weeks and weeks getting well. And when I walked into Trowbridge's office nearly three months later, looking like a ghost, the shock almost killed him. He had called my Jim 'James Field,' and Mrs. Trowbridge had legally adopted him two months before.

"The rest you know. He sent me on here and I took the chance of ever being discovered. When somebody suddenly mentioned Shirley's name at the club last year, I fainted—but no one suspected. And when Shirley came, I just had to fight it through, day after day, and hope—and pray——

"But now he's dead," she ended softly, staring into space. "Poor Cuyler—poor Cuyler. And that French marriage was no marriage, you know—I never freed him. I was afraid even to get in touch with him that much!"

"I thought—whoever the man was—that you still loved him," Stanley said. "You used to say that 'the happiness of the person you loved best in the world——'"

"Jim!" she supplied, smiling.

"Ah, I see! But Jim—if you can prove all this—may come in for a lot of money."

"Yes, he'll be rich," she said simply. "Trowbridge has all the papers, you know. He's been watching Jim's interests all the time. And *I* will have community property, too—that's another thing. I'll wire Trowbridge to-night. Will you send it when you go back to the hotel? He will come to San Francisco, and I suppose Shirley will, too. It's extremely probable that Cuyler left her some of his personal property in his will, because, whatever he *said*, he knew perfectly well that he was not free to remarry. Trowbridge kept him reminded of that. Poor Shirley, it'll be a strange half-hour for her when he tells her who I am and who Jim is! But that part is the least of it. The important thing is that you and I belong to each other now, for all time and for all eternity!"

Stan tipped back the beautiful dark head, looked deep into the sapphire eyes and they kissed each other.

"Cuyler dead!" Margaret said, with a great sigh and a shudder. "At last—at last! Oh, I am so grateful—I am so thankful!" And for a long time she rested against him without moving, her eyes shut, her soft brown cheek against his, and neither spoke.

WHEN he was gone, still musing before the fire, she read the telegram again. "Died in Roosevelt Hospital at eight this morning." He had grinned at her timidity, he had mocked her, disbelieved her, crashed through all the reserves of her body and soul—but he was dead now. The recollection that still brought the hot blood to her proud face, the recollection that he had laughed at her tears, the memory of her own dazed senses—only three days, four days, a wife—of the hideous sea, of Atlantic City and those insensate crowds, was strong upon her in this hour of release. The bitterness of her own helplessness and despair in those old days rushed over her again.

She remembered the satin-lined, lace-curtained apartment in which she had been lying, slender, heart-sick, rebellious, upon that smothering hot September morning when the conviction had first come to her that there was to be a—Jim. Carrie, the colored maid, had brought her black coffee, and in the spasm of mortal revulsion that had seized her the first suspicion had come.

Had that girl—tear-stained, shaken, desperate—anything in common, Margaret wondered, with this happy, beloved woman who was sitting here beside a driftwood fire in California five years later with this telegram opened upon her knee?

How safe, how infinitely peaceful, this haven seemed, this plain little dwelling, compared to the dreadful luxury of that!

The man who had never known it, but who was Jim's father, had come into that bedroom five years ago, as he had had a hateful right to come, and had stood in a blaze of merciless sunshine and heat looking indifferently at the wretched girl in the pillows.

He and Harry and a couple of girls were going down to Atlantic City, he had announced. And she, Margaret, was for God's sake to look a little less like a dish-rag when he got back; it was enough to turn a man's stomach!

What had it been—the titanic hold of that new, vague fear of hers?—that had raised her, dizzy and faint, in her bed, that had nerved her for the terrible words?

"I—you must see it, too! There's no use in this. I want to go away—anywhere. You're—you're killing me! If you'll give me money enough, just a little, for a few months, until I can get an engagement again—I'll never trouble you any more!"

He had looked at her hatefully, this frog-faced man in his expensive, ugly sports clothes, and his little eyes had narrowed hideously.

"Done and done!" he had said. She had known that his friend and the two women with whom they associated were waiting down-stairs in the broiling September heat, waiting while he took out his check-book and shook his gold pen and wrote her that check for five thousand dollars.

He had given it to the awed and obedient Carrie to hand to her. He had not even said good-by.

MARGARET remembered the feverish hurry with which she had pulled herself, trembling, from bed. She remembered the clothes that she and the maid had hastily selected. Sick and shaking, she had staggered out into the terrible heat, had found herself in a taxi and then on a boat, driving at last toward the blessed peace and obscurity of Mrs. Packer's five-room cottage. The hot toast and thin, boiling tea served from a white deal kitchen table were in her grateful thoughts to-day. To spend a long night in exhausted sleep while thunder rocked the world and rains lashed against the low roof—how delicious all that had been!

She remembered rising, weary and dazed, but oddly at peace, in the burning clear heat of the new day; she remembered days and weeks when her weary body and soul had seemed capable of no effort, had seemed utterly broken. Dragging herself to bed at night, rising late, dreaming in the hot little picketed garden, weeping often, and often spending long, dull hours in speculation as to the coming of her child—Margaret wondered now how she had lived through that strange, dark time.

And then came a clean, drug-scented hospital corridor and a big bright room with a high, fresh bed and a crisply stepping little nurse. Snow had been fluttering, fluttering down past the high windows, fluttering upon scuttling motor-cars and briskly moving women, furred and busy—happy women, whose lives had not gone down at twenty in loneliness and shame! Margaret would always associate the first shy flutter of a great blizzard with the flaming agonies of that strange and lonely afternoon.

And before the streets were cleared of that same heaped, unmanageable whiteness she was at the window again, but sitting in a big chair this time with the miracle that was Jim in her arms. The world was made anew. A glory and a beauty trembled even over the unlovely Winter street; there was hope again, there was exquisite, immeasurable joy again.

And if it was torture to recall Atlantic City and the great satin-lined apartment in Riverside Drive, at least it was all wonderful to remember that hospital and Jim's first little pink double gowns and blankets and the milky clean smell of him and the soft little powdered hand that lay so restfully against her blue-veined breast when he fell asleep after his meal.

Not all a wreck—not all a wreck, since life had left her that splendid sleeping little body in the airy, sea-scented chamber up-stairs. But dear God, how she had paid for him! In the agonies of the snowy afternoon when he was born, in the acuter agonies of that hour months later when her kindly neighbor had carried him away from the house of sickness and death, carried away from his mother forever—the rosy, caped and bonneted, solemnly elated baby that was Jim.

She remembered her own thick voice, her feverish twist upon the painful bed, her crushed chest and the warning motion of her thin hot hand as she had looked at him in the doorway and said:

Continued on page 71



The Expectant Mother

Advice of Doctors

THE expectant mother bears a double responsibility. Her own health, as well as the safety of the tender, growing life in her keeping, depends upon the bodily care exercised during this period. Not only is she burdened with the elimination of a double waste, her own and that of the infant, but she must guard against constipation which so commonly afflicts the expectant mother.

If the food waste is not regularly and thoroughly eliminated, poisons are formed, absorbed by the blood and carried through the system. As a prominent authority states, inevitably these poisons affect the cells which provide for the unborn baby's nourishment.

Laxatives and cathartics are particularly to be avoided by the expectant mother, for as eminent physicians point out, they are likewise absorbed, thus endangering the infant, and produce only temporary effect at the expense of permanent injury. No wonder that science has sought a newer, better way. After years of study there has been found in *lubrication* a means as simple as Nature itself.

Lubrication

In perfect health a natural lubricant keeps the food waste soft. Thus it is easily eliminated. But when you are constipated there is not enough of Nature's lubricating liquid produced in the bowel to keep the food waste soft and moving. To find something to take the place of this natural lubricant, leading medical authorities conducted exhaustive research. They discovered that the gentle lubricant, Nujol, acts like this natural lubricant and thus replaces it.

As Nujol is not a laxative, it cannot gripe. It is not a medicine in any sense of the word, and like pure water, it is harmless and pleasant to take. Unlike laxatives, no particle of Nujol is absorbed into the system and thus it cannot affect the infant. Nujol is used in leading maternity hospitals throughout the world and is widely recommended by baby specialists.

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THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 70

"Don't bring him any nearer! Even babies get it. Take him away. Good-by, my Jim! God bless you always, my own baby!"

Well, it was over. Cuyler was dead. The play had ended on this mild Spring night that found her upon the Carmel dunes within sound of the Pacific and beside the wood fire. Stanley had left her, but it was not for long now, and the homelike room seemed filled still with his bracing big presence, his heartening grin, his ringing voice.

THE next five days were their own—exquisite days when they saw only each other and when they needed nothing more. They roamed the cliffs, threaded the slippery dunes, lunched on the sand. The marvelous peace of spirit that follows an unexpected solution to almost insuperable difficulties was theirs to the full. All their roads of heart and spirit led to happiness and fresh content, and they never tired of exploring them.

"When shall we be married?" Stanley asked one day when they were on the Pebble Beach rocks, quiet after a Gipsy luncheon and, as usual, full of happy planning.

"Trowbridge will be in San Francisco on Sunday," Margaret answered. The composure with which she had exchanged telegrams with New York and the promptitude with which the old lawyer was coming on to protect her interests had amazed and rather impressed Stanley. "We all drive up on Monday," she resumed. "Then, if Trowbridge needs me, that may delay us a while. Better get all that out of the way before we make our own plans. Shirley may come West——"

"It won't make the faintest difference if she does!" Stan said indifferently. "From Trowbridge's wire, I gather that she has no claim at all, except to what Cuyler left her as nominally his wife."

"Well, that doesn't matter," Margaret said. "Jim will have too much, anyway; and as for me, I'm marrying brilliantly, so I don't care. And you'll help me keep Jimmy unspoiled," she finished, adding with a gleam of laughter in her eyes: "He may have to share with plenty of other people—who knows?"

"Then in a month—in six weeks—we may be married," Stan said simply. She looked up from the rock upon which her slender hand was lazily moving and where her blue eyes had been lazily resting and their look met. And in hers, as in his, there was a meaning as old as life itself.

"And what about our trip?" Margaret asked presently, reverting to yesterday's subject of discussion. "We didn't decide. Hawaii? Panama?"

"It's arranged," Stanley said.

"Oh! And where?"

"Where I take you, my lady."

Her bright color rose, she looked up, half-opened her mouth to speak impulsively, and was silent, looking down again. Stanley studied her as she sat there, with the rise of the roughly piled, ocean-polished rocks behind her. She seemed another creature from the thin, sober, nervously eager girl who had been his aunt's companion—this young thing in blue cotton, with a broad-brimmed white hat pulled down over her black hair and blue eyes. There was a youthfulness about her in these days, a new timidness and hesitancy and simplicity very different from her old proud quickness of word and action. She made his heart pound and stop short and pound again by a new delicious fashion of turning to him for help, of relying upon him.

And at the thought of what it would mean to have this radiant, disciplined, eager creature for his own, to have the plain gold ring beside her mother's emerald on her thin brown hand, to put his arm about the belted brown coat and the big furs, and to say of all her stirring, poignant charm, "My wife!" he felt a sort of ecstatic dizziness, as if the air about him had broken into millions of stars.

A week later old Trowbridge arrived in San Francisco and Margaret and Stanley took the child to see him. Margaret on this warm May day was in frail and lacy black and her blue eyes were shaded under a wide black hat. She wore a great bunch of fragrant violets at her breast, and Stanley caught the delicious breath of them as he led her and the child into the cool shadows of the old Palace Hotel.

They went up in the elevator and were shown to the lawyer's rooms. John Trowbridge was an old man, silver-headed, lean, sharp-eyed. There was a younger man, evidently a secretary, in the room with him, and this man opened the door. But immediately the lawyer came forward and Stan for the first time heard Margaret called by the name that she was to wear for so short a time.

"Mrs. Theobald!" old Trowbridge said, taking her hand. "I am glad to see you, madam. I am relieved to see you looking so well."

"This is the little boy," Margaret said with some emotion, presenting the child.

The lawyer turned and looked keenly at the ruddy little friendly face and the bared cropped yellow head and the shining blue eyes. And Margaret looked with a sort of timid and anxious pride at the lawyer.

Stanley, studying the group, thought he had never seen anything more touching and more dramatic than the picture they made: the old lawyer with his concerned and kindly face; the splendid child, his blue eyes so confidently upraised; and the slender, eager woman in her black, with violets at her breast and an expression of such tender, anxious interest upon her thin brown face. About them, for a setting, was the big room, lighted by the softly moving shadow and shine that crept in from the out-of-doors. The shades were drawn and the tempered golden light, touching Margaret's warm coloring and cloudy dark hair, made her, Stanley thought, more beautiful than he had ever seen her.

"This is the baby?" the lawyer said.

Margaret nodded.

"Not motherless, after all," added the old man, smiling, "although it seemed for a while that he was worse than orphaned. You know the story?" he asked Stan, half-turning.

"I am in—Mrs. Theobald's—confidence," Stanley said.

"There need be no fight, Mr. Trowbridge?" Margaret asked.

"WHAT about?" He smiled quizzically. "There may be a fight between the other heirs of Theobald's uncle, nephews and grandnephews, and the lady who calls herself the second Mrs. Theobald, but with that you will have nothing to do. Some share of the estate may not be covered by the will—there was a will made a month ago. But of course your half-interest in the community property could not be affected in any way by that. And it is entirely possible that this child will inherit the bulk of the remaining property—he *must* inherit something as the only direct heir in any case."

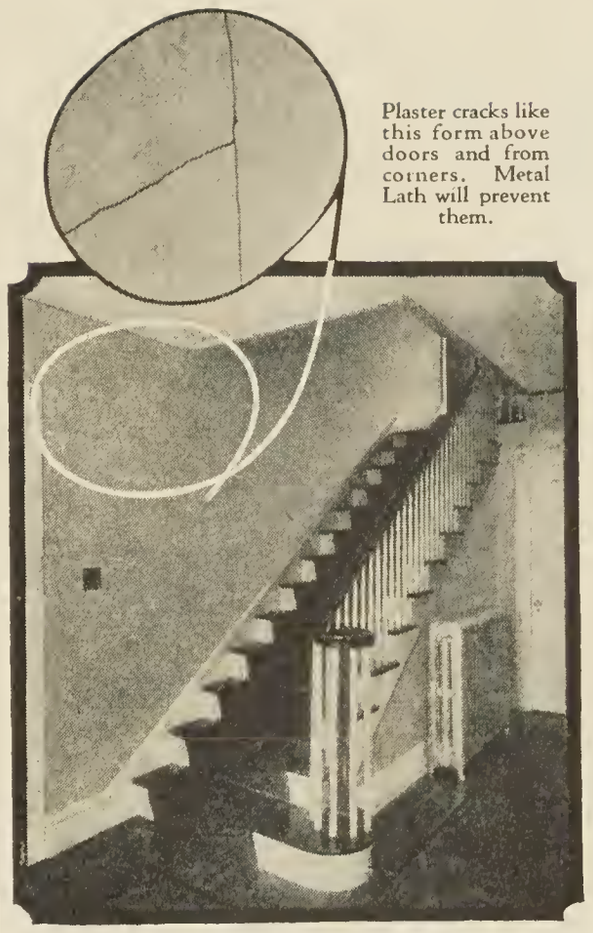
"It is a responsibility," Margaret said gravely.

"It is a great responsibility," old Trowbridge echoed. "But," he added, with an old-fashioned bow, "it is in safe hands. I am to see this putative Mrs. Theobald probably to-morrow; she arrives from New York at three o'clock this afternoon. And I shall satisfy her that she is at least to inherit some personal possessions and a proportion of Mr. Theobald's estate—which was of course largely dissipated. If you will

Continued on page 72

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THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 71

authorize me to protect your claims, Mrs. Theobald," he was beginning, when Margaret interrupted quickly with a smile.

"They are entirely in your hands! This is hardly the time to tell you what my plans are. But at least I want you to know that Mr. Crittenden and I——"

Her color had come flooding up radiantly and her blue eyes shone like stars. Stanley felt his heart give a great plunge of joy and humility and pride as he saw the lawyer's face brighten and felt the grip of the friendly old hand.

"I am glad to hear it," Trowbridge said heartily. "She has had more than her share of suffering and responsibility, Mr. Crittenden. See to it now that she gets back some of those lost years!"

"I will," Stanley promised, with a hint of his wide grin and more than a hint of emotion. The blood burned in his brown face and his voice was a little thick. He put his arm about her shoulders and drew her to him with a gesture infinitely proud and proprietary and protective.

"Now, we must just make what we can of the newspapers," the old man said. "There will be some little buzz—it's inevitable. The fact is that Cuyler Theobald's first wife left him and went to live with his aunt—isn't that about it?"

"That sounds reasonable, and is the truth," Margaret said.

"Whether he ever knew where his wife was, or didn't, or whether Mrs. Cutting actually adopted the child, or didn't, or how much she knew is nobody's affair," said Trowbridge. "It will be a good story, but there need be no further sensation. I think we can refuse them everything but the actual facts."

"SHALL you mind it very much, dear?" Stan asked anxiously. "Could you and Jim get out of town for a few days?"

"I don't mind it in the least," Margaret returned serenely. "I am just out of the shadow of real trouble, Stan, and mere newspaper talk doesn't worry me. Jimmie's too small to be contaminated, and he'll be safely out of it all long before it could make any impression. Mrs. Theobald—Shirley—you don't think she'll fight?"

"She can't fight you; her claims don't in any way touch yours," Trowbridge answered. "She may fight the other heirs for her share—I dare say she will. She came to see me the day that poor Theobald died. I could only tell her that a litigation would be carried on through the California courts and she said that she was coming West immediately after the funeral. The funeral—poor Cuyler Theobald's funeral," he said, musingly. "A young man, too! And he had a very fine mother, Mrs. Theobald. You never knew her, but she was a lovely woman. He lost her when he was only a child—she might have made a man of him. Well," he finished, with a little twisted smile and in a dry tone, "if crêpe and black veils mean anything, this second wife of his, as she calls herself, is a broken-hearted woman. He died early in the morning, and she was in my office at four o'clock completely fitted out, as far as I could see. My wife tells me I don't know anything about clothes, but——"

He stopped, shrugged, his old eyes twinkling, and Margaret smiled in sympathy.

"I suppose so!" she conceded. "And she is coming back. I hope—I hope I won't meet her. She'll resent it so: my keeping quiet all this time. But after all, she had married Cuyler before I ever saw her——"

"She doesn't want to meet you any more than you want to meet her," Stanley interrupted soothingly. "Forget her!"

Margaret looked at him, and her eyes brightened. She nodded, buttoning Jimmie's little linen reefer. With Shirley back in California again, and herself here, they must inevitably meet, even if Margaret's claim upon Cuyler's estate as his widow and the mother of his child in no way conflicted with any possible claim of Shirley's.

But she could imagine with just what suavity Shirley would carry off the situation when they did meet. Margaret was well? And how was Stan? They lived a lot at the farm, didn't they? Stan had become a regular old farmer, she understood.

Of any possible coldness or awkwardness between them there would be no hint. Shirley never wasted time upon unnecessary emotion; she was too diplomatic to make a superfluous enemy. The past was the past.

She would float upon her way, Margaret knew, pretty, restless, ambitious, in her white crêpe flutings and black veils. And in a year or two there would be some big, dull, good-natured Hawaiian sugar king in tow, or some rich boy of twenty infatuated by the brown eyes and the pouting red lips.

And there would always be a few persons ready to believe Shirley's touching story of her devotion to poor Cuyler and his to her, and the unscrupulous judge and the bribed jury that had set aside her claims, and—for a time at least—there would be others, the idle, bored set that knew her and knew Stan, sufficiently interested in getting the true details of the case to forgive Shirley, the dispenser of news, almost anything.

"Let her go! We've got other things to think about," Stan said. "I don't see her pining for our society any more than we are for hers! Now let's settle the wedding——"

THEY were married exactly a week later in old St. Mary's, while a springtime bustle went merrily on among the heaped straw baskets and shuffling feet, the tethered kids and squawking fowls of the Chinese markets just outside the church. Stan's grandmother had been married on this very spot in 1860 and Stan's mother at this same altar twenty-five years later.

Nora and Jimmie were the guests, with Joe King, and Harris Potter all the way from New York to be best man, and Stan's old aunt and uncle. The entire party afterward had lunch down-town, nodding to unsuspecting friends in the big hotel restaurant as they did so, and then Margaret and Stan, just as quietly as if this had been an ordinary day, came out into Montgomery Street and got into the waiting gray roadster.

The day was perfection, warm and still, yet with Spring freshness moving in the air, and the high, blue sky dotted with drifting sails of cloud. Margaret, at the altar, had given Jimmie the first kiss and she gave him the last one, a laughing kiss accompanied by an adorable flush and something like a trace of tears on her long dark lashes.

Then she got into the roadster and she and Stan drove away, through the familiar jumble of streets that thinned in a few minutes to scattered settlements, down past the cemeteries, past Five Points.

"The Burlingame house, Stan?"

"Never you mind, Mrs. Crittenden. I have you in tow at last!"

"Oh, very well." She had bared the beautiful brown hand that wore to-day the mystic little band of plain gold and now she slipped the smooth soft fingers into his left hand, which was lying free.

He glanced at her. He had known all about the wedding-gown, the wedding-hat—but he had not realized just how wonderful the trim little suit would look, with its spilling frills of exquisite embroidery, when Margaret wore it, nor calculated the effect of the little fuchsia hat when it was pushed down above her blue eyes and against her soft black hair. Radiant, content, unafraid, the blue eyes returned his glance; she was sitting back happily and easily as a child; her look had something of the serene and mysterious glow of a child's vacation-days look.

"Del Monte, Stan? Carmel—where we were so happy?"

"You've had secrets, my dear. This is mine!"

"Ah, but how I've hated them! I'm never never, never going to have another!"

Mountain View. Sunnyvale. She touched his arm.

"Stan, you've not had it made ready for us? We're not going——"

He nodded, sending her his big, flashing grin.

"The ranch? Ah, you darling! Of all the world, the one place I wanted to be. But, Stan, I thought Battersby was away, and Hang just back, and the paper pulled off the study——"

"They had three weeks, nearly. I came

Continued on page 73

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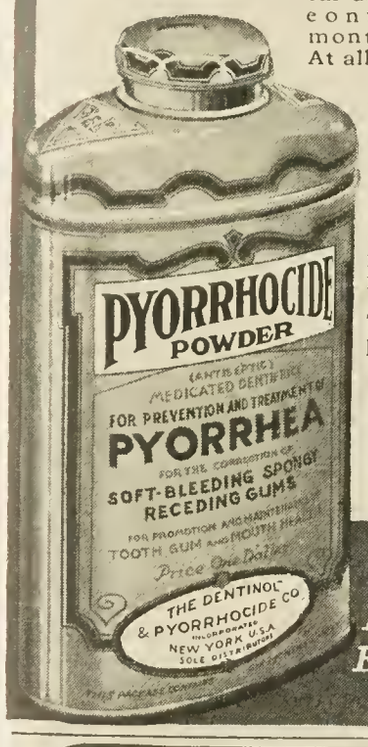


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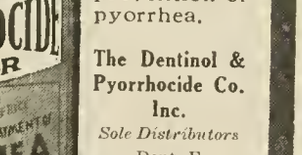
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THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Continued from page 72

down day before yesterday. They've done wonders. You wait and see!"

After all, it was not so much to see. A mild, straggling old California ranch-house set against an oak-dotted hillside and surrounded by peppers and eucalyptus and willow trees.

But to-day the whole world was green and the sunny air was hot and the buttercups and dandelions stood high in emerald grass and were spattered with the fallen apple-blossoms. Larks were rising and whirling giddily, and there was lilac and acacia on the breeze that idly turned the old windmill and ruffled the young alfalfa.

Green grass splotched with greener shadows, butterflies circling the blossomy plumes of the bridal-wreath—and the peeling old porch scrupulously swept—and the homelike old living-room in delicious, shaded order, with a great bowl of blazing poppies on the center-table—and the Battersbys beaming, with the beaming baby, and Hang toothlessly smiling, and Chung awkward with sheer delight and excitement——

Stan caught her—fragrance, supple slender youth, black cloudy hair and eloquent, tear-dimmed blue eyes—to his heart as they crossed the threshold.

"Ah, dearest—dearest!" she said. "This was the right thing to do. I am your wife—this is the place for me! This is home!"

And an hour later, when they had taken possession of that holy of holies that was to be "mother's room" for many a happy, busy, care-filled, joy-filled year, and when the contents of the trunks were in bureau and closet, Margaret came out to the porch coolly dressed in handkerchief linen with transparent little pearl-buttoned cuffs at her thin brown wrists and her panama hat over her eyes.

"Come on," she said, holding out her hand to him. "We must have our regular inspection of the cows and the barns. I don't propose to have any neglect or mismanagement on my ranch! I've dreamed often enough of this hour, Stan," she said, as they went down the steps together, "and here it is! This is my home; I'm mistress here. My God," she said in a whisper, standing still in all the greenness and blossom of the garden path, "I am grateful. I am grateful! I don't grudge one minute of the grief and pain and shame, Stan," she resumed, walking slowly on. "After all the worry and the horrible secrets——"

"No more secrets," he reminded her as she paused.

"Never—never—never!" she promised. And they stopped in the path and kissed each other.

SO THERE were no more secrets between them. And whether Margaret Crittenden really was the most fortunate and beloved woman in the world, or whether she only imagined herself so, because of the dark waters through which she had sailed to happiness, concerned her only as an abstruse problem.

"My last trouble is over!" she told Stanley on a certain glowing August afternoon fourteen months after the talk with old Trowbridge in the St. Francis Hotel.

Stanley had just reached home—Uplands was always home—and had found her lying back in a deep basket-chair on the side porch. Over the whole silent world the peace and warmth and sweetness of harvest-time was lying like a tangible glory; the air smelled of fruit and dry grass, the sinking sun was making a dazzle of pure gold through the leaves of the peppers and eucalyptus-trees.

Jim, who had been in swimming three times in the last eight hours, was now climbing into the spreading, gnarled branches of a great oak near the house; Nora was darning below it, and Tony was sousing the bright borders of zinnias and the hollyhocks and

Concluded on page 74



Are you as beautiful as you can be?

THE ATTAINMENT OF BEAUTY has been the quest of all ages. Thousands of women who have lovely complexions attribute their beauty to the use of Nadine Face Powder. Their cheeks have just a tint of color, their skin is soft, smooth and velvety.

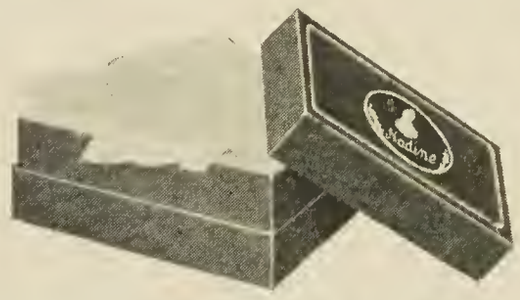
Nadine has been the aristocrat of face powder for a quarter of a century. ***It contains no white lead or other ingredient that can harm the most tender skin or the eyes.*** Nadine adheres without repeated applications, and protects the skin from the winter wind and the summer sun.

Nadine Face Powder, now in the new blue box, is exactly the same pure powder which has contributed to the beauty of southern women for so many years—only the box and fragrance have been changed. Both have been improved.

Ask your toilet counter for Nadine in the ultramarine blue box. 50c. If you are not entirely pleased your money will be refunded. Miniature box by mail 4c. Tints—White, Flesh, Pink, Brunette.

National Toilet Company, Dept. T, Paris, Tenn.

Nadinola Cream, a bleaching cream, two sizes, 50c. and	$1.00
Nadine Face Powder Compacte, gold finished box,	1.00
Nadine Rouge, gold finished box,	.50
Nadine Vanishing Cream, new and pleasing,	.50
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Nadine Soap,	.25
Egyptian Cream,	.50









FRECKLES

Now is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine from any druggist and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.



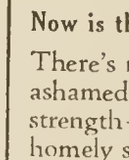
for coarse pores

ELIZABETH ARDEN, famous specialist in the care of the skin, prescribes VENETIAN PORE CREAM. A greaseless astringent cream that closes open pores and corrects their laxness. Tones the skin cells, keeps the skin healthy and fine-textured, refines the coarsest pores. $1.

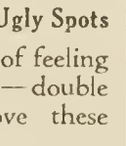
Write describing yourself, and Elizabeth Arden will send you personal advice on the care of the skin, with her booklet "The Quest of the Beautiful" which tells how to use her famous Muscle-Strapping Skin-Toning method at home.

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Crushed Strawberry Jam

For this jam it is necessary that *each berry* be broken up. Therefore, crush about 2 quarts ripe berries in separate portions, so that *each berry* is mashed. This allows fruit to quickly absorb the sugar during the short boil. Measure 4 level cups (2 lbs.) crushed berries into large kettle, add 7 level cups (3 lbs.) sugar and mix well. Use hottest fire and stir constantly before and while boiling. *Boil hard* for one full minute, remove from fire and stir in ½ bottle (scant ½ cup) CERTO. From time jam is taken off fire allow to stand not over 5 minutes, *by the clock*, before pouring. In the meantime skim, and stir occasionally to cool *slightly*. Then pour quickly. If in open glasses paraffin at once. If in jars seal at once and invert for 10 min. to sterilize tops.

Use same recipe for *Raspberry, Blackberry* or *Loganberry Jam.*



THE SECRET OF MARGARET YORKE

Concluded from page 73

yellow daisies with a stream of glittering water.

Margaret was in white, and was satisfied to sit still, but she had regained all her old color, and the face she turned for Stanley's kiss was surely the happiest in the world.

Stanley balanced himself on the arm of her chair and drooped his fingers cautiously above the smoothly adjusted fine linens and pink woolens that lined the white basket that stood next to his wife. And from the fragrant cocoon within he felt the grip of small, firm, mottled fingers, and stooping, he could see the portentously concerned, scowling, sleeping, saffron-colored face of Stanley Potts Crittenden, Third.

The thrill of it went all through his being, and he looked at Margaret with something pleading in his shamefaced grin. He didn't know why the handclasp of this totally unconscious little fellow should bring the salt tears smarting to his eyes.

But she did not laugh at him. Instead she said reverently:

"Isn't he *gorgeous?* Imagine—seventeen days to-day, and he's gained exactly one whole pound! Now, really, Stan, he's going to be a big, raw-boned, red-faced thing like you!"

"Red-faced is right," Stanley agreed, staring at him in fascination.

"He was looking all about him to-day, as bright as a button," Margaret further boasted. "And I walked down to the barn, and we had a call from Mrs. Battersby, and we feel quite at home on our ranch, don't we, Pottsy?" she said persuasively to the baby.

"Margaret, for the Lord's sake, don't start calling him that!" Stan protested. "You don't like it, do you, Pug-ugly?" he questioned fraternally. "Poor little Skeezicks, he's got the deuce of a long name!"

"Between Pug-ugly, Skeezicks and Pottsy, I don't personally see much choice," Margaret stated judicially. "But that reminds me. I said my last trouble was over! My dear, Jim has made up his precious little idiot mind to call me 'mother.'"

"Well, cry about it, why don't you?" Stanley said.

"Well, it did sound so sweet!" she defended herself, smiling and blinking. "You know how silly he's been about it! He *would* stick to that foolish 'Margar,' and neither Nora nor I could persuade him to change it! He calls you 'dad' simply enough, but he'd gotten one of those baby complexes on my name! But yesterday, when the baby and I got home, he was terribly interested. I think he had had some idea that we were going to leave Trotkins—leave Stanny, I mean—at the hospital, because he kept walking about, proud and excited, and even a little awed, and saying, 'Is he going to stay *here*—like the Battersbys' baby? Is he ours for keeps? Won't he ever go back?' It was awfully cunning.

"Finally this morning he came up here where I had the baby and I told him that after a while little brother would begin to talk and would run about, just as the Battersbys' baby has learned to do. And he said, 'Will you be his mother?' I said of course I would. He said, 'And what will he call you?' I said, 'mother.'

"Jim went off and thought—you know his way—for a long time. And then he came back and said, 'You were *my* mother first, and if *I* don't call you 'mother,' I don't think *he* ought to!' I said, 'You can begin to call me 'mother' just as soon as you like!' And instantly he put his hot little dusty arm up about my neck and said, 'Mother!' And, my dear, to hear how smoothly he gets it off now, you wouldn't believe that he'd ever thought of giving me any other name!"

"So that hideous trouble is over?" Stanley said. "And we can raise our heads and try to live the memory of it down?"

SHE did not answer in words. But she smiled at him, comfortably settled now in his low chair, and stretched toward him her lean, exquisite brown hand. And for a long time they sat without speaking while all about them the golden day deepened toward the sunset and the clean slishing sound of the water and the lazy, distant bellowing of the cows and the zinging noise of bees shooting like bullets over the invisible roadways of the scented garden air came dreamily to their ears.

Jim, from the higher branches of the oak, gave an occasional triumphant shout; Hang, in the distant kitchen, chattered half-audibly to Chung; a screen door slammed, and there was stillness. From the dark velvet wallflowers came waves of rich, warm scent. And in the pink and white depths of the cradle the baby snuffled and fussed, half-opened eyes filmed with sleep, and slept again.

"It's all so beautiful, Stan," Margaret mused after a while.

He looked at her with his half-serious grin. And the thoughts of what he had been a few years ago and what her inspiration and her love had made him came over him suddenly and made him feel somehow proud and yet humble, ashamed and yet exultant.

"It's all—*you!*" he said.

THE END

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of THE DELINEATOR, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1923. State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared JAMES F. BIRMINGHAM, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of THE DELINEATOR and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING COMPANY, a corporation, Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York City. Editor, MRS. WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY, 223 Spring Street, New York City. Managing Editor, FRANK QUINN, 223 Spring Street, New York City. Business Manager, JAMES F. BIRMINGHAM, 223 Spring Street, New York City. 2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of the total amount of stock.) *Owner:* THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING COMPANY, a corporation, Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York City. *Stockholders:* KATHARINE G. BRAKER, 2 East 56th Street, New York City; Estate of W. H. GELSHENEN, care of Garfield National Bank, 190 Fifth Avenue, New York City; THOMPSON BROS., Milroy, Pa.; FEDERAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, a corporation, 15 Exchange Place, Jersey City, N. J., stockholder of FEDERAL PUBLISHING COMPANY; THE BUTTERICK COMPANY, a corporation, Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York City, stockholders of BUTTERICK COMPANY; GEORGE B. BLACK, 812 Lincoln Avenue, Mendota, Ill.; C. D. BARNEY & CO., 15 Broad Street, New York City; JOHN M. DONINGTON, 37 Wall Street, New York City; CHARLES A. EDWARDS, 45 Wall Street, New York City; W. H. GELSHENEN, 100 William Street, New York City; S. R. LATSHAW, Butterick Building, New York City; J. H. OLIPHANT & CO., 61 Broadway, New York City; LAURA J. O'LOUGHLIN, 514 West 114th Street, New York City; MRS. ARETHUSA POND, 575 Riverside Drive, New York City; ABBY L. WILDER, 43 Fifth Avenue, New York City; B. F. WILDER, Butterick Building, New York City; C. D. WILDER, Butterick Building, New York City; G. W. WILDER, Butterick Building, New York City. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) WILDER, EWEN & PATTERSON, New York City; THE DIME SAVINGS BANK, Brooklyn, New York; CORPORATION OF TRINITY CHURCH, New York City. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.) (SIGNED) JAMES F. BIRMINGHAM, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of March, 1923. WM. DEWAR, JR., Notary Public, Kings Co. Certificate filed New York County. (My commission expires March 30, 1924.)

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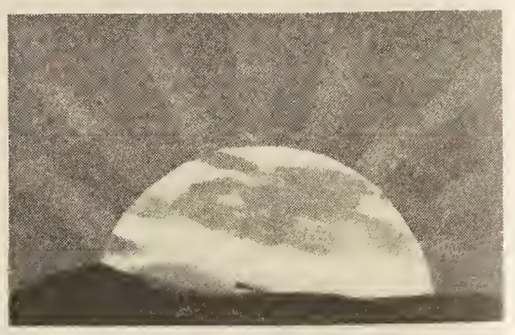
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BABIES

The Happy Child is the one who benefits by the expert advice of the greatest child specialists in America. Dr. L. Emmett Holt is the Chief Adviser of THE DELINEATOR'S campaign for healthier children. Any one of seven pamphlets may be obtained for ten cents in stamps: "The Expectant Mother and the New Baby," by Dr. Ralph Lobenstine; "The General Care of the Baby," "Maternal Nursing" and "Artificial Feeding," all by Dr. L. Emmett Holt; "Early Childhood," by Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw; "The School Child," by Dr. William Palmer Lucas, and "Good Posture," by Dr. Alan De Forest Smith. "The Baby's Record Book," by Dr. Bird T. Baldwin, in cloth binding, is one dollar, including postage.

BETTER HOMES

THE DELINEATOR is the General Headquarters and Bureau of Information of the "Better Homes in America" movement. National Demonstration Week, 1923, is from June 4th to 10th. Local Demonstration Weeks may be observed at any convenient time. A plan book, telling the scope of this work and how to organize a local campaign, will be sent for ten cents.

HOUSEKEEPING

The Home-Economics Department has prepared, under the direction of Martha Van Rensselaer, a list of leaflets which will lighten the housewife's burden and make scientific home-making an easy art. These leaflets range from milk recipes to the technique of laying the table. Mention specific subjects or write for a list.

HOUSE DECORATION

Make Your Problems Clear by listing your questions and by giving dimensions, exposure and full description of the rooms you wish to decorate. Floor and curtain problems are fully covered in printed bulletins entitled "Good Floors," "Curtains and Draperies" and "Walls, Woodwork and Ceilings," price twenty-five cents each. Any *one* letter addressed to Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders, Editor, Department of House Decoration, should ask not more than five questions or advice about the furnishing and decoration of not more than two rooms.

CHILDREN

The Story Hour: Do you know what to read to your children? The Children's Department has prepared lists of books for children of all ages, which will assist in the parental job of forming good reading habits. Write in to the Children's Department, too, for a Page of Prayers for children to learn.

BEAUTY

You Can Improve Your Complexion with a little time and careful study. The Beauty Editor will answer special questions and will send folders prepared by experts on the care of the hair, skin and hands, posture, exercises, lotions and cosmetics. Tell us what subjects interest you most.

ETIQUETTE

Are You Uncertain about the ways of the social world? Mrs. John Cabot Kimberley will send you a number of useful leaflets on manners and form, covering every social quandary. "Weddings," "Calls and the Use of Cards," "Letter-Writing," "Etiquette at the Table," are some of the titles. She will answer any puzzled inquirer.

ENTERTAINMENT

The Entertainment Department has a new party, "A Nonsense Musicale," which anybody can give. The prehistoric party is novel and jolly. Tell us about the party, or dinner, or dance, or church fair you would like to give and we will help you out.

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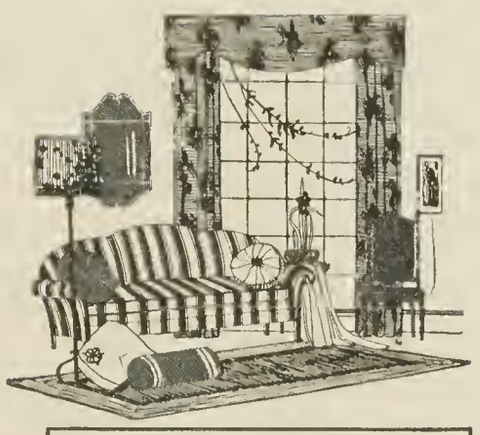
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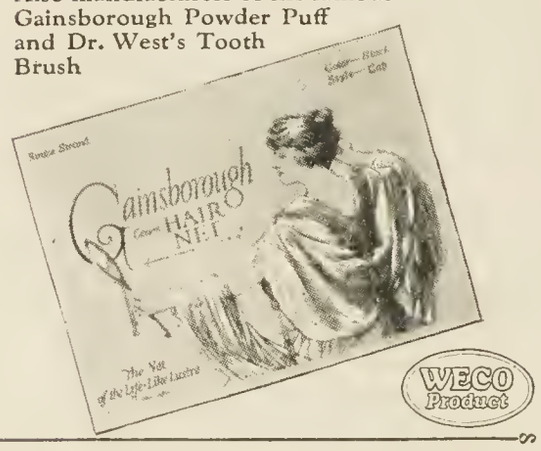
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OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 26


4562


4570


4576


4574


4572


4549

4576—Band trimming follows the Russian closing on this one-piece dress of printed or plain weaves in silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, cotton crêpe, printed silk voile, novelty cotton ratine. It has a straight lower edge. One may use printed cotton voile, gingham, light-weight pongee, silk jersey, etc. Lower edge 54 inches.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 35-inch novelty cotton ratine and ½ yard 36-inch plain ratine.

The dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.


4566

4562—For a slip-over dress striped, flowered or checked damask with plain damask, striped with plain madras, etc., is attractive. It has a straight skirt and opens at the left side of the vestee. Lower edge 54 inches.

36 bust requires 1⅝ yard 44-inch striped damask and 1½ yard 39-inch plain material.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4570—Gingham lines up with organdy collar, etc., for a dress with straight skirt and closing at the left front. Use gingham, chambray, striped madras, light-weight cotton prints, dotted swiss, cotton crêpe or dimity.

36 bust requires 4 yards 32-inch gingham and ½ yard 44-inch organdy (including plaitings). Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

The dress is good for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

4549—A slip-over one-piece frock for handkerchiefs or printed squares, has straight upper and lower edges and is new in borders, printed or plain weaves in silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, cotton voile, cotton crêpe, plain silk voile, etc. Lower edge 54 inches.

36 bust requires 10 handkerchiefs or printed squares measuring 19 by 19 inches.

The dress is good for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4572—For this slip-over dress with a straight skirt, use plain or printed weaves in crêpe de Chine, Georgette, silk or cotton voile, cotton Georgette, fine cotton crêpe, gingham tissues, etc. Lower edge 63 inches.

36 bust requires 3 yards 40-inch embroidered cotton voile, ⅝ yard 36-inch plain cotton voile.

The dress is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4574—Panels are fastened to the dress at their back edges or left free on a straight skirt of this dress, closing in front at the left. Use crêpe de Chine, Georgette, silk or cotton voile, cotton Georgette, etc., all one material or printed and plain. Lower edge 1½ yard.

36 bust requires 4⅛ yards 40-inch dotted voile and ½ yard 35-inch plain voile.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

4566—Tucks trim the two-piece skirt of this dress which closes in front at the left. Use cotton voile, cotton Georgette, fine cotton crêpe, fine lawn, handkerchief linen, organdy, crêpe de Chine, silk voile or Georgette.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards 40-inch novelty cotton and ¾ yard 44-inch organdy (including plaitings). Lower edge 1¾ yard.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 27


4437


4425


4511


4405


4251


4548


4370


4557


3485


4573


4569


4497

4437—3485—10127—A slip-over blouse of crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, heavy silk crêpes, embroidered, etc., silk pongee, silk or cotton eponge, etc., fits snugly at the hips over a box-plaited skirt of crêpe de Chine, etc. The motif is smart. Work it in colors.

36 bust and 38 hip require 4⅜ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine and ¼ yard 36-inch contrasting material. Lower edge plaits drawn out, 2¾ yards.

The blouse and skirt are suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust and 35 to 49½ hip.

4511—4405—A slip-over blouse entirely side or accordion plaited is smart in plain or printed weaves of crêpe satin, silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, silk voile or chiffon. For a one-piece straight skirt use sports silks, sports satins, Canton crêpe, crêpe de Chine, etc.

36 bust and 38 hip require 3¼ yards 39-inch Georgette and 1⅞ yard 40-inch printed silk crêpe. Lower edge 54 inches.

The blouse is for ladies 33 to 40 bust, also misses; the skirt for ladies 35 to 47½ hip.

4548—4497—The Russian closing distinguishes a blouse of printed silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, silks with plain to match, etc. The straight skirt is smart in medium-weight silk crêpe, etc. Lower edge 54 inches.

36 bust and 38 hip require 1⅞ yard 39-inch figured crêpe de Chine (with piecing through sleeve) and 2½ yards 39-inch plain crêpe.

The blouse and skirt are smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust and 35 to 47½ hip.

4557—4425—A banded blouse slips on over a one-piece wrap-around skirt draped smartly. Use printed or plain weaves in silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, cotton crêpe, etc., and a skirt of heavy silk crêpe, satin crêpe, etc.

36 bust and 38 hip require 1¾ yard 39-inch printed silk crêpe, and 2⅜ yards 39-inch plain for skirt joined to camisole body (including bands, etc). Lower edge 45½ inches.

The blouse and skirt are suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust and 35 to 47½ hip.

4573—4370—4449—10141—With a hat of silk and a slip-over blouse with shoulder yoke of crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, cotton crêpe, cotton voile—printed or plain, there is a one-piece, wrap-around skirt. The embroidery is gay. Work in cross-stitch, etc.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2 yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine, ¼ yard 39-inch contrasting material, and 1¾ yard 36-inch cotton ratine for skirt. Lower edge 48 inches. Both are for ladies 32 to 46 bust and 35 to 45 hip. The hat for ladies, misses, girls, children.

4569—4251—A slip-over blouse of printed weaves in silk crêpe, silks, with plain to match, etc., puts a hip band over the accordion or side plaited straight skirt in satin, etc. Lower edge, plaits out, 2⅞ yards.

36 bust and 38 hip require 4¼ yards 36-inch Paisley silk (with skirt joined to camisole body) and ⅝ yard 39-inch Georgette.

The blouse and skirt are for ladies 32 to 44 bust and 35 to 42½ hip.



Afraid of the goldenrod?

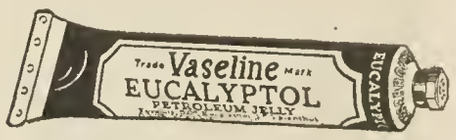
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OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 28

4519—4451—A separate blouse or guimpe may be worn with the straight skirt, plaited and with suspenders, and the coat of this suit. Her silk hat has a rolled bias brim. Use pongee, linen or wool jersey, wool crêpe, soft twills, tricotine, serge, etc., for suit.

12 years requires 4⅝ yards 32-inch pongee.

The suit is for juniors and girls 6 to 15, the hat for children, girls, misses, ladies.

4544—For the "glorious Fourth" is a new dress with a straight lower edge. Use cotton print with linen-finished cottons, gingham with chambray, printed cotton crêpe with plain cotton crêpe, cotton voile, pongee, etc.

6 years requires ⅝ yard 39-inch printed silk crêpe (cut crosswise) and 1⅛ yard 39-inch plain crêpe.

The dress is new for girls 6 to 12 years.

4532—4547—Both the separate knickers and her hat match this dress in raglan effect of cotton crêpe, pin-check gingham, etc.

3 years and 19¼ inches head measure require 1½ yard 36-inch cotton print (including hat) and ⅞ yard 36-inch plain cotton.

The dress is for little girls 1 to 8 years, the hat for children 1 to 5 years.

4541—4547—Blistering weather can be endurable in a slip-over dress with separate bloomers. The hat is quaint. Use heavy cotton crêpe, chambray, linen, pongee, etc.

3 years and 19¼ inches head measure require 2⅜ yards 32-inch chambray (including hat).

The dress is new for little girls 2 to 6, the hat for children 1 to 5 years.

4539—4517—10934—In a romper suit with a dimity or piqué waist and straight trousers of chambray, poplin, linen, pongee in two colors, one has fun. The hat is sailorfied. Its appliqué trimming is easily done.

4 years requires ⅝ yard 36-inch poplin for waist and 1 yard 36-inch poplin for trousers.

The romper suit is for little boys 2 to 5, the hat for little boys and girls 2 to 8 years.

4495—4491—A tucked one-piece dress in slip-over effect is Summery in cotton Georgette, cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe, crêpe de Chine, batiste, etc. The hat is shirred.

10 years and 21 inches head measure require 2⅜ yards 44-inch organdy (with hat).

The dress is quaint for juniors and girls 8 to 15, the hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

4559—4318—10877—A slip-over dress of fine cotton crêpe, gingham tissue, etc., has a yoke and sleeve in one piece and a straight lower edge. The hat can be of taffeta, crêpe de Chine, silk, etc. The appliqué is smart.

10 years requires 1⅝ yard 39-inch cotton voile and ½ yard 39-inch cotton voile.

The dress is becoming to girls 2 to 14, the hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

4503—4493—Trimming gives the coat-dress effect to this dress with its straight skirt. The poke hat is of piqué. Use chambray with striped gingham, checked gingham or cotton prints with chambray, etc.

12 years requires 2¼ yards 32-inch striped gingham and ⅝ yard 32-inch chambray.

The dress is good for juniors and girls 8 to 15, the hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

4555—Picnics call for cool frocks like this one-piece dress on the slip-over order. Use cotton ratine, cotton homespun with cotton crêpe bertha, or cotton print (with no up and down), gingham, with dimity bertha, etc.

10 years requires 1¾ yard 35-inch cotton ratine and ¾ yard 39-inch cotton crêpe.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

4535—3727—10951—A jumper dress of gingham, heavy print, etc., over a blouse or guimpe of dimity is useful. The flower trimming is bright. The sunbonnet is cool.

The dress is for juniors and girls 6 to 15, sunbonnet for children, girls, misses, ladies.



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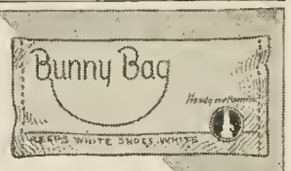
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OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 29

4551—A slip-over dress with a straight lower edge is lovely in crêpe de Chine, silk voile, Georgette, light-weight silk crêpes or satin crêpes, or cotton crêpe, cotton voile, cotton Georgette, fine cotton Georgette, fine lawn all one material or printed with plain fabrics.

16 years requires 2½ yards 39-inch printed cotton crêpe and ⅞ yard 39-inch plain cotton crêpe. Lower edge 57½ inches.

The dress is becoming to misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

4498—10163—The Egyptian-girdle arrangement is smart on a one-piece dress of the slip-over type. The embroidery is new. Work in satin-stitch, outline and one-stitch. Use heavy printed silk crêpes, crêpe satin, satin crêpe, charmeuse, plain and novelty cotton ratine, chintz, gingham, etc.

17 years or 34 bust requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch cotton ratine. Lower edge 51 inches.

The dress is attractive for misses 16 to 18 or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

4556—A mammoth bow lights on a slip-over dress with tucked straight skirt. Use cotton Georgette, cotton voile, fine cotton marquisette, fine lawn, organdy, crêpe de Chine, silk voile, Georgette.

17 years requires 3⅝ yards 35-inch cotton voile. Lower edge 58½ inches.

The dress is smart for misses 16 to 20 years.

4494—A sleeveless coatee of novelty silk eponge or silk crêpe worn over a one-piece slip-over dress of heavy crêpe de Chine or plain silk crêpe is Summery; or use novelty cotton ratine with heavy cotton crêpe, printed with plain cottons, etc.

16 years or 33 bust requires 2¾ yards 39-inch figured and 1½ yard 39-inch plain cotton crêpe. Lower edge 50½ inches.

The costume is good style for misses 16 to 18 or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

4486—Circular flounces on an apron front of a one-piece dress on the slip-over order are commendable. Use medium or light weight silk crêpes, satin crêpe, taffeta or gros de Londres.

17 years or 34 bust requires 4½ yards 36-inch taffeta silk. Lower edge 48 inches.

The dress is distinctive for misses 16 to 18 years or 33 to 35 bust, also for ladies.

4520—Taffeta, gros de Londres, silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, printed silks, etc., make a charming *robe de style* with a draped straight skirt and a bodice which closes under the left arm. With a narrow drop skirt one uses lace flouncing, with taffeta bodice, etc.

16 years requires 4½ yards 35-inch taffeta silk. Lower edge of skirt 2⅞ yards.

The dress is picturesque for misses 16 to 20, also small women.

4554—10823—Hand-hemstitching trims slip-over dresses in dotted swiss, gingham, striped madras, dimity, light-weight prints, chambray or cotton crêpe. The skirt is straight. The pocket motifs are bright. Work them in appliqué. Lower edge 59 inches.

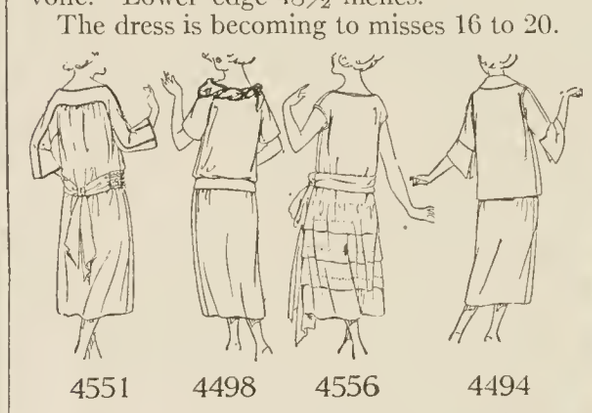
16 years requires 2⅞ yards 32-inch gingham and 1 yard 44-inch organdy.

The dress is graceful for misses 16 to 20, also small women.

4564—For this slip-over frock use organdy cotton Georgette, cotton voile, fine cotton marquisette or fine lawn, or stripes, taffeta, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, lace or embroidered flouncing. It has a straight skirt.

17 years requires 2¾ yards 39-inch cotton voile. Lower edge 48½ inches.

The dress is becoming to misses 16 to 20.



4551 4498 4556 4494

4486 4520 4554 4564



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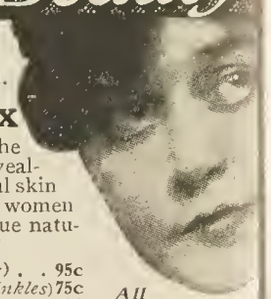
Second prize is $15 and $5 assortment. Third prize is $10 and same. In order next 100 prizes will be choice of $5 worth of Stillman toilet articles. In case of any tie, duplicate awards will be given to each tying participant. Pictures will not be printed nor winner's name published without her permission.

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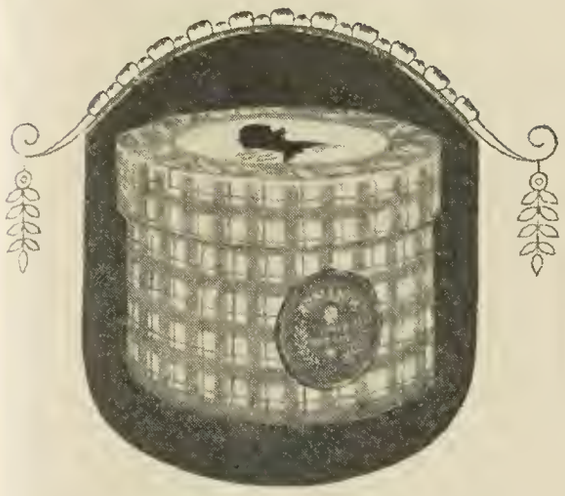
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If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

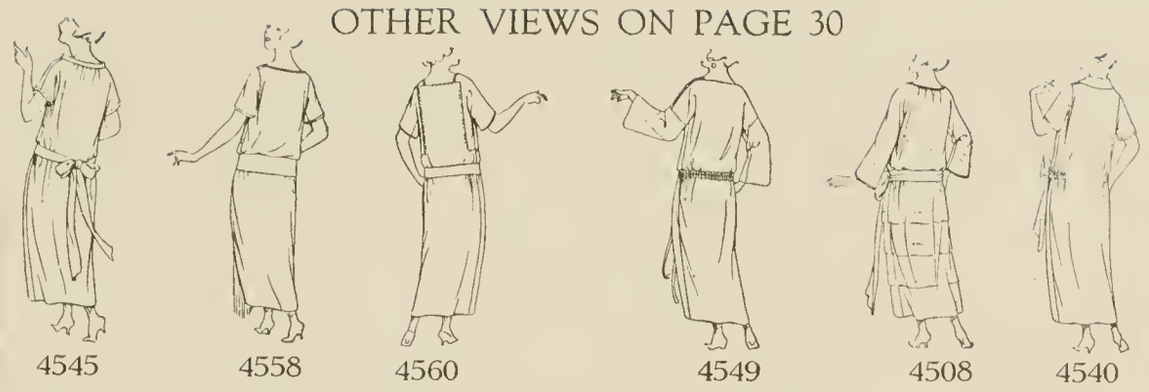
By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio

NONSPI
For Armpit Perspiration
An unscented, antiseptic liquid—applied twice a week, will free you from all perspiration annoyances. **KEEPS UNDERARMS DRY AND ODORLESS**—Endorsed by physicians and nurses. **SEND 4C FOR TESTING SAMPLE.**
50c (several months' supply) at all leading toilet and drug counters, or by mail (postpaid)
The Nonspi Co., 2632 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 30



4545—10146—A one-piece dress of the slip-over type has a straight lower edge. The embroidery is appropriate. Work in cross-stitch combined with beads and one-stitch. Use printed or plain weaves in cotton voile, cotton crêpe, cotton Georgette, crêpe de Chine, silk voile, Georgette, etc.

36 bust requires 4⅜ yards 36-inch cotton voile. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4558—10166—The Egyptian girdle is in the fore on a slip-over dress with a one-piece draped skirt. The embroidery follows the Egyptian idea. Use heavy printed silk crêpe, heavy silk crêpe, moire silk, novelty cotton ratine; or wool rep, tricotone, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch silk crêpe.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4560—10882—Embroidery decorates this slip-over dress with a two-piece lower part. Work in French knots, outline, etc. Use novelty cotton ratine or printed heavy cotton crêpe with plain cotton voile, plain heavy cotton crêpe or cotton ratine with printed or embroidered cotton voile, heavy cotton prints with fine cotton crêpe, printed linen and batiste, heavy silk crêpe and printed silk crêpe, etc. Lower edge 54 inches.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch ratine and 1½ yard 39-inch batiste.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4549—Bordered materials, printed or plain weaves in silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, silk voile, cotton voile or cotton crêpe, handkerchiefs or printed squares, light-weight pongee make a becoming one-piece dress of the slip-over type with straight upper and lower edges.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards 35-inch bordered cotton crêpe. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is attractive for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4508—10102—A bow for the one-piece dress with straight lower edge in cotton Georgette, fine cotton marquisette, cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe, organdy, light lawn, gingham tissues, or crêpe de Chine, Georgette, silk voile! The embroidered bag is smart.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch cotton voile. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

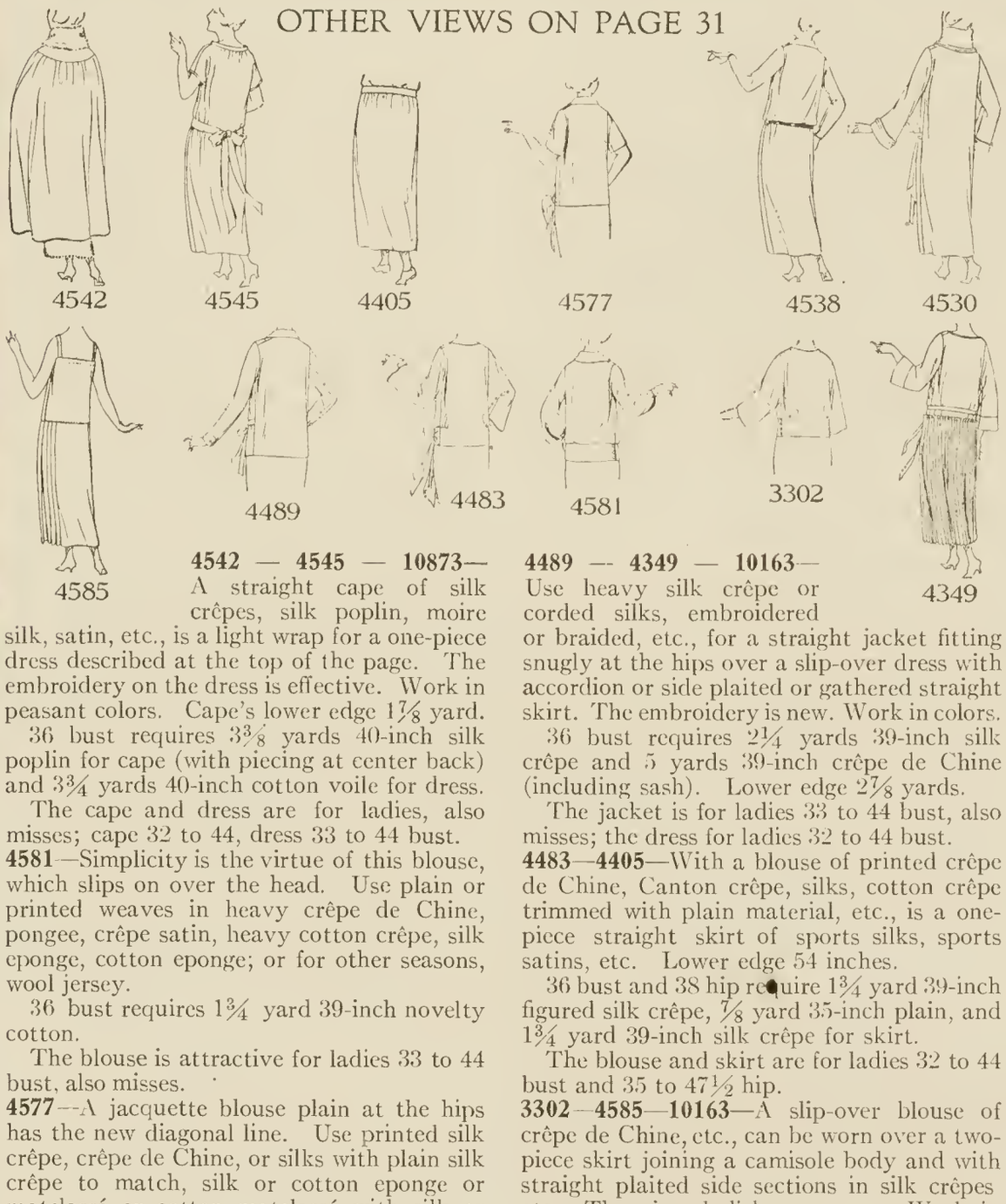
The dress is distinctive for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4540—4451—10102—Every wardrobe should include the new wrap-around dress of heavy silk crêpe, shantung, cotton ratine, novelty cotton crêpe. For other seasons use wool crêpe, wool rep, etc. The hat has a rolled bias brim and the embroidered bag is smart.

36 bust and the hat for ladies or 22 inches head measure require 4⅛ yards 36-inch novelty cotton eponge and 1¼ yard 39-inch silk (including hat). Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is for ladies or misses 33 to 44 bust; the hat for ladies, misses, girls, children.

OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 31



4542 — 4545 — 10873—A straight cape of silk crêpes, silk poplin, moire silk, satin, etc., is a light wrap for a one-piece dress described at the top of the page. The embroidery on the dress is effective. Work in peasant colors. Cape's lower edge 1⅞ yard.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 40-inch silk poplin for cape (with piecing at center back) and 3¾ yards 40-inch cotton voile for dress.

The cape and dress are for ladies, also misses; cape 32 to 44, dress 33 to 44 bust.

4581—Simplicity is the virtue of this blouse, which slips on over the head. Use plain or printed weaves in heavy crêpe de Chine, pongee, crêpe satin, heavy cotton crêpe, silk eponge, cotton eponge; or for other seasons, wool jersey.

36 bust requires 1¾ yard 39-inch novelty cotton.

The blouse is attractive for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4577—A jacquette blouse plain at the hips has the new diagonal line. Use printed silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, or silks with plain silk crêpe to match, silk or cotton eponge or matelassé or cotton matelassé with silk or cotton crêpe; or use braided, beaded, embroidered crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, etc.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch printed and ½ yard 36-inch plain linen.

The blouse is for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

4538—For a cool one-piece slip-over dress use cotton ratine, heavy cotton prints, linen, linen-finished cottons, gingham, cotton matelassé or heavy silk crêpe.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch embroidered cotton crêpe. Lower edge 54 ins.

The dress is a good style for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4489 — 4349 — 10163—Use heavy silk crêpe or corded silks, embroidered or braided, etc., for a straight jacket fitting snugly at the hips over a slip-over dress with accordion or side plaited or gathered straight skirt. The embroidery is new. Work in colors.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 39-inch silk crêpe and 5 yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine (including sash). Lower edge 2⅞ yards.

The jacket is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; the dress for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4483—4405—With a blouse of printed crêpe de Chine, Canton crêpe, silks, cotton crêpe trimmed with plain material, etc., is a one-piece straight skirt of sports silks, sports satins, etc. Lower edge 54 inches.

36 bust and 38 hip require 1¾ yard 39-inch figured silk crêpe, ⅞ yard 35-inch plain, and 1¾ yard 39-inch silk crêpe for skirt.

The blouse and skirt are for ladies 32 to 44 bust and 35 to 47½ hip.

3302—4585—10163—A slip-over blouse of crêpe de Chine, etc., can be worn over a two-piece skirt joining a camisole body and with straight plaited side sections in silk crêpes etc. The winged disks are new. Work in colors. Lower edge plaits drawn out 2 yards.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2 yards 40-inch Georgette and 1¾ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine for skirt joined to camisole body.

The blouse and skirt are suitable for ladies 32 to 40 bust and 35 to 47½ hip.

4530—10158—For town or country is a wrap-around coat of heavy silk crêpe, heavy pongee or matelassé with silk crêpe, etc.

36 bust requires 4⅝ yards 39-inch heavy silk crêpe. Lower edge 53½ inches.

The coat is attractive for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.



THE TREO Elastic Girdle, which made possible present-day modes, has found new and even more exquisite expression in its latest models of *"Treotex."* This newly-invented surgical elastic web, upon which its creators worked for years, enables all women, of whatever type of figure, to enjoy the figure-freedom and dress-distinction that only the *Treo Elastic Girdle* imparts.

Women of fashion, corsetieres, designers, accept the *Treo Girdle* as completely meeting every corset requirement.

The *"Anchor Band,"* (the waistline band) which holds the girdle to the figure and prevents it from slipping; the *"Feature Strip,"* (the strip above the waistline) which supports the back and restrains the diaphragm, and the new *"Panel Back,"* which flattens the back into the new silhouette, are features to be found *only* in the *Treo Girdle, The Original All-Elastic Corset.*

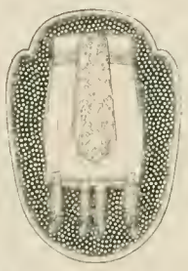
Be sure to demand the Treo model which was made for your type of figure. Prices: Treo Girdles, in lighter surgical web, $3 to $10; Treo Girdles of mercerized Treotex surgical web, $5.50 to $10; Treo Girdles of silk Treotex surgical web, $12.50 to $25. Your dealer will be very glad to give you a fitting. Write for illustrated booklet.

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The New Panel Back Treotex Treo Girdle

The new Treotex Treo Girdle Models are designed for the heavier figure, which seeks the comfort so long enjoyed in the Treo Girdle by women of slender and medium figure.



Note the Panel Back in illustration at left—it flattens the figure at the back into the new silhouette. Ask for "Treotex" Treo Girdles if yours is above-the-average figure!

TREO
GIRDLE
The All-Elastic Corset
The more elastic to the corset —the more grace to the figure

Making the Most of the Ads.

Scattered throughout this issue you will see occasional reminders to mention THE DELINEATOR when writing to advertisers. Let us hope that these little foot-notes will also serve as reminders of what our advertisers have to offer in the way of helpful literature, samples, tests and general information about their products. In the issue before us at the moment there are no less than sixty advertisements inviting direct communication with the manufacturer and offering something or other of real use to readers of this magazine. Any reader who overlooks the vast resources thus placed at her disposal is missing an opportunity to keep well informed about thoroughly reliable merchandise or service that may be of as much value to her as the editorial contents. THE DELINEATOR was one of the first publications to bar out objectionable advertising and to protect its readers against misrepresentation—a policy that required no little courage in a day when such discrimination meant the loss of thousands of dollars every month in advertising revenue. In every issue since 1873 we have published on the editorial page an unequivocal statement of our responsibility, which is here reprinted:

OUR GUARANTEE: We absolutely guarantee the reliability of every advertiser in THE DELINEATOR. *If any reader incurs a loss through misrepresentation of goods in any advertisement in* THE DELINEATOR, *we guarantee that this loss will be refunded. If the advertiser does not make it good, we will. G. W. Wilder, President of The Butterick Publishing Company.*

A scientific labratory of the highest professional standing makes an analysis of every new food product and toilet preparation, at our expense, before the advertising is accepted. This precaution, coupled with our guarantee, is your insurance against deception or dissatisfaction.

Yours for Better Service

At another time we have told you something of the predicament faced by a conscientious service-department editor who confronts a desk-load of letters and who finds that about one in twenty makes impossible demands on her time. Of course she wants to answer all of them in detail and promptly, but how do it when one inquirer wants specifications for the complete furnishing and decoration of a twelve-room country house, another encloses floor-plans of three city apartments and requests directions for papering, painting, selection of furniture, rugs, hangings, lighting fixtures and so on for all three? Another kind of inquirer asks in the same letter for a diet schedule for the baby, how to pronounce vitamin, the name of a good face cream, a list of books on physical culture and suggestions for entertaining her seven-year-old daughter's friends at a birthday party. The service departments of THE DELINEATOR are free to all readers, but it is expected that inquirers who make use of them will observe the restraint imposed by ordinary courtesy. All we ask is that the letter of inquiry be brief and to the point, that items answered by different departments be directed separately to those departments, as explained in the column headed "Ask THE DELINEATOR" elsewhere in this issue, and that stamps be enclosed for return postage. At this time of year we find it necessary to ease the strain on the department of House Decoration by asking that questions be confined to not more than five in any one letter, though you may write as often as you like, and that requests for detailed recommendations for the furnishing and decoration of a house or apartment be confined to not more than two rooms at a time. And please help out by giving dimensions, exposure, and location of permanent fixtures in your first letter.

Small-House Plans for Fall

During the Summer months THE DELINEATOR's series of building-plans for small houses will be discontinued, but all of the houses so far featured in back numbers for 1922 and thus far in 1923 have been illustrated in miniature on one large sheet which will be mailed to any prospective home-owner on receipt of a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Announcement will be made later of a new series of small-house plans by Mr. Donn Barber, the same architect who prepared the first series. The new Fall group of designs will incorporate features suggested by DELINEATOR readers who have ideas of their own for model small houses.



SOME QUESTIONS ASKED OF THE DELINEATOR

How can I attain poise?

Can I extract a needle from my shoulder without an X-ray?

Where can I have rugs dyed?

Should a guest invite her friends to call, or should she leave this to her hostess?

Will rhythmic dancing be good for spinal curvature?

Will you send me a menu for a canned-goods luncheon?

Please give me a rime for an invitation to a bridegroom's shower.

Give me suggestions for a birthday dinner for my husband.

What can you suggest for a retired business man to do after fifty?

Where can I get a Bier Hyporemia Cup?

Can you supply plans for a twelve-thousand-dollar house?

Can you recommend a waterproof paint for my kitchen floor?

Where can I get a catalog of score-cards and favors?

Where can I learn beauty culture?

Where can I buy hooks and burlap to make hooked rugs?

Why does my baby cry so much?

What color shall I paint my house?

Should I have my address engraved at the top of my note-paper?

Where can I get a list of starchless foods?

Where can I secure metal casement windows?

Where can I get a book on good manners for a family of children?

Where can I get the face-powder mentioned in THE DELINEATOR?

What diet is advisable for a diabetic?

How can I adopt a baby?

Will you suggest menus for a club banquet—two hundred guests?

Have you a recipe for preserved citron?

How can I cure my little boy of stuttering?

How would my house look with a porch and a musician's gallery?

Is semidirect lighting advisable in a papered room?

Can you give me the title of a book on flesh reduction?

Do you know of any exercises for tired eyes?

Can I paint soiled window-shades?

What are good hair-tonics, cold-cream, etc.?

Can you send me the names of wholesale dealers in dress trimmings in New York?

How is Bolsheviki pronounced?

How can I prevent mildew on books?

How is the minuet danced?

Where can I get equipment for a beauty shop?

Give me a name for my new tea-room.

What new way can a woman's club hold a fair or festival?

Have you any suggestions for building a group of working-men's cottages?

When should I say "How do you do?" and "Hello!" and when merely nod?

How can I get books on opening a baby shop?

How can I remove superfluous hair on my face?

Can you help me plan our new church?

Is THE DELINEATOR's "Baby Book" scientific or sentimental?

Can I put a garage under my house?

Can I get a combination coal-and-gas range with a heat-regulated oven?

How much does a metal roof cost?

How shall we decorate our classroom for visitors' day?

Which is the best vacuum cleaner?

Where can I get a chin-strap?

Where can I obtain built-in furniture?

Will you select a raw-food diet for me?

How shall I, a new housekeeper, equip my kitchen?

How do girls' colleges rank?

Should one use a fork in eating a canapé?

What shall I give my Sunday-school boys for Christmas?

How shall I entertain at a silver wedding?

Have you any data for a club paper on planning better homes?

What should I feed my child at one year and later?

How is Tutankhamen pronounced?

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MIX *and* SERVE

Edited with Willing Hands and a Mean Pencil by the Only Mere Man on the Staff

EVERY now and then a fair pew-holder, misled by some comment in this column, accuses us of being a *woman-hater* ◈ ◈ ◈ Nothing could be further from the truth ◈ ◈ ◈ The fact is that even when we are off duty we are constantly urging men to see the possibilities in the sex with which we are so constantly *en rapport* ◈ ◈ ◈ Our prediction is that when the Prohibition Amendment becomes effective, when Sunday baseball, theatrical performances, motion-pictures, card-games and smoking have been reformed out of existence and man's few remaining diversions reduced to the vanishing-point, he will better appreciate the possibilities in the never-sufficiently-praised sex ◈◈◈ An atrociously distorted example of what we mean is culled from a manuscript now before us—submitted by a woman writer who makes a plea for more liberal divorce laws ◈ ◈ ◈ "A mean husband," she writes, "can be a rather interesting diversion if you learn to regard him simply as a performance" ◈◈◈ Substitute *wife* for husband in the foregoing quotation and mere nonsense becomes immutable truth ◈◈◈ A *Brookline, Massachusetts,* child woke up one morning to find her mother going through strange contortions with a telephone headpiece strapped to her ears ◈ ◈ ◈ The frightened child spread the alarm and when a rescue party of neighbors arrived they discovered that mother was simply taking her "daily dozen" by radio ◈ ◈ ◈ This month we celebrate the birthday (June 20, 13000 B.C.) of a too frequently forgotten benefactor of the race, *Pooh Bum,* master baker and inventor of the rolling-pin ◈◈◈ Legend has it that *Pooh* sat in his hammock one day smoking a pill of hop and watching his favorite wife flatten a batch of rice-dough with her hands ◈◈◈ *Pooh,* annoyed by malicious rumors to the effect that the lady occasionally rested her hands by substituting her feet, and jealous of his professional good name, thereupon devised the rolling-pin ◈ ◈ ◈ His demise, it is said, was hastened by injuries received when this same spouse later beaned him between the eyes with a bronze model of his invention which had been presented to him by a grateful emperor in recognition of his contribution to domestic science ◈ ◈ ◈ Secretary of Commerce *Herbert Hoover* is an enthusiastic booster of THE DELINEATOR's Better Homes Campaign, but we predict that he will be remembered longest for an ingenious war-time service ◈ ◈ ◈ During the sugar shortage, you remember, it was he who was credited with prevailing upon potters to roughen the bottoms of tea and coffee cups so the "feel" of the spoon when the beverage was stirred would supply a comforting illusion ◈ ◈ ◈ From an old etiquette-book dated 1873 we learn that in those days young ladies wore their hats in the theater, always sat with their ankles primly crossed and were strictly enjoined to mind their own affairs on all occasions ◈ ◈ ◈ After fifty years it is a pleasure to report some signs of progress: they no longer wear their hats in the theater ◈◈◈ From *Paris* comes word that *Georges Faes,* the last of French public letter-writers, has closed up shop ◈◈◈ *Georges* traces the decline of his business to decreasing illiteracy and the substitution of the telephone call for the old-fashioned love-letter ◈◈◈ Speaking of bathing, as every one will be shortly, the first American bathtub, made of sheet lead and mahogany, was exhibited by its proud possessor at a Christmas party in *Cincinnati* in 1842 ◈◈◈ In the following year the city of *Philadelphia,* by public ordinance, attempted to prohibit bathing between November first and March fifteenth, and in *Boston* (1845) bathing was unlawful except when prescribed by a physician ◈◈◈ We begin to understand the reasons for *King Tut-ankh-Amen's* untimely death when we read that he was occasionally afflicted with melancholy, a condition for which the court physicians prescribed that he be "rowed on a lake by maidens draped in diaphanous costumes" ◈◈◈ Here is a tip that seems to have been overlooked by modern healers and that might have interesting possibilities if discreetly managed ◈ ◈ ◈ Our researches in *Egyptology* also bring to light the fact that *Queen Hatssepo Cleopatra* was entombed with an abundant supply of cosmetics, false hair and other beautifiers, evidence enough that she intended to be no wallflower in the next world ◈ ◈ ◈ For this month's meditation we recommend *Ralph Waldo Emerson's:* "The power women have to annoy me I give them."



Clean Hygienic

Refrigerators

Insure

Wholesome Food

You are naturally most particular about cleanliness in your refrigerator. Cleanliness means not only clean, but sanitary as well. Old Dutch Cleanser solves the problem of keeping your refrigerator clean, odorless and hygienic.

Old Dutch is so wonderfully efficient because its very fine, flat-shaped particles erase the dirt and wipe it away completely and easily, without scratching, making the surface clean and sanitary. Being a natural cleanser, it contains no hard, sharp grit to make scratches which collect impurities.

These are the reasons, too, why Old Dutch is so economical—a little does so much work. Use it for all cleaning.



A well-balanced food



THE most important period in a child's life is the early years when tissue and bones are being formed—and it is then that a mother should be most careful of the *kind* of food she serves her little ones.

A well-balanced diet must provide proteins carbohydrates and mineral elements to maintain life and promote growth.

Grape-Nuts with milk or cream is a *well-balanced food* which supplies all the elements for perfect nutrition—vitamins, mineral elements, and other rich nutriment of wheat and malted barley. The long baking process makes Grape-Nuts easy to digest.

Crisp and delicious, Grape-Nuts is usually served as a cereal food; but it may be used in many different ways. It greatly improves the flavor and nutritive qualities of puddings, cakes, macaroons, fudge, ice cream and many other dainties.



Grape-Nuts Ice Cream

Prepare vanilla or any plain flavored ice cream in usual way. Just before the cream congeals in freezing, add Grape-Nuts (as it comes from the package) in the proportion of one-half cupful of Grape-Nuts to one quart of ice cream. The resulting flavor is unique. The Grape-Nuts granules taste like nuts, only better.



Grape-Nuts Fruit Pudding

One package of lemon Jell-O dissolved in one pint of boiling water. One cup (half pint) Grape-Nuts. One-half pound of raisins or dates As many walnuts as desired. Mix thoroughly and pour into a dish or mould to cool and harden. Serve with whipped cream.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

Sold by grocers everywhere!

Made by Postum Cereal Company, Inc., Battle Creek, Michigan



THE DELINEATOR



MRS. WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY Editor

W. MARTIN JOHNSON Art Director

VOLUME CIII AUGUST, 1923 NUMBER TWO

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FROM *the* EDITOR'S POINT *of* VIEW

ONE OF THE GREATEST WOMEN

MISS MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER, Editor of the Home-Makers' Department of THE DELINEATOR, has been chosen as one of the twelve greatest living American women by a special committee appointed by the League of Women Voters. Miss Van Rensselaer thus receives well-merited national recognition as America's most eminent woman authority on home economics.

It has taken a year and a half to answer the question asked by Señorita Mandujano, the Chilean delegate to the Pan-American Conference of Women: "Who are the greatest women in the United States?"

A committee of experts, men and women of science and letters, humanitarians, home-makers and statesmen, canvassed the opinions of authorities in each field and selected twelve names from a list of women who have contributed most to the betterment of their sex.

It is significant that home-making should be listed among the greatest occupations and fitting that Martha Van Rensselaer should be acclaimed the foremost specialist in this important work.

This is the list of the twelve greatest American women:

Jane Addams, philanthropist.
Cecilia Beaux, painter.
Carrie Chapman Catt, politician and suffragist.
Annie Jump Cannon, astronomer.
Anna Bostford Comstock, natural historian.
Minnie Maddern Fiske, actress.
Louise Homer, singer.
Julia Lathrop, leader in child welfare.
Florence Rena Sabin, anatomist.
M. Carey Thomas, educator.
Martha Van Rensselaer, home economist.
Edith Wharton, author.

In her life-work as founder and head of the School of Home Economics at Cornell University, as one of the food experts under Mr. Hoover during the war, and as Editor of the Home-Makers' Department of THE DELINEATOR, Martha Van Rensselaer has served millions of women. Readers of THE DELINEATOR are particularly indebted to her.

We want them to know this great woman better. Unfortunately this brief mention of her signal honor must be hurried to press without adequate opportunity to do justice to the subject, but something more about Miss Van Rensselaer's career and about her fine, human, lovable personality will be told at greater length in next month's DELINEATOR.

BETTER HOMES

AMERICA is a home-loving nation. The second year of the Better Homes in America campaign gives proof of this. Two years ago the movement was only a dream in the minds of a few far-seeing, public-spirited men and women. A year and a half ago THE DELINEATOR crystallized the thought into action. We helped to organize the first Better Homes program as a noncommercial, educational movement.

In this second year of the campaign the scope of the work has broadened. Model small homes have been furnished, equipped, organized and budgeted. Millions of Americans have had an opportunity to visit these living examples of what an American home should be. In some cities these houses will be maintained permanently as demonstration homes and for the teaching of home-making.

A national demonstration home was built in Washington for the General Federation of Women's Clubs. This house is a modernized version of John Howard Paine's birthplace at Easthampton, Long Island, around which he wrote his immortal song, "Home, Sweet Home." Donn Barber, one of the foremost architects of America, made the plans for this national demonstration house. Manufacturing associations contributed the material and labor, and the house was built by the Home-Owners' Service Institute in five weeks. The story of this house will be told in an early issue of THE DELINEATOR.

Experts who are supporting the Better Homes movement are studying all the problems of the home-maker—zoning, budgeting and building, as well as the cultural and spiritual interests of the home.

Universities, libraries, clubs and associations have worked out lists of books for the home library. On the next page there is an article by Vice-President Coolidge on books in the home. Later THE DELINEATOR will publish the final vote on the best two hundred books for the American home, also a list of the records which some of the most famous musicians say should be in every home in America.

All great and fine things have their beginnings in thought. Every great movement, every work of art, every scientific discovery and industrial development lives first in the dream of some man or woman. Those elements in us which science can neither weigh nor measure nor analyze—the mind and the soul—are the forces behind every forward step civilization takes. So it has been in the movement for Better Homes in America.



Photo by Mary Dale Clark

ETHEL BARRYMORE

is now writing the recollections of her brilliant career. "My Reminiscences" is the fascinating life-story of America's foremost character actress. The first instalment begins in

THE DELINEATOR
for
September

MARY BUHNER, HEROINE

THE DELINEATOR from time to time publishes on this page some of the fine things done by obscure and unknown women.

Some time ago this interesting letter came to us from a DELINEATOR reader in Tampa, Florida:

> I was rather disappointed not to find the name of Mary Buhner, of St. Petersburg, Florida, among the "Heroines" in a recent DELINEATOR list.
>
> Mary Buhner graduated from the St. Petersburg High School in May with a dearly loved young friend, Dorothy McClatchie, of Montreal, Canada, whose mother has a Winter home in this Florida resort town.
>
> In June, on the morning of the seventeenth, these two "chums" set out for a long, leisurely swim from the recreation pier. Both girls were champion swimmers, and many of their Summer mornings were spent in this delightful sport.
>
> They were more than a mile out and moving along leisurely in the ship's channel when Dorothy suddenly cried out to her companion that she had been bitten by a shark and thought her foot was gone. Mary Buhner hurried to her, regardless of the danger, and supported the almost fainting girl in her arms while she made what haste she could to get her away from the danger zone. She assured Dorothy that her foot was not gone, nor even mangled, as she could see both members plainly in the clear gulf waters. But she did *not* tell her that the crimson of her life-blood was staining the water far and near, nor intimate her fear that the bloodthirsty monster would thus be incited any moment to a renewed attack.
>
> Supporting the fast-succumbing girl, Mary Buhner made what headway she could, against tide and a rising wind, toward the distant pier. The feat involved prodigious effort and rare courage. For more than half an hour Miss Buhner kept her friend's head above the rough water and slowly towed her in.
>
> They were finally seen from the shore and a boat put out in haste. Mary Buhner was utterly exhausted, yet still holding tightly to Dorothy's lifeless form.

That is the heroic story of Mary Buhner.

The rest is the story of those who believed that recognition should be given to an act so full of the beauty of selfless courage. This was no ordinary rescue, carried through in the excitement of the moment. It was a long, hard, grueling fight for the life of a friend—a fight in which every moment was filled with the danger not only of exhaustion but of a new attack by the man-eating sea-monster.

The editor of THE DELINEATOR felt with Miss Buhner's friends that this recognition should be more than just a word of praise from those who happened to hear about the deed. And so the necessary machinery was set in motion to secure for her one of the awards of the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission. We are very glad to be able to tell you that the award has just been granted to Mary Buhner.

And it is not an empty honor, this award. There is a bronze medal, but there is also a sum of money not to exceed sixteen hundred dollars to be used by Miss Buhner for educational purposes. We are sure that this money will be well spent.

A girl capable of such self-sacrifice, a girl strong enough to battle with the waves and the fear of death from something so much more horrible than drowning, is surely one who will make the most of any opportunity that is given her.

We are no longer a pioneer country, but we still need women like Mary Buhner, with the strength and the courage and the unselfishness of our pioneer grandmothers.

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BOOKS FOR BETTER HOMES

By CALVIN COOLIDGE

Vice-President of the United States

IT IS very difficult to describe a home. In its primeval simplicity it is merely the usual gathering-place of the family. In its modern complexity it is likely to be a vast establishment where the family gather very infrequently. But the great majority of the American people make their homes in surroundings between these two extremes, and to them the home means the place that is nearest their heart. It would be as impossible to standardize their furnishings and surroundings as it would be to standardize people, yet there are certain elements that every home ought to contain in order to add to its utility and charm. One of these is a supply of books.

America has become, as for nearly everything else, the foremost market for current literature. Newspapers and periodicals are produced for every conceivable purpose with the greatest profusion. These are indispensable and should be used by all in accordance with their occupations and tastes. They have a high entertainment and educational value, but they are rather in the nature of a finishing-school than a preparation in the graces and the fundamentals of life.

It is in books which are seasoned and mature that there exists the foundation on which to stand and the information by which to judge the meaning and the value of current events and the proposals for social and political improvement.

THE time has come in this country to give more thought to this subject. The last twenty years has placed a great deal of emphasis on the better distribution of the rewards of industry. Such distribution has been, to a great extent, accomplished. Much thought and effort have been applied to a reduction of the hours of labor. Marked progress has been made in this direction.

The great body of the American people are engaged in industry and agriculture. While at some seasons work and hours on the farm leave little leisure, at other seasons there is a great deal of spare time. In the industries the hours of work now leave a very comfortable margin for outside activities. One of the main arguments for shorter hours has always been that this margin would be utilized, not merely in idleness or amusement, but in self-improvement.

The main purpose of the movement for better homes is to enable people to get more out of life. The chief characteristic of mankind is mentality. There is a physical side which can not be neglected, but the crowning glory of it all is the intellect and the soul. It is these alone which place humanity on a plane above all else, giving a knowledge of the truth and opening the door to eternity. If there is to be a more abundant life, it will come from a cultivation of these endowments.

The schools, even the universities, do not perfect education. Sometimes it seems as though even at their best they do little more than to indicate how a real education can be secured by application and self-direction after graduation. It matters little, then, what previous advantages may have been enjoyed. It is urgently necessary to continue to inform and discipline the mind by home reading.

Of course there are public libraries within the reach of almost every one. They are of incalculable benefit and they are to be used. It is always well to consult the library for information about courses of reading and the best books and authorities on any subject under consideration. As a source of reference, it is indispensable. But a public library, be it ever so fine, can not be made a part of the home.

Besides, to know the contents from cover to cover is by no means to exhaust all that a book can give. In the right to personal possession that comes from ownership of a book there is a wealth of satisfaction. Sometimes the binding may be old, the workmanship faulty and the cost but a trifle; or again, the volume may be a work of art purchased at considerable self-sacrifice. But there is always a familiarity, a tone that speaks as friend to friend, a choice intimacy attaching to your own book which can never be felt toward that of another. To those who have been held in the spell of this complete communion, a borrowed book is as unsatisfactory as would be a borrowed friend.

Some one has said: "Read not many, but much." It is an elementary axiom that a few subjects completely mastered form a much better foundation for mental training than a great mass of scattered and undigested facts. There is no scholarship without exactness. Knowledge requires absolute certainty. Wisdom arises only from a comparison of accurate information. This is why a few books the contents of which you have made a part of your very self are worth more than tomes and tomes of desultory reading. When it is without comprehension, reading is not a benefit but an injury.

IT IS scarcely correct to call reading an acquired taste. The mind naturally seeks continually for information, though there are some who seem to form the habit of gaining knowledge in other ways than in reading. But if such a one will turn to books, beginning with some subject in which he is interested—perhaps something which treats of his occupation, of his community, or of the life of the person he has most admired—it is altogether probable he will find a gathering interest which will carry him into a larger field.

It would be too much to say that all the great have had a taste for books, but it is not too much to say that wherever such taste existed it was of marked benefit. And it is impossible to think of ability to discharge the present important functions of life, either private or public, with anything like satisfaction and completeness without the range of information and culture that comes from a familiarity with literature. There is no substitute for personal experience. The world requires action, not talk, and power will come to those who do things rather than to those who only read of things. But it is most probable that the action of those who read will be more and more wisely directed and increasingly effective.

Books for the home ought to be chosen with a view to preparation for the life of American citizenship. This would include religion, government and what is termed general literature. A supply should be at hand, not only as a source of study to furnish knowledge and information, but for amusement and entertainment in hours of relaxation. To begin with, there should be something for the mother, for she is the center of the home—something for her individual use, for unless she is able to enter into the real spirit of reading books, it is unlikely that she will ever be able to impart that taste to her children and guide them in that field with sympathy and discretion. We should probably find that the mothers of most of the great men of recent times, the mothers who have borne that large class which has contributed to the strength and high purpose of modern civilization, have been readers of the Bible. What a great picture of devotional family Bible-study is portrayed in "The Cotter's Saturday Night!"

Among the novelists, there is little doubt that she would find interest in "Les Misérables." When it comes to certain household problems, like nourishment, which is so important for the bodily welfare of all, and the management of children, it is apparent that instruction on these subjects ought always to be available. "The Care

Concluded on page 70

FOR THE HOME BOOK-SHELF

Do you want a mind that is keen, straight-thinking, well balanced? Then you must read books.

Do you want to be efficient, up to date, successful in your work? Then you must read books.

Do you want to develop the spiritual side of you—sympathy, imagination, love? Then you must read books.

But you must do more than read them. You must own them, make them part of you. And you must choose the *right* books.

That problem of the right books is one that THE DELINEATOR is prepared to help you solve. If you will write the editor, including a self-addressed, stamped envelope, she will send you a list of books to be used as a guide for a model home library. This list has been made from those submitted by the very best judges of books in the country.

If you can have only a tiny shelf of books, these men and women—critics, college presidents, leaders of thought—have suggested for you the first twenty to start with, the first forty, and so on.

Better Homes Week tested this list. It was used in connection with the demonstrations everywhere; it was discussed, criticized, revamped. But always certain books were kept, and you will want to know what they are.

The list is not intended to be final. But if you are eager to set out upon a voyage of discovery in the sea of books, the two hundred suggested will offer you various and delightful adventures. And if you have children and they learn to love these books, you may be very sure you have given them a start in the right direction.



SANTELMANN SOUSA PRYOR

The Victrola and the great bands of the world

Summer-time is band time. Hundreds of bands are delighting millions of people at the parks and seashore playgrounds of the nations. Here, Sousa's Band, Pryor's Band, and Captain Santelmann with the United States Marine Band; in England, the Band of H. M. Coldstream Guards; in France, the Garde Republicaine Band; in Italy, the Banda Municipale of Milan; in Spain, the Banda de Alabarderos; in Brazil, the Banda do Corpo de Bombeiros; in Mexico, the Police Band of Mexico City.

To record and reproduce the soul-stirring music of a military band is a matter of the greatest difficulty, but with Victor Records played on the Victrola you miss none of the thrills you would get in attending the concerts by these famous bands.

Records by all of these great bands are listed in the Victor Record Catalogs and are on sale by thousands of dealers who will gladly play them for you. You may enjoy them in your home and whenever you choose.

We especially recommend

Stars and Stripes Forever—March Golden Star (A Memorial March)	Sousa's Band	35709	$1.25
Garde du Corps March National Emblem March	Arthur Pryor's Band	17957	.75
Marche Turque—Patrol The Messenger—March	U. S. Marine Band	18894	.75
Vespri Siciliana—Ballet Selection Vespri Siciliana—Selection	Band of H. M. Coldstream Guards	35434	1.25
Princesse Mignonne	Garde Republicaine Band	67266	.75
Amoureuse—Vals	Banda Municipale of Milan	65846	.75
Paquetita—Vals	Banda do Corpo de Bombeiros	69236	.75
Minuet (Military Symphony)	Banda de Alabarderos	62660	.75
Semiramide Overture	Police Band of Mexico	35167	1.25



Victrola No 80
$100
Mahogany or walnut



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Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N. J.

To save that precious new garment—
A simple soap-test for safety

What does *safety* for a delicate garment mean? It means:

1 Protection against fading of colors or yellowing of white silks.

2 Protection against weakening, shrinking or matting of fabric fibres.

3 Protection of "finish."

4 Protection against wear and tear of rubbing.

How can you make sure, *before* you risk a delicate garment, that the soap will render such protection?

Here is a simple yet conclusive test:

Ask yourself:

"Would I be willing to use the soap on my face?"

Your own answer is your best answer.

You will probably find that very few soaps can stand this simple, but severe, test; but one of these—probably the first that comes to your mind—is Ivory Flakes.

For Ivory Flakes is Ivory Soap in flake form—the very same Ivory Soap—pure, mild, gentle, white—that has protected lovely complexions ever since 1879. You realize at once that, since Ivory *Soap* cannot harm the most delicate skin, Ivory *Flakes* will be safe for the most delicate fabric that can stand the touch of pure water.

What a comfort it will be to dip your precious garments into a suds that you *know* is safe.

Ivory Flakes is inexpensive too—you can use it economically for all the heavier things that require careful laundering. Yet it has that unique *margin of safety,* above and beyond other soaps, which makes it safe for the filmiest chiffons, georgettes, woolens and laces.

May we have the pleasure of sending you a sample package of Ivory Flakes and a beautifully illustrated booklet of washing suggestions? You will find directions for obtaining them in the lower right-hand corner of this page.

Full size packages of Ivory Flakes are for sale in grocery and department stores everywhere.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

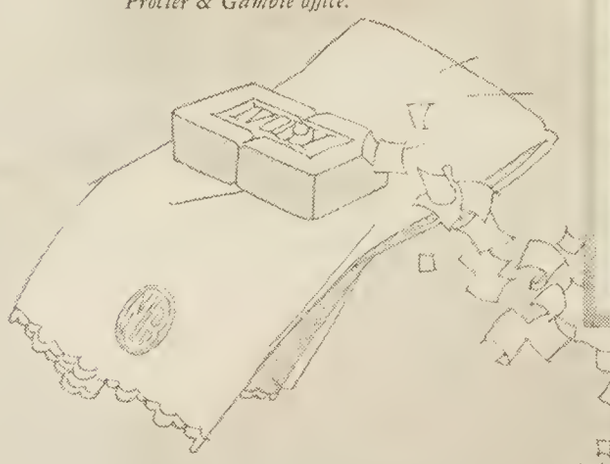
12 Washings—and Safe!

Pink Crêpe de Chine and Precious Cluny Lace

This delicately tinted nightgown was sent to us by a California woman to whom it was very precious. In her letter offering it to us she says, "It has always been washed with Ivory Soap Flakes by following directions on the package. I cannot speak too highly of Ivory Flakes. I used it, together with Ivory Soap, for washing my baby's clothes, too."

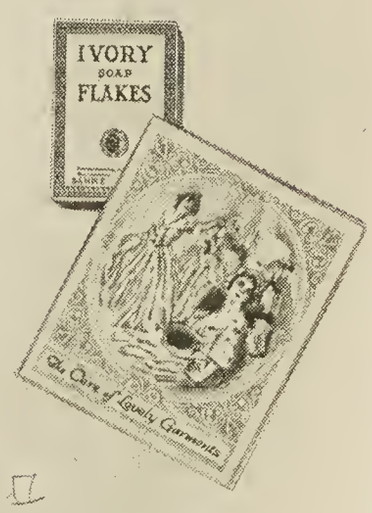
Garment and owner's letter on file in the Procter & Gamble office.

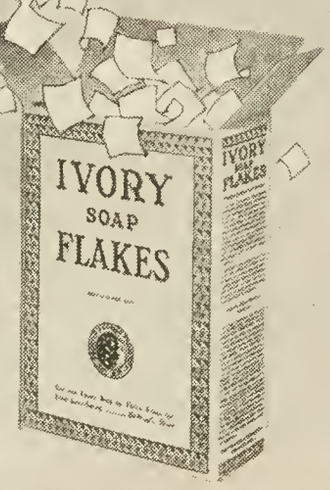




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IVORY SOAP FLAKES

Makes dainty clothes last longer

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TWO WAYS

One lover doubted; the other had perfect trust

By M. L. C. PICKTHALL

"THERE'S another!" Charron rested his pick among the shale and glanced across at the flanks of Mount Morin, where a new snow-field had broken loose from its moorings and plunged into the tremendous valley in a spout of diamond dust with a roar that jarred the rocks. There had been early snow in the hills, followed by warm weather; and the lordly heights of the Nicolum were stripping themselves of their frozen cloaks.

Charron looked uneasily at the ranges, then glanced at his chum. "Jack," he went on with some hesitation, "I guess the time's come to decide if both of us, or only one, can go out this year."

Jack Rainger straightened slowly; a tall fellow, grave and a little stiff in the back—stiff, you would have said, in the will, too. He smiled across at Charron's fair-haired, sanguine youth, saying: "Then we'll have to decide which one's to go, for there isn't enough dust to take us both out on a holiday and bring us both back again in the Spring!"

"*Sure* only one can go, Jack?"

Rainger drew from his belt a little sealskin bag and tossed it to the other.

"Weigh that!" he said. "That's all we've saved. And there's just about enough dollars in it to pay one fellow's expenses out and back. The other'll have to stay behind and work. The question is, which of us two *needs* to go out the most?"

Charron lowered his eyes, as if a little afraid of what his chum might read in them. Tapping with his pick among the loose stones, he muttered: "And whichever goes, it'll be deadly hard on the one that stays behind."

"Yes," agreed Rainger quietly. "Deadly hard."

CHARRON glanced up swiftly. "If—if it wasn't for Maisie," he said awkwardly, "you should have every ounce of it, Jack, old man, and welcome. But—I have to think of her, too. I—I want to see her—" His voice broke; he turned away, staring at the hills which stand round about the Nicolum as they stood at the world's birth. "Sometimes," he went on hurriedly, "I've felt as if I couldn't stand it another minute, that I'd have to throw over everything—throw *you* over!—and go out for good, without making my pile or anything; tear these cursed rocks down, kick 'em to powder, just to get a sight of her! I—I made a face in the snow last night, like I used to make of clay in the barn-loft a thousand years ago. *Her* face. I kissed it when I'd made it. It was like kissing the dead——"

The broken young voice trailed to silence. Rainger stepped across the flume and lightly touched the shaken shoulder. "I know, Will," he said softly. "I know. It's that way I feel about Laure."

Charron, without turning, reached for his hand. "*I* know," he said again. "You're—you're the best of good chums, Jack. The *best*. I don't forget about you and Laure. I don't forget that it's two years since you've seen her, too. But—you know Maisie!" He turned a flushed, stormy face. "*You* know her. You were such friends. You must be able to guess what she'd be to a fellow who was more than a friend. That night I was at her house, saying good-by, and you had to come to fetch me, for fear I'd miss the train——"

He was silent again, and again Rainger touched his shoulder softly, saying: "You should have the dust without a thought, Will, if—if it wasn't for Laure."

"That's it. It's because of them. We'll have to decide as justly as we can, keep the chances level, for their sakes. But I don't know how."

He turned with an attempt at a laugh. Rainger did not echo it. He in his turn was staring at the granite barrier, beautiful and terrible, builded between them and their desires. He said: "It'd be only fair, only right, that the one to go out should be the one who needs to go most. But I don't know which that is."

He moved with a sharp sigh, stooped and picked from the ground two chips of quartz, shiny as stars. He balanced them in either hand.

"Laure—Maisie! Maisie—Laure!" he said grimly. "Which is it to be? For I take it we're thinking more of them than of ourselves. Which needs the most to see her promised man?" He dropped the chips abruptly and turned away. "Come, Will," he finished, "we may as well quit work for to-day. It's near sunset, and it'll be a rough road home without the darkness added to it."

He took up his prospecting-tools and walked a few yards along the ledge. Charron did not at first follow him. Rainger waited and at last the other joined him. The younger man, still in a flushed dream, was gazing at something that lay in the palm of his hand. This, with a boyish impulse, he held out to Rainger.

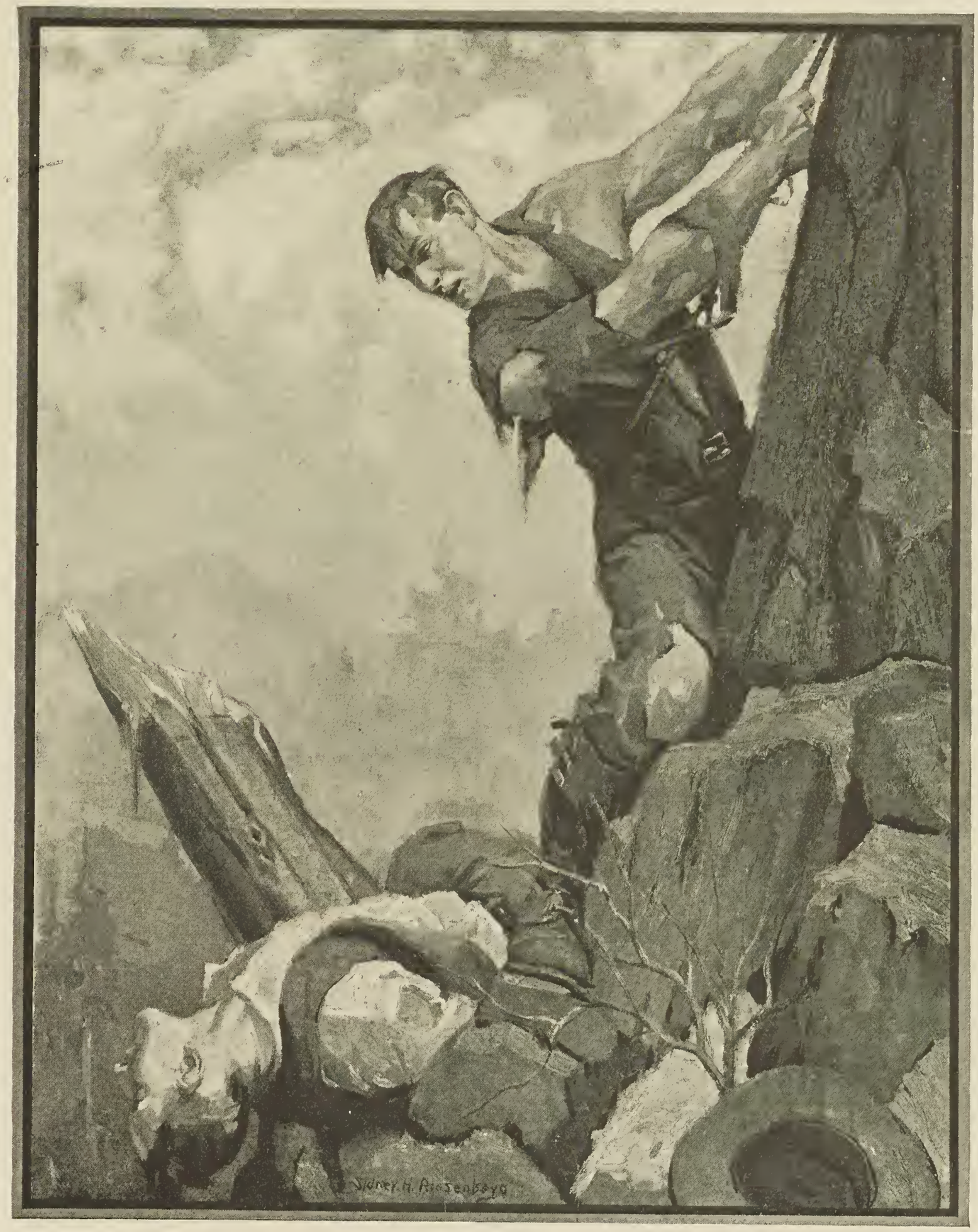
"Look, Jack," he said softly.

Rainger looked. It was a silver hairpin—a little prong of metal headed with a silver ball carved like a fourfold flower.

"Maisie's," went on Charron, almost in a whisper. "D'you remember that last night when you'd been out to Weston to say good-by to Laure and you came on with the outfit in a cab to pick me up at the house in Cedar Street, where I'd been saying good-by to my Maisie? I remember. You came in and you found us all in the sitting-room, and Maisie's mother was teasing her because I'd knocked her hair down. Such pretty hair! It came down because she'd given me this out of it. She had two in, and she gave me one—warm from her hair, Jack. Later on the rest of it came down; she'd lost the other pin. I begged her to let it stay down, d'you remember? She made a face at me, and she said: 'I can't stick it up now the other hairpin's lost. P'raps I've given *that* to some one else, you old silly!' And—and then the evening was gone, and there was nothing left of it all but this silver hairpin." He slipped it back into his inner pocket. "Well, I'm a selfish fool, Jack, but I can't stop thinking of her. Come on, and we'll have flapjacks with rum in 'em, and perhaps the gods'll decide for us."

THEY turned in silence down the windy ledges toward the little log-built shanty that for two years they had called home. And as they went, each saw a face drawn upon the lovely dusk. To those faces their hearts turned with the devouring longing born of uttermost solitude; no man, knowing them, could have said which

Continued on page 69



HE WAS PANTING ALL THE TIME: "JACK! HOLD ON JACK—I'M COMING!"

THE LISTENING GIRL

An intriguing glimpse behind the scenes in Washington

By ANNE HARD

A THREE-PART STORY
PART ONE



THEY TURNED TOWARD MARYA FOR THE FIRST TIME. SHE WAS STILL STANDING EXACTLY AS SHE HAD BEEN

ABOUT the time of the year when a dozen beautiful, lazy snowflakes flutter down from the leaden Southern sky, like heavenly débutantes ready to melt at the kiss of the Washington asphalts, an extra crew of pails appears in the Capitol, the sound of typewriters suddenly lifts, orchestral, in its corridors. Along Sixteenth Street and Massachusetts Avenue, along the middle letters of the alphabet northwest, the shades go up in months-darkened windows and capped maids are glimpsed once more. Once more dark-backed men frisk cards through doors opened crack-wide while furred beauties, veiled, in the harems of their motors, wait, anxious, businesslike, getting the first calls done.

Thursday afternoon in early December:

Beyond the capped maids, the black-backed men, behind the lamp-lit curtains sit four or five dozen senatorial ladies—not jointly, but severally—each in her separate shrine. It is a rented shrine, a rented-furnished shrine; a well-upholstered, heavily decorated, attempting-easy-comfort shrine; a shrine which moans in every tortured drapery, in every gilded frame, as vocally as if the lines in the prayer-book "Who in this transitory life—" were a worked motto on the wall. "We are elected for six years," they seem to say. "Who knows what may happen after that?"

The four or five dozen ladies are at home because Thursday is the senatorial day at home, unless they are out making calls on other ladies who are at home because Thursday is the senatorial day at home.

And Mrs. Jordan, being among the most recently come, is among the most At Home. She feels it keenly.

Mrs. Jordan advanced on the capital, from the position of leading lady in the State of Wynaskas, with mingled feelings. She was shrewd; keen enough to guess at things she did not actually see. She had a long-featured, concealing face, against which she placed hats of the same shade as her complexion: a non-committal fawn color. She had a thin, even voice which sounded unemotional. Her shrewdness avoided statements and opinions on public questions, so that her conversation, playing safe, steered without apparent guidance from the shopping to servants and the impossibility of finding suitable houses. The Smart Set of the senatorial group, the Inner Ring, made the instant mistake—the mistake of their own artificial superficiality—of underestimating her intelligence. She had the intelligence of an alligator. She knew what she wanted—which was frequently more than they knew. She wanted supremely whatever her husband wanted. She was going to help him to get it. He wanted power—and to get it you have to be in with those that have it.

Jordan was never present at his wife's At-Homes. But this afternoon he was "suffering," as they say, from a slight cold. He decided to sit with her before going down-stairs to the office-room he retained on the ground floor.

He was a shrewd man, as his wife was a shrewd woman. He, too, concealed it—or rather nature concealed it for him, with no effort of will on his part. His façade was a gentle boyishness. A little neurasthenia helped his effect, a little mounting of the blood to a thin face—not a protruding face, but rather a face molded plastically inward on longish lines, parabola-sided, not edged like a circle. He still put his hands into his pockets, let his hair droop from a central part into little fringes oiled together by natural oil, affected serge suits not too new and leaned slightly against a table if one were near, or the back of a chair.

HE stood thus against the chimneypiece and they were both for a time silent. Then he said:

"Every one here is afraid of the 'farmer,' but he don't make a hit socially!"

Emily Jordan knew well enough what lay back of her husband's speech. If it is a wife's business to help her husband, it is supremely her business to cheer him in moments of depression.

"What's the difference whether you do or not? I can't see but we're busy enough socially."

"We're busy enough socially, sure. Any one can be that in Washington. But we *aren't* busy with the right people."

"We are going to dinner with Senator White, and we dined"—she was conscious that she was saying "dined" and not "had dinner"—"last week with Senator Farland and Senator MacWhirter——"

"You've said it!"

"What's the matter with them?"

She knew. She was only trying to cheer him up.

"I can lunch with them any time I want to, can't I? Up in the Capitol restaurant? It doesn't do me any good to go around with my political equals. Emily, I've always moved forward, haven't I? Every step of my life has been a step upward. I wasn't content with being the biggest lawyer in Higgins County—nor in the State—nor governor. And now I'm senator I'm not content. If this country is going to be run by a few men, I'm going to be one of the few. Information—that's what you got to have! Little things that outsiders don't know. And that kind of information just now is the international kind. You tell me who has the Big Embassy gentlemen dropping in, informally, and I'll tell you what's what and who's who. Not the little fly-by-night legations either—but the big boys!"

Mrs. Jordan debated this idea in her mind only a moment. She had the wife-long habit of acting almost instantly on her husband's hints.

"That's so, I suppose," she said. "I suppose I ought to be more help to you——"

She said it very simply. She had a certain kind of largeness in her nature, too. She was looking neither for contradiction nor for comforting. She wanted supremely to do something about it.

"Emily," said the senator, "if I hadn't been married to you for twenty-two years, I'd think I had to kiss and explain."

"Indeed you don't!" she replied. "It's a proposition, and we've handled propositions together before now. These Big Embassy people you talk about—they love their comforts. Not just nice decent things—they like the extras. Take Senator MacWhirter's for instance. You didn't get the feeling the other night that it's a sort of circus—an amateur show—to have a man at the door, and a maid in the dressing-room, and two men in the hall, and game and champagne for dinner. You feel that the life in that house goes right along that way all day every day. That's what I mean by 'their comforts.'"

"You don't want much," he said quizzically.

"*I* don't want it. I couldn't have it if I did, so why

think about it. No—it has to be done some other way. Let's think. Who *do* the embattled embassies that matter drop in on?"

A pause.

"They go, I hear, to Mrs. Satterlee's and Mrs. Croyden's," she answered her own question. "Young married women. I always said it's true: you can't fish without bait. Of course I'm not the right kind of bait—but I've got sense enough to look about to find it."

Another pause.

"Not too young and not too pretty," she mused. "How about your niece? How about Arlene?"

"Too intellectual and not clever enough to conceal it."

"I know. Temperament is what we want. Anyway, she's determined to spend the Winter in New York."

THEY were interrupted by the entrance of Arlene herself. Arlene was followed by a creature in a close short dress of light gray with white collar and cuffs. In spite of her demure dress, her long, neatly turned-up hair, you somehow knew it *was* a Creature. She had a mass of rainbows over one arm and shining silver slippers in her hand.

Arlene came buoyantly forward in a short satin dress with squirrel furs, hair bobbed beneath a hat of orange-colored petals. A fine, clean, vigorous, executive young person, Arlene, at a glance.

"I saw you were alone—so far," Arlene said, "so I took a chance. I wanted you to see what Marya here has done with those two old evening gowns. Made 'em into one little dream! I'm going to hear Tetrazzini, but do take a peek before I go! Show them to them, Marya—*Montrez les à ma tante, s'il vous plaît.* Uncle Albert, you may look if you like!"

The creature named Marya shook out the rainbows over the glaring sofa-cushions and the cane-backed settee.

"Here, you can't tell about it that way! Stick it on, Marya. I don't want to take off my coat——"

Marya looked inquiring. She turned her head just a very little when she looked inquiring and you saw she had probably gray eyes. You saw her lashes were either very long or very thick—you were not sure which. And you saw that her skin was like an exquisite bisque without any pink in it. Yet you would afterward wonder whether she had been very pretty or only interesting to look at.

She kept her mouth shut. Her mouth when shut was like a bird on a branch; it carried your imagination off to thoughts of song.

"You're my size," Arlene said clearly and quickly. "Slip it on."

"Darn! How do you say it in French?" Arlene exclaimed.

Still Marya looked inquiring, her head turned, now, a little bit the other way.

Arlene flashed over to her, picked up the dress, threw it over Marya's head.

"There!" she cried, as it slipped into place. "In spite of her sleeves and collar sticking out, isn't it lovely?" Then, glancing at her watch: "My word! I have to dash." She was in the hall. "I'll be late." She was at the landing. "Take it back up-stairs. *Prenez—prenez cela au dessus*— Oh, darn!" She was gone.

Marya stood poised while this hurricane of sound and action took place. Her arms quiet at her side, she stood absolutely still, straight, silent. Her attitude had the grace of sculptured flight.

Mrs. Jordan noticed her, subconsciously, as her kindness asserted itself.

"Let me help you take it off," she said. Then to the senator: "I always forget she doesn't understand English unless you speak it to her slowly. Arlene always *tries* to talk to her in French. *Voulez-vous mettez cela—cela*—up—" she pointed.

Marya picked up the dress and she was at the doorway when the senator's voice, sudden and emphatic, halted her.

"Wait a minute."

"*Attendez!*" Mrs. Jordan added.

Marya turned at the door and waited. She stood there as before, quite straight, with no appearance of being concerned to do anything but just stand there as long as she might be asked to do so.

"Why wouldn't *she* do?" said the senator.

"Do what?"

"Substitute for Arlene."

"Substitute for Ar— What are you talking about?"

"Look at her. See how quiet she could be. She could listen in great shape."

"But she's not an American—she doesn't even speak English!"

Mrs. Jordan's protest was interrupted by the very quiet entrance of a young man in the blue uniform of the Navy.

"That oughtn't to stop you, whatever it is," he slipped into their conversation as if he had been there all along. It was a trick of his, especially with people with whom



YOUNG McALLISTER SLID INTO THE WELCOMING CHAIR AS IF WEARY OF ALL STATESMANSHIP. THE GIRL SAID NOTHING AT FIRST, HER LONG, CURVED HANDS BUSY WITH THE TEA-THINGS

he was as much at home as he was with his Uncle Jordan.

"None of us do it anyway."

"Do what? For mercy's sake, Enoch, you are so sudden!"

"Speak English." Enoch was looking at Marya, who seemed not to see him especially.

"But now what's the excitement? You look like a bunch of conspirators!"

"Well, your Aunt Emmie, here, and I have been thinking we sort of needed some one to liven up our parties. We thought of Arlene, but Arlene talks along on her own hook too much; men don't like it. So I was thinking if she doesn't speak English, and just learned a few words by heart—what I told her—that this girl here——"

"She's a lady," Mrs. Jordan hastily put in. "She's a lady, even if she don't speak English. Don't say 'little girl,' dear. She's sewing for us, but she's a Russian noble of some sort. She got out of Russia to escape the Bolsheviks. Her name"—to Enoch—"is Marya."

"Selling her pearls one at a time! Oh you movie!" Enoch whispered.

Enoch was ignored. His aunt went on:

"She's a plain genius for designing dresses. And I think she showed her sense going in for something useful when she was broke. Mrs. Smythe, wife of the Federal-Reserve Smythe, recommended her."

WHILE his aunt was running on, Enoch Blake had taken another look at the Creature whose name was Marya, and he had concluded that she might be a genius but she certainly was not plain.

"I think there's a lot in it." Blake finished his cigaret. "And it's amusing to talk about. But of course you won't do it."

"Why not?" Jordan found his nephew's tone irritatingly superior.

"Perpetrate a giant hoax like that? Think of it! It means playing a schoolboy trick at an age when you are supposed to be over such things. Besides, it might get out!"

"What if it did?"

"They'd never forget it—have a club to swing over you, you know. People like Marks and his crowd, who are against you——"

Jordan thought that over.

"This thing would be a joke. It wouldn't be serious."

"Might be. Your friends wouldn't like you to be ridiculous if——"

"Friends! That's it." Jordan stopped him with a wave of his hand. "My friends are back home. Do you think *they'd* love me any less for playing a trick on a lot of society snobs?"

"But what would you get out of it?"

"Maybe nothing. Maybe just the fun of watching it, even if it went wrong. I'm not having such a whale of a time outside my work that I couldn't endure a little adventure. Maybe something big!"

"Uncle, I'll bet you even money you *do* get 'something big' out of it: a whopping big scandal."

"Take you!"

"Call his bluff, Enoch. Make it two hundred dollars!" His aunt felt all Monte Carlo running in her veins.

"Two hundred dollars that you don't put it through; or if you do put it through, that the story leaks and you're the laughing-stock of Washington before May first!"

"Why be a piker? Enoch, you can afford it. A thousand dollars I can teach that girl standing over there a dozen sentences that'll be all she needs to entertain any one that comes to this house. And no one suspect anything, either!"

They turned, then, toward Marya for the first time. She was still standing exactly as she had been.

Blake had, he thought, seen more in her expression than merely listening to sounds. No bewilderment; no questioning registered in the detachment of her poise. It was a sort of Olympian tolerance all sunned over by youth. She was bigger than her surroundings, somehow. Blake thought he guessed.

"You *do* understand English," he said. He wanted to laugh.

"Perfectly," she said.

He did laugh. The others stared.

Continued on page 66

J. HARDIN & SON

Paul is initiated into the mystery that is love

By BRAND WHITLOCK

PART TWO

A boy's whole world is made up of his family, his neighbors, his town. So it was with little Paul Hardin. His stern puritanical father, his subdued, hard-working mother and the narrow repression of the little Ohio town of Macochee—these were the formative influences of the boy's life. There were vivid moments of color and drama, but these were all centered about persons frowned upon by Macochee. There was Malcolm Dyer, very rich, very flamboyant and very dissipated; there was Malcolm's friend, Wade Powell, the lawyer, brilliant, magnetic and dissipated also; there was little Evelyn Walling. Evelyn had been born in Macochee when Paul was a small boy; her mother, the star of a traveling "show," had died in giving her birth. Paul had ridden in the hack with the show people that day, had seen the lovely woman so soon to die and then had heard no more of them, except that the child had been left with a poor woman in the town. It was years later that he and Malcolm Dyer rescued her from the creek where she had been driven by the brutality of other children—an exposure which caused the death of Malcolm Dyer. Then Paul went back to his uneventful life, helping his father in the making of the Hardin buggies, broken only by his periods of rebellion against the parental authority—until the day he caught sight in the street of the lovely grown-up daughter of Malcolm Dyer, who, with her mother, had just come back to Macochee to live. If you like an absorbing story in which real people live and move, you will want to follow the fortunes of Paul Hardin straight through to the end

THE usual January thaw had brought a spell of mild weather, and on a Sunday afternoon Paul was strolling in the north end of town through a new addition that had been laid out in town lots, when on the new wooden sidewalk he saw a figure—the figure of Winona Dyer. She was walking in the same direction as he and at the same pace. When he walked on rapidly, she as suddenly quickened her step; when he slowed down, she at once began to loiter. These maneuvers were repeated for a while, then with sudden resolution he strode forward and came abreast of her. She started, put her hand to her heart and said:

"Oh dear me! How you startled me!" Then, catching her breath: "You must pardon me!" and she gave a little laugh.

"You must pardon *me*," he said solicitously. "I do hope that I haven't frightened you. I—well, I saw you and hurried on."

"You needn't apologize, Mr. Hardin." And then she added, as though to excuse the want of conventionality: "You see, I know you!"

"I feared you wouldn't remember me, Miss Dyer," he said, speaking her name with what he thought a neat return of her compliment and rather flushed to find that he was bearing himself so easily in this notable experience.

"Why not, since we were once schoolmates?"

"Yes, we were, weren't we?"

She turned her face to him, but in the afternoon light it seemed not so rosy as he remembered it.

"May I walk with you?" he asked.

"Oh, if you wish. I am on my way home."

This was rather odd, he reflected, since she was going directly away from home, but perhaps after having been so long away she no longer knew her way about Macochee.

"You were living in Cincinnati?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, but vouchsafed no illuminating comment.

"You like it better than Macochee?"

"I hated it!" Then she was silent a moment. "It was after papa's death. Mama was in a sanatorium. I was glad to get back to Macochee—or, at least, glad to get away from Cincinnati."

HE DID not feel himself competent to discuss the relative merits of residence in a city and in a country town, and they walked on without speaking. The new walk came to a sudden end, lost its civic aspect and was merged into its old identity as the Radnor Road, which led back to town.

"We must turn here," she said.

She walked rather briskly despite her tight skirts. She wore a little jacket and a collar of fur, and as she walked she dangled a muff from her gloved hand. The day was declining and a wintry chill was again in the air. The thin skim of ice that covered little puddles cracked frostily under their feet. Paul was lost in the amazing fact that he was walking with this girl of whom he had been dreaming for weeks—walking and talking with her, as though it were wholly natural and not quite the most extraordinary thing in the world. He would have been satisfied not to talk; it was sufficient just to walk along with her. But she was speaking.

"What do you find to do in Macochee?" she asked.

"I—oh, I have to work."

"But when you are not working?"

"Well, not much. There's not much *to* do. I read."

"Mama reads," she said abstractedly. "She reads all the time. Novels. I suppose you think it wicked to read novels?" She looked up at him saucily. He felt that she was intimating, rather unfairly, the fact that he was J. Hardin's son, and a Methodist.

"No, I don't," he replied bluntly. "But what do you do?"

"I—oh, I—" She shrugged her shoulders in the fur collar and tossed up her muff with a gesture that implied the futility of existence. "What is there to do? Nothing! If it were not for mama, I'd go away."

"Where?"

"Well, somewhere. Not to Cincinnati."

Paul gazed at her in admiration of her enterprise, her independence. He had such rebellious desires himself. But where was one to go? The world was very wide.

"You haven't many friends in Macochee?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"But the old school friends?"

She smiled in a superior, worldly way. "The friends of youth become—well, they become either frightful bores, or call one by one's first name. I hate being called Winnie."

"You prefer Winona?"

"I hate Winona!" she said. "It sounds so Indian—kind of squawy. I believe there is a town of that name in Dakota, or somewhere."

"Wisconsin," said Paul, exact in his information.

"No matter where," she said. "I don't like the name. In fact"—she tilted her head and twirled her muff rapidly about—"in fact, Winona is no longer my name."

"No?" said Paul in amazement.

"No. I changed it."

"To——?"

"To Winifred."

Paul considered the name a moment. It occurred to him that her old friends could make Winnie out of that, too.

"With Winona," said Paul, with a sudden inspiration, "there is Nona."

"No-na," she repeated slowly. "It *is* rather nice."

"It is *very* pretty," said Paul earnestly.

The darkness was closing in; lights were beginning to show in windows; from one of the houses came the strains of a harmonium playing hymns. They walked along, their arms touching from time to time.

But the mood of Winona, or Winifred, had changed. The moment when she might have been Nona had passed; she became frankly Winnie again. They talked of old schoolfellows, matching name with name, recollection with recollection. And then, before Paul was aware, they were at the gate of Malcolm Dyer's old brick house, hidden away among the cedar-trees that had grown so much taller during the years of Winona's absence. Because its grounds were enclosed, it had an air of mystery, somewhat resented in Macochee as too private and secretive; but to Paul it was romantic, as he stood there at the high gate in the twilight holding for an instant the hand of the girl.

"I can not ask you in now," she said. "I'm sorry. But you may call. Good night."

PAUL'S curiosity as to the house almost conquered his embarrassment as he stood at its door the Friday night after the encounter of Sunday awaiting the response to his call. The aged negress who grudgingly opened to him showed him across the hall into a parlor and then shuffled out of the room with heavy feet and waddled away, grumbling the while in guttural tones. A fire of coals burning in a grate gave the room a cheer it might not have had without it, for it was a somber apartment of velvets and plush, crowded with walnut furniture plainly of the epoch immediately following the Civil War. But it was large for Macochee and had a high ceiling, and with its thick Brussels carpet and superimposed rugs it wore an air of comfort.

Beside the grate stood a low chair and a little table huddled with trinkets and a book. Paul had a curiosity about the book and from the remote seat he had taken strained his eyes to read the title. Books seemed to be everywhere about, scattered recklessly, as though some one were reading them all the time and letting them lie where they fell, like dead trees.

In the room next to the parlor—the sitting-room, in the Macochee analogy held throughout—a light was burning and some one was there. Paul could feel a presence. He thought of Malcolm Dyer; he could see him again striding along Main Street with his riding-crop in his fist; he could imagine him going in and out of this house, this very room. Strange that Dyer should come no more and that he, Paul, should be sitting here calling on his daughter!

He did not wait long; the aged negress had scarcely waddled out and the sound of her grumbling monologue had scarcely died away, when Winona appeared. As he rose, he noticed that her gaze was not instantly for him—that it was turned in the direction of the sitting-room. But she greeted him with her smile and then passed swiftly to a seat on the opposite side of the fireplace, motioning him to a chair that presented its back to that other room.

THE presence in the sitting-room produced its natural effect: a constraint fell upon them; they could exchange only banal observations. But as they did so, Paul tried to study Winona's features under the lamplight. He had reproached himself since the Sunday afternoon of the walk with his stupid inability to evoke her face; now he noticed a pallor that even the glow of the evening fire could not dissipate. Her mouth, rather large and in repose inclined to droop at the corners, did not impress him as being red and brilliant as it had seemed; her hands lay in her lap, her long fingers intertwined and now and then nervously contracted; the light of the fire played on the toes of her slippered feet on the shining brass fender. He tried to talk, cast about desperately for something to say and finally mentioned the picture over the mantelpiece.

"Oh, that," she said. "That was a favorite of father's. All those engravings were his. He liked engravings."

She smiled indulgently and lowered her voice in speaking of her father.

"And the books?" he asked.

"Oh, they are mama's. She reads all the time."

"Do you read any of them?"

"I? Oh, never! I can't bear to read!"

Other tentatives were no more promising; whatever the cause, whether his own presence or the presence in the adjoining room, this first call was not a social success. When he rose to go, he thought he could detect a relief in Winona's manner: she looked up suddenly with more animation than she had shown, smiled and said:

"Oh, must you go?"

She went with him into the hall, stood by while he donned his overcoat—the aged negress appeared no more—and at the door gave him her hand and said:

"I do hope you will come again."

He vowed that he would enter that house no more, but once away something in its atmosphere dimly felt began to cast a spell on him: the room was vivid to him, with its books, its engravings, the sense of a life going on there different from his own; he wondered about the unseen mother, about Winona, with her strange pallor, and he felt again the desire to see her. But he had resolved not to go again and he did not like always to be breaking his resolutions.

THEN one afternoon he saw her pass the shop and ran out on to the walk; he did not even pause to get his coat. She was not altogether startled by his appearance. With a smile, she gave him her hand, and in the instant that he held it in his own he flung his resolution to the sharp winds which were blowing that Winter morning, even though the sun was warm enough to melt the edges of the snow that lay grimy with the dust and smoke of the shops.

"You will catch cold," she said, glancing at him as in shirt sleeves he stood there in the stinging wind, bareheaded in the sunshine, his hair in disorder, his face glowing with the pleasure of seeing her. "You'll catch your death of cold," she insisted.

It was delightful to hear her say that. He swelled out his chest, expanding his lungs in the sharp air.

"Nonsense," he said. "I go about this way all the time. But you must excuse my appearance—I saw you and ran out."

"It's awfully nice of you," she said, smiling. "And do come to see me again, won't you? My mother had been ill the other day and I was worried."

"I was just going to ask you if I might come!" he exclaimed eagerly.

He went. This time Winona met him at the door herself, smiling and almost gay, and turned with a flounce into the parlor where, before he was really aware of another presence, he heard her say:

"Mama, this is Mr. Hardin."

Mrs. Dyer was sitting in the low chair by the fire, a pale, vague apparition of flowing black silks with an aureole of white hair. She was frail, with transparent skin, and she had large blue eyes that glowed brilliantly at times. Just now they were lifted amiably toward Paul, and in her thin face there was a smile that made him feel at home.

He took her hand and as she withdrew it she waved it rather tremblingly toward a chair beside her. The little table at her side was more crowded than ever with trinkets, a silver vinaigrette, a tiny clock, a photograph, lorgnettes and the book into which on his entrance she had thrust a silver paper-knife to mark her place.

She laid her book down on her little table and, as though to mitigate as much as possible the interruption, turned and spoke to Paul of what she had been reading and then went on to talk of other books. Winona had told her, she said, that he was a great reader and she wished to know what he read and asked him if he could recommend any books. With a feeling that he was getting somewhat beyond his depth, he told her of the few books he had read. She smiled, whether indulgently or sympathetically or in superior amusement he was not quite sure; it was a smile so shadowy and evanescent that it might have been the smile on the face of some character conjured for a moment's fleeting reality out of one of the novels she was always reading.

"The great difficulty is to keep her supplied," said Winona. "It's a problem. She has read everything in the house. There is no public library, and as for Ogle's book-store—*pshaw!*" she exclaimed in sudden disgust. "It's like everything else in Macochee!"

Mrs. Dyer smiled her vague, complacent smile. She was unlike any other woman Paul had known. The preoccupations, the cares, the social relations of the women in Macochee were remote from her; she seemed not only to have no interest in them, but she ignored them—even the gossip of Macochee, so virulent that her immunity from it seemed miraculous.

She took some interest, however, in her husband's



PAUL MIGHT EASILY HAVE OVERTAKEN HER. WHEN HE DID SO, HE TOLD HIMSELF, HE WOULD TAKE HER IN HIS ARMS AND KISS THOSE RED LIPS

farms, now hers; they found themselves suddenly in the conversation that evening. There had been a snowstorm the week before, and now it was thawing under a southwest wind. "The man," as they impersonally called the tenant of one of the farms, had been in town that morning bringing the weekly supply of butter and eggs; he had sniffed the air in his weatherwise way and remarked that the sap was running and that they would "sugar off" the following week. Something in the conversation as reported to her by the old negress had touched Mrs. Dyer's fancy.

"I have always wished to see it," she said.

SHE paused a moment, clasping her thin white hands and stretching them out to the fire.

"I am very fond of maple-sugar. It is good on buckwheat cakes—and Mammy makes such delicious ones!" And she smiled that vague, placid smile.

The remark almost shocked Paul; the idea of this ethereal wraith consuming buckwheat cakes was incongruous.

"It would be nice for you and Mr. Hardin to go—don't you think so, dear?" Mrs. Dyer suggested.

Winona's eyes flashed and, with an impulsive movement, she exclaimed: "Just grand!" And then turning to Paul: "Have you ever seen it? Do say you haven't! It would be a lark! Barlow makes such lovely sugar; it always takes the blue ribbon at the county fair."

Mrs. Dyer was smiling reminiscently.

"I believe I shall go, too," she said presently.

Winona stared aghast.

"Why mama, the idea! You who never go out of the house!"

But Mrs. Dyer straightened from her drooping, acquiescent attitude and looked up sharply at her daughter, her blue eyes sweeping her haughtily from head to foot.

"Why not, I should like to know? Indeed, I will go! Mr. Hardin can drive us out in the afternoon. I shall have Barlow notified in the morning."

Winona's eyes darted an angry glance at her mother; then her gaze as suddenly fell and she became instantly mild and calm and said sweetly: "Oh, if you think best, mama, of course."

Mrs. Dyer, victor in the little skirmish, began to discuss the excursion she had proposed: she dwelt upon the details, decided that they should drive out in the afternoon, visit the camp and return for dinner in the evening.

She became animated, almost excited, as she discussed it, Winona watching her narrowly the while. Paul saw that Mrs. Dyer was growing nervous: her calm vanished, her expression became more vague, her thin hands picked at the loose folds of silk of her gown and then sought the novel on the little table, and presently she rose, caught at the chimneypiece, smiled again and said:

"I shall have to retire. If you will excuse me, Mr.— Mr—" she sought the name—"Mr. Hardin?" she said. "Good night." She smiled vaguely and vanished softly from the room.

THE visit to Barlow's sugar-camp, however, remained fixed in Mrs. Dyer's intention, and a few days later the determined lady sent Paul word to come to the house so that they might perfect their plans. The proposed excursion was a hardy enterprise in her imagination and an event in her sedentary existence. It was arranged for a day in the following week.

But on the morning of the day appointed, Paul had a note from Winona regretting that her mother was ill and could not go to Barlow's with them. If the joy that Winona felt in the change of plans was disguised in the note she wrote, it was plainly acknowledged in her countenance when Paul drove up before the house early that afternoon. He had not had time to pull the bell when the door flew open and Winona, in hat and great-coat, ready for the journey, stepped promptly out, closing the door softly behind her.

Paul began some speech expressing regret at Mrs. Dyer's illness, if not her absence, but Winona interrupted him.

"Oh, she's always planning things and then getting sick at the last moment. I should know better, but I never remember from one time to the next. She was disappointed, poor thing. She has taken a liking to you."

Paul glowed in the response which any touch of affection instantly evokes.

"She doesn't know I am going!" whispered Winona.

She was pretty in the excitement of the adventure, and when they were in the sleigh, snugly tucked in under the robes, she turned toward him with a radiant smile, her cheeks ruddy, her dark eyes glowing, and said:

"Isn't it nice and cozy?"

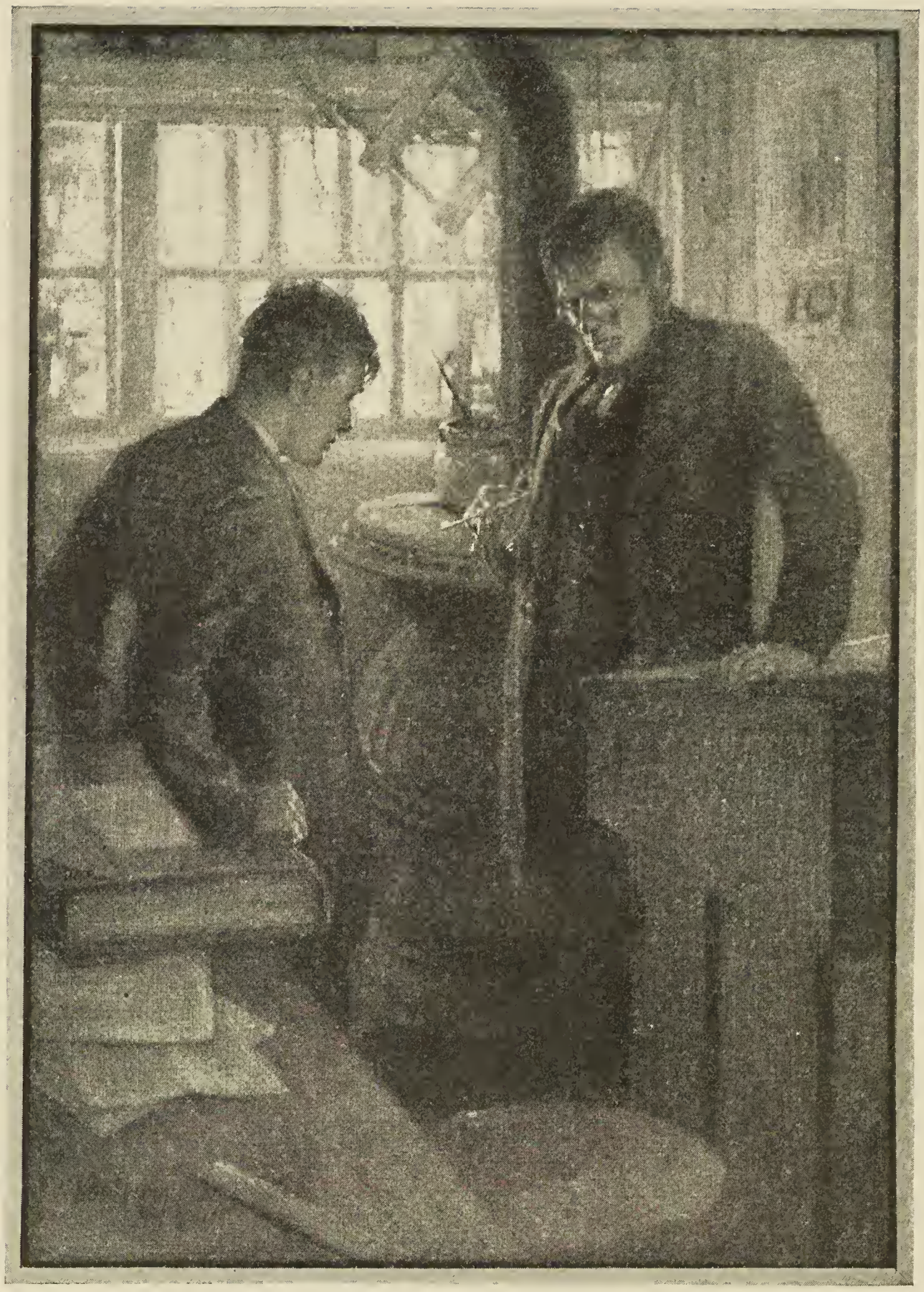
The sleigh glided along over the track worn in the turnpike, the jingling bells sounding across the snow. The snow lay on the fields, wrapping the world in white stillness and solitude, its immaculate crust gleaming in the light of the Winter sun and in the middle distance glowing rosily under its low, slanting rays. Far away the dark woods were feathery against the cold sky of turquoise green, clear save for wisps of delicate purple clouds blown across it by the wind. The wind stung their faces, making their cheeks and ears tingle. Paul drew the buffalo-robe more snugly about Winona; they sat closely together in a delicious sense of intimate contact, the fact of being together and the spice of wrong in Winona's flight. And for once Paul was happy.

When they drove in at the gate of the Barlow farm, a boy who was moving leisurely across the yard charged himself with the stabling of the horse and hospitably suggested that they go into the house and warm themselves by the fire. But they preferred the fires of the sugar-camp, and following the not-too-specific directions of the boy, they set off on foot across the fields. The snow had been slowly thawing for days and the crust broke under their feet so that they made a tiresome progress, sinking now and then into the wet, spongy mass underneath.

They crossed several fields thus and came to the wood with a sense of relief, glad to escape the melting snow, the buffeting of the wind, the keen raw edges of the air.

In the wood there was the peace of a sanctuary, a brooding sense of the calm dignity and patience of the trees. Noble beeches reared themselves on high, their gray boles bathed in a soft diminished light. Long since the wood had been cleared of its undergrowth and on its level floor, covering the resilient mold of mast and leaves, the snow still lay as it had fallen —pure, unblemished, white. The air was warm and still and filled with the clean, sweet odor of the trees. Far over the heads of Paul and Winona the wind boomed in the tree-tops; the trees bent their heads to it and swayed their upper branches, but down at their great sensitive bases, though every movement in the upper air was there recorded in delicate thrills and exquisite vibrations, there was not a perceptible tremor. The warmth, the snugness of the woods, the feeling of seclusion produced in them a glowing sense of intimacy, though the solemnity of the woods moved them to silence.

"Listen!" said Winona, leaning against the trunk of an enormous beech that had sheltered Delaware warriors in its youth. "You can hear music!" She raised her finger to command Paul's attention that he might hear that marvelous symphony of the woods, with delicate harmonies far beyond the ear of man.



"PAUL," SAID J. HARDIN, HIS FACE WEARING THAT DANGEROUS, DARK EXPRESSION, "DON'T GO TOO FAR!"

BUT Paul was rapt in other emotions. He had eyes only for the girl standing by the great gray bole of the beech-tree, her head tilted back, her lips slightly parted, one gloved hand on the smooth bark of the tree, the other upraised in a gesture of silence. Her gaze was fixed aloft among the upper branches, those exquisite instruments on which the wind played its mighty fugue.

"Isn't it marvelous?" she said.

She looked at him intently and he started toward her. But she put forth her hand to stay him lest he break the spell.

"Do you know where we are?"

"What does it matter?" he asked.

"Maybe we are lost!" she said. "Like the babes in the woods!"

She laughed, a laugh that was caught up into the harmony to which she had been listening.

"Wouldn't it be jolly?" she cried.

Paul could only stand and stare. Her cheeks were red; her dark eyes were glowing with excitement; her lips were parted. He had never seen a girl like that, so charming, so full of fancy; he was half-bewitched, as by a dryad, and he could only stand and gaze and wonder what she would do next. She started on a sudden impulse and ran, her skirts rustling about her swift ankles. He ran after her. She darted here and there among the tree-trunks, sprang on to a fallen log, stood there an instant, flashed a look of defiance, then leaped down and was off again. He might easily have overtaken her. When he did so, he told himself, he would take her in his arms and kiss those red lips—and yet he chose to postpone the delicious moment in order to enjoy its savor.

They raced on, and then suddenly, as she darted around a clump of bushes, there were the fields again and a rail fence. She clambered on to it, scaled its top rail, sprang lightly down on the other side and then he heard a cry. He hastened forward and mounted the fence. She was standing on the other side over her boot-tops in a snow-drift that sloped down into a ditch; she held on to the rails, half-suspended over the ditch, her skirt snagged by a long splinter on one of the rails and caught up to her knees. She looked up, her cheeks ruddy from the exercise, and made a little grimace.

"I'm caught," she said.

"It serves you right. Trying to run away from me!"

"Come and unfasten me," she said.

But he perched on the ridge of the fence and laughed.

"What will you give me if I do?"

"Do come, Paul," she pleaded, "and help me."

She made an effort to free herself and at the movement her face suddenly twisted with a wry expression and she gave a sharp little cry.

His heart came into his mouth; she had never before addressed him as Paul.

"Are you hurt?" he asked anxiously.

"My ankle!"

He leaped down beside her, released her skirt from the snag and when suddenly she sank down into the snow he lifted her in his arms and carried her across the ditch.

"You must put me down now," she said. "I'm all right; I can stand."

SHE stood beside him, took a step and then with that wry expression she gave another cry. He caught her instantly and she leaned on his arm.

"How provoking!" she said, pausing to catch her breath.

"Does it hurt much?" he asked, in a tender solicitude. "Shan't I carry you?"

"No, goose!" she said, smiling. "It's nothing. I turned my ankle. Isn't that the camp over there?"

She pointed across the field to a grove of tall maples, their smooth trunks blue in the slanting light. A wreath of smoke curled out of the grove and went swirling away on the wind up the Marmon Valley.

"Come along," she said. "We can't stand here. Let me lean on your arm."

She took a step or two and so, leaning on his arm, limped toward the camp.

"Does it hurt much?" he kept asking her.

"It's better," she said.

"Which ankle is it?"

Winona laughed. "Paul," she said, "you are so literal! Well,"—she halted and thrust out her foot—"there, it's that one."

He looked at the foot sympathetically, and noticing the light, thin boot, observed:

"Your feet must be very wet."

"How prosaic you are!"

"And how imprudent *you* are," he replied. "They *are* wet, aren't they?"

"If you must be so practical, I will confess that they are—soaked through, in fact! There, if you must know!"

"And you'll catch your death of cold!" he said tragically. "What will your mother say?"

"She'll say: 'Winnie, what a girl you are!' "

"Yes," said Paul, looking at her with ardent eyes and speaking in a tone of another intention: "Winnie, what a girl you are!"

"But I told you to call me Nona," she said.

"When did you tell me that?"

She gave a toss of her head and looked up into his face smiling. He bent his head, her face drew nearer and nearer to his, he looked into her dark eyes and their lips had almost met—when she stirred, took a step and seemed about to fall. She caught herself on his arm.

"We must get on," she said.

HE WONDERED if he had made a mistake, if he had gone too far. How was a fellow ever to tell with a girl? They were going on; she was limping, he thought, a little less painfully. She had ceased smiling and was rather grave. Yes, he thought, he had made a mistake.

In the maple-wood the wind made another and a different music in the tree-tops: it was softer, with a tinge of melancholy. The Winter light that fell through the branches was paler, and in the bushes there was a ruddy glow, the gleam of the coming Spring that was already sending the sap thrilling upward through the slender trunks of the trees. But there was a suggestion of pain, too: each of the trees had its side pierced and in the wound a slender spile had been thrust, through which its life was trickling away.

They paused for Winona to rest, and leaning against one of the trees, she gently patted the smooth bark of its trunk. "Poor thing!" she sighed, as though an instinctive impression of the agony and the sacrifice of all life gave her a momentary panic.

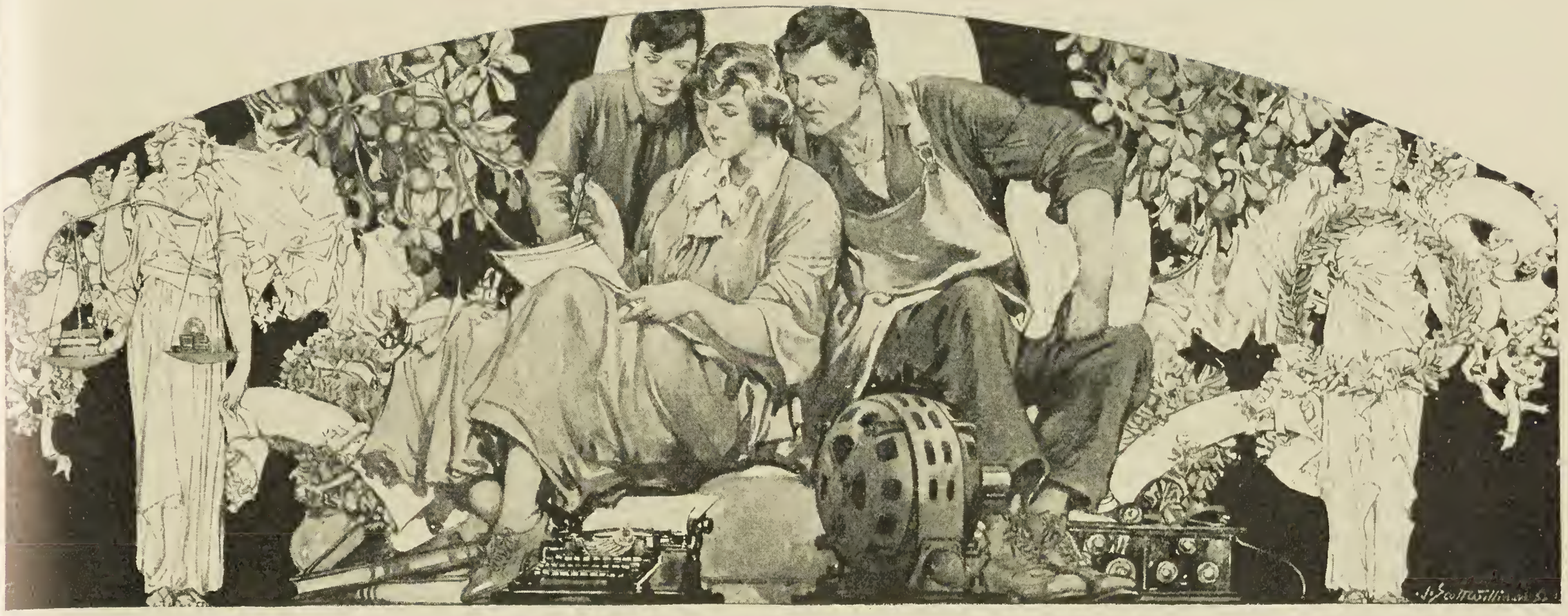
The camp, in the center of the grove, consisted of an old log cabin, which two generations before had been the home of the hardy pioneer who had first made a clearing in that forest. Its abutting low sheds of rough clapboards were thatched with cedar boughs, and in each of these sheds great iron kettles swung over wood fires that were rudely bricked in to protect the sheds.

Barlow, peering through the smoke, saw the approaching couple and went forward to greet them. He was a gaunt man, with muscles like whipcords under his loose leathern skin, a long, shaven upper lip and the beard with which those who do the primeval work of the world in its worst weathers soon learn to protect their throats. When he recognized Winona, he heartily drew off his great mittens and held forth a palm as hard as a hoof.

"Miss Dyer," he said, "step right in and make yourself to hum. Mr. Hardin, glad to know ye; know your father well; driv one of his buggies nigh on to fifteen year—drivin' it yet. But where's your ma, Mis' Dyer? I thought she was a'comin'. Up to the house, I reckon? They're expectin' her; my woman's been cookin' up for supper to-night."

Winona explained and spoke of her mother's regret.

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THE WIFE WHO FAILED

Women readers pity and scold the author of "Despoiled"

THE wife who wrote "Despoiled," that remarkable autobiography of marriage, published in a recent issue of THE DELINEATOR, laid her failure to the fact that she had contributed substantially to the economic support of her husband and thus, as she believed, "debauched his manhood." She made her confession without reserve, in the hope of easing her own heart and of helping other women over the same rough path.

Our women readers who have flooded this office with letters of pity, praise and blame do not all agree with the author of "Despoiled," but they seem for the most part to be actuated by the same desire to confess and to help.

One comment came in person from Mrs. Winifred Mason Huck, the congresswoman from Illinois, who found time between a session in Congress and a campaign in her home State to call on the editor of THE DELINEATOR.

"This has been the busiest month of my life," she declared, "but I locked myself in to finish reading 'Despoiled,' and I have come here to say that although wives who make money sometimes fail, it is not necessary. I have a husband and four children. For twenty years I have tried the experiment of combining marriage with an outside interest—and my husband still brings me flowers!"

ANOTHER successful wife and wage-earner, Mrs. W. F. Owens, who teaches mathematics in Ithaca, New York, protests that the author of "Despoiled" unfairly judges all "combination" marriages by the narrow measure of her own failure.

"There is a story," writes Mrs. Owen, "of a man who thought the entire world was made of Limburger cheese because a small bit was clinging to his mustache. There is another of a girl who thought the world only a huge flower-garden because she never looked beyond the wall that encircled her own palace. To an impartial observer it would seem that neither of these persons was a competent judge of the important affairs of the world. Let me frankly confess, therefore, that I may be as prejudiced as the lady who signs herself to the article 'Despoiled' in the March DELINEATOR. But our view-points are different.

"She is evidently an artist; I am a mathematician. She was unhappily wedded for ten years; I have been happily married for nearly nineteen years. She makes no mention of children; it is hard for me to refrain many minutes from mention of my two daughters. She has a profession which can be carried on at home or abroad; I have one which would seem to require my presence in a very few localities. She would condemn all women who pursue their chosen profession after marriage, while I am restrained from making an equally positive statement to the contrary only by my long years of training in learning what constitutes a proof and entitles one to make a definite assertion.

The article here referred to, "Despoiled," appeared in THE DELINEATOR for March. It was a sincere, moving, straight-from-the-heart story of a woman who is a conspicuous figure in the professional world, but who feels that despite her achievements success has left her life empty. Looking backward, she concluded that her greatest mistake had been in making her husband a financial dependent, thereby robbing him of a man's inherent right to protect and support his wife. To her mind, such conduct was a reversal of a law of nature, an offense for which she was punished by bitter disillusion and years of unhappiness that finally led to divorce. It is evident that all self-supporting wives do not agree with her, for a flood of comments from them followed publication of the article. Some of the most interesting are printed here, and you need not have read "Despoiled" to appreciate them

"The writer of 'Despoiled' has had a bitter experience and writes forcefully from a full heart. She clearly states her illustration, but she loses her sense of perspective, it seems to me, in her closing paragraph.

"When so sane a magazine as THE DELINEATOR prints, with seeming commendation, so illogical a conclusion to such a powerfully told, heartrending story as 'Despoiled,' it rouses one to protest at the unfair implications concerning the men of our day. Thousands of women have found their husbands not inclined to shirk merely because their wives tried to help in ways not laid down by immemorial custom. The statement that 'the dependence of the wife is the fact that keeps a man a man' is controverted by the experience of thousands of women all over our country.

"I would not here criticize the acts of the writer herself. It is so easy to say to another: 'Here you failed; there you should have acted in this way.' But to you, the editor of a powerful magazine, as a thoughtful woman, I come with the hope that you will let some woman who has not failed on this particular type of a job give inspiration by the story of her success.

"Perhaps I have not looked out of my garden enough, but at least we are trying, my husband and I, to make a little more of the world into a glorious flower-garden of love."

A FRESH breeze from the West blew into THE DELINEATOR office with the following delightfully sane and humorous explosion from Mrs. Adelaide Hey, who apologized for the length of her letter but declared that, "After reading the closing paragraphs of 'Despoiled,' I simply boiled over!" It is safe to wager that any wife with Mrs. Hey's sense of humor would allow no mere man to make a tragedy of her life. There is wholesome food for thought here for self-pitying women who have lost their perspective:

"Why," demands Mrs. Hey, "is that article called 'The confession of a wife who failed'? It seems to me it was the husband who failed, and the concluding paragraphs contain a lot of tommy-rot. Perhaps the author would have been happier with a half-dozen babies and nothing to feed them with.

"The men who 'build the great bridges, write the great books and conquer the wilderness' are frequently single. A man with a family can't go adventuring and experimenting with fortune. The trouble is they don't realize it before they saddle themselves with families. Afterward they kick about it and blame their wives.

"There used to be a question asked in presuffrage days: 'Are women people?' We thought it was answered when we got the vote, but it might well be asked again. Sometimes, when I read the views of writers as set forth in essays and stories, I wonder whether a woman, when she marries, is expected to become feeble-minded or to turn into a jellyfish. It makes me fighting mad. I don't hold with any 'ists' or 'isms,' but I do believe in applying ordinary horse-sense.

"We've gotten over the idea of woman as a beast of burden—on paper. There seems to be, however, among present-day writers, a tendency to represent her as a sort of sacrificial heifer or lamb. Now, that is not much of a step forward. There isn't much difference in degree between a donkey and a heifer or a lamb. They're all beasts. Which brings us back to the question: Are women people? If they are, why, in the name of horse-sense, do we expect them, under the influence of a few words said by a priest or a judge, to turn into something else? Why can't they take their talents along into that 'holy' state? Why must they crush out of themselves that which God put there, for fear of spoiling or displeasing some man? I've had women say to me with regret: 'I used to play,' 'I used to sing,' 'I used to sketch.' Yes, and then perhaps John didn't care to have his wife do these things—it might take time to which he had a 'right,' or else she ought not to have a thought which did not tend to add to his comfort. So they gave in, but deep down in their souls they were sorry. The standard of revolt was furled. Their daughters and granddaughters will raise it and the troglodytes will wonder at the 'restless sex' and pen jeremiads at the prevalence of divorce.

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THE IRON MAN

"You've got to be iron when it comes to women!"

By BERTHE K. MELLETT

MR. HENRY MOSHER, eighteen, had returned from his freshman year at Ponter. Now Ponter is a military academy in the East, and any inhabitant of the Pacific slope can tell you that tremendous changes are wrought in a man by a year in the East—particularly a year in a military academy in the East. Mr. Mosher, being a native son of Seattle, knew what was expected of him and was living up to it.

He and Dub Taylor and Benny Burchfield and Malcolm Johnson were lounging in their bathing-suits on the after-deck of the house-boat they had taken for the Summer, and in a carefully careless drawl Henry was treating the others to a glimpse of the wonders that had been performed. Incidentally, he was having a look at them himself, and not only marveling, but believing.

"Plain as an old shoe with men," he described himself, and lighted a cigaret as corroborative evidence. "But iron when it comes to women!"

Malcolm Johnson moved uneasily in his Hong-Kong chair. Dub Taylor, having recently met with reverses in love, grunted indorsingly. Benny thought of something else.

"After all," Mr. Mosher flicked an unformed ash, "you've got to be that way. Love! What's love? You think it's something and you marry for it—and then where are you? *Blaa!* Of course folks must marry. Being more or less in the Army for a year has shown me that. Have to have soldiers for the defense of the State—to say nothing of branching out into Hawaii and the Philippines. Marriage is all right, but a man must use sense about it. I mean—marry the colonel's daughter or money. Look at me: Passed up countless peachers at Ponter proms and picked a widow. She had twenty-five thousand, and everything looked fine to me until mother came back for Easter. Brilliant woman, my mother. 'Henry,' she said, 'it costs your father fifteen thousand every year to keep you and me and the house going. At that rate twenty-five thousand would last you one year and eight months.' I saw the point. Rough on the widow, of course—I'd already taken her to the movies and brought ice-cream to the house on Sunday. But I chopped it. Had to. You've got to be iron when it comes to women."

MALCOLM'S chair screamed. "You're going to have a rotten Summer, Hen," he said. "The whole crop of heiresses was married off last year. Only girl I know who has so much as a prospect is Martha Temple, and she won't get anything until the courts straighten out her brother's property and war-risk insurance."

"What's she like?" Mr. Mosher had the air of a man who could wait.

"Pretty, nice—but hard as nails. Biggest flirt on the Coast——"

"Fat chance I'd have—" Henry caught the lack of assurance in his words and started over. "I mean, there'd be competition for a girl with looks and a fortune——"

"That's where you're wrong. Fellows out here haven't had your advantages. They're not iron. They're sentimental. They think girls ought to have wings, or something. And just before he went over the top that last time, Martha's brother, Captain Temple, wrote a postcard to the girl he was engaged to, saying that since Martha had enough to get along on, he wanted her—his fiancée—to have what he left. She's a mite of a person, Ellen Kemp is, and has a mother to support, and the fellows around hold her hard luck against Martha. But all Martha sees in the case is that her lawyers tell her she is her brother's legal heir, since a post-card isn't a legal will, and so forth. I told you she was hard. Don't know what Ellen Kemp would have done if Judge Placer hadn't hired her for a secretary to help with his book. She's up at Placer's now, drilling away. Doggone it, if she wasn't so brave, it wouldn't get everybody's goat the way it does!"



"KEEP CLEAR OR I'LL BUST IT!" HENRY CRIED

Mr. Mosher went and stood at the rail.

"Martha Temple's going to be at Sally Placer's this afternoon," Malcolm added in the tone of one supplying unimportant conversational bits.

Henry essayed to whistle. Then he reached over and blobbed a mop of sweet alyssum out of the flower-box into the water. After that he yawned.

"Well," he said at length, "guess I'll go up-town for a spell." And he sauntered toward the cubbyhole ambitiously known as his stateroom.

When he was gone, Dub Taylor emerged from his preoccupation.

"What's the big idea?" he asked belligerently.

"Hen's got to be bumped," Malcolm answered. "And Martha's the girl to do it. She's got the same ideas he has about money counting for everything. And she's a vamp besides. She'll string him along until he's crazy about her, money or no money, and then tie a can to him when something better comes along. By the time she's through with him, there won't be metallic traces in the iron man sufficient to show rust."

"You make me sick," was Dub's rejoinder. "Mosher's got the right idea. You've got to be iron with them. It's your only protection."

JUDGE PLACER'S house, while not being a show-place, was still one of those ample shingled affairs beloved of the Westerner who has money and likes to spend it. It stood on a hill looking two ways to blue water. On one side was Puget Sound and on the other was Lake Washington. To the east loomed the Cascade Range and to the west stretched the Olympic Mountains. Sally Placer, mistress of the house, ran it in a manner suitable to youth and the times. As Henry approached he heard the phonograph, and as he drew nearer he caught the swish of dancing feet on the porch. Instinct stepped within him. Also, as he mounted the porch steps, instinct shot his eyes through the flannel and organdy crowd straight to a dark, haughty little face lifted above a slender figure clad in flame-colored crêpe. Gee, that was what he called a stunner! He liked them that way, with bright, sharp eyes. They fought back—that kind did. No nonsense about them. But if you were just iron enough, all the sharpness and brightness made darned good material. Of course you had to be iron——

So, bethinking himself of his character, he greeted Sally in man-of-the-world fashion; asked after her father as though the judge were really the one he had come to see, and in verification of that implication walked into the house and that gentleman's study.

A blond head turned from the typewriter, two small white hands ceased hammering the keys and a pair of blue eyes inquired the intruder's business.

"I—I stepped in to see the judge," stammered Mr. Mosher.

"He just went out by the back way. But I am his secretary——"

Something enormous flopped into Henry's throat.

"You don't mean—that you're the girl who——"

"I am Miss Kemp."

Henry's eyes went from the frail white hands to the blue eyes. Whatever it was in his throat, it threatened to burst. A girl like that—a little, beautiful, delicate girl like that—oughtn't to have to work; and, by George, any other girl that would keep her rightful money from her——

Mr. Mosher fled. He fled the study and fled through the hall. Then covering the fact that he was still fleeing, by means of a bored gait, he fled through the dancing crowd straight toward the figure in flame-colored crêpe. That was the sort to buck a fellow up when he felt himself going soft, to make him think straight and hard again, to restore the iron to his soul.

Continued on page 65

THE COURAGE OF A QUITTER

Mother-love conquers all things—even the frontier

By FRANCES GILCHRIST WOOD



"BINKUMS, I ought to write to granny—" A slender girl, she was hardly more, stooped to the floor of the sod shack and lifted a year-and-a-half-old baby, swaying back under his weight. The dark eyes winced. "I can't—this awful homesick morning! The paper would be dyed blue, and granny reads between the lines."

She halted in the doorway, her lifted face, with its swift palings and vivid flushes, staring out over the Dakota plain. "If only the prairie wasn't so big and lonesome! Three more years—three endless years to prove up on the homestead. I can't—" her voice lowered—"be a—quitter. . . ."

She pressed her lips unsteadily against the downy head in her arms. "Your father was a brave man, Binkie. When you're big enough, I'll tell you how he fought through that black blizzard to save the little children shut up in the schoolhouse hungry, freezing, and he—gave his life——"

The dark head buried itself in arms rigid against the door-frame. "Oh, Danny—Danny——"

The baby whimpered, reached up and patted the wet cheeks. Hardily the girl fought for self-control. "You must grow up to be a brave man like your father, little Danny. But you've only a 'fraid-cat mother, who's been scared of everything all her life, to teach you. Binkie," she faced the baby earnestly, "I think it's good for children to be brought up on the frontier. You can't be coddled and have everything done for you, as our old black mammy did for us; you have to know for yourself."

With a start her eyes flew to the sun. "Millicent Bell Walker—it's late! The paper—the *News*—and that warning about Griggs— We must run! Thank goodness the cow's milked and everything fed and watered." There was a low shamed laugh: "And I'm even afraid of the cow!"

Gaily beaded moccasins flashed beneath the hem of the dotted blue calico as she crossed the acres of her homestead claim. A dirty-white Indian pony awaited her coming with the air of a willing martyr. The girl stooped and worked the iron pin back and forth in the tough sod until it came up with a jerk that sent her staggering. Deftly she coiled up the picket-line on her arm, knotted it and regarded the even loops with pride.

"Anyway, I've learned to farm this half-year."

SHE pulled the unwilling pony across to the shack and tied the rope to a staple in the door-frame. Quickly she lowered the baby to the floor of the single room, knelt by the rough pine bed and pulled a man's saddle from underneath. The downy head nodded to this mother genuflecting for his amusement and Binkie chuckled an appreciative "Da, da, da!"

"Binkums, won't it be heavenly when you can really talk?" The girl sat back on her heels and regarded the rosy face with pride. "I expect you'll talk very early, because I talk to you in place of all my six brothers and sisters, and granny, too! If only— We must hurry, dear."

The girl dragged out the heavy cowboy-saddle with the right stirrup removed and the left shortened. Quickly she buckled the bridle and laid her hand on the rough shoulder.

"Pegasus, will you please stand still this morning till I get the saddle up? It's so heavy, and you always have to wear it in the end anyway—why don't you make a virtue of necessity?"

Cautiously she pushed a small box along the ground, stepped up and lifted the big saddle. The descending flaps touched the pony's back and he jumped out in a wide half-circle. The falling weight jerked the girl stumbling forward.

"Oh—Peggy! Why can't you be civilized—for once! Now, you've got to stand against the shack, and if you kick——"

The protesting animal was crowded to the sod wall, the box pushed across, one final plunge and the saddle cinched into place. Quickly the girl brought out a child's high-chair, hung a coil of picket-rope on the pommel of the saddle and swung the bags across. With the deftness of haste she tied on the small cap, her own hat, gathered up the baby and closed and locked the door. Bridle-rein on arm, she gripped the back of the high-chair, and suddenly the wincing eyes shut tight. Slowly she opened them, walked in front of the pony and pulled up the drooping head.

"Peggy, if I should jump on your back from that high-chair every morning for the next million years, I'd be just as much afraid the last days as I am now. There isn't a stone or a stump on the prairie for a horse-block; lumber's worth its weight in gold—and there's no gold."

She stroked the white face pleadingly. "You're all the help Binks and I've got, Peggy, for we have to live on the claim to prove up—the Land Office says so; and we've got to run the paper Danny left us in Antietam—and they're seven miles apart."

SLOWLY she ran her fingers through the straggling foretop. "Won't you please try to remember I'm not one of your former owners with a pair of spurs and a yell, and I don't want you to jump seventeen feet before I really touch the saddle. Wish it was proper to ride astride like the men; maybe we will—some day."

She hid her wincing eyes against the white face. "Peggy, you know I'm just standing here talking to you because I'm—scared! If mammy had only let me grow up like a tomboy, or if you'd only let me climb on slow, I wouldn't be so afraid of jumping too far or not far enough and some day seeing—Binkie under your—kicking heels! Oh . . . !"

The girl steadied her lips against the baby's soft cheek, pulled the high-chair to the side of the pony and climbed up with the heavy child. Gurgling and cooing, he reached down for the reins. "Oh, don't, Binkums! Put your arms 'round mother's neck—hold on tight!"

Cautiously she shuffled her feet to the clear edge of the chair, settled the child on her hip, clutched him tight, caught her breath and jumped for the slippery pigskin seat. Pegasus made the wild leap of unforgotten training in races of the past. The girl swayed dangerously, balanced too far with the child's weight, clutched the pommel, braced in the stirrup, reined back sharply and righted the double burden.

"B-Binkie—we're saved—once more!"

The child crowed, put out his arms and the white-lipped mother slid him forward to where he could pat the flat top of the pommel. Hastily she headed Pegasus toward a sight-mound, an outstanding dot against the lighter colors of the prairie and its only guide-post. The grass of the plains still held its Spring greenness and blazed with the high lights of red and yellow cactus. The girl's face lifted to the prairie wind that blew over miles of sweet-smelling table-land.

"Lovely country on Spring mornings, baby dear. We'll forget the blizzards and hot winds and hail-storms. Won't we be glad when there's a nice safe road between fences to keep people from getting lost after dark?"

To the right of a far-spaced line of sight-mounds a sod shack reared its ugly rectangle. The girl leaned over for a note slipped into the cleft stick beside a mound. Swiftly she read:

Milly, stop at the shack.
MOTHER MARTIN.

With a quick twitch of the bridle she reined out of the trail. The light-stepping Indian pony made no noise on the thick mat of buffalo-grass and the girl drew rein close beside the plainswoman. She was on her knees before a chicken-coop.

"I've got to keep ye shut up, Mary Jane! Ye're that flighty ye'll be dragging these little balls of Plymouth Rockers all over the prairie, an' the hawks are worse'n ever this Spring. When ye get as old as I am—" she laughed amusedly, stood up and turned with a start.

"Land alive, Milly—I didn't hear ye come up!" She shoved a gingham sunbonnet back from gray hair, and keen old eyes searched the girl's face. "What's the matter, child? What makes ye want to run?"

Millicent's lips twitched. "What makes you ask that, Mother Martin?"

"Your eyes, child." She shook her head slowly. "Wouldn't I know, after forty years on one frontier and another, and now out here with my son's son?" Her voice deepened. "Only I had—my man." She looked up. "If ye went back, Milly, where'd ye go?"

"To granny, in Delaware."

"Has she got plenty for ye and the boy?"

Millicent shook her head. "That's the trouble. Granny brought us all up after father and mother died. If Binks and I go back, then Granny can't send the rest of the Bell children to college, and—I've had my chance."

The woman smoothed Pegasus's tangled mane. "And ye'd lose the homestead for the boy. What is it scares ye, Milly?"

The dark eyes widened; words dropped to a whisper. "*Wolves*—at night!"

The woman nodded. "Mine was Indians." Then the old mouth trembled at the corners and smiled faintly. "If ye have to ride home late, child, stop here with me." Softly she patted the baby's rosy palm lying in her wrinkled palm. "I'll get the letter Jimmy left for ye, Milly." She came back with an envelope. "He said tell you he got it late last night."

THE girl had broken the seal and was racing through the words. "It is—Griggs! The meeting's—to night!" Her breath caught, pale lips set grimly: "And no way to warn the homesteaders—unless we do it—through the *News!*" She was shifting Binkie into safe hold for swift riding.

"What is it, Milly?" Old hands clung to the bridle-rein.

"Griggs—the River City man! He's got the appointment of Third Commissioner from Washington, same as Swanson and Clark, our man from Antietam." She lifted the letter, "And here's proof he's holding Swanson up through that mortgage to force a vote on the county seat to-night—for River City!"

Mother Martin dropped the reins. "But River City's way in one corner of the county, Milly, and Antietam's in the center."

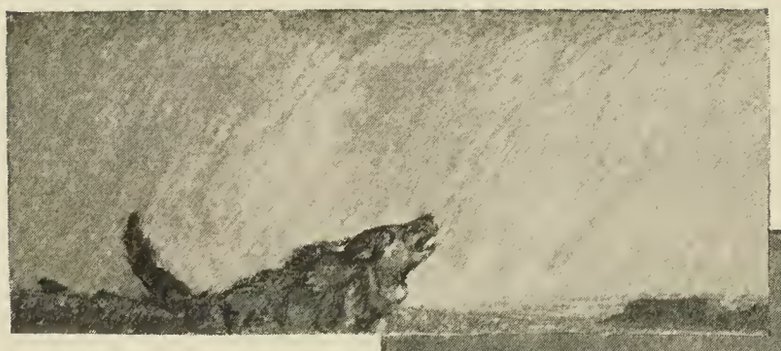
"That's what matters—it'll hurt the county badly, and we're too few and too busy to get to fighting. Griggs' claim is close to River City, of course." Again the grim look. "We've got to stop that vote!" She waved good-by, abruptly pulled back on the reins, and turned desperate eyes.

"Mother Martin, how'd you ever get over being afraid?"

The old woman laughed tremulously. "I don't know as I ever did—clear over." The pale eyes faced a wide stretch. "I can't remember, Milly—not rightly. Perhaps it was having to think about the children when they came, and there was always trouble like this county-seat fight, but I couldn't live away from the border now."

Silently the girl bent to the gallop that carried them over the miles. One sight-mound passed, another, another. Binkie's head drooped forward slowly.

"Sleepy, dear?" The girl shifted the child until the soft yellow curls rested on her free arm. A low laugh was very tender. "You downy little Buff Cochin, when you grow up you can tell your grandchildren the only cradle you had as a baby was the back of a galloping Indian pony." She lifted the reins gently. "Pegasus,



THE SIGNAL HOWL WAS REPEATED AND ANSWERED. PEGASUS THREW UP HIS HEAD, RAN IN NEARER THE HUMAN BEINGS AND STOOD TREMBLING. ALL LESSER STRUGGLES CEASED AND THE PLAIN WAITED BREATHLESSLY





use your wings! We must hurry!"

Two more miles of undulating prairie and they topped a low hill. Below them lay the town of Antietam, consisting of three sod shacks: hotel, news-office and combined general store and post-office. Swiftly the girl galloped across a dry creek-bed and struck into the deeply rutted Government trail. She halted in front of the general store, where the post-mistress stood waiting, graying head bared to the sun. Binkie was shifted from one pair of arms to another.

"Let me keep him till he wakes, Milly?"

The girl nodded and slid to the ground. "I'm late, and we've got to rush the *News*." The letter waved like a danger signal. "Here's the proof about Griggs and Swanson!"

The postmistress turned with a troubled: "Oh, Milly, Joe hasn't come this morning! Do you suppose——"

Millicent gasped. "Miss Arnold! It's press day—and the commissioners meet to-night! Any of the men here?"

"They're all out breaking sod or planting. I wonder——"

Milly's eyes flashed. "It's that Griggs!" She caught the reins and pulled Pegasus toward the neighboring sod building. "Paper's about set up—I can fill gaps with electrotype, but I can't run it off alone."

"Couldn't I help, Milly?"

"Takes a man for the lever. If no one comes in, I'll have to ride out and find help."

She flashed a look at the sun, jerked the pony to a trot and picketed him back of the office. Hurriedly she dragged the gear to the door and stepped over the sill of a small composing, press and general-business room, tumbled the saddle under the table, threw bags and hat on top, and stared at empty stools.

The girl's face paled and flushed, then her lips set tight. Quick fingers ran through the copy on the hook and sorted it with a critical frown. Rapidly she inspected the gaps in a form of modest size, the column in a waiting galley, picked up an empty stick and climbed the tall stool behind a composing-case. Flying type like rattling dice clicked into words.

SLOWLY the orderly column grew in length. With the emptying of each filled stick the girl made the rounds of the three windows and stared anxiously along the sight-mound trails.

The postmistress opened the door, holding a dewy-eyed baby in her arms. "There's your mother, Binkums; tell her we've interrupted for her own good—it's dinner-time."

The girl lifted dismayed eyes to the clock and shook her head. "I can't stop, Miss Arnold! If we don't get the *News* out——"

Mary Arnold nodded, turned quickly and was back in a moment with filled plate and cup. Milly swallowed the coffee, restless eyes on the clock, and turned back to the case. The last flying sheet of copy was checked, the type transferred from galley to form and the gaps between slender news-columns and attenuated ads swiftly calculated. With a saw and jack-knife she hacked the wooden-backed strips of electrotype into needed lengths, hammered wedges and locked forms. Once more she made a flying round of the windows, jerked open the door and ran to the post-office.

"Ready to print—can't wait. Who's nearest apt to be home?"

"Carson's gone to Haney and—you'd better try the creek road, Milly, one of the Donovans ought to be there."

The girl stooped to the baby, surrounded by an engaging assortment from the shelves of the general store. "Mother's man!" She held him tight, kissed the top of the downy head and ran out the door.

Pegasus submitted with an ill grace to the bridle and strapped blanket and the girl bent to the picket-pin. She straightened with an eager cry at the sound of a long-drawn blood-curdling war-whoop, paleface imitation of the Sioux across the Missouri.

"Sandy—" She stared with unbelieving hope over the pony's back at a horse and man racing across the prairie. An uncovered red head dipped colorfully with the rhythm of the gallop. "It is—it's Sandy!" With a sob of relief she unbuckled girth and bridle and jerked hastily. Sandy descended with a flying leap as she reached the door. The freckled face wore a wheedling grin.

"If the great metropolitan daily has gone to press, can I borrow Joe to do a bit of sod-breaking out on——"

Milly caught him by the arm. "Come in and help me run the paper off, Sandy. Joe didn't come—something's wrong. Look at that."

He caught the strip of galley-proof she tossed across the table and read sulfurously. "The dirty scutt!" Eyes and mouth slowly widened as he stared at the girl's flying fingers. "An you're—" A wild war whoop rattled the windows, "You're going t beat him—with th *News?* Where's my job boss?"

"Here, Sandy—lif this form over on th bed—no, no, the press Now this one, farthe over—" A pale, tired face bent over the old Washington hand-press adjusting makeshift machinery. "Put some ink on the table where the rollers are."

Sandy cleared with the speed of an incipient whirlwind and caught up a bottle of ink. The girl gasped, "No—no That thick stuff in the bucket under the press; lift out a gob with the paddle."

Sandy smeared ink with wild strokes impartially over the stand and himself. "Do you think Griggs kidnaped Joe?"

"Looks like it. Press feeds this side, Sandy—paper in here—tie that string tighter—wait till I ink!" The girl ran to the other side, lifted the heavy rolls from the inking-stand, reached up and forward with difficulty across one page and shifted to the other. "Flap the top down, crank and pull the lever down—hard! Grind back, lift—paper this side——"

Sandy ground, groaned, sweated and bit back red-headed language as the printing progressed slowly and painfully. The heavy rolls lifted up, forward, back again, across, down—endlessly. Millicent leaned against the wall. "Just a---minute—Sandy——"

The boy glared through the window at the telltale sun. "How'll we get the *News* around? I'll ride to Peterson's—give him papers for South Road—cut back to the east——"

The girl straightened. "I'll ride down the creek. If nobody comes—the Donovans will go. Ready?"

THE old Washington rattled on in hurrying cadence: Ink, flap, grind—crash! Grind, flap, flop—out! Desperately they raced with the low-peering sun. Breathlessly they mended broken strings and readjusted rattletrap machinery. The pile of blanks diminished as the printed pages grew and the clatter of the press drowned the ticking of the clock.

"I can't—lift—another lift!" Millicent leaned back gasping, turned a white face toward the window and straightened with a cry: "Sandy—it's sunset!"

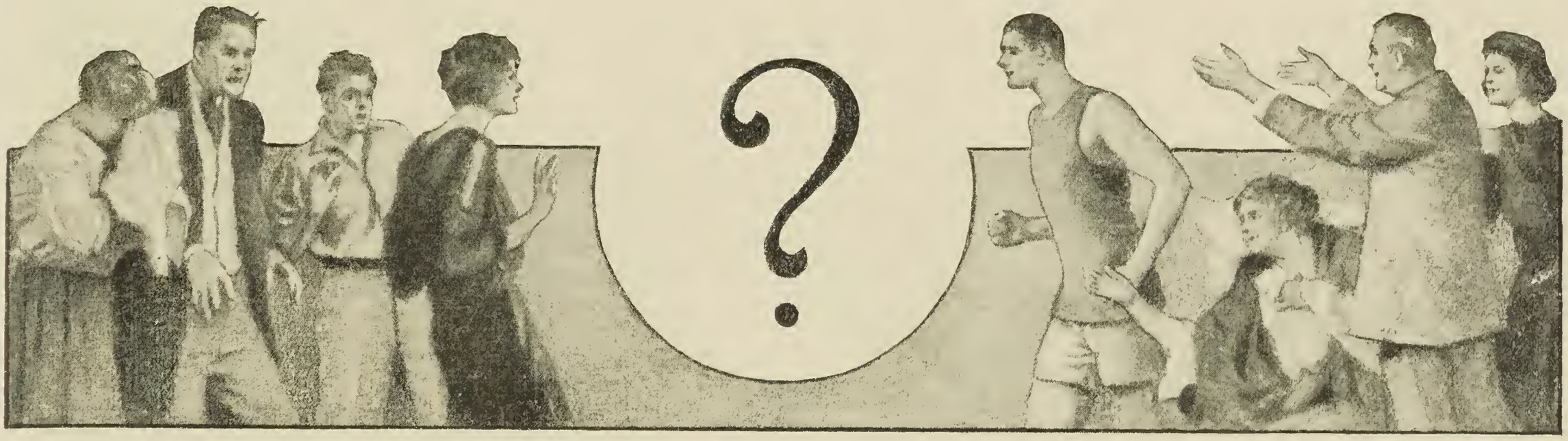
With a quick flirt, the boy rippled the edges of the printed pile and nodded. "More'n enough here. A man to a paper'll beat Griggs!"

Flying fingers doubled, creased and piled the *News* with swishing haste in the lessening light. With a groan of dismay, Milly lighted a lamp and they hurried on.

Sandy stood up; the girl nodded. "We'll have to go!" She bundled rapidly and just for a minute her head slumped forward on sagging arms. "Funny what a life-and-death matter it seems to get a penny paper like the *News* out!"

Sandy's red crest rocked defiantly. "Griggs won't find it funny, and it's a big thing to start a county

Continued on page 72



USING YOUR HEAD FOR HEALTH

By FIELDING H. YOST

Director of Athletics and Physical Education, University of Michigan

If you were placed on a modern football-field at a crucial point in the game, with a hundred thousand spectators watching your every move, with your eyes straining on the uncertain flight of a slippery ball and eleven husky demons bearing down on you as fast as their legs could carry them, no amount of physical fitness would serve to control a muscle if you were mentally in a panic. It is no small part of Mr. Yost's job to prepare youngsters in their 'teens for just such an ordeal. In the course of his experience he has picked up some facts about the relation of mental activities to physical well-being. All of them can be applied in our daily lives to help us keep fit, and when their application has become a habit we are a long way on the road to permanent good health

IN A quarter of a century's experience as a football coach, I have had abundant opportunity to observe the effects of the mind upon the body. I have seen players who had all the physical qualifications for success on the gridiron doomed to mediocrity or downright failure because they did not control their minds and develop the right line of thought; I have seen other players poorly endowed by nature, as compared with some of the failures, develop into stars because they "thought right." I do not mean by this that a flat-chested and anemic youth weighing one hundred and twenty-five pounds could become a great tackle because he thought he could become one; a certain amount of physical strength, muscular development and stamina are essential to football. But I have seen scores of two-hundred pound boys who ought to have been worth their weight in gold to the 'varsity fail even to hold a place on the squad because they were obsessed by lack of confidence or by downright fear of failure.

I am neither a Christian Scientist nor a one-hundred-per-cent. disciple of the autosuggestion school of philosophy, but I find in each of these some things that are of value to me in coaching football and more things that can be applied with profit in the daily lives of almost everybody. I think that I am in no danger of being called a faddist, so what I am writing here must not be construed as the utterance of a man that has committed himself to this ism or that, but I do believe that my long experience has at least taught me some hard common sense. If it hasn't, I have indeed paid a big price for something that has not been received.

IF MY creed in regard to health had to be summed up in a single sentence, I believe that it would best be expressed: "Don't worry." But I hear some of my former pupils and friends say "That sounds rather strange from the old man," and I hasten to add, being human, that I'm not entirely immune from worry.

I suppose I give way to worry in the Fall because there are so many uncertainties in football. If I were going to play the game myself, I would face it calmly; I would then know just what there was to do and what chance I had of doing it. But a football team is a delicate bit of machinery and it takes mighty little to get it out of kilter, so I never am sure when I send a Michigan eleven on the field whether it is going to play one hundred per cent. football or thirty per cent. I have seen teams that looked wonderful in practise go all to pieces in competition. I have seen quarter-backs who had convinced me that they were strategists call for plays that a lunatic would have known were wrong.

The things that I can't control are the things that I worry over. I can teach a team a lot of football, instruct my quarter-back as to just what he is to do when the game begins and send my men into action physically perfect, but I can never be sure that they will live up to any of my expectations. Football is a complicated game, and it is played by young men who, according to our present strict eligibility codes, can not have a very extensive experience in competition.

Aside from football, I probably worry as little as any one in the world. I expect to have good health, to have success in business and to have what is usually called "good luck." I take it for granted that if I live a proper life, work hard and overlook no opportunities to add to my facilities I will be healthy and happy. When I am well, I do not expect to be ill, and I seldom am. When I am ill, I expect to get well; I seek the advice of a good doctor and follow it, and I get well. Of course there are accidents beyond our control, but they are nothing to worry about. If I am the victim of an accident and sustain injuries, I shall make up my mind that I am going to recover and thus increase my chances of doing so. One of the best ways to avoid accidents is to observe the ordinary rules of caution. Do not attempt to cross streets without looking; never drive your automobile in such a way that you can not handle an emergency; avoid doing things you know are reckless; never be in such a hurry that you "take a chance."

THERE are many things in the various "mind over matter" schools of thought that belong entirely in the realm of the theoretical—there is no way of proving them. But there are others that can be proved, just as surely as two and two make four. To find concrete examples of the influence of the mind over physical functions of the body, we do not need to go beyond laughing and crying. When we are amused, which is purely mental, we laugh, which is a physical function. When we are deeply grieved, which again is mental, we cry, another physical function. Horror causes acute nausea with some people. Fright sometimes results in temporary paralysis of the organs of speech.

There are examples of the quick action of emotion on our bodies. They go to prove that a less violent but more continuous emotion also has a physical effect, which in turn is slower to produce symptoms that are readily recognized. Nearly every one has encountered the hypochondriac type, people who are always worrying about their health. There are people who can develop every sympton described by patent-medicine advertisements merely by reading these advertisements, partly because the symptoms are usually those which any one will have from time to time when feeling slightly out of sorts, and partly because the mind can produce symptoms by dwelling on them.

I know a man who for years was a most pronounced hypochondriac. He is one of the pitchers on the Detroit baseball club and a splendid athlete whenever he can persuade himself that he isn't at death's door from disease. This man made himself believe he had everything from fallen arches to leprosy. Once, I remember, he became convinced he was suffering from tuberculosis, though he did not have a single symptom. The baseball club sent him to a doctor, who made a thorough examination and, of course, found that there was no more tuberculosis in him than in a piece of furniture. It developed that the player got the idea he had the disease because he lacked energy and tired easily. Well, it finally was brought out that he was in the habit of sleeping about eleven hours a day and that he didn't take any exercise, except when he was pitching or "warming up." These habits, added to the fact that he was a very heavy eater, accounted for his lack of "pep." He finally made up his mind that there was nothing the matter with him, and last season, after a decade in the major league, he pitched better ball than ever before, although in the natural course of events he should have been showing signs of wear.

THE success of Émile Coué, both in this country and abroad, is a striking demonstration of what the mind can do to prevent ill-health and cure it. There is nothing of the charlatan about Monsieur Coué. He is a man of unusual common sense, who tells his audiences and clinics that he is not a healer. He says he does not do a thing for his patients: they do it all for themselves. He admits that the same results could be accomplished if he were in Nancy, his home, and the patients in America. He simply uses autosuggestion as a means of developing the imagination to the point where it is enabled to overcome disease or the fear of disease. The French teacher of autosuggestion points out it is not will-power but imagination that enables the patient to get results. Imagination must be built up so that it is stronger than the will-power. For this reason he does not have the patient say "I will get better and better, but "I am better and better." You can see how much stronger the latter is than the former. In the first case you merely make up your mind that something can be brought about; in the second case you say it already has been brought about—or, at least, that the beginning of it has been brought about.

Monsieur Coué is a remarkable man in that he has succeeded by applying common sense without dressing it up in a cloak of mystery. Others have thought it necessary to embellish such plain facts as those Coué presents because they believe the people will not be attracted to a doctrine that is so straightforward. They consider it advisable in order to "sell" the fundamentals to create an atmosphere of complexity and to convince the patient that they are endowed with healing powers

Continued on page 71

SCIENTIFIC BABY CARE

THE DELINEATOR is placing at the disposal of mothers the knowledge of America's foremost specialists in baby care and child welfare. Preceding articles have covered prenatal care, the care of the baby at birth, general care, maternal nursing, artificial feeding, feeding after infancy, early childhood and the health education and mental hygiene of the child of school age. The completed series will comprise the most up-to-date scientific information accessible to mothers. Dr. L. Emmett Holt, baby specialist, Physician-in-Chief, the Babies' Hospital, New York City, and author of "The Care and Feeding of Children," is the editorial adviser in THE DELINEATOR'S Child Health Campaign



"THE WORLD IS MINE"

PAMPHLET REPRINTS

Six of the most helpful articles are available in pamphlets: "The Expectant Mother and the New Baby," by Dr. Ralph Lobenstine, Chairman of the Medical Advisory Board of the Maternity Center Association of New York City; "The General Care of the Baby," "Maternal Nursing" and "Artificial Feeding," all by Dr. L. Emmett Holt; "Early Childhood," by Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw, ex-President, American Child Hygiene Association; and "The School Child," by Dr. William Palmer Lucas, Professor of Diseases of Children, University of California. Any one of these pamphlets will be mailed on receipt of ten cents. Address: Child Health Department, THE DELINEATOR

THE HAPPY CHILD

A lesson in feeding children—How not to do it

By DR. L. EMMETT HOLT

"WHAT I am to do with Mary to make her take her food is beyond me. Here she is nearly six years old; word comes from the nurse in her kindergarten that she is six pounds under weight and I must take her to a doctor. The doctor tells me Mary must drink at least three glasses of milk a day, eat cereals twice a day, besides vegetables, fruit, bread and butter. Now, I can not get Mary to drink even one glass of milk, and as for cereals and vegetables, they are almost impossible. Why, it takes me a full hour to feed her at dinner-time and nearly as long at breakfast and supper!

"The doctor says she needs more food: 'You must contrive in some way to get her to take it, either at meal-time or else between meals.' So I tell her stories, I play the music-box and resort to all sorts of tricks to get down even the little which she takes. You know, she never had much appetite. She was past three before I could wean her from the bottle, and ever since then meal-time has been one long struggle."

"Doesn't Mary feed herself?"

"She did a little last year, but she was so slow—she would only play with her food until it was stone cold—that I simply had to help her; and now she will not eat at all unless I feed her. I am utterly worn out with the struggle. Unless something can be done soon, I shall be in a sanatorium—or an insane-asylum. Mary is all I have, and I am so anxious and worried. No, I never want any more children! What people do with three or four is more than I can understand.

"Since the doctor told me how much food a child like Mary needs, I try in every way possible to give it to her, but things are no better. All my efforts of coaxing, bribing, and even trying to force her to take food have had no effect. Lately things are rather worse, for she has taken to vomiting her food three or four times each week and has not gained one ounce in weight."

THE situation which Mary's mother was facing is not an uncommon one. As Mary was an only child, her mother had had no previous experience to guide her. She had begun wrong in allowing the child to have a bottle until she was over three years, the reason given being that "it was such a comfort." This was the first step in giving the child her own way, in permitting the formation of a bad food habit. Mary would take milk as long as it was given from a bottle; but when finally bottles were stopped, no more milk would she take.

This is not unusual. Many a child does not get throughout childhood the milk needed, simply because the habit of drinking milk from a cup was not formed early; but instead the bottle was allowed until eighteen months or, as in Mary's case, much longer. The bottle should not be permitted after a child is a year old, except possibly at 10 P.M. for the few months that this feeding is given. The usual excuse for continuing the bottle is that, in this way, the child will take more milk; but the opposite is usually the result.

The problems involved in bringing up an only child are many and it is perhaps not surprising that fond parents should do so many unwise things as they seem able to devise. Usually it is the mother, but not rarely the father, who is the chief offender, neither realizing the importance of early training in proper habits. An untrained child is like an unbroken colt: anything but a pleasure to those who have to do with him.

Such a child very soon discovers that he is the most important member of the household and that he has only to be insistent enough in order to get his own way in practically everything.

If regularity in habits and proper early training are important for every child, they are tenfold more necessary for children like Mary who are not robust but rather delicate. Unfortunately, however, these are just the ones who seldom get proper training in an average American home. They soon become veritable tyrants in the family.

THE second great mistake in this instance was that the child was not taught to feed herself. Every child should begin this at two years, and at three or three and a half no child not ill should be fed by mother or nurse. If not very strong and gaining slowly, the mother usually concludes that the important thing is to get the child to take more food, not appreciating the fact that one is nourished not by what one can be induced to swallow, but by what one is able to digest and assimilate. This practise of continually getting a child by one ruse or another to take more food than the appetite craves almost invariably results in indigestion, which still further reduces the desire for food. Then, too, the mere habit of being coaxed to eat reacts upon the child, like being coaxed to any form of behavior, and the more coaxing the less the effect. Words have little effect. In fact, the anxious pleadings of the mother ("Mary, to please mother won't you drink your milk and eat your cereal?") bring no response. Children, even very young ones, often seem to take special delight in being contrary.

A problem such as this is solved by applying rules of child psychology; never by constantly changing the diet and not by the administration of various medicines to create an appetite. Such a child likes to be the center of the stage and at a very early age seems to enjoy the distinction of being difficult to feed and endeavors to live up to the reputation which has been acquired.

The more the difficulties of the case are discussed in the presence of the child the worse they become and the longer they continue. There is only one remedy: that of assuming an attitude of absolute indifference on the part of the parent.

The food, properly prepared and presented in as attractive a form as possible, should be put before the child, but not a word said. At the end of twenty minutes it should be removed, again without a word of remonstrance, no matter if not a mouthful has been touched. It is often well to leave a child quite alone in the room during this time. Food is not to be offered again until the next meal-hour, when the same procedure is repeated. This same plan should be followed until the child's appetite gets the better of his obstinacy, for in many cases this is the real difficulty. It may take two days and it may take four or five before the child will eat willingly the food offered. If the same policy is consistently followed, there is usually no great difficulty afterward. But the longer the coaxing habit has been continued, the more nervous the child and the more anxious the mother, the longer will be the struggle.

One precaution is necessary while the child is taking so little food, and that is to reduce the activity. In most cases this is voluntarily done by the child himself. Very small children should usually be kept in bed.

The difference in the general disposition of a child after a month or two of the new régime is often very striking. Instead of a fretful child, irritable by day and restless at night, there is often seen a transformation into a good-natured, happy individual.

Remarkable creatures of habit these little folks are, and it is in most cases quite as easy to form good habits as bad ones if one begins early; but one must be regular, firm and always consistent. The early habits of children relate to things physical—their sleep, their food and the manner of eating it, bowel movements, etc. Children who are well trained in these respects are usually easy to train in other things; while those who have not been trained in them are, as they grow older, usually difficult to control in other matters.

In most cases until the impulse to do the thing which we desire him to do comes from the child's own will, little permanent improvement is to be expected. Any action which is the result of pressure from the outside, whatever its character and by whomsoever it is exerted, is very short-lived and usually tends to rouse in the child a resistance of which the child himself is hardly conscious but the results of which are matters of every-day observation by all who deal with children. Children, like adults, resent being constantly "governed." Nagging invariably arouses a spirit of opposition which is intensified in proportion to the amount of nagging and the frequency with which it is repeated.

IT IS frequently the parents rather than the child who need treatment most. The weak indulgence of parents is responsible for very much of the trouble which doctors and teachers have with children—especially when the one in question happens to be an only child. The discipline which comes later in school is a shock which is sometimes very hard for such children to bear, but at the same time a lesson very much needed.

The lesson which a child learns with reference to his food is carried over by him into his other habits. If only parents and nurses could learn the lesson of not seeking to influence children by continually talking to them, the problems of eating and other habits they are seeking to form would be very easy.

The surprising thing about this whole subject is the very early age at which these rules will be found to apply. These little tots do not reason about these matters, but the uniform way in which they all react is remarkable. Even those of only two or three years can be depended upon to respond as well as those who are much older.

None of these problems are difficult if they are attacked with a clear understanding of the psychology of the child mind, for all children are very much alike. When these problems are attacked blindly by one whose only guide is parental affection, they are never solved, but may continue to torment for years the lives of those who have the care of such children.

THE LITTLE DELINEATOR

AUGUST 1923

EDITOR HARRIET IDE EAGER

PICTURE EDITOR—ROBERT GRAEF



IF YOU WANT TO WIN A BIG FRAMED PICTURE LIKE THIS, LOOK ON PAGE 8



DEAR children short, dear children tall, dear children fat, dear children all: You know, I try very hard to make this a nice, funny, interesting, little magazine for you, and every month I write a letter on this page to cheer you up. Now, don't you think it's just a little—well, a little bit *mean* of some of you never to write and cheer *me* up? Even if I am a grown person, I need to be encouraged sometimes, especially on rainy days when I'm feeling tired. And oh me, oh my! how a nice letter from you would make the sun come out!

So please, please try for the cover contest this month and please, please sit down and write me all the latest news about yourself.

Your loving Editor-who-needs-cheering-up,

HARRIET IDE EAGER.

P. S. I'll tell you all about my vacation if you send a stamped envelope addressed to yourself. Write to me care of THE LITTLE DELINEATOR.



DO YOU WANT THIS COVER?

ARE you saving your LITTLE DELINEATORS? This little red cover is just what you need. It has "THE LITTLE DELINEATOR" printed on the cover. It will hold twelve numbers. If you want one, send twenty-five cents to The Cover Man, THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, New York City.

WIN A FRAMED PICTURE

THE most helpful letter to your editor telling what you like best in THE LITTLE DELINEATOR this month and why will win a big framed picture like the cover.

Don't just say: "I like so-and-so best." Tell *why* you like it the best. The contest closes August twentieth.

DELI-BEAR AND THE RAIN

"Oh me, oh my!" sighed DELI-bear. "I can't go out to play.
"That mean old rain spoils everything! Rain, rain, please go away!"



But Granny said: "The rain is good. It makes the little brooks,
"Where DELI-bears on sunny days catch fish on little hooks!



"The rain rains on your swimming hole and fills it to the brim,
"So DELI-bears and DELI-frogs may splash and dive and swim.



"Rain fills the dam that turns the wheel that runs our good old mill,
"That grinds the flour that makes the bread, so we can eat our fill.



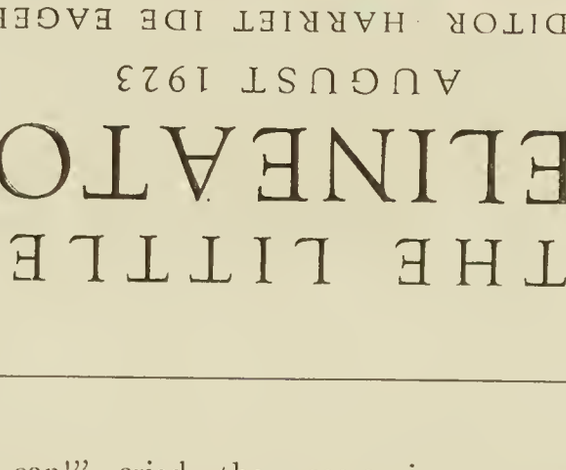
"From rain-drops one and rain-drops two and rain-drops three and four,
"Grow streams and lakes and rivers big where ships go sailing o'er."



"Oh, grandma, look!" cried DELI-bear. "The sky has all cleared up,
"And every flower shines so clean and lifts its little cup!"

"Well, katydids can!" cried the green monster. "When we want to hear better, we just move our front legs nearer the noise. Ah, I hear my rival singing to her, too," he sighed, stretching out his front legs.

"By the way," cried the green monster. "One of my nephews is shedding his fifth skin to-day. Want to see it? When you human boys are of age, you vote. When our boys are of age, they shed their fifth skin. Climb on my back."



Up in the air jumped the green monster, with Tommy on his back. Up he jumped, down he jumped—up and down and up and down and up and down. Tommy's stomach felt empty, the way it did on elevators and scenic railways. He was glad when they stopped beside a bush.

Tommy saw a small pale katydid grasshopper holding tight to a twig with his forefeet.

"Something's going to happen! Something's going to happen!" the small pale katydid grasshopper was saying to himself.

Suddenly the skin on the katydid's head split. Then the skin around his neck split. The katydid didn't seem frightened. He just wriggled his head out of the old skin. Tommy could see a nice new green skin underneath.

Very, very carefully the young katydid pulled his long feelers out of his old skin. All the time he kept pushing and pushing the old skin down with his mouth.

Then Tommy heard him say to himself: "I am tired. I think I'll take a rest." He was quiet for a long time.

After a while the young katydid began to jerk and wriggle again. Slowly, slowly his front legs came out of the old skin. Slowly, slowly his middle legs came out. Slowly, slowly his hind legs came out. Now all of him was out.

He was pale green. He had little new beginnings of wings, folded up like a fan.

The worn-out suit still stood behind him on the twig, like a ghost katydid. The real katydid turned around and began to eat it! When he had eaten every scrap of his old clothes, he gave a high jump into the air.

"I'm grown up! I'm grown up!" he cried. With one more jump, the young katydid grasshopper was gone.

Suddenly, *bing! bang!* — Tommy grew big again. A little green thing was hopping away through the short grass at his feet. Tommy thought he heard it say: "Just wait till to-morrow."

YOUR EDITOR'S MAIL

DEAR EDITOR: I like THE LITTLE DELINEATOR. One of my friends wanted mine. I told her I was saving them to get a cover. She told me she would give me three cents, but I wouldn't take it.

LORETTA MORRIS.

OH! DEAR EDITOR: I am so surprised I don't know what to do. I thought the prizes had been given out long ago. When I got my letter, I hugged it and jumped all around the room. If you could have been in that letter, I would have hugged you till you cried for mercy. I put five dollars away in my saving fund, and with the other five I bought a nice tool-chest, and the first thing I make I'm going to send to you if you will take it. I thank you very, very much for my prize-money.

Your loving little reader,

W. EARLE MILLER.

(Winner of ten dollars in Christmas Present Contest)



DEAR HARRIET: IF THE LITTLE DELINEATOR would die, it wouldn't be the only one that would die, because I love it so much that I would die too if it would die.

WILLIAM MACFERREN.

I hope you will like that! I have made up my mind that I like "My Little Page" best. I am writing you this letter because I love you; and you said if we quit loving you you would die, and I sure don't want you to die.

Good-by till next month.

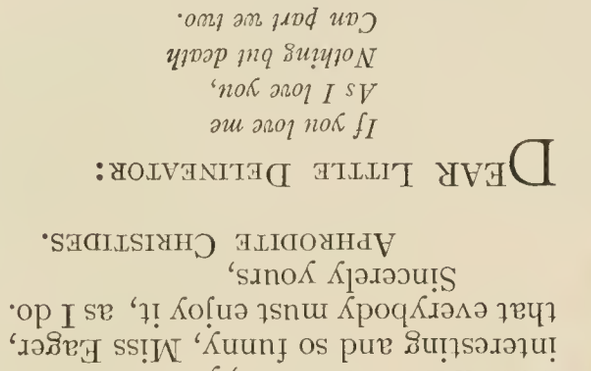
From LAURA ANN WOODWARD.

If you love me
As I love you,
Nothing but death
Can part we two.

DEAR LITTLE DELINEATOR:

Sincerely yours,

APHRODITE CHRISTIDES.



MY DEAR MISS EAGER: For the first time, I bought this month's DELINEATOR and I think it is the best magazine I ever bought. I am a little Greek girl of fourteen. I act in Greek companies and I buy the theatrical book and the movie magazine, but I don't like any of them better than THE LITTLE DELINEATOR. I think it is wonderful, you make it so interesting and so funny, Miss Eager, that everybody must enjoy it, as I do.

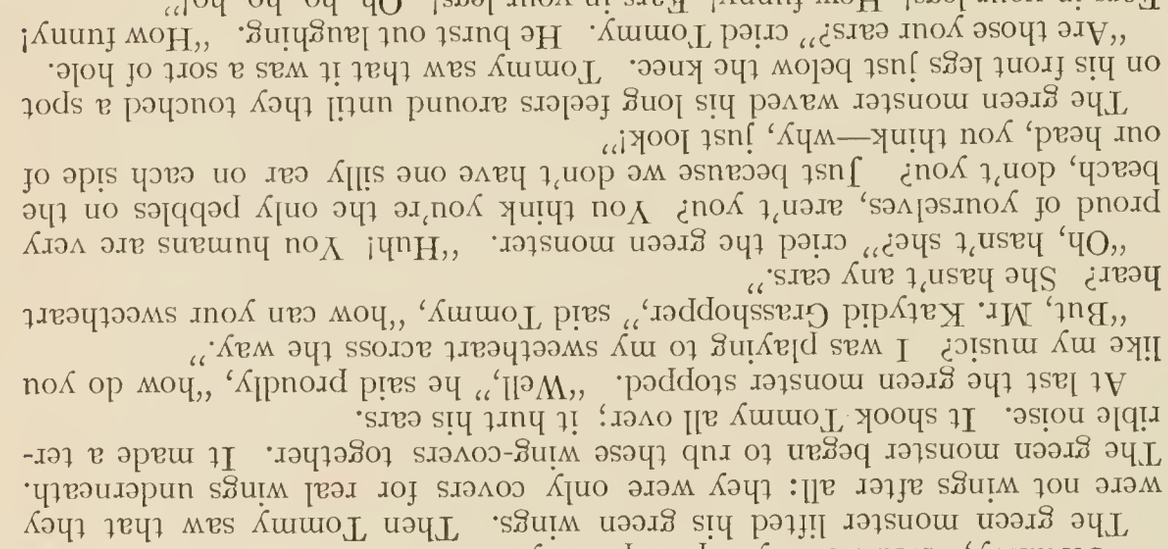
Sincerely yours,

APHRODITE CHRISTIDES.

Monster

TOMMY TIPTOE'S SECOND ADVENTURE

WRITTEN BY YOUR EDITOR



He waved his two long feelers. Tommy saw that there were little dents all over them.

"These dents are my nostrils," said the green monster proudly. "Each of my feelers is a nose. I smell you with my feelers. Oh, excuse me a moment, please."

"Certainly," said Tommy Tiptoe politely.

The green monster lifted his green wings. Then Tommy saw that they were not wings after all: they were only covers for real wings underneath. The green monster began to rub these wing-covers together. It made a terrible noise. It shook Tommy all over; it hurt his ears.

At last the green monster stopped. "Well," he said proudly, "how do you like my music? I was playing to my sweetheart across the way."

"But, Mr. Katydid Grasshopper," said Tommy, "how can your sweetheart hear? She hasn't any ears."

"Oh, hasn't she?" cried the green monster. "Huh! You humans are very proud of yourselves, aren't you? You think you're the only pebbles on the beach, don't you? Just because we don't have one silly ear on each side of our head, you think—why, just look!"

The green monster waved his long feelers around until they touched a spot on his front legs just below the knee. Tommy saw that it was a sort of hole.

"Are those your ears?" cried Tommy. He burst out laughing. "How funny! Ears in your legs! How funny! Ears in your legs! Oh, ho, ho, ho!"

"Well," said the green monster rather angrily, "can *you* move *your* ears?"

"N-no," said Tommy sadly. "But a boy in school can wiggle his."



The Green

BRIGHT and early the next day, Tommy Tiptoe ran out-of-doors. The sun was shining. Some katydids were chirping in the grass.

"I think something exciting is going to happen," said Tommy Tiptoe, standing on his tippest toes.

And *presto! whiff! biff! bang!*—there he was little again!

Giant green plants were growing all around him. Even the air felt green. The plants were tall, like skyscrapers. Tommy looked up at their tops. It made the back of his neck ache. All of a sudden Tommy Tiptoe understood: they were blades of grass!

Tommy felt queer. He sat down on a pebble.

Then Tommy screamed. A green monster had dropped out of the sky above the tall grass-blades. The green monster was as big as a horse. He had three pairs of green legs. The hind legs were so long that their knee-joints bent backward above his body. He had big green wings. His two eyes stuck out like big shiny balls. From between his eyes grew two long, thin feelers.

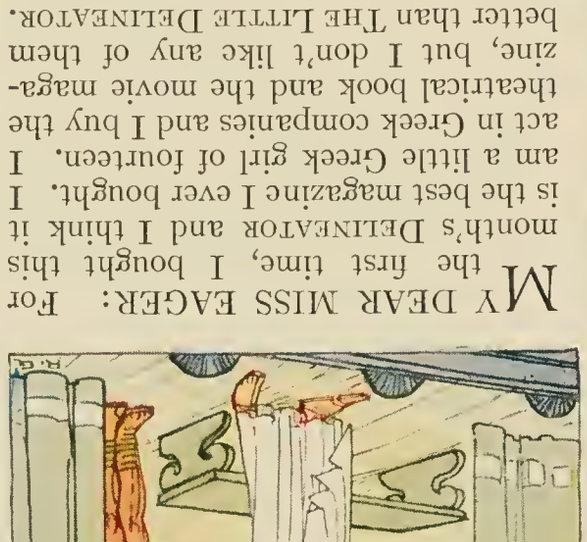
The green monster touched Tommy with one of the feelers. Tommy screamed again.

"Oh, don't be frightened," said the green monster pleasantly. "I am Katydid Grasshopper. I wouldn't eat you. I don't like your smell."

Tommy couldn't help laughing.

"Why, Mr. Katydid Grasshopper," he cried, "how can you smell me without a nose?"

"Silly boy!" sniffed the green monster. "You have only one nose and two nostrils. But look at mine!"



DEAR EDITOR: I like the story of the Gollomalopps. If I were in that land, I would eat some of the animals or people, because they are made of candy.

And if I were to be punished, I would let them put me in jail. I wouldn't care, because it would be a candy jail. I would just eat the jail up and get out. But the police would try to punish me in a different way, and then I would eat them up. And if the king tried to punish me, I would eat him up, too. Then I could be ruler of the land!

JEAN FULLER.

(Winner of framed cover)

DEAR MISS HARRIET: I haven't gotten the prize a single time. They all make fun of me at home, especially the time you wrote me such a nice letter and said you would like to say that I got the prize, and I thought you meant that I got the prize and I just fainted away. But I found out later that I didn't.

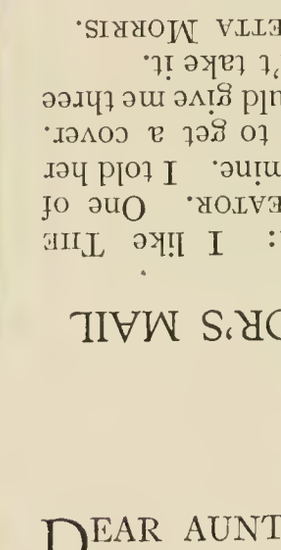
Yours lovingly,

GENEVA GRINSTEAD.

DEAR AUNT HARRIET: Each month I look forward to your letter, because you always call us some different name, and if I feel blue I can always open to your letter and imagine you are talking to me, and that cheers me up.

MARTHA JANE STICE.

DEAR AUNT HARRIET: When I get THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, I always turn straight to "My Little Page"—it is so interesting. I took it to school one day and everybody went wild for one. All I could hear that day was: "Let me see that!" "Give me that!" "Where did you get that?" and other things I couldn't think of now to save my neck.



Your friend,

NANNIE SIMMONS.

DEAR MISS EAGER: I am going to call you Miss Eager because I think a man should show a proper respect to a lady.

I am an eleven-year-old Canadian boy that's a lover of animals, so you and I ought to get along very nicely. I am very interested in THE LITTLE DELINEATOR and like the contests very much. I have a nine-year-old sister who also likes it. We have quarrels sometimes about who shall have it each month.

Your loving friend,

MURRAY WILLIAM BABE.

THE HOME-MAKERS' DEPARTMENT

PRIZE AWARD

IN THE February DELINEATOR fifty dollars was offered for the most helpful article of not more than five hundred words on the topic "How We Beautified Our Town." The prize has been awarded to Mrs. M. E. Griffith, whose article gives in concise form an account of what has been accomplished in Paris, Texas, and suggests methods by which other places may attain results.

PRIZE-WINNER

"CITY BEAUTIFUL" PLAN OF PARIS, TEXAS

By Mrs. M. E. Griffith

PARIS is made beautiful by its Civic League. This league is composed entirely of women, and any woman in Paris is eligible and becomes a member on payment of fifty cents a year dues. Each club or society whose entire membership belongs to the Civic League is one hundred per cent.

The money thus derived is used to purchase trees and shrubbery and for other expenses. Besides the officers there are three main committees: finance, sanitary and "church beautiful." The president is commander-in-chief and she works through the club or society memberships of the city. Each club sends a representative to the quarterly meetings and she accepts special work for her club to do and makes reports of progress made. This work may be to beautify the plaza, the court-house lawn, certain parks, county hospital, county-farm premises, rest-room, lawn or any other public place.

There is much rivalry between the clubs, as this is a great club town. Almost the entire population is thus reached. Paris had a disastrous fire in 1916, and the ground that has not been rebuilt upon since the fire and the lawns around the public buildings have been sown with poppy-seed every Spring; later on, petunias come on these lawns and, instead of ruin, a flower-garden greets us.

There is a committee who each month inspects and marks the church lawns on four points: permanent planting, annual plantings, general effect and upkeep. The church having the most points at the end of the year receives a cash prize.

The school children do their part in making Paris beautiful. The shrubs and trees on the school-grounds are given by the parent-teacher clubs. The children who are large enough assist in the planting and, because of this personal interest, they see that the plantings are not destroyed.

This may sound like planting at random, but the president of the league and a landscape gardener supervise all permanent planting of the parks and grounds. Each Spring one club takes over the distribution of plants from the different ward schools. These plants have been grown and given by people who have more annuals or shrubs than they need and are taken gladly by all classes to beautify the homes of our city.

Each year a prize is given to the school whose whole ward has been kept the cleanest. The sanitary committee makes a monthly inspection. The children feel responsible, not only for their school-grounds and own back yards, but for the premises of their next-door neighbor. One school keeps the cleanest grounds by giving a prize of an ice-cream cone to each of the boys and girls whose playground has presented the most pleasing appearance, for a certain length of time, at the close of school-hours.

This plan can be successfully carried out by any town working under an artistic and capable leader such as Paris has.

FOOD CALENDAR FOR AUGUST

AUGUST—the month of jellies, jams and preserves, blackberry pie and fried chicken!

Green pepper or tomatoes will add zest and variety to that Summer squash.

Peach melbas and cantaloup sundaes on the home menu are as attractive as at the ice-cream parlors.

Berries left from breakfast may be scalded in sirup and used in pudding sauces.

Every little bit of left-over meat will have a value of its own if ground and added to omelets, scrambled eggs, boiled rice or hominy.

Late peas, too mature for canning whole, may be cooked, rubbed through a strainer and canned as purée. This will make excellent pea soup in the Winter. Since it is a dense medium, it requires long processing in the jars.

Do not lose the priceless melon flavor by filling melons with cracked ice. Set the halves or quarters on the ice instead.

If the milk sours, rejoice over the possibilities of a bit of cream cheese and a refreshing glass of whey punch!

If a thunder-shower cools off the weather unexpectedly and the cold supper you have planned is untimely, warm it up with a cup of hot cocoa or a hot soup, or hot fudge sauce on the ice-cream, or even combine the salad ingredients with a hot white sauce and save the salad-dressing for a warmer day.

None too early to pack those little jars of conserves, jellies and jams for the Christmas package. And don't forget to candy a few pears, peaches or other fruit for a surprise.



Edited by
MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER
Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

SOME young men seeking training in agriculture were asked what could be done to keep boys on the farm. Their answer was: "Find some way to keep the girls there."

This response, though made in a jocular vein, suggests the existence of a condition that has serious possibilities for all of us, for on the welfare and productiveness of the farms the welfare and prosperity of the world depend.

It has been a live question for some years how the migration of the young men from the farms to the cities might be checked. Less has been said about the increasing migration of the young women, but this abandonment of the land by the women is quite as serious as that of the men.

To meet the situation, the United States Government and various State legislatures have appropriated funds to be expended upon the training of women in rural communities in order that their work may be made more interesting and farm life more alluring to the family. The Federal appropriations are administered through the State colleges of agriculture in nearly every State of the Union. Trained college women who have specialized in home economics are located at the State college. Under their leadership, offices have been opened in many counties of the country. Each office is in charge of a trained home-economics woman who is ready to give to the women of that county assistance in home-making which parallels the assistance that has for many years been given to farmers to increase production. In many States an organization of home-makers known as the Home Bureau, cooperating with the Farm Bureau, has found a means of local support.

No educational program contributing to the welfare of the people in general has ever been more systematically and successfully carried on than this home-demonstration work. It is a preventive measure and will save the expenditure of larger funds which otherwise would be needed for defectives and dependents.

At a meeting called by one of the county workers, one woman spoke of the value of this education in her own family:

"The faculty at the university," she said, "believed it necessary for my husband to master the contents of at least three ponderous books before they considered him fitted to feed cattle, horses and pigs judiciously. But when that same young man applied for a license to make me his home-maker, he was not asked if I understood how to balance rations correctly—and yet, how much more important my task is than his, for I feed precious human beings, while he is feeding only dumb animals."

This service is devised to be of use to rural women everywhere. If there is any reader of THE DELINEATOR living in the United States who does not know how or where to secure the benefits provided by these Federal or State funds, I shall be glad to give her the necessary information.

Martha Van Rensselaer

EATING FOR HEALTH

IT IS a recognized fact that the overweight adult, particularly along toward middle age, is a poorer insurance risk than the underweight one. For the person really anxious to be relieved of unneeded, unwanted and detrimental fat, the following program should bring the desired results.

Find out first if overweight is due to some physical disorder needing medical correction or to faulty habits of diet and exercise. If the bill of health is clear, then getting thin rests with the individual. It is not easy, for it means both effort and self-denial, but it is certainly worth while. These are the rules.

1. *Keep a three-days' record of all the food eaten and exercise taken.* Unless overweight is due to some physical disorder, which is not being considered here, there is only one other cause for it: that is, more fuel food is being supplied to the body than it needs for the work it is doing, and Dame Nature, in a mood of economy, saves the surplus by storing it as fat.

2. *Cut down on the day's fuel foods.* Fats, starches and sugars or foods rich in these, such as fat meats, bread, potatoes, candy, pastries of all kinds, rich cakes, rich salad-dressing, very sweet desserts, are all fuel-rich foods. The amounts eaten may be safely reduced ten to thirty per cent. without detriment, providing the rest of the diet is right.

3. *Eat daily an adequate amount of the foods needed to protect health.* When flesh is being reduced, tissues other than fatty tissue must not suffer by being deprived of the foods they need to keep them healthy. To accomplish this, each day's meals should contain (*a*) not less than a pint to a quart of milk, from which part of the fat may have been removed. (It is a wrong idea to think that milk by itself is fattening. Milk may be taken as a beverage either fresh or as buttermilk, or it may be cooked in food.) (*b*) Two succulent vegetables, leafy vegetables being given the choice; (*c*) two fruits, frequently represented by oranges, grapefruit or tomatoes. Fruits and vegetables are filling but not fattening. In addition to the milk, fruits and vegetables, one egg and one serving of lean meat are advisable.

4. *Increase somewhat the day's physical exercise*, but not to the point where appetite is increased.

5. *Drink an abundance of water* to keep the tissues clean and healthy.

A DAY'S program for the person trying to reduce in weight:

1. On rising, drink two glasses of water.
2. Take reducing exercises for ten minutes.
3. Take a cold or lukewarm bath.
4. Eat a light breakfast.
5. Between breakfast and lunch take ten to twenty minutes brisk exercise.
6. If hunger pangs interfere with comfort, eat a piece of fruit.
7. Eat a light lunch at noon.
8. Between lunch and dinner take brisk exercise for ten to thirty minutes.
9. Eat a filling, but not fattening, dinner.

A DAY'S menu planned for those who are overweight:

Breakfast

Oranges or grapefruit or apples.
One egg.
One or two thin pieces of whole-wheat or Graham toast without butter.
A cup of coffee with hot milk, but without sugar or cream.

Lunch

Cream soup made without fat and with little thickening.
Vegetable salad with boiled dressing or very little French dressing.
Bran gems or Graham bread.
An apple or orange.

Dinner

Vegetable soup made with meat stock.
A piece of lean beef or mutton or chicken.
A very small potato or two small potatoes and no bread.
Dish gravy, but no thickened gravy.
A large serving of some vegetable seasoned.
Celery (if desired).
A small serving of some simple dessert as baked custard, junket, sponge-cake with fruit, baked apple lightly sweetened or grapefruit.

THE TOMATO—AN UNFAILING SOURCE OF VITAMINS

And at all times delicious, either as fruit or vegetable

By Lucile Brewer and Alice Blinn

Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University—*Martha Van Rensselaer*

AS A source of vitamins, food-calendars and score-cards for the diet recommend a liberal use of tomatoes throughout the year. Three times a week is considered by some authorities none too often to serve them, and tomato-juice and tomatoes are prescribed as freely as orange-juice for young children and those of the elders whose diet needs mending. This is because of the rich store of the vitamin C which the tomato possesses in addition to a wealth of the B vitamin and a most admirable quantity of the vitamin A.

Emulating the fruits, tomatoes now reproduce themselves in the form and coloring of currants, cherries, pears and peaches. These varieties are known by these names and are excellent pickled in white vinegar for salads.

Fortunately, the tomato may be served either as fruit or vegetable and in any course of the meal, or even at afternoon tea.



To prove itself a fruit, the tomato grows in a variety of forms—peach, pear, cherry, currant—and just plain tomato

TOMATO CHOWDER

½ cup diced salt pork
1 medium onion, minced.
1 cup diced carrot
1 pint tomatoes (canned or fresh)
1 cup diced potato
1 cup celery cut in small pieces
1 quart thin white sauce
¼ teaspoon soda

SAUTÉ the diced pork until brown. Add all the vegetables except the tomatoes and sauté until light brown. Cover with boiling water and cook until the vegetables are tender. Add salt, paprika and white sauce. Heat the tomatoes; when hot add soda. Mix thoroughly, combine the two mixtures and serve at once with toast strips.

TOMATO CUTLETS

REMOVE the skins from firm, large tomatoes, chill and cut in one-quarter-inch slices. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and sugar. To a beaten egg add three tablespoons of milk.

Roll the slices of tomato in bread-crums, then in the egg and milk and again in the crums. Sauté in bacon fat until brown.

Put a mound of boiled rice in the center of a platter. Pour round it a plain cheese sauce, make a border of the sautéd tomatoes and bacon curls. Garnish with parsley.

TOMATO WITH CHEESE AND EGG

1 pint tomatoes (canned or fresh)
Small piece celery
Slice of onion
2 or 3 cloves
Small piece of bay-leaf
2 tablespoons flour
2 tablespoons butter
¼ cup grated cheese

COOK the tomatoes with the seasonings for ten minutes and then rub through a sieve. Blend the flour with the butter and add it to the tomato. Cook until thick. Add the cheese and pour out on slices of toast. Place a poached egg on top of each slice and sprinkle with finely minced parsley. Serve at once.

TOMATO-AND-SARDINE SANDWICH

REMOVE the skins from smooth, firm tomatoes and chill. Cut in medium-thin slices. Cut bread in slices one-quarter inch thick and butter them. Crush sardines with fork and moisten with boiled salad-dressing. Lay a slice of tomato on a slice of the buttered bread, spread it evenly with the sardine mixture and sprinkle with finely chopped English walnuts. Cover with another slice of bread and cut the sandwich crosswise, making it diamond shape. Garnish with parsley or watercress.

TOMATO SHERBET

1 cup water
1½ cups sugar
4 cups tomato-juice
¼ cup lemon-juice
1 teaspoon gelatin soaked in 1 tablespoon cold water

BOIL sugar and water together for five minutes, add the gelatin, stir well and set aside to cool. Press ripe tomatoes through a fine wire sieve to obtain the juice. Add lemon-juice and sirup to the tomato-juice. Turn into freezer and freeze.

HOT TOMATO SANDWICH

1 pint tomato-pulp
2 tablespoons finely minced green pepper
1 tablespoon minced onion
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
Salt
Paprika

HEAT pulp from either freshly cooked or canned tomatoes and add the pepper and onion. Melt the butter and blend with the flour to a smooth paste; add this to the hot mixture, stirring until smooth. Cook until the mixture thickens. Have ready thin slices of hot toast. Cover each slice with the tomato mixture and place in the center of each a poached egg. Sprinkle with finely minced parsley and serve at once. Slices of hard-cooked egg may be used instead of the poached egg if desired.

POINSETTIA SALAD

SELECT firm ripe tomatoes of uniform size. Remove skins, chill and cut in eighths lengthwise, cutting almost to the base. Tip sections back from the center and fill with equal measures of pineapple and celery cut in fine pieces and moistened with boiled mayonnaise or any preferred salad-dressing. Place a teaspoon of salad-dressing on top and serve on lettuce leaf or bed of watercress.

TOMATO MAYONNAISE

⅔ cup tomato-pulp
¼ cup vinegar
2 tablespoons cornstarch
½ teaspoon mustard
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon sugar
Paprika

HEAT the tomato-pulp. Mix the dry ingredients with the vinegar, beat until smooth and add to the tomato-pulp. Cook until thick. While hot, beat into the mixture one cup of mayonnaise dressing. When perfectly cold and just before serving, add one-third cup sour whipped cream. This dressing is excellent with sliced cucumbers or potato salad.

TOMATO PUDDING

BUTTER a baking-dish. Cover the bottom with a layer of thinly sliced green tomatoes from which the skins have been removed. Add a generous layer of bread-crums. Sprinkle with raisins, brown sugar, cinnamon and bits of butter. Repeat layers until dish is full, having the last layer of crums. Cover the dish and bake one hour in a moderate oven. Serve with a fruit sauce or thin cream.

TOMATO TARTS

1 cup strained tomato-juice
⅔ cup sugar
2 tablespoons cornstarch
½ lemon, juice and grated rind
1 egg-yolk
1 tablespoon butter

HEAT the tomato-juice. Combine the flour and sugar and add it to the hot tomato-juice, stirring constantly to prevent lumps. Cook until thick and clear. Add lemon-juice, egg-yolk and butter. Turn into small pastry-shells, cover with meringue and brown in a slow oven (250 to 350 degrees Fahrenheit) for twenty minutes.

TOMATO PUNCH

1 cup sugar
1 cup water
1 quart tomato-juice
Juice of 2 lemons

BOIL the sugar and water five minutes and then cool. Use tomatoes which are perfectly ripe and of a deep-red color. Press them through a coarse sieve and then strain through cheese-cloth. Add lemon-juice, mix with the sirup and chill on ice. When ready to serve, add a few sprays of mint.



Fresh tomato salads in Winter-time are possible by canning the tomatoes in vinegar. The process is as simple as it looks

TOMATO PRESERVES

5 pounds ripe tomatoes
4 pounds sugar
2 lemons
Salt

SCALD the tomatoes and slip off the skins. Place the tomatoes in a crock or enamel bowl and add the sugar. Let them stand overnight. Drain off the juice and boil it rapidly until it threads. Add the tomatoes and lemons sliced thin and cook the preserves until they are thick and clear. They should be a rich red color. Seal them in clean hot jars.

GREEN TOMATO FIGS

2 cups sugar
¼ cup corn-sirup or glucose
Tomatoes
1 cup water
1 lemon

COOK the sugar, corn-sirup (or glucose) and water together until sirup threads. Select small, firm green tomatoes of uniform size. Wash and remove blossom end without cutting into the pulp. Drop them into the hot sirup and add the lemon, sliced thin, and a small stick of cinnamon. Cook slowly until the tomatoes are clear and begin to wrinkle. Set aside until cold or overnight. Heat to the boiling-point again and remove the tomatoes carefully with a skimmer. Drain on a plate and dry on a screen. When they cease to be sticky, pack between layers of waxed paper in a tin box or jar. They will keep indefinitely.

TOMATO CONFECTIONS

1 cup thick tomato-pulp
Juice and grated rind of 1 lemon
1 cup apple-pulp
1 cup sugar
¼ cup corn-sirup or glucose

COOK all together until thick and clear. Rub a plate well with any unsalted fat except salad-oil. Turn the pulp into the plate, spreading it evenly. When a film dries over the top, turn the paste on to a cloth placed on a drying-screen and dry in the sun, turning frequently until it is no longer sticky. Cut the paste in narrow strips, roll with the fingers into round sticks and then roll in granulated sugar. It may be cut in plain or fancy shapes or made into balls and rolled in chopped nuts or coconut. It may also be used for a garnish.

TOMATO-AND-APPLE JELLY

1 cup strained tomato-juice
1 cup apple-juice
Juice ½ lemon
⅔ as much sugar as juice by measure

COMBINE the juices, boil five minutes, add the sugar and cook until it gives the sheet test for jelly. This jelly may be made at any season of the year, as the juice of canned tomatoes may be used. Its flavor is both unique and pleasing.

TOMATO CONSERVE

1 quart tomatoes
1 cup seedless raisins
4 cups sugar
1 lemon cut in small pieces
½ cup English walnuts

WASH the raisins and steam them for thirty minutes. Add them to the other ingredients and cook the mixture until it is thick and clear. Turn it into clean, hot glasses and cover with hot paraffin when cold.

PICKLED TOMATOES

THE small red and yellow tomatoes, such as peach, pear or cherry tomatoes, may be pickled without cooking.

Select sound tomatoes, free from cracks and bruises. Wash and dry them. Pack them into clean, cold jars. Pour over the tomatoes sufficient cold vinegar to fill the jar. The best results are obtained by using white vinegar, although cider vinegar may be used. These tomatoes are suitable for salads or for sauces in which there is no objection to the acid flavor.

COOL, COMFORTABLE ROOMS

Suggestions for Summer furnishings and decorations

By Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders
Editor, Department of House Decoration



Photo by Mattie Hewitt

Sheer curtains and a fiber rug make appropriate Summer furnishings for this attractive dining-room



Photo by Mary Northend

Slip-covers of glazed chintz are particularly smart and refreshing in any Summer living-room



Photo by Mattie Hewitt

Eliminating pictures, bric-à-brac and decorative accessories will do much toward lightening the burden of the housekeeper for the Summer

HOT, sizzling days often compel the home-maker to turn with more interest and appreciation to the cool seclusion of her pretty home. Wearied, perhaps, from the efforts of making the Summer wardrobes or planting the flower-garden, the indoors becomes a haven of cool, restful comfort if thought has been given to the problem of making furnishings cool and inviting looking.

The elimination of all unnecessary pieces of furniture, hangings and accessories will lighten the burden of housekeeping to such an amazing degree that nothing would compensate the housekeeper for keeping year-round furnishings after she once put her house in Summer attire.

Every possible labor-saving idea—to say nothing of furniture-saving—should be carried out, even though it necessitates a slight expenditure of money. Cumbersome, hot-looking chairs and sofas should be covered with slips; a few pieces of wicker or painted furniture should be indulged in if one has a porch to consider; and heavy carpets, draperies and curtains should, if possible, be replaced by sheer, cool-looking fabrics which might suggest in color and design the woods or the Summer flowers.

AT THIS season of the year, when a shopping-tour reveals bargains in so many fascinating Summer fabrics, it is wise to consider the purchase of either cretonnes, glazed chintz, slip-cover materials or linens for slips; organdies, lawns, swisses, mulls, voiles or muslins for curtains; wicker, reed or rush for porch furniture; and rag, rush, grass or fiber rugs. All of these will assist in making the change from the warm-looking Winter room to the cool, crisp, summery room.

As it is generally impossible to change the wall decoration of a room just for the Summer, it is necessary to choose the cool-colored fabrics that will combine well with the dominant color already in the room, whether it is a warm or cool color. If the cool colors—blues, grays, greens, violets and silvers—are combined with large areas of warm colors—creams, tans, yellows, pinks and reds—the effect will be cooling. If cretonnes, chintz, dainty rosebud organdy or sheer swisses are used for curtains and slip-covers in rooms where the walls are neutral or in the cool colors, it will give the room a colorful Summer appearance.

For Summer use, the more simple the curtains the more appropriate and attractive they will appear—and only one set should be used. Rooms shaded by trees or porches can well afford curtains of the sheerest materials, suggestions for which can be found galore at the Summer dress-goods counter in nearly every shop. Unbleached muslin, sateen, casement-cloth, chambray, cretonne, gingham, crinkled Austrian cloth, and sunfasts are some of the materials which will assist in tempering the glare of very sunny rooms, yet permit plenty of light and air to filter through. These materials also make durable, attractive slip-covers, Summer bedspreads and bureau-scarfs. When a figured and a plain material are combined in the design of either bedspreads or curtains, the effect is most pleasing.

A dressing-table for the Summer guest-room may be improvised by tacking flounces to so ordinary a thing as a kitchen-table. This flouncing may be made of dimity, lawn or dotted swiss, with a sham of sateen or muslin. Cot-beds and common kitchen-chairs may be made attractive by painting the wooden stretchers of the beds and the backrests of the chairs green or black and covering the mattress with lengths of cretonne or Japanese crêpe.

SLIP-COVERS of to-day must do more than haphazardly cover furniture. They must be made and fitted with care and precision, for nothing is more annoying to the eye of a good housekeeper than loose, baggy slip-covers. The plain glazed chintzes are particularly smart and give that refreshing atmosphere that Summer furnishings are planned for. Slip-covers need not always extend to the floor, except in cases where the upholstery runs to the floor. For chairs whose legs are exposed, with only the seat or back upholstered, the slip-covers should be made to cover the upholstery. Chairs with loose cushions should have the cushions covered separately. Occasionally it is desirable, instead of making Summer overdraperies and portières, to put slip-covers over all heavy hangings in preference to taking them down. These slips are no more nor less than bags made the width of the hangings when the hangings are pushed back, and they are fastened to the rings or are brought over the pole and closed with hooks and eyes or buttons and buttonholes.

Before covering furniture or hangings with slip-covers, be sure to brush and clean them thoroughly. It is a good practise to dry-clean hangings before putting them away; this is not only a safeguard against moths, but it is also an assurance that they will be fresh and ready for Fall use.

SOFA-CUSHIONS should not be overlooked in the matter of cool-looking Summer slips. Summer coverings for these may be either of the same material as the furniture slip-covers or in plain sateens, chambray or calico. Often sofa-cushions from the house are used on the porch. For these, colored oilcloth makes most colorful and appropriate coverings. A simple and easy way to adjust cushion-slips is to make them bag fashion, providing snap fasteners or buttons and buttonholes at the open end; this permits a quick and easy removal of the cover when it is necessary to wash it or put it away.

Heavy carpets should be taken up and cleaned, rolled and put way. In their place, Crex, fiber or rag rugs may be used. This will save the more expensive fabrics from fading and will eliminate the task of cleaning.

The elimination of bric-à-brac, photographs, pictures and decorative accessories will also do much toward lightening the burden of the housekeeper. Packing these objects carefully away for the Summer months will not only assist in creating that restful, cool atmosphere in a room, but will make such objects more highly appreciated when again brought forth in the Fall. Enough vases and bowls, however, should be left in place to make attractive arrangements of flowers and blossoms. At this time of the year the woods abound in colorful flowers which will last a long time in the home if given proper care and attention and will bring to the house a breath of the outdoors. For those who are not within easy means of obtaining flowers for this purpose, bowls of fresh fruit make excellent substitutes. Nothing is more fascinating than an arrangement of fruit in a bowl or basket on the dining-table when the formality of the table-cloth is eliminated during the Summer months. Crash, linen or gingham runners, circles or squares of colored oilcloth save much laundry and the labor of setting a formal table.

THE sunroom has become so popular that it has virtually added a room to the house. For the Summer months, however, it should be converted into a room of coolness and shade. Awnings or Venetian blinds and cool Summer furnishings will help to make your warm Winter sunroom a haven of shade and comfort on scorching Summer days.

When furnishing and decorating a sunroom, or any other room, for the Summer or Winter months, one should always bear in mind the effect that color will create for both seasons of the year. For example, last Winter the writer saw a sunroom whose window construction converted it into an outdoor porch for the Summer months. It was furnished with red-and-black wicker, with carpets and draperies to match. This color scheme, while stimulating and bright for the Winter, is entirely too brilliant and warm for the Summer. The advisability of purchasing gray, cream, pale-green or natural-colored wicker or painted furniture for year-around furnishing can readily be proved to be excellent, as these colors can be made to appear warm or cool-looking with the addition of colorful cushions and accessories. Wicker flower-stands enable the home-maker to keep her choice of growing seasonable blooms in stylish fashion, while the new standing or hanging bird-cages and goldfish-bowls refresh one by a mere sight of them. Any of the shades of green, blue or gray, or a combination of them, in washable cotton fabrics are the colors and materials on which to concentrate to gain the happy, cool effects that so many of us seek for the Summer months.

BETTER HOMES IN AMERICA
THE DELINEATOR
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS



THE LITTLE RED BOX OF COURAGE

By Celia Caroline Cole

All the aids to beauty that Mrs. Cole recommends can not be described in one article. Each month she tells how to use a few of them to best advantage. It is her belief that any woman who will take the pains can make herself more attractive, and she will gladly supply personal advice on special beauty problems if a stamp is enclosed for her reply

TWO beautiful things happened to us the other night. We were sitting down with a mopsy-looking pencil and a bored, dejected note-book to write a sparkling article on how to be gay though intelligent. (We always get up at three in the morning to do this, because it seems to interfere with our baby and our husband and our cook and our cat and all our friends, and even time itself, for us to write in the daytime.)

So there we sat, all hunched up in a big chair sort of mopsy ourself, and the pencil protesting and hanging back, when suddenly we noticed the pile of DELINEATOR letters which we hadn't yet opened. We took up the one on top—and then it happened.

She didn't want to know anything at all. She just wanted to say: "You've helped me. I'm busy, and THE DELINEATOR is the only publication I have with me always. I've read everything you've had in it and I've been uplifted and glad. You've made me climb. If I hadn't followed you, it might have come about some other way. But it happened to be you, and I thought you might like to know. You've made me grow." And then there was a postscript: "P. S. Somehow you didn't seem quite so enthusiastic as usual in this last article. Were you tired? Oh, I hope you weren't tired or discouraged!"

WHEREUPON two strange, hot, surprising, wet things slid down past either side of our unpowdered night nose. Then several more ran right down after them.

And all the tormenting, bewildered questions that had been tumbling around in our head as to why we were sitting up nights writing about cold-creams and rouges and gaiety and charm when children in Russia were holding out little clawlike hands begging for food and care, and Turks were torturing Greeks in the name of their God, and women were shut up in harems and told they didn't have souls, and all over the world people were dying and slipping off into a strange Unknown where those who love them can't follow and make sure that they are taken care of and loved and are strong and happy and don't miss us the way we miss them, and other people are going through life without ever being really alive because they haven't time to look up from the drudgery that brings them bread, why, *why* are we spending any time talking about cold-creams and the latest face-paint and keeping stiff upper lips? *Why?*

And here was an answer. We didn't know just why it was an answer, but we knew that it *was*, because all at once we understood right down to our "mulish" toes that when we were *ready* to go out and, without any noise of soul or body, lay down our life for some cause, we'd *go!*

We were here because we hadn't given to our job all we had in us; we hadn't half-kept that pledge we had taken, in our soul, five years ago: to wake everybody we could into a little more awareness of the sacredness and meaning of beauty; never to live in a house for even a week without leaving it a little more beautiful than we had found it; never to buy a thing without thinking of it in relation to beauty instead of to mere style or utility; never to think or say a thing that didn't have beauty in it—the clear, stark beauty of truth or the luminous beauty of the artist; never to see anybody and say, "Luddy, what a bulbous face!" without following it right up with "What eyes! Two naked, wistful, shining souls!" or at least: "What splendid, beautiful courage to carry those appalling features so gallantly!" Never, never to put anything ahead of beauty in our life, and giving beauty and waking beauty in others because beauty is the great crying need in this hurrying, mechanical, materialistic, sad, old civilization we built up and smashed with war—beauty: spiritual, mental, physical beauty!

We leaned back and shut our eyes and thought about the wonderful thing Anatole France has written: "Do you know what the gaiety of thinking people is called? It is called the courage of the mind."

Gaiety—the courage of the mind.

And right back of those lovely words we saw, funnily enough, the top of a dressing-table, gleaming with bottles and exciting little boxes and brushes and tubes and jars. And we wagged our head. They were all little badges of courage. That box of dull-red rouge is a little red box of courage; that jar of mascaro—that isn't vanity, that's courage!

The woman who looks into that mirror and changes her dull-tinted skin with a whiff of color on either cheek and the point of her chin, then a fluff of powder over her face and throat, a careful sweep of lip-rouge across her pale mouth, a touch of darkness on her too-light brows and lashes is hoisting her flag of courage. She is saying to time, and wear and tear, and disillusionment and ill-health: "I will not surrender! I don't have to! I know how to *fight!*"

COURAGE of the mind. What a gallant, strong thing to do, to challenge drabness and ugliness and decay with gaiety of color!

Only the rouge must be exactly the right shade and in the right place on her cheek; the powder must contain the tints of her skin and be as fine and light as a gossamer dream; the darkness for her brows and lashes not black, unless she is a decided brunette, but brown and put on oh so carefully! just brushing up of the lashes—never any line drawn on that under eyelash—and just a whiff across the brows, or her courage has become bravado and she is an artificial goose instead of a hero.

Good little badges of courage! Pluck reinforced in the soul because the face that gazes back from the mirror looks cared-for and undefeated!

We picked up the second letter. And it happened again: "In two years' time I lost my husband, my father, my position, my home. I had to start all over again with no help, no home, in debt and with four children to raise. In one of your DELINEATOR articles I found a text I could hang on to. I took it and lived it. I chose the kind of work I thought I could do—and I have succeeded. I never lack work; I've paid all my debts; I'm sending all my children through school; and though I'm nearly fifty, I'm considered—please don't think me conceited!—a handsome woman and am asked everywhere, even by the very rich and exclusive people of this little city. I did all the things I could to keep and look young and attractive and 'glad to be alive' and help everybody else to be glad. I think of you as a friend."

We grasped our pencil and wrote like mad.

YOU know, most of us who are born with the right kind of impulses and fastidiousness fail to get all we could out of life because we lack the courage to take it; we need just that added bit of courage that's tucked away somewhere in us to rise to the height of *woman*, the kind of gallant, royal, triumphant woman who wrings what she wants out of life—never really captured, never dominated and never abashed—do you know that?

One actress we know—almost the most beautiful one of all—opened in a tremendous play last Winter, the biggest thing she had ever tried to do, and she was terribly nervous about it. Three days before her New York opening she called up her particular beauty-shop and asked if they would let the girl who always gave her her treatments come and stay with her until the opening night.

Every time she felt lumps of terror coming into her throat she took a treatment—that delightful, vigorous cleansing, the brisk, rhythmic patting, the soft fragrant oils and foods, the crisp pungent odor of astringents and tonic. Her nerves would let go, her throat relax and that agonized clutching in her heart disappear. And at the end she would sit up and look at herself. With that lovely face looking back at her, her spirits and courage would come surging back.

Why, of course she wasn't going to fail!

The opening night came—we were there ourself with lumps in our own throat—and she stepped on the stage. A greater tribute never went up from an audience to anybody. At the mere sight of her—such transcendent, incredible, breath-taking beauty—a thunder of applause burst out and couldn't stop. We were giving tribute. That slender, exquisite girl was all the youth and beauty and romance we had all believed in when we were young; she was all we had thought people would be, and weren't. Her magnificent acting won her the wreath of fame that night, but her battle was half won at the mere sight of her.

And there we are!

ALL over this country there are women who say, "Paint my face? My husband would *leave* me!" And then her husband goes to Chicago, or New York, or Los Angeles, or somewhere and sees all the good-looking, chic, *soignée* women on the avenues and boulevards and says: "Jinks, there certainly are some good-looking women in this town!" And he tilts his hat to a little more "swashbuckly" angle and buys a new walking-stick or something at the next shop.

He's caught the feeling of courage that walks hand in hand with beauty. And if you did it properly—you, wife—he'd never know that you did it! He'd think "She's as young and pretty as the day I married her," and swagger because he'd been smart enough to pick a woman that *wears!*

The whole point about skins is to keep them meticulously clean and the texture fine—to protect them against weather and dirt and never to clog them with impure cosmetics. A good liquid powder will tone and protect the skin at the same time that it powders it. (The safe color, by the way, is deep cream or flesh, not white; white is apt to look artificial.) Then always fluff on a little soft powder after you've put on your color.

A good rouge can't possibly hurt the skin. And whether you use paste or liquid or dry, get it with the tones of your skin in it. There's a luscious light coral for blondes that is absolutely not detectable if put on lightly and it follows the lines of one's natural color. There are two or three fascinating shades for brunettes, dull and vivid and medium, and they never will betray you if intelligently applied. And a most victorious one for that great mass of us who are neither blond nor brunette, just in between; it has a sort of brownish cast and is exactly one's own color.

Every time a woman goes around looking like a limpet—we don't know what a limpet is, or whether there is such a thing, but it sounds just the way we mean: pale and jelly-fishy—every time she goes around looking like that, she's giving ammunition and aid to the enemy: that old, stalking horror that is ugliness and indifference and drab, pulseless living.

Get some gay little boxes of courages, and if you don't know what to get or how to put them on, write us and we'll tell you.

SOULIÉ'S SKETCHES SENT FROM THE DELINEATOR'S PARIS ESTABLISHMENT

Conscious of its Moorish appearance, Bernard names the costume below "Alcazar." A coat of green brocaded wool hides the white serge dress underneath with its wide belt decorated with polychrome-wool embroidery



The three tiers contrive to create an effect of godets on the skirt of the dress above of white marocain with entre-deux in black Georgette and a red jet belt. From Phillipe and Gaston



A dress of eucalyptus-green crêpe de Chine, which is in Drecoll's best manner, is draped high on the left hip, has black faille streamers on the other and gives bare acknowledgment to the right of sleeves



The Summer jacquette of jade-green Georgette is a brief bit of coolness poised over a white Georgette frock with four volants piped in green Georgette. From Alice Bernard

Black and ochre lace frills form a very wide band on the skirt and edge the gallant scarf collar of the chemise frock below—of black crêpe de Chine from Rolande. This frock has the newer V-shaped neckline



Georgette invents the "collarette" of plaited white net for the front of her frock of muslin striped in orange, black and white, brings around a blonsed panel from the back to the wrists and reverses the status of the tunic



In assuming silver tassels the handkerchief belt rises to hitherto unaspired elegance on a white crêpe de Chine dress from Lenief. The wide hem is painted with luxurious black and orange flowers and foliage

Printed crêpe de Chine is restricted to the collar, revers and wrist-band facings and clusters of fine plisées soften the straight skirt of a dress from Paton of nut-brown crêpe de Chine



The Parisienne clings to black and white, and naturally, when she can wear a Molyneux dress of black-and-white printed crêpe with black borders. She soothes her color sensibilities with scarlet hat, sunshade and belt

While August witnesses the heyday of the bouffant robe de style, this frock at the left of blue and green organdina with conspicuous inserts of plaited black net might be worn both day and night. From Lucien Lelong

MIDSUMMER HINTS OF FALL WITH A THREE-TIER SKIRT, CIRCULAR FLOUNCE OR BELL CUFF



Dress 4633

4633—For this slip-over one-piece dress use heavy silk crêpe, printed with plain, or for Fall serge, tricotine, soft twills, wool crêpe, novelty with plain wools. It may omit the circular flounce and then use pongee, cotton ratine, linen, linen-finished cottons, gingham, heavy cotton prints, sports flannel.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 39-inch figured and 1¾ yard 39-inch plain silk crêpe. Lower edge as above 1¾ yard.

The dress is new for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4631—10873—Graceful lines are assured this coat dress of cotton ratine, linen, linen-finished cottons, heavy silk crêpe or pongee by the fulness at the side and a wrap-around effect. Embroidery and a vestee are added attractions. Work the design in cross-stitch. For Fall use wool rep, wool poplin, heavy wool crêpe, soft twills, tricotine or serge.

36 bust requires 4⅜ yards 36-inch linen. Lower edge 54 inches.

The coat dress is distinctive for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4386—A bolster collar, drapery at the front, and a blouse in back make a smart coat. It has a short lining at the back to hold the blouse in place. For Summer use Canton crêpe, crêpe faille, heavy flat crêpe, and for Fall or later wear, soft-surfaced woolen coatings, duvetyn, wool poplin, matelassé, velvet. It may have a fur collar if desired.

36 bust requires 5⅛ yards 39-inch satin crêpe.

The coat is becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4635—An exceedingly graceful dress of French extraction has the new three-tier straight skirt with drapery at the side. The ornament is very simple to make. The dress slips on over the head. Use crêpe satin, charmeuse, satin crêpe, silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, or for a dinner dress or more formal wear use lace.

36 bust requires 4¼ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine and ¼ yard 39-inch chiffon. Lower edge of foundation skirt 48½ inches.

The dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 40 bust.

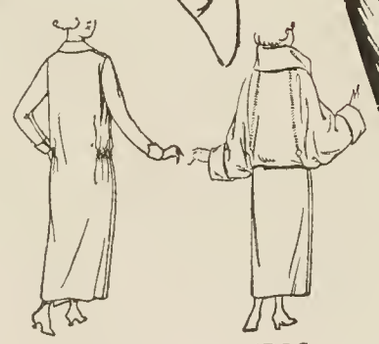


Dress 4635



4633

4635 4625



Coat-dress 4631
Embroidery
design 10873

4631 4386

4625—A one-piece slip-over dress of plain or novelty cotton ratine or heavy cotton crêpe, heavy cotton prints, linen, linen-finished cotton or gingham, all one material or with cotton voile sleeves sewed into a body lining is cool for August. It opens at the left shoulder. This is a smart tailored dress for Fall in wool rep, wool poplin, corded wools, wool crêpe, soft twills, kasha or serge.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch cotton crêpe and ½ yard 36-inch cotton voile. Lower edge 1½ yard.

The dress is good style for ladies 33 to 52 bust, also misses.



Coat 4386



4542

4542—4549—A straight cape of silk crêpe, silk poplin, moire silk or satin makes an alliance with a one-piece slip-over dress in silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, silk voile, cotton voile, cotton crêpe—plain or printed. The dress has straight upper and lower edges and is new in borders, printed squares, etc. Lower edge of cape 1⅞ yard, dress 54 inches.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 40-inch plain (piecing at center back) and for dress 3¼ yards 35-inch printed silk crêpe.

The cape is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also misses; the dress for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.



Dress 4625



Cape 4542
Dress 4549



4549

DRESSES SHOW A LIVELY INTEREST IN PANELS, HAND-MADE ORNAMENTS AND *CHOUX*



Dress 4658

Dress 4656

4658

4656

Dress 4623
Embroidery design 10913

4623

Dress 4660
Embroidery design 10982

4660

4657

Dress 4657

4659

Dress 4659
Monogram design 10858

4656—A hand-made *chou* adds French distinction to a dress of novelty and plain cotton voile. It has a straight skirt and the loose panels are joined at a low waistline. One may use satin crêpe, silk crêpe, charmeuse or crêpe satin with Georgette, or any of these materials or moire with lace or Georgette.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch figured cotton voile and 1⅜ yard 39-inch plain cotton voile. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4658—A distinctive ornament marks the drapery on this one-piece dress. The neck is very becoming. Use heavy silk crêpe or heavy cotton crêpe. For Autumn one may make the dress of wool rep, wool poplin, soft twill, soft serge or tricotine.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch silk crêpe and ⅞ yard 39-inch contrasting material. Lower edge 52½ inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4623—10913—The circular effect of the drapery of this slip-over dress with a straight skirt is most attractive. The beading is arranged in an effective manner. Use brilliant colors of beads. Make the dress of silk crêpe, satin crêpe, —plain or printed, crêpe satin, charmeuse, moire or lace flouncing.

36 bust requires 4 yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 2½ yards.

The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 42 bust.

4659—10858—One is prepared for the most rigorous inspection in a one-piece dress with straight lower edge and on the slip-over order. The monogram is essential to this type of dress. Work it in satin-stitch or outline. Use tub silks, soft pongee, heavy crêpe de Chine, silk crêpes, heavy cotton crêpe, cotton ratine, soft linen, gingham, jersey tubing.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine and ½ yard 39-inch contrasting. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is good style for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4657—Stripes offer opportunity of gaining a pleasant effect in this one-piece slip-over dress with straight lower edge. Use heavy silk crêpe or cotton crêpe, stripes, plaids, etc., with plain, or all one material; or for Autumn use soft twill, wool crêpe, tricotine or serge, all one material, or stripe, plaid, check or prints combined with plain.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch figured silk crêpe and 1½ yard 39-inch plain silk crêpe. Lower edge 55 inches.

The dress is suitable for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4660—10982—Clusters of plaits at each side of the front and back of the four-piece straight skirt commend this dress with a vestee. The appliqué is a smart trimming. Work it in bright colors. Use linen or linen-finished cotton in two colors or white with color, heavy silk crêpe in two colors; or for Autumn use wool rep, wool crêpe, soft twill, tricotine or serge.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 36-inch linen and ⅝ yard 36-inch contrasting material. Lower edge plaits out 2⅛ yards.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

Blouse 4628
Embroidery
design 10127

Blouse
4624

Shirtwaist 4609

Jacquette blouse 4634
Embroidery design 10135

Blouse 4650
Skirt 4585

Blouse 4634
Skirt 4630
Embroidery
design 10155

Dress 4643
Embroidery
design 10174

Dress 4645
Embroidery
design 10100

Other views and descriptions are on page 74

Dress 4591

Dress 4606

Dress 4572
Embroidery
design 10159

Dress 4602

Dress 4594

Other views and descriptions are shown on page 74

Dress and slip 4620
Embroidery design
10971

Dress 4613
Embroidery
design 10146

Dress 4614

Dress 4574
Embroidery design 10913

Other views and descriptions are shown on page 75

Dress 4566

Dress 4576

Dress 4616
Hat 4449
Embroidery
design 10174



Dress 4600

Dress 4610

Dress 4549
Hat 4449

Dress 4584
Embroidery
design 10948

Dress 4545
Embroidery
design 10954

Wrap-around
dress 4540

Dress 4568

Dress 4627
Embroidery
design 10950

Other views and descriptions are shown on page 76

Dress 4601

Dress 4615

Dress 4598

Suit 4612
Hat 4517

Dress 4607

Dress 4567
Hat 4451

Dress 4575

Dress 4588

Suit 4622
Embroidery
design 10125

Dress 4605
Hat 4547
Smocking design 10172

Other views and descriptions are shown on page 77

Dress 4632
Embroidery
design 10982

Dress 4641
Embroidery design
10882

Dress 4578
Hat 4491

Dress 4642
Embroidery
design 10142

Dress 4638

Dress
4648

Dress
4651

Dress 4606
Embroidery
design 10166

Dress
4617

Dress 4636

Other views and descriptions are on page 77

EGYPTIAN DRAPERY, PLAITS OR STRAIGHT FROCKS FOR YOUTH'S GOLDEN DAYS, AND TIMELY WRAPS AND SUITS FOR CHILDREN



Coat 4611
Hat 4493
Smocking design 10700



4611



Coat 4603
Hat 4491



4603

Dress 4604



Dress 4629
Embroidery design 10132



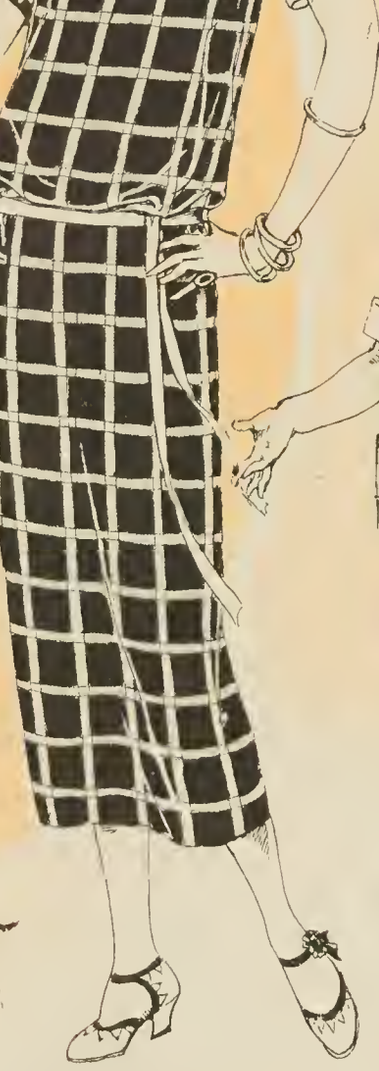
4629



Dress 4619
Hat 4547



4619



Dress 4625



Suit 4640



4640



4604



4637



Blouse 4637
Trousers 4364



4625

4364

4611—4493—10700—Smocking is the most satisfactory trimming for a child's coat. It may be done in self or contrasting color in clusters beneath the square yoke of this coat with plain lining. Use silk faille, heavy crêpe de Chine, taffeta, pongee; or for Autumn, broadcloth, cashmere, henrietta, wool taffeta, velvet. Her hat material may match the coat.

4 years and 19¾ inches head measure require 2⅜ yards 36-inch taffeta (including hat).

The coat is becoming to children ½ to 5 years, the hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

4603—4491—The young person who wants to be coated in the newest style wears this wrap-around coat of corded silks, moiré silks, etc. For cool weather use soft twills, tricotine, wool-pile fabrics, tweeds, etc. The hat of taffeta has a shirred brim.

4 years and 19¾ inches head measure requires 1⅛ yard 54-inch soft twill for coat, and ⅝ yard 35-inch taffeta for hat.

The coat is smart for little girls 1 to 6, the hat for girls 2 to 12.

4604—One may draw an Egyptian girdle about the low waistline of her slip-over dress to balance the lifted-up drapery of the one-piece skirt. Use heavy silk crêpe, moiré silk, heavy cotton ratine; or for later wear use wool rep, tricotine, soft twills or serge.

16 years requires 3⅛ yards 35-inch printed silk (cut crosswise) and ¼ yard 36-inch plain silk.

The dress is distinctive for misses 16 to 20 years.

4629—10132—If September means "boarding school", the young girl will want this one-piece dress. It slips on over the head and has a plaited section set in the right side. Use heavy silk crêpe or wool rep, wool poplin, soft twills, tricotine or serge. The embroidery is most effective. Work it in outline, couching or appliqué. Lower edge, plaits drawn out, 1¾ yard.

17 years requires 2⅞ yards 39-inch heavy silk crêpe.

The dress is becoming to misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

4625—For a one-piece tailored dress use plain or novelty cotton ratine or heavy crêpe, heavy cotton prints, linen, linen-finished cottons or gingham, all of one material or with cotton voile sleeves sewed into a body lining. It slips on over the head and opens on the left shoulder. For Autumn use wool rep, wool poplin, corded wools, wool crêpe, soft twill, kasha, serge.

16 years or 33 bust requires 2⅞ yards 32-inch gingham and ¾ yard 36-inch batiste. Lower edge 1⅜ yard.

The dress is suitable for misses 16 to 18 or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

4619—4547—For the last romp of vacation days this slip-over dress with separate bloomers is practical. Use gingham, chambray, cotton prints, heavy cotton crêpe, linen-finished cottons, cotton poplin, cotton gabardine, unbleached muslin, pongee, or for Autumn, serge. For a hat with removable crown use piqué, cotton poplin, lawn, material like dress.

5 years requires 2¼ yards 32-inch gingham for dress.

The dress is attractive for little girls 2 to 8, the hat for children 1 to 5 years.

4640—For the beach or play this suit with belted blouse and straight trousers is serviceable. Use chambray, linen, linen-finished cotton, gingham, cotton poplin, cotton gabardine, piqué, rep, serge, pongee, striped novelty cotton.

4 years requires 1½ yard 36-inch linen and ⅜ yard 36-inch contrasting material.

The suit is quaint for little boys 2 to 5 years.

4637—4364—He wears a blouse of madras, galatea, percale, khaki, pongee, cotton or silk shirtings over trousers of chambray, khaki, duck, linen, crash, serge, mixtures, flannel, cheviot or corduroy. A one-piece collar may be fastened, like the cuffs, to the blouse or there may be a low turn-down collar or neckband and trousers with rather wide legs may have a fly.

10 years requires 1¾ yard 32-inch madras and ⅝ yard 54-inch tweed.

The blouse is for boys 4 to 16, the trousers for boys 3 to 10.

NEW INCLINATIONS OF HOUSE DRESSES, NEGLIGÉES AND A SCHOOL OUTFIT

Dress 4649
Embroidery
design 10133

Dress 4618
Embroidery
design 10986

Dressing-sack
4644
Slip 4533

4644

4533

4653

Negligée 4653

4653—For this wrap-around negligée use plain crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, charmeuse, albatross or cotton crêpe with embroidery, or printed silks, printed crêpe de Chine, printed cotton crêpe, broché satin or corduroy. Lower edge 55 inches.

36 bust requires 4½ yards 36-inch figured and ⅝ yard 39-inch plain silk.

The negligée is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4649—10133—This one-piece dress with yoke and box plait at each side of the front and back is useful as a house dress in chambray, gingham, percale, striped madras, linen-finished cotton, mercerized pongee, or as nurses' unform in nurses' linen, Indian Head, sheeting, etc. The embroidery is gay. Work in one-stitch, etc. Lower edge, plaits out, 2 yards.

36 bust requires 4⅝ yards 32-inch gingham and ½ yard 32-inch chambray.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 52 bust.

4618—10986—As a house dress in gingham, chambray, madras, percale, etc., this dress with shirt-waist and three-piece skirt is useful. For a nurse use nurses' linen, sheeting, Indian Head, oxford cloth, cotton poplin, cambric, corduroy or seersucker. The embroidery is effective. Work in eyelets, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch Indian Head and ½ yard 36-inch contrasting material. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 50 bust.

4644—4533—A dressing-sack of crêpe de Chine, Georgette, crêpe satin, cotton crêpe, cotton voile or dotted swiss, etc., coolly tops a slip of crêpe satin, radium satin, crêpe de Chine, nainsook, long-cloth, etc. Lower edge of slip 1½ yard.

36 bust requires 1¾ yard 39-inch cotton voile for sack.

The dressing-sack is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, the slip for ladies 32 to 48 bust, also misses.

Suit 4608

Rompers 4655
Smocking design 10151

Rompers 4652

4655

4596

4652

4649

4608

Dress and slip 4596
Embroidery design 10978

4596

4618

4608—With a tunic and bloomers of serge the schoolgirl may wear a flannel blouse for classes or a wash-silk blouse for formal events. For gymnasium or sports one takes off the tunic and has a sensible outfit. The blouse may have a shoulder yoke.

14 years requires 1¾ yard 36-inch pongee and 3⅛ yards 54-inch serge.

The suit is for girls, misses and ladies, 6 to 18 years and 36 bust.

4655—10151—One can smile at the sun in these one-piece rompers of the creeper variety, smocked in front and closing at the bottom. The smocking may be done in color. Use chambray, dimity, pin-check gingham, cotton poplin, mercerized pongee, cotton crêpe or silk pongee.

2 years requires 1⅜ yard 32-inch chambray.

The rompers are quaint for children ½, 1, 2 and 3 years.

4652—For attractive rompers use chambray, pin-check gingham, striped gingham, dimity, heavy cotton crêpe, cotton poplin, cotton gabardine, linen-finished cotton, madras, khaki cloth or pongee. They have a drop seat at the back and are in one piece at the front.

3 years requires 1¼ yard 36-inch percale and ¼ yard 36-inch contrasting.

The rompers are for children 1 to 4.

4596—10978—This dress is 25 inches long and may have inverted fulness under the arm with a straight lower edge or a gored underarm seam. The gertrude slip buttons or ties on the shoulder. The flower embroidery is dainty. Use batiste, lawn or handkerchief linen with hand-hemstitching; or nainsook or dimity for dress with slip of nainsook, lawn, etc.

The dress for infants requires 1⅜ yard 39-inch batiste, the slip ⅞ yard 39-inch batiste (piecing at center back).

The dress and slip are for infants.

SIDE-LIGHTS ON INTIMATE LINGERIE IN LIGHT SILKS OR COTTONS TO TIDE OVER THE SUMMER



Slip 4533



Pajamas 4621





Pajamas 4647
Initial design
10695

Pajamas 4626



Pajamas 4639

4647

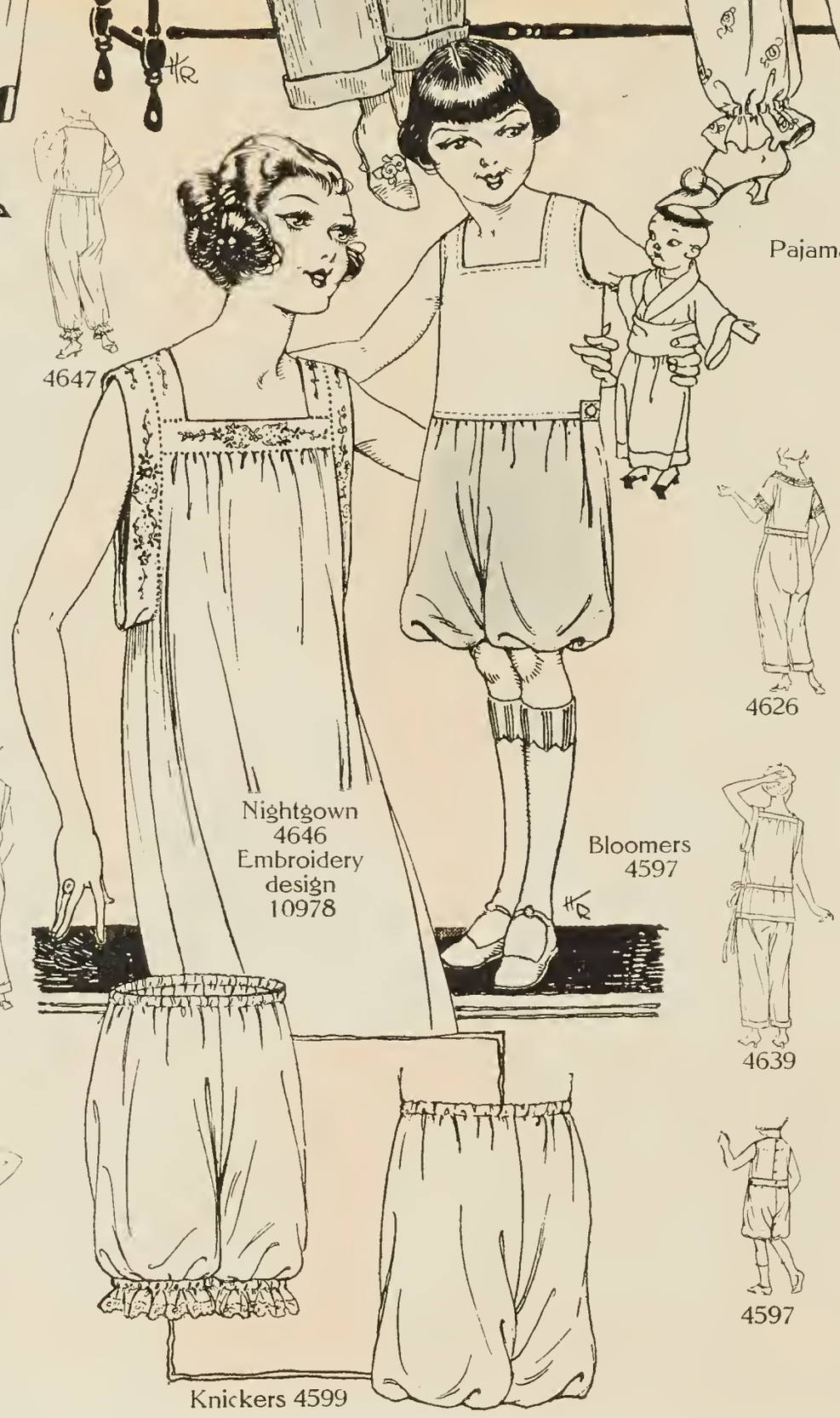


4533



4621

4646



Nightgown
4646
Embroidery
design
10978

Knickers 4599

4626

4639

4597

Bloomers
4597

4533—On the slip underneath hangs the fate of many a Summer frock. Make it of nainsook, long-cloth, batiste, underwear mull, cotton voile, sateen, crêpe satin, radium satin, crêpe de Chine, China silk, habutai silk, tub silk or tub satin. For a slip to wear under evening dresses use metal cloth or Georgette.

36 bust will require 2¾ yards 39-inch charmeuse. Lower edge of slip 1½ yard.

The slip is serviceable for ladies 32 to 48 bust, also misses.

4621—These step-in pajamas on the slip-over order are in one piece in front and have a drop-seat in back. Use cotton crêpe, cotton voile, nainsook, long-cloth, dimity, batiste, underwear mull, mercerized fabrics, crêpe de Chine, wash satin, wash silk, pongee or Georgette for these pajamas. For cool climates make them of outing-flannel or flannelet.

36 bust will require 3⅞ yards 32-inch pongee and ⅝ yard 35-inch novelty silk.

The pajamas are for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4646—10978—On hot August nights one finds relief in this cool slip-over nightgown. Make it of nainsook, long-cloth, batiste, dimity, underwear mull, handkerchief linen, crêpe de Chine, tub silks, tub satin, radium, Georgette, cotton voile or cotton crêpe. The embroidery is dainty. Work the design in eyelet, satin-stitch, lazy-daisy, scalloping, French stemming or outline.

36 bust will require 2⅞ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

The nightgown is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4599—Even in August mothers must begin to prepare for school, and underwear is usually first on the sewing list. These knickers have a reenforced seat and may be made with ruffles. For wear under school or play frocks they are most useful. Use nainsook, batiste, long-cloth, cambric or muslin.

9 years will require 1⅛ yard 36-inch muslin for either style of knickers.

The knickers are practical for girls 2 to 12 years.

4647—10695—These step-in pajamas slip on over the head, have a drop-seat at the back, and are in one piece in front. Use cotton crêpe, cotton voile, nainsook, long-cloth dimity, batiste, underwear mull, mercerized fabrics, crêpe de Chine, wash satin, wash silk, pongee, Georgette. The initial is the new idea for trimming underthings. These initials are fancy script.

16 years requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch cotton crêpe.

The pajamas are suitable for misses 16 to 20, also small women.

4626—The wide effect at the hips is an attractive point in favor of these step-in pajamas. They slip on over the head and are in one piece at the front with a belt coming at a normal waistline. Make them of cotton crêpe, cotton voile, batiste, nainsook, long-cloth, mull or mercerized fabrics.

36 bust will require 3¾ yards 36-inch figured cotton crêpe.

The pajamas are becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4639—On warm days it is an effort to stay out of these two-piece pajamas when one may wear them as a negligée. Use cotton crêpe, cotton voile, batiste, nainsook, long-cloth, mull, dimity, mercerized fabrics, crêpe de Chine, wash satin, wash silk, pongee or Georgette for them.

36 bust will require 1½ yard 35-inch printed silk and 2⅞ yards 35-inch plain silk.

The pajamas are for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4597—For little girls whose strenuous activities spell death to petticoats are these bloomers of gingham, chambray, cotton crêpe or sateen with a cambric or muslin underbody. This underbody may be omitted. One may use pongee or for Autumn, serge bloomers to wear under frocks or the kilted-skirt-and-middy costume, with lining material for an underbody.

8 years will require 1¼ yard 32-inch chambray.

The bloomers are practical for girls 2 to 12.

SOUP MAKES THE WHOLE MEAL TASTE BETTER

HOW WOULD YOU MAKE VEGETABLE SOUP?

Thirty-two! Well, I should worry
Campbell's chefs can work and hurry!
Everything they make is fine
But Vegetable's the soup for mine!

No doubt if you wished to go to all the trouble and expense of making your own vegetable soup, it would be good soup. But even then—

Would you be able to extract all the nutritious juices from the joint of the beef richest in appetizing flavor to make your broth or stock?

Would you insist upon your dealer delivering Chantenay carrots just because you know them to be unsurpassed in flavor and color?

Would the corn have to be Country Gentleman and would the potatoes have to come from Maine simply because the finest potatoes in the country are grown there?

Would you search through all the markets of the world to make sure that each ingredient was the very finest that could be obtained?

Would you use thirty-two different ingredients, including fifteen tempting vegetables, invigorating beef broth, substantial cereals, fresh herbs and dainty seasoning?



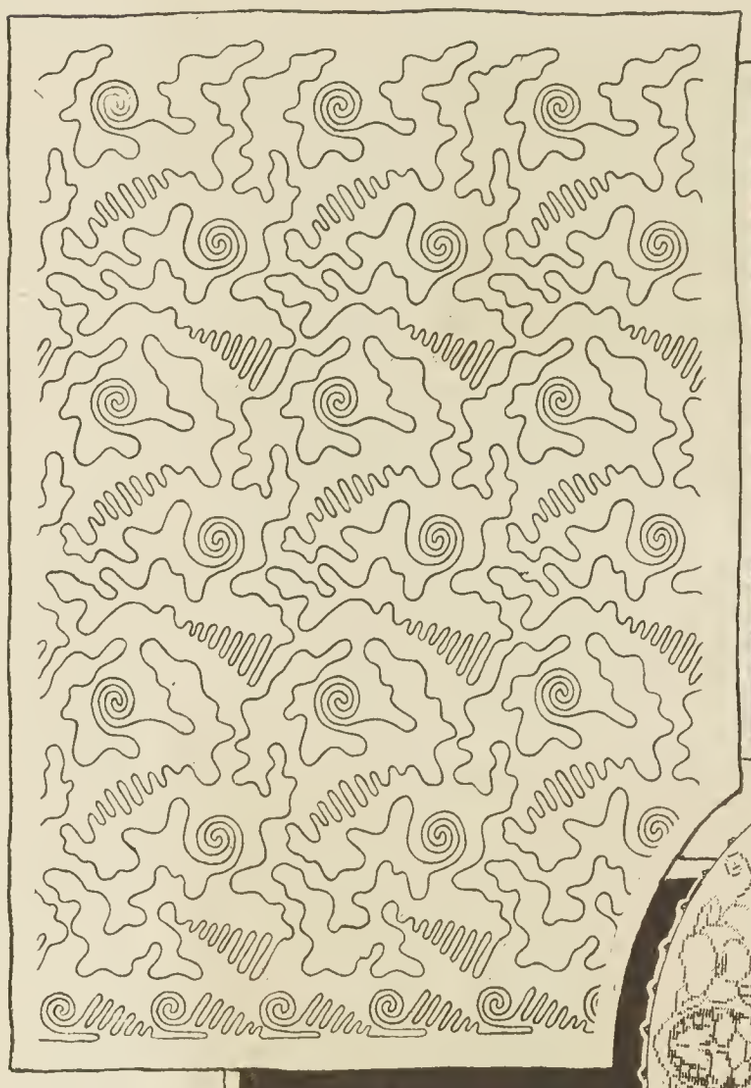
Yet all of these things are done for you in Campbell's Vegetable Soup!

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

EMBROIDERY OFFERS ONE-STITCH FOR RAPID NEEDLEWORK IN MIDSUMMER, AN ALL-OVER BRAIDING DESIGN AND A TOUCH OF COLOR FOR COSTUMES

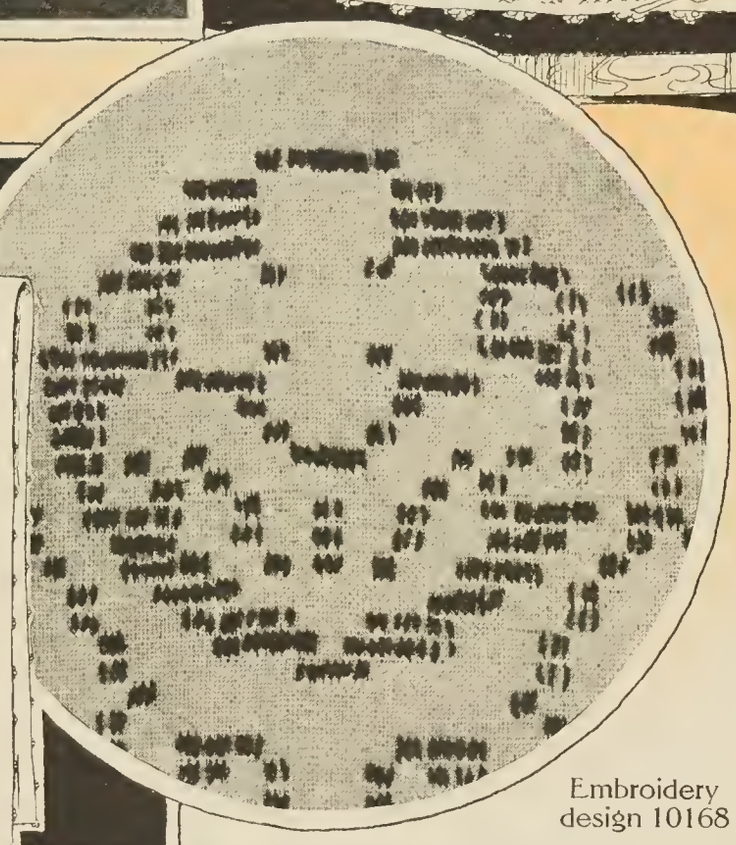


Embroidery design 10174





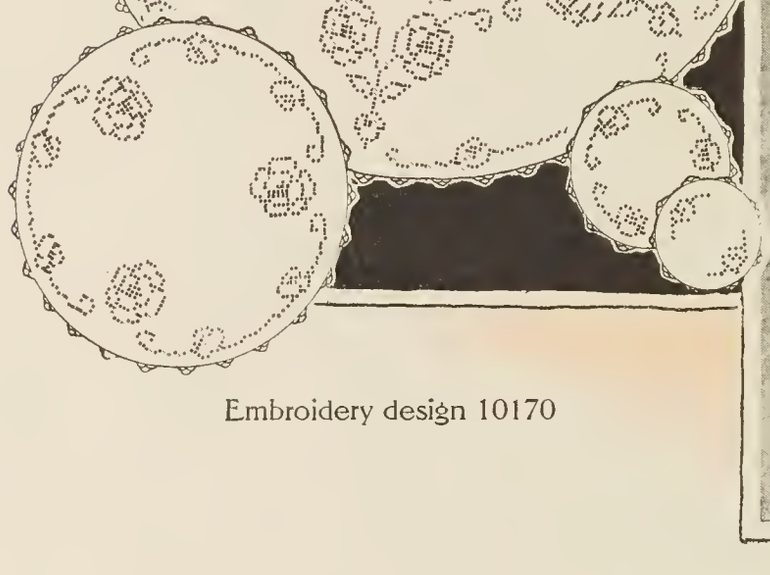




Embroidery design 10168



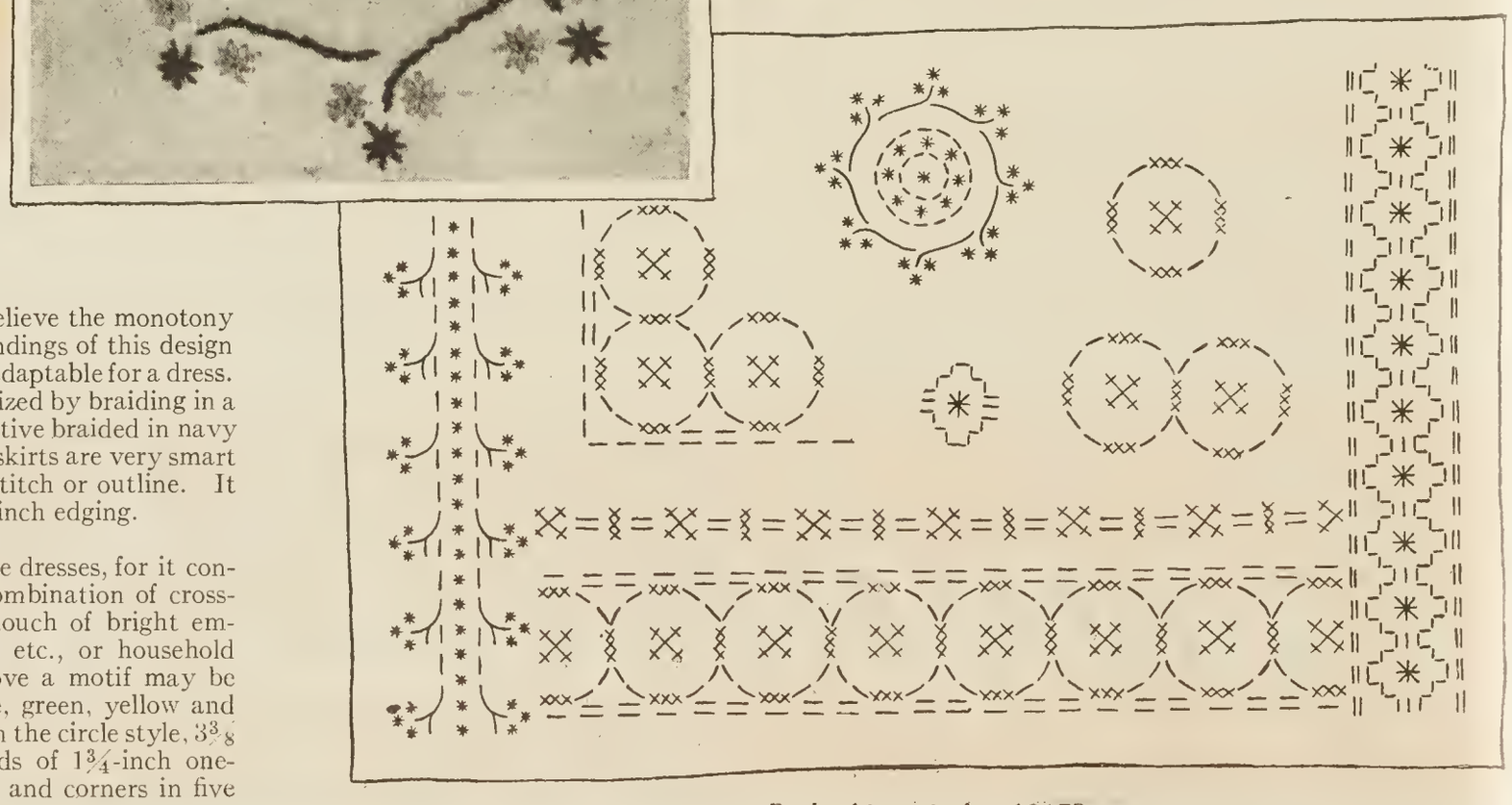
10168



Embroidery design 10170

10168—What with arriving and departing guests, week-end parties and a round of entertaining, one needs a constant supply of fresh linens for the Summer cottage. The design on this centerpiece and motifs suitable for scarf ends, cushions or pincushions may be worked very rapidly in one-stitch. It can be adapted to one centerpiece 36 inches in diameter, three motifs 8 by 16½ inches for scarf ends and cushions and three motifs 1¾ by 11¾ inches for use in the center of a scarf and pincushions.

10170—A luncheon set may be worked very rapidly in this conventional rose-and-leaf design in one-stitch. It contains a centerpiece and the requisite number and proper kinds of doilies, and may be made of linen or linen-finished cottons. The design can be adapted to one centerpiece 26 inches in diameter, six plate doilies 12⅛ inches in diameter, six bread-and-butter-plate doilies 6 inches in diameter, and six glass doilies 4 inches in diameter.



Embroidery design 10173

10174—The smartest costumes which are shown in the shops relieve the monotony of a plain color with all-over braiding of this variety. The bandings of this design can be arranged to cover a blouse, or two of the designs will be adaptable for a dress. The contrasting colors of a three-piece costume may be harmonized by braiding in a suitable color; a terra-cotta and navy-blue costume will be effective braided in navy blue. Jackets, coats or hats for early Fall, dresses, blouses and skirts are very smart braided in this design. It can be worked in couching, chain-stitch or outline. It can be adapted to 1¾ yard 29-inch banding and 1¾ yard 1½-inch edging.

10173—In this design there is enough embroidery to trim three dresses, for it contains banding and motifs in three styles to be worked in a combination of cross-stitch and one-stitch. Wherever you want to put a small touch of bright embroidery—on children's clothes, ladies' blouses, skirts, hats, etc., or household linens—this design offers a suitable quantity. As shown above a motif may be worked with the ring in black, the flowers in cornflower blue, green, yellow and tangerine. It can be adapted to 5 yards of 2⅛-inch banding in the circle style, 3⅜ yards of ⅝-inch banding in narrow cross-stitch style, 3⅜ yards of 1¾-inch one-stitch banding, 1¾ yard 2-inch flower banding and 32 motifs and corners in five assorted styles.



Make this test: Wash your bedlinens and spreads with Fels-Naptha Soap. Compare the results with those by other methods. Even the surface will show you greater whiteness and brightness after several Fels-Naptha washings.

What is FELS-NAPTHA *Cleanliness?*

More than the cleanliness you can see!



You can tell Fels-Naptha by its clean naptha odor

Fels-Naptha Soap increases the joy of camp life through its ability to work well in cool water. It makes every brook a kitchen sink, and every stream a laundry.



The original and genuine naptha soap in the red-and-green wrapper. Buy it in the convenient ten-bar carton.

It goes deep down below the surface, and carries the healthfulness of sunshine to every thread. Sweetness and purity go with it. It is *hygienic* cleanliness—the kind everybody wants in clothes.

And what makes the difference?

Real naptha combined with splendid soap gives Fels-Naptha its advantage in cleansing. The naptha, with its surprising dirt-loosening ability, breaks the hold of dirt with ease and safety. Not a speck escapes it. Yet the clothes are left unharmed—no hard rubbing is needed.

The soapy water, working back and forth between the threads, flushes all the dirt away. *Fels-Naptha Cleanliness* takes complete possession, and healthful clothes are assured.

Fels-Naptha is more than soap. It is more than soap and naptha. It is the exclusive Fels-Naptha combination of *splendid* soap and *real* naptha in a way that gives you the best of both these two safe cleansers at the same time, and in the one quick-working, labor-saving, health-preserving bar.

Get Fels-Naptha at your grocer's. Use it for all your soap-and-water cleaning, and make your home glow with *Fels-Naptha Cleanliness.*

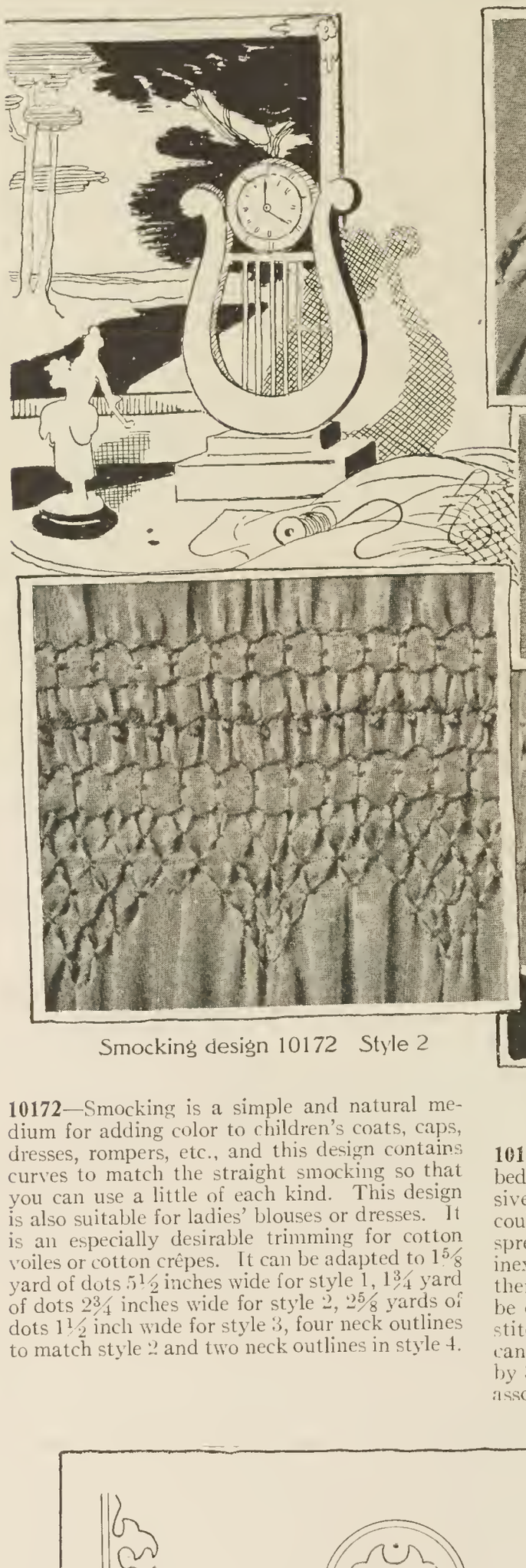
GET acquainted with Fels-Naptha's sanitary work. Send 2¢ in stamps for sample bar. Address Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

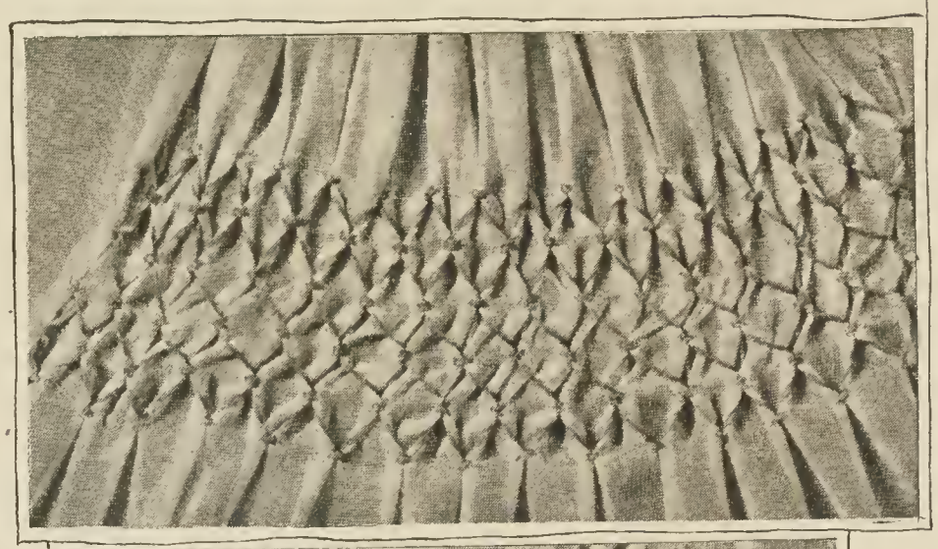
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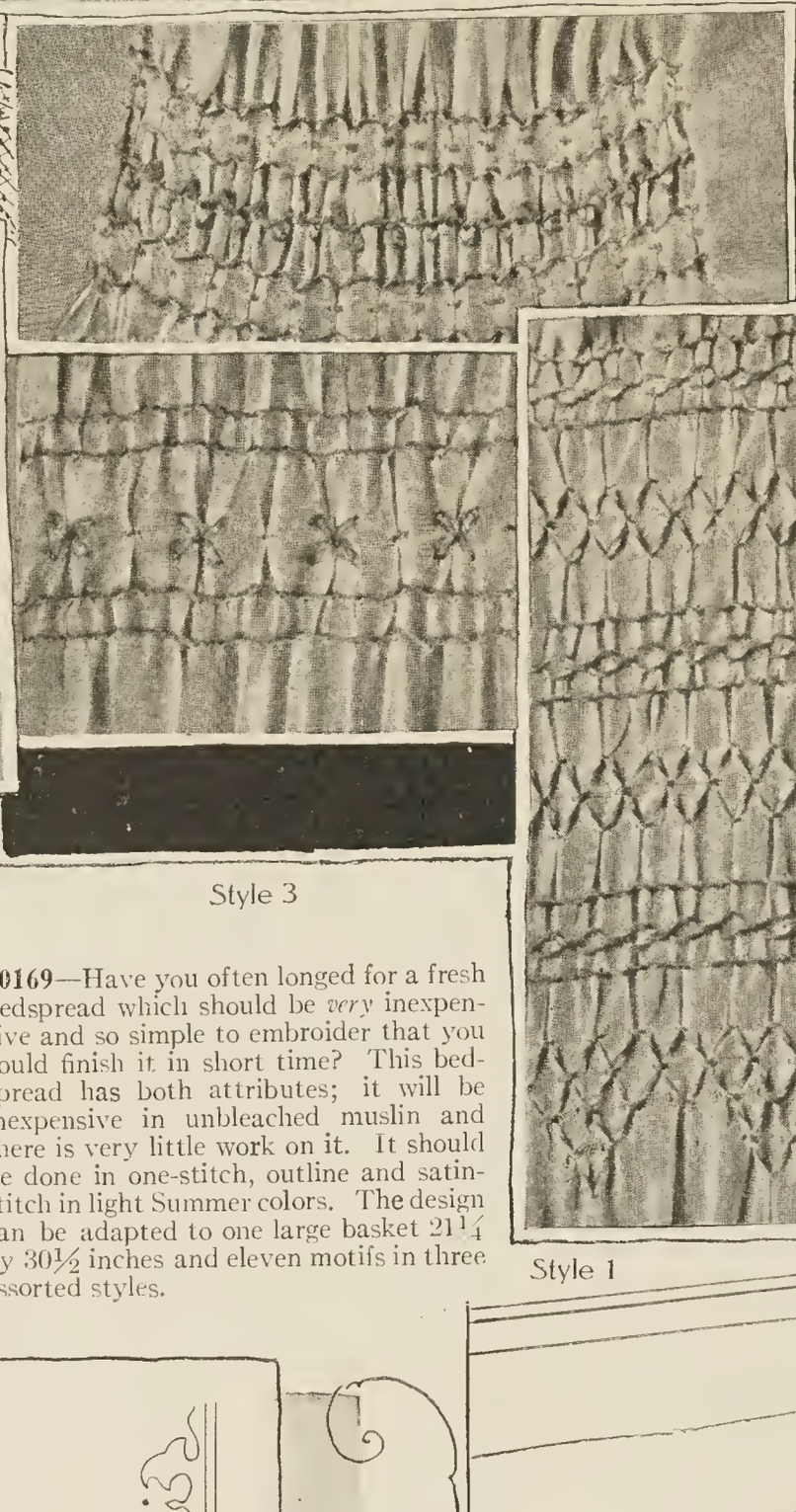
LIGHT FABRICS ARE CAUGHT IN THE TOILS OF CURVED AND STRAIGHT SMOCKING OR FLOWER EMBROIDERIES, WHILE BRAIDING ADORNS SILKS OR LIGHT WOOLENS



Smocking design 10172 Style 2

Neck-style 4

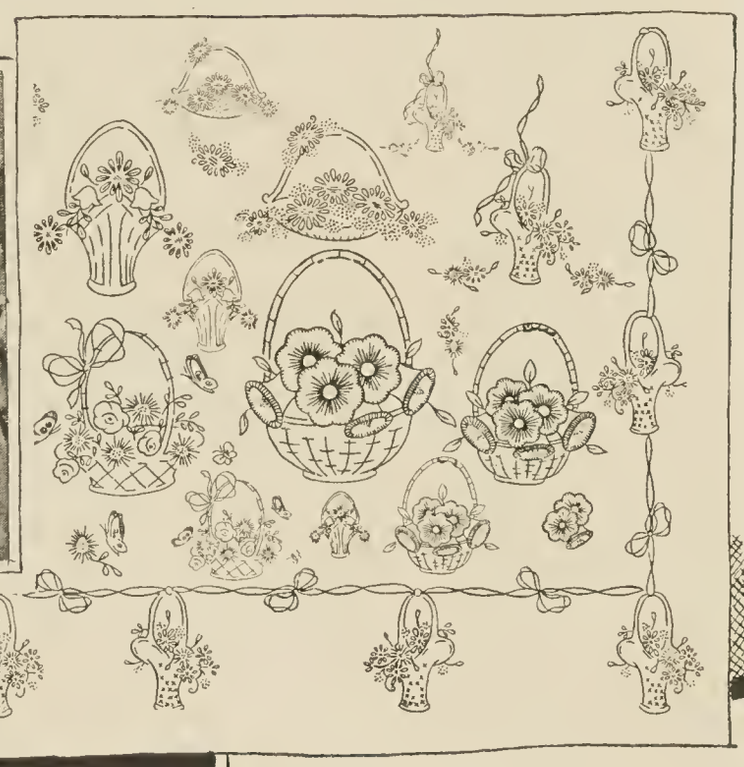




Style 3



Style 1



Embroidery design 10171

10171—In a new design embroidery combine a little bit of everything for almost every where—tea-cloths, napkins, scarfs, curtain, bedroom furnishings, children's clothes, lingerie, dresses and underwear. Banding, motifs and baskets should be worked in outline, lazy daisy, *mille fleur* and one-stitch. It is especially attractive worked in bright colors. It can be adapted to two baskets 7¾ by 8½ inches, 1 yard of banding 4½ inches wide, 1⅝ yard of perpendicular banding 3½ inches wide and two assorted baskets and flower motifs.

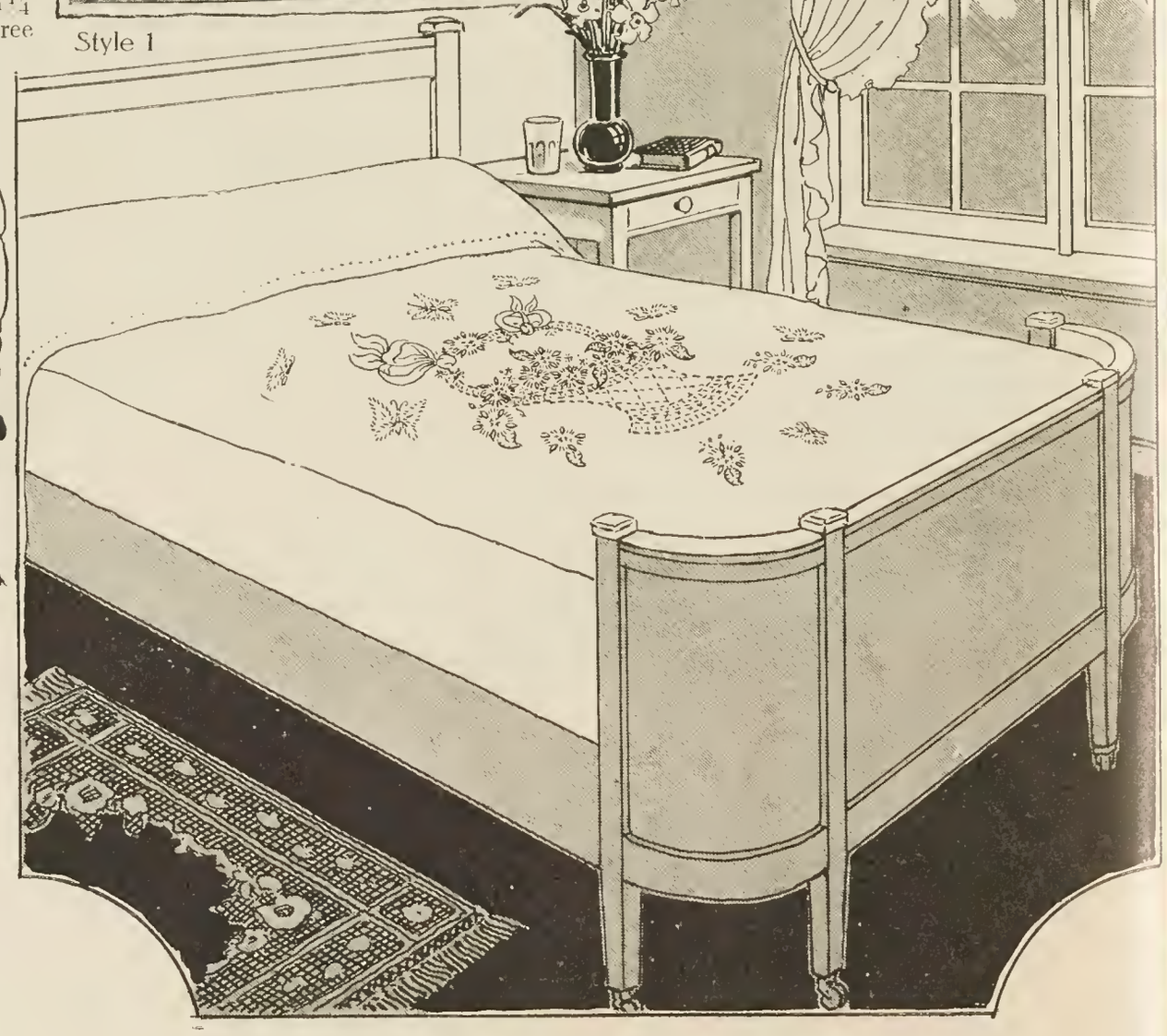
10172—Smocking is a simple and natural medium for adding color to children's coats, caps, dresses, rompers, etc., and this design contains curves to match the straight smocking so that you can use a little of each kind. This design is also suitable for ladies' blouses or dresses. It is an especially desirable trimming for cotton voiles or cotton crêpes. It can be adapted to 1⅝ yard of dots 5½ inches wide for style 1, 1¾ yard of dots 2¾ inches wide for style 2, 2⅝ yards of dots 1½ inch wide for style 3, four neck outlines to match style 2 and two neck outlines in style 4.

10169—Have you often longed for a fresh bedspread which should be *very* inexpensive and so simple to embroider that you could finish it in short time? This bedspread has both attributes; it will be inexpensive in unbleached muslin and there is very little work on it. It should be done in one-stitch, outline and satin-stitch in light Summer colors. The design can be adapted to one large basket 21¼ by 30½ inches and eleven motifs in three assorted styles.



Embroidery design 10175

10175—Many of the most attractive clothes seen in the shops are braided. The design, as this one illustrates, need not be elaborate; most of them are very simple to do. This design may also be worked in couching or outline embroidery. Chenille couched down is very smart for Autumn. Coats, jackets, dresses, hats, blouses or skirts may be braided following this design. It can be adapted to 4⅞ yards of banding 2⅞ inches wide, 5 yards of banding 1 inch wide, 4½ yards of banding 1⅝ inch wide, six corners 6½ by 12 inches and 15 motifs 4½ inches in diameter.



Embroidery design 10169



My wife asked me to do this

Now I offer you a new delight —an olive oil shampoo



By V. K. CASSADY, B. S., M. S., *Chief Chemist*

My wife told me she wished someone would invent a shampoo that would not leave hair dry and brittle. She said all women wanted it. And asked me to try my hand—I am chief chemist at Palmolive.

Now I have one—Olive Oil—as advised by world authorities on hair beauty.

I should esteem it a favor for you to test it. And then to give me your opinion.

A more gentle way

I found that most shampoos were too harsh; that while they cleaned they took the life and lustre from the hair. Scores of women told me this. And, too, famous specialists of the scalp. So I set out to perfect a thorough cleanser, yet one mild and gentle, which would leave that dainty sheen which adds so to one's charm.

A scientific creation

Thousands of women, many famous beauties, have written me already. They say results are a revelation.

Your hair clean.

The scalp tingling—dandruff-free and healthy.

Yet—gleamingly, gloriously alive, immediately after a shampoo!

I think you will thank me for offering this scientific way to you.

PALMOLIVE

SHAMPOO

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The Promise of a Happy Breakfast —

Here's the treasure from Nature's store of goodness, perfected into a golden reward for appetite.

Post Toasties — crisp, flavory flakes of toasted corn, so delicious they fairly melt in the mouth, and with that wonderful charm of natural corn flavor developed in the toasting process. *And they retain their crispness after cream or milk is added.*

All ready to serve direct from the package—a builder of energy for work or play.

Post Toasties make a joyous occasion of breakfast, lunch or supper for every member of the family.

The way to get the Post Toasties quality is to order Post Toasties by name, and look for the distinctive Yellow and Red package.

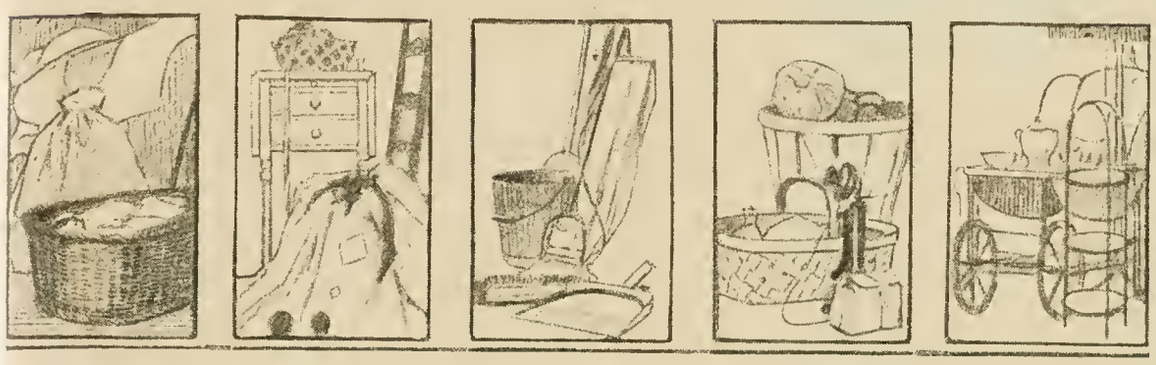
Post Toasties *improved* corn flakes

Made by Postum Cereal Company, Inc.
Battle Creek, Michigan

SAVE A DOLLAR

The thrifty use of good things makes a better home

Each suggestion has been tested and approved by the Home-Makers' Department



THE DELINEATOR is interested in good suggestions for saving the housewife's money, labor, food or fuel and will pay five dollars for each item used in this department. (*NOTE: The offer of ten dollars each month for the best suggestion received is now withdrawn.*) Unavailable manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Please write on one side of the paper only and address "Dollar-Savers" Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York City.

PRIZE-WINNER

SAVE WORK ON SUPPERS

I HAVE solved the problem of giving small children their supper while I am preparing dinner for the adults of the family. The children must be served with a minimum of effort. As I am busy in the kitchen, the children must eat there, but in the small kitchen it is difficult to sacrifice the limited table space while preparing a meal. I bought a small light-weight kitchen table for three dollars and cut off the legs to make it low enough so that it can be pushed under the drain-board of the sink. At supper-time I pull it out and set it with the children's simple meal. While I continue preparations for dinner, the children bring in their little kindergarten chairs, which are just the right height for the table, and there they eat under my supervision. Afterward they stack the dishes, push the table back under the drain-board and carry their chairs into the other room. If there is no place in your kitchen for such a table, a folding sewing-table could be made the right height and kept in a cupboard or some other out-of-the-way place.—MRS. H. A. KELLEY, Berkeley, Calif.

SAVE CLOGGING THE SALT-SHAKER

IN THE dining-room of a women's college a dry tumbler is placed over each salt-shaker after meals. In this way the usual Summer-time annoyance of moist salt is avoided.—CLOTILDA BINZEL, Milwaukee, Wis.

THE BABY HELPS HERSELF

BABIES usually enjoy throwing their playthings out of their carriage or high-chair. To avoid this, tie the playthings to the carriage or chair with fairly long pieces of white tape and teach baby how to pull her toys to her.—MRS. LOUISA MENTZ, Beaver Dam, Wis.

SAVE YOUR HANDS FROM BLUING STAINS

A TOILET-WATER or hair-tonic bottle which has a device in the cork for permitting only a few drops to come through at a time makes an excellent container for liquid bluing. The amount of bluing added to the water is thus easily controlled and the fingers do not get stained, as usually happens with the ordinary bluing bottles.—MRS. L. H. ALBERTY, Winfield, Kans.

SAVE FUEL BY THIS ONE-MEAL DISH

A ONE-DISH meal is a saving of time. Spinach and veal pot-roast make a good combination. After cleaning the spinach, do not break the bunches apart. Tie them whole around the pot-roast of veal, using as little string as possible, until the meat is covered on all sides. Use a rack—an old roast-rack will do—in a pan that can be covered. Lay two pieces of bacon beneath the rack to give the pan a start and cook in a slow oven. To serve, untie the spinach and pile it on one side of the platter. The spinach gains much by this method of cooking, and the flavor of the veal is greatly improved by the spinach.

Or, there may be added to the pot-roast of veal a dozen small onions and a cup of water, after which it should be simmered until thoroughly cooked. Take out the meat, add flour and milk to the gravy to make a white sauce and pour over the meat.—LOUISE RICE, Ste. Eustache, Quebec, Can.

SAVE WORK IN CLEANING BED-SPRINGS

EVERY housekeeper dislikes to clean bed-springs. I have found that the easiest and most satisfactory way is to take them out-of-doors on a hot day. After they are warmed through by the sun, wash them well with the hose and then move them to a dry place and leave them in the sun until they are dry. The springs do not rust and it certainly is the easiest way of cleaning them.—MRS. W. A. WEIDEMEYER, Little Rock, Ark.

SAVE WORK IN MAKING SANDWICHES

BEFORE making sandwiches, cut the crust from the loaf in big slabs. It is then easier to cut the bread very thin and the crusts may be dried in the oven to make a zwieback, which the children eagerly devour.—MRS. EDWIN H. VERNER, Port Coquitlom, British Columbia, Can.

SAVE FRUIT AND JELLIES FOR THE BRIDE

A MOST acceptable gift to the bride is a supply of canned fruits, preserves and pickles. It is not difficult for the housewife to put up an extra half-pint or pint when she is canning or making conserve and set these aside for the friend or relative who is to be a bride during the Fall or Winter.—MRS. W. E. GEHRES, Glenfield, Pa.

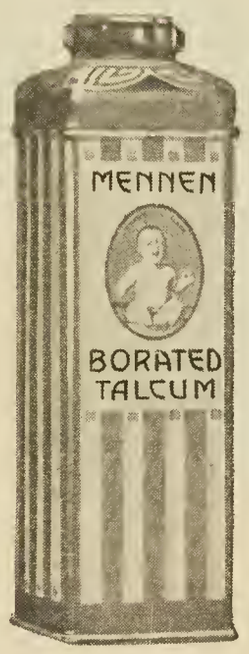
SAVE WORK IN SORTING STOCKINGS

A BOTTLE of indelible ink and a supply of tape saves much time in sorting stockings. The name of each child is written on small strips of white tape and each pair is marked a different number, such as M-1, M-2 and M-3. These tapes are sewed flat to the top of the stocking by machine. The initial makes it easy for the child to find her own stockings and the number makes the labor of matching pairs of stockings a drudgery of the past.—INEZ H. GREENE, Elmwood, Nebr.

SAVE THE CREAM-SEPARATOR FROM DUST

TO AIR the cream-separator and yet to keep the dust from it was a difficult problem. I cut a circular piece of cheese-cloth somewhat larger than the circumference of the separator-bowl and ran a narrow elastic through the hem. This cover is easily slipped over the separator and does not blow off, as a piece of cloth will.—CLARA HOPPE, Macon, Ill.

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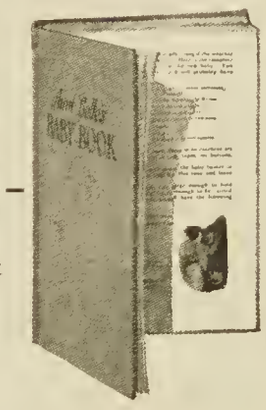
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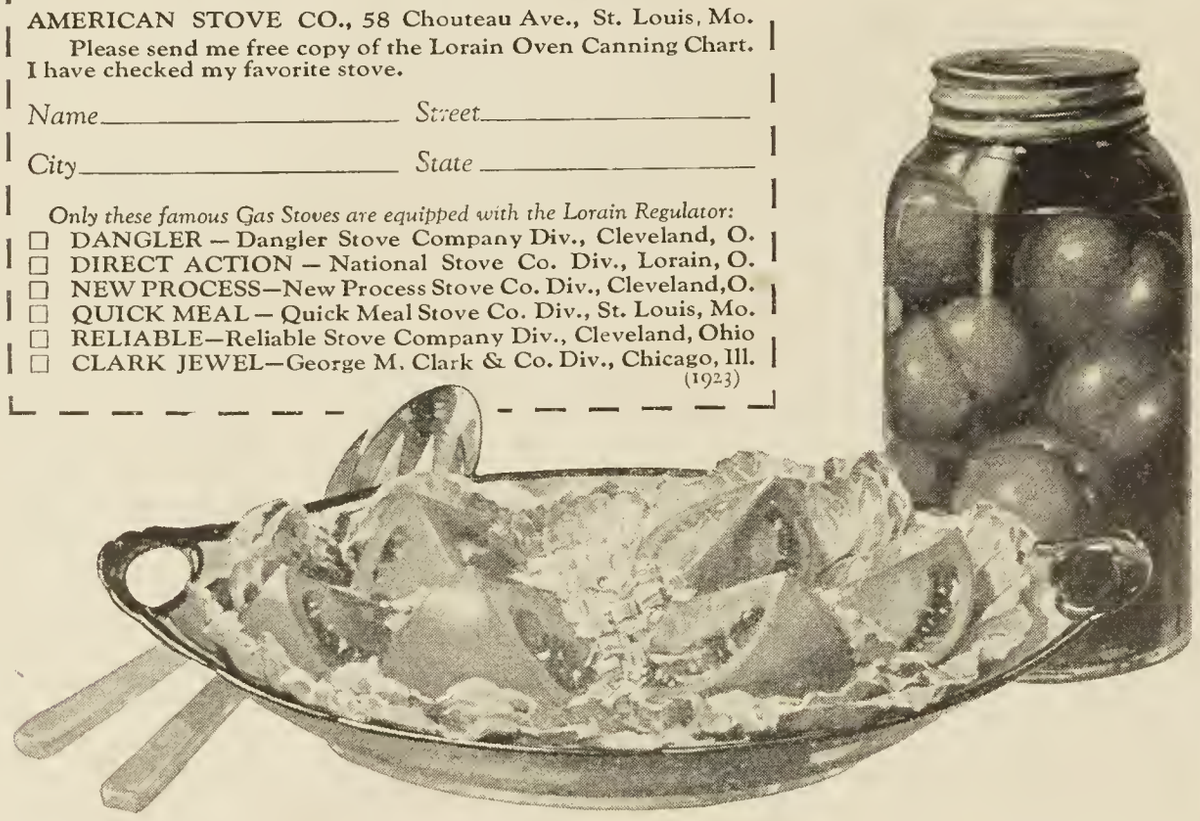
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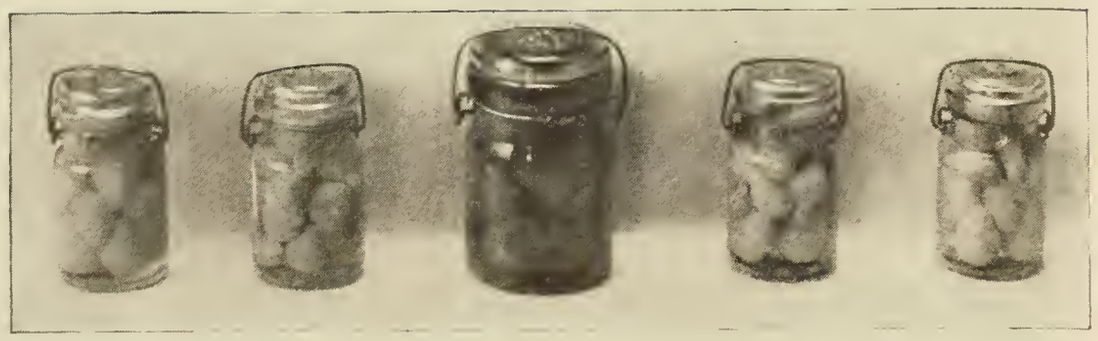
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(1923)





PRESERVE, JAM AND CONSERVE

And a few appetizing relishes

By Winifred Moses

Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University.—*Martha Van Rensselaer*

ALL recipes are variations of a few basic recipes. Half the joy in cooking is in being able to take a standard recipe and by adding a little of this or of that change it to a dish distinctly different and usually much more attractive than the original. Below are tables classifying the general methods, with variations, for saving some of the fruits and vegetables now in season by putting them up as preserves, jams, conserves and relishes.

In most cases the unit of measurement of fruit given in the tables is one pound. Any multiple of this may be used. Keep the proportions of ingredients the same.

PRESERVES

A GOOD preserve is one in which the fruit, or pieces of fruit, are whole, tender, clear and plump in a thick transparent sirup. The proportion of sugar to fruit in preserves is from three-fourths to one pound of sugar to each pound of fruit.

There are two methods that may be used. For soft fruits mix sugar and fruit, allow the mixture to stand overnight, bring to the boiling-point and cook until the fruit is soft (from eight to ten minutes). This product more nearly approximates a jam than a preserve, except that it is sweeter.

The other method is to make a sirup of water and sugar. Add the prepared fruit and cook it until it is clear and transparent. It may be allowed to stand in the sirup overnight to plump it, then drained and packed and the sirup cooked to the desired richness and poured over it; or it may be taken from the hot sirup and packed and the sirup cooked until thick enough and then added to the fruit.

CRAB-APPLE PRESERVE

Proportions

1 pound crab-apples
¾ pound sugar
Juice of 1 lemon

Preparation

Peel the apples, leaving stems on, add water to barely cover and cook until tender. Drain, add sugar to juice and cook to a medium-thick sirup. Add apples and lemon-juice and cook until apples are clear. Pack in jars, pour on sirup and seal.

Variations

1. Use equal parts of sweet apples, pears quinces and peaches. Peel and slice fruit, and cook apples, pears and quinces separately until tender. Then proceed as for crab-apple preserve.

2. Use equal parts of quinces and sweet apples. Cook both apples and quinces separately until tender before putting into sirup.

PEAR PRESERVE

Proportions

1 pound pears (Kieffer hard)
1 lemon sliced thin
1 pound sugar
1 pint water

Preparation

Peel and core pears. Cook pears in water until tender. Drain, add sugar to liquid and bring to boiling-point. Add pears and cook until clear and transparent.

Variations

1. For soft pears, cook the sugar and water five minutes, then add uncooked pears and cook until clear and transparent.

2. For ginger pears, cut the pears in thin slices and add one tablespoon of preserved ginger cut in small pieces. Use only two-thirds cup of water.

PLUM PRESERVE

Proportions

1 pound plums
1 pound sugar
1 cup water

Preparation

Wash and prick plums with fork or needle. Make a sirup of sugar and water. Add plums and cook until tender. Remove the fruit with skimmer and place in jars. Cook down sirup (about twenty minutes) and fill jars.

WATERMELON-RIND PRESERVE

Proportions

1 pound rind
½ ounce ginger-root
¾ pound sugar
One lemon sliced very thin

Preparation

Cut green rind in small pieces and remove outer skin. Cover with cold water. Allow one tablespoon salt for each quart of water used. Soak overnight. Drain rind thoroughly, cover with cold water and cook until tender. Drain. Cook lemon and ginger-root separately. Drain and add sugar to the water drained from sugar and rind. Add melon-rind and cook until plump.

Variation

Use citron melon, discarding only the outer skin and seeds.

PEACH PRESERVE

Proportions

1 pound peaches
¾ pound sugar
1 cup water

Preparation

Dip peaches in boiling water and then in cold; remove skins, cut in halves and drop

Concluded on page 44



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Advertisement No. 4





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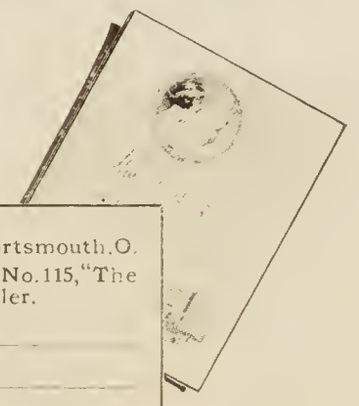


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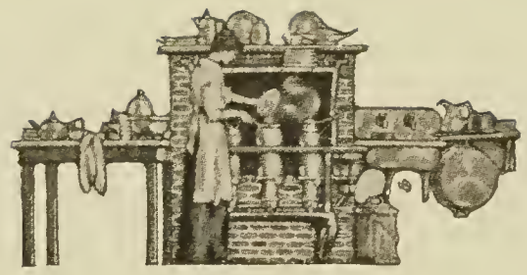
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PRESERVE, JAM AND CONSERVE

Concluded from page 42

into sirup made of sugar and water. Cook until the peaches are clear and the sirup thick.

Variation

The peaches may be preserved whole. In this case use enough sirup to float the peaches. When the peaches are done, put them in a jar, cook down the sirup to the desired thickness and fill the jar. A few cracked peach-pits may be added to each jar.

JAMS

A JAM is a variation of a preserve; the product is cooked to a thick mass and only from one-half to three-fourths pound of sugar to one pound of fruit is used. Jams need almost constant stirring toward the last of the cooking to prevent burning. The temperature to which jams are cooked varies from 220 to 226 degrees Fahrenheit.

PEACH JAM

Proportions

1 pound peach-pulp (imperfect peaches may be used for this)
½ to ⅔ pound sugar
¼ cup peach-juice or water
½ inch ginger-root
1 peach-pit
¼ teaspoon allspice
1 teaspoon cinnamon bark
½ teaspoon cloves

Preparation

Dip peaches in boiling water, then in cold water and remove skins and seed. Mash the pulp. Add sugar and spices tied in a bag. Cook until thick and clear, or to 222 degrees Fahrenheit. Remove spice-bag.

Variations

1. Spices may be omitted.
2. Apple-pulp may be substituted for part of peach-pulp.
3. Instead of spices, add juice of one lemon and one dozen peach-pits.

PLUM JAM

Proportions

1 pound plums (Damson plums make the best jam)
½ to ⅔ pound sugar

Preparation

Wash and, if desired, remove seeds. The flavor of the seeds is sometimes preferred. Add the sugar and cook until the mixture is thick and clear (about 218 degrees Fahrenheit).

CONSERVES

CONSERVES are made like jams, except that they are mixtures of fruit with or without the addition of nuts or raisins or both. Raisins should be steamed until plump before adding to the mixture; nuts should be scalded and added only at the end of the cooking.

PEACH CONSERVE

Proportions

1 pound peach-pulp
¾ pound sugar
Juice and grated rind of 1 lemon

Preparation

Dip peaches in hot and then in cold water. Remove skins and seeds, cut in thin slices. Mix the ingredients and cook until thick and clear.

Variations

1. Substitute diced cantaloup for half of the peaches and add one-half cup of scalded chopped nut-meats just before removing conserve from heat.
2. Substitute diced apples for half of the peaches.
3. Substitute diced cooked pineapple for half of the peach-pulp and add juice and grated rind of one-half orange.
4. The lemon may be sliced, soaked overnight and cooked until tender before adding the fruit-pulp.
5. Use equal parts of peach, pear, apple and quince.

PLUM CONSERVE

Proportions

1 pound plum-pulp (Use Damson plums)
½ to ¾ pound sugar
Juice and grated rind of ½ lemon
Juice and grated rind of ½ orange
1 cup seeded raisins
½ cup nut-meats (if desired)

Preparation

Wash the plums, seed if desired and weigh. Steam the raisins thirty minutes. Mix all ingredients but nut-meats and cook until thick and clear (about 218 degrees Fahrenheit). Add nut-meats.

Variation

If desired, slice the orange and lemon. Soak overnight and cook until tender before adding the plums.

PICKLES AND RELISHES

ALMOST any fruit or vegetable may be preserved in the form of pickles or relishes. Some vegetables, such as cucumbers, may be stored in large quantities in brine in the Fall and soaked and prepared for use as needed. A brine for this purpose should be strong enough to float an egg. For this brine use a pint of coarse salt to one gallon of water. Pickles that are to be soaked overnight in brine require a far weaker brine. For this allow only one cup of salt to one gallon of water. Another point to remember is that the vegetables should all be under liquid. If pickles are put up in small quantities in pint or quart jars, this is easily accomplished; but if they are put up in crocks or barrels, it may be necessary to weight them down in order to keep them covered with liquid. If white specks appear on vinegar surrounding pickles, it should be drained off and scalded or a fresh supply added.

There are endless methods of preparing pickles. Perhaps the easiest method of making pickles and one that gives excellent results is to add cold vinegar, sweetened, salted and spiced to suit the individual taste, to raw vegetables cut in suitable pieces and packed in jars or crocks. The only precaution is to keep all vegetables under the liquid. The next easiest method is to add scalded, seasoned vinegar. Other processes require more labor, either requiring to soak in brine overnight or requiring long cooking or prepared dressings.

The following recipe for pickled cucumbers is very easy to prepare.

PICKLED CUCUMBERS

Proportions

1 quart cucumbers
2 tablespoons sugar
1 tablespoon rock salt
1 tablespoon mixed spices
Vinegar to fill jar

Preparation

Wash and dry cucumbers. Pack closely in jars. Add spices throughout or tied in bag. Add salt and sugar and fill the jar with vinegar. Seal and keep in a cool place. The vinegar must cover all the vegetables.

GREEN-PEPPER RELISH

Proportions

12 red peppers
12 onions
2 cups sugar
12 green peppers
1 pint vinegar
3 tablespoons salt

Preparation

Remove seeds from peppers, peel onions and chop fine. Cover with boiling water and let stand five minutes. Drain, add the other ingredients and cook five minutes, or until thicker, if desired.

CHILLI SAUCE

Proportions

6 ripe tomatoes
½ green pepper
½ teaspoon each of cloves and cinnamon
1 onion
6 tablespoons brown sugar
1 teaspoon salt
¼ cup vinegar

Preparation

Dip tomatoes in boiling water and then in cold and remove skins. Slice the tomatoes and chop the onions and peppers. Combine all ingredients and cook until the mixture is thick.



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HEALTH VIA THE KITCHEN

Guarding against bacteria in hot weather

By Mary Hamilton Talbott

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

THE Government has taken measures without end to insure the purity of our food supply, but no law can protect the food after it is delivered to the kitchen door. The kitchen may be the perfection of neatness to the eye, yet the places where food is stored may be hotbeds for pernicious bacteria.

Realizing the fact that molds, yeasts and bacteria are potentially present everywhere, and that this is unpreventable, our chief effort must be directed toward providing conditions which will prevent or retard their growth.

A housewife may be very careful about the storage-places for food and yet put the food away in a state favorable to fermentation and decomposition. As bacteria require at least twenty-five per cent. of moisture in which to live and multiply, it is possible to aid materially in the keeping of meat and poultry in hot weather by avoiding dampness.

A chicken should never be washed or soaked in water for any length of time and must never be put away wet. If it is necessary to prepare chickens one day to be used the next, dry them carefully and do not lay them directly upon the ice—a very common practise. Put them on a plate and place them on the bottom shelf of the refrigerator, which is the coldest place.

All meat should receive immediate attention when it comes into the kitchen. First, look well into the crevices to make sure there are no eggs left by intruding flies, which are dangerous as well as disgusting. Then cut off the thin membrane which is found on steaks and chops, and the fatty substance from the backbone of lamb or mutton, as these deteriorate more quickly than the rest and are apt to hasten decay in the whole piece. An added precaution toward meat preservation in extremely torrid weather is to brush it with olive-oil and vinegar, about half and half. It seems almost unnecessary to add that meat should never be put away in the paper in which it comes from the market.

Be sure of your fish before it goes into the refrigerator. Press it with your finger; if it pits, it is unfit to eat—putrefaction has set in. It should have bright, full eyes and be full-scaled. Fish should never be put in the ice-chest uncovered or it will surely taint the other food. Of course portions of canned fish—or, in fact, of any canned food once opened—should not be put away in the cans.

DO NOT always blame the milkman when the milk fails to keep well in Summer; the trouble may be in your own refrigerator. It may seem cold enough to you in contrast to the outside temperature, but the surest way to know is to buy a thermometer and keep it inside of your ice-chest and never let it register more than fifty degrees Fahrenheit. Do not mix fresh milk with any that may be left over, as the bacteria in the old milk will be added to that of the other and its keeping qualities lowered. Never let the milk stand in the kitchen for even ten minutes, for milk when warm is an ideal cultural medium for bacteria. Even in the cleanest storage-place, never keep milk in an open vessel, as it absorbs odors.

Freshly baked bread or biscuits should be lightly covered with waxed paper or a thin cloth while cooling, but never tightly wrapped, for unless aired when taken from the oven, breads are likely to get soggy and damp, thus offering an excellent condition for the development of molds. It often happens that, in the attempt to prevent bread from drying out, bread-boxes are improperly ventilated, or not ventilated at all, thus defeating the purpose for which they are intended, *keeping* bread, for such small places containing undisturbed moist air are the most favorable spots for molds. Most of the kitchen-cabinets on the market now are provided with bread-boxes properly ventilated with perforations on the side. However, if you are not provided with one of these, be sure to scald out the bread-box every week, then air and dry it thoroughly.

It is necessary to give the greatest care to the vegetables you buy in Summer. The pods of peas must be crisp and plump. String-beans should not have a faded look or any suspicion of limpness when broken. Cucumbers, turnips and carrots ought to be firm to the touch, cabbage bright in color and crisp, and lettuce should not show any trace of the rusty red look which identifies it as having been kept a long time.

The custom in many homes of washing berries before putting them away causes them to sour and mold very soon. It is best to spread them out on large plates and keep them in the refrigerator or in a cool, dark place, if no refrigerator is at hand. They should be thoroughly washed just before serving.

Cheese molds at all seasons, but requires more care in Summer. It keeps best if lightly wrapped in waxed paper and kept in a cool place. The softer cheeses may become dangerous before they show signs of decomposition, for they decompose readily under the influences of moisture and heat; therefore they should not be kept on hand for any length of time. Any egg mixture should be cooled quickly and used very soon in hot weather.

THE ordinary way to break an egg is to hit it against another egg or over the edge of the mixing-bowl and let the contents stream over the shell without considering whether the latter is clean or not. Even if there is no visible dirt, the shell may have come from a dirty nest or been handled with dirty hands, so one can easily see how necessary it is to wash eggs before using.

It is not an uncommon practise for housewives to place warm food in the refrigerator. This is bad not only for the ice-chest but for every bit of food in it, owing to the vapor which arises. Mold requires just this condition to form readily. Warm food mixed with cold in the Summer invariably spoils. As long as there is any animal-heat in meat, poultry, milk, etc., these foods should not be placed in a closed receptacle. That the article is surrounded by a low temperature will not insure it against decomposition.

It is a common mistake to put a small piece of ice in the refrigerator and wrap it up in a flannel or newspaper. This would be all right if the idea was to preserve the ice, but thus wrapped it can not cool the refrigerator and so fails of doing its work.

As dampness is one of the requirements of bacterial growth and some varieties grow at low temperatures, the refrigerator should be wiped on the inside with a dry cloth every morning. Once a week everything should be removed so that sides, shelves and drain may be thoroughly scalded and then dried. When there are no separated or quarantined divisions, neither fish, cheese, cabbage, onions, bananas nor cantaloups should be kept in the general refrigerator. Their flavor will not only affect other food but will render the butter, milk and any gelatinous preparations unfit for use.

The placing of the refrigerator is very important. If it stands in a damp cellar or airless place, the wood will soon warp and by so doing make the tight closing of the door impossible. A practise to avoid is leaving the refrigerator door open for any length of time. Often the butter is taken out, a piece cut off and arranged for the table and the ice-chest door left open until it is put back.

Cleanliness is one of the first requisites in any storage-place. No waste fragments of any kind should be permitted about the place. Shelves in the pantries, cupboards, etc., should be carefully dried after washing. If there is any dampness in the cellar—and it is the exception rather than the rule that there is none—the air may be made reasonably dry by unslaked lime. This may be placed in dishes on the floor, but if they can be supported near the ceiling it is better, for it is here the moisture accumulates. As the lime becomes slaked, it will be necessary to renew it.

Quaker Oats
One-sixth protein.
16 food elements.
12 needed minerals.
1810 calories of energy per pound.



Oats In Summer

A daily need—Hot or cold

Quaker Oats, the food of foods, is just as needful in summer as in winter.

Children grow in summer. Quaker Oats is one-sixth protein, the food for growth.

There are 16 food elements in oats, all of which all people need, and all the time.

There are 12 minerals in oats, all of which are essential to growth and development.

Children need energy in summer. And Quaker Oats, in energy units, is twice as rich as lean meat.

There is no season for growth, or for energy, or for any need that oats supply. There are no months when the oat dish can be wisely neglected. But many in summer like their Quaker Oats cold. Try a meal in that way.



Quaker Oats

with that extra flavor

Always, for the children's sake, get these extra-flavory oats.

Quaker is flaked from just the finest grains—the rich, plump oats. We get but ten pounds of such flakes from a bushel. But the flavor has won millions to this delicious brand.

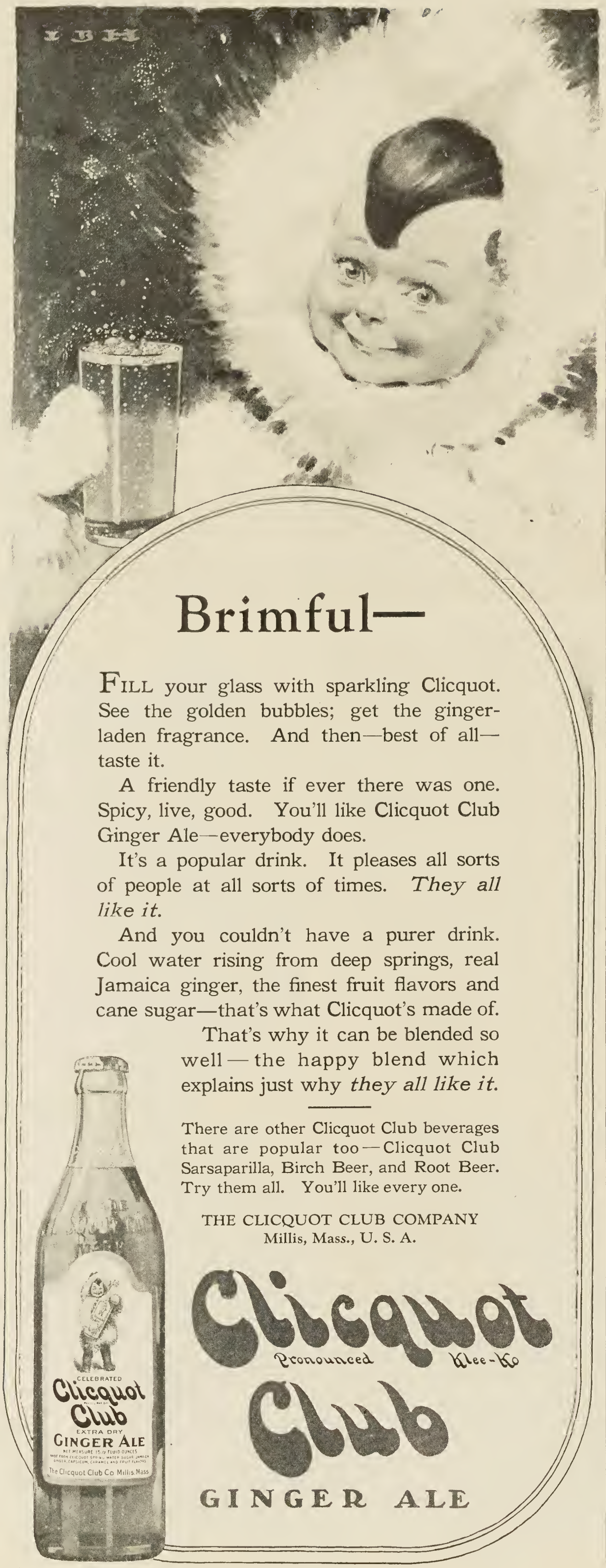


Quaker Oats Macaroons
1990 Calories for 18 Cookies

1 cup Quaker Oats.
1 cup sugar
½ cup melted butter or margarine
2 tablespoons flour
¼ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon vanilla or lemon extract
1 egg
¼ teaspoon baking powder

Beat egg thoroughly. Mix all ingredients together. Drop from teaspoon on well greased and floured pan, leaving about three inches between each macaroon. Bake in a moderate oven—300 degrees, for about 15 minutes. Remove from pan while warm with broad bladed knife.

Packed in sealed round packages with removable covers



BAKING OUT-OF-DOORS

By Elon Jessup

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

A TALE is told of a youthful camper who emerged from a sporting-outfitter's store with a brand-new shiny reflecting oven under his arm thinking himself in possession of the latest invention of our progressive age. A few days later he exhibited his find to a venerable backwoodsman of seventy-five and started in to explain how it worked.

"Shucks, son," interrupted the venerable, "my mother cooked with one o' them things when I was a boy, and my grandma used one before her."

The old-fashioned reflecting oven in which good housewives of Colonial times baked biscuits before blazing hearth fires is found now only in attics, antique-shops and museums. Twentieth-century reflecting ovens, however, are in general appearance and principle similar to those of the eighteenth century, though they have developed a capacity for doubling into a very flat parcel when not in use, a custom which is regarded with favor by the heavily laden camper. These modern ovens are made of such various metals as aluminum, tin, tinned steel plate and sheet iron. Some are so constructed that they can be attached to the side of a sheet-iron stove, while others are essentially for use before the flames of an open campfire.

My own experience with reflecting ovens is confined mainly to their use before an open fire. I will tell how one of these operates: From your camping duffel you haul forth a metal package having the general shape and size of a roasting-pan but only about three-quarters of an inch thick. When unfolded and ready for use, it has legs to stand on; and behind, it has handles to be grasped by; and as for the rest, one is minded of a very broad wide-open mouth gaping at an open fire. The tongue is a horizontal shelf upon which rests the food. The top slopes back and downward while the bottom slopes back and upward to meet it.

The front of this oven is wholly open and faces the fire. The heat strikes the inner side of the roof and is reflected down upon the food, at the same time the heat strikes the inner side of the sloping bottom and is reflected upward upon the food. Thus even baking is assured.

Such an oven is perhaps at its best when baking biscuits and bread, but its usefulness is by no means confined to breadstuffs. It will bake your potatoes, roast your meat, broil your fish—even cook pies, cakes and puddings!

SUCCESSFUL cooking operations do, however, make certain demands. One of these is that the oven be kept polished and scarless. A second is that you build and keep burning the right kind of fire.

Scratches upon the inside of the oven will to some extent lower its reflecting capacity, while patches of rust or similar discoloration will do so seriously. Soot has an unkind custom of settling inside the oven during the process of baking; this should be wiped out as soon as the utensil cools.

The right kind of fire is important. The flame should be fully as high and wide as the front of the oven and of equal intensity from top to bottom. If you have a flame which is only a few inches high, the greater part of the heat from this will be confined to the lower section of the oven and the result will be uneven baking. The same may be true in some instances if the flame towers to a point, as fires usually do. After the fire has caught hold, you can rearrange the wood a trifle so that it gives a wide wall of flame. There is sometimes an advantage in raising the oven a few inches above the ground—as, for example, by straddling two logs.

During the course of cooking there are times when you will wish as much heat as you can get without burning the food. In such instances the process of moving the oven backward or forward is a far more satisfactory means of regulation than is the manipulation of the fire. A batch of biscuits, for example, needs to be started baking in a fairly moderate heat at a safe distance from the fire, but in due time it is advisable to move them fairly close. The fire itself should be kept at the same intensity throughout the baking.

When the baking is well along, it is usually necessary to pull out the baking-pan and reverse the position of the food so that the side of the food which has been nearest the fire is away from it. In roasting meats, one can profitably give preliminary searings in the frying-pan.

In spite of the fact that the reflecting oven demands a specified kind of fire, this does, as a matter of fact, dovetail in most conveniently with the customary camp procedure of preparing a meal. First comes a blazing fire and over this you hang a kettle of water to boil. At this point you will ordinarily be forced to wait until the fire dies down to embers before going on with further operations. But if in the meantime a reflecting oven is propped at one side of the blaze, you are just that far ahead of the game.

Folding reflecting ovens which are sold in outfitting stores weigh from two to five pounds, are from twelve to eighteen inches long and eight or ten inches wide.

IF YOU plan to carry a wood-burning sheet-metal stove on your trip and this contains no oven, you can get a reflecting oven having special hook attachments which fasten to the top of the stove so that the oven hangs against its side. When the reflecting oven is attached to the side of a stove in this manner, it loses to some extent its character as a reflector. The cooking is now done by confined hot air as well as by reflection. Bright, shiny surfaces, therefore, are not essential in this case. A sheet-metal stove outfit which is a ready-made combination of stove and reflecting oven is perhaps the most satisfactory sort of arrangement, provided one depends upon a wood fire and camps with a motor-car.

There are, of course, a number of other baking methods practised in outdoor cooking. Among these are various results of natural resourcefulness, such as the digging of a hole in the ground and making this serve as an oven—valuable things to know but practised only upon occasion and sometimes gambles. Thoroughly efficient at all times, however, is the famous Dutch oven, another very old idea which has persisted because it is a good idea. The method in this case consists of either baking or roasting between two layers of hot coals.

This utensil is a cast-iron kettle with a close-fitting cover that has an upturned rim. You heat the kettle and the lid, grease and flour both of them, put in the bread-dough, set on the lid, place the kettle on a bed of hot coals and cover the lid with hot coals. The result is an excellent loaf of bread.

The weight of the Dutch oven is oftentimes a drawback. Campers who favor this method of baking but do not like the weight sometimes make use of a "feather-weight" model of only three or four pounds made of sheet metal.

Even though you never have cause to use a Dutch oven, you would do well to remember the idea upon which it operates. When you go hiking, you are likely to find even the compact reflecting oven too great a burden to carry. But as long as you have two dishes which are capable of standing strong heat, you have in these a Dutch oven of sorts.

The combination of a frying-pan and a round, reasonably deep tin dish is a good oven. Rake a layer of coals to one side of the fire, place the dish containing the food on these, cover the food with an inverted frying-pan and put a layer of coals on top. Two frying-pans, two plates or two baking-pans can be used in the same manner. Even an oven can be made from two kettles, one smaller than the other.

A single frying-pan without a cover, and therefore without the upper layer of coals, will in some instances do good baking. Thus in making some varieties of camp bread one can allow a crust to form on the bottom and then tip the pan on end and keep it propped in this position facing the blaze after much the same manner in which the reflecting oven is used.



Don't let careless laundering shrink or fade them ~ *Washed this way your sport clothes keep their texture and their color*

You look doubtfully at your smart Kasha cloth skirt, the little sports jacket with its quaint embroidered design. They really ought to be washed, but will it ruin them?

Even your sweaters this year are a problem—with their two-toned colors and their low waist lines. You can't bear to have them shrink and fade, lose their modish look.

Just one careless laundering—and the proudest of your sport things isn't fit to wear again. It isn't that they are so fragile, they are simply sensitive to harsh soap; to rubbing and the like.

Wash all your sport things with Lux. Follow the directions on this page—then your sport things won't shrink or fade.

Sensitive fabrics need special care

Silk and wool are such sensitive fabrics—strong soap actually dissolves them. Even a moderately strong soap or soap chip will destroy their finish, fade or streak their colors.

Just rubbing soap on a favorite wool sweater, for instance, thickens and shrinks it—makes it lose its nice lines.

Lux is safe for all these sensitive garments. There are no harsh ingredients in it to attack the fuzzy woolen fibers of your Kasha cloth skirt or to stiffen and yellow your silk sport blouses. Lux won't rough up these delicate fabrics—no matter how often they're washed. The feathery Lux suds cleanse all your pretty things gently without the rubbing that injures any fabric. If your sport things are safe in pure water they are just as safe in Lux.

How to wash sport silks

Whisk one tablespoon of Lux into a thick lather in half a washbowl of very hot water. Add cold water until lukewarm. Dip garment up and down, pressing suds repeatedly through soiled spots. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—don't wring. Roll in a towel; when nearly dry, press on wrong side with a warm, not a hot, iron. Don't sprinkle.

For colors, make suds and rinsing waters barely lukewarm. Use fresh suds for each color and wash very quickly to keep colors from running.

MAKERS OF FINE FABRICS SAY "WASH THEM IN LUX"

Belding Bros. & Co., Silks
Mallinson Silks
Roessel Silks
Skinner Satins
Forsythe Blouses
Fownes Silk & Fabric Gloves
McCallum Hosiery
"Onyx" Hosiery
Vanity Fair Silk Underwear
Dove Under-garments
Model Brassieres
McCutcheon's Linens
D. & J. Anderson Ginghams
Betty Wales Dresses
Mildred Louise Dresses
Pacific Mills Printed Cottons
North Star Blankets
Ascher's Knit Goods
Carter's Knit Underwear
Jaeger Woolens
The Fleisher Yarns
Orinoka Guaranteed Sunfast Draperies
Puritan Mills Draperies

Send today for free booklet of expert laundering advice—"How to Launder Silks, Woolens, Fine Cottons and Linens." Lever Bros. Co., Dept. 59, 164 Broadway, Cambridge, Mass.

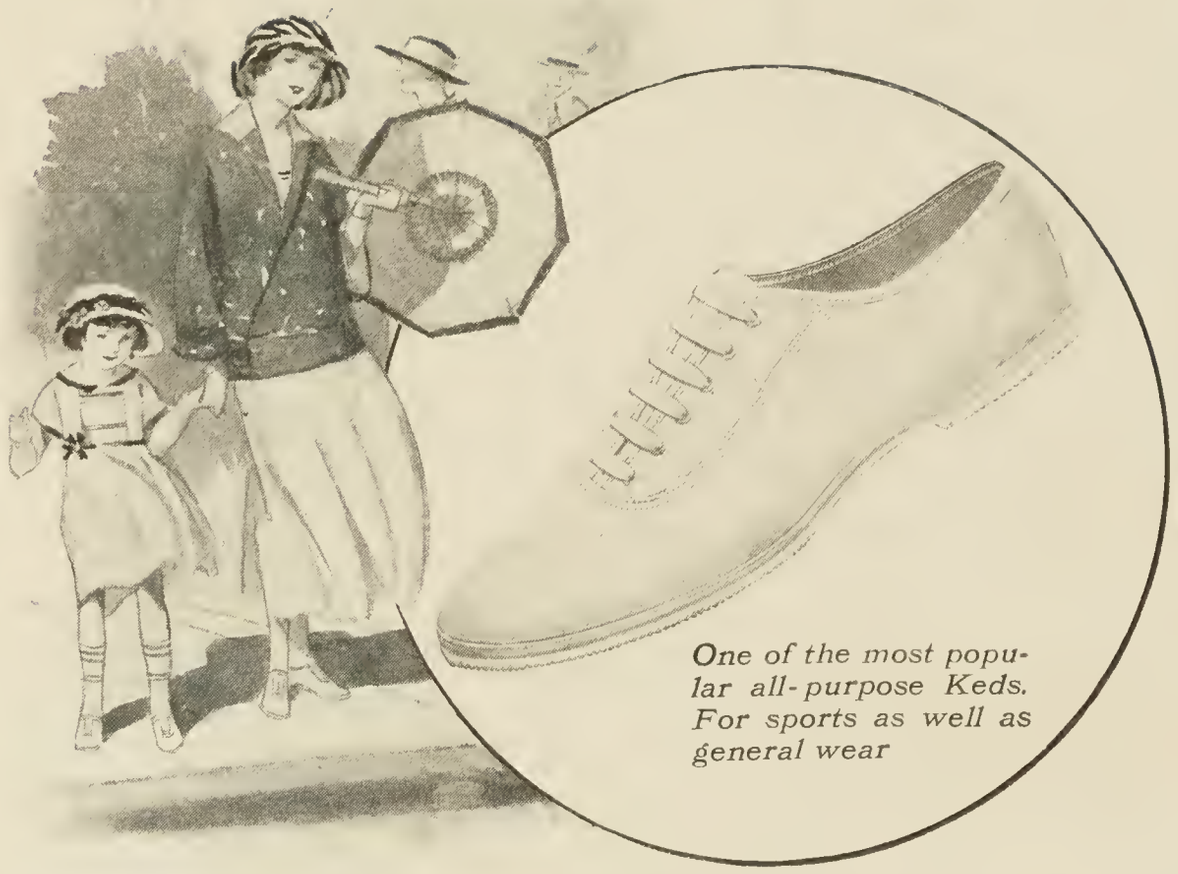


The new way to wash dishes

Won't roughen hands

LUX for washing dishes! *At last* you can wash them without coarsening and reddening your hands. Even though your hands are in the dishpan an hour and a half every day, Lux won't make them rough and scratchy. These pure, gentle flakes are as easy on your hands as fine toilet soap.

Just one teaspoonful to a pan is all you need. A single package does at least 54 dishwashings. Try it!



One of the most popular all-purpose Keds. For sports as well as general wear

Summer styles move constantly toward greater comfort

WHAT a few years ago was considered *negligée,* today has become accepted style. Greater comfort in dress has become the dominant note in summer fashions.

Nowhere has this result been more marked than in summer footwear.

The perfecting of Keds as a complete line of canvas rubber-soled shoes has made it possible for millions of mothers to secure for their children and themselves what a great orthopedic surgeon has called "the greatest blessing that has been offered to mothers in a very long time." Keds come in many styles—high shoes and low, pumps, oxfords and sandals.

A welcome relief from stiff hot shoes. Tired feet can now return to their natural form and breathe, and foot muscles can be strengthened. Keds are anatomically correct for all normal feet.

Why you should insist on Keds

Keds are the standard by which all canvas rubber-soled shoes are judged. They make you proud of their appearance as well as enthusiastic about their comfort and wear.

Keds, of course, vary in price according to type. But no matter what kind of Keds you buy, every pair gives you the highest possible value at the price.

Remember—while there are other shoes that may at first glance *look* like Keds, no other shoe can give you real Keds value. Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company. If the name Keds isn't on the shoes, they aren't real Keds.

United States Rubber Company

Keds

Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Valuable hints on camping, radio, etc., are contained in the Keds Hand-book for Boys; and games, recipes, vacation suggestions and other useful information in the Keds Hand-book for Girls. Either sent free. Address Dept. D-3, 1790 Broadway, New York City.



A favorite with boys. Built to stand the hardest wear

They are not Keds unless the name Keds is on the shoe

GOOD MANNERS IN PLAY

By Elsie Cleveland Mead

THE DELINEATOR will be glad to answer any question on good manners. Address the Etiquette Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York City, and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for a reply

THE dictionary definition of a sportsman is "a good loser and a graceful winner," and there could be no better way of describing the well-mannered person. Whenever we hear any one speak of an antagonist in a game as being "fair and square," we all feel a little thrill of response.

The tremendous increase in popularity of games of competition during recent years has developed a whole set of ethics and conventions which belong especially to them. It is interesting to note that the basis of these formalities in every sport is thoughtfulness of others and a desire to make things fair for all participants. Many of these conventions are simply traditions that cling to the games and are not recorded in books of rules.



Elsie Cleveland Mead

The person who desires to be considered a good sportsman will not only make it a point to know and observe the written rules but will also make it his business to know the unwritten rules. A person's behavior in play is a far greater proof of good breeding or the lack of it than in any other field of action. The crown of courtesy is for the loser to award full honor to the winner and never to detract from the other's triumph by excuses and apologies for his defeat. We must remember that "apologies account for that which they can not alter." Play your game as well as you can and take the result like a philosopher. Any showing of temper or sullenness in play is bad manners. This holds true for parlor games, games of cards, as well as outdoor sports. If you are a poor player of any game and are urged to play with others who understand the game better, do so if they insist, but do not spoil your willingness to cooperate by reiterating excuses that you know nothing about the game, as many do. In other words, be a good sport even though playing a losing game.

One of the quandaries that faces people who wish to entertain their friends is whether to offer them games, cards or music, and it often needs a good deal of planning to arrange what would be most acceptable to the largest number. If cards are decided on, it might be well to plan for several different games and have a prize for each. Prizes need not be extravagant, and often some inexpensive funny trifle serves the purpose. Good cheer is more dependent on congenial company than on extravagant prizes or elaborate refreshments, and the tactful hostess plans so that people who care for each other sit together. A hostess or a member of her family never accepts a prize but passes it on to the person who has the next highest score.

There are some people who always play certain games for money stakes. This custom must not be indulged in by guests unless it is also the custom of the hostess, for it is the worst kind of form to impose one's own wishes where they might offend. Many women and young girls smoke, but this habit is so offensive to some that good manners require that they do not indulge while guests in the homes of people who do not approve.

All invitations should be answered by return post, and especially invitations to card-parties, for it is often difficult to arrange for the correct number and the longer time the hostess has for this the better.

I do not believe that I am stretching the meaning of the word sportsman if I apply it to musicians as well as gamesters. Who has not been wearied at one time or another by the urging it has taken to get an artist to perform? With all due respect to moods and modesty, plain old-fashioned courtesy demands that a person with a talent should accede to a request to be heard, *nolens volens*, and he should remember that an act done willingly pleases doubly. Your zest for music often flags when it is necessary for one guest after another to coerce the reluctant performer, and when he is finally goaded into playing or singing, you are generally so exhausted and out of tune that no music could have charms to soothe your savage breast. The opposite of this type is the would-be musician who, regardless of one's desire, imposes his talent on others in season and out of season: he invites you to his home and plays or sings whether you have expressed a wish for it or not. Your good manners prompt you to applaud, but it is often in hollow mockery of your true feelings. The *real* musician is usually sensitive enough to know when his music is acceptable and never offends in this way. A hostess should always hesitate to inflict her talent on her guests, remembering their helplessly acquiescent situation.

Good sportsmanship exists by virtue of things left undone and unsaid, and to illustrate, let us remember what Disraeli once said: "An author who speaks about his own books is almost as bad as a mother who talks about her own children." Who has not suffered from the overweening pride of mothers and scribblers? Good form requires that voicing of praise for one's own objects of creation, be they inert or living creatures, should be left to others. Bragging is bad manners, and the more we analyze and observe the more we realize that good sportsmanship, good form and courtesy are synonymous terms and are rooted in the Golden Rule.

THE following questions have been asked us:

Q. Should a person who does not play a game she is invited to play give that reason for her regrets?

A. It is always courteous to give a valid reason for a declination.

Q. What is the usual form of an invitation to a card-party?

A. If a large number are being asked, it is quite usual to use your visiting-card and write in the corner "Bridge, four to six." However, it seems to me that the written note, though more trouble, is more courteous.

Q. How should an invitation on a visiting-card be answered?

A. Answers to invitations on visiting-cards are formal in style and worded in the third person. An invitation to a card-party where it is necessary to know the exact number should have a prompt acceptance or regret. For a tea an acceptance note is unnecessary, but it is considered proper to send a visiting-card if one does not attend.

Q. Are there any other games besides card-games appropriate to entertain a large number of guests in the house?

A. Mah-Jongg, the new Chinese game, anagrams, commonly called the word game, domino tournaments, book-parties, and, of course, charades never fail to entertain. For community socials and neighborhood entertainments there are numerous games and group dances which appeal to both old and young and are especially valuable in the cultivation of friendly intercourse and the lessening of self-consciousness.



Simmons beds, the Charlton design, in brown mahogany finish, Simmons cane panels

Beds may be had also in soft jade green, warm ivory, old French blue and walnut finish

Living faster, working harder yet giving no thought to sleep

"The pace that kills," a great physician wrote recently, "is a crawl."

Speed is tonic, he declared. Hard work is healthy. But fatigue poisons, unless eliminated promptly, are almost as deadly as disease. Of all medicines, sleep and rest are the best.

And now Simmons mattresses and springs bring deep, refreshing sleep within the reach and buying power of everyone. Built in all types and widths, they range from mattresses of buoyant *new* material to the cradling luxury of *The Purple Label*, the finest and most economical mattress made.

Before you go to bed tonight, turn back the covers and see what kind and character of mattress and spring you have been sleeping on.

Carry this mental picture to your furniture dealer's and compare what you are using with the buoyant and flexible comfort of a Simmons spring and mattress. A wide choice is given you in a range of styles and prices to meet any taste or income.

Study them. Find the combination you like best. Then set your own valuation on the health and energy-renewing sleep its luxury will insure you.

Write for new booklet, "Restful Bedrooms," to Simmons Company, 1347 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago

SIMMONS

Beds · Mattresses · Springs

BUILT FOR SLEEP



All-Day Joys

Whole-grain food confections

Millions of happy children now get Puffed Grains all day long.

These are not mere breakfast dainties.

They are grain puffs, crisp and flavory, nut-like in their taste. And what foods could be better for any hungry hour?

Serve with cream and sugar. Blend in every dish of berries.

Use to make the milk dish tempting.

Crisp and serve with melted butter to eat like peanuts in the afternoons.



Quaker Puffed Rice—

The morning dainty

Vitamines—Minerals—Bran

Puffed grains are food confections, crisp and flavory. They seem almost too good to eat.

But consider what Puffed Wheat in milk means.

Puffed Wheat is whole wheat steam exploded. The food cells are blasted for easy digestion.

That's how the grains are puffed to 8 times normal size. Whole wheat supplies 16 needed elements. It supplies the minerals so many children lack. It supplies the bran, essential in all diets. And the milk supplies the vitamines—all three, A, B and C.

Whole wheat and milk are foods you want all children to enjoy. The more they eat the better.

Then serve them Puffed Wheat—tempting dainties, fitted to digest. And let those flavory morsels make the milk dish inviting.

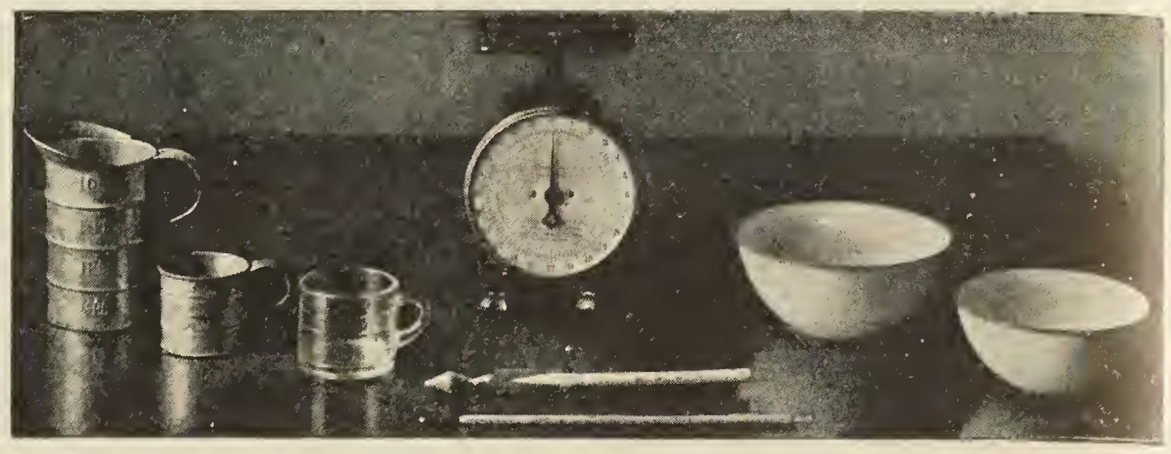
Keep these foods handy in these summer days.



Quaker Puffed Wheat—

In milk at night

The Quaker Oats Company



A quart measure, small measuring-cups, scales, a sugar-thermometer and enamel bowls are helpful in the weighing and measuring which assures a perfect product

SMALL CANNING EQUIPMENT

Selecting utensils that save time and labor

By Marian Wilson

Modern canners and cookers have enormously reduced the labor and the danger of spoilage in canning and preserving. But the wise selection of the less expensive equipment is scarcely less important. The equipment illustrated has been tested by the Home-Makers' Department, under the direction of Miss Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

PRESSURE cookers, steam cookers, all the up-to-date equipment for sterilizing and canning food reduce labor. Yet even without these the work of canning can be greatly lessened and the results made more certain by having a good supply of the smaller, less-expensive canning equipment.

The first thing to do on a canning day is to lay out in a convenient place all the equipment that will be used. For efficient canning, a large sharp knife, a sharp vegetable-knife and a good sharpener are almost essential. Sharp knives save time and material: they slice more quickly and in thinner pieces. The frequent use of a knife-sharpener keeps the blades sharp and smooth.



A pitcher from which sugar or water can be poured easily and various-sized kettles can be assembled from the regular kitchen outfit for the canning

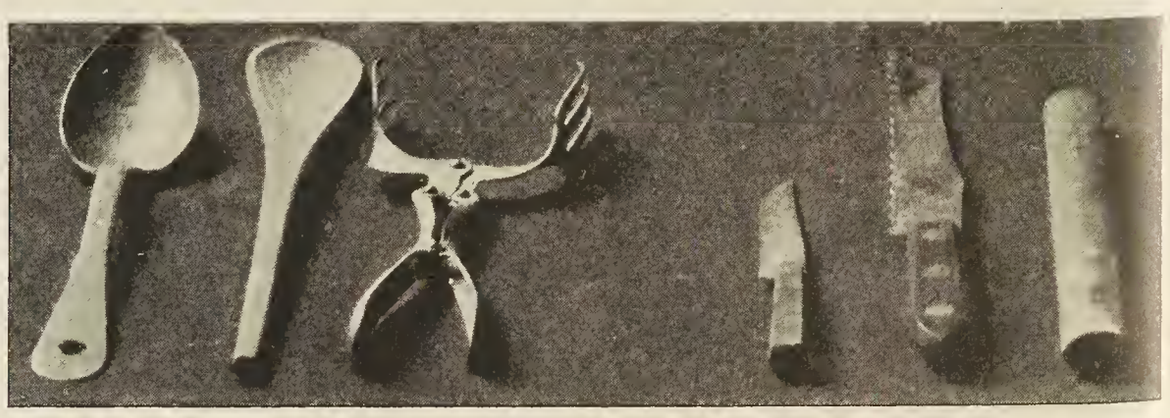
THE discomfort of having your hands hurt by the steam and the inconvenience of losing the spoon in a big pot are prevented by long-handled spoons, and with them you may stir even the hottest fruit in comfort. A long enameled spoon is particularly good for fruit canning. A jar-lifter helps, perhaps, more than any other piece of equipment to prevent burns: it holds more securely than a cloth and will save your hands as you take the jars out of the water.

In choosing your containers, it is well to keep the following facts in mind: Cans should be such that they can be sealed perfectly. It is more than a disappointment on a Winter's evening to open a can and find its contents spoiled. All the fruit, labor and time have been wasted. By turning your jar topsy-turvy on its head as soon as it is sealed you can determine if it is imperfectly sealed. If it is, the juice will trickle out and you can resterilize and reseal to prevent waste.

Good rubbers are essential to canning. The color of the rubbers does not indicate their usefulness. Always, *always* use a fresh batch every year. Rubbers are almost sure to be defective if used from year to year, and the precaution of investing in a new set may save all the jars. Even unused rubbers left over from last year should be discarded, as rubber is weakened by standing in the air.

If the cans are of simple construction, they are more easily washed and the fewness of the parts minimizes the likelihood of losing them. They should be of clear glass without bubbles or cracks and should have smooth edges. They should also be made so as to protect the food from contact with metals. If they are wide-mouthed, they are more easily filled, particularly with large fruit or vegetables like pears or tomatoes.

A wide-mouthed funnel and ladle will also facilitate the filling of jars. You will find a ladle handier than a spoon and far less apt to spill and so waste any of the canned goods. For fruit-juice, a small-mouthed funnel is very handy.



Long-handled spoons, a long enameled spoon, a lifter for hot jars and sharp knives with a sharpener to keep them so will lessen the hot work of canning



A colander, strainers, a blanching-basket and a purée-strainer for pulping fruit are among the utensils which make canning one of the finer household arts

Accurate canning need not necessarily be reserved for great factories or households which do everything on a large scale. Even if you are canning a very small amount or only one fruit or vegetable, a scale, thermometer and measuring-cups greatly help you. The use of the scale, the quart measure and measuring-cups makes all measurements accurate and certain and the proportions of sugar, fruit and water correct, and upon the use of the correct proportions of ingredients often depends the success of food preservation. This is especially true in the making of jellies. The use of the sugar-thermometer tells you when the temperature is reached which indicates the right consistency for your marmalades, jams and butters and the jelly-ing-point of jellies, thus saving you the time required for the old method of testing.

The wire basket for blanching is more convenient than cheese-cloth, except in the case of spinach or greens which are too bulky to be handled thus. A sieve is useful in handling cooked fruit-pulp or in making butters.

All canning utensils are not so specialized. A good many of the every-day cooking things, or even every-day household equipment, can be utilized in canning. The colander, which has such general cooking use, is very handy in making pickles. All the wire strainers which do their whole kitchen duty nearly every day are really an indispensable part of the canning equipment.

LARGE and small bowls are convenient. They can be used to hold the material in various stages of the process.

The immaculate-looking enamel and aluminum kettles which add pleasure to preparation of the daily meals will add as much pleasure to canning. The varying sizes are useful according to the size or the amount of the material.

If you do your canning by the old-fashioned method, care must be taken never to touch the inside of the sterilized jar, cover or rubber either with the hands, dish-towels or unsterilized utensils, since these may contain germs that will cause the spoilage of the contents of the jars and therewith much weariness and vexation of spirit.

When you are clearing your kitchen table for canning and marshaling your utensils, put out a metal water-pitcher and a pair of scissors. Sugar pours easily from a pitcher, and as it holds more than a scoop or a cup, you will save extra motions—a thing not to be lightly disregarded. It is also easier to add water or to handle fruit-juice with a pitcher. The kitchen scissors will save you time in cutting vegetables. The scissors should be kept as well sharpened as the knives.

A large kitchen tray will save many steps at canning time. It is useful in carrying jars from their Winter storing-place. One trayful equals many single trips. A tray is also useful in filling the jars. They can all be assembled and filled at once, then carried to a safe place for cooling. A bit of forehandedness which may save you trouble and expense is to have a sufficient supply of paraffin on hand the day you begin the canning, even though it is not used until the fruit or vegetables have cooled. If you run short and are obliged to leave some jars standing after they are ready for the paraffin, even for a short time, the exposure may cause fermentation.

FOOD preservation is a process which requires utmost care and patience. Delicious jams and jellies depend on accurately measuring and weighing materials and accurately gaging temperature and time. Cleanliness, of course, is necessary.

The initial cost of the equipment may seem so high as to be prohibitive to the housewife who is earnestly trying to keep down her household expenses or to stay within a kitchen budget. But the economy realized in time, material and more particularly in labor, which is sometimes underrated, will compensate for the initial expenditure.

The equipment, with some exceptions, is not as seasonal as the name sounds. Many of the utensils can be used every day. The sharp knives are as important for paring fruit and vegetables in the preparation of the daily meals as they are for canning. The large canning kettles, pitcher and funnels are often needed in daily food preparation. A pair of scissors should be a regular part of the kitchen equipment; they cut many things more quickly than a knife.

Viewed in this way, the expense of assembling sufficient equipment to lessen the toil of canning should not be enough to prevent the housewife from buying adequate equipment.



Large vegetables and fruit are easily handled with a wide-mouthed funnel. A narrow funnel is convenient for the juice. A dipper is essential in all canning



That Rich Reward

Came to millions in this way

Film on teeth forms a dingy coat. One rich reward from its removal comes in prettier teeth.

Millions of people have seen that change. It has been a revelation. Now they always brush teeth in this new way.

So will you, when you once accept this ten-day test and see the results in your mirror.

Film is uncleanly

That viscous film you feel on teeth is something to be fought. Otherwise it clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

Food stains, etc., discolor it, then it forms dingy coats. Tartar is based on film. Those cloudy coats hide the luster of the teeth.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. As a result, tooth troubles became almost universal.

Germs breed by millions in film. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. And that became alarmingly common. So dentists everywhere saw the need for a new teeth-cleaning method.

Two ways discovered

Dental science, after long research, found two ways to fight film. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring.

Avoid Harmful Grit

Pepsodent curdles the film and removes it without harmful scouring. Its polishing agent is far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

Able authorities proved these methods by many careful tests. Then a new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. These two great film combatants were embodied in it.

That tooth paste is called Pepsodent. Now careful people of some 50 nations employ it, largely by dental advice.

Meets other needs

Pepsodent does other things which research proved essential. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise ferment and form acids. Thus Pepsodent gives manifold power to these great natural tooth-protecting agents.

Quick, easy proof

It is easy and quick to prove what Pepsodent does. A short test is very convincing. It will amaze and delight you.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film coats disappear. Watch the other good effects.

Compare the results with old methods, then decide what is best for you and yours. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

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FOR THE COUNTRY HOSTESS

Unusual accessories for Summer decoration

By Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders

Editor, Department of House Decoration

AT THIS season of the year, when wandering through the shops makes the housewife's fancy turn to thoughts of Summer and the big outdoors, there are many small articles to be had which are not only fascinating in themselves, but which make interesting labor-saving additions to any country house or Summer scheme of furnishing. It is also the time when hot kitchens and sunny Summer dining-rooms often cause one to seek the porch or a shady spot out-of-doors for their quiet social time over cards or a cup of tea. Too, the housewife may add to the family's comfort by serving an occasional meal out-of-doors in an unconventional manner.

At this time, too, the hostess should look with special interest to the furnishings of her guest-room to see that it is not lacking in any object that will add to her Summer guest's comfort. In the hospitable lady's house the Summer guest-room should be a vision of crisp, cool freshness, perfectly appointed with the dainty necessities that help to refresh the weary travelers on their arrival. To make the inevitable letter-writing a pleasure, attractive note-paper in a variety of dainty colors should be supplied, and a fresh bottle of ink, new pens, blotters and postage-stamps should be added in case the guests forget their own. For bedside lighting, the lamp could be any of the dainty types of boudoir-lamps so lavishly displayed among Summer furnishings, with either a silk or paper shade. Both lamps and shades come reasonably priced and should be chosen for their daintiness and bright colors.

One of the several kinds of night-lights should by no means be overlooked. Where there is electricity, a light in the form of a shy, translucent bunny will afford cheerful companionship through the dark hours. For the country house, or where there is no electricity, a glass kerosene-lamp, painted to harmonize with the color scheme of the room, makes an attractive and serviceable night-light.

There is literally no end to the variety of toilet accessories for the Summer guest-room dressing-table. Perfume-bottles, pin-trays and powder-boxes are obtainable in inexpensive glass or china. The most necessary requisites for a guest are straight pins, safety-pins, hairpins in various sizes and a small box or bag containing a supply of absorbent cotton, powder-puffs, and last, but not least, a box with an assortment of collar-buttons for the male guest. Dainty clothes-hangers, shoe-cloths and shoe-trees, which are so easy to make or inexpensive to buy, often make a happy surprise for the arriving guest, as nothing so displays one's hopitality as the proper equipment of the guest-room clothes-closet.

If a carafe, with an inverted glass over the top, is kept on the bedside-table filled with drinking-water, Summer thirsts can always be quenched. A wall-bracket flower-container kept filled with freshly cut flowers is sure to afford great pleasure.

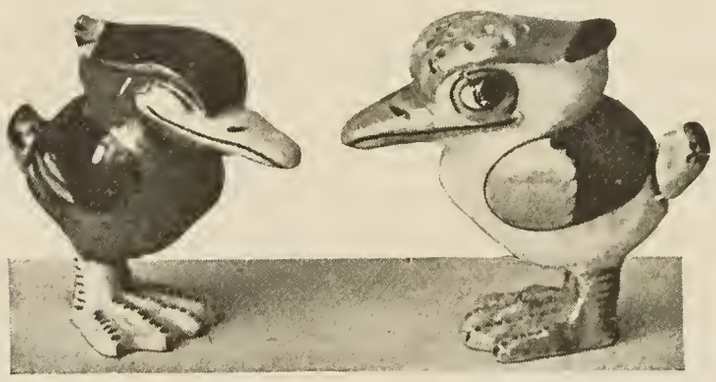
For porch and Summer garden, a flower-gathering basket, garden-scissors and hanging flower-vases or porch-brackets are a great convenience for the hostess and will furnish pleasant recreation for the guests who are invited to go foraging afield or in the garden and to arrange their flowers at will.

When the additional labor attendant upon out-

Concluded on page 64



Individual salts and peppers in the form of small green and white china frogs



Sleepy little colored china ducklings waiting for their turn to salt or pepper food



A translucent bunny will afford cheerful companionship through dark hours



This unusual egg-cup is appropriately decorated with a hen



A tea-wagon saves both steps and time in the serving of the occasional outdoor meal

20 MULE TEAM BORAX

GLASS SILVER AND TABLE WARE

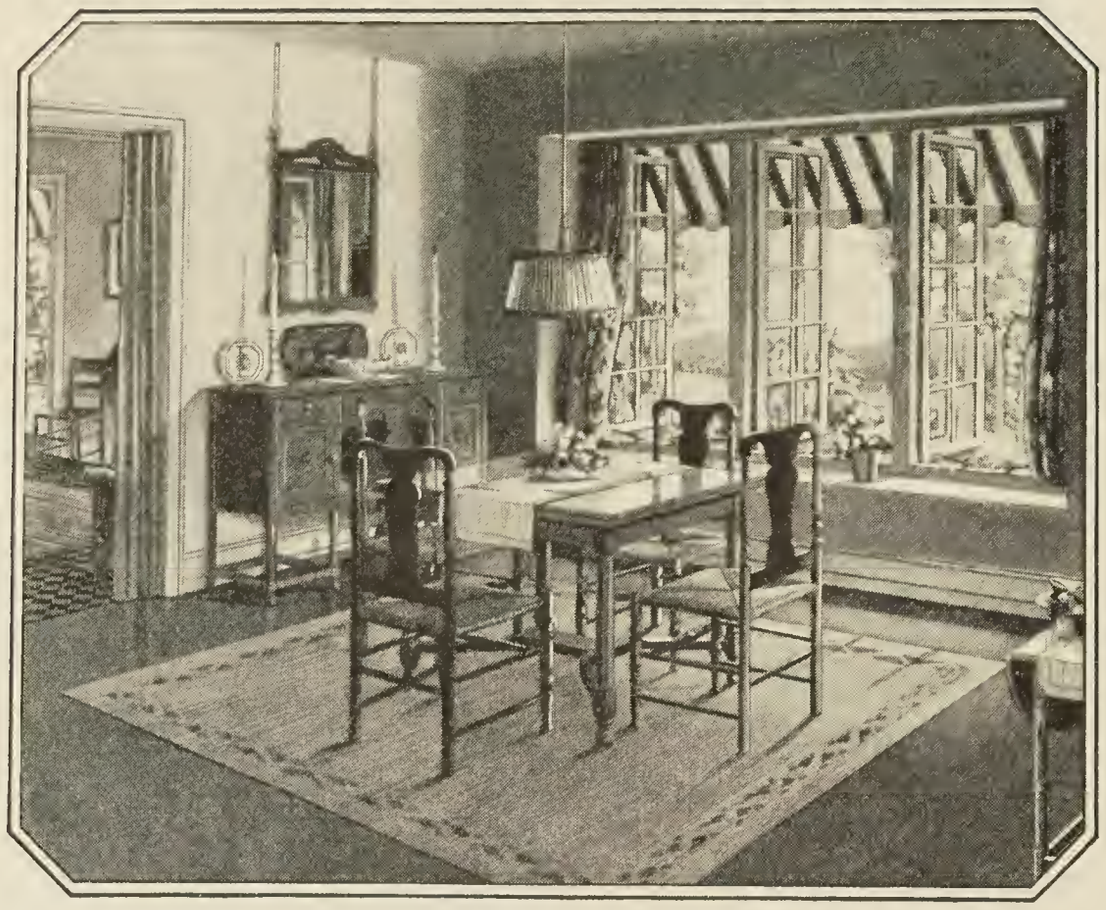


Brilliant glassware, windows and mirrors and sparkling china and silver are easy, every day accomplishments with 20 Mule Team Borax. Use one tablespoonful to the gallon of hot water (more if the water is hard) for a perfect result. 20 Mule Team Borax is Nature's Greatest Cleanser and solvent; it can't scratch or mar. It should be used with soap wherever soap is used. It's an antiseptic cleanser for everything in the house.

20 Mule Team Borax is a water softener for washing clothes. It *protects* fine fabrics from injury and prevents delicate colors from fading, and keeps the skin white and smooth. 20 Mule Team Borax is in all clean kitchens and bathrooms. Is it in yours? At all grocers, department stores and druggists. Send for the Magic Crystal Booklet giving a hundred important uses for 20 Mule Team Borax.

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Important Notice: Floor coverings (including rugs) made upon a felt-paper base are not linoleum, and to describe, advertise or sell them as linoleum is a violation of the law. Felt-paper floor coverings have a black interior which is easily detected upon examining the edge.

You want your summer retreat attractive without burdensome care. Blabon floors of Art Linoleum strike a refreshing note in home-furnishing. The wide choice of artistic patterns and color tones meet any decorative need. They are cool in appearance. They make a harmonious and serviceable floor, over which fabric rugs may be thrown if desired. Sand, dirt or mud tracked in is easily cleaned up. Blabon floors are quiet and comfortable to walk upon; they never need expensive refinishing.

Any good furniture or department store can show you Blabon Art Linoleums. For genuine linoleum look for the name Blabon. Write for illustrated booklet. Blabon Rugs are genuine linoleum. Folder showing 22 patterns in colors sent upon request.

Look for this label on the face of all Blabon Art Linoleums.

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Mrs. W. A. Anderton
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Mrs. W. A. Anderton, of Massachusetts, had no means of support. Her youngest child was only one year old. The outlook was black indeed—until she learned of our money-making plan. Then things changed. In a surprisingly short time, Mrs. Anderton was earning enough to support herself and her children.

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All because of a few pleasant hours spent each week, securing THE DELINEATOR subscriptions of her friends and neighbors.

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No experience is necessary. Age or education does not matter. We teach you how to start and gladly cooperate with you at all times. Complete information and all supplies furnished absolutely free. Just fill in your name and address on the coupon below, clip out and mail to-day!

Use Scissors Here

Manager, Staff Agencies Division
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Please send me, without obligation, full particulars concerning your practical money-making plan.

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RESTFUL WINDOW-SEATS

By Estelle H. Ries

A WELL-CONSIDERED window-seat has an appeal all its own. In the small house where there is little space for chairs, and in the larger one where bare corners and uninteresting spots are not infrequent, there is good opportunity for this pleasant feature. If there is a bay window, it offers a particularly delightful chance for a window-seat, where a group of persons may enjoy slight exclusiveness without complete isolation. Here it fits into a space not otherwise used and will give an air of completeness and coziness to the window.

Of course one wants to look out of the window from a window-seat, but the seat should not be so high that the average person can not touch the floor with his feet when he occupies it. It is therefore important to plan in advance which window is to have the window-seat beneath it and to place the seat low enough to serve that purpose.

In constructing a window-seat, it is preferable, for ease in cleaning, to have its base rest fully upon the floor. If it is raised but a couple of inches, sweeping is awkward and neglect is encouraged. If the window-seat does not rest solidly upon the floor, it should be several inches high so that one may readily reach under it. It must be remembered that it can not be picked up and moved like the usual chair, and any cleaning that is necessary must be done while it is in its customary place.

One may construct a window-seat over a low radiator; it is quite customary to do so. In this case, the wood seat must be lined with tin and asbestos to protect it and also to throw the heat into the room, the tin having a curved back and thus acting as a heat-reflector.

In these days when one is likely to put a dance-record on the phonograph, pick up the rugs and "be off," window-seats are particularly desirable. Those who do not participate in the frolic will be more comfortable in a good window-seat than in a chair that is constantly being run into even in spite of the best intentions.

And after the dance, if one has light refreshments in the dining-room and more guests than one can comfortably accommodate at table, the dining-room window-seat pleasantly offers itself.



Window-seats may serve both a useful and a decorative purpose



Lower portions of window-seats may be converted into chests

It is possible to upholster a window-seat in cretonne or other material in harmony with the rest of the room. This is not essential, except as a matter of personal preference, as window-seats may be had in stock designs with excellent wood finish in styles to harmonize with the character of the room. The use of bright-colored cushions and upholstered seats, however, is undoubtedly a large factor in the charm of the room and gives a verve that immediately attracts attention. The best kind of upholstery work and a good grade of stuffing is most essential to make the seat-cushions comfortable.



It is possible to upholster a window-seat in cretonne or other material so that it will be in harmony with the color scheme of the room



The new tier dress

The invaluable coat dress

The draped dress

Fall clothes are easy to make with the unique Deltor service

You have the expert help other patterns fail to give you

MANY women have felt rather afraid to attempt to make Fall and Winter clothes because they are more formal and of more expensive material than Spring and Summer dresses.

They must be made by some one who knows professional methods or they give themselves away at a glance.

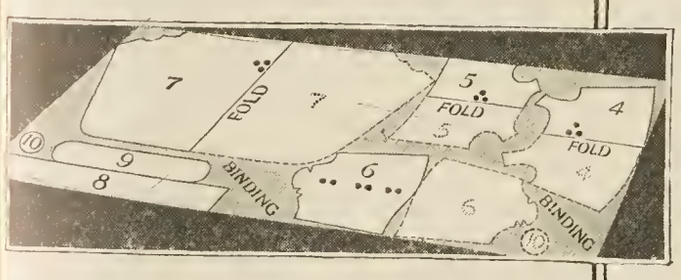
The professional method of making your dress is exactly what the Deltor service gives you. You can sit down to sew this Fall knowing your dress will be a success, because you have the Deltor.

You have no anxiety about cutting into your expensive material, for the Deltor gives you a cutting chart made by experts to meet your exact needs. It is for the pattern in your size and view laid on the width material you are using. It is a personal cutting chart—not a general one that you have to try to adapt to your needs, such as other patterns give you. You follow the individual Deltor layout quickly and easily and find that it gets your dress out of from ¼ to 1⅜ yard less material than you ever used before. That is why it is wise to buy your pattern before your material—the Deltor saves you yardage every time.

Putting your dress together is a real joy when you have the Deltor—you know exactly the quickest and most professional way of doing it. It is all there in pictures for you. None of that old-time hesitating, basting, trying on and ripping. You go swiftly ahead and make one of the new tier dresses as easily and successfully as you run up a straight frock. You know just what to do and when and how to do it.

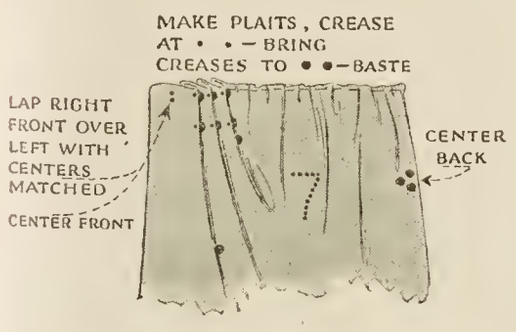
When you come to finishing your dress the Deltor is a delight. There are all the new French finishes—the Deltor shows you exactly how to do each one. That is why when you use the Deltor your clothes have that perfection of finish, that air of authority that people associate with imported clothes.

Between the results of just a pattern with general directions and the Butterick Pattern with the Deltor service lies the difference between a costume that is frankly home-made and one that delights you. Start the first of your Fall dresses to-day with the Deltor. Butterick—New York—Paris—London.



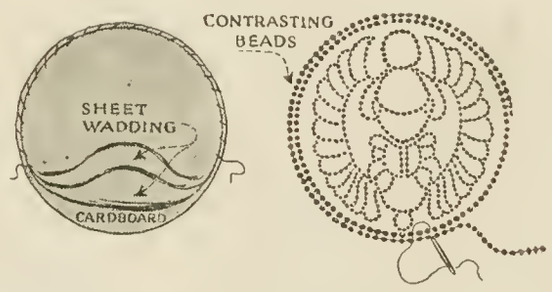
The cutting layout that saves material

You are safeguarded against wasting your expensive material because Deltor cutting layouts are made for your exact needs. You have the pattern in your size and view laid out on material of the width you are using. The general charts of most patterns offer you no such help. That is why you save from ¼ to 1⅜ yard on everything you make with the Deltor.



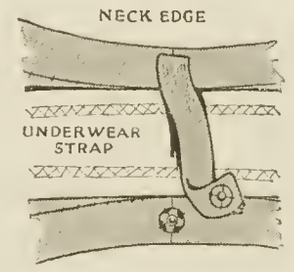
The professional way to make your dress

The Deltor shows you just how a professional would handle the making of your dress. You get really professional results because of the professional methods you use. It makes a world of difference in the ease, as well as the results of your sewing.



Truly French finish

The enchanting ways imported frocks are finished you duplicate with the Deltor. It shows you just how your dress would be finished in Paris—all you have to do is follow the pictures. You save yourself considerable money by being able to make perfectly the novelties that distinguish many of the frocks this Fall.



Even the charming inside finishes of French clothes are given you in the Deltor. This clever device, for instance, that keeps your shoulder-straps from showing. The great Paris couturiers are using it on their new models. The general instructions of other patterns do not, of course, give you any such help in finishing your dress.

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Prices of Butterick Patterns with the Deltor

Buy patterns at the nearest Butterick agency. But if this is not convenient, they will be sent, post free, from the Main Office of the Butterick Publishing Company, Butterick Building, New York, or the branch offices listed below, at the following prices:

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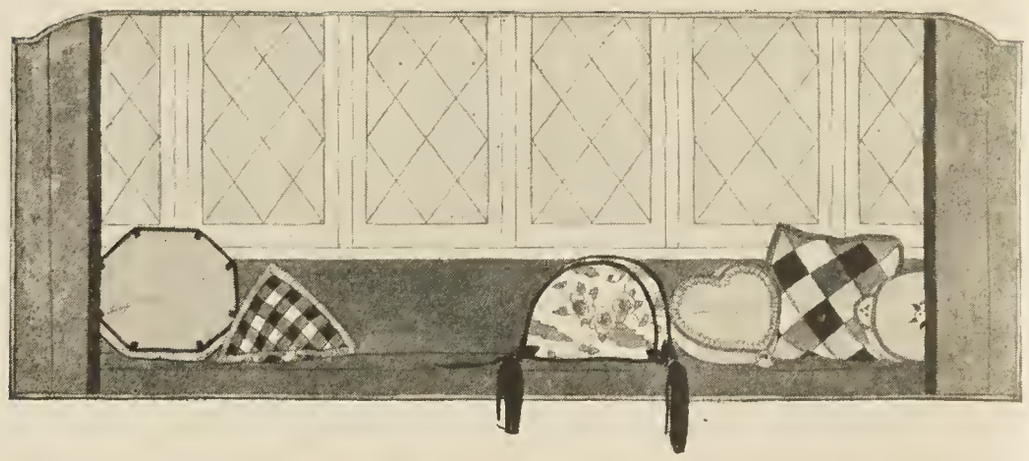
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CUSHIONS

Their place in home decoration

By Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders
Editor, Department of House Decoration

NO MATTER whether one possesses few or many cushions, there always seems to be a desire—even a need—for one more. Some one has called them tremendous trifles, and rightly so indeed, as through their choice of covering and their placing in a room the plan of decoration may stand or fall.

Cushions know no bounds. There is no regulation size or shape, no special material or color, no period or design to follow in their choosing or making; they know no country and call no man or woman creator—and therein lies the danger of acquiring cushions that have no relation to the furniture or scheme of decoration. They are too often bought or made with no thought of the dominating color or fabrics used in the room. For instance, in rooms with tapestry and silk upholstery, hangings, etc., one often sees brilliantly colored cotton, linen and even chintz covered cushions; and in rooms where chintz and muslin hangings predominate, one finds somber satin, taffeta and gold-brocade cushions.

FITNESS to furniture, upholstery and hangings should be the first consideration in selecting cushions. A good plan to follow is to cover cushions in the same material as the overdraperies or with the same kind of fabric in a plain color, this color to be taken from the dominant color note in the hangings or upholstery. Cushions in contrasting colors—such as mauves that blend with blues, and yellows that combine with greens, and greens that melt into blues—are also in good taste. Very often pieces of brocade, changeable taffeta and silk velvets combine the colors already in a room, and cushions made of these become colorful and interesting when placed against upholstery of plain velours, mohairs or heavy silks. Silk, velvet, brocade or tapestry covered cushions are proper with velvet or tapestry upholstered furniture and hangings, while linen, sateen, plain glazed chintz and plain cotton materials are the correct coverings for cushions for a room where the upholstery and hangings are in a cotton figured material.

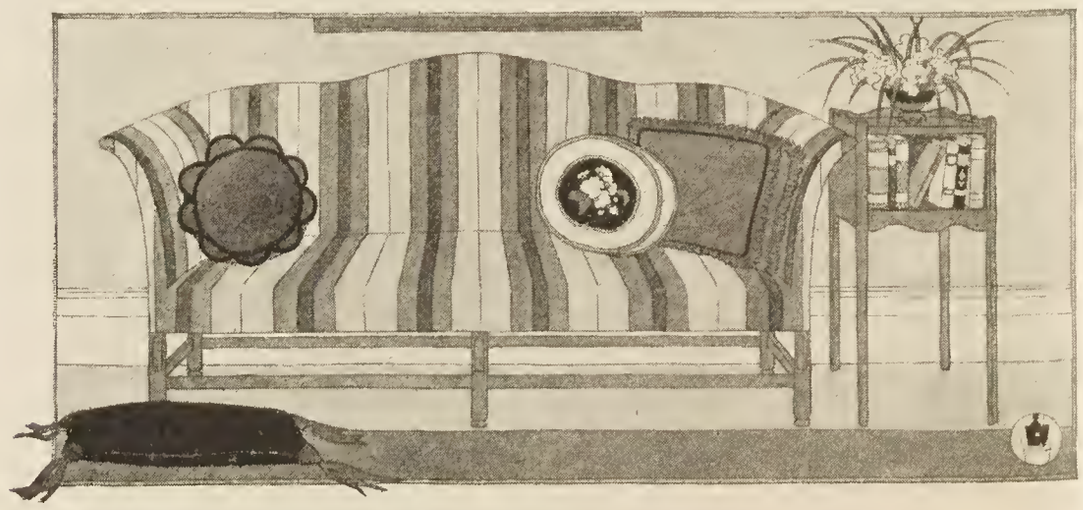
The popular use of cretonnes, damasks and printed linens for upholstery and hangings has created rooms with much figured design. Suitable cushions for such rooms can be made by taking one or two colors from the design of the figured material and carrying out these colors in plain materials in the cushion-covers. For example, a chintz having a dark-blue background and a design introducing orange or green could have cushions of orange or green linen accompanying it.

The size and shape of a cushion can best be determined by the size and shape of the place for which it is intended. Small chair-cushions may be round, triangular or square, or any convenient shape suitable for placing under one's elbow or back of one's head. Sofa-cushions may be any size or shape desired and may be arranged in any manner desired. Two or three, however, are enough for ordinary use, and if these are grouped at one end of the sofa, or one at each end, with a long narrow one in the center, they will give a much trimmer appearance to the sofa than if they are placed indiscriminately. Tassels, cording, knife-plaiting and the fringing of the materials give an individual, tidy finish to the edges and are far more sanitary than a large ruffle or deep fringe.

Sofa-cushions have no place on the floor except in nurseries, where special coverings are planned for the use of the baby. There is a certain ultramodern mode that shows an arrangement of cushions on the floor, but the modern American home can hardly be called the correct setting for such an exotic style.

THE art of making one's own cushion-covers is not difficult, since the square, round, oblong and triangular shapes are in better taste for a living-room than the more unusual shapes. Besides the silks, velours, taffetas, chintzes, etc., for Winter coverings, ginghams, bandannas, toile de Jouy, striped awning-cloth and oilcloth make attractive, inexpensive cushion slip-covers for Summer use.

Muslin-covered cushions of down, feathers and composition filling may be purchased in a variety of shapes ready to be covered with one's own material. Before purchasing a cushion for a particular use, it is important that you decide whether it should be a hard or a soft one, or else its usefulness might be entirely lost. Cushions filled with balsam or pine bring the delicious odor of the woods into the home and are particularly appropriate for a small country house. Boudoir or rest pillows are very useful accessories for the bedchamber; they fulfil the mission of larger pillows for "forty winks" without disturbing the larger pillows on the bed.



INDOOR PAINTS AND TINTS

How to choose, mix and apply them

By Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders

Editor, Department of House Decoration

THERE is much in favor of painted walls; they are easily cleaned and the color and finish are both durable and lasting. A flat or dull finish is more artistic and pleasant for halls, living-room, dining-room and bedrooms, while a shiny or glossy finish is appropriate in service quarters—bathrooms and kitchens. Care should be taken in choosing the right color, as paint goes on to stay, presumably, for years. In choosing between a dull and a glossy finish, keep in mind the fact that a dull finish should not be washed with soap and water like a glossy finish.

In painting new walls, be sure the plaster has thoroughly dried. Sometimes, if a house is new and the plaster has not entirely settled, a good plan is to tint the walls the first year. This tinting coat may be washed off when the plaster is in condition to paint.



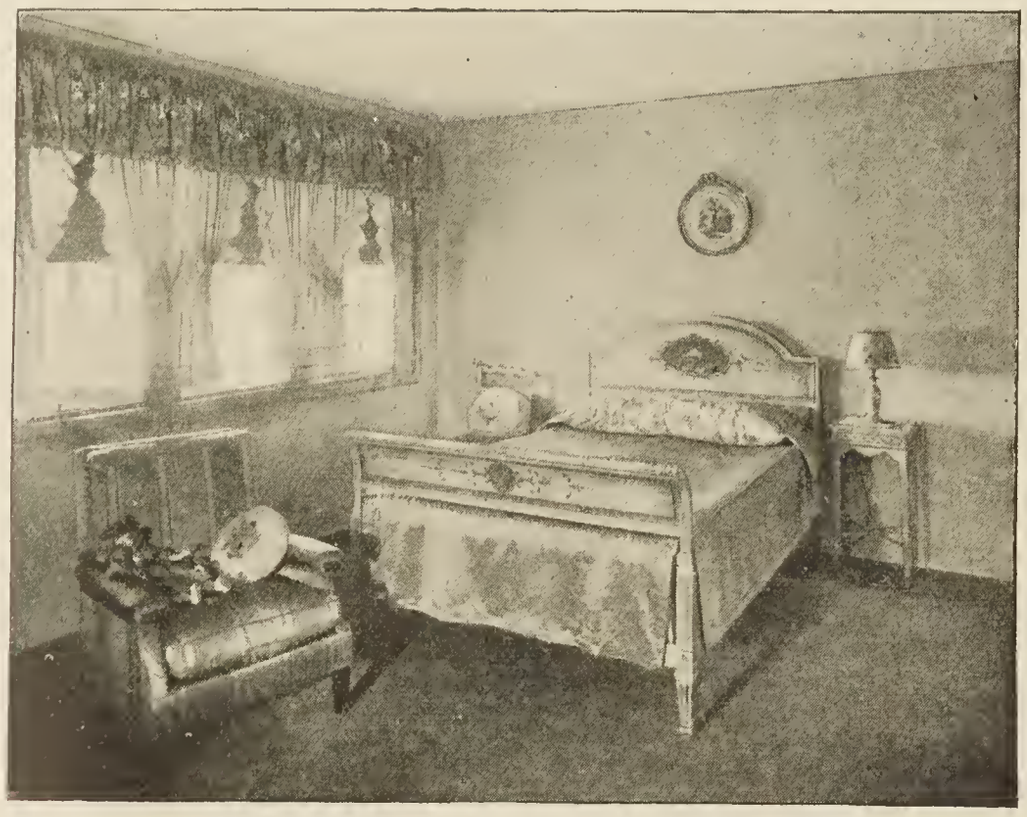
are all that are necessary for a durable, lasting finish.

TINTING

MANY soft and beautiful color effects may be obtained by this process. Tint is nothing but a colored powder which is mixed with water. It is inexpensive and can not be rivaled for soft, beautiful tones. Unusual colors may be obtained by mixing two packages of tint in various proportions.

In covering new walls it is best to follow the directions on the package of tint, as several good brands have different methods of application.

In covering with tint walls that have water stains or lime stains, it is best first to give them a coat of varnish or shellac and let it stand for twenty-four hours or until hard. This will stop any stain from showing through. (Ordinary varnish thinned down to about one-half with turpentine will do.)



The artistic effect obtained by the use of a dull-finish paint or tint can hardly be rivaled as a wall covering for bedrooms

To produce a hard, lasting finish on new walls, three coats of paint are advisable. The first coat should be mixed with a sizing in the following proportions: On sand-finish plaster or any porous plaster, equal parts of paint and wall size; on smooth, hard plaster, one part wall size to three parts of paint.

Approximate Covering Capacity of Interior Paint

(*On sand-finish or porous walls*)
200 square feet per gallon—3 coats
300 square feet per gallon—2 coats

(*On hard, smooth walls*)
250 square feet per gallon—3 coats
350 square feet per gallon—2 coats
(The above covering capacities are based on the addition of a wall size to the first coat.)

(*On walls previously painted*)
250 square feet per gallon—3 coats
350 square feet per gallon—2 coats

The quantity of paint required for three-coat work can be estimated in the following manner: Multiply the distance around the room by the height of the room and from this figure deduct twenty square feet for each window and twenty-one square feet for each door; this gives the number of square feet of wall space. To find ceiling area, multiply its length by its width. Add ceiling and wall area and divide by the number of square feet a gallon of paint covers on the type of surface to be painted as shown in the table above.

To repaint previously painted walls, two coats, which should be applied without sizing,

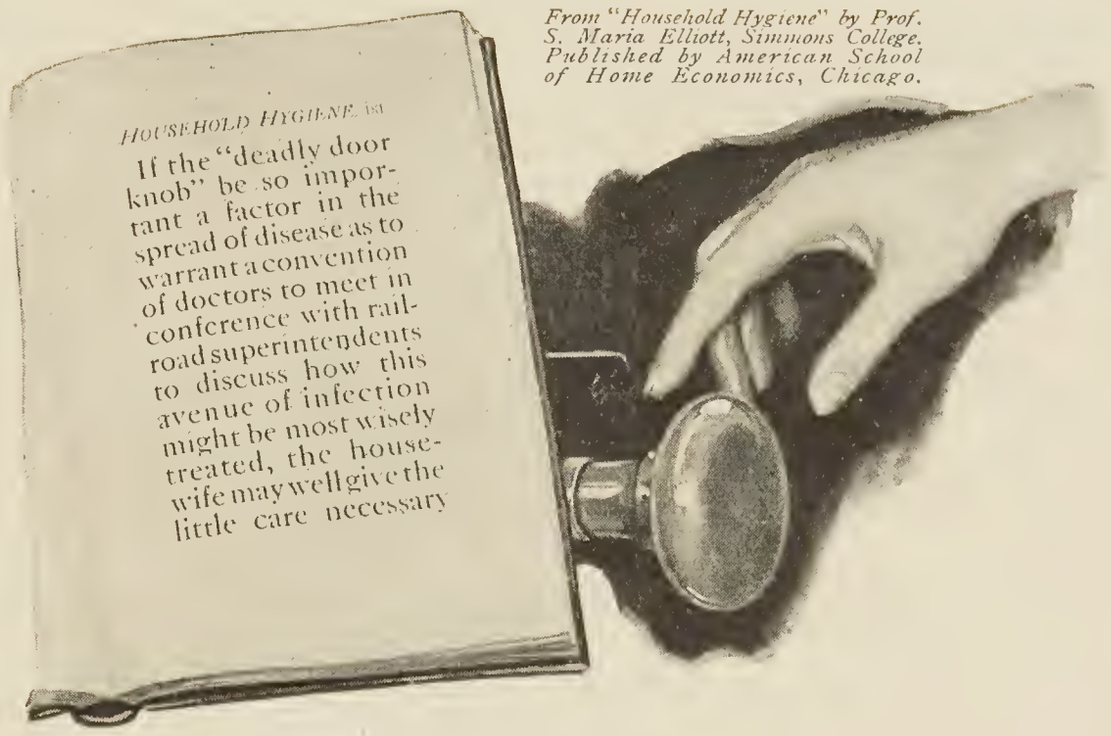
CEILINGS

CEILINGS should be treated so that they become as inconspicuous as possible. A calcimined ceiling is not the least conspicuous or the best. White is glaring and does not fit in with the decorative treatment of a room unless the room is done entirely in white. Ceilings should be tinted or painted in shades lighter than the wall surface. The higher the ceiling the darker the tones should be, and the lower the ceiling the lighter the tones should be. This treatment will tend to lower or heighten the effect of the rooms. In the case of figured walls, the predominating color may be selected and applied to the ceiling, in a more delicate tone. A flat-finish paint is considered the best treatment for a ceiling, as it permits sponging or washing, though any of the tints are easily applied and give a soft, pleasing finish.

In the case of a very old or badly cracked ceiling, a plain ceiling-paper or one with a very simple design may be used. This, however, should be avoided when possible, as a papered ceiling is apt to peel and show cracks.

Beamed ceilings are appropriate in period houses, such as the early American, English or Italian, but are not suitable in small rooms. In large rooms, well-proportioned beams may be painted or stained to match the rest of the woodwork. Staining and oiling is the most desirable treatment for beams, as it permits the grain of the wood to show in a strong light. The space between the beams should be toned to correspond with the wall treatment of the room.

From "Household Hygiene" by Prof. S. Maria Elliott, Simmons College. Published by American School of Home Economics, Chicago.



The deadly door knob

IF THE innocent-looking door knobs in railway cars and stations are such dangerous carriers of disease, what about the places in your home that micro-organisms really prefer—the dark, damp spots where they flourish?

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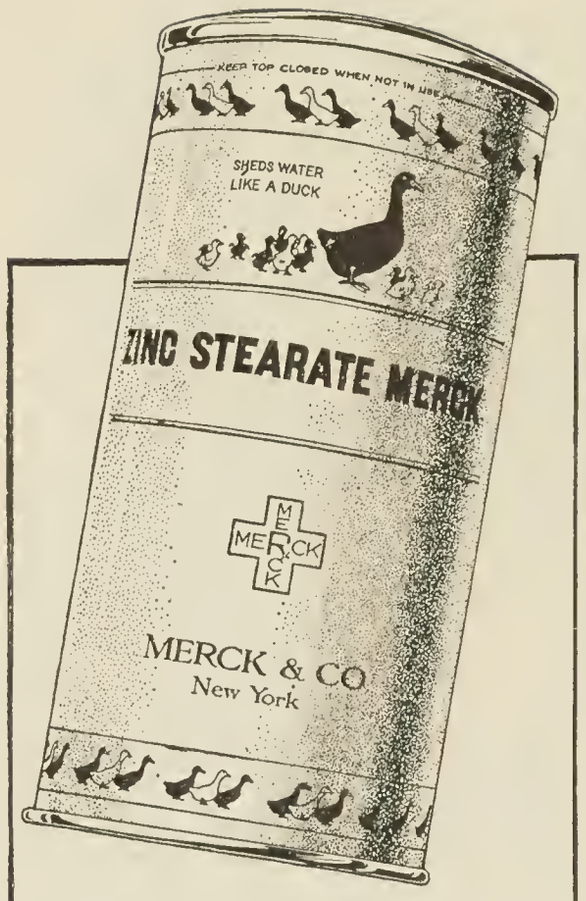
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J. HARDIN & SON

Continued from page 10

"No need to 'pologize," said Barlow. "I know your ma's alays ailin', more or less."

They stood there before the sheds watching the two boys who came in from the grove with buckets of sap, which they emptied into the first of the kettles. There it boiled and bubbled, stirred from time to time by a silent woman who presided over the giant caldrons like one of the witches in "Macbeth"—though perhaps she was too fat for a witch.

In the lulls of the wind the seething caldrons gave off a sweetish, almost sickening odor.

"Have a taste?" Barlow was saying hospitably.

In the other shed a buxom girl in a red flannel skirt bent over the kettles. She had glanced at Winona with the hostile inspection of a sister victim of man, and now when Barlow called to her she came forward with a sidelong glance for Winona's costume. Politely wiping her heavy iron spoon on her apron and skimming her insipid saccharin brew, she dipped up a spoonful and gave it to Winona, who sipped at its edge and passed it on to Paul.

He placed his lips where hers had been, and though he seemed to find another sweetness there he quickly gave the spoon back to the girl. He was concerned for Winona, with her injured ankle, kept standing by Barlow's garrulity. He glanced at her anxiously.

"You had better go into the cabin and rest," he said, and he looked at Barlow.

"Feeling chilly?" asked Barlow. "Well, step into the cabin. I had a fire made for your ma; pity she didn't come."

A FIRE was smoldering in the wide chimney of the ancient cabin, and when Barlow threw on a hickory log it blazed up cheerfully. An old cane chair stood before the fire and on the hearth lay a buffalo-skin yellowish with years and eaten by moths in their frenzied utilitarianism.

"I fixed it fer yer ma," Barlow explained, "thinking she might want to warm her feet. You better be warmin' your'n, from the looks of yer slippers." And with this practical observation and a glance at the light boots Winona wore, he shuffled out in his felt leggings and galoshes.

"He's right," said Paul. "You must take off your shoes."

"Here?"

"Yes, here. And see if your ankle is hurt."

Winona sank into the cane chair and began to unlace her boots while Paul piled more of the hickory logs on the fire and then threw on green hemlock boughs which blazed up instantly with a merry crackle, the sparks leaping upward and the flames roaring in the great chimney. The cabin was filled with a balsamic odor and the rich nutty smell of burning hickory.

"Paul," said Winona, "see if you can untie my shoe. I'm afraid that my ankle is swollen."

She looked up at him from her stooping posture, her face warm and ruddy in the firelight, then sat up, leaned back in the chair and thrust out her foot.

He knelt before her on the buffalo-skin and unlaced and drew off her boot, her foot resting an instant on his knee, only in a second to be withdrawn when she started and gave a little warning.

"Sh!"

It was Barlow, at the instant entering the cabin, in his hand a tin cup from which steam was rising. He shuffled toward an old cupboard in the corner and from this antique piece of furniture produced a jug and poured some whisky into the steaming cup.

"There, miss," he said. "There's the medicine that'll warm you up. Nothing like a cup of hot sap with a stick in it; it's the natural toddy."

He proffered her the cup, which Winona took with some doubt.

"It's just about the right thing when you're ketchin' cold." He excited a taste by his own relish. "Feel almost like I'm ketchin' one myself."

Winona was sipping gingerly at the brew.

"Like it?" Barlow asked.

"It is very good, thank you," said Winona.

"Like a sip yourself?" he asked Paul, with his shrewd grin. "You might 'a got chilled without knowin' it!"

Paul drank Barlow's health, wishing that he would go away and leave them. But Barlow lingered, long enough at least to drink a dram without any of the sugar. Then wiping his lips with the back of his hand, he went out.

"What an old bore!" sighed Winona, reclining comfortably in her chair, toasting her feet at the fire and moving her foot as she did so, as though trying her ankle.

"Does it hurt?" asked Paul.

"Not much," she said.

"It doesn't look much swollen," Paul ventured gravely, as though in mere pathological interest.

And in fact it did not, for the neat ankle that Winona was holding forth and testing by various twists and turns was, as her own admiring inspection must have satisfied her, quite normal in its slender contour and still as well turned as its fellow of the other foot.

"Are we going to stay to supper?" asked Paul.

"Why—yes," she replied. "Why?"

"Oh, nothing. I was only thinking of your mother."

Winona gave a little movement of irritation at such scruples.

"What a terrible conscience you have!"

He looked at her in surprise, not having yet had sufficient experience to know that in the feminine heart there is a force more powerful than conscience, a force that even the Protestant spirit has never mastered.

She cuddled down in the chair, warm and rosy in the light of the fire which cast great flickering shadows on the walls of the cabin. They remained thus while the early twilight deepened without and the fire, slowly tumbled into glowing embers. Paul had drawn up a stool and sat by her side. He wondered what her thoughts were as she mused before the fire; he looked at her eyes, so shaded by their dark lashes that he could not read their expression; he looked at her lips, curved in a slight, enigmatical, troubling smile. He wondered when the moment, that supreme moment which had seemed so imminent in the afternoon, would come; he wished that he were more daring and courageous. Was this feeling within him really love? Her arm lay along the arm of the chair; her hand was white and soft, with long, tapering fingers. What would she say if, for instance, he were to bend and kiss it? He laid his own hand upon hers and she did not withdraw it. He gave it a pressure and bent nearer; she stirred, turned her head, their eyes met and he took her in his arms and kissed at last those lips.

AFTER a while they heard the latch of the cabin door click; Barlow was coming again. They started; Winona sat up, raising her hands anxiously to her hair.

"I've got a team goin' up to the house," said Barlow, "if you want a lift."

"Can you get on your shoe?" Paul asked anxiously.

"It may be a little stiff," she said.

He got her boot, and kneeling before her, with infinite caution lest he cause her pain, held it while she thrust her foot into it and then, as she bent above his dark head, he laced her boots. When he had done, he looked up.

"I adore you!" he said.

"Goose!" she replied, with a little laugh, and her hand rested an instant on his head, her fingers straying through his hair.

They rode back to the farm in Barlow's sled sheltered behind Barlow's back, snuggled closely together, their hands clasped under the buffalo-skin Barlow had brought out from the cabin and thrown about them.

The wind had died down with the oncoming of evening; the sky was clear and the air had turned sharp and frosty. The sun had gone down behind the beech-woods, diffusing a red glow about their trunks while their upper branches, black and cold, were etched sharply against the bands of yellow light that streaked the warm gray of the sky.

Paul and Winona snuggled more closely together; his lips brushed her smooth, cool cheek and he kissed her lips and they laughed, softly, in the delicious intimacy of their secret, there behind the back of the unsuspecting Barlow.

They regretted their promise to stay to supper. But there were conventions even at the Barlow farm, and they could not escape their tyranny nor elude Barlow's hospitality. Paul and Winona sat at the table side by side, in languorous despair; they thought that the meal would never end. Paul ate little, and he felt like apologizing to Winona for eating at all, since her fastidiousness was plainly making the repast an ordeal for her. She minced at the plate before her, and when to their relief the meal was over and they had gone into the sitting-room Winona whispered to him:

"How disgusting! I wish we could go home."

Paul had noticed that pallor in Winona's face and he longed to get away to be alone with her. As their glances met, he read in her eyes the same desire and asked her if she did not think they could leave. She nodded her acquiescence and he got Joe Barlow to slip away with him to the barn to harness his horse.

The evening had been intolerably long to Paul. Already it seemed very late and he feared that in its distracting confusion they had lost the divine mood in which they had returned from the sugar-camp after those memorable moments before the fire. He was eager to return to Winona, to reclaim her from the profane sight of all those boors and bumpkins, to be off under the cold glitter of the stars, to be caught up again with her in that ecstasy of emotion and agitation. He worked quickly and at last they were out-of-doors, under the sky, in the cold, keen air of the frosty night—alone.

"Oh, Paul!" sighed Winona, clinging to him.

They stood under the wide expanse of the heavens, the night arching its deep purple vault over the dark outlines of the woods. They stood and gazed in silence at the marvelous spectacle of the Winter sky at night, clear, still, glittering with the myriad throbbing stars, brilliant Orion, red Antares. Winona stood there gazing upward, her lips parted, the soft shimmer of the starlight making an aureole about her profile, and Paul stood beside her. Youth—silence—night—the stars. They were in each other's arms; he strained her to him, pressing his mouth upon her lips.

THE light was burning in the hall at the Dyers' the following evening when Paul stepped on to the porch, and he had but touched the bell when the door was opened by Winona.

"What did your mother say?" was his first question.

She smiled, raised her eyebrows, placed a finger to her lips, and approaching softly, put her arms about his neck and kissed him.

"Nothing," she said.

Mrs. Dyer was in her seat by the fire. Paul was as relieved when she greeted him cordially as he was later when she failed to make any reference to their visit to the sugar-camp the day before. She sat placidly, delicately fingering the articles on her little table, raising her smelling-salts from time to time to inhale them with her manner of idle elegance. For all that Mrs. Dyer said or showed in her manner, she had never heard of the excursion nor even known that Paul and Winona had gone on it, with such momentous consequences in their lives. Mrs. Dyer sat there calmly talking to him about the latest book she had been reading.

Desiring to please her, he began to ask her to recommend novels for his own reading. Winona meanwhile sat by in wan and helpless silence, now and then exchanging glances of despair with Paul, until at last Mrs. Dyer began to display those nervous symptoms in which the young people found their only hope. She touched more nervously, one after another, the trinkets on her little table; her look assumed that air of vagueness; she lost the thread of her discourse with Paul and presently left the room.

Then Paul took Winona in his arms.

"Did she say anything?" he asked, when once more their emotions would allow them to speak.

"No," said Winona soberly. She hesitated a moment. "She doesn't know. She was ill again; she forgets at times."

She bit her lips and he saw tears glistening in her eyes. His heart was flooded with a great desire to comfort her. She made a visible effort, controlled herself and said:

"Let's not talk about it now. Let's—let's be happy!"

It was not long before Paul was confirmed in his quality of accepted suitor of Winona. He went to her house every evening and soon found himself on the footing almost of a

member of the family. He came to prize his conversations with Mrs. Dyer as she sat serenely in her comfortable seat there by the fire, with her novels, her silver trinkets and her smelling-salts. He read the novels she recommended, and she constantly sought out others from her store which he found a pleasure in discussing with her. He had never known a woman with whom he could converse freely before. She was always sympathetic, always comforting and reassuring; she invested Paul with a flattering sense of his own importance—in a word, coddled him, and she might have spoiled him had there not been a harsh and unremitting counteragent in the stern reality of things in his own home.

THE Winter passed in a happiness such as Paul had never known or dreamed of. There were no lovers' quarrels, no misunderstandings, no tiffs. Spring came. Paul looked out of his window one morning and there it was, having stolen over the earth in the night. The world was all of a tender green, saturated in pale-yellow sunlight; the air was stirred by a warm titillating breeze and laden with the odor of freshly upturned earth. Over the garden fence hung the bough of an apple-tree, heavy with white blossoms, their perfume filling the air. The damp pavement was strewn with the winged buds cast by the maple-trees.

Summer came just as suddenly, but not so happily to Paul. The uncomfortable realization was upon him that things could not go on as they had gone. He had nothing to offer Winona—and the Dyers were considered rich in Macochee. He could not talk to his father now any more than he could as a boy, and this was something in which his mother could not help. Through long sleepless nights he thought it out and came at last to his decision.

It was still early Summer, but the heat in the office at the shop was suffocating; Paul's head ached from it before the hot afternoon had worn half away. He went outside and made the rounds of the shops. The heat in the upholstering-room, with its smell of leather, and in the body-making shop, with its smell of burnt wood, was even more intense; motes danced in the fiery rays of the sun that slanted through the windows; the blacksmith-shop was like an oven and the throb of the engine-room made his head ache all the more. He went to the paint-shop, that old refuge of his boyhood, and stood silently watching Brethitt, with his long camel's-hair brush, trace delicate stripes along the spokes of a wheel. But the odor of turpentine also increased the ache in his head. He went down into the yard and wandered about, one thought always in his mind: he must tell his father the decision he had reached the night before.

At half-past four there was a sharp thunder-storm and a shower that cooled the air. Paul felt a relief and his head ceased to ache.

J. Hardin came in at half-past five, just as the shops were closing for the night. Paul had set everything to rights: the books were in order, the letters answered, everything in its place. He stood at the window, looking out into Cedar Street at the little torrent of muddy water rushing down the gutter bearing chips on its swirling current.

J. Hardin entered without a glance for him and went to his desk. His letters were lying there ready for his signature and on top of them lay a bunch of keys. J. Hardin picked them up, glanced at them, plunged his hand into his own pocket, rattled the keys that were there and said:

"Here, you've left your keys lying here."

"Yes," Paul replied calmly. "I placed them there for you."

J. Hardin looked up.

"For me? What do I want with them? I have my own."

"Father," said Paul in a tone that suddenly lifted the colloquy far above the plane of commonplaces, "I put them there because——"

Even then it was hard to say. He looked at his father, whose face had hardened in the inflexible expression that Paul knew so well, before which for so many years he, like so many others, had quailed. But he had taken his determination and he stepped a little closer to his father's desk.

"I put them there because—I've quit."

"Quit?" said J. Hardin. "What do you mean? Quit what?"

"Quit working for you," said Paul. "We might as well have it out now as any time; you might as well understand me. I've worked here now for years. I've done a man's work—you've never paid me. I've had my board and lodging, I know, and a little money now and then to buy a few clothes with—but I've had no fixed standing in this business. But that's nothing; we'll let all that pass. What I'm trying to say is this: You've treated me like a little boy; you've shown me no consideration"—anger suddenly overpowered him; he began to speak loudly—"and I'm not going to stand it! You shan't treat me that way! I won't stand it, I tell you! Do you hear?"

"Paul," said J. Hardin, his face wearing that dangerous, dark expression, "don't go too far!"

"Oh, you can't frighten me any more!" Paul went on recklessly. "I don't care how far I go! I'm not going to stand it any longer! You treat me like a child, and I won't go on living this way any more. And so I'm going away."

He made no effort now to conceal his tears. He paused an instant, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief.

"You'll find everything in order. Your bank-book is in your drawer. Oscar Judding paid the last instalment on his note this afternoon, too late to put it in the bank; the money's in the safe. You'd better have the combination of the safe changed. I think that's all, sir."

J. Hardin stood beside the desk, bending forward slightly toward his son with his dour, somber expression, his eyes under their heavy brows glowing darkly against the sudden pallor of his face. He stood immobile, inscrutable, listening to this outburst, holding the keys in his great palm. When Paul had finished, J. Hardin did not budge. He stood and looked at his son fixedly. Paul met his father's gaze; in the strength of his resolution he was determined now to see it through, and it was a reflection of his own will that J. Hardin met as his son confronted him. Paul waited for the outburst of anger and reproof, but all that J. Hardin said was:

"You'd better think it over before you do anything rash." Then he seated himself at his desk, adjusted his glasses, pushed Paul's keys aside as though they were of no consequence, and taking out some papers began to go over them.

AT SUPPER that evening not a word was spoken. The room was still, save for the usual clatter of dishes and the sounds J. Hardin made in masticating his food, sounds that always made Paul irritably nervous, this evening more than ever. Paul ate little, finished before the rest and in that absence of ceremony which marked their repasts left the table and went out on to the porch to escape the oppression of that silence.

The sun was just going down behind the low fruit-trees beyond the vegetable-garden, its last rays causing all the foliage to glisten with the myriad tiny drops of rain that still drenched it. The clouds had broken and the western sky glowed rosily. There was a sweet fragrance in the air, but all the implications of the scene were of that sadness, that vague melancholy of every twilight in the world, as though the setting sun might possibly never rise again. His mother found him there, gazing sadly toward the west, and put an arm about his shoulder, hesitatingly.

"Your father has told me," she said, almost in a whisper. "Don't go, Paul—don't go away from your mother. What would she do?"

His mother, the house, the ugly shop-buildings, the familiar scene became suddenly dear to him; he was near to tears. He put his arm about her and they stood, cheek pressed against cheek, in an awkward, embarrassed tenderness.

"But what am I to do?" he said presently.

Continued on page 62

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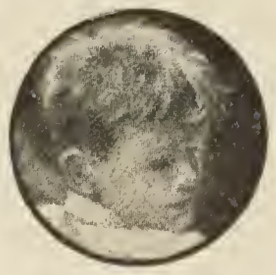
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J. HARDIN & SON

Continued from page 61

"I can't endure this; I can't be treated this way, mother, any longer. I must have more freedom, more independence, some right to live!"

"Your father loves you dearly, Paul," she said.

"He has a peculiar way of showing it!" he replied bitterly.

"You must talk with him again."

"No," said Paul; "I'll not say another word. It's settled now!" He compressed his lips stubbornly.

"Sh!" she said, to forestall rash resolves. "He'll talk it over with you to-morrow. He just hasn't realized that you are a man as yet. I haven't realized it myself—" Her voice quivered and broke. "I don't want to lose you Paul, now—not—not yet. I don't want you to go!"

She flung her arms about him then and drew him tightly to her, repeating over and over:

"I don't want you to go!"

And then there came what was perhaps the only confession of her starved life, as she cried:

"You're all I have, all I have!"

Paul kissed her. "I don't want to go either!" he said. "But—" And he compressed his lips again.

They stood there in the twilight, in the deeper shadow of the fear of parting, which, as the French say, is like a little death.

BREAKFAST the next morning, like the supper, was eaten in silence; and when they gathered in the sitting-room for family prayers, Paul had a feeling that it might be perhaps for the last time. And he felt that he would always hear his father's voice reading the fourteenth chapter of St. John: "In my Father's house are many mansions—" It was the chapter to which, as Paul remembered, they turned for comfort in hours of trouble, and the reading of this poem was J. Hardin's way of speaking to his son those emotions he could not express. Paul felt that he would always see his father as he knelt before his rocking-chair, his broad shoulders bowed between its wide arms, his head buried in his hands, the soles of his great boots thrust out behind him. The prayer was one familiar to Paul since childhood; it had been composed by degrees, made up of phrases—originally extemporaneous—used by various preachers, with many an echo of the Book of Common Prayer. Paul knew the prayer by heart and did not often follow, but this morning he listened with almost painful attention, and toward the end he was startled by a change, a new note:

"And, O Lord," J. Hardin prayed, "bless our boy, bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh—" and then his voice broke and the silence suffused the room with some mystic quality—the emotion that had been the animating impulse of that communion in which they found their life and was the proof of the great truth apprehended by Wesley: that there is a need in man which reason and logic can not supply.

Under this softening influence their hearts melted. Paul knelt there with a pain gripping at his throat while his father lifted up that prayer for him and finally for himself: "Help us, O Lord, to do justice in thy sight as we go in and out before Thee." And so came to the Lord's Prayer, which, as always, they recited in concert. J. Hardin breathed a low "Amen" and rose, drew out his handkerchief and blew a blast into it. Mrs. Hardin slipped out of the room—and Paul stood facing his father.

And instantly the old constraint fell upon them, and out of it J. Hardin spoke with his usual coolness:

"I don't want you to think," he began, "that I expected you to work for me for nothing. I had always hoped, always intended, that when I was gone you would carry on the business. It's a good business, an honest business. However, it's for you to say."

He paused, plucked at his beard, passed his hand over his mouth and then went on:

"You know the Fox lot?"

He referred to a parcel that was historic in the family annals, a piece of land that lay near the railway and some years previously had come into J. Hardin's possession in a trade involving an order for a number of buggies.

"Well, I don't know what you think I owe you, but in payment for what you've done, over and above your board and lodging, if you think it's fair, I will deed over the Fox lot to you. It ought to be worth, I think, six hundred dollars. If you won't take it, I'll have to give you notes; I haven't much ready cash just now."

"Oh, father," Paul cried, "I didn't mean that I wanted you to give me anything for what I have done!"

"Yes," J. Hardin insisted, "it's just."

He waited an instant, and Paul nodded his acquiescence. "Very well, then. Now for the next: If you want to stay on—your mother don't want you to leave her—" he spoke as though the desire might be wholly confined to the mother—"and I don't know whom I could put in the shop now; I've got my public work to do, and I must have some one—if you want to stay, I'll give you a third interest in the business. We'll call the firm J. Hardin & Son. I always intended to do it, soon or late."

He drew out his great silver watch, glanced at it, snapped its lid shut.

"You can think it over till evening."

"I don't care to think it over, father," Paul said. "I'm satisfied to stay on those conditions."

"All right," said J. Hardin.

He fumbled in his pocket and drew forth the symbolic keys.

"Here," he said, handing them over to Paul. Then J. Hardin turned and started toward the hall. At the door he paused.

"You might tell your mother," he said, and then he was gone.

THE new sign spanned the pavement at the corner of Cedar and Mad River Streets; it reached from the wall of the shop to the tall post at the curb, firmly fastened and braced by iron. It had an air of permanency. Lucian Sage had welded the irons that held it in place, but it was Brethitt who had painted it; he had labored on it for weeks, taking his own time, despite Paul's impatience to see it in place. He would let no one look at it until it was done; he worked at it lovingly, and then one day he ceremoniously uncovered it—unveiled it, one might almost say. There it was at last, the device of an old and honorable succession, the escutcheon of a consequential family that endured, went on and on, like the Hardin buggy: "J. Hardin & Son, Carriage-Makers."

Brethitt had done the letters in gilt on a black, well-sanded background and had set them off with red. He had even signed it, in small red letters, "T. Brethitt," as though it had been an authentic work of art. "It's rich," he allowed himself to observe, wagging his head, when the whole family had gone out to have a look. Mrs. Hardin smiled her pride and satisfaction while J. Hardin, who had come to the view reluctantly, vouchsafed it a casual glance and guessed that it would do.

But to Paul it was quite perfect—a work of art and something more: it was a patent of manumission from which every time he glanced up at it he derived comfort, reassurance and pride. He glanced up at it many times a day, even going out into the street by stealth to do so. He was eager for Winona to see it, since to her, now, it must have a special meaning. He was too embarrassed by the thought of what the men in the shop would say if he brought her to the scene on purpose, and so waited until he could give the inspection a mere casual and fortuitous air. Then walking with her late one afternoon, he contrived—cleverly, as he thought—to lead her out Cedar Street. As they approached the shop and Winona evidently did not note the vital change that had come over the scene, Paul stopped and said, with that satisfaction which only possession can afford:

"Well, how do you like my new sign?"

It was a moment for which he had been waiting; he felt within himself a new energy, inspired by his sense of ownership; in his mind he was sketching out new programs of efficiency, dreaming of a vast enterprise. He felt that he had conquered his old fears, resolved his old difficulties and that out of the fog of mutations and doubts that had made his youth such a complicated experience he had emerged at last into a clear day of purpose and achievement. Nothing seemed difficult or impossible. He had asserted himself and he had won. He was somebody; he had become a personage—Paul Hardin, of J. Hardin & Son, joint owner and manager of the concern, a holder of land, a citizen and a taxpayer. He was beginning to feel the glow of the middle-class virtues; he must marry, have a home of his own, found a family. He jingled the keys in his pocket and looked at Winona, waiting for her comment.

She glanced a moment at the sign and somewhat too carelessly said:

"Oh, yes; is it something new?"

"*New?*" exclaimed Paul. "Of course it's new!"

"I thought it had always been there," she remarked.

"But Winona," Paul began, and then he stopped. It was evident that she did not appreciate its significance, its immense implications. And Paul felt that disappointment, that sense of slight inadequacy, the counterfeit coin with which most moments of realization redeem their reckless promises.

"I suppose," he said, somewhat piqued, "I suppose you know what this means to us!"

"To us?" There was a lilt of surprise and curiosity in her inflection.

"Why, yes; to us. It means that we can be married now—whenever you say."

"Oh!"

The small exclamation seemed to intimate something—Paul was not quite sure just what. It was not a coldness, nor even a coolness, that fell: it was like one of those moments, when, walking in the sun, one passes through a current of air perceptibly less warm in some little dip or hollow of a field. They seemed to return to the sunlight again when Winona, an instant afterward, said, as though to complete her phrase:

"So it does! I hadn't thought of that!"

But Paul thought many times of it—then, and afterward. Winona was just now full of a project of her own, which she broached to Paul: Her mother, she said, had suffered greatly with the intense heat and they had been considering the advisability of taking a trip up the Lakes, to Mackinac Island or some such place. In fact, they had practically decided to go and would leave just as soon as Mrs. Dyer could bring herself to undertake the necessary preparations. The plan rather disheartened Paul; they, as he reminded her, had never yet been separated.

But Winona went.

BEING oftener about town now that Winona was away, Paul had contacts, opportunities which he had heretofore lacked, and thus it was that suddenly he had a chance to sell the Fox lot. Mr. Cowan, president of the Second National Bank, coveted the property and offered him fifteen hundred dollars for it; Paul, with the Hardin stubbornness, held out for two thousand dollars, which Cowan ultimately paid. Paul felt that he had attained a new station in the community when Cowan, fixing his red-rimmed little eyes on him and scratching his gray, scraggy beard with a forefinger, said:

"I suppose you know, young man, that you are robbing me?"

It was the highest compliment Cowan could pay to anybody, and Paul left the bank glowing under it, though J. Hardin deprived him of some of his pleasure in it by the only comment he vouchsafed:

"If Cowan gave you two thousand, it proves that it is worth a lot more."

How much profit Cowan made in the trade Paul never knew, but he had some regrets when a few weeks later the land went to the railway company for an addition to their yards. However, he had excited the interest of Cowan, because J. Hardin, and J. Hardin & Son, had always done their business through Cowan's chief rival, Dudley, of the First National Bank, and Paul had won Cowan's confidence, as far as that was possible, by laughing at Cowan's jokes and listening to his wise saws and very ancient maxims with a flattering interest that might better have been inspired by more recently discovered nuggets of wisdom. For instance, with the air of one saying it for the first time in all history, Cowan, when he handed Paul his check, had informed him that it is the first thousand that counts in life and that large oaks from little acorns grow.

Perhaps it was this that led Paul to seek a favorable soil in which to plant his acorn.

It was shortly after the period when petroleum and natural gas had been discovered in northwestern Ohio. The newspapers were full of it and Paul had heard tales of fortunes made overnight. The picturesque boom inflamed the imagination and in some instances enhanced the prosperity of certain towns in that corner of the State. They were like the mining-camps of the old romantic bonanza days in the Far West. Men rushed there from everywhere—young men of ambition and energy, men from the oil-fields of Pennsylvania, old broken men, prospectors, adventurers, gamblers—all sorts and conditions attracted by the chance of exploiting the natural resources of the earth thus newly and miraculously discovered and, for a little while at any rate, open to all on equal terms.

Paul had talked to his father about the opportunity that lay so near, but J. Hardin in his scepticism had only sneered, and when Paul spoke of going himself, J. Hardin said:

"And lose your money!"

But Paul was determined to go.

"Go on your wild-goose chase, if you want to," said J. Hardin, "but don't blame me afterward."

THE trip to the oil town was a great experience to Paul, but by the time he had got back to Macochee the inexorable law of the ebb and flow of things had brought its inevitable reaction: the enthusiasm he had felt in Findlay was diminished, his faith dimmed, he was assailed by doubts.

He told his father that evening of the investment he had made in Findlay and J. Hardin looked at him in blank incredulity. Then he laughed—an ironic, bitter laugh that angered Paul.

"Well, it's my money," he said, "and if it's lost, it's lost."

"Now, father," said Mrs. Hardin, "don't be so hard. Maybe it will come out all right!"

"Humph!" J. Hardin sneered. "I wouldn't give a red cent for all the stock in the company. What did you say you had called the company, now?"

Paul winced.

"The Winona Oil and Gas Company," he said.

"The Winona Oil and Gas Company! Winona Oil and Gas Company!" J. Hardin laughed a saturnine laugh.

"Think it's funny, don't you?" exclaimed Paul, and he rose and left the room.

At Winona's that night he found a more congenial atmosphere. The Autumn having advanced to the point where the evenings were cool, Mrs. Dyer had resumed her seat by the fire. She was highly pleased that the company had been named for her daughter, and Winona herself glowed.

"It's something like having a ship named for one, isn't it?" she said, clasping her hands demurely and letting them fall in her lap in the way she did when she was pleased.

"It is a ship," said Mrs. Dyer, "that will come in laden with your fortune."

"How romantic you are, mother," said Winona.

They were immensely interested in Lacey, the man who had formed the company in Findlay. Paul tried to describe him—recalled his picturesque sayings, revivified his own impressions, recreated Lacey's personality—and in the process, in the warmth of the flattering approval of the two women, he restored his own confidence and diffused confidence about him, so that Mrs. Dyer said:

"I should like to buy some of the stock for myself and for Winona."

"You'd better wait to see how it turns out," said Paul. "I wouldn't have you lose through me."

"Well, we shall see," said Mrs. Dyer. She was beginning to show her usual restlessness, and presently she bade them good night.

Paul and Winona, left to themselves, began to discuss the plans for their marriage. He did not like to feel or to cause her to feel that the event depended in any way on the success of his speculation, and yet he was not so sure of his right to marry her as he would have been had he been more certain of his future. It would require time and money to drill the well. He wished in his own heart that he had not so recklessly placed all his eggs in one basket. They had intended to be married in October, and now the month was nearly gone. Winona thought that they had better wait until Spring.

IT WAS an anxious time. Letters came: there was no oil yet—the tools were lost—they must have money. His means were fast dwindling; that drill, boring through geological strata by such slow and toilsome stages, was piercing swiftly through his funds. He waited for further news. Another letter came: the men were fishing for the tools, but more money was needed. Paul sent it and waited, through days of agony.

One evening, noting his worried look, his mother took him aside into her bedroom and there, pressing a little purse into his hands, said:

"Take it, my son. It's a hundred dollars. I had saved it up for a rainy day, but you need it. Take it, only don't say anything to your father."

The tears that had been trembling there for days welled to his eyes.

"I can't, mother. I can't take your money. I don't need it; I can borrow money of Mrs. Dyer." He saw her start and tried to redeem his tactlessness by adding, "or at the bank."

But she was evidently hurt. He knew by dint of what sacrifices she had amassed that amount of money, by what personal economies, what saving and scraping and scrimping, penny by penny, so few did her husband allow to come into her hands.

"Of course," she said, "if you'd rather take it from some one else——"

He took it from her almost bruskly.

"I'll take it," he said. "Thank you. I just didn't want you to risk losing it, that was all."

He might have taken her in his arms; he might have kissed her. He knew what such an expression of love and tenderness would have meant, but there was that old inhibition, that native induration somewhere within him, hard as rock itself, through which he could never break for those who were nearest and dearest to him. He deposited the money in the bank, to a separate account, "in trust for Martha Hardin."

The tools were found, finally, grappled up out of those preposterous depths where they had laid amidst the dread secrets of the Silurian epoch; the work of boring was resumed. Then more waiting, and at last a letter: the drilling was stopped; no use to go farther, the boss driller said, it was a dry hole—unless shooting should determine otherwise; that was the last, the only chance. Paul read Lacey's letter, folded it, put it into his pocket, closed his lips tightly and mastered the disappointment in his heart. That day at dinner he said to his father and mother:

"It's all over—a dry hole. My money's gone."

His mother looked at him in anguish, but his face betrayed no sign. She saw in a flash how very much he resembled his father; she had seen in moments of great disappointment that same expression of desperate, cold determination in J. Hardin's face. She glanced at her husband, comparing the countenances of these two silent men, these strange lives in which her own was bound up. J. Hardin had cast in his son's direction a hard, inscrutable glance. She knew it was best to say nothing. No one spoke, and they ate their meal in that heavy silence which pervaded so mysteriously the life of the house.

Two days later Paul received a telegram in these words:

"Shoot well to-morrow."

He read it, raised his eyes to the clock on the wall, rose, went to the house, dressed, packed a valise and coming down-stairs, said to his mother:

"I'm going to Findlay on the noon train."

THE news reached Macochee the afternoon of the next day. Paul Hardin had struck oil, and the well was a gusher. Willie Gustin, the little hunchback telegraph operator at the Western Union, had said so; he had received the telegram in which Paul announced his good fortune to his father.

Continued on page 64

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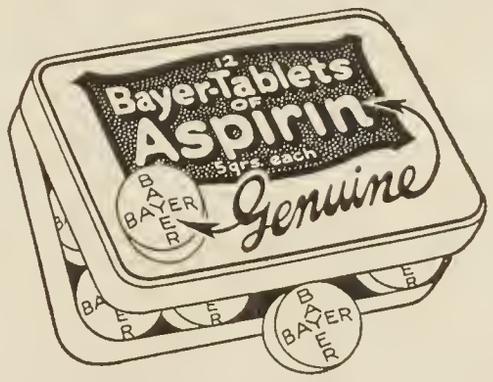
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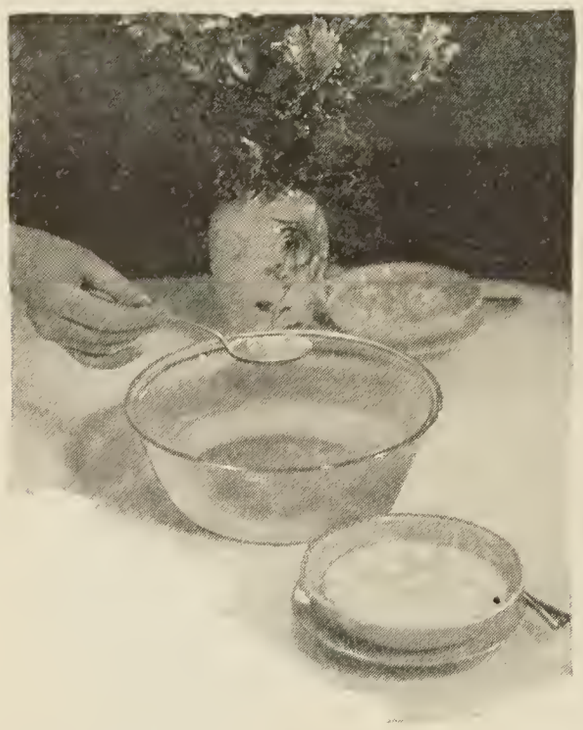
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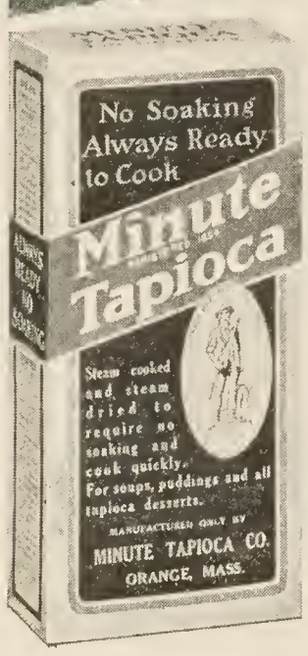


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J. HARDIN & SON

Continued from page 63

An hour later J. Hardin himself, in Main Street, was displaying his telegram at Ogle's drug-store, at the bank and finally, on his way home, at the office of *The Gazette*, where the editor made an item of it for the next day's issue of his newspaper.

J. Hardin showed the telegram to every one he knew and to many he did not know; he was the center of little groups of men in Main Street, allowing the telegram to pass from hand to hand.

"My son Paul," he would say, and then watch the effect of the announcement. At home that evening, after he had gone up to his room and washed his hands, he even mentioned the fact to his wife, as a bit of vagrant information that might have a casual interest for her.

"Had a telegram from Paul," he said.

"A telegram!" exclaimed Mrs. Hardin, in the alarm the mere word excites in women to whom telegrams are the heralds of calamity. "From Paul! What is the matter? Is he sick? Do tell me, Joshua!"

"Well, it looks as if he struck a little oil."

She stood transfixed, staring at him; she could not imagine a telegram bearing any but ill tidings.

As though on second thought remembering that his wife could read, J. Hardin gave her the telegram and stood impatiently by while she fumbled with her spectacles, adjusted them and read the yellow slip that trembled in her fingers.

"Well!" he said peremptorily, when in his opinion she had sufficiently perused it. She looked up, smiled radiantly and gave him back the telegram. He made no further comment, but folded it neatly and carefully bestowed it in his great red wallet.

PAUL had told Winona that he would remain at Findlay for several days to discuss further drilling operations, but in his triumph he could not wait to get home and so returned the next day. Even as he passed along Main Street, he noted that men saluted him with a new respect—he had suddenly become somebody. And yet when he reached the shop, all that his father had to say was:

"Well, it's about time you were getting back. The work's been piling up."

Paul went to the safe, took out the books, the very small books of The Winona Oil and Gas Company, worked over them a while and then went to the house. His mother kissed him and he drew from his pocket a document he had prepared at the office and gave it to her, saying:

"Here's your stock in the company, mother. I think it will make you a little money."

She tried to keep back her tears, but they came to her eyes and rolled down her cheeks, and looking through them at her son she said:

"It wasn't this I wanted, Paul; I only wanted——"

But her lips trembled, she faltered in her words and just then they heard J. Hardin's footfall on the porch and she hid the paper in the folds of her gown.

Paul received a summons that afternoon from Cowan, who, in the royal prerogative of the banker, was accustomed to command attendance upon him, and he went to the bank. Cowan, more jocular than ever, invited the young man into his private office and then leaned back in his swivel-chair, scratching the roots of his gray beard, fixed upon Paul those steely eyes that were accustomed to appraise men solely by their ability to pay on demand and began to ply him with questions about the oil-fields. The interview lasted half an hour, and Paul had the consoling conviction that other men were meanwhile waiting without for an opportunity to sue for Cowan's favor.

"And what is the production of this well?" Cowan asked.

"We don't know exactly as yet," said Paul. "Perhaps two hundred barrels a day."

"And do you intend to bore others?"

"Oh, yes. We may sink four or five more on our lease. We think it will stand it."

"You will need capital," said Cowan.

"Possibly," said Paul. He had an uncomfortable sensation that Cowan was calculating the probable duration of his life on this earth.

"I've been watching you for a long time, Paul," Cowan said at last. "I think you'll be a success in business. When you need banking connections, come to me."

WINONA was not expecting him that evening, and he could find a keen pleasure in anticipating the agreeable surprise his coming would be to her. He could not wait for evening, and late in the afternoon he started out Winter Street. The autumnal dusk was gathering under the bare trees as he walked along dreaming of the future, pondering many projects: he would build the handsomest residence in Macochee; Winona would bring him the Dyer farms and he would work them according to modern methods; he would double Mrs. Dyer's fortune and turn it over to her with a princely gesture; by clever methods unknown to J. Hardin, he would insure his father's future. He was glad that he had already taken steps to make his mother independent; he could see her in her old age, in soft black silks, living a serene and tranquil life. Some one passing him on the sidewalk, some one from whose spirit the corrosion of life had worn away the imaginative quality, turned and smiled, beholding in him only a youth talking to himself. Paul detected the smile and came out of his luxurious reverie.

In the irritated shake of the head that brought him back to realities he suddenly caught sight of a man and woman on the walk before him. The man was tall and of a certain elegance unusual in Macochee. The shades of twilight were thickening, but he could see clearly enough to assure himself that the man was a stranger. The couple walked slowly, with an air of careless dalliance, the woman tossing her head from time to time in an artful way or swaying off toward the edge of the sidewalk and then returning close to the man's side. They were evidently oblivious to all about them and in their manner there was an undeniable suggestion of intimacy and confidence. Paul quickened his step and as he drew nearer the woman's figure became more and more familiar. Then suddenly, as she turned to look up into the man's eyes, he caught her profile against the Winter light.

He held his breath and stopped short. He could not or would not believe that it was she; but there could be no doubt—it was Winona. A pang of jealousy shot through his heart; he had an angry impulse to rush forward and pursue them, but he checked the impulse, and, in order not to be seen, he fell back, keeping in the deeper shades near the trees, watching them in a fascinated and tormenting interest. They did not look round but strolled on, absorbed in each other, and presently were lost in the darkness that fell with the sudden eclipse of the short gray November day. Paul turned and walked home in a bitter mood.

He sought some explanation that would save his self-esteem, but he could find none. While it was not precisely a tender scene that he had witnessed, it was evidently no casual or impersonal interest that drew Winona and the stranger together. Anger and jealousy raged within him and he vowed that he would not go to see Winona that evening. He turned over in his mind the phrases of a note he would send her, a note cutting in its sarcasm and sharp irony; he would write it and send it and see Winona no more.

But curiosity was stronger than pride. He began to make specious excuses: there must be some mistake, the darkness had deceived him, his imagination had taken him by surprise. And presently he was persuading himself that there was an explanation—simple, logical, illuminating—which would restore his world to its equilibrium. He built on this hope as he found himself walking out Winter Street again that evening, though he regarded each shadow with suspicion and half feared to behold again the strolling pair. He came to the Dyer's gate and went in. Half-way up the walk he heard the front door open and at the turn in the path beside the cedars he saw a light stream out on to the veranda and heard Winona's laugh. Then a man stepped across the veranda, entered the hall, the door closed and the stream of light was extinguished. Paul stood in the shadows of the cedars; it was dark about him and still, save for the wind stirring in the boughs and the loud beating of his own heart. He thought of turning away again, but a sudden resolution seized him. He sprang up the steps and rang the bell.

IT JANGLED loudly through the house. He waited, rang again and again waited. Then the glass doors leaped into light, some one fumbled at the lock, the door opened and there appeared before him like an apparition an old woman in shocking dishabille. Her black bodice was unfastened, her skirt hung from her loins, her feet pattered miserably in ragged slippers. Beside each raddled cheek there hung a thin wisp of gray hair and out of an ashen, haggard face glaucous eyes stared vacantly, giving to her withered visage an aspect preternaturally old. With horror Paul recognized Mrs. Dyer, while she, some faint remembrance dawning, began to fumble with nervous, uncertain fingers at the bosom of her gown, to mumble some apologetic words.

Paul stood a moment in the hall, not knowing whether he should remain, and then he heard Winona's voice, pitched in an angry key, evidently scolding old Jane; and then in a rising note of insolent response the voice of the old negress, trailing off into her habitual grumbling.

Mrs. Dyer seemed suddenly to recognize him. "Oh, it's you, isn't it, dear Paul?" she said. Then, with a timorous glance over her shoulder, she leaned forward with a confidential, almost a surreptitious air and said:

"I don't believe that I should come in tonight if I were you. She's got that fellow Parton here."

With this Mrs. Dyer turned and vanished swiftly up the stairs. And Paul, with a sensation of sickness, shrank away from the door and left just as he saw Winona approaching it.

Continued in the September DELINEATOR

FOR THE COUNTRY HOSTESS

Concluded from page 54

door serving is not apparent, guests and family ever approach with joy occasional or frequent Summer porch and garden suppers. Both to save herself and to put her guests at ease, the careful hostess will be provided with convenient service equipment. A wicker double-decker tray with a handle, a muffin-stand or a tea-wagon will minimize the serving trips to and from the house.

Served from an amber or crystal lemonade set in crackle glass, even the most refreshing drink will seem more tempting. For such a set, a reed tray may be bought containing both close handles and a long basket handle, and reed rings which hold glasses and pitcher secure. Glass sippers are always welcome for use with iced drinks.

There is opportunity to dress even the indoor Summer-time table less formally than for Winter use. When heavy table-linens give place to light doily sets, colorful informality may be introduced to the table in tea-sets or odd china pieces. There is a saucy pertness about the breakfast egg-cups which are decorated with a hen, a silent reminder of one's indebtedness to her for the egg within the cup. An agreeable seasonal departure from the conventional silver salt and pepper shakers is in the use of china shakers in unusual forms, such as ducks, frogs, birds and other nature types. The use of these articles in such wares also eliminates the work of constant cleaning, as in the case of silver, during the hot Summer months.

A decorated wooden bowl brought to the table makes a convenient receptacle for cracked ice. If an ice-chopper is at hand, ice to replenish the glasses may be cracked right in the bowl and served from it to the iced beverages.

Any of the above articles would make a most acceptable gift from the arriving or departing guest who desires to leave with her hostess a remembrance more lasting and more personal than the usual candy, books or flowers.



THE IRON MAN

Concluded from page 12

"Hello, Mosher," said a white-flanneled shadow attendant upon the flame-colored crêpe. "Martha, do you know Henry? Mr. Mosher, this is Miss Temple."

"Oh my gosh!" groaned Henry under his breath.

THE iron man was not communicative when he returned to the house-boat that evening. Malcolm was waiting for him, sitting in the Hong-Kong chair.

"Well, how goes it, Hen?" he called out. "Treating Martha Temple rough?"

"You go to grass!" said Henry solemnly, and sought the other side of the craft.

But any laugh that Malcolm wrung from the situation then came from the other side of his mouth next day when he saw Sally Placer.

"Henry Mosher's crashed for Ellen Kemp," she said. "He must have seen her before. Anyway, he went straight to the study when he got here, and his face was something to write home about when he came out. Looked to me as though he was about to cry. Even Martha Temple failed to cheer him up. He was back again this morning, first thing, saying he wanted to see father. But of course I saw through that and said father was busy."

"Look here, Sally—" Malcolm steered her to the edge of the lawn where only empty space could listen. "What are you prepared to do for the welfare of the world?"

"Why—I rolled bandages and danced with gobs at the navy-yard——"

"I mean something hard. I mean to keep Henry away from Ellen Kemp. He's spoiling for a lesson, but he'd never get it from her. He could go on getting ironer and ironer and she'd never throw the hooks in. She'd gum the whole game. And, by George, when a fellow tells me that money is what counts in a girl, he's got to prove it—prove it till he's so sick of the stuff that he faints when he hears it jingle." And picking up a putter, he conscripted his companion into a game of clock golf.

It was no cinch, keeping Henry away from Ellen. Never had Martha Temple been so nice to any man as she was to Mr. Mosher, and never had niceness failed so signally. Every single time that things got to going good—every single time that Malcolm or Sally corralled Henry and handed him over to Martha on the lawn in the moonlight—he tried to break away and stampede for the study. He never got there: he was always caught and returned to Martha. And the amazing feature of the thing was that Martha received him back. It was almost as though she were grateful for even crums of Henry's society.

"New vamp stuff," Malcolm decided aloud, after one such exhibition. "She's going to be as sweet as fudge sundae till she gets him where she can slam him good."

IT WAS evening and he and Sally were sitting on the porch steps. Outwardly they were white-clad youngsters, strumming ukuleles; inwardly they were watch-dogs. Down on the lawn, at the very edge of it, Mr. Mosher was talking to Miss Temple. He was even talking earnestly—and they intended he should keep it up for a long time.

"She—" Sally nodded her head toward the study—"she's in there now. Father's taken to working nights on his book. If Henry makes a dash——"

And then their muscles tightened and their breath came hard and they laid their ukuleles down. Tearing over the lawn came a shadow. Another shadow, farther down toward the terrace, followed for a few flying, imploring steps and then collapsed on the ground in an attitude of despair.

Sally stood up to receive the impact; so did Malcolm. Henry came on and confronted them.

"Step aside!" he said. "Nobody's going to stop me this time."

"Now look here, old-timer—" Malcolm adopted the conciliatory manner.

"Are you going to get out of my way?" asked Henry.

"No."

Swooping, Henry grabbed a ukulele and brandished it aloft.

"Keep clear or I'll bust it!" he cried, and side-stepping a shrub, he vaulted the porch-rail and burst into the house.

Stunned, fearful for the ukulele, his pursuers started after him—but when they heard Judge Placer's voice welcoming his guest, they returned to the steps. Five minutes passed. Martha still crouched on the grass under the moonlight, far down the lawn. Another five minutes. Malcolm lifted his head from his hands.

"I've taken the wrong tack. What he needs is a licking. I'm going to the boat now, and when he comes aboard——"

"Poor Martha!" sighed Sally.

"The brute!" Malcolm's fists doubled. "To abuse a girl that way! I never thought I'd live to like Martha Temple, but she's been so gentle and quiet lately that I feel killing is too good for the man who hurts her!" He turned and left.

GRIMLY he waited in the Hong-Kong chair on the after deck of the house-boat. But as time passed and Mr. Mosher failed to come home, sleepiness took the place of chivalric passion and Malcolm Johnson sought his bunk. However, just as the waves lapping against the boat were getting in their best soporific effect, a cheery whistle broke the quiet and Henry leaped aboard.

Malcolm sat up, mad.

"Can that noise!" he called over the partition between their rooms.

"Noise yourself!" whooped Henry. "Listen, Malc. While I make a noise like—guess what?" He waited. There was no response.

"Listen," he began again. "I went to Placer's study—and everything's all hunky-dory."

"I'll talk to you in the morning!"

"Who wants you to talk? All you've got to do is to listen. You see, it got under my hide, Martha's taking things that belonged to that sweet little blond kid. Every time I looked at Martha, dressed up to the nines and as bright as a tin roof, I saw those two brave blue eyes and those little hands hammering keys for a living—and all that money——"

This was too much for Malcolm. Sleepiness or no sleepiness, the business of chivalry was crying to be done. He reached for his clothes.

"You know, when a fellow loves—when a man cares for a girl," Henry maundered blithely on, "he can't stand it if she isn't square—more than square. So I talked turkey to her, and then I got the judge to cinch what she said she'd do and get into the fight himself. Say, Malc—ain't it funny that an old dodo can spend a lifetime digging up precedents and then miss the very one he needs? Well, sir, either Judge Placer'd never known or he'd forgotten something I learned the first day at military academy: that from the time of Julius Cæsar the will of a soldier killed in the line of duty, whether only scrawled on his scabbard or his shield, was valid. I told the judge, and he'd like to have toppled over. 'By Jingo, Henry,' he said, 'you're right! I'll take up Ellen Kemp's case myself and get that money away from Martha Temple if it's the last thing I ever do on earth!"

"So you think you're going to have both the girl and the money, do you?" asked Malcolm, mobilizing himself in the doorway.

"Sure! Plenty of money! I can earn all we ever need. Anyway, in the Army you get quarters and traveling free, and you buy your stuff from the commissary. With a line-up like that, we should worry—Martha and I!"

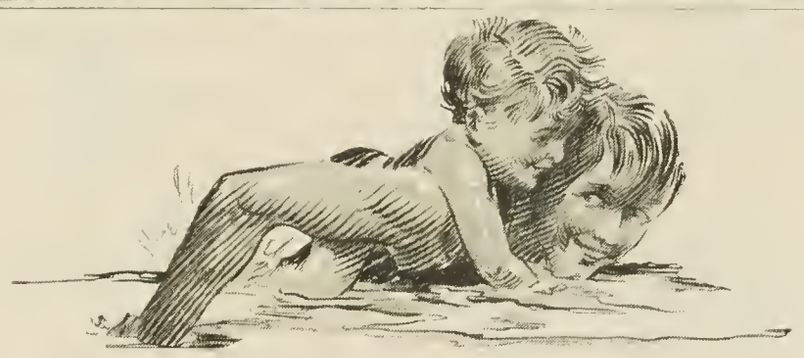
"*Martha?*"

"Sure! Who'd you think it was knocked me for about seventeen goals the first time I saw her? I knew then there was the right stuff in her. But you know women, Malc. They don't see things in the downright, sensible way that men do. I had quite a tussle to make Martha see that we didn't want any money belonging to a little blue-eyed baby of a girl——"

"And you made her see it?"

"Sure. Then, to make it stick, I went and got the judge to take the case. You've got to be that way with women, Malc—you've got to be iron when it comes to women!"





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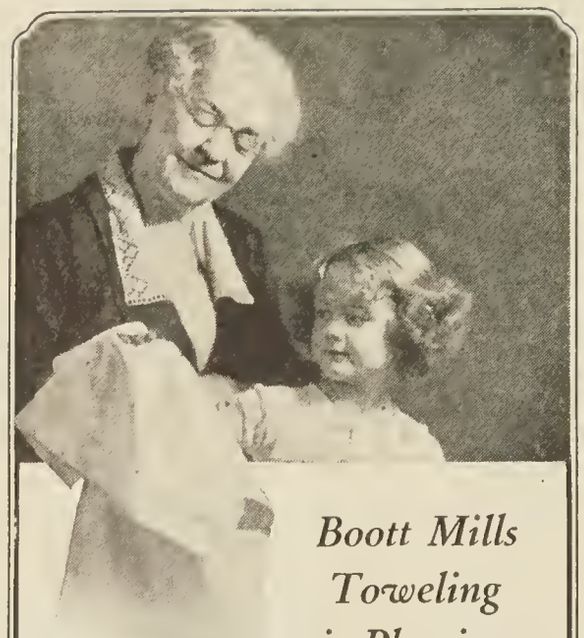
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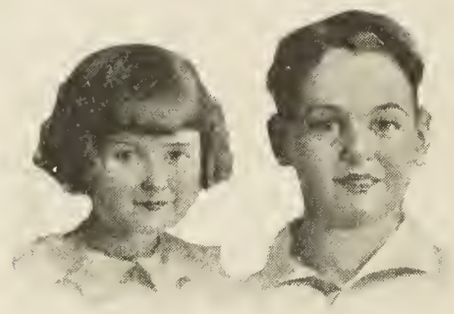
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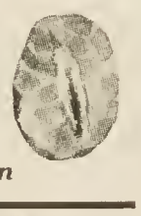
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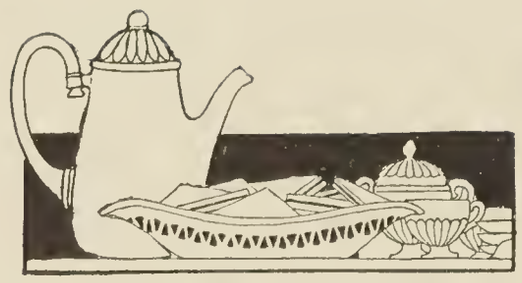
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THE LISTENING GIRL

Continued from page 7

"You must have been entertained by our argument?"

"A little embarrassed."

Mrs. Jordan got over her astonishment enough to speak. "I thought you didn't know English!"

"I don't speak it well." She justified herself by saying "spi-ik," but there were velvet edges to her voice.

"THEN why," Mrs. Jordan burst out, "why did you insist on talking French to me when I can scarcely understand a word?"

"I thought you would like *this* better—perhaps!" giving a little shake to the shimmering satin over her arm.

"You'll do!" Blake fairly bubbled. Then he stopped. She *would* "do." His offhand manner left him. This was not just a girl who would stop at nothing; this was not an adventuring little bit of enamel or a chip of hard steel such as one saw——

"If you'll do it," he added, rather gently.

Jordan strode over to Marya and addressed her in his best floor manner.

"It's like this: After looking about this town for a year or so, I have come to the conclusion that any one with brains can get away with it here, if they use them carefully. I have a theory that a pleasant, quiet young lady like you can make a terrible hit in society, no matter who she is, if she's properly coached. Now the main thing is, she mustn't be restless and jumpy. She mustn't remind a man of a typewriter, or a trolley, or something he meant to do yesterday and mustn't forget to-morrow.

"I want to find such a young lady—like you. Entirely free from giggles. With a capacity for listening to anything and for any length of time. Who will agree to sit down by the fire in that chair over there every afternoon I ask her to, unless released by me or by death. From now until—shall we make it the first of April, Enoch?"

Blake nodded.

"Very well, then, till the first of April. Your job will be to pour tea and to indicate—but not to pass—the biscuits, as they call 'em. For that I will agree to pay. Handsomely! Will you do it?"

Blake was watching Marya, still without being quite sure whether she was observing him in return or not. That ghost most dreaded at the Feast of American Intercourse—the Deathly Silence—entered and remained until the senator chased him out.

"The longer you wait and say nothing, the more I know you are the young lady I want," he said to Marya.

"Then perhaps I had better not speak at all?"

"Say, are you Irish?" Blake asked.

"I'm Russian."

"Bolshevik or princess?"

"Neither."

"Frame her!" said Blake.

"Well, what *do* you want?"

"Money," said Marya.

"Don't be too stiff and we'll see you!" The senator was "youthing" rapidly.

"Albert!" cried his wife.

"You're not to tell a single person that you're anything but my niece. You will live here, in this house, and see no one without my consent, and when you do see them you will speak only the one or several sentences which I am now going to compose and give to you."

"You must have great powers of summary!" said his nephew.

BUT Jordan was already ringing for his stenographer.

"He has great powers for putting things through!" cried his wife. "He ought to be over there!"

"Over there," is where the humblest senator's wife dreams her man may some day be; "over there"—the low, wide house behind the high iron rail, looking out at the prancing horseman through obscuring trees, and painted, annually, white.

Jordan began to dictate.

"Well, we'll begin with 'Please' and 'Thank you'—have to have them. And 'Yes' and 'No,' of course."

Marya was watching him. He caught her eye.

"You'd like to have something to do with settling your own conversation, wouldn't you?"

"One doesn't always care to," she replied.

"Put that down," he said to the stenographer. "That'll go. That makes five. Or do you want both 'Yes' and 'No?' Perhaps just 'Yes' would do?"

"Both," Marya murmured. "I fancy so."

"All right. Add 'Both' and 'I fancy so.'"

The stenographer made a small worm.

"Give her a chance at talking about the theater or something," put in Blake. "Say: 'Have you seen so-and-so'—or something——"

"Very magnanimous of you. But I'll take you on it. Make it colorless. Say: 'Have you seen him?' That's how many? Eight? And if they ask you to go somewhere, or something, what would you say?"

"It would be nice," said Marya.

"Put that down. 'Yes' and 'No' oughtn't to count for two?" (to Blake).

"Of course not!"

"All right. Take that: 'Of course not.' You understand what this is all about?" Jordan was beginning to be fussed by Marya's continued relaxed manner, her lack of suggestion in a situation in which, after all, she was to play the leading rôle.

"Of course I understand," she said.

How wonderfully she said that!

"Take that, too." Jordan's stenographer didn't "understand," but she "took" it. Mrs. Jordan, too, was a little irritated in a kindly way by Marya's silence.

"You are sure you aren't frightened by all this?"

"Not very much." Marya smiled a little deprecatingly.

"But it will be a good thing to get it over with?"

"Yes, it would."

"There, you have them all!" The senator laughed loudly. "Just as I said: we don't need nine million words to conduct a perfectly good conversation. Take those two last: 'Not very much' and 'Yes, it would.' And that finishes my dozen. Read 'em over."

The stenographer obediently read:

"Please. Thank you. Yes—no. One doesn't always care to. Both. I fancy so. Have you seen him? It would be nice. Of course not. Of course I understand. Not very much. Yes, it would."

"Well," said Blake, "you're a prize nut if you think any one can get away with that!"

"The best proof you could ask," Jordan answered, "for the fun I am going to get out of it eventually—eventually, mind you—is that not a soul has interrupted us to call while we've been framing it up."

YOU must never guess at a neighborhood in Washington from hearing the address. You must know the block familiarly. It may house a princess or a laundress. The house in which Marya lived had done the one and was on the way to doing the other.

Two at a time she mounted the long, curved flight of stairs inside.

"Well, I've done it!"

Her roommate looked up from buttoning her gaiters. She was a pale girl with a nice smile. Further concern she has little with Marya, so we shan't bother about her except to say that she worked in the Treasury, that she had joined Marya in looking for adventure in Washington and that so far neither of them had found it.

"What do you mean 'done?'" she inquired, reserving interest.

"Well, you and I came here from Chicago, didn't we—together? You were too proud to dressmake. Not you. You stuck to your college education. You stuck to pens and papers. I got out my avocation. I got out my needle and thread. You wanted to write the show; I merely costumed it. You——"

"Let it go at that. If you *can* get your story out?"

"Don't be cross! Here it is then: I am hired to impersonate an American princess. I am hired to look pleasant, eat food and pass the sugar."

Sally Wood put two pillows on Marya's head.

"Little silly!"

"Little silly to you! I'm going to live at Senator Jordan's. *And* do you know who's coming out here as Rufanian minister?"

"Why should *I* care?"

"Vladimir!"

"Not the Vladimir Rosokov who used to be at the U!"

"Yep! These turning-over worlds have put more than one college prof into power. He's next. I'm just waiting to see him. I'll have a chance, living at the Jordans'. I'll see him——"

"I always wondered about you and him out there," Sally said. "Of course we most of us had a crush on him, but you were the only one he ever paid any attention to. Remember how dreamy he used to look sitting in class, and what wonderful eyes he had, and how he used to stare right past you when you got up to recite? He surely was the most popular instructor out there——"

MARYA leaned forward and clasped her hands around her knees.

"It's funny how hard it is to put yourself back to that time, isn't it, Sally? Vladimir used to talk about his country and its great past and the people in jail over there and the queen in hiding and all that sort of thing, and it all seemed like musical comedy to us. All we knew was the last dance and the next dance and beating Michigan at football. He made the rest seem so petty to me! No wonder we seemed to him too—too——"

"We were too simple?"

"Partly. Also, I frightened him."

"Ha, ha!"

"Needn't laugh. I did. I was like our Chicago climate. It needed the muggy, relaxing air of this here D. C. to show me. I could interest him now—if I had a chance. I'd know how to make the set. We were too frank in Chicago; edges too clear."

"Well, Marya——"

"Oh, don't worry, Sal. Of course I'd have been all right if I'd never seen him again. But now that I'm going to see him again, why—well, both the set and myself are going to be *right* this time!"

Then she told her of the wonderful conspiracy and the part she was to play in it—and swore her to deathless secrecy.

"And then—there's Jan," she added softly; "my little brother. We would have had the money to get him over here long ago if it had not been for the revolution. Now it will take much, much more—a great deal of money—and now I may have the money and the help, too, I need! Sally—" she seemed suddenly a different girl from the sparkling creature who had been talking of adventure—"you do not know what it has been to think of Jan there—so frail, so impractical, in the midst of those horrors——"

She sat there on the edge of her iron bed, and for a long time Sally could not rouse her out of her brooding quiet. So that was the end of the afternoon that began with snowflakes and ended in a twilight of golden lamps gleaming into miles of shiny ocher asphalt.

Marya had used the two weeks before Mrs. Jordan was to be receiving again to good advantage. Mrs. Jordan agreed that if Marya was to play leading lady, she should have something to do with the stage. The shiny cushions disappeared; the cane-backed sofa was hidden under a down-packed slip; an embracing chair stood where the carven teak had formerly poked a man's spine; shades four tones deep dimmed the lights that had blared through beaded fringes and the trick cigaret-box had given way to a solid affair whose hinged lid betrayed compartments holding Russians and Virginians and Egyptians in the smokers' League of Nations. Everything had been ready for some time, but nothing had happened—when Jordan suddenly thought of Everett Morse.

MORSE was Jordan's pet journalist and by way of being friendly, Jordan knew, with young McAllister of the Big Embassy. Young McAllister scorned to be called "English." British, yes—but Scotch. Because he was one of the "younger men" in the Great Service, he had to be educated: he had to "learn America."

Morse was a writer for a so-called "liberal weekly." The "liberal weekly" was in the current of events flowing toward their goal, and therefore valuable in the education of young McAllister. So there you have the perfect pattern of the Washington fabric: Jordan tells Morse what Morse wants to know about how the Senate feels about things when the Senate is in the coat-room; Morse tells young McAllister the present trend of "Liberal Opinion in America" as he gathers it from his own editorial board. Quite naturally, when, for his own reasons, Jordan

wants young McAllister to come in for tea, Morse brings him round on

December 18.

THE Jordan drawing-room was quite large enough to harbor more than one island of furniture grouped to encourage confidential conversations. There was an arched doorway leading out into the hall at the center of it, and from there one might turn toward the fireplace and the tea-table at the right, or toward high carved chairs and a long table with bowls of flowers and eager dancing bronze at the left. Mrs. Jordan was seated near the dancing bronze when Morse brought in McAllister.

"Present Mr. McAllister to Marya," she said to the senator. "There are a lot of things I want to talk to Mr. Morse about. Marya is my niece, Mr. McAllister; she is visiting us for the Winter."

She felt her heart dot and carry one as she said it. She hoped her voice was natural.

As Jordan led McAllister off to the tea-table where Marya was seated, Morse cast one longing look at the easy-chairs at the other end of the room. But at least Emily Jordan knew Morse. She knew how to engage him in the kind of discussion the Liberal Journalist adores. That is, she asked him one leading question and left him to harry it for fifteen minutes, while she was free to watch Marya with young McAllister.

Meanwhile, Jordan had led McAllister over to Marya.

"Shall I interrupt?" McAllister ventured, as they crossed the room.

The senator scarcely blamed him. Blake was expounding from the hearth, and the girl in the low chair seemed quite satisfied to look at him while he did so.

"Oh, not at all. He's merely my nepehw," Jordan said.

Whether the senator was right or not, McAllister did not bother about thinking. At any rate, the nephew did leave at once: he went and sat down with his uncle, with whom he seemed to embark on a highly amusing conversation. The fire was pleasant, the lights were shaded, the girl—yes, the girl looked very cozy indeed, and young McAllister slid into the welcoming chair as if weary with all statesmanship. The girl said nothing at first, her long, curved hands busy with the tea-things. Then their dialog, and what he thought, went along as follows:

He: (*Apparently she can't find the matches.*) "Matches?" (*Don't like these. Prefer old-time Vestas. However, she needs help.*)

She: "Please."

He: (*Nice voice.*) Strikes a match for her and relights the alcohol-lamp.

She: "Thank you."

He: (*I did do that neatly. She looks comfortable. But I suppose one must say something.*) "Have you been up to the Senate to-day?" (*That always starts something going.*)

She: "Yes."

He: (*Not talkative apparently. Well, she doesn't try to give a complete account of it, thank God.*) "That is the great open sport here, isn't it? Of course you have a great advantage over our House. No grill; you can hear." (*As if that's why they go.*)

She: "One doesn't always really care to."

He: (*What! What! She's witty.*) "I hear your Senator Reed makes a great speech." (*Ought to have said Jordan, perhaps.*)

She: "Have you seen him?"

He: (*What! What! She is witty.*) "I didn't know you *saw* him. I thought you *heard* him." (*She doesn't seem to be trying hard, either.*)

She: "Both?"

He: (*Didn't mean anything, perhaps.*) "Like—" (*Who was it like, anyway? I forget who I meant. She doesn't try to make a chap remember, though. I don't care—she's more interested in me than who it was, anyway.*)

She: "I fancy so."

He: (*She helps you out. Decent of her.*) "You do know how to make a chap comfortable." (*Pretty hair.*) "I'm pigging it in bachelor quarters. Rather jolly, though, too." (*Wonder why I never see her anywhere. Probably new. Yes, of course—that's it. Like to help her out.*) "Perhaps you could lunch one day?"

She: "It would be nice."

He: (*Nice girl. Not eager. Hate eager girls. She doesn't jump.*) "Eight of us. Lloyd—met Lloyd?"

She: Shakes her head.

He: "Lloyd is an East African—oh, not black, you know! Ha, ha!"

She: Laughs. It is a perfectly natural yet deliciously merry laugh. She is glad to get a chance. Then she says: "Of course not!"

He: (*She has a sense of humor.*) "Of course you understand—" (*She does rest a fellow.*)

She: "Of course I understand!"

He: (*She doesn't say it as if she were pouty. She doesn't insist. She does understand.*)

LIKE an actor who in the wings gets his cue no matter how he may seem to be interested in another conversation, Jordan had been listening for that last phrase of Marya's. He got up and went to her.

McAllister was sitting there now, also silent, apparently lost in contemplation of her discernment. Jordan was half-cynically amused by his British repose. He could not understand that McAllister was good for a full five-minutes silence, and so far from being terrified by it in the American way would, in his own British fashion, enjoy it. In fact, Jordan was not capable of realizing that McAllister was rather annoyed at having his little silence spoiled for him, as the senator proceeded then to spoil it, emphatically, Americanly.

He took possession of McAllister, took him physically away from Marya, engaged him in politics. From which McAllister shortly went away, still—he did not ask himself why—more than a little piqued at the interruption. Morse went along with him.

Then Blake said: "It went big—I admit that. But what if you hadn't interrupted her?"

"Well, there are a lot of details we hadn't thought about when we started out on this," his uncle answered. "A lot of them. Probably some more will keep coming up, and we have to take care of them as they arise.

"We have to put a limit to it somewhere, Enoch. If she went on, she would only need some more of the same. Don't you see that the other fellow makes it up in his own head what she means? That's the secret of it. It is merely a sample-line you're carrying, Miss Marya. And McAllister certainly enjoyed himself."

"Never more so, I'll admit," Blake yielded. "But she'd better not see any one twice!"

"He's going to invite me to lunch," said Marya.

"We'll get you out of it," promised the senator.

"When he does invite you—when any one invites you, you have an engagement with *me*," said Blake.

"Shall I have?" Marya asked innocently. "I'll make good on it."

"That's a perfectly sound arrangement," the senator began. Mrs. Jordan put in, then:

"Of course it is! Don't you see, Washington has so many cliques that if you have another engagement any one night you are invited—well, unless they hire a private detective to follow her, they'll think she's always at some other party. Why, they'll only believe then that she's popular——"

"Even if they don't ever really see her anywhere but here?" The senator smiled.

"You needn't smile," Blake answered. Then he turned to Marya: "I believe Aunt Emmy is right. I'll flaunt you around the Shoreham now and then just to keep you from being a myth. Every one else will be too busy to remember just where they did see you——"

"Provided they see her!" Mrs. Jordan clung to her ownership of the idea with vigorous nods.

"Suppose he comes a second or third time?" Blake was not so hopeful.

"Oh, I'll help you manage. I'm sure it

Continued on page 68

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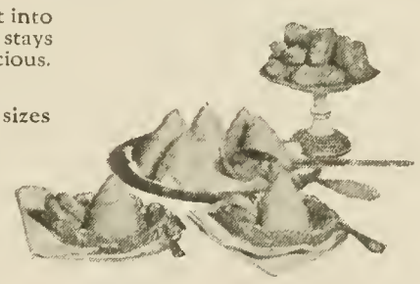
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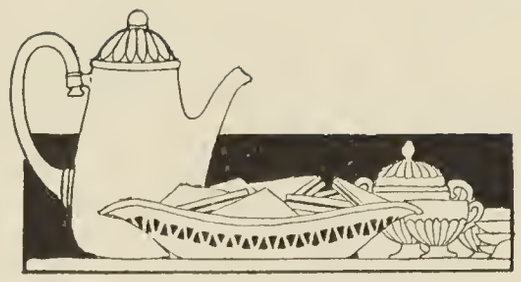
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THE LISTENING GIRL

Continued from page 67

will be possible," said his aunt. Then she added aside to the senator: "After watching her to-day."

They did not find it impossible, for when McAllister came again, as he did, he brought Lloyd with him. There was, it is true, great difficulty; but before Marya had ceased to fit her little pattern of words into his, they had shunted him to Mrs. Jordan, at her end of the drawing-room, whence he sat and glared at Lloyd for twenty minutes—at Lloyd, who now occupied the much-wanted, the welcoming chair by the fireside—at Lloyd who was scratching the matches and being obviously useful. Thence came silences and laughter. McAllister became more uneasy as Jordan became less so, and Marya more cozy than ever.

THUS, successively, they hurdled Lloyd and Whitely-Manners.

It was after Whitely-Manners had gone away in a state of peaceful self-satisfaction that lasted all the way through shaving with a dull razor and nearly through getting a well-preserved social ruin for his dinner-partner that night that a cloud began to blow up on the horizon of the conspiratorial family.

Like many another cloud it had the visage of a female, and that female was none other than Washington's Leading Lady.

Suzanne Westbrook crossed all lives like a comet—like a comet which entrains as it passes the little star-dust and turns it into something brilliant. Pedants found her annoying, because she knew so much about their subjects without having studied them. Musicians found her strange, because she had heard all music and remembered its names and qualities and yet she had no ear. Painters admitted the magnificence of her body and could not fit her face to any mood of expression. Social moralists tried to get her to use her "gifts," as they called them, to public service, and left her uncomprehending, because they could not see that she had no "gifts." To ask her to function consciously would be to ask any elemental process of nature to function consciously. And yet she was penetratingly keen in her self-analysis.

She was a well-grown youth in the strong body of a woman; not sexless, but with her own kind of sex. Men flocked to her—all sorts of men, in age and in character and in attainment, except stupid men. Stupid men she quickly eliminated. Men flocked to her and they stayed about. They danced and played with her.. Above all, they talked with her. But they never laid finger on her.

She was Mrs. Westbrook, but no one called her Mrs. Bill Westbrook. She was always Suzanne Westbrook.

IT WAS with a sigh of relief that Whitely-Manners saw the salad coming to release him from the Well-Preserved Social Ruin. He turned to Suzanne, who had been given him—perhaps in compensation—on the other side. Beyond her was Sir Offers Usher-Usher.

Sir Offers Usher-Usher was not the ambassador, but he was nearly as much talked about. Some one down the table was finishing a story, so he could be a little slow in turning away from Suzanne. He dropped into a triangular conversation with her and Whitely-Manners.

Whitely-Manners took the lead. At once—perhaps vaguely trying to recreate his nearly shattered mood of self-content which he had taken away from Marya that evening—he mentioned the extraordinary girl he had met at the Jordan's.

"How is she so wonderful?" Suzanne was one of the few women to whom you could talk about another woman—especially another young woman.

Whitely-Manners was put to it to explain.

"She has very great discernment," he began, "in the first place. Marvelous. Very deep, too. It's rather hard to explain."

"I see," said Sir Offers. "She's a beauty!"

"No; I should hardly call her that," Whitely-Manners went on. "Nice to look at. A beauty is more—er—thrilling, don't you know?"

"Is she clever?" Suzanne tried to remember who she could be. "I wonder if she's the girl I see quite often riding in the park?"

"I don't know about that. She doesn't seem like a rider. Not athletic-looking. I'll tell you what she suggests to me: Honey—and—and—pearls."

"She must be the girl McAllister has been raving about." Sir Offers had to turn away as he spoke.

"Oh!" said Suzanne. "So you have been making a discovery!" She laughed, showing her magnificent white teeth.

"*I* didn't find her. It was McAllister, as Sir Offers says. But she is a discovery, if you like—or rather a sort of mystery. We've asked her to do a lot of things, and she always gets out of it, and then her aunt or her uncle will tell you she had another engagement. Yet one never sees her about—except— Yes! I *have* seen her, too. Can't think where. Yes—I saw her at the Shoreham the other day. Can't remember where else."

"I'm going 'round and take a look myself," said Suzanne. "I'm always curious about the women whom men 'discover!'"

Then she caught something cynical in her own remark. She disliked cynicisms. She cleared that one off by another of her boyish laughs and hurled a few verses from the *Dublin Review* at Whitely-Manners, which lasted till the women rose.

She did not forget, however. She had an excellent memory for poetry and people, and she never waited about anything which interested her.

THE very next afternoon she left the Senate gallery early and instead of going home, as she usually did, before tea-time, she drove round to Sixteenth Street and sent the chauffeur up to ring the Jordans' bell. They were at home, all four of them.

The little cloud coming up on the horizon at the dinner-table the night before had become a full-sized tempest, and no navigator was ever more put to it how to sail his tiny bark than they were when they got her card.

"This plot was a man's idea!" Mrs. Jordan burst out, her words anguished, but hushed, while they waited up-stairs. "This was a perfectly good man's idea! But you never thought about women! And now here *she* is!"

"Don't you worry," the senator said. "I'll talk to her!"

"Keep her off Marya, that's all!" His wife just got it out as Suzanne swept into the room.

Continued in the September DELINEATOR



THE WIFE WHO FAILED

Concluded from page 11

"The trouble with the home the world over is that we don't realize that it must stand on *four* legs. We try to put the whole structure on the two female legs, while we allow the male legs to kick and caper. We even want to add the responsibility for the man's soul to the woman's load. The balance sorely needs readjustment.

"We ought to preach less 'self-sacrifice' to our girls and a whole lot more self-respect! Why should a woman be the prop and the staff—and the mop—for the sake of a piece of bread? 'Man liveth not by bread alone'—neither does woman. If she has a soul, then beauty, art, all the achievements of the race must be for her also to enjoy and to practise if she be so endowed; and if that interferes with her being a wife and mother, then a human being can't be one, that is all!"

A DIFFERENT note of protest is struck by a minister's wife who followed the very tactics which the author of "Despoiled" believes would have saved her marriage, but who, in the end, met the same fate. Her own matrimonial shipwreck she lays at the door of her husband's overindulgent mother, who had made a bad husband of him while he was still a child.

"At twenty-two," writes this wife, who wishes to remain anonymous, "I married just the sort of man the author of 'Despoiled' married. I had much the same nature, but I did not act as she did. In our case, I did have the babies, I did 'hang around his neck and weep for bread.' Yet the results were just the same. She need not say it was by her doing that her husband became a parasite; he was probably one by nature before she ever took hold of him.

"My husband was a minister; he could keep a position for from six months to two years, and the next one would be hundreds of miles away. I went with him from Massachusetts to Texas, from Texas to Nebraska, 'visiting' my mother in between, when money was scarce or the babies were coming.

"The connubial temper—as in the other wife's case—kept getting progressively worse. Your writer can tell what her husband said to her when he was annoyed. I should be ashamed to write you what mine often said and wrote to me—sometimes on postcards.

"Work again for my husband, this time in New Jersey: two charges several miles apart. He lost one after a few months, but I wrote and begged the bishop to keep him in the other for a few months more. So we lived on a bit more than half-salary, the four of us, with my mother's help. Finally his tongue—not the poverty—got to be too much for me and I surprised him, after a wordy battle, by an empty house. I went again to 'visit' my mother. A month later our third child was born in a hospital that the archdeacon very kindly got me in. We made up. I returned to the little town where my husband had the half-job, but he soon lost that.

"We had three children now and no resources but what money my mother sent me, and she was far from rich. She asked us to come and live next door to her and she would pay the rent until——

"When the offer of another regular position came, my husband left, expecting me to follow soon. I failed and told him why, and a cyclone broke loose via the mail-bag. Finally we made up. I was to visit him at his new charge and look the ground over with a view to remaining. I stayed about ten days and when I got back received a letter from a friend of his there saying that I must not risk coming—finances were in too precarious a condition.

"I have never lived with him since then. I determined that I would never go out and support a lazy man. As soon as practicable, I got work again at my neglected profession, teaching. It was hard to get, too. Educational standards had altered in ten years, and my native town—for which I held a life certificate—disdained the services of a married woman so lost to decency as to refuse to starve with a man of violent temper. I did, with the help of Providence, get work in a larger city where I have now a permanent certificate. Two of the children are in high school. I do not know where their father lives nor what he does, if anything—nothing for us. I long ago cut off all communications with him.

"Now I might look back at the path I did not take, like the author of 'Despoiled,' and say, 'If I had only not had a family, but had helped him a bit financially, we might have weathered the storms together and not brought our matrimonial bark to shipwreck!' But instead I remember a saying about a silk purse and a sow's ear and say to myself: 'A man's a man for a' that, or else he isn't.'

"I'll add that my husband was the only son of his widowed mother, and that everything in the house had to give way to what she thought his good. I wonder if she looks down now and sees the result of it all, and if so, what she thinks about it, poor soul!"

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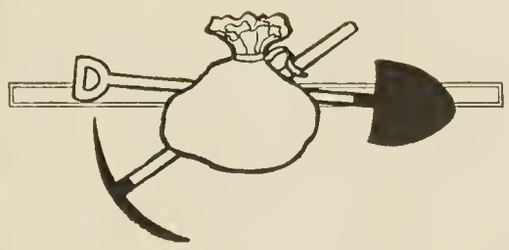
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TWO WAYS

Continued from page 5

heart yearned the more strongly to its goal. Charron walked with a frowning face, his fingers clenched upon the little silver pin. Rainger had his face raised; his eyes sought the first star and rested there.

No human eyes saw them, none awaited them, none expected them; but on the high ridges ahead a watcher rose suddenly to his delicate hoofs, shook his great curved horns to the wind and fled away like a shadow. They had been seen of the mountain sheep; and as the leader wheeled he loosened a broad stone, which slid, and rested, and slid a little farther. There it gathered to itself a shower of pebbles bright as roving stars, quartz pebbles, and damp snow—and shifted again, and hung quivering.

RAINGER was ten yards ahead when the roar came from the heights immediately above them, and Charron cried out and leaped forward. But if he had gone on wings, he would have been too late. The mountain spouted death at them. He saw the snowslide pouring fluid as foam, eddying like cloud, yet whirling the lesser boulders with it and tearing the young spruce-trees from their hold. Then the fringe of wind and stones and whirling snow-clots caught him and struck him aside as if he had been a straw; he was bruised, blinded, beaten to his knees, to his face. He rolled instinctively to the inner side of the ledge and lay huddled there without feeling, without thought, almost without sense. Only when silence, save for a dying thunder of reverberant echoes, brought strength again to bruised mind and body, he struggled to his feet, his clothes in rags as if he had been fighting a pack of dogs, and staggered forward, crying to Rainger.

He had no thought that he would find his friend, for the mountainside was swept as if a vast broom had passed down it. He crawled to the lip of the ledge where it overhung the sheer abyss. He was sobbing as he looked over, for the hardships and sacrifice of those two iron years had bound him to Rainger, and Rainger to him, in a more than brotherly love. And there, not twenty feet beneath him, he saw Rainger's body resting against a shattered balsam, draggled as if a tide had swept it, and motionless.

"Jack! Jack, can you hear? I'm coming to you, chum!"

He thought the figure stirred faintly—he was not sure. He looked round desperately for help.

But—shaken, battered as he was—all help must come from him. He summoned his reeling will to govern that rebellious brute, the reeling body. He had a thin rope coiled round his waist, which they had used in some of their perilous short-cuts from the claim to the cabin below; he unwound it, the mountains spinning about him in wheels of blue and white and violet as he did so. He was almost afraid to draw breath lest he should start another slide and the helpless man beneath him be dashed away. But in that event, they would both go——

He found a stump which would bear the rope. He was panting all the time: "Jack! Hold on, Jack—I'm coming!" There was no response. He wondered, as he lowered himself scrambling down the steep beneath the ledge, if he would find his friend dead. He couldn't realize life, somehow, with old Jack out of it.

He brought up with his feet on the balsam roots; they were slippery, for the snow had peeled them of bark as you peel an orange. He turned with caution and stooped to his friend. He was trembling, the strong young man, like a girl. He scarcely dared touch that motionless head, raise the pale face streaked with scarlet, bind the rope about the body. It was long and new and unfrayed, and he thanked God for it. When he had adjusted it and rested Jack once more against the roots, there was plenty of slack. He climbed again to the ledge and rested there a moment. Then, by sheer muscle, he hauled the other up, drew him over, laid him on the planed and polished rocks and went down beside him.

He could do no more for a while. His strength was as water. He could not even stretch out a hand to find if Rainger still lived.

BY AND by he drew himself to his knees. He turned to Jack and lifted his head to an easier position. How pale he was, dear old fellow! He slipped a shaking hand under the torn shirt to feel if the heart beat at all, and sky and hills grew to an awful stillness in their places as his fingers closed on and drew out a little canvas bag.

It had hung about Rainger's neck. That same awful stillness of the heights was on Charron as he felt within it a little metal prong headed by a carved ball.

A silver hairpin!

"I can't stick it up now the other hairpin's lost. P'raps I've given *that* to some one else, you old silly!"

The remembered words beat upon him in hammer-blows, for all their music of laughter and speech. He looked about him half-stupidly, thinking to see beside him the elfish, teasing face in the cloud of loosened hair. He saw only the ice-veins in the rock, a single fan of golden lichen the avalanche had spared, and then that other face—Jack's face—frowning now, flushed a little with returning life, trembling back to consciousness.

And all those long months Jack had worn against his heart that other silver hairpin from Maisie's fair head! Traitor that he was to Charron—to Laure! Or was there another traitor? Had he taken it, or had Maisie given it to him?

Charron shrank and twisted as he had writhed away from the snowslide. But no space could separate him from that doubt. It leaped full-armed to life. It came irresistibly as a tide, drowning every foothold of faith in a moment, washing away every barrier, laying waste the soul. He turned heavily in that aching stillness. He wanted to tear the bag from its cord, grind it into a little scrap of rubbish and throw it into the deep—that was his first thought. He had let it fall again on Rainger's breast. He laid a twitching, ice-cold hand on it, and Rainger lifted his own hand and laid it over Charron's.

"WILL!" he said faintly. Then, in a stronger voice: "Did the slide catch me? I don't remember. My head's very bad. Did I go over with it?"

"Yes."

"And you hauled me out again?"

"Yes."

Rainger smiled. "Good old boy!" he whispered. "You'd never go back on a chum, would you, Will? I'll be all right in a little while. I guess I was stunned. Might have been dead but for you, eh?"

"I—wish you had been——"

"Will!"

"I—wish I'd left you to lie there—you vile thief!"

An appalled wonder settled on Rainger's face. He raised himself to his elbow, still staring at Charron; got to his knees, then to his feet. They faced each other, those two ragged, battered men, at a yard's distance. For long minutes neither moved, neither spoke. Then Charron stretched out a shaking hand to the little bag Rainger had covered with his own.

"Tell me where you got it!" he said thickly.

Concluded on page 70

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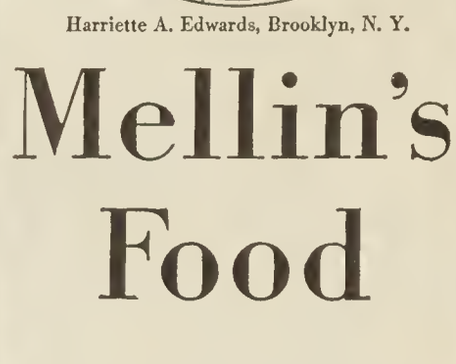
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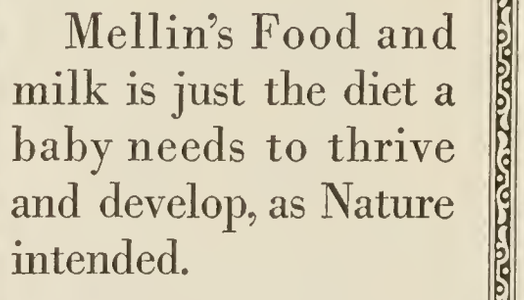
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TWO WAYS

Concluded from page 69

"What? What? Are you *mad*, Will?"

"The hairpin. Maisie's silver hairpin. The other one—in the bag round your neck!"

"You *are* mad! There's no hairpin there!"

"Show me! *Show* me!"

Rainger's face hardened. He answered, harshly enough: "No! You can take my word for it!"

"You—vile—liar!" said Charron heavily, and came nearer.

"Will, old fellow, you're sick, you're not yourself——"

"I'm not myself. I shall never be myself again. You and Maisie have—killed me."

"Will, for God's sake, listen!"

"To more lies? I felt it there under the canvas—felt the prongs and the ball on the top carved with little silver roses. Maisie's other pin. She said: 'P'raps I've given that to some one else, you old silly!' Had she, Jack, *had* she? Or did you pick it up? I could forgive you then, for you couldn't help loving her, could you?—though I'd be sorry for Laure. Tell me if you found it or if she gave it to you. Tell me—only tell me the truth! No more lies! All these two years, and nothing but lies. Jack!"

Through white lips Rainger said: "I shall neither speak to you, nor lie to you, as you say, again." And there was something implacable in his quietness; he was quick to pity where he loved, but doubt was to him the unpardonable sin against any love. And Will—Will!—had refused to believe him.

"You *shall* tell me if you found it or if she gave it to you!"

Rainger was silent. He had his own dumb devil of pride, which would have kept him silent then though the world fell.

"Jack! If I *kneel* to you——?"

SILENT still, and almost with wonder, Rainger stared at the man who doubted. And there rose up against Charron all the bitter longing and desolation of those exiled years. Something seemed poised above him, rushing down on him—an avalanche of darkness such as no hill ever loosed on man.

He staggered forward, crying terribly: "You shall tell, if I have to tear the truth out of you with my hands!"

He flung himself panting on Rainger, bore him backward. They fell together and rolled to the lip of the ledge. Charron was uppermost; a swift and dreadful energy was his, a sureness of strength. He thrust Rainger outward till his unsupported head was over the sheer fall, the swept rock and the spruce far below. "Tell now!" he said.

Rainger's head went back, his eyelids fluttered, he was near fainting again. The edge of rock burned the back of his neck like hot metal. His anger fell away. He felt that he must keep very quiet, or Will would have something to be sorry for. The thought came mechanically; he could not have spoken to save either Will or himself.

"Did you find it? Did she give it to you?"

Rainger's senses wavered. He heard the words from a distance. Yet those were Will's hands brutally grasping him; that was Will's savage, panting breath. The edge of pain passed to his shoulders and scorched there. His neck was an agony. He was beyond speech then, even if his hurt faith would have let him speak. The sky rode upon his eyes. Beneath him the earth swam in vast abysses of silver and amethyst. The universe swung and poised, ready to crush him, then steadied to a calm star. He knew he could not lose the star. Nearly gone, his eyes rested on it. He just breathed the word: "Laure——"

He was aware of a cry going past him. He felt himself drawn suddenly to safety and laid down. He felt no more. Once again the world went out in a sweep of many waters; but even there he knew his star was with him and would be with him to the end.

HE WOKE, from swoon or sleep, to a world grown darker. The air was cold and solemn with an utter quietness. The hills were silvering in moonlight before the day had entirely faded from them. Many stars were there, a great company of witnesses. He sat up and saw at his feet the black shape of a man crouched upon the rock.

"Will——"

Charron lifted his head slowly from his knees. His face was changed as if years had passed over him. He said slowly: "Do you remember? You're speaking to a man who would have killed you an hour back."

"I remember. Is it so long?"

"Yes." The dead voice altered, went on hurriedly: "I have sat here with you. I have not touched you. I am not—fit to touch you. I've waited, not knowing you'd live or die. You can never forgive me, of course—it's past that. But if you could give me the charity you'd show to any cur, the kindness you have for a lost husky or a hungry Siwash, and then let me go——"

The broken, humble voice died away. After a long silence Rainger said: "Then you did not look?"

"No."

"Come and look now, then. I was wrong too, Will. I should have spoken."

Charron crept to his side. Rainger lifted the little canvas bag and shook something from it into his hand. This he held out to Charron.

"This is what was in it, Will." Charron's very life was in abeyance as he looked and looked again.

"Two long needles," went on Rainger's quiet voice, "their points stuck in a shriveled chestnut that Laure picked up in the woods one day. They're the only needles I've got whose points will go through leather. I keep 'em that way round my neck so they won't get rusty. That's your silver hairpin, Will."

AFTER a long time Charron moved. He sank slowly to his face and lay there with his hands clasped over his head. Presently he began to cry as a tired child cries, with sobs and broken words. Rainger waited silently. When that passion had also spent itself, he too moved. He took from his pelt the pouch containing the hoarded gold-dust and laid it by Charron's hand. "This is yours, Will," he said gently.

Charron looked up. His eyes rested on the compassion of his friend's face, as Rainger's eyes had rested on his star.

"I guess this has decided for us, Will. You're the one who will take the dust and go out and see your girl this Winter, for you're the one who needs to go the most."

Charron looked at him still with breathless, humble questioning.

"It's this way, Will: Laure and I, we're secure of each other. We can wait. Two years—five years—twenty; if it's God's will, we can afford to wait a lifetime, and know it will make no difference. She trusts me as I trust her. Love like that casts out fear." He finished, almost with tenderness: "If I'd seen you with anything of hers—the most intimate, the most dear things—in your hands, on your heart, I'd have known there was some explanation. Even then I couldn't have doubted her—or you. But it's not that way with you. Your love isn't self-sustaining. It needs to see, to touch, to *know*, or else it doubts and suffers. Take the dust and go and see Maisie. But—don't teach her to doubt, poor child."

"Jack——"

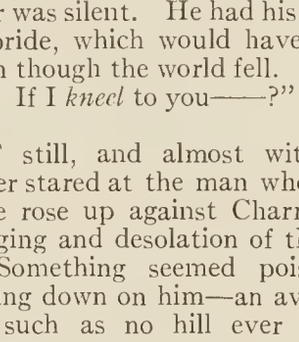
"Ours is the stronger, you see, Will, and the strong things of life can always afford to wait. It's you who must go and I who must stay, because your need's the greater of the two."

He rose unsteadily to his feet and waited a moment. But there was no word from Charron, flung before him in the dust of the soul. Rainger turned away and took a few steps down the giddy ledge, holding to the rocks as he went. But in a little while he paused and turned again and called wistfully: "Will!"

Some sort of a broken answer. Rainger, his eyes on his serene star, smiled a little.

"I'm kind of—knocked about, Will. Won't you come and help me home?"

He stood patiently in the clear kind twilight till, with a great sobbing cry, Charron rose and ran to him and put a strong arm around him, holding him as though he would never let him go. And so, under the eternal patience of the stars, they went slowly down together to their home.



BOOKS FOR BETTER HOMES

Concluded from page 2

and Feeding of Children," by Doctor Holt, and the "Boston Cooking-School Cook-Book," by Farmer, will be found useful.

When next some thought is given to books for the children, "Mother-Goose Rimes," "Grimm's Fairy-Tales," "Little Women," by Alcott, and "Robin Hood" suggest themselves. These would be supplemented by "A Vagabond Journey Around the World," by Franck, and "The Story of Mankind," by Van Loon.

On turning to what might interest the father when he joins the family-circle at evening, a general-reference history will be wanted which would include an outline of ancient times, the record of Greece and Rome, some account of Continental Europe, a reference to Asia and a more extended story of England and the British Isles. Such a work is the revised edition of the "Outlines of World's History," by Fisher. Of course the library must have a good history of the United States.

The three names especially worthy of a place in American biography are Franklin's autobiography; "Washington," by Lodge; and "Lincoln," by Charnwood.

Two reference-books are indispensable: a dictionary and an atlas.

A standard work on our institutions and government, the principles of which ought to be carefully studied and understood by every citizen, can be found in "The American Commonwealth," by Bryce.

Of poetry, there should be some. But instead of confining the library to one or two volumes of a few of the masters, it would be better to secure a collection which contains some of the best work of many of them. For this purpose the "Home Book of Verse," edited by Stevenson, would be valuable. One poet, historian, philosopher, dramatist and genius, however, can not be overlooked—every library must have Shakespeare.

THESE twenty books are suggested more for their spiritual and educational value than as a source of entertainment; but for vital interest, rather than light reading, they will not be found wanting. If they are studied and digested, the readers will learn where they are in the world, what has gone before, what great men have been thinking and what they have done. Youth will be inspired, age will be informed.

These books are only suggested as a foundation in the fundamentals. Excepting for three or four of them, there are a host of works which could be substituted leading to the same destination. But a knowledge of the subjects mentioned is indispensable. They represent the thoughts that have nourished religion, government and character. Civilized society has no other known support. If civilization is to be preserved and reproduced, it will be through the intelligence and disposition, the mental and moral power of the people. That power is created by contemplation of great deeds and communion with great thoughts. *"As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."*

USING YOUR HEAD FOR HEALTH

Concluded from page 15

through an understanding of mysteries that remain sealed to the ordinary run of humanity. But Coué strips off everything that stands in the way of clear understanding of the principles of autosuggestion and tells the patient that the power is not in the teacher but in the patient himself. He says that autosuggestion can bring about cures only when cures are within the realm of the possible. If your leg is cut off, you can not make it grow again by saying that it *is* growing, he admits. To be deaf, dumb and blind does not mean that these conditions are so because the victim thinks them so. But if a man *were* deaf, dumb and blind because he thought he was, autosuggestion would cure him.

Monsieur Coué says that autosuggestion and the doctor are great allies, which I believe most doctors will admit. He insists that sufferers from contagious and organic diseases consult doctors and work with the doctors in helping to cure themselves. Almost any doctor will tell you that the "will to get well" has a lot to do with a patient's recovery. Add to the "will to get well" the imagination that you are improving and you can see that an even more powerful ally has been summoned to the doctor's aid.

I have a friend who has been practically cured of having head colds through autosuggestion. For years this man was either just getting a cold, just in the throes of a cold or just getting over one. In the rare intervals when he was not in any of these stages he was worrying about one of them. He was so afraid of drafts that he was uncomfortable most of the time. Things finally got so bad that he thought of nothing but his colds and was usually filling himself up with some kind of medicine that did him more harm than good.

Last Winter he happened to go a few weeks without a cold, but he kept dreading them just as much as ever, until after a time it dawned on him that maybe he was not going to have any more colds. Gradually he convinced himself that his troubles in this regard were over. The last time I heard from him he hadn't had a cold for a year and he says that he never is going to have any more. He probably will have one from time to time as long as germs are prevalent in places where people congregate; but when he does get one, he will make up his mind to shake it off and he will never suffer again as he formerly did.

I DO not believe that contagious diseases can be avoided by autosuggestion if one is exposed to them when resistance is low. The best safeguard against these diseases is to live a rational life in regard to food, exercise, fresh air and water and thus build up resistance, meanwhile keeping away from contagious cases as far as possible. Where autosuggestion is of value in contagious diseases is in helping the doctor to fight it. The same is true of injuries. All the organs of the body thrive on encouragement given them by the brain, and on the contrary they are impeded by discouragement. This is true whether one is fighting a case of scarlet fever or waiting for a broken leg to mend. Nature, after all, has to effect the cure, and Nature can win her battles only when things are on her side. The man who is sick in bed can do wonders for himself by having his brain flash the tidings to heart, stomach, lungs and other organs: "Fight 'em, fight 'em, fight 'em! We're going to win!"

On the other hand, if the brain keeps saying "They're on our five-yard line and I don't believe we can hold 'em!" it takes all the "pep" out of the organs that are trying to win the day. I always did believe that "Fight 'em, fight 'em, fight 'em!" was a whole lot better yell to get in one's system than "Hold 'em, hold 'em, hold 'em!" It is natural to be healthy and happy, and unnatural to be ill and unhappy, so you are only helping your body to take the easier road when you cultivate the right mental attitude toward health. We are not trying to change the course of nature, but to keep it in its proper course. The human body is really a fine bit of machinery. It is hard for a person of normal organs to get sick. If you will just consider the matter carefully, you will admit that it takes a tremendous amount of abuse to get that machine out of order. Men live to ripe old age sometimes in spite of the fact that they drink and smoke to excess and do any number of other things that we know are not good for the body. Literally millions of people get poor food, are improperly clad, live in the wrong kind of houses, neglect proper bathing and breathe foul air—yet the body is so durable that in a surprisingly large percentage of cases it keeps on going, maybe on three cylinders, but going nevertheless.

If we gave the same treatment to our automobiles as many of us do to our bodies they would be in the repair-shop twenty-nine days out of every month. Even a "flivver" could not stand up under punishment correspondingly as hard as that given the body of a chronic drinker. Of course the drinker does not hit on "all four" and he breaks down sooner or later, but the "flivver" would not last an eighth as long proportionately. With proper regard to diet, sanitation, ventilation and clothing, and, most important of all, a cheerful mental attitude, every human body that starts organically sound should give its expected "mileage." Only an accident will prevent its doing so. As proof of this statement, I cite the undisputed fact that the improvement in food, houses, sanitation and recreation brought about in the last fifty years has resulted in adding a number of years to the average life of a civilized man.

FEAR is the great killer—not only of the body, but of the joy that health and success will bring. It makes moral cowards of us. Many people live in mortal terror of things happening that never happen. Let us "take the road like the cheerful traveler, singing beside the hedge." Death we accept as inevitable; no matter how old we are, we regard it as something a long way off. Surely the mind that is courageous enough not to fear death, a certainty, ought to be courageous enough not to fear the things that may not happen and that to most of us do not happen. So with a little forethought we can help shape our fate. Imagination, instead of being an enemy in the form of fear, can be a friend bringing confidence and hope.

In what striking contrast these two types appear on the gridiron! In Jimmy Craig, the great all-American half-back who represented Michigan a decade or more ago, imagination was a friend. Jimmy, inspired with the great game, the great crowd, the importance of victory, was a master of any situation that might arise. If the situation demanded a superman, he was a superman. Something told him that no football game ever could be too big for Jimmy Craig; whatever it took to win, he would have. The result was he never failed.

On the other hand we have the player dominated by fear of defeat. Before he marches on the field he is doubting if he has the stuff, wondering if he will fall and miss the tackles, if the foe is too strong and crafty and if his opponent in the line is a better man, and when the crucial test comes he fails, just as imagination in the guise of fear had predicted.

Few of the readers of this article will ever play 'varsity football, but I hope that every one can profit by the contrasting pictures of Jimmy Craig and the man who fails.

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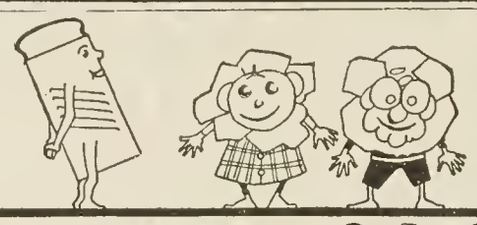
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THE COURAGE OF A QUITTER

Continued from page 14

straight! Think what it'll mean for years to come if we let a political boss get us now!" He dragged the gear from beneath the table: "I'll saddle up for you." The door opened on a graying sunset. "Gee, you'll have a dark ride home to-night. Afraid?"

Something in the girl's eyes fought grimly with the pallor of her lips. "Perhaps. At any rate, it's my share."

Sandy frowned, then the blue eyes glowed as he drawled with huge carelessness: "Perhaps—you're about the biggest man in the county to-night. If we do stave off the vote, or beat Griggs, the *News* has done it!"

The tired eyes twinkled. "An doan ye lose the bit papers, Sandy McGregor! Tell me aboot the meeting the morn's morn." Her eyes sobered anxiously: "Find out about Joe if you can."

He nodded as the door closed. Millicent tied a second bundle of the *News*, caught up her hat, put out the light and closed and locked the door. Swiftly she ran to the post-office. A man was untying his horse. "Is it you—Mr. Donovan? Sandy——"

The man reached for the papers. "I know—Miss Arnold told me. I'll take the east road, get Clark to go north—" He crowded the bundle in his saddle-bags, swung himself up, reined back and held out his hand.

"Milly, it's women like you help make these United States."

Quick tears sprang to the tired eyes. She brushed them away, cried "Good luck!" to the thudding hoofs and pushed open the office door. Mary Arnold was tying the baby's cap. The girl hugged the child close and lifted dark eyes drowned in weariness. "We can't say 'thank you' on the frontier—it isn't big enough, Miss Arnold."

The postmistress caught them both in her arms, opened the door and turned anxiously. "Can't you possibly stay to-night, Milly; it's getting so dark——"

The girl shook her head. "Cow and chickens—they'll be hungry and thirsty." She stepped out into the growing dusk. "Sandy saddled up for me. I'll be in early to-morrow, and I hope—I hope they'll get the men—in time!"

THE girl hurried through the twilight to the hitching-post and pulled Pegasus into the narrow way between the public block and the office. He stood meekly while she climbed on, then carried her swiftly across the dry creek-bed out into the gray prairie. The direct trail between sight-mounds was comparatively free from badger-holes and there was little need for caution. The moon was already climbing above the rim of the eastern buttes.

Milly rode in tired silence, not even humming to the baby. Methodically she slowed the pony's gait for a breathing-spell and sent him on in a gallop again. She lifted her head with a sigh of relief. "Martin's light—we're half-way!"

The moon rose high and bright and the sky filled with scudding clouds. Swiftly and silently they covered the miles; then the girl pulled up jerkily: "Wait a minute, Peggy, till the moon comes out. Ought to see the next sight-mound from here—patchy light makes everything look queer."

Pegasus's head dropped under the loosened rein. Myriad night noises of the prairie hummed and murmured about them. Millicent peered through the darkness ahead. "Ought to build bigger sight-mounds; a six-sod pile every quarter isn't enough—at night. If—oh, there it is, Peggy. Get up!"

Beyond the next sight-mound she halted again, walking the pony slowly, keeping the mound behind in sight until the one ahead became visible. She hummed a determined tune, nodding a weary head sagely. "If you act brave, it helps you feel that way."

The sky cleared for a narrow streak and she pushed on hurriedly. Behind the break a trail of small clouds scudded across the moon, shut off the light, flashed it on again, until the prairie grew bewildering and unreal.

"Whoa, Peggy; I can't find the next one." She twisted about in the saddle. "Have to sight back." The girl stared through the fitful dark and up at the hidden moon. "There's a clear spot coming—don't fidget so!" The moonlight flashed. "Why, Peggy, where is it?" Her breath caught; she looked to the right, to the left. "It's gone!" She jerked the pony about, shivering as with a chill. "Hurry! We've got to find it—got to find something!"

The clouds snapped off the light. She slapped the reins: "Don't wait, Pegasus—it's the right direction." The pony stumbled unwillingly through the dark until the light shone again. "P-Peggy—I can't—see it!" The clenched teeth *would* chatter. "P-Peggy, we're—too far—to the right! Your right foot—stepped the farthest—when you—couldn't see! That's what—you do—when you're—" Her eyes stared wildly as she rose in the stirrup: "Oh—I *won't* be—lost!" She screamed piercingly: "Peggy—the *wolves!*"

The Indian pony, true to breed in the contagion of fear, stood shivering and trembling beneath her. The girl's voice steadied. "Get up, Peggy!" The animal's white legs sprawled out weakly like those of a day-old kitten. Trembling fingers doubled the reins and slapped him sharply. "We—we're not lost, nor scared!" Slowly the white body descended to the solid earth.

The girl jerked her foot clear of the stirrup and pitched staggering to the ground as she balanced with the baby. "Pegasus—you old coward!" She looked at him hopelessly; shivered as she stared into the darkness about her. Mechanically she laid the baby down on the prairie, unwound the picket-line, knotted it about the pony's neck and slipped off the bridle. Unavailingly she hunted through the short grass for a stone. She tried to drive in the iron pin with her moccasined heel, but the ground was too hard. She loosened the rope from the pin, made a loop and slipped it over her arm.

PEGASUS, having cropped all the grass within reach, scrambled to his feet. Silently the girl took off the saddle, laid it down near the sleeping baby, folded the cloth into a small pallet, stood up and slipped off her petticoat. She lifted the child carefully, laid him on the pallet and covered him with the thin garment.

Slowly a pale face lifted in the flood of moonlight. "Binkie—we're lost!" Suddenly her lips quivered like a child's. "I—I can't be a pioneer—in the dark—when I'm afraid of—everything!" She dropped down by the saddle and caught the baby close. "The whole prairie is a wolf—waiting to spring!"

The grass rustled. "What's that?" Nothing answered but the soft nipping of the grazing pony. Out of the north came the yipping "*Ki-yi! Ki-yi!*" of prowling coyotes. The girl hid her eyes against the downy head. "Oh, Binkie, how could I ever have been afraid inside our thick-walled shack with the door locked? It's the safest place in the world!"

Rigidly she faced the crouching dark. "I—I think it's—the end. Nobody—could want me to stay here—three years"—she shivered and drew her arms in close—"even to get—a home for Binkie, or—fight for the county seat!" The girl winced as her head drooped low. "I'm not 'about the biggest man in the county to-night.' I'm just a plain—quitter!"

Off in the dark a stealthy rustling grew into the noise of a struggle, with sharp squeals and death-grunts, as small night-prowlers fought to the end. Millicent's brown fingers twisted and locked tight. "Granny taught us: 'The Lord is my Shepherd. . . . Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of—death, I will—fear no evil. . . .'."

Through the chill night came the long-drawn howl of a gray wolf. Across the plain came an answering howl. The girl screamed and caught up the baby, clutching him until he cried out. The signal howl was repeated and answered. Pegasus threw up his head, ran in nearer the human beings and stood trembling. All lesser struggles ceased and the plain waited breathlessly.

From the right came a long howl, perilously near. The Indian pony snorted, whirled on his heels and plunged across the prairie away from danger. Millicent jerked frantically at the picket-rope on her arm, shaking the loop clear just as it snapped off into the darkness. She stumbled to her feet and ran blindly. A second howl, fearful, protracted, split the darkness ahead. The girl screamed, tripped and fell headlong across a mound of earth in her path. From underneath the ground came sharp squeals, frightened chatter and scuffling, hurrying noises.

A DRY rattle, not to be misunderstood, *zhr-r-r-d* through the grass. Somehow Millicent was up again, staring into the darkness about her moccasined feet, ready to spring when the direction of escape was made clear. The moon slipped along the ragged edges of a cloud and withdrew. The girl stooped, picked up the iron pin and stiffened into breathless waiting.

The ragged cloud edges tore apart. In the clear light a prowling rattlesnake, missing his daytime kill, slipped up the rise of a prairie-dog mound, lifted his ugly weaving head and dropped it suddenly into the hole. Millicent's arm flexed automatically and she threw her only weapon at the rattling tail that disappeared untouched. The girl ran toward the mound, recovered the pin and stooped over the hole. The squeals and scurrying noises redoubled. "Binkie—he's after the little ones——"

From the rain-shed of a mound some distance away popped a prairie-dog, two fuzzy puppies close behind and a second dog as rear-guard. The last one turned her back toward the hole, scratched furiously at the earth coping and sent a steady stream of clods into the mound of exit. The other dog raced toward Millicent.

With a gasp of comprehension, she drew back from the mound of entrance. The pale-brown marmot reached the top and both parents scratched like mad, rattling the earth down on the trapped assassin. "They've got him, Binkie—he can't get out!"

With engineering skill, the tiny marmots filled each end of the hole to its first sharp turn and packed the clods solidly against the butting powers of the prisoner. Round and about the mounds they danced, beating the earth down with their noses. Millicent giggled shakily as she squeezed the child. "Binkie—they beat him! They saved their babies! They——"

A long-drawn howl came through the darkness behind, veering toward the north. The girl gasped chokingly and sank to her knees. Stubbornly she fought her way upright. "A tiny prairie-dog mother—fights owls and rattlesnakes all the time! She's afraid—but she fights!" The dark eyes widened. "I couldn't beat off—a wolf, but——"

The girl turned and walked unsteadily back across the prairie toward the saddle and improvised pallet, laid the baby down and stared off into the darkness. Two wolves howled in unison, still farther north. The girl jerked up the picket-pin in a small brown fist that wabbled visibly.

"I can't do much to—a wolf, but I won't—run any more." A grimace meant for a smile twisted her lips. "A prairie-dog mother isn't as big—as Binkie, and—" The baby cried uneasily. She dropped to the ground, held him close, rocking back and forth as she knelt on the prairie. "Hush, my child. I w-won't be scared! Lie still and slumber. . . . I—I'm not afraid of wolves!"

Far to the north came the distant baying of a pack. The girl's song ended chokingly. "They've gone! It's bigger game—or the Spring running—" She was fighting the sobs that shook her, mastering them. The child fretted. "Binkie, the rattlesnakes—wolves, I mean—have gone. Binkie——"

The dark head drooped beside the downy one as the girl steadied her voice in a lullaby. Clouds scudded across the moon and cleared again; a light wind sprang up and blended the prairie sounds into a crooning, slumberous hum.

A COW lowed in noisy distress. A girl sat up, rubbed her eyes and faced the breaking dawn. She turned from a sleeping baby to a distant pony. "I went to sleep!" She stood up, lifted cramped arms and dropped them abruptly as her dark eyes widened. "I couldn't go to—sleep unless I was over being—scared," she repeated slowly, "over—being—afraid. . . ."

Again the cow lowed. She frowned at the prairie about her uncertainly, walked questioningly up a slight rise and stared at the roof of a sod shack just over the low hill. An overturned high-chair lay by the door and a cow with distended udder was pickéted nearby.

The girl looked back at the child asleep on the hard sod, at a dirty white Indian pony, head drooping like a dejected martyr. Wordless, she dropped to the ground, rocking with helpless laughter.

"Binkie! Almost on top of our own safe house—all night! Almost home!" she cried, with dancing eyes. "Pegasus, I would hang my head if I were on your shoes! Where's your animal instinct—your Indian keenness?"

Again she rocked with laughter—then her breath caught. "You just missed getting home, Peggy, because you were a—quitter." A frown deepened between her eyes. "You wouldn't go on—you were scared, because I was." The girl looked back at the wolf-haunted prairie. "Am I going to miss getting a—home, Danny's and mine—for Binkie. . . . "

Words came weighted, sounding deeps with a plummet-line for the truth. Pegasus nipped closer in the glowing light and the cow lowed insistently. "The prairie-dogs—trapped the rattler. They're afraid, but they fight—and use their wits," she laughed with trembling lips. "That's what makes it—interesting! Am I—am I——"

THE girl rose and faced the haze of glory veiling the prairie. Wistfully her eyes strained toward the dim horizon-line, where limitless plain melted into limitless sky and the gray children of fear swept transformed through the rose chrism of dawn. Her breath caught. "Why—I never knew the prairie was beautiful—before!" She leaned forward, eyes alight, swept with laughter. "Now I know! The frontier can't abide—a quitter! I went to sleep because—I belong!"

Proudly her head lifted as she crossed the plain and picked up the trailing rope. A horseman rode along the line of sight-mounds to the north. He halted; across the plain came a ringing "Hal-loo!"

Millicent turned, cupped her hands about her mouth and filled her lungs. "Hal-loo"—the sun struck a red glint from the bared head—"Sandy!"

An old hat whirled about in the air. "We—won!"

The girl waved her arms excitedly. "No—vote?"

The red head protested vigorously: "Did vote—for Antietam!"

She stood, vainly fighting the sobs that engulfed her. The boy raised in his stirrups. "Griggs—tricked—Joe! Sent him—to Haney! We told—the crowd—about you—and the *News!* That won—the fight!" Whirling hat settled and extinguished the red gleam; rider and horse galloped on toward the north. A slender lance of the prairie dawn struck lightly across the girl's shoulder, the accolade of the deathless spirit of the border. She stood, a slim pale knight, face illumined. Suddenly, with indrawn breath, her arms strained upward in the golden light.

"Danny—Danny, I'm not a—quitter! I'm a pioneer! I'll go on and keep—our home for—our son, and teach him"—the flushing dawn swept a pale face that lifted higher—"I'll teach him to—be brave!"

Slowly her arms lowered; the light of vision lay in her eyes and her head poised as if she bore a crown. She moved toward the child with stately pride, lifted him in her arms and pulled forward on the picket-line.

A wrinkled blue calico swept into the folds of marching victory as the girl crossed the low hill, unlocked the door of the sod house and laid the child on the bed. She picketed the pony, driving in the iron pin as with the swing of a battle-ax, brought out a milk-pail and with clear eyes took up the homely round of duties of those who push forward the boundary-lines of the country's homes.

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Don't forget when writing THE DELINEATOR *for information or aid to enclose stamps with your complete address and to direct your inquiry to the proper department. Inquiries unaccompanied by stamps and your address can not be answered, nor will replies be made on a post-card. Only three folders on any subject can be posted for a two-cent stamp.*

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THE DELINEATOR is the General Headquarters and Bureau of Information of the "Better Homes in America" movement. A plan book, telling the scope of this work, how to organize a local campaign, conduct a Demonstration Week and outfit a model house, will be sent for ten cents.

HOUSEKEEPING

The Home-Economics Department has prepared, under the direction of Martha Van Rensselaer, a list of leaflets which will lighten the housewife's burden and make scientific home-making an easy art. These leaflets range from milk recipes to the technique of laying the table. Mention specific subjects or write for a list.

HOUSE DECORATION

Make Your Problems Clear by listing your questions and by giving dimensions, exposure and full description of the rooms you wish to decorate. Three printed bulletins, entitled "Good Floors," "Curtains and Draperies" and "Walls, Woodwork and Ceilings," price twenty-five cents each, fully cover decoration problems in their respective fields. Any *one* letter addressed to Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders, Editor, Department of House Decoration, should ask not more than five questions or advice about the furnishing and decoration of not more than two rooms.

CHILDREN

The Story Hour: Do you know what to read to your children? The Children's Department has prepared lists of books for children of all ages, which will assist in the parental job of forming good reading habits. Write in to the Children's Department, too, for a Page of Prayers for children to learn.

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You Can Improve Your Complexion with a little time and careful study. The Beauty Editor will answer special questions and will send folders prepared by experts on the care of the hair, skin and hands, posture, exercises, lotions and cosmetics. Tell us what subjects interest you most.

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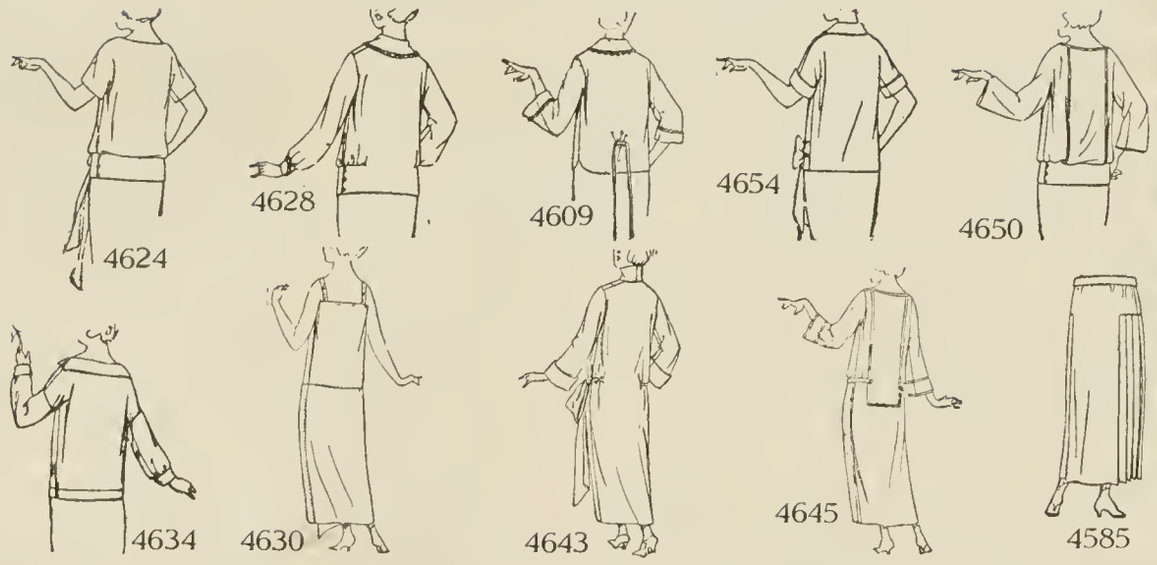
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OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 26



4628—10127—For this slip-over blouse use printed weaves in Canton crêpe, crêpe de Chine or silks with plain collar; or Georgette, cotton crêpe or cotton voile, of one material, beaded or embroidered to give body, etc. The motif is smart. Work in color.

36 bust requires 1⅝ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The blouse is becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4609—The shirtwaist may be in sports length or a shorter length and have a high neck with separate or fastened collar or an open neck. It may also have a French or plain cuff and back yoke facing. Use heavy crêpe de Chine, tub silks, pongee, silk shirting, dimity, cotton shirtings, medium-weight linen, cotton cheviot, flannel shirting.

36 bust requires 2 yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

It is new for ladies 32 to 50 bust.

4650—4585—This slip-over kimono blouse with loose front and back panels is worn over a two-piece skirt with straight plaited sections at each side. Use plain cotton crêpe all one material with embroidery, or crêpe de Chine, Georgette, silk voile, etc.

36 bust and 38 hip require 1⅜ yard 36-inch all-over embroidery and ¾ yard 39-inch cotton crêpe for blouse, and 1¾ yard 40-inch heavy silk crêpe for skirt on a camisole body.

The blouse and skirt are for ladies 32 to 44 bust, and 35 to 47½ hip.

4643—10174—The one-piece dress in Russian effect is becoming in heavy cotton prints, cotton ratine, linen, linen-finished cotton, or heavy crêpe de Chine, or heavy silk crêpe, all one material with embroidery or braiding, etc. The braiding is effective. Two of the designs will be adaptable for the dress.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch linen. Lower edge 51 inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4624—Use printed weaves in crêpe, crêpe de Chine, silks; or use silk eponge, crêpe satin, silk crêpe; or crêpe de Chine, Georgette, cotton voile, embroidered or beaded in self or vivid colors to give body to material, cotton crêpe embroidered, or wool jersey for Autumn for this slip-over blouse.

36 bust requires 2⅛ yards 39-inch Paisley silk.

The blouse is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4654—10135—Use plain crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, heavy silk crêpe or faille silk, braided, beaded or embroidered, silk pongee, cotton crêpe, cotton pongee, embroidered; or use printed weaves in silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine or silks, with plain silk crêpe, cotton matelassé or cotton eponge with cotton crêpe, etc., for a new jacquette blouse.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards 35-inch linen (cut crosswise).

The blouse is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4634—4630—10155—A slip-over blouse fits closely over the hips of a three-piece skirt joined to a camisole body or ¾-inch inside belt. Use plain crêpe de Chine or cotton voile, embroidered, etc., for blouse. The embroidery gives a band effect. Work in one-stitch, etc. Lower edge 50 inches.

36 bust and 38 hip require 1⅝ yard 39-inch silk crêpe, ½ yard 36-inch contrasting, and for skirt 1¼ yard 54-inch sports flannel.

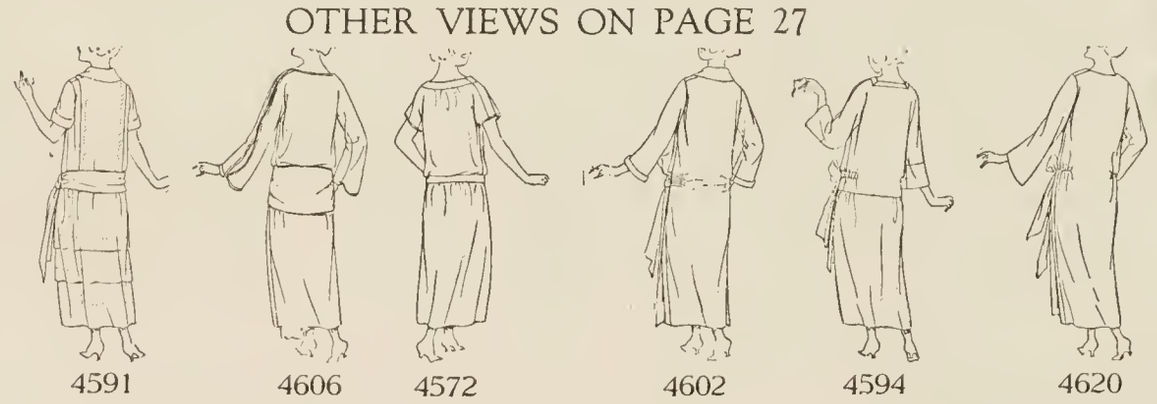
The blouse and skirt are for ladies 32 to 44 bust and 35 to 52 hip.

4645—10100—For a neat one-piece dress of the slip-over type use heavy cotton prints or gingham for the two-piece skirt joining a chambray body in decorative fashion; or use plain cotton ratine and plain cotton crêpe, etc. The appliqué is gay. Work in color. Lower edge 53 inches. One may use serge and silk crêpe, etc.

36 bust requires 1⅞ yard 32-inch chambray and 2 yards 32-inch gingham.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 27



4591—Tucks are appropriate trimming for the slip-over dress with a straight skirt of cotton Georgette, fine cotton marquisette, organdy, fine lawn, cotton voile, Georgette or crêpe de Chine.

36 bust requires 4⅜ yards 39-inch cotton voile and ¼ yard 36-inch contrasting material. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4572—10159—Embroidery gives the Paisley effect to a slip-over dress with straight skirt of crêpe de Chine, Georgette, silk voile, cotton voile, cotton Georgette—plain or printed; or gingham tissues, tub silks. Work it in outline, etc. Lower edge 63 inches.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch cotton crêpe (body cut crosswise) and ⅝ yard 36-inch contrasting material.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4594—The Russian closing is attractive on the long body of a dress with a straight skirt. Use gingham and chambray, printed cotton ratine and plain cotton crêpe, plain cotton ratine and printed cotton crêpe, etc.

36 bust requires 1⅞ yard 32-inch plain and 1⅝ yard 32-inch checked gingham. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4606—For a one-piece dress on the slip-over order use printed crêpe satin, printed silk crêpe, printed heavy crêpe de Chine or broché charmeuse with plain to match, the dull with the shiny side of satin crêpe, or plain satin crêpe, silk crêpe, etc. Lower edge 54 inches.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch figured and 1½ yard 39-inch plain silk crêpe.

It is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4602—A plaited section at the right side of the one-piece draped dress is very distinctive. Use heavy silk crêpe with contrasting silk crêpe or wool rep, wool poplin, soft twills, tricotine or serge with collar, etc., of piqué, linen, duvetyn, flannel, fur fabric for Autumn.

36 bust requires 4 yards 39-inch heavy silk crêpe and ⅞ yard 40-inch contrasting silk crêpe. Lower edge, plaits out, 2 yards.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

4620—10971—For the sleeveless wrap-around dress, all-over beading is very French. It may be done in self or a harmonizing color. Use crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe, or for a dress with sleeves use satin crêpe, silk crêpe, moire, etc., with a separate one-piece slip.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge 52 inches.

The dress is new for ladies 32 to 48 bust.



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CHICAGO, ILL.



Beautifully Curly, Wavy Hair Like "Nature's Own"

Try the new way—the Silmerine way—and you'll never again use the ruinous heated iron. The curliness will appear altogether natural.

Liquid Silmerine

is easily applied with brush. May be used with any kind of curlers. Is neither sticky nor greasy. Perfectly harmless. Serves also as a splendid dressing for the hair. Directions with bottle. At drug and department stores $1.

Parker-Belmont Powder Compact	$1.00
Parker-Belmont Rose Compact	1.00
Parker-Belmont Beauty Cream	1.00
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PARKER BELMONT & CO., 2358 Clybourn Ave., Chicago

LABLACHE
FACE POWDER

To cool, to *refresh* the skin that glows from kiss of summer's sun and ocean's spray—Lablache.

Pure, fragrant, clinging. Chosen by those women to whom the *best* is not a luxury but a necessity.

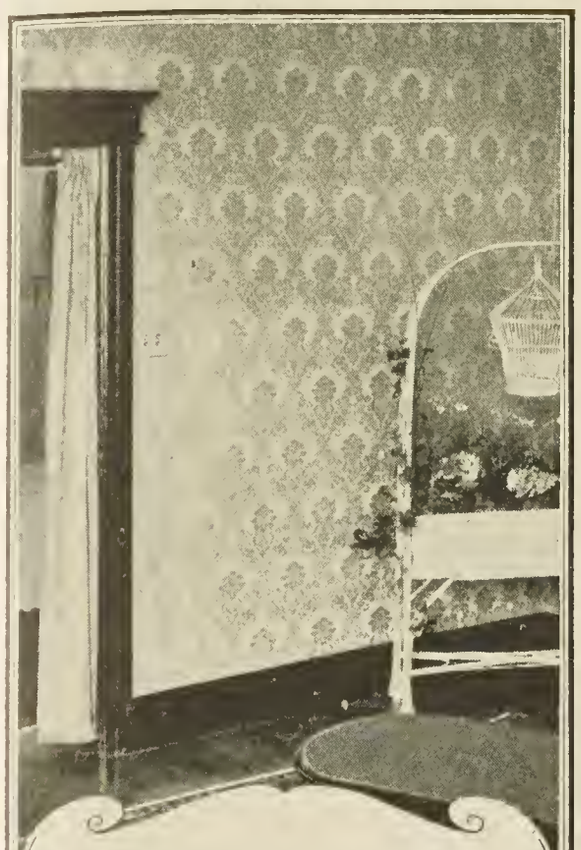
Refuse Substitutes

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream. **50 cts.** a box of druggists or by mail.

Send **10 cts.** for a sample box.



BEN. LEVY CO.
French Perfumers, Dept. H
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.



SANITAS
MODERN WALL COVERING

Your walls express your real self

An appropriate use of Sanitas is a beautiful expression of the good taste of the inmates of a home.

Sanitas comes in styles for every room in the house. It is made on cloth, sturdy and durable, and machine-painted with oil colors. It does not fade, crack, tear, or peel. Wiping with a damp cloth keeps it clean and fresh.

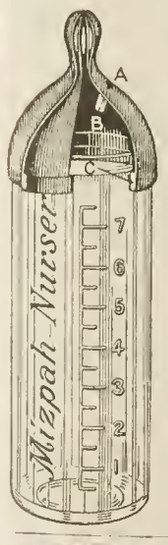
Comes in decorative and floral patterns, enamel-finish for kitchens and bathrooms, and flat-finish plain tints that can be stenciled, frescoed, stippled, or Tiffany blended.

Have your decorator show you Sanitas. Write us for samples and booklet.

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DEPT. 10

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—just what Baby needs!

AT LAST, a safe and sensible nurser with a pure-gum nipple. Soft as a natural breast. A godsend to mothers and to nursing babies.



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Non-Colic
Nurser
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Cannot collapse when child bites it because of inside ribs. Safety valve (A-B) acts as vent for easy suction and prevents vacuum with consequent colic. Shoulder (C) snugly fits ANY wide-mouthed nursing bottle.

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Q-Ban Hair Color Restorer

is a beneficial Preparation that will *restore* (not dye) the original dark color of your hair, in a natural way, used in the privacy of your home and the change is gradual so that your friends won't know you are using anything. Guaranteed. Millions of bottles sold. Buy a bottle today and look young again. 75c at all drug stores.

"Book of Seven Q-Bans" and miniature bottles of Q-Ban Tonic and Liquid Shampoo sent free. Address Hessig-Ellis, Chemists, Memphis, Tennessee

OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 28

4614—The straight skirt of a new slip-over dress has clusters of plaits and is joined in a decorative fashion to a long body. Use heavy silk crêpe with contrasting color or printed silk crêpe; or for Autumn, wool, crêpe, soft twills, tricotine or serge, all one material, or with plain or printed silk crêpe or a satin body.

36 bust requires 1½ yard 39-inch novelty silk crêpe and 2 yards 40-inch plain silk crêpe. Lower edge plaits drawn out 2 yards.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4613—10146—Use plain cotton ratine for the straight lower part of this slip-over dress and a novelty cotton crêpe for the body, or heavy silk crêpe with printed or contrasting color silk crêpe, moire silk with silk crêpe; or for cool climates, wool rep, wool crêpe, soft twills, tricotine, serge, kasha, etc., with printed silk crêpe or contrasting-color heavy silk crêpe. The embroidery is gay. Work it in cross-stitch combined with beads and one-stitch. The entire dress of heavy silk crêpe, wool crêpe, soft twill, tricotine or serge is attractive. Lower edge 53 inches.

36 bust requires 1¾ yard 35-inch cotton crêpe for body and 1⅞ yard 35-inch ratine.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4574—10913—For this dress use crêpe de Chine, Georgette, silk voile, cotton voile, cotton Georgette, fine cotton marquisette or fine cotton crêpe, all one material or printed with plain. It opens at the left side in front and the panels may be joined to the straight skirt or left free. The embroidery is graceful. Work it in one-stitch.

36 bust requires 4¼ yards 40-inch cotton crêpe. Lower edge 1½ yard.

The dress is cool for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

4566—The dress with a vestee and a two-piece tucked skirt is simple to make of cotton voile, cotton Georgette, fine cotton crêpe, fine lawn, handkerchief linen, organdy, crêpe de Chine, silk voile or Georgette. It closes in front on the left side.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards 40-inch cotton voile and ⅝ yard 44-inch organdy. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

The dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

4576—This one-piece dress in Russian effect has a straight lower edge. Use silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, cotton crêpe in plain or printed weaves, or printed silk voile, printed cotton voile, novelty cotton ratine, gingham, silk jersey, light-weight pongee or wool crêpe. Lower edge 54 inches.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 32-inch gingham and ½ yard 36-inch chambray.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4616—4449—10174—The cluster of plaits at the left side of this wrap-around dress are very new. Use heavy silk crêpe, pongee, linen, linen-finished cotton; or for Autumn, wool, crêpe, soft twills, tricotine, serge. The braiding is new. Work in a harmonizing color. Her hat of taffeta, satin, heavy silk crêpe, etc., is also braided.

36 bust and 22 inches head measure require 3¾ yards 39-inch heavy silk crêpe and 1 yard 39-inch contrasting material (including hat). Lower edge plaits out 50 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust; the hat for ladies, misses, girls, children.



4614 4613 4574

4566 4576 4616



These preparations especially prepared for those troubled with superfluous hair

BALM-O-LEM—A FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH FOR YOUR SKIN. *The new lemon lotion. Softens and whitens. Makes face powder adhere twice as long* **75c**

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Now is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots with Othine

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine from any druggist or department store, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

OTHINE LABORATORIES, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Thirsty Fibre personifies cleanliness

Don't confuse ScotTissue Towels with harsh, non-absorbent paper towels. Remember, it isn't Thirsty-Fibre unless it bears the name ScotTissue.



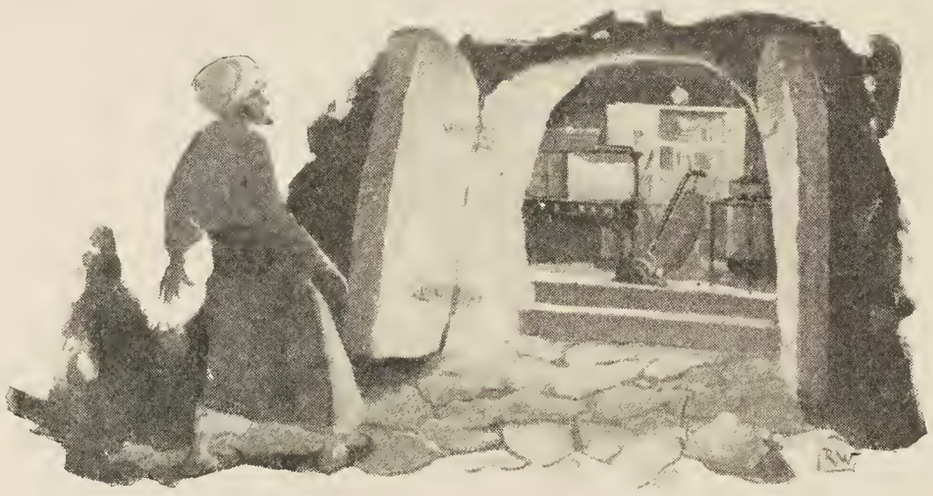
Every ScotTissue Towel contains millions of soft Thirsty Fibres, which absorb four times their weight in water. They make ScotTissue the quickest-drying, most satisfactory towels made.

A clean, dry, never-before-used towel every time—that's the sanitary story of ScotTissue Towels. Millions of Thirsty Fibres are found only in ScotTissue Towels—thirsty fibres that give ScotTissue Towels their pleasing softness, immaculate whiteness and quick-drying power—a really individual service. You'll find them particularly pleasant these warm, moist summer days.

Whether you buy towels for your personal use or whether you buy them in larger quantities for the use of others you will find ScotTissue prices as attractive as you find the towels comfortable and pleasant to use. Write us for price per carton of 150 towels or per case of 25 cartons (3750 towels). Less in larger quantities of 5, 10 and 25 case shipments.

Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa.
New York Chicago Philadelphia San Francisco

Scot Tissue Towels
for "Clean Hands in Business"



If Cassim Had Opened a Cave Like This!

WHEN Cassim of the Arabian Nights cried "Open Sesame" to the rock that guarded the robbers' cave, it flew open to reveal priceless treasures of gold and silver and precious jewels.

But all that he could buy with them were the barbaric discomforts that passed as Arabian magnificence. What wouldn't Mrs. Cassim have given of his gold and jewels for one good American vacuum cleaner?

Take the advertising pages in this month's Delineator, for instance. Count the pleasures and conveniences in your life that they represent. Here are new stories from old friends and first overtures from new friends. Get acquainted with them. Delineator introduces and stands sponsor for them.

Read—and answer—the advertisements. Send for the interesting and informative booklets that are offered by Delineator advertisers.

You may repose perfect confidence in Delineator advertisers. You need have no fear of loss from patronizing these advertisers—if the advertiser does not make good, Delineator will.

OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 29

4600—For a slip-over dress with two-piece lower part in one with front and back panels use novelty cotton ratine or heavy printed cotton crêpe and plain cotton voile, or plain cotton crêpe or ratine with printed or embroidered cotton voile, printed linen and batiste, heavy silk crêpe with printed silk crêpe, etc. Lower edge 50 inches.

16 years requires ⅞ yard 36-inch cotton voile and 2½ yards 36-inch cotton ratine.

The dress is attractive for misses 16 to 20, also small women.

4549—4449—Handkerchiefs, printed squares or borders make a slip-over one-piece dress with straight upper and lower edges; or use silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, silk voile, cotton voile, cotton crêpe—printed or plain, light-weight pongee. The hat is smart.

16 years or 33 bust requires for dress ten handkerchiefs or printed squares 17 by 17 inches. Lower edge 50 inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 18 or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies; the hat for misses, ladies, girls and children.

4545—10954—Peasant embroidery on this slip-over one-piece dress with a straight lower edge is attractive. Work in cross-stitch and beading. Use cotton voile, cotton crêpe, cotton Georgette, crêpe de Chine, silk voile, Georgette, silk crêpe, satin crêpe—printed or plain, gingham tissues.

17 years or 34 bust requires 3½ yards 40-inch cotton voile. Lower edge 51 inches.

The dress is graceful for misses 16 to 18 or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

4568—Plain or printed silk crêpes, satin crêpe, crêpe de Chine or cotton crêpe are lovely for a slip-over dress with one-piece draped skirt and straight drop skirt.

17 years requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge of draped skirt 56½ inches, of drop skirt 45 inches.

The dress is becoming to misses 16 to 20, also small women.

4610—Hand-made sweet peas are on the draped basque opening under the left arm of a dress with two-piece circular skirt joined to a slip-over long body lining. Use moire, taffeta, gros de Londres, silk crêpe, satin crêpe, chiffon velvet. Lower edge 3½ yards.

16 years requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch taffeta.

The dress is distinctive for misses 16 to 20, also small women.

4584—10948—For a one-piece slip-over dress with straight lower edge use gingham, striped madras, dotted percale with cotton voile, lawn or linen-finished cotton (suitable for hand-hemstitching) collar and cuffs, light-weight cotton prints with lawn, etc. The appliqué is gay. Work in colors.

16 years or 33 bust requires 2⅞ yards 32-inch check gingham. Lower edge 49 inches.

The dress is good for misses 16 to 18 or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

4540—A becoming wrap-around dress may be of heavy silk crêpe, shantung, cotton ratine, novelty cotton crêpe, etc. Lower edge 50 inches.

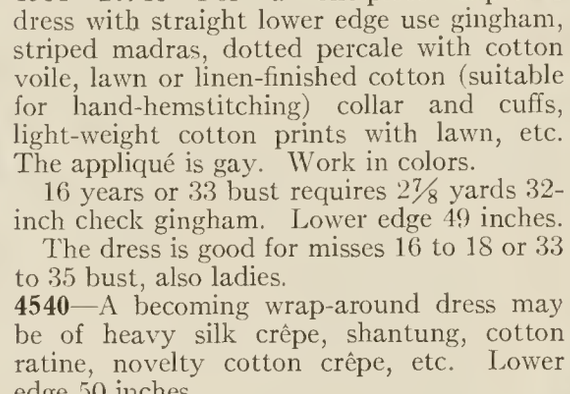
17 years or 34 bust requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch silk crêpe and ⅞ yard 36-inch moire.

The dress is attractive for misses 16 to 18 or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

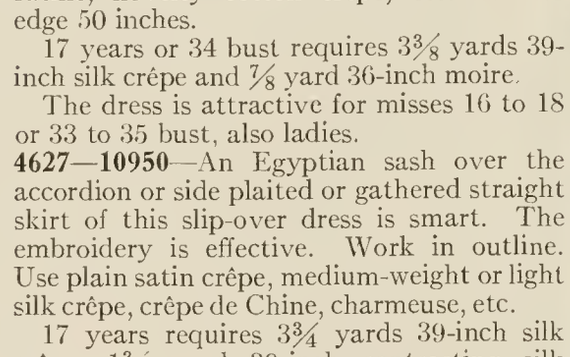
4627—10950—An Egyptian sash over the accordion or side plaited or gathered straight skirt of this slip-over dress is smart. The embroidery is effective. Work in outline. Use plain satin crêpe, medium-weight or light silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, charmeuse, etc.

17 years requires 3¾ yards 39-inch silk crêpe, 1⅜ yard 39-inch contrasting silk crêpe. Lower edge plaits out 2⅝ yards.

The dress is becoming to misses 16 to 20, also small women.



4600 4549 4545 4568



4610 4584 4540 4627



A Secret of Popularity

BATHING dress especially reveals a woman's dainty grooming—white underarms, marble-smooth limbs.

But *don't pull hair out!* That's dangerous! Nature rushes to heal the spot and so nourishes it; several hairs grow in, strong and coarse, for every one removed!

Use X-Bazin—the century-old, French way to remove hair *safely* and *cleanly*. X-Bazin does not increase the growth of new hair. Sold always with a *money-back guarantee* . . . . at all drug and department stores. 50c and $1 in the United States. Elsewhere, 75c and $1.50.

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Makers of Sozodont

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X-BAZIN
The French way to remove hair



prevent sunburn

ELIZABETH ARDEN warns you that sunburn thickens the skin and coarsens its texture. Before going out, protect the skin with her

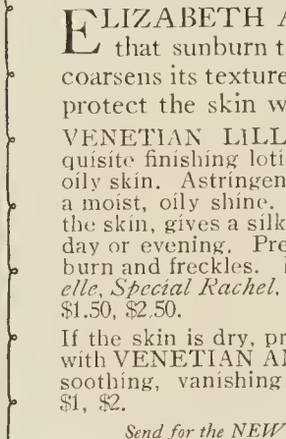
VENETIAN LILLE LOTION. An exquisite finishing lotion, particularly for an oily skin. Astringent and cooling, corrects a moist, oily shine. Smooths and refines the skin, gives a silky bloom, flattering for day or evening. Prevents roughness, sunburn and freckles. *White, Cream, Naturelle, Special Rachel, Spanish Rachel, Ocre.* $1.50, $2.50.

If the skin is dry, protect it from sunburn with VENETIAN AMORETTA CREAM, soothing, vanishing; use under powder. $1, $2.

Send for the NEW edition of "The Quest of the Beautiful." Write describing your skin and Elizabeth Arden will send her personal advice for its treatment.

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Keep sweet with



EverSweet
The Dainty Deodorant

EVERSWEET is a smooth, white, unscented cream—soothing and marvelously comforting. It neutralizes the bad odors of perspiration.

It gives to the body a wonderfully refreshed feeling throughout the day and night. It is antiseptic. It is very healing. It will not injure skin or clothing.

All that is necessary is to put a little under the arms, between the toes or anywhere.

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EVERSWEET CO.
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—tells you all you need to know about making, mending, and cleaning your own clothes.



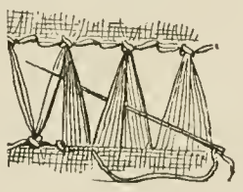
[1]

What sort of Buttonholes Do You Make?

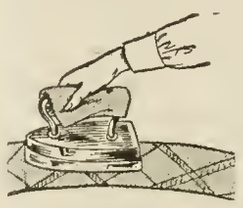
Few women know the right way to hold the goods, and how to round the ends in making a buttonhole. *The New Dressmaker* takes up all possible difficulties.

[2]

Trim Your Own Clothes



The New Dressmaker tells you all about the various trimming stitches and the illustrations show you exactly how to make them.



[3]

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A poorly finished edge always stamps a dress as home-made. *The New Dressmaker* shows you how to stretch a bias facing, how to sew on extension facing—how to do all kinds of facings.

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OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 30




4598

4601—Here is a dainty slip-over dress in crêpe de Chine, Georgette or silk crêpe—plain or printed.

14 years requires 3 yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

4567—4451—This outfit includes a dress of check gingham, cotton prints, chambray, heavy cotton crêpe, cotton homespun, cotton pongee or pongee, with vestee and a ratine hat.

12 years requires 2¼ yards 32-inch gingham and ⅜ yard 44-inch organdy for dress.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15, the hat for girls, children, misses and ladies.

4615—For a dress with plaited or gathered straight skirt use pongee, linen or linen-finished cotton with same material in plain color or printed, etc.

12 years requires 1⅛ yard 36-inch linen and 1⅞ yard 36-inch contrasting linen.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

4598—Use linen-finished cotton with cotton print, chambray and gingham, plain and printed cotton crêpe, plain and novelty cotton voile, crêpe de Chine and taffeta, etc., for this dress.

9 years requires ⅞ yard 39-inch plain (cut crosswise) and ⅞ yard 39-inch figured crêpe de Chine.

The dress is dainty for girls 6 to 12.

4622—10125—Use linen, madras, galatea, chambray, cotton poplin or pongee, or a dotted swiss or dimity waist with linen for straight trousers with wide legs, poplin or madras and shantung trousers. The flowers are decorative. Work in lazy-daisy, etc.

3 years requires ¾ yard 32-inch dimity and ¾ yard 36-inch poplin.

The suit is quaint for little boys 2 to 4.

4607—A slip-over dress is of printed silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, silks with plain, etc.

12 years requires ⅞ yard 39-inch plain and 1⅞ yard 39-inch printed silk crêpe.

The dress is smart for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.


4575

4588—The lower part of this slip-over dress has a straight lower edge. Use light-weight cotton prints or printed cotton crêpe with plain cotton crêpe body, checked and plain gingham, plain with contrasting color cotton crêpe, etc.

11 years requires 1⅛ yard 32-inch chambray and 1⅜ yard 32-inch gingham.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

4575—For a slip-over dress with straight upper and lower edges use borders, silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, cotton voile, cotton crêpe—plain or printed—light-weight pongee.

13 years requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch bordered material.

The dress is for juniors and girls 6 to 15.

4612—4517—A suit with waist and straight trousers with wide legs is adorable in dotted swiss or dimity and linen trousers, or a crêpe de Chine, pongee or silk broadcloth waist and satin trousers, etc. His hat is of piqué.

4 years requires 1 yard 32-inch dotted swiss and ¾ yard 36-inch linen for suit.

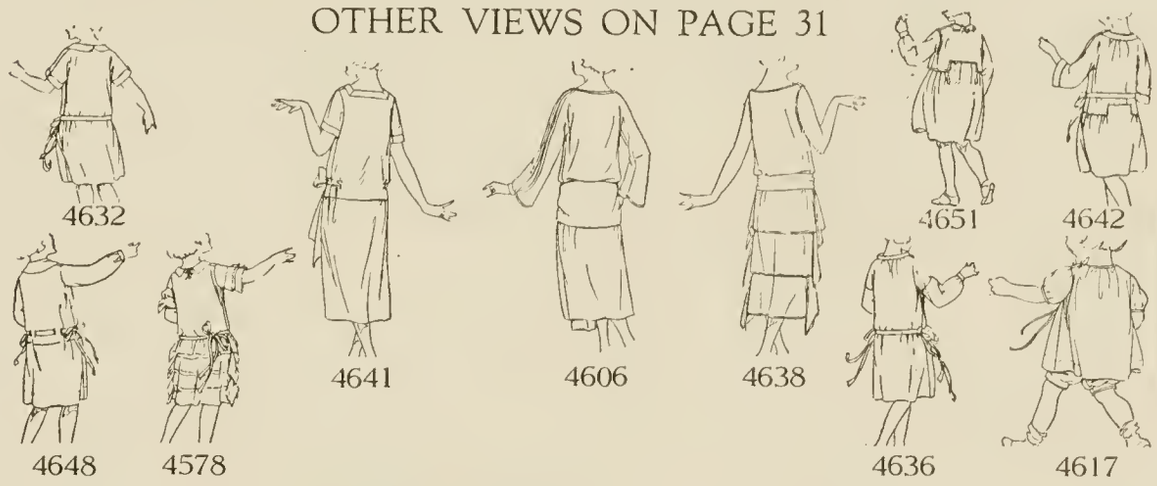
The suit is for little boys 2 to 5, the hat for little boys and girls 2 to 8.

4605—4547—10172—The slip-over dress with straight lower edge may be smocked, shirred or gathered. For dress and separate bloomers use plain cotton voile, nainsook, plain lawn or batiste, etc. Smocking may be done in color. Her cotton-print hat is gay.

5 years requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch lawn.

The dress is for little girls ½ to 8, the hat for children 1 to 5 years.

OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 31



4632—10982—Cotton ratine, cotton homespun, linen, linen-finished cotton, chambray, plain cotton crêpe, plain cotton voile, etc., make a one-piece slip-over dress with straight lower edge; or use pongee, silk crêpe, etc. The embroidery is gay. Work in appliqué.

12 years requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch cotton crêpe.

The dress is for juniors and girls 6 to 14.

4578—4491—For this slip-over dress with straight skirt use plain silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, fine cotton crêpe or cotton voile. Her voile hat is quaint.

12 years requires 2½ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine for dress.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15, the hat for girls 2 to 12.

4642—10142—Use plain heavy silk crêpe or taffeta for the lower part, which joins in decorative fashion an upper part of plain or printed crêpe de Chine in this slip-over dress with straight lower edge. The embroidery is dainty. Work in one-stitch.

13 years requires 1⅛ yard 39-inch silk crêpe for upper part and 1⅞ yard 39-inch silk crêpe.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

4651—Use printed silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, pongee, novelty taffeta, light-weight cotton print, etc., for the dress with straight skirt joined to an empire yoke and plain material for the bolero.

7 years requires ½ yard 39-inch plain and 1½ yard 39-inch figured crêpe.

The dress is for girls 4 to 10.

4617—For this exquisite slip-over dress with separate pantees use crêpe de Chine, taffeta, or use pin-check gingham, dimity, etc.

5 years requires 2⅛ yards 35-inch taffeta.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 8.

4641—10882—This dress with a Russian closing has a straight skirt. Use heavy silk crêpe with printed silk crêpe, printed cotton ratine and plain cotton crêpe, etc. The embroidery is smart. Work in outline, etc. Lower edge 54 inches.

16 years requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch linen and 1⅜ yard 36-inch linen for body.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20, also small women.

4638—The three-tier draped straight skirt is very French on a slip-over dress in crêpe satin, charmeuse, satin crêpe, silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine or lace. Lower edge of foundation skirt 47 inches.

16 years requires 3¼ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is smart for misses 16 to 20.

4648—The two-piece lower part joins a long body on a dress of plain cotton ratine and novelty cotton crêpe, novelty cotton ratine and plain cotton crêpe, chambray and gingham, etc.

12 years requires 1⅜ yard 32-inch novelty and 1½ yard 32-inch plain gingham.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

4606—10166—For this one-piece slip-over dress use satin crêpe, silk crêpe, heavy crêpe de Chine, charmeuse, etc. The embroidery is bright. Work it in satin-stitch, outline, etc.

17 years or 34 bust requires 4⅛ yards 40-inch crêpe satin. Lower edge 50 inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 18 or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

4636—Use silk crêpe, soft pongee, crêpe de Chine, cotton voile, cotton crêpe, silks—printed or plain, etc., for a one-piece slip-over dress with a straight lower edge.

13 years requires 2¼ yards 35-inch silk.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

What does your dinner do to your teeth?



THE FOOD that we eat today fails to give our teeth the work they need. Worse than that, this soft and creamy food deprives the gums of the stimulation that rough, coarse food once gave them.

Does your toothbrush "show pink"?

Gums are dull and logy; they get no exercise—no stimulation. Tooth troubles, due to weak and softened gums, are on the rise—the prevalence of Pyorrhea is one item in a long list.

How to clean teeth and protect your gums

Dental authorities are not insensible to this condition. Today they are preaching and practicing the care of the gums as well as the care of the teeth. Nearly three thousand dentists have written us to tell how they are combating soft and spongy gums by the use of Ipana.

In stubborn cases, they prescribe a gum-massage with Ipana *after* the ordinary cleaning with Ipana and the brush. For Ipana Tooth Paste, because of the presence of Ziratol, has a decided tendency to strengthen soft gums and to keep them firm and healthy.

Send for a Sample

Ipana is a tooth paste that's good for your gums as well as your teeth. Its cleaning power is remarkable and its taste is unforgetably good. Send for a sample today.

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica

A trial tube, enough to last you for ten days, will be sent gladly if you will forward coupon below.



Bristol-Myers Co.
41 Rector St.
New York, N.Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

THE LAST WORD

A Page of Shop-Talk, Gossip, and Comment

On Becoming a Celebrity One of the penalties of greatness is the almost certain risk of being misrepresented. When Miss Martha Van Rensselaer, THE DELINEATOR'S Home-Economics Editor, was honored with a place among the twelve greatest American women chosen by the League of Women Voters, newspaper men turned to whatever references were handiest or seemingly, in some instances, consulted their imaginations, and then, giving free play to their fancy, produced some weird and wonderful "news" stories. Miss Van Rensselaer is accustomed to having her name misspelled; it happens more often than not, but she was scarcely prepared to open the illustrated pages of newspapers to find that name attached to photographs of women who do not even remotely resemble her. One of her most popular newspaper pictures seems to be an ancient photograph of the late Lillian Russell, crudely "modernized" as to costume and coiffure by some hard-pressed newspaper artist evidently in a desperate hurry to catch an early edition. It is an odd trick of fate, too, that a woman whose busy life has permitted little time for card-games, and whose lack of card sense is a source of amusement to her friends, should be erroneously credited with the authorship of a book on nonesuch euchre and another on the "Prophetical and Educational Properties of Playing-Cards." Similarly, although Miss Van Rensselaer's name was included in the League of Women Voters' list to represent the woman's profession requiring the greatest versatility of all—that of home-maker—yet crocheting is not one of her many accomplishments, and it was something of a surprise to find her mentioned in the press as an authority on the making of crocheted lace. Such is fame!

The Barrymore Autobiography A fascinating story about a fascinating personality is Ethel Barrymore's autobiography, which will run serially in THE DELINEATOR beginning with next month's issue. Much fact and no little fiction has been written about America's foremost character actress and her distinguished family, but heretofore no one has ever been successful in inducing Miss Barrymore to tell her own story. And a remarkable story it is—full of sparkling anecdotes, of unusually interesting personalities, of the ups and downs of a long and brilliant career on the stage of two continents. In the background there are the extraordinary family of actors and actresses who were Miss Barrymore's forebears and the Philadelphia home of her childhood, facetiously dubbed "the tomb of the Capulets" by the precocious Barrymore children. Then comes her convent school days, her first engagement, her early struggles and disappointments, her first stellar rôle and her gradual rise to the top of her profession. Rare photographs from Miss Barrymore's personal collection add to the interest of the narrative.

Training the Home Dressmaker From Popejoy, Iowa, comes the outline of a story of THE DELINEATOR'S helpfulness in a household where it was a regular visitor long before the Deltor simplified the problems of the home dressmaker. Our brief quotation is from a letter: "We have taken THE DELINEATOR for thirty-five years—in mother's name first, of course—and I could write you quite a story of 'How the R—— Girls Dressed So Well on So Little Money,' or how an older sister, tired of sewing for us two younger ones, gave us a *Butterick sleeve pattern* and told us that thereafter we were to do our own sewing—and *we have*. Or I might write about what an eminent lawyer said of us: 'Those R—— girls look better in calico than most girls do in silks!' The secret was Butterick patterns, for every garment we have worn, lo! these many years, has been cut 'over' a Butterick pattern."

Now for Healthier Children News of interest to every parent, doctor, nurse, teacher, public-health official and members of children's-welfare organizations is contained in the announcement of the organization of the American Child Health Association under the leadership of Mr. Herbert Hoover and with headquarters in New York City. The new body, which is a continuation of the American Child Hygiene Association and the Child Health Organization of America, will broaden the former activities of both and will have for its object the encouragement of scientific attention to the health and hygiene of American children from birth to college or working age. It will act as a clearing-house of information on all national child activities, will serve as a source of up-to-date scientific information on child health, will supply a field service composed of experts who, on request of a community, will help organize a new local health body or solve the problems of one already organized, and will seek to establish standards for child-health work on a sound medical basis. Dr. L. Emmett Holt, advisory editor in THE DELINEATOR'S "Happy Child" campaign, is vice-president of the organization and brings to it the benefit of his exceptional experience and the confidence of thousands of mothers who look to him as the preeminent authority on baby care. The Editor of THE DELINEATOR will be glad to serve in any way possible to put readers in contact with the splendid service offered by the association.

The Frontier Life of To-day Frances Gilchrist Wood, author of "The Courage of a Quitter," in this issue, specializes in stories of pioneer settlements, a kind of life that has never lost its fascination for her since childhood. Now that the rapid advance of the comforts and conveniences of civilization have changed and standardized living conditions in even the most inaccessible parts of our own country, Mrs. Wood has turned to Central America, where she finds the pioneer going through the same cycle of discovery, exploration and development. She writes: "If it be true that pioneering is in the blood, a matter of inheritance, perhaps that is why countries and people 'in the making' interest me above all others. Just back from Central America—Guatemala and Honduras, to be exact. I found the same absorbingly fascinating spirit on the banana farms of the east coast, on the coffee *fincas*, sugar plantations, rubber and cacao groves and cattle ranches as I knew years ago on the long border-line of the Great American desert.

"Over ranch and plantation I have ridden with young Guatemaltecans who, save for the fact that we were speaking Spanish and examining such strange crops as chicle, rubber and cacao, might have been the double of his cowman neighbor on the chaparal of Arizona, the staked plains of Texas or the prairies of Dakota.

"Down in the jungle the pioneer fights crocodiles and boa-constrictors, the villainous wood-tick and mosquitoes, rain, tropical heat and typhoons instead of rattlers, bobcats, prairie wolves, hot winds, hail and blizzards on the plains. And in like compensation one revels in a most amazing beauty of flower and tree of a perfection, variety and coloring found only in the tropics, eats strange and delicious fruits and vegetables, and on the coast finds surf-bathing in midwinter and the health-giving trade-winds. But whether in port or on plantation, whether in a manaca shack in the bush or in a sod house a hundred miles from the railway in the frozen north, you will find the spirit of the frontier man and woman alike the world over!"

The Author of Our Latest An extraordinarily wide acquaintance among women of all ages and a variety of occupations are what Anne Hard considers her chief qualifications as a writer. Mrs. Hard's three-part serial, "The Listening Girl," a story of official Washington as it looks from behind the scenes, begins in this issue. Mrs. Hard began writing as a reporter on the *Chicago Evening Post*, to which she also contributed special articles over the name of Anne Scribner. Before that time she had been a teacher of Greek at her alma mater, the University of Wisconsin. After her marriage in 1903 to William Hard, a well-known writer and publicist, she came East and has since been a contributor of both fiction and articles to a number of magazines. At the present time Mrs. Hard is in South America representing the United States Shipping Board, which has commissioned her to travel extensively and to write about what she sees in the possibilities for the increase and expansion of American interests on our sister continent.

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MIX *and* SERVE

Edited with Willing Hands and a Mean Pencil by the Only Mere Man on the Staff

THIS month we ask our fair pewholders to hold in reverent memory a neglected pioneer in the field of *Domestic Science* ◈◈◈ We refer to Big Chief *Iron Arm*, inventor of the potato-masher, who departed this life July 13th, 1593 ◈◈◈ It is related that when *Sir Walter Raleigh* brought the first potatoes from America to England, he took *Iron Arm* with him ◈◈◈ The noble redman was received with great acclaim on the other side and won fame and fortune mashing spuds before the crowned heads of Europe ◈◈◈ However, like so many men of genius, he was unfortunate in his domestic affairs. The story goes that no sooner was he out of sight on the high seas than his wife, *Alice-Kick-a-Hole-in-the-Tepee*, eloped with a handsome young buck of her tribe ◈◈◈ When the news reached the old man, he is said to have gone into a decline. He contracted Charlie Horse in his mashing arm, abandoned his art and is thought to have succumbed to a broken heart and too much paleface firewater ◈◈◈ To this day his grave is unmarked ◈◈◈ A correspondent writing to a *New York City* paper has dug up the following ancient botanical note about the herb *Solomon's Seal:* "The root stamped while it is fresh and greene, and applied, taketh away in one night or two at most any black or blew spots gotten by women's wilfulness in stumbling upon their hasty husbands' fists" ◈◈◈ Twelve women in *Hugo, Oklahoma*, telegraphed *Federal Judge R. L. Williams* to excuse a man called for jury duty because he was the only baker in town and therefore essential ◈◈◈ The judge is reported to have said: "Let them go to work. I feel sorry for the husbands who will have to eat the bread they bake, but the work will do the women good" ◈◈◈ *Williams* for President in 1924! ◈◈◈ Again it pains us to have to differ with the "Save a Dollar" editor about the best contribution to her department for the month ◈◈◈ To our mind the following, from a *Wellesley, Massachusetts*, woman, is the best so far this year: "Once a week thoroughly clean the cat and dog with the vacuum cleaner, using the attachment designed for use on tufted upholstery. The animals' hair will keep soft and free from dust and fleas. They soon learn to like it, and it takes much less of the housekeeper's time than brushing and bathing" ◈◈◈ A new sphere of usefulness for women is revealed in a bulletin of the *United States Department of Agriculture*, which reports a State-wide rat-catching campaign held in *Virginia* ◈◈◈ Seven out of the ten county committees that turned in rat-tails for prizes were led by women as against only three led by men ◈◈◈ An *Oakland, California*, man was granted a divorce after testifying that his wife daily received love-letters left in one of the kitchen ovens each night by the manager of the cafeteria where she was employed ◈◈◈ Long after they were taken out of the oven, the letters were still hot ◈◈◈ So many alert readers have brought to our attention our reference to *Toronto* when we meant *Montreal* and a slip-up in a quotation from *Ralph Waldo Emerson* that we have decided to penalize ourself for carelessness ◈◈◈ Accordingly, to the first fair pewholder who finds an error in this month's column we will present a handsome copy, fully as good as new, of "Have Faith in Massachusetts," written with one hand by the *Hon. Calvin Coolidge* ◈◈◈ *Mr. Coolidge* is the author of an article in this issue. He is also Vice-President of the United States ◈◈◈ Hereafter whenever we are glared at for not surrendering our seat in a car to some standing member of the never-sufficiently-praised sex, we shall meditate about *Mrs. Margaret Sheel*, of Old Orchard, Maine, who, although past eighty years of age, can be seen daily taking a dip in the ocean, or about *Miss E. M. Robinson*, an English girl, who recently walked from *London* to *Brighton*, a distance of thirty-five miles, in eleven hours ◈◈◈ Now that our colleague, *Miss Martha Van Rensselaer*, has been selected as one of the twelve greatest American women, we have had our other suit neatly patched in anticipation of a visit from a committee come to take our measure for a statue in *Central Park* ◈◈◈ Statistics show that ninety per cent. of the money spent for household maintenance in the United States is spent by women ◈◈◈ The next subject for statistical inquiry is: How do they get it?

Armstrong's Linoleum

for Every Floor in the House



THE brown Jaspé linoleum floor unifies the entrance hall and living-room opening from it, because it blends so harmoniously with the pleasing color scheme.

Where linoleum floors were planned from the start

THE suggestion of Armstrong's Linoleum for these floors came from the architect. It was part of the housefinishing plan that the entrance hall and living-room should be done with rich brown linoleum floors.

The couple for whom the house was built had to have linoleum explained to them. They did not know that when properly laid, linoleum makes a permanent floor—a smooth, unbroken expanse of color that harmonizes with the walls and furnishings.

They did not know that the floor of linoleum is the easiest of all floors to clean. Linoleum does not absorb dust or take up stains, and is economical because, since it does not crack or splinter, it never needs expensive refinishing.

An occasional waxing and polishing restores its bright, new appearance.

Any good furniture or department store can show you this modern linoleum in beautiful Jaspés (two-tone effects), in parquetry and tile inlaids, carpet inlaids, rich plain colors, and attractive printed designs, also linoleum rugs, printed and inlaid.

When you see this modern linoleum and consider the advantages it offers as a floor, you will understand why Armstrong's Linoleum is advocated for every floor in the house.

Write to our Bureau of Interior Decoration for ideas as to proper patterns and colors for use in any scheme of home decoration. No charge for this service.

"The Art of Home Furnishing and Decoration"

(Second Edition)

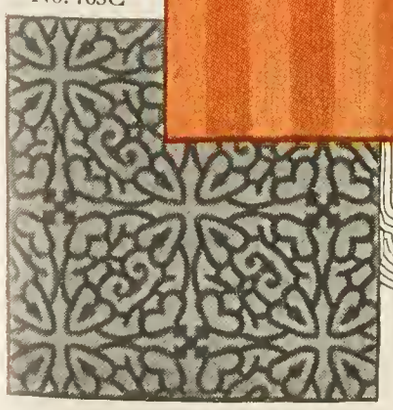
By Frank Alvah Parsons, President of the New York School of Fine and Applied Art. Sent, with de luxe colorplates of home interiors, on receipt of twenty cents

IF you prefer one of the Armstrong designs illustrated below to the floor shown in the picture, order by number from any good linoleum merchant.

Inlaid No. 3510

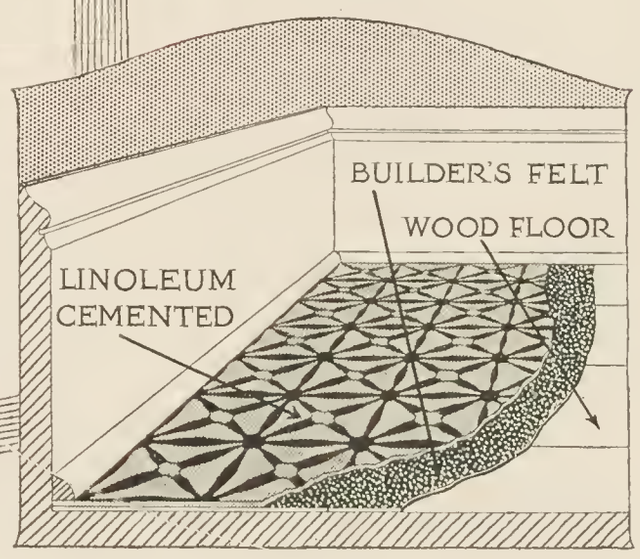


Carpet Inlaid No. 763C



How to Lay Linoleum on Wood Floors

IN summer wood floors expand. In winter they dry out and contract, with a tendency to open up the cracks between the boards. Your linoleum floor, therefore, should be cemented (not tacked) over a lining of builder's deadening felt which has been previously glued to the bare floor boards. The felt takes up expansion and contraction and gives you a permanent, waterproof, good-looking floor The added service and wear this method gives are well worth the extra cost.



ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY, LINOLEUM DIVISION
810 West Walnut Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Look for the CIRCLE "A" *trademark on the burlap back*

Thousands of girls have built up a fresh, clear skin —

by using these special treatments

Perhaps you feel that *your* skin is the kind that can never be really beautiful.

You are wrong! Give your skin the special care it needs, and you can make it what you will!

Each day your skin is changing; old skin dies and new takes its place.

By caring for this new skin in the right way, you can overcome defects that have troubled you for months, or even for years; you can gradually build up a *new* complexion —soft, smooth, exquisitely fresh and clear.

A special treatment for each type of skin

The right treatment for each different type of skin is given in the booklet, *"A Skin You Love to Touch,"* which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. (Three of these treatments—how to care for an oily skin, a sensitive skin, and a pale, sallow skin—are reprinted below.)

Every one of these famous Woodbury skin treatments is based on years of study and experiment. By using them, thousands of girls and women have brought about an improvement in their complexion that they never dreamed was possible.

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap today, and begin, now, to use the right treatment for *your* skin. It will be a revelation to you to see what just a few minutes every day of this special care will do for your complexion.

The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles make it ideal for regular toilet use. A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks for regular use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. Woodbury's also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

Three Woodbury skin preparations—guest size—for 10 cents

For 10 cents we will send you a miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder

Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

Send for this set today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1908 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. *If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited. 1908 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.* English Agents: *H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.*



1—If your skin has a tendency to be too oily, use treatment No. 1 given below.



2—If your skin is of the pale, sallow type, use treatment No. 2 given at the right.

3—If your skin is sensitive and easily irritated, use treatment No. 3 given at the right.

Your skin probably belongs to one of these three types—Are you giving it the right treatment?

1. *For an oily skin —*

EVERY night before retiring, cleanse your skin by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and lukewarm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now, with warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

2. *For a pale sallow skin —*

ONCE or twice a week, fill your basin full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over top of the basin and cover your head with a heavy bath towel, so that no steam can escape. Steam your face for thirty seconds. Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury's Facial Soap. With this wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into the skin with an upward and outward motion. Rinse the skin well, first with warm water, then with cold, and finish by rubbing it for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

3. *For a sensitive skin —*

EACH night before retiring, dip a soft washcloth in warm water and hold it to your face. Now make a warm water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and dip your cloth up and down in it until the cloth is "fluffy" with the soft white lather. Rub this lathered cloth gently over your skin until the pores are thoroughly cleansed. Rinse first with warm water, then with clear, cool water, and dry carefully.

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap today—begin your treatment tonight! Within a week or ten days your skin will show marked improvement.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

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THE DELINEATOR

MRS. WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY Editor

W. MARTIN JOHNSON Art Director

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FROM *the* EDITOR'S POINT *of* VIEW

UNCLE SAM

By Frederic J. Haskin

YOU are all familiar with the representation of your Government which is shown in the stalwart figure of Uncle Sam.

He is the most powerful thing on earth—and all the power he has is yours.

He represents more might and majesty than all the kingdoms of history—and all this might and majesty is yours.

He is the boss of the biggest business in the world—and it is your business.

He reads the shifting winds and forecasts the weather.

He marks the ocean lanes to make safe the way of the mariner.

He speeds the sure, swift flight of the two-cent letter.

He smites the rock and the dead waste of the desert teems with life.

He is the conqueror of disease.

He is the father of invention.

He measures the heat of the stars.

He makes the money.

He regulates the time.

He fixes the standards of linear measure.

He is the great record-keeper and the world's master builder.

He is teacher and lawgiver and judge.

He does a thousand things in a thousand ways—and he does them all for you.

He served your father and your father's father, and he will continue to serve you and your children and your children's children.

He is the champion of liberty.

He is your Uncle Sam.

OLD AGE

AN EDITORIAL, entitled "When We Are Old," published some months ago in THE DELINEATOR brought in response a number of interesting letters. Among them was one from Mr. S. D. Waterman, of Alameda, California, who has been a teacher for fifty years. He writes:

> Of course, all readers of THE DELINEATOR look first to see things from "The Editor's Point of View." I enclose a clipping which attributes the authorship of certain lines quoted to "A. J. B." This creates a doubt in the minds of some and is really misleading. These are the closing lines of Longfellow's poem "Morituri te Salutamus" which was delivered by the author at the commencement exercises at Bowdoin College, Maine, in 1875, this being the fiftieth anniversary of the class of 1825, of which Longfellow was a member. This was Bowdoin's star class. Among the distinguished graduates that year were John S. C. Abbott, Henry W. Longfellow, S. P. Benson, Member of Congress, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Jonathan Cilbey, Member of Congress, and J. W. Bradbury, United States Senate.
>
> Your comments on old age are fine, and many of us who have passed the fourscore limit derive great encouragement from them and are given a new inspiration to live or to do.

The poem in question was printed in quotation marks and was not intended to be claimed by our correspondent.

It is our belief that old age is largely a mental attitude. Doctor Eliot, in his ninetieth year, still sails a boat, rides a bicycle, swims and tramps the hills for his amusement. On public buildings, in the prefaces of important books his clear, virile mind still expresses the clean-cut thought which thirty years ago caused him to be proclaimed America's foremost citizen.

Ten years ago, Doctor Eliot gave the following prescription, labeled: "How to Keep Health and Working-Power Until Eighty." He still follows this brief and simple rule—

"I feel safe in affirming that any one who desires to have a like experience will do well to eat moderately, to sleep at least seven hours a night with windows open, to take regular exercise in the open air every day, to use no stimulants, to enjoy all natural delights without excess in any, and to keep under all circumstances as serene a spirit as his nature permits."

BETTER HOMES

This is the second year of the Better Homes Campaign. It was launched in 1922 by THE DELINEATOR, which became the General Headquarters and Bureau of Information. It has been directed by an Advisory Council which is nonpolitical and noncommercial. It has been carried out by the women of America.

This year hundreds of cities, in all parts of the country, had demonstration homes open to the public from 4 to 10 P. M. The General Federation of Women's Clubs sponsored the Washington home, which was opened by President Harding. Alaska, Hawaii, the Philippine Islands had Better Home Demonstrations.

Twenty-one of the Pan-American States have asked for help in introducing the movement into their countries; the same appeal has come from The Netherlands. Martha Van Rensselaer, Home Economics Editor of THE DELINEATOR, has gone to Belgium at the request of their government to help in working out plans for Belgium.

Better Homes in America is going round the World. Is *your* town entered for the 1924 campaign?

STONE MOUNTAIN

AMERICA has begun the creation of permanent work. "As temporary as an American building" is a catch-phrase in various parts of the world. We have been concerned with the shaping of enduring thoughts, of lasting ideals. Now we have entered upon a new era in art. Few Americans realize the bigness of art development in this country during the last twenty-five years.

There is a monument now under construction on Stone Mountain, down in Georgia, which future races thousands of years from now may visit and study as does this present civilization the Sphinx on the Nile.

Stone Mountain, bound about as it is with Civil War traditions, seems like a great rock placed in the beginning of the world for the coming of a master artist who would see its use. Rising nine hundred feet from a comparatively level country, one hundred feet long and like a sugar-loaf cut evenly in two, it has a front almost as smooth as the wall of a house.

At this point Confederate history was made. A few years ago the Daughters of the Confederacy decided to put a small monument or tablet of some sort on the mountain to commemorate the valiant stand made for the lost cause.

Gutzon Borglum, one of the world's great sculptors, was asked to suggest an appropriate tablet. Borglum spent days down in the flat fields facing the mountain, and then he visioned its possibilities.

A tablet on that vast smooth space would, he said, be like a postage-stamp on the side of a house. It needed gigantic treatment. Lee and his army should be carved in bold relief against that immense area of smooth, uncracked granite.

Borglum said he wanted not only the side of the mountain but the top of it as well. No smoke-stacks or other works of man should break the line between the marching army and the far-reaching heaven.

A practical objection of time and cost was raised. The great sculptor said that he would willingly dedicate the rest of his life to such a project, and, when the work had once been started, other artists would come forward to complete it. This monument will take years of labor and will cost five million dollars. When it is finished, it will be one of the world's greatest works of art.

Borglum took a year to develop a method by which the monument might be successfully produced. With the use of a lantern-slide four by five inches, on which is outlined the figure to be carved on the mountain, and with a five-thousand-candle-power light behind it, the magnified picture is thrown on the smooth granite surface. Men are dropped by cables three hundred and fifty feet and they paint on the rocks the lines of the gigantic figures. Later stone-cutters are lowered to do their work under the supervision of Borglum.

The group is eleven hundred feet long; it is two hundred feet high; the horse on which General Lee rides is one hundred and thirty-seven feet from hoofs to top of his bridle. The whole design is moving and full of action. It contains all of the branches of an American army. The central figure is that splendid Christian, Robert E. Lee, who fought valiantly for a cause in which he believed and surrendered without bitterness or hatred.

Stone Mountain is not merely a Southern monument: it is a great national treasure, which is being discussed in the art circles of Europe even more than it is here. The artist who created it is essentially American, born and educated here. He has done his great life-work not only in America but around American history and traditions.

Dreams that live in the souls of sincere men come true.

PUBLIC SENTIMENT

A CONFERENCE of American publishers was held recently in Washington. At the close of their session, the following message of Abraham Lincoln, printed on a card, was given as a souvenir to each person attending that important meeting:

"In this and like communities, public sentiment is everything. With public sentiment, nothing can fail; without it, nothing can succeed. Consequently, he who molds public sentiment goes deeper than he who enacts statutes or pronounces decisions."

What are you doing to mold sentiment in your community?

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OUR FIRST NATIONAL BETTER HOME

The modern version of "Home, Sweet Home"

By DONN BARBER

Fellow of the American Institute of Architects

A SEVEN-ROOM demonstration house, constructed under the auspices of the National Federation of Women's Clubs, was formally opened to public inspection in Washington, District of Columbia, on June fourth last, the initial day of the National Demonstration Week of the Better Homes in America campaign.

This modest little white stucco house with green blinds stands in the trees on public ground just back of the Treasury Building and near the Shaw Monument. Its situation within a stone's throw of the White House quite naturally focused unusual attention upon it and it quickly assumed importance and interest as an object-lesson in small-house building.

At the outset the choice of a type and style and name for this demonstration house presented obvious difficulties. One would naturally have expected this house, with our popular love for catch-phrases, to become known as "An Ideal Small House." However, no such thing as an ideal small house can, of course, really exist; not in practise is it possible of more than comparative realization, as there are innumerable varying ideals and innumerable possible models and countless schemes of arrangement design in seven-room-house construction. Tastes, requirements, conditions and costs vary the country over, so that any abstract example, however perfect, can be studied with profit only as a guide or for inspiration. It was felt that some reminiscent model as a basis of design would carry with it greater conviction to the public. With this thought in mind, many historic examples of the better-known small houses were studied and discussed. Finally a fortunate inspiration led to the selection of the John Howard Payne cottage, known as the home of "Home, Sweet Home," which still stands in the lovely village of Easthampton, Long Island, about one hundred miles from New York. I had designed a modernized version of this house for THE DELINEATOR last year, and the centennial anniversary of the writing of the world-famous "Home, Sweet Home" had lately drawn national attention to this charming little home. These and other considerations made it seem a logical and happy choice.

PAYNE'S inspiration for his immortal song was undoubtedly this adorable little house where he spent his boyhood days, living there until he was sixteen years old, when he wandered abroad into the world, never to know a real home again. He wrote "Home, Sweet Home" while he was in Paris. It was first sung on the night of May 8, 1823, in London. Letters he wrote at the time reveal in touching language the genuine home-sickness he felt for America. He longed continually for home and the humble abode of his earlier years. He died in Tunis in 1852. In 1883 his body was brought back to this country and buried in Oak Hill Cemetery, near Washington. The President, his Cabinet and a military escort accompanied the casket to its final resting-place. He is a national figure in our formative history.

There was, therefore, a peculiar fitness existing in the choice for adaptation and reproduction at the time of the Payne cottage restudied in modern materials and built as an inspiration for prospective home-builders in the heart of the national capital.

The original house, probably the first of its type in the neighborhood, was built in 1660 in a style characteristic of the period—general Georgian in character. It was conceived in old cypress shingles covering a wooden frame—logical materials in those days. It is a simple shed-roofed two-gable house, rectangular in plan, with a small ell at one side of the rear—dignified, direct and practical. There is a square chimney in the middle of the house with a winding stair cleverly arranged about it. The stairway starts directly opposite the front door in a little eight-foot-square hall. Under the staircase and up at the first landing are coat-closets. At the left of the hall one enters the living-room. On the right of the hall is placed the dining-room, back of which is the kitchen. Up-stairs there were only two long bedrooms and an attic in the original house.

The general plan and dimensions of the rooms and height of ceilings have been followed very closely in the Washington house, except that the living-room is made to occupy one whole side of the first floor. The modern kitchen has been placed behind the stairs in the center of the house and a combination pantry and breakfast-nook have been added, connecting the kitchen with the dining-room. Up-stairs, four square corner bedrooms have been arranged and two bath-rooms.



THE CHARMING "HOME, SWEET HOME" HOUSE IN WASHINGTON, DESIGNED BY DONN BARBER AFTER JOHN HOWARD PAYNE'S FAMOUS HOUSE AND DEDICATED BY PRESIDENT HARDING ON JUNE FOURTH AS A NATIONAL DEMONSTRATION HOUSE IN THE "BETTER HOMES IN AMERICA" MOVEMENT

IN THE copy the old familiar shingled exterior and wooden wall construction has given place to a modern wall of cast concrete blocks laid up in cement, stuccoed in white Portland on the outside and furred and plastered on the inside. The old shingled roof has given way to a more permanent black slate roof with copper gutters and flashings. The original horizontal shadow-lines of the shingles have been simulated by applied horizontal broadly spaced lattice.

The windows are double-hung sash, as in the original, with twelve panes each. The entrance door and other trim features have been closely copied. The original house had square paneled woodwork in the hall and living-room, painted white, reminding one of the manor houses of England. All paneling has been omitted in the newer house, but the chair-rail at the height of the window-sills and picture-mold at the top of the window-trim divide the living-room and the dining-room horizontally. The wooden mantel design in the living-room of the old house has been retained in design.

The copy stresses as far as possible the quaintness and the beauty of line and mass and the simplicity of the original. The unexpected charm of the Payne house has been preserved as far as possible, and this modern adaptation of older forms shows many desirable features worthy of study.

The new living-room is naturally lighted on three sides by seven windows; the dining-room on two sides with



HERBERT HOOVER, SECRETARY OF COMMERCE, BREAKING THE GROUND FOR THE WASHINGTON DEMONSTRATION HOUSE



MRS. THOMAS G. WINTER, PRESIDENT GENERAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS, LAYING THE CORNERSTONE OF THE HOUSE



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Whispering Hope	Gluck and Homer	87524	1.50
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Minuet in G (Paderewski)	Paderewski	74533	1.75
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You probably realize that thorough daily cleansing of your skin is an important contribution to its beauty.

This is right. Indeed, daily cleansing is the very most important requirement for skin beauty.

But do not complicate the cleansing process—you will find the simplest method to be best.

Cleansing should not be allowed to make your skin more sensitive and tender than it already is. Remember that this thin covering of your face must resist sun, wind, dust and all the other damaging influences of everyday life—it needs all the help it can get.

While the cleansing process should, therefore, be thorough, it should also be briet and simple in order to be safe.

Daily washing with Ivory Soap and warm water, in a perfectly common-sense way, followed by rinsing and a final dash of cold water to close the pores and bring the blood coursing to the surface, provides exactly this kind of thorough, yet safe, simple and pleasant cleansing. The film of oil and dust or powder disappears easily and quickly. Your skin is enlivened and refreshed. You have done everything necessary to give it the charm of softness and the ability to resist the attacks of another day.

We invite you to choose Ivory Soap because Ivory is *pure,* and purity is of first importance.

Because it is pure, Ivory is naturally mild and gentle—safe for the most sensitive skin.

A soap that keeps its promises

The promises made to you by Ivory are very specific—safe-cleansing, gentle stimulation, and freedom from irritation of any kind.

It would be easy for us to add to Ivory such materials as artificial coloring matter or medicines, but such materials cannot improve the cleansing qualities of any soap, and would lower the Ivory standard of purity.

Ivory has a standing such as probably no other soap has ever enjoyed, and for one reason—*Ivory keeps its promises absolutely.*

PROCTER & GAMBLE

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100% PURE IT FLOATS





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"We lose hundreds of dollars a year, Mrs. Jollyco, because our customers demand exchanges or refunds for delicate garments which have faded or shrunk! Yet *you* seem never to have any trouble. I would appreciate your advice."

"Well, Mr. Dixon, harsh soap is probably the chief cause of fading and shrinking. I have no trouble because all my laundry work is done with either Ivory Soap or Ivory Flakes. Why not have your clerks suggest this to your customers?"

Mr. Dixon's troubles will be fewer from now on.

IT'S been a long time since anyone has heard about our tricky neighbor, Mrs. Prowl.

Sh! Look.

Arrested! Yes, for taking the Ivory Soap from Teewee Jollyco's bathtub and substituting a harsh soap in its place!

The wise Judge sentenced her to solitary confinement and a daily bath with the same harsh soap. And now, dear reader, poor Mrs. Prowl is *pleading* for Ivory! Shall she have it?



NEW! Guest IVORY



What a welcome this dainty new cake of soap is receiving everywhere!

Wrapped in fresh new blue and white. Of just the right size for slim feminine hands.

Pure, mild and gentle for the most sensitive skin.

Creamy white, as Ivory always is.

Guest Ivory will acquit itself becomingly on your washstand.

As fine as soap can be. Yet five cents is Guest Ivory's modest price.

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THE GENTLEMAN WHO PAYS THE RENT

Love, against a dramatic background of tropic mystery

By PERCEVAL GIBBON

THE door of the little studio stood ajar; he knocked once with his knuckles to announce himself and pushed it wide. Alys, her paint-smeared smock covering her from neck to ankles, palet on thumb, looked up at him from her easel; the soft last light of the afternoon made of her a delicately colored silhouette against the great window.

"Hallo, Hartley!" she greeted him.

"Hallo!" said Hartley Craven. He thrust the door to, crossed the room swiftly and kissed her with the practised expertness of the betrothed.

"Heaps to tell you," he said briskly. "Come and sit down; it's too late to paint now, anyway."

"He's arrived, then?" asked Alys.

"I met him at the station, went with him to the Ritz and lunched with him. And, my dear, he's nothing like as awful as we feared he would be. Really——"

"As *you* feared," interrupted Alys. She was putting her brushes into the tall turpentine jar. "I always said you'd be pleasantly disappointed. But what is he like?"

Hartley sat him down on the low edge of the model-throne where he could watch her as she bent above the litter of her table and presently as she unbuttoned her overall.

"Well, at the station I was rather afraid of missing him, but I certainly needn't have been. He showed up in the crowd like a flamingo in a chicken-run. I was standing at the barrier, looking at those who passed, when I saw him bearing down on me. A tall old man in black clothes, with a huge-brimmed black hat and under the brim of that hat a dull-yellow face, with a great beak curving over a cascade of pure silver mustache and reaching down from under a thicket of white eyebrows. And behind him, one a little to the left and the other to the right, came his retinue. There was a big young negro carrying hand-baggage, all agrin as he walked; and on the other side an old stoop-shouldered nigger, in the longest frock coat I ever saw, carrying nothing but just glaring ahead past his master—glaring, I tell you. I can't describe it. It was as if that foolish negro face of his were a wall to dam up and keep in some strange and strong fires that glowed through his eyes.



"BUT THAT IS ESTEBAN!" CRIED M. CARCASSE. "ESTEBAN—HE COMES AND HE GOES!"

"I STEPPED up to the old man. 'M. Phillidor Carcasse?' I inquired.

"He stopped and beamed on me. 'It is Mr. Hartley Craven?' he said, in English. 'But I am sure it is! Ah, my dear young man, so now at last I see you, the son of my one great friend. What a joy!'

"You know, I was startled. All his letters to me from Haiti have been in French, with little scraps of funny English stuck in here and there. The English he speaks is ready and good enough.

" 'I didn't know you spoke English,' I said, stupidly.

"He just beamed on me again, patting me on the shoulders with his great hands.

" 'I speak, but I don't write very nice,' he said.

"Well, I got him down to the Ritz. He insisted on having the old nigger inside the limousine with us.

" 'Esteban!' he presented him. 'Esteban comes with me always. Without Esteban I can not travel at all.'

"He smiled at the old creature—rather foolishly, I thought—and the negro's thick lips curled for the first time in what looked to me like a sneer."

Alys had come to sit beside him on the edge of the throne. He swung sidewise to face her as he talked.

"But, my dear," he went on, "you ought to see his quarters at the Ritz! He's got about half a whole floor. Gorgeous—the kind of thing they keep for royalties on a State visit. But you'll see it all to-night."

"Me?" queried Alys.

He nodded. "He's my guardian, you know, and we'd better get it over. So we're dining with him to-night. You might like him, even; there's something fairly soft and domesticated about him, for all his look of a monstrous old eagle. I'll bet that when my dad was alive there was only one boss in the firm of Craven & Carcasse."

"Your father, you mean?"

"Yes," said Hartley. "He died when I was a kid and I never saw much of him. But if he had a soft spot for any one but me, I didn't see it."

Alys leaned against his shoulder. "Perhaps M. Phillidor Carcasse is like that too," she suggested. "I'm afraid I am. And now, if I've to dress up to the royal suite at the Ritz, you must go."

HARTLEY CRAVEN'S recollection of his father was like the blurred but ineffaceable memory one retains of some breathless and swiftly ended scene of action, an impression in which neither figures nor gestures are clear but only the savor of one's own emotions. He had not even any very clear vision of his father's face. There remained with him just a sense of something vivid and darkling, a quality which other men did not possess, as though in this far-straying New Englander there were a character of the spirit more foreign to his soil and breed than alien birth and blood. His business, that of the firm of Craven & Carcasse, was domiciled in the tropic squalor of the negro "republics" of Haiti and Santo Domingo and upon the seas thereabouts; it had played its part in the slaughterous history of both communities. Save that it prospered and paid him an agreeable income under his father's will, Hartley knew nothing of it. It gave him a pleasant life in Paris; his guardian, under the will, had been always liberal and complaisant; and it was only now, when he was come to Paris to exercise his right of consent or refusal to Hartley's choice of a wife, that he appeared as anything other than a money-remitting abstraction.

Money—it flowed to Hartley and through him to the graces and adornments of life, to the amenities and luxuries of a civilization developed like an orchid; it was clean to the touch and comfortable in the pocket; it had no taint of the blood and sweat that wrenched it from the venom of the swamps and jungles, from among the stench-infested hovels of Port au Prince, from a hundred horrid forcing-beds where death and money grow with an equal rankness.

M. Phillidor Carcasse met them that evening in the anteroom of the great palace suite of rooms. He bowed to Alys over a shirt front that seemed as vast as a carpet; he was almost intolerably in evening dress. From his neck, by a blue-and-crimson silk ribbon, there depended the jewel of some order, a thing bizarre with gems. The great mass of his white hair and the flare of his mustache gave him, however, something of reverend splendor.

"It is I who shall now have the honor!" he announced, and offered his arm to lead her forward to the salon next in order in that stately procession of great rooms.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, when he had seated her. He had one great elbow upon a corner of a mantel and looked down upon her with what struck the girl as a conscious

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MY REMINISCENCES

The life-story of America's foremost character actress

By ETHEL BARRYMORE



JOHN DREW, THE ELDER, ETHEL BARRYMORE'S MATERNAL GRANDFATHER, IN "THE IRISH EMIGRANT"

"I am very glad to be able to write about some of the interesting and exciting things that have happened to me in my life," writes Miss Barrymore to the Editor. "I have never done it before, and I hope very much that the public that has been so kind and generous to me during my career on the stage will enjoy these reminiscences which I am telling for the first time through the pages of THE DELINEATOR." Here is the first instalment of "some of the interesting and exciting things" that promise to make this fascinating life-story the most talked-of biography of the year





MAURICE BARRYMORE AND GEORGIE DREW BARRYMORE, PARENTS OF ETHEL AND HER BROTHERS



REGAL GRANDMOTHER DREW IN HER FAMOUS CHARACTERIZATION OF *MRS. MALAPROP*

PART ONE

ONE may write about the child one was with the same freedom that a novelist creates a character. There is no fear of egotism, for the portrait is one of faint colors, and the incidents that crowd in on any small life are incidents of childhood rather than of a particular child. I see myself a shy little figure against the background of a family group whose vivacity was that of my mother and father, whose stronger, darker, more frequent moods were those of my grandmother.

I was brought up in the interim of busy lives, lives of the theater, where children had to be set aside and cared for by others, so my most vivid memories of the beginning are naturally those connected with the rare times when the family were together. If I speak of my elders a great deal in these early years, it is first of all because I had a remarkable grandmother, whose very name, Mrs. John Drew, is connected with some of the richest memories in the theater, and because my parents had a romantic glamour about them which appealed to a child.

My mother, Georgie Drew Barrymore, was the gayest and most gallant person I have ever known. In the midst of her active career on the stage she went through the feat of taking care of her children without a thought that such a thing was a difficult matter. To her it was a part of life, and she met it debonairly. Somehow she was always radiant, with an amazing supply of good spirits under all conditions. It was impossible for her to talk otherwise than wittily; she was a spirit of infinite jest, of vast good humor. And her badinage came like brilliant flashes of lightning. This was a characteristic of the Drews. I never knew my grandfather John; he died when he was a very young man, but he left behind him a splendid reputation as a comedian whose wit and sense of fun were marked by high breeding. I understood him better later when I discovered the same rare quality in my uncle John, whose irony was like biting into a piece of crystal.

On my father's side our relatives were all Anglo-Indians, and so much a part of India was Herbert Blythe that he was born underground at Fort Agra during those troublous '40's, when the Crown was



THE FIRST GROUP PHOTOGRAPH OF ETHEL, LIONEL AND JACK BARRYMORE, WITH THEIR MOTHER



AN EARLY PHOTOGRAPH OF ETHEL BARRYMORE WITH THE BANGS THAT DISTRESSED HER FATHER

fighting for control. I shall never forget meeting in England a charming woman who, when she was told who I was, came over to me and said that she had been born at the fort the same day as my father. He went to Harrow and Oxford and won the Queensbury cup as champion amateur boxer. It was not a welcomed announcement when he declared his intentions of going on the stage. In family conclave it was decided that if he did so the patronymic name must be surrendered. My father did not hesitate; he opened the first book at hand and his eye fell upon "Barrymore." Thus Herbert Maurice Blythe became Maurice Barrymore, beloved of memory for his good-comradeship and artistic intelligence. In 1874 he came to America and played with my Uncle John Drew in Augustin Daly's "Pique." The following year, 1875, he married my mother.

My mother used to describe the difficulties under which she received her beaux, for Grandmother Drew believed in the old-time idea of strict chaperonage. "She never allowed me to see any man alone," my mother said. "She would sit at the other end of the parlor 'snowing' on us." But she was not always so rigorous. Sometimes she understood that romance demanded a different policy. When my Uncle Sidney Drew was a young man, he acquired the habit of being frequently engaged—characteristic of the species man, I suppose—but in this case the young ladies were not always desirable. He would come home and tell grandmother about each new conquest. "Well, let's give her a party," grandmother would suggest. The cream of Philadelphia society would be invited to the party, and it nearly always had the desired effect: Uncle Sidney's "divinity" never looked quite so divine afterward.

English by birth, my grandmother had early settled in Philadelphia. She was adored by the public, and she gave them for many years one of the most distinctive stock companies of the times. We of the younger generation can not appreciate fully what that meant. She managed her Arch Street Theater with a perfection that was the envy of every one. The brilliant repertoire kept her company pliable in their work, ever ready for a sudden change of bill. She lived to play under the new order of theater management, but I think some of her austere dignity was due to a self-conscious belief that in



MADAME MODJESKA, THE BARRYMORE CHILDREN'S FAIRY QUEEN, AS *PORTIA*



THE FAMOUS ARCH STREET THEATER, WITH MRS. DREW FEATURED ON THE POSTERS



JOSEPH JEFFERSON, OF *RIP VAN WINKLE* FAME, A FRIEND OF THE BARRYMORES

her the old tradition must be maintained.

I never met any one who had quite the amazing force without effort that my grandmother possessed. Her supreme rule at the theater crystallized into certain ceremonials that marked her comings and goings. She would drive from home in her brougham, and when she reached her office she would go over books, listen to reports, sign documents and inspect things with that regal manner which betokens state affairs. And as she rose to leave, it seemed as though a red carpet should have been spread before her. When, in later years, I saw royalty abroad, nothing was a surprise to me—I had seen my grandmother.

Is it therefore to be wondered at that in our lives the laws of the Medes and Persians were not regarded as any more rigorous than the orders of Grandmother Drew? My mother often declared that the reason Lionel, Jack and I were born in Philadelphia was that orders were issued to have it so. "I'll never forgive you if they are not born in Philadelphia," my grandmother said in effect. And so there was always a mad scurry home when the auspicious moments arrived.

Our cues given, Lionel, Jack and I made our several first appearances. I opened but one eye on the world, so they say, and it was some time before the fear was dispelled that I would never see out of it. But with the proper treatment I was ready to blink angrily at the stage lights when I was first taken on. Before she had reached the dignity of one year, my grandmother had herself been taken in arms before the footlights and had crowed and gurgled with joy; but I, before I had reached the age of two, had objected most violently to being stared at and nearly broke up a perfectly good performance of "Frou-Frou" in which my mother and father were playing.

I CAN not say what my earliest recollections were specifically. Those things, as *Mrs. Malaprop* declares, were a long time ago "illiterated" from my memory. I do know, in her words again, that at no period was I a "progeny of learning," but seem to have been a normal, healthy child in spirits, ably seconded and sometimes led by my brothers. I often wonder what those days would have been had I really known my mother well. I have only intermittent pictures of her. I looked at her in worship and in silence, longing to talk with her, but fearing, out of the very shyness of my nature, to speak to her. If by chance I traveled with her, as Lionel and I often did in those early years, she always sat in the sleeping-car doing some motherly task between "one-night" stands that had to be crowded in. I recall her smocking a dress for me.

I was a shy little mortal, with large eyes cast down in continual confusion and terror. At such times the family would hurl at me, "Look up, Pauline," a line from "The Lady of Lyons." Everything was a quotation in our household. At the table it seemed as though we could never get away from famous lines. If we had to go to bed, it was, "Stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once!" If we hurried through our meals, we were admonished to eat wisely and slowly. Our manners were shaped in terms of theater dialog.

We were a mischievous set of children, always up to some adventure. My memory brings to view many wiggling moments. I can see Lionel now, sprawling flat on his stomach in the aisle of the car as we traveled from place to place, drawing ships and trains. If in the presence of our elders we were not allowed "to utter"—our grandmother's way of condensing the golden injunction that children should be seen but not heard—when we were together we "uttered" loudly and continuously.

You see, I am taking for granted that the three of us knocked, in our time, at the door of Philadelphia, and I am ignoring strict chronology. I know that the first two years of my life were much more exciting for my father than for me. While on tour in a star cast of "Diplomacy" with Uncle John Drew, he was nearly killed by a notorious Texas desperado. The next year he associated himself with Joseph Jefferson and W. J. Florence in "The Rivals." Finally, when he became leading man with Madame Modjeska and had to go west with her, my mother, Lionel and I traveled with them, Jack being left behind with my grandmother. It was during this trip that I somehow sensed the gaiety of my parents when they were together. Their conversation was always a game of battledore and shuttlecock, his amazing brain against her native wit.



UNCLE JOHN DREW IN *ROBIN HOOD*, THE RÔLE IN WHICH HIS NIECE FIRST SAW HIM ON THE STAGE

I WAS more with them now than at any time afterward, and we were very happy. I have a violent recollection of Lionel's objecting strenuously to being dressed up on a state occasion, and of how, when finally he was made spic and span, he promptly fell into a pail of water. I looked upon Madame Modjeska as a kind of fairy queen, with wonderful power and distinction; and her devotion to our mother brought her more abundantly into my reverence. It was she who so convinced my mother that we all joined the Catholic Church at this time, Madame Modjeska herself serving as Lionel's spiritual godmother and the Count Bozenta, her husband, acting as my godfather. This conversion came with an amused shock to the Drews and my father, who were devout Episcopalians. But my mother "took it hard" and was very rigorous in all the demands of the church. There is a little story treasured, the drama of which is more picturesque than it could ever seem in words. One Sunday morning as my mother was leaving to go to early mass, she met my father just coming in, his opera-cape thrown cavalierly back, his silk hat slightly atilt. He gave my mother a quizzical smile, a copious gesture. "Go to mass, my dear," he called over his shoulder. And just as flauntingly gay, my mother's retort came swift and clear, "Go to hell, my dear." And they went their separate ways.

It was while my father was with Modjeska that she presented Ibsen's "A Doll's House," one of the earliest attempts to make the public realize the astounding importance of the Norwegian playwright. But it was too advanced for the time and had to be withdrawn; audiences then could not understand nor appreciate the spiritual independence of *Nora*. It had had one effect on my father, however: The tarantella dance suggested a tense moment in a play which he wrote and which

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THE LISTENING GIRL

"Goldfish swimming in a bowl of intrigue—that's Washington!"

By ANNE HARD

Senator Jordan was not among those of the "Inner Ring" in Washington—but he wanted to be. So with the connivance of his wife and his nephew, young Enoch Blake of the Navy, he launched a plot to get the attention of the big men of this "Inner Ring," and Marya, the pretty young modiste who happened to be in the room to display a dress she had just finished, was inevitably the center of the plot. No one knew her, she had beauty and poise, she could listen charmingly. . The senator engaged her to pose as his niece and pour tea—and never to say a word except the dozen sentences he composed. Blake put up a wager that his uncle could not get away with the scheme for three months—January first to April first—without every one in Washington finding it out, but the senator had a "hunch" that men like to talk—not to be talked to. And the plan worked—amazingly. The first caller was flattered and charmed; he told the next, and Marya's fame spread rapidly. But there was consternation among the plotters when Suzanne Westbrook called to see for herself this new social sensation. The senator's scheme had been prepared for men, not women—and Suzanne, unofficial dictator of official society, was the cleverest woman in Washington

A THREE-PART SERIAL—PART TWO

SUZANNE WESTBROOK came in as she always did, like the waving of many branches and the going of many winds. She paid no attention at all to Mrs. Jordan; she dismissed Blake with a nod—and the girl could wait. She saw her, however, sitting at the table at the other end of the room. Even as she and the senator embarked on a long and personal discussion of the measure he was interested in and the men concerned in it, she decided that Marya was not a beauty, even as Whitely-Manners had confessed. In fact, she looked quite ordinary. No, she revised that: she looked average. Then suddenly she dropped the treaty.

"That cake over there looks awfully good," she said. Then she turned abruptly and walked rapidly toward Marya. "May I help myself?"

"Please—" Marya pushed the cake a little toward her.

"You've just come here, I understand," Suzanne went on. "I suppose you are crazy about Washington?"

"No—" gently.

"No? Well, that's rather new. Have you seen Stebbins's poem about the stranger on the hill?

"Something—something— I forget how that first part goes. Oh yes! Then it goes on:

"The night came up to cover;
The little birds were still.
Among the fluted columns
Went the stranger on the hill.

"Don't you love them—don't you love those last two lines:

"Among the fluted columns
Went the stranger on the hill.

"Both," Marya murmured. Suzanne paid no attention.

Jordan feared he saw symptoms of silence on Suzanne's part.

"Is it true, I wonder, that the King of Italy is planning a visit to the United States?" he hazarded.

"I really don't know. Of course you hear it," said Suzanne, as she stuck a fresh cigaret into her holder. "He's said to be great fun and a great gentleman, too. I think we should like him." Then she was off at a hand-gallop on the subject of social manners.

But all the while Suzanne kept an eye on Marya, hurling a query at her now and then but never waiting to hear the answer. At each rather less than momentary pause, Marya dropped her words into the interstices of Suzanne's observations as an oiler drops oil into smoothly rotating machinery.

Suzanne had not sat still, but had roved about the room, picking up books, laying them down, shaking off ashes from her cigaret, lighting fresh cigarets.

At last she made one finally determined move toward the door. "Good-by," she said. She was decisive about that. "I have some people coming in to tea." To Marya: "So nice to have met you!"

She was gone.

Marya stood up and made a little cup of her hands around her mouth: "It would be nice; of course not; of course I understand; not very much; yes, it would!" she whispered shrilly after Suzanne's vanished buoyant figure.

"Well, I never!" Emily Jordan breathed. "You got away with it with *her!*"

"I don't know." Marya walked about the room as if to relax. "She looked at me so—she *took me in.* I almost think," she added after a pause, "that she was helping me out!"

Meanwhile Suzanne had reached the sidewalk. There she waited for a moment before getting into her tall French car, for she recognized the swanky walk of Sir Offers Usher-Usher. He was in his uniform and looking very fit.

"Oh," she said, as he came up, "you didn't lose any time, did you?"

"Oh yes, quite. I have known about her for a long time. But *you* didn't let the grass grow, did you—what?"

"Come round to tea a little later and we'll compare notes," she said.

He nodded and turned away. The chauffeur had started the engine and Sir Offers was nearly at the Jordans' door when she called him back.

"I want to tell you something confidential," she said: "You won't know anything when you come away!"



"THINGS seem to be coming rather fast," Jordan remarked, when Sir Offers Usher-Usher's card came up. Blake sat down near Marya.

"I hope you aren't tired," he said. "It must be a strain on you. We hadn't thought of that part of it before——"

"Mr. Blake, it's just my job. Senator Jordan hired me to say some words and I simply say them—the best way I can!"

"I'm glad you take it that way. But Sir Offers is rather a card. He's not the ambassador, but he's nearly as important."

"If she got by Mrs. Westbrook, she can get by anything," Mrs. Jordan whispered. "Hush—here he is!"

And there he was.

As he would himself have phrased it, he was "only a moment" in paying his compliments to Mrs. Jordan and in seating himself in the chair which Blake abandoned to him beside Marya.

It was now

January th



JORDAN COULD NOT HEAR THE CONVERSATION OVER BY THE TEA-TABLE, BUT HE DID CATCH MARYA'S LONG LOOK AT VLADIMIR

The dialog, and what he was thinking, went along as follows:

She: She looks up at him hesitatingly, pleadingly.

He: (*She has extraordinary eyes. What is she looking for? Oh, cream.*) "Shall I pass this?" (*I have good hands myself.*)

She: "Please."

He: (*Not shrill, like most Americans.*) "Our young men told me so much I had to come round." (*Does she think me very old?*)

She: "Thank you."

He: (*Used to compliments. Thinks me not so old she has to defer to me. Nice room. Good tea. Nice room.*) "Books here. Your aunt's, I suppose? Do you read them?" (*Doesn't look blue-stocking. Nice girl, too—could listen.*)

She: "Yes."

He: "So?" (*Still, she looks intelligent.*) All of them? (*Books make a nice background for a pretty woman.*)

She: "No."

He: (*I like her smile. She is interested in me.*) "Myself, I have never been able to refrain from buying books of a certain type and appearance—duo, India paper. I buy all poetry, all books about fishing. Then I buy duo, India. But one can't read just one's own books."

She: "One doesn't always care to."

He: (*Shrewd, too.*) "You read French and Italian?" (*Probably not. Few Americans do.*)

She: "Both."

He: (*McAllister was right—she is unusual. She is stimulating to me.*) "Then you should read Spanish, too—unless——"

She: She keeps her eyes on his face while she shakes her head slowly.

He: "Then you should. The great new Spaniards who are so little known by us—Ibáñez, of course, we all know, but—" (*I could teach her in no time.*) "Am I right?"

She: "I fancy so."

He: (*Who was that girl that Winter in Santander?*) "I greatly admire Blanquito." (*Though I hope she won't ask me what I like in him.*)

She: "Have you seen him?"

He: (*She is human. Doesn't care what Blanquito wrote. Is interested in me.*) "Only once, and then for a moment only. I always mean to know him. I hear he is to lecture in America. Perhaps you will read Spanish in the meantime——"

She: "It would be nice."

He: (*She's not one of these bent-on culture American girls either.*) "I hope I haven't bored you." (*As a matter of fact, I have been particularly entertaining.*)

She: "Of course not!" Marya smiles up at him and she says the words so simply that he thinks:

(*Of course I haven't. And she don't overdo it by trying to show she's flattered by my attention.*) Sir Offers gets slowly to his feet. Marya remains seated, looking kindly and friendly up at him. Still he remains a moment.

He: "It's very pleasant to get away from politics." (*I have heavy responsibilities.*)

She: "Of course! I understand."

He: (*Not entirely—but you do very well.*) "Even in a political household, such as your uncle's, I see it can be done!" (*No shop here, thank God.*)

She: "Not very much."

He: (*She agrees with me.*) "It would be nicer if it were oftener true?" (*I have a nice discrimination.*)

She: "Yes." She smiles again as if she were thinking that over. Then she says again: "Yes, it would."

As he had promised, from the Jordan's house Sir Offers went straight to Suzanne's. He had only a few moments to wait before the other men who had been sharing Suzanne's smiles and Scotch and soda were slid somehow—still happy and contented, apparently—out of the way. Suzanne's genius included disconnecting people from herself as cleverly as she connected them with her.

"Well, what did you make of her?" she said, when they were alone.

"Rather extraordinary. Not at all what I should have expected, however."

"Why?"

"Why, McAllister and Whitely-Manners, you see—they——"

"You mean you are surprised you agree with them?"

"A little. I never knew them to be interested by so—by so—literary a young lady before."

"*Literary?*"

"Yes. Extraordinarily well read."

Suzanne stared.

"Funny I didn't see that. She seemed to me a nice little thing."

"Oh, very well read! Discussed modern Spanish and Italian literature with me with great appreciation."

"She did?" Suzanne said. Or rather, Suzanne said: "She *did!*" Then she gave Sir Offers a long, silent look.

"Of course we are all familiar with the type of woman who only blossoms out for men. Perhaps that's why I didn't find that out in her."

Sir Offers did not express his inner conviction even by a smile. If even Mrs. Westbrook was a little narrow about her own sex—why, Mrs. Westbrook in that respect only the more resembled her sex. Let be. He broached American labor and sipped his tea.

AND the cloud that had blown up on the Jordans' horizon flattened out gradually, as many another has done, into long streamers of delicate pink and gold.

It was the sort of situation from which something was bound to come, if only a big laugh.

Where formerly Jordan had been merely the "junior senator," now that Suzanne knew about him—and especially now that Sir Offers Usher-Usher was known to go to his house—Harkins himself, the majority floor-leader, began to take notice.

No one needs to be told about Harkins, that helmsman of politics, that exquisite sieve through which have passed the cunnings and treacheries and aspirations and defeated hopes of politicians, that leader of bigger men than he.

If the British were cultivating Jordan for some reason of their own, it was a subject for legitimate speculation. Harkins's few words with Suzanne had convinced him that this mysterious girl was quite commonplace. It was certainly not because of her that a man like Sir Offers Usher-Usher went to the Jordans'. He must be intending to make use of Jordan in some unguessable way. But how?

To be wondered about in Washington is one way of being noticeable—if not notable.

"They" began to try to find out.

Tubby Senator Martin tried the jovial method of approaching Jordan. No results.

Little Jacobs, who had once been a minister to somewhere himself and whose pose was the authority of diplomatic experience, tried the mutual confidence way.

Whatever they tried, Jordan met the advance with great reserve. Even Harkins watched him under these attacks and construed his adroit—if secretly terrified—elusiveness as follows:

"I think," said Harkins, "he has the careful modesty of real statesmanship. I really think, for a new man, he has stuff in him!"

JORDAN sometimes walked from his house to his office for the sake of exercise. So walking, he was one day overtaken by Harkins driving up to the hill, as he always did, in an air-tight sedan.

Harkins motioned to him to get in and Jordan, very much surprised and more than a little pleased, did so. The car had a clean smell with no trace of tobacco.

"I was walking up. I like to, for the exercise," Jordan began.

Harkins smiled. "I have just been talking with a friend of mine," he said—"young Forbes, of the Forbes Engine Company—about a certain matter concerning which I should like to ask your opinion.

"The question is this: It seems that Forbes has sold three-quarters of a million dollars' worth of internal-combustion engines to the Queen of Salacia. He is having a little trouble in collecting his money. He came to me about it, on personal grounds—I am an old friend of his father's. Now the question in my mind is this: How far ought we to go in encouraging foreign governments

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MISS FUSSBUTTONS

Hate and love—you can not always tell them apart

By SHIRLEY L. SEIFERT

MISS FUSSBUTTONS was called that by her greatly entertained but adoring family. She was this kind of person. When her lingerie, for instance, came up from the laundry, she would sit down that very evening in her immaculate bedchamber with a pile of fresh garments on her left hand and a pile of fresh ribbons and her work-basket at her right hand and run a ribbon into every piece and go over it minutely for rips and missing buttons, then fold it just so and lay it away in an exact place in an exact drawer of her low-boy. Never were there any last-minute calls for safety-pins in Miss Fussbuttons's life. She had a passion for order and a distaste for disorder which began thus with her own clothes and personality and extended through her family out into the wilderness of a still pretty chaotic world. It led her into complications now and then. One evening it led her to address a perfectly strange man on a public street-car.

It happened so: She sat in a rear seat on this spotted, maltreated, bumpy interurban vehicle—a whiff of fragrance in an atmosphere of wet worsted. How she kept herself immaculate on such a night only a few who knew her best could have said. Her shiny patent pumps rebuked the stained boarding on which they rested. She had thrown a homespun cape back over the soiled cane upholstering of the seat, revealing a simple jumper costume of the same gray material, lightened by a blouse of unspotted whiteness and perfectly pressed frills A small shiny black turban came down closely over her hair, allowing only two smooth brown puffs to show at either side of a perhaps too prim but decidedly sweet young face. Everything pertaining to Miss Ellen Carter was, as usual, in perfect order—except her blue eyes. They stared in fascinated horror at a man six seats ahead of her.

He was a large man, fully grown, and he did not sit up in his seat. He was as sloppy as the weather. He had one of those curving, flexible spines that play the devil with coat shapes. Moreover, slumped as he was, reading a newspaper, the back rail of the seat had pushed his soft hat to a horrible tilt over one ear. Perhaps he had even pushed the hat that way himself to get full benefit of the lonely, dim incandescent bulb above him—plainly one of those men who roll through life regardless of everything from buttons to eyesight.

But these details Ellen Carter might have passed with a single lift of her delicate nose and brows had it not been for a more inexcusable circumstance. As has been suggested, it was a black, rainy Spring evening, the drippiest, untidiest sort of weather, spattering everything and leaking everywhere. Frequently the car-wheels made a swishing sound, as if the waters had risen and covered the earth, at least the car-tracks. And that hopeless man persisted in sitting under an imperfectly closed chimney-hole left over from the days when car-stoves rode in the middle instead of on the front platform. The water splattered down on his hat, his shoulders, his paper; and he went on reading, as undisturbed as St. Cecilia by her shower of rose-petals. If he moved at all, it was to slide lower in his seat. He was exactly the kind of man who would put his feet on a mahogany table, and he almost drove Ellen Carter out of her mind.

SHE bore it with decent restraint while the car remained crowded, but as it swished and bumped farther and farther beyond the city limits and people thinned out at every sliding stop until at last only she and this person were left, she felt her fetters give. Suddenly she drew her cape about her, picked up a hand-bag and a hat-box from the seat beside her and moved forward, catching herself just in time to slip quietly into the seat behind him. She kept her hand over her mouth for a short space; then that which was herself triumphed. She leaned forward and spoke to the idiot:

"Why in the world don't you move?"

The mussy newspaper lowered an inch perhaps. The mussy bulk of the man attained marvelous rigidity, considering his posture. There was a moment of heavy, threatening silence—then he spoke:

"Say! What——"

"That rain has been dripping on you all the way out from town," explained Ellen, "and your hat's a sight. I thought you might not know it. There are plenty of vacant seats now. You'll—you'll ruin your coat!"

It was exactly the way in which she would have reproved her father or her brother. They might have growled, but they would have minded her. They were used to her. This man was not. Slowly he turned in his seat.

"Say, listen——"

There came a horrible bumping and banging on the roof of the car and the lights went off. The trolley had slipped. In a spasm of terror, Ellen realized that she had committed a dreadful breach. What could have possessed her? In the darkness she could hear the man's indignation fairly boiling over the seat-rail.

"It's my coat, isn't it?" he demanded rudely, irritably. "You're the fifth woman on this car who has told me it was raining on me. I'm hanged if I care and I'll be hanged if I move! I've got something on my mind more important than my old hat. Will you tell me why women like you can't be satisfied with one man to pick on, but must make things uncomfortable for everybody you see? Why don't you save your censorship for the old man at home? He belongs to you; I don't. It's been a long time since my mother put me in a dark closet for muddying my best suit, and so far no other woman has cornered an option on that privilege. Now sit quiet and let me read the rest of this howling suffragette's speech. And don't throw a fit if that last splash did get inside my coat collar. I'm still wearing my heavy——"

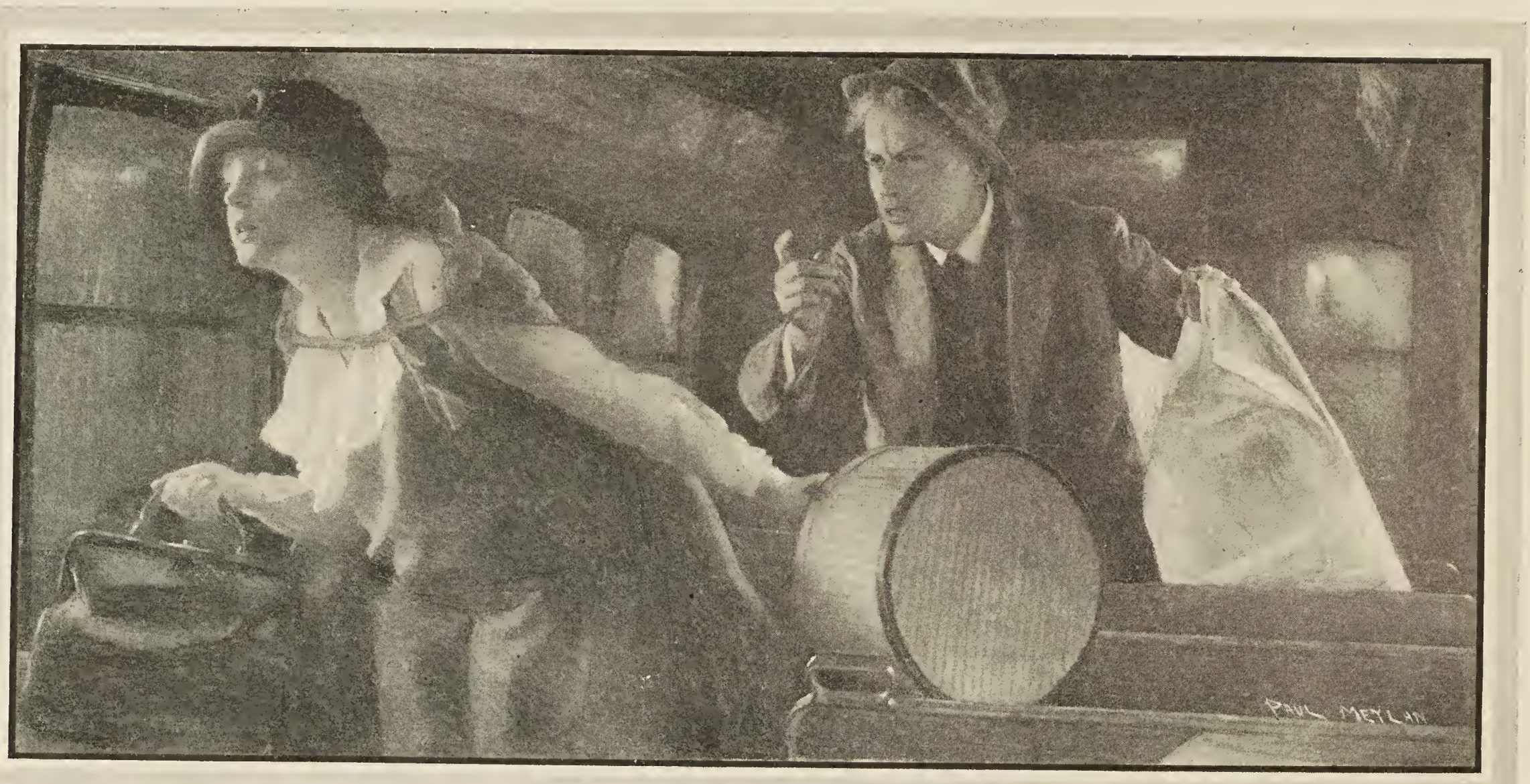
The conductor made the trolley connection.

"Under—er—umph!" said the untidy man.

"Oh!" gasped Ellen.

She was staring, panic-stricken, into a pair of cross brown eyes, flashing at her from a face years and years younger than she had suspected. And, judging by the abashment which slowly tinctured the man's wrath, he had found Ellen slightly otherwise from what he had suspected. Ellen gathered up her bag and box again and ran for the rear of the car.

As has already been intimated, this common carrier could have been fitter than it was. Leaky ventilators and dripping umbrellas had left pools of water in sunken spots on the floor. And now, as Ellen ran, her foot fell unhappily on the end of a loose board. It flew up, smacking the entire front of her neat costume and leaving a broad, muddy smear. You would have thought in that moment all her prim perfection would have been spoiled. Not at all! The whiteness of her blouse was all the whiter against the mud stain. It was as if mischievous Nature had tried to lay a wicked, defiling hand on her



"AH-HAH!" SAID SOME ONE BEHIND HER. "NOW I'VE GOT 'EM!" THE AWFUL MAN HAD RISEN TO HIS FEET



"YOU LOOK LIKE THE GIRL IN THE FASHION MOVIES," HE SAID. "THAT WAS MY PICK, TOO"

but had only succeeded in emphasizing the lady's superiority. Still, Ellen's expression as she took in the disaster was a natural one of dismay.

"Ah-hah!" said some one behind her. "Now I've got 'em!"

TURNING, Ellen found the awful man risen to his feet, gloating over her mishap. His hair stuck out in a disheveled bush from under the brim of his tilted hat. A trousers leg caught on one knee didn't make him any handsomer.

"Now I've got 'em!" he repeated. "These cars are and have been a public disgrace. Propaganda, editorials, nothing will make the company buy new ones. We'll try a lawsuit now. Young lady, you sue the transit company for damages! I am a lawyer."

His round face was flushed; his eyes were snapping. He shook a finger commandingly at Ellen. She drew back with the caution of a cat on wet paving. She would have liked to escape from this madman—but she couldn't remember which board had tilted under her. The man pursued her as she retreated.

"I will conduct the case for you free of charge. I am the prosecuting attorney, supposed to be a person of influence."

"Please!" pleaded Ellen, frozen with alarm and mortification. "It doesn't matter!"

"Sh!" said the man. "You've ruined your entire outfit. There's mud on your hat-band."

Ellen's hand involuntarily flew up to her hat. He was right.

"You can get a big judgment. It will be in all the papers."

Ellen looked feverishly for the conductor; but after adjusting his trolley he had slipped forward to visit with the motorman. Therefore the crazy man was between her and any human help.

"Please!" she said again. "It will clean easily."

"Sh!" said the man. "Never admit that. It will not clean without fading or shrinking or something. You leave the details to me!"

"Please!" said Ellen sharply, feeling herself cornered. "I say it will clean. Please go away! I don't want to talk to you. Go away!"

The man's threatening, oratorical arm dropped to his side. He achieved something near to dignity in his sudden scorn of Ellen Carter. Never before had any one been so openly disgusted with her.

"For the Lord's sake!" he sputtered. "Do you think I've been trying to force an acquaintance with you? Well, I've not! I'm not that kind. I am the prosecuting attorney for this county—interested, therefore, in all that pertains to its public utilities. If you don't believe it, here's my card!"

He flashed a bit of pasteboard out of a pocket, seized her hand, forced the card between her fingers, whirled around and went down into the seat under the leaky chimney-hole with a flump and a muttered comprehensive comment on women.

Ellen shrank into the far corner of her original seat, thankful that immediate threats of violence were over but frightened into complete forgetfulness of her clothing by his rude touch. It was a minute before her fingers relaxed about his card. James Luther! The name gave her the top shock of a swiftly progressing evening. It brought her stiffly upright again, staring with more fascinated horror than ever at the hunched-up figure before her.

"Shady Lane!" called the conductor, coming down the aisle toward her. "Next stop end of the line!"

Ellen followed him closely to the rear platform. She was acutely conscious of scrambling and picking-up noises behind her.

"Careful of the mud, lady!" warned the conductor, as the car slid to the stop. "Can you make it to that rock?"

Ellen "made it" safely to a solitary white flagstone rising out of a dark, soggy landscape. The rain had stopped for a minute; the pale tip of a stingy new moon was peeking through the April clouds; but the world was saturated.

WHILE she stood there, wondering where she could step next, a body almost twice her weight plunged perforce into the mire below the car-step and splashed, with half-swallowed profanity, toward a lonely little shelter-shack on the bank above the right-of-way. The moon touched up his broad figure grotesquely and identified an enormous burden which he carried. It was a square, flat package with little flowers nodding all over it—pansies, they seemed.

The pansies strengthened her nerve to call to him. She had just realized that the car had dropped her, a stranger, on the edge of nowhere. An automobile was to have met her at this place; but the road, which crossed the car-tracks here and led off up the hill between stretches of black woods, was dismally empty.

Luther halted at her call.

"What?" he said, his pansies nodding in agitation.

"I'm Ellen Carter," said the lady on the rock. "Your sister's friend. She asked me out for the week-end."

The pansies nodded in greater and greater agitation.

"I thought you were coming on the six-o'clock train," said Luther, after a desolate, inauspicious silence.

"I missed the train," said Ellen, then defiantly added: "I don't usually miss trains. We've just moved here and I don't know my way about very well. I telephoned Mrs. Fray and she said for me to take the car and the motor would meet me at Shady Lane. Ah—ah—it isn't here, you see!"

"Yes, I see," said Luther, up the bank. "I don't know what's happened, but anything might. If the roast has stuck or the baby has a new tooth, she's probably forgotten that she owns an automobile. I guess we'll have to walk."

Ellen looked at the soppiness about her, at the gleaming mud of the road.

"Is it far?" she asked.

"Half a mile, I guess," said Luther, evidently waiting for her.

"I can't walk half a mile in that mud," said Ellen. "In pumps!"

The pansies almost shook their heads off.

"I'm a strong man, but I can't carry you half a mile," said Luther.

"Mr. Luther, you couldn't carry me a step! I wouldn't have it! I wasn't suggesting it! But—but I don't see any reason for both of us getting muddy. You're that way now. You might go to the house and send the automobile after me."

"What?" said Luther.

"You were going to walk anyhow," said Ellen.

"Do you mean that you'd rather wait here alone while I go to the house and maybe change a tire or something like that than to risk a little mud? It's beginning to rain again."

"It looks quite dry in the little house," said Ellen. "If it does rain, there's a roof."

Carefully she began picking her steps up the turf of the slope. Luther was speechless.

"You could leave the pansies with me," Ellen offered politely.

"Thank you! Is there any other little suggestion?"

"No!" said Ellen. "I'm sorry to have to ask you to do anything for me. I'm sorry I came. I think you're hateful, and I don't wonder that your sister doesn't take any interest in you."

Luther put down his pansies and went off up the road, whistling under his breath.

THE little shelter-house was scarcely more than a roof on props. It had a whole wall of boards at the back and two half-walls sticking out inadequately at right angles from each end. A rough bench was fastened to the rear wall. On it Luther had placed his incongruous pansies. What could a crude person like that be doing with flowers? The place was very lonely after he left—and dark. The moon had gone back in despair and it was raining again—harder and harder. The wind whistled and sighed in the woods about. Once Ellen thought she could hear people or animals moving cautiously behind her little roost. "Cher-wunk!" boomed a bullfrog from a near-by marsh. Ellen drew her feet up on the bench.

Luther was gone long enough to have deserted her. The car which had brought them both from the city turned about at a visible distance and went back home. Ellen wished that she had gone with it. A second car came and stood a spell at the same switch, its light blinking at her through the rain. Then, as the light

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J. HARDIN & SON

Marriage is the end, not the beginning, of Paul's happiness

By BRAND WHITLOCK

PART THREE

His love for Winona Dyer was the first colorful thing that had ever come into young Paul Hardin's life. The narrow repression of a little Ohio town, the stern repression of his home, were all that he had known. A few vivid moments stood out in his memory: meetings with Malcolm Dyer, the rich man of the town, and Wade Powell, the lawyer, both under a ban because of their convivial habits; the night the show-people stopped in Macochee and left behind them the poor young mother who had died in giving life to her child; the day years later when he and Malcolm Dyer rescued that same child, little Evelyn Walling, from the river where she had been driven by the taunts of children. There were other impressions—youthful loves and moments of bitter rebellion against his father's domination. But it was always too strong for him—that life-habit of repression. It was Paul's engagement to Winona that finally gave him the determination he had lacked, and when at last he faced his father boldly he was taken into partnership. Paul was happy now for the first time—but not for long. He had made a fortunate investment in oil and hurried home to share the good news with Winona. But when he called that night, Mrs. Dyer met him at the door in a startling state of disarray. "Don't come in, Paul," she whispered; "she's got that fellow Parton here!" It was a heart-sick man who turned and stumbled away from the door just as Winona approached it. In this instalment Paul faces the problems love has placed in his path. If you begin the story at this point, you will want to follow it clear through to the end

PAUL was rather glad than otherwise when, the next morning, he had a telegram from Lacey, who was looking after the oil operations, asking him to come to Findlay. He was glad of an excuse to get away from Macochee and to think about Winona and Parton, whoever he was, and the strange conduct and appearance of Mrs. Dyer. At the thought of Winona he was in a dumb rage, and the more he thought about her the deeper and more sullen his anger became, so that he felt a satisfaction in the fact that by absence and silence he could take a revenge he might not have had the heart to take had he remained.

Lacey's summons turned out to be good news: not only was the well meeting their highest expectations and producing two hundred barrels of oil a day, but they were boring another well on the lease and Lacey had heard of a new oil-field that was about to be opened. They went there on a prospecting trip, and Paul found relief from his jealous worries. In fact, he was now becoming more and more interested in making money, more and more absorbed by a budding ambition to grow rich.

By a strange contrast, at the very moment when J. Hardin was neglecting his business and abandoning practical affairs for the concerns of the spirit, Paul, so long given over to impractical dreaming and vague longings, was now of a sudden intensely practical and wrapped up in commercial projects. Lacey had imbued him with his own philosophy, which could be condensed into the apothem that money is the most necessary thing in this life. In this new and ardent quest, Paul remained in northwestern Ohio for a fortnight obtaining leases on promising oil-lands. And when he thought of Winona, he vowed to himself with ever more positive affirmations that he would have nothing more to do with womankind.

HAVING taken this ascetic resolution, it was perhaps only natural that, a day or two after his return to Macochee, he should have been suddenly struck by a glance from a pair of eyes that looked up at him from under the fuzzy brim of a jaunty woolen hat. They were blue eyes, and as they met his there seemed to be something wistful in their appeal. He had seen the face somewhere before, but he could remember afterward only the faint adumbration of a smile about a sweet mouth with a short upper lip.

The girl looked, smiled and was gone. She might have been fifteen or she might have been two and twenty. Paul, not having had much experience in such matters, could not judge; but if she were of the former age, then she was of a precocious femininity with some knowledge of the world; if of the latter, then she had retained much of childish innocence. As he thought of her, he was conscious of some haunting familiarity, some far-off memory; the sight of her had revived some old poignant half-sweet, half-sad sensation.

He saw her again a few days thereafter, and again she turned that strange glance upon him—not in any sense a glance of bold meaning, but of some strong sympathetic interest. He encountered her thus several times, and a strange, tacit, silent acquaintance grew up. He saw that she was not as old as he had thought; she was, indeed, but a frail slip of a girl, yet to him at least already of a subtle charm that gave her a mysterious allure beyond her years. Whenever they met thus, as they seemed to be doing more and more frequently, her face would instantly light up with a naive pleasure which she took not the slightest pains to conceal.

And so, seeing that she was after all but a young girl—hardly more than a child—there could be no harm in speaking to her. And when they met one mild December afternoon in Cedar Street in the soft moist air that felt so good on one's cheeks, Paul said: "Well, hello."

"Hello," she said, and stopped, and caught her breath, and added: "You do remember me, don't you?" She looked up at him with a bright, eager expression, her short upper lip showing the white tips of two front teeth; moisture clung in tiny pearly drops to the woolen hat and to the long lashes of the blue eyes that were winking so rapidly.

He did not, as a matter of fact, remember her. He had had those vague, tantalizing impressions which he could not identify or formulate, but that was an old trick which his mind was always playing; he was always imagining things, always attaching importance to things that did not really exist. Meanwhile she was waiting, and a shadow of disappointment was beginning to dim that bright, ardent expression on her pink, girlish little face.

"You saved my life once, you know."

"How's that?" he asked bluntly.

"Why—have you forgotten? Don't you remember the little girl you pulled out of the water in Possum Run?"

"Oh!" he exclaimed. "Now I——"

"You remember, don't you?" She was nodding her head eagerly and smiling again.

"Are *you* the little girl?"

"Yes," she said, "I'm the little girl."

"But you know I didn't pull you out."

"Yes, you did," she insisted. "Your name's Paul Hardin, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well," she said, as though that proved it.

"But it wasn't I who pulled you out, really," Paul went on. "It was Mr. Dyer—Malcolm Dyer." He thought of Winona for an instant.

The girl was slowly shaking her head in stubborn denial and she insisted:

"Oh, but it was! I'm sure I ought to know."

"No," said Paul, "it was Mr. Dyer who pulled you out of the water. I was there. I went with you into Mr. Sikes's shop. Do you remember?"

"Yes. And you carried me home, or to Mrs. Hobbs's."

"That's right. But it was Mr. Dyer who pulled you out."

"But I know it wasn't!" she cried, and stamped her foot. "It was you!"

"Mr. Dyer got all wet and took cold, you know," Paul went on in a solemn tone. "He died from the effects." He thought that might convince her.

"He may have died," she said—"I don't know anything about that—but *you* rescued me."

"Well, I mustn't keep you standing here in the cold," he said. "Let's walk along. Where are you going?"

"To Mrs. Mumm's. I work for her; I'm learning the millinery trade."

The girl wore a small fur collar, and settling her tiny round chin into it, she started on, Paul beside her.

"My name's Evelyn," she said. "Evelyn Walling's my full name. When I lived here in Macochee, they called me Eva Hobbs, because Mrs. Hobbs raised me. I was never happy at her house. She was good, too; but the children at school were cruel to me." She was quite sober for a moment.

"Yes, I remember," said Paul sympathetically.

"Let's not talk of it," cried the girl. "I lived there until my father sent for me. My father's an actor; he's on the road all the time. I've been on the road."

"You have?"

"Yes." She nodded her head. "I went on the road for a season with a Juvenile Pinafore Company. We didn't do a very good business; we busted."

She paused to allow him to realize the import of that little tragedy and then she went on: "My father doesn't want me to go on the stage, though. I'm going back to him before long. He's on tour just now. Don't you think Macochee's a dull place? I do. I don't like it. I hate it!"

AND so she ran on in her strange monolog, with its odd mixture of experience and immaturity.

"Why don't you talk?" she suddenly demanded. "Why don't you tell me about yourself?"

"Oh!" he exclaimed, brought back to himself. "There's nothing to tell."

He was lost in wonder at the strange coincidence, or what seemed to him the strange coincidence, of their meeting. He was trying to calculate her age; how many years had it been? Whenever they passed under a street-lamp, he looked intently at her to see whether or not she did resemble that other Evelyn Walling, thus brought back out of the past, living again in her daughter. But he could not be sure. Just now it was the face of the girl beside him that filled his imagination.

She stopped abruptly and suddenly seized his arm.

"Look!" she said.

He wondered what it was that she saw. She was pointing to something through the aureole of light that enveloped the street-lamp.

"See how pretty the branches of the trees look when you see them through the lamplight. You must make up your eyes to see them." She was squinting very prettily. "The branches are wet with the mist and they form perfect globes. Do you see? Isn't it funny? I wonder what makes that."

He squinted and saw, or said he saw, the phenomenon. Then they walked on. She kept hold of his arm, clasping her two hands about it and clinging very close to him. She looked up at him and gave a little laugh.

"Isn't it jolly," she said, "to be walking along like this in the dusk? Don't you think it's very nice?"

Paul looked down into the girl's upturned face. He thought it very nice indeed.

Paul had kept one of his resolutions at any rate: he had made no move to see Winona, had given her no sign,

and the longer in his stubbornness he persisted in this course the harder it became to alter it. It might have been a trivial thing and innocent enough, her walking with this mysterious Parton, but in Macochee engaged girls did not do that, and he chose to look upon it as a serious disloyalty requiring explanation. But he was too proud to inquire; let them, he said, hardening his heart, explain.

And then, the morning after his meeting with Evelyn, whose frail form had latterly somewhat obscured the image of Winona in his breast, he received a note—not, indeed, from Winona, but from Mrs. Dyer. It was a brief note, merely asking him to come to her, but it was enough to bring him up rather sharply and to compel him to face the problem he had been somewhat too willing to let drift until circumstances should solve it. To see Mrs. Dyer was, of course, to see Winona, whose hand he thought he could detect in the simple message.

IF SUCH were the fact, however, she had chosen another line of attack, for when he went that evening and stood before the chimneypiece, his back to the fire and his hands behind him in an attitude that was intended to hide his embarrassment beneath the magnificence of the pose, it was Mrs. Dyer who presently glided into the room, vague and remote, advancing with that light impersonal smile on her lips.

"Ah, Paul, dear," she said in her soft voice, "you are back!" She took her seat with a sigh, was silent an instant and then went on: "We read in the newspapers of your great success, your splendid fortune. I congratulate you, sir."

She inclined her head and fumbling among her trinkets found her salts, inhaled them, put the little bottle down and then, taking up the paper-knife, tranquilly began to cut the leaves of her book.

"You don't know, Paul," she remarked presently, without raising her eyes, "how Winona has suffered."

He gave a start.

She cut a few more pages.

"I scarcely know how to put it, but a mother's eyes see many things. I knew there must be some reason, even if we didn't know or were unable to guess what it was. I could not think that just because you had met with fortune you would so soon—" Her voice, or her courage, faltered. She shook her head. "No, I could not—I would not think that."

He was dumfounded; that such a monstrous misconstruction were possible had never occurred to him. He hastened to protest.

"Why—Mrs. Dyer!"

"You owe it to her, Paul, dear." And then suddenly raising her eyes to him, she went on: "I may say it, mayn't I? You will be frank with her, won't you? At least that? And kind? She has suffered!" She lowered her eyes again and her gray head shook sadly. "Oh, if you knew how she has suffered! So much, so much, poor dear!"

"But Mrs. Dyer," he said, "do let me——"

"Sh!" she said, lifting a frail, transparent hand in warning. "I think I hear her step."

And before he could reply, there was Winona coming into the room. From her dark eyes she gave him one reproachful glance, and passing to the other side of the room sank into a chair out of range of her mother's view. The crisp sound of the paper-knife cutting the leaves of the new book with swift, regular strokes accentuated the stillness.

"And now, Paul," said Mrs. Dyer, "you must tell us of your great adventure!"

Oil, Lacey, the shooting of the well, all those incidents which on that other evening he could have recounted with such gusto, were remote, impossible now. Winona was sitting with one elbow on the arm of her chair, her hand against her cheek; her face was of a whiteness that rivaled that of her rounded forearm, and her eyes glowed darkly in the intensity of the gaze she fixed on him.

"Why don't you begin?" she said.

He detected, or suspected, an intention in the remark that was not wholly amiable. He was confused, then irritated.

"Oh, you wouldn't find it very interesting now," he said.

"I'm sure we are all attention," said Winona.

He looked at her to confirm, if possible, his suspicion that she was mocking him; but she looked at him steadily, her eyes wavering only when the monotonous grating of the paper-knife seemed to get on her nerves and she flashed an impatient look at her mother.

"Well, Paul," said Mrs. Dyer, "aren't you going to give an account of yourself? You know we're dying to hear."

"Oh, there's nothing much to tell," he said.

He felt that old Hardin mood coming upon him, that



"OUR TRAINS GO IN DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS," EVELYN SAID. 'IT'S TOO BAD"

mood of dark taciturnity, and sat there in saturnine silence. Mrs. Dyer, still serenely bent over her book, continued to cut its leaves.

"Mama," said Winona sharply, "do stop that! It makes me nervous!"

Mrs. Dyer, in mild obedience to her daughter's whims, put the book down and gazed into the fire. But not for long. The well-known sign of her own nervousness soon became apparent. Her fingers began to play among the things on her little table and presently she rose, saying:

"I know you children have much to talk over. I shall say good night."

PAUL waited for the last sounds of Mrs. Dyer's retreat to die away. He had, as he thought, the words of indictment and reproach ready on his lips, but before he could bring himself to utter them Winona said:

"Oh, Paul, how could you!"

She was huddled in her deep chair, as though stricken there.

"Why, Winona—" he began.

"If you knew what I have suffered!" she went on, not heeding his interruption. "I waited, thinking you would come—but never a word or a sign from you. I had to read of it in the newspapers. I—I——"

Her features were working painfully; Paul noted how rapidly her eyelids fluttered to keep back the tears that presently overflowed and began to splash down her cheeks, convicting him far more than any words could have done. He was beginning to feel guilty and wretched, anxious to explain, to defend and exculpate himself. The imputation that Mrs. Dyer so innocently had thrown out was horrible; they must not be allowed to think that because he had suddenly met with success he had forgotten Winona—that was too much. Winona fumbled for her handkerchief, wiped her eyes and made an effort to control herself.

"I—" she began, "I haven't closed my eyes for—" But she could not go on; she buried her face in her hands and sobbed.

Paul leaned forward and tried to take her hands away from her face.

"Winona," he said in concern. "Listen, dear."

She shook her head and resisted him an instant, but presently yielded. He drew her hands from her face and held them.

"Listen, dear," he pleaded. "Perhaps there has been a misunderstanding. Let me explain!"

She grew calmer and looked at him solemnly out of her dark eyes in which the tears still glistened while, holding her hands, he began.

"On the very afternoon I got back I came out to see you with the good news that I thought you would be so glad to hear. In Winter Street, there under the trees—" And he went on to tell her what he had seen.

SHE listened thoughtfully, her black eyebrows meeting across her nose in an expression of perplexity, as though trying to remember.

"Walking," she repeated, "with a man?"

Her tone implied that it was either quite incredible or else too insignificant to be recalled—he was not sure which. In spite of himself, little doubts would insinuate themselves into his mind. He leaned a bit nearer.

"Yes, with a man. Don't you remember? It was about five o'clock in the evening. A man named Parton."

"Oh-h!" she exclaimed, trilling out the note in surprise. "Charlie Parton! So I was!" And then she gave a little laugh, as of relief.

Paul released her hands and leaned back in his chair.

"And who is Charlie Parton, may I ask?" he inquired in a tone that had a shade of suspicion, if not of reproach.

She gave him a swiftly searching glance. Her eyelids, still moist with her tears, wavered an instant, drooped, and then were raised again as she said:

"Charlie Parton? Didn't I ever mention him to you?"

"No, you never did."

"Well, if I didn't, it was because it was of little moment. He is a young man from Cincinnati whom we met up north last Summer."

And she began to tell Paul something of Charlie Parton—though an older and more experienced student of the ways of women might have been sensible of certain discreet reticences in the account of those Summer days with the young lawyer by the blue waters of Lake Michigan when Winona, feeling that Paul's fortunes were low and that they might never marry, had cast a harmless little anchor to windward. Paul's good luck in striking oil, however, had thrown another light on the situation, so that Winona had slipped that anchor, and Parton's visit to Macochee, like most unannounced visits, had been peculiarly inopportune, falling as it did on the very day when Paul returned triumphant.

"Really," she was going on, "he's an awful bore, poor old Charlie. But he's a friend of the family—more of mother's than of mine—and as he happened to be in town, what was one to do? And you saw us in Winter Street?"

"Yes."

"But why didn't you join us?" She leaned back in her chair and clasped her arms behind her head.

"Well," Paul began, "I felt that perhaps just then, you know—two's company. So I turned and went home."

"How silly of you!" she exclaimed. "Silly—and unkind! I really ought not to forgive you—so easily. You might have come back, sent word—done something!"

SHE darted at him once more that glance of reproach, lowered her eyes and looked down. They had been silent a moment when abruptly, as though startled by some importunate question, some impatient curiosity, she started up and demanded: "How did you know his name?"

"Oh," said Paul carelessly, in the first advantage he had had in their conflict, "I found it out."

"By spying?" she asked, her eyes narrowing suspiciously.

"Oh, no; I don't spy, you know. I didn't, as it happened, have to. You see, I did do something—I did try to see you: I came out that evening. But I found Parton here."

"Who told you?"

"Your mother."

He saw her flush and he feared that perhaps he was taking a mean advantage. He was uncomfortably aware that he was drawing too close to the penetralia of the family where there was some domestic secret he had no right to discover; he felt something of the vicarious shame that he had felt that evening when Mrs. Dyer had appeared at the door.

"You saw mama that evening?"

"Only for an instant at the door."

Winona blushed and looked down again at her hands.

"She was not—well that day," she stammered. "She often has rather alarming spells. She is not quite accountable at such times. I don't know, of course, what she said—I don't ask. I'm often very much worried about her!"

The tears were moistening her long black lashes anew and he felt a sympathy for her; he would torment her no more.

"Oh, Winona," he cried, "she said nothing, only that he was there! I was angry and jealous and confused. A little disappointed, too, for I had come to tell you good news. Things often turn out that way—always, I sometimes think—just to spite one. But let's not think of it any more!"

HE THOUGHT that it was over and settled then—he felt that things had been rather satisfactorily explained; Parton receded from view. His only remaining irritation was with himself for having allowed himself on that fatal evening to forget that fond hopes are rarely realized, and never in the way imagined. It was best to keep this truth in mind and not to expect too much.

But Winona's tears kept on falling. He felt just a little irritated with her; her mood as it was had been difficult enough to deal with without having it complicated by that constant factor in the problem of femininity: tears. Paul resented this menace to his happiness and peace of mind just when he had succeeded in overcoming the obstacle that had been in the way. There she was weeping again; it was too much for the soul of man, looking ever for comfort and repose, to endure. And yet the tears had their usual effect: his heart melted into pity.

"What is the matter, Winona?" he implored.

She let herself be drawn into his arms, and finally, flinging her arms about his neck, she exclaimed: "It's my mother!"

"What of your mother?"

"She's an invalid."

"But we've always known that."

Winona was silent in one of those moments of hesitation that precede revelations, and then she cried: "She's addicted to the morphine habit; she's very often as you saw her that evening!" And she hid her face against Paul's shoulder.

The revelation was not precisely astounding; he had long divined the presence of some such skeleton in the closet of that household. He had felt dimly that there was something—well, a little queer about Mrs. Dyer, though he had not been able to say with precision just what it was. Even now, while he regarded it as something to be regretted, it did not affect him as seriously as Winona appeared to think it should; at any rate, he did not view it in the tragic light.

In the calm that came to her after a few moments of gentle sobbing, she told him how years before, during an illness, her mother had resorted to the use of the drug. The habit had become fixed; it had been a grief to her father and was a partial explanation of the seclusion of the family during those years of residence in Macochee before Malcolm Dyer's death and the removal to Cincinnati. Mrs. Dyer had been in a sanitarium there, Winona meanwhile having been placed in a boarding-school. The experience had made Winona very unhappy; she could never think of it without shuddering, without a fear of a return of her mother's vice. She had been immensely happy to return to Macochee, for her mother had been pronounced cured. She had looked forward to a new life in the little town, and for a while things had gone on well. Her mother and she were beginning to think of entering into such society as was afforded by Macochee; they were thinking of travel—in a word, were resolved on happiness—when something went wrong: some feebleness, some want of will on the mother's part—and since then, the necessity on her own, and on that of Jane, to guard the unfortunate woman from herself, from others and above all to keep the squalid secret. It had been a long experience of horror to Winona, a horror that she succeeded in communicating to Paul as she recited it.

"I don't know why I should have told you all this tonight," she said. "I had no intention of doing so, though I did intend to tell you some time before we were married."

"But why not have told me?" he asked.

"I don't know. Unless it was because I feared that I—might lose you!"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, you see, Paul dear, I can not leave her. She needs me."

"You need not leave her," he urged. "She can live with us."

But Winona shook her head. "No, I will not sacrifice you!"

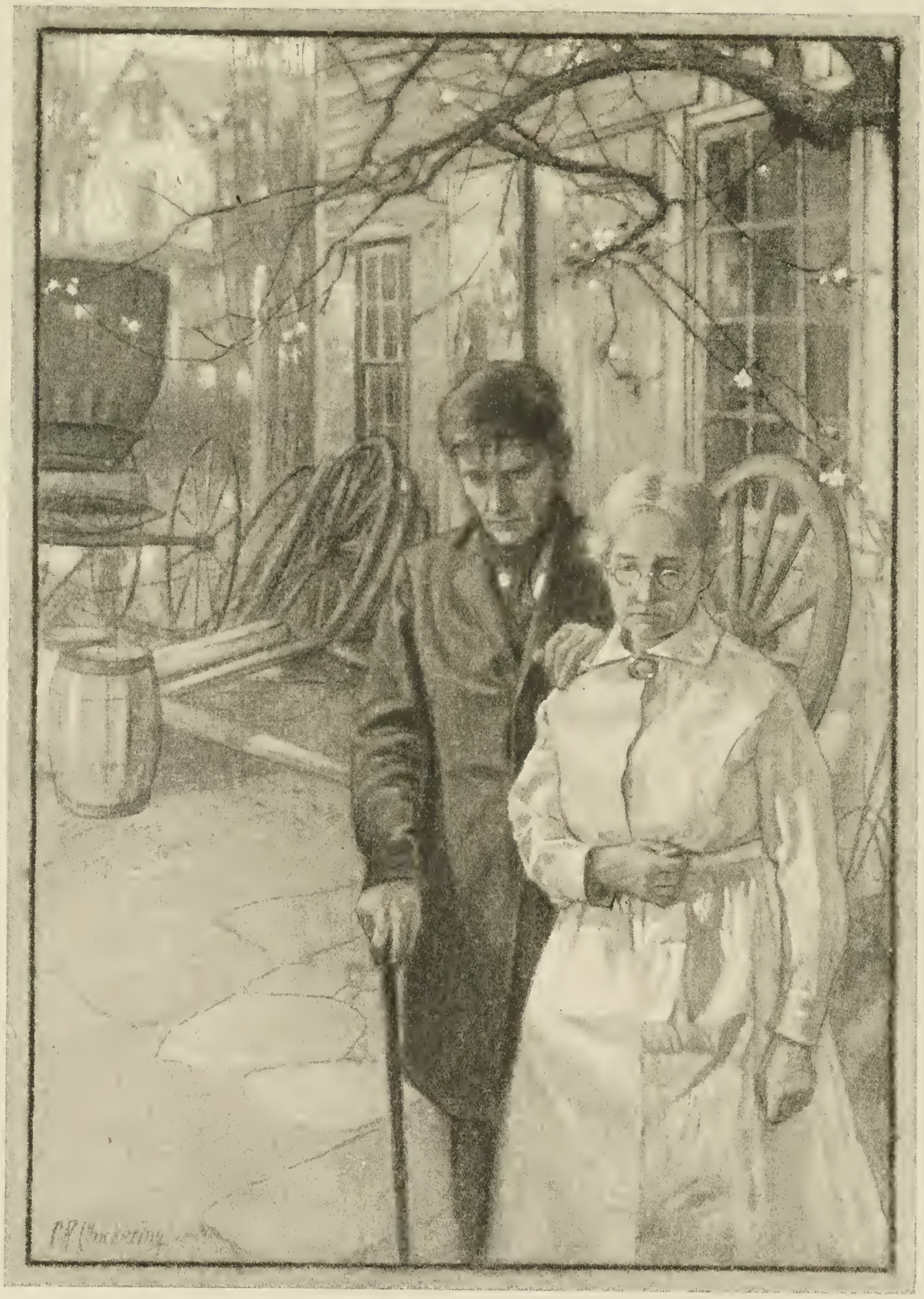
And then she began to tell him between her sobs that she felt it her duty not to marry, but to remain with her mother.

"You will be happy after a while," she said. "You will forget."

He hushed her. "You must not say such things!" he insisted.

And he set himself to the task of persuasion, arguing that they had a right to be happy. But she clung obdurately to her theory—took a perverted, morbid satisfaction in developing it, dramatizing herself as leading one of those lives of sacrifice the old so often require of the young. "You wouldn't altogether forget me, would you, dear?" she asked.

As seemed so often the case in his relations with Winona, Paul had a sense of being baffled by her. Her kisses, mingled with her tears, were on his lips; she was clinging to him, and yet all the while persisting that she could not be his. And then suddenly she was purring in his arms and whispering: "Do you know what I have learned in these last dreadful days? Let me whisper it: That I can never, never live without you!"



LEANING ON HER ARM, HE WENT INDOORS WITHOUT EVEN CASTING A BACKWARD GLANCE ON THE SCENE THAT ONCE HAD BEEN SO CHEERFULLY BUSY AND ALIVE

HE WAS exhausted by so much emotion as he went homeward under the shadows of Winter Street that evening along the way he knew so well, over those damp bricks, worn by so many feet, heaved up here and there into undulations and billows by the roots of the old trees. He knew all their irregularities as a pilot knows the shoals and eddies and sand-bars on the Ohio; he had gone over them in so many varying moods and passions—happiness always just ahead, never at hand, or if at hand, only to be snatched away again. And then over the town there floated the deep note of the siren of the Limited, a sound that always filled Paul with a longing to go away, to be elsewhere, to proceed on down the road in quest of that happiness always just beyond.

But it was all settled. Winona had decided that it would be best to hasten their wedding—to have it that very Winter—in order, as she said, to place themselves safely beyond the possibility of other such disastrous misunderstandings. And as Paul walked homeward, thinking of her words, he felt perhaps just the slightest shade—he would not have said of disappointment or regret—but of some minute, faint flaw in his satisfaction. For on thinking over and repeating again those words of Winona's, he recognized in them one of those decisions that wear the redoubtable air of a decree one might like as well if it were of a less positive irrevocability.

On a cold morning in December, a few days before his wedding, Paul was pacing up and down the bleak platform at the railway station waiting for the north-bound train; he was going to Findlay, one last trip before his marriage, to attend to certain affairs with Lacey. The train was twenty minutes late, and among other results of this delay the south-bound train, which passed the north-bound at Macochee, was compelled to wait on the siding just outside the town.

Continued on page 66



HOW SPORTS DEVELOP CHARACTER

By FIELDING H. YOST

Director of Athletics and Physical Education, University of Michigan

Most intelligent parents know that the boy isn't necessarily on his way to perdition because he likes "rough" sports, has been known to participate in a fist fight or two and nurses an ambition to shine in the competitive games of his school or club. His ambition is a perfectly wholesome one, prompted by a fundamental need deep within him. Mr. Yost explains the craving and tells why the satisfaction of it makes better men. Much of what he has to say about boys is equally applicable to girls, and his statement about the relative infrequency of injuries in competitive sports should be reassuring because it comes from an authority who has had twenty-five years experience supervising athletic sports and physical training at one of our largest educational institutions

EVERY boy should engage in competitive athletics. I make this broad statement from the view-point of one who is interested in the development of the race and the advancement of civilization; not merely from the view-point of a football-coach. The value of competitive athletics is twofold: first to the individual and second to the group of which he is a part. It is easy to see that a boy might have good health, good morals and a strong mind and still not fit in well with his own group. Sports that make him more adaptable and more inclined to adopt the ideas of team-work are serving the whole group as well as the individual. Sports set an objective for the adolescent character. They offer the surest means we have of getting out the "pay dirt." They are the open door. Sports will develop him mentally as well as physically. They will teach him to think "in a pinch," to keep cool in trying situations, to control his emotions. The spirit of cooperation is another thing that sports teach; in all team games this ability to merge all the individuals in one harmonious whole is most important.

Considered from a recreational standpoint as distinguished from the physical side, competitive sport is valuable in that it offers to boys in school and college a diversion from their studies. It gives them something to think about that will relieve their minds of the monotony of work; it amuses them and at the same time it improves their bodies. The same amount of amusement might be had in going to the theater, or playing cards, or sitting around a piano singing, but these things do nothing for the body.

THERE are four qualities which every boy must develop if he desires to excel in athletic competition:

The first requirement of all athletic sports is good health, or "condition." This means that a boy must build himself up physically to the highest point that his body permits; it means that he will be compelled to observe the rules of hygiene. He might, of course, be taught to observe these rules because it is the right thing to do, but how much easier it is to give him a definite objective instead of an abstract theory! If you tell a boy that drinking, excessive smoking and other forms of dissipation will prevent his making the team he is striving to win a place on just as surely as if he lost one of his legs, he will be much more impressed than if you merely said that these dissipations would exact a toll that he would have to pay later in life. It is human nature to be prodigal with health. The boy always has it in the back of his head that dissipation may hurt the other fellow but it won't hurt him. But when he realizes that breaking training-rules means being dropped from the squad or taking a place on the bench as a substitute, the penalty is a very real and very immediate one that he can understand.

The second requirement is that he must learn to think under fire. Success is most games depends to a large extent on quick thinking.

Third, he must cultivate the right moral attitude toward the game—the spirit of fair play and give and take.

Fourth, he must have the determination to do and the will to give service. This is the thing that puts the vital spark in him. He might possess the first three qualities to the highest possible degree, but he would be like a fine watch that had never been wound up unless he were inspired by a desire to make use of them.

In contemplating competitive athletics, one should study causes more than results. It is the causes of victory itself which make participation in athletics worth while. If defeating a rival were all that counted, we might as well have college championships settled by matching pennies; one side would beat the other in that kind of a contest and the institution whose representatives won most often would have a right to style itself champion. But matching pennies is inconsequential: a coward or a quitter might consistently beat a man endowed with all the desirable qualities.

There are four principal causes for victory, and if you take care of causes, results will take care of themselves. In the first place, there must be thorough preparation in the individual and in the group. In the second place, there must be cooperation and coordination. Thirdly, there must be unswerving loyalty—loyalty of a kind that can forget self in the interests of the group. Lastly, there must be the realization that service produces results.

The boy or man who makes up his mind to give service has found the key to success. Altruistic principles prove in the end to be more effective than those conceived in selfishness. You can get out of competitive sport only what you put into it. The more you try to put into it, forgetful of possible dividends, the more you are bound to get out of it in the long run. Service in any activity of life is not self-sacrifice in the sense that it precludes a reward: it is the only sure method yet discovered of bringing a reward.

THE reason why football is the most popular college game is because it is the game that is most typical of what competitive sport ought to be: it demands a high degree of individual excellence and a high degree of cooperation in the group. When one football-team beats another of its own class, victory is usually, if not invariably, due to the fact that the winner has been able to develop valuable attributes in a set of individuals and bring them under better coordination in a group than the loser. Luck is sometimes a factor in football-games—often the deciding factor—but in the long run good and bad luck balance and the better team wins.

The greatest satisfaction that I ever have had from coaching football-teams has not come through the fact that my teams have won victories but through the knowledge that these victories were attained by the development in the players themselves of qualities which would make them better men.

While football-players are primarily trained and coached to play the game on the gridiron, their training and coaching are fitting them for the much more important game of life. A good football-team represents a group whose individuals possess physical and moral courage, physical health and stamina, intelligence and a spirit of self-sacrifice and loyalty. Surely these are excellent things to have. And when one good team wins a game from another good team, the triumph is one for manhood and sportsmanship of exactly the same kind that will make the players useful members of society.

Baseball-players have to be as skilful as football-players in their way and team-work is an important factor in success. In baseball, however, a play is made by a comparatively small percentage of the men in the contest: on the side at bat, only four men can be in action at any one time—three on the bases and one at the plate—and this situation is comparatively rare; in the field only two or three men at most usually handle the ball in any one play. In football, however, the entire team must be in every play on the offensive and practically all on the defensive side if it is an open-field maneuver. Thus each individual is getting the most out of the game and the group is demanding more perfect coordination than is required on the diamond.

There have been and probably will always be some abuses of the opportunities presented by football. Men have been marred by bad leadership and warped athletic ideals, just as they have been made by good leadership and high ideals. The college game is becoming more and

Continued on page 78

SCIENTIFIC BABY CARE

THE DELINEATOR is placing at the disposal of mothers the knowledge of America's foremost specialists in baby care and child welfare. Preceding articles have covered prenatal care, the care of the baby at birth, general care, maternal nursing, artificial feeding, feeding after infancy, early childhood and the health education and mental hygiene of the child of school age. The completed series will comprise the most up-to-date scientific information accessible to mothers. Dr. L. Emmett Holt, baby specialist, Physician-in-Chief, the Babies' Hospital, New York City, and author of "The Care and Feeding of Children," is the editorial adviser in THE DELINEATOR'S Child Health Campaign



"THE WORLD IS MINE"

PAMPHLET REPRINTS

Six of the most helpful articles are available in pamphlets: "The Expectant Mother and the New Baby," by Dr. Ralph Lobenstine, Chairman of the Medical Advisory Board of the Maternity Center Association of New York City; "The General Care of the Baby," "Maternal Nursing" and "Artificial Feeding," all by Dr. L. Emmett Holt; "Early Childhood," by Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw, ex-President, American Child Hygiene Association; and "The School Child," by Dr. William Palmer Lucas, Professor of Diseases of Children, University of California. Any one of these pamphlets will be mailed on receipt of ten cents. Address: Child Health Department, THE DELINEATOR

THE HAPPY CHILD

Sweets have their place in the children's diet

By DR. L. EMMETT HOLT

THERE are few questions in the diet of children more often discussed in the home than the allowance of sweets, and there are few with regard to which such positive opinions arise, often with so little knowledge of the facts involved. For the purpose of this article, sweets are meant to include candy and the sugar and sirups used in the preparation of food or served upon it when it is eaten.

Have sweets any real value as foods? May they form a desirable part of the diet? If so, why are doctors and dietitians so constantly preaching against them? In what circumstances may they be harmful? Finally, if their use is approved, what is a proper allowance of sweets for a normal healthy child? In this article we shall endeavor to answer some of these questions.

Foods are divided into three general classes: carbohydrates, fats and proteins. All of these should be supplied in our diet. The sugars belong to the first class, as do also bread, potatoes and all our cereals. These carbohydrate foods form a very important and necessary part of our diet. We could take all our required allowance of them in the form of starchy foods like those mentioned, and it would no doubt be possible to take all of it in the form of sugar, but for many important reasons this would not be desirable. In the process of digestion all of these carbohydrates are finally changed into sugar, which is burned up in the body to keep us warm or is changed into fat and increases our weight.

Carbohydrate foods as a class are easily digested and they are our cheapest foods. In normal times one can buy fully six times as many calories, or food-units, in the form of carbohydrate as can be bought in the form of protein foods and four times as many as can be bought in the form of fat foods. It is for these reasons that our diet in these modern times is coming to be made up more and more largely of foods of the carbohydrate class and that the annual consumption of sugar in this country has increased from an average of eight pounds a person a hundred years ago to over a hundred pounds a person in 1922. The only large country which consumes much more sugar per person than we do in the United States is Australia. Most of the European countries use far less than we do—Great Britain less than two-thirds as much and Italy less than one-sixth as much. Our sweet tooth has certainly developed marvelously during recent years, and it is no wonder that the public all over the country is stirred to loud protest when the price of sugar goes up a few cents a pound.

WHEN we come to ask whether these changes which are gradually being made in our national diet are beneficial or not, there are a number of aspects from which the subject must be considered. Several of the foremost authorities on diabetes in this country have stated that the large and increasing consumption of sugar was to be reckoned as one of the important factors in the production of this common and serious disease.

A large consumption of sugar by children has still other and more important drawbacks. The bulletins published by the Department of Animal Industry in Washington, in advising regarding the feeding of animals, have a great deal to say about the advantages of a properly balanced ration, which means a food in which the fat, protein and carbohydrates are combined in the proportions which give the best results: the largest, finest and healthiest animals. Now the child, too, is an animal whose health and growth are very much affected by his food, and the advantages of a balanced ration for the growing child are just as real as in the case of a growing pig, only parents have not yet had the education to make them see it.

Most mothers follow the line of least resistance in the diet of their children, which means that in the selection of their food they give the child what he *likes* without much thought as to whether this is really what he *needs*. Now all children like sweet foods; they take these more readily than other food, but, unfortunately, the more sugar allowed upon the cereal or in other foods the more tasteless and flat are other foods not thus sweetened. It comes about in many homes that the child does not care for his potato, bread and butter and vegetables but wants—and too often, alas, gets—two helpings of a sweet dessert. Soon he will not eat his oatmeal for breakfast unless thickly covered with sugar. I have seen children who even refused all milk unless to each glass was added two heaping spoonfuls of sugar, which had been allowed because the mother had been advised that somehow or other he must be induced to take his milk. These experiences are matters of every-day observation by physicians who have the care of children in charge, and such habits as those described often continue for years. The child has a poor appetite; he must eat something, and so his diet comes to have a larger and larger proportion of sweet foods, the effect of which is to reduce still further his desire for other food.

THIS food habit has its effect not only upon digestion but upon the child's color, his growth, muscular vigor and his general resistance to disease. He may be fat, but he is flabby, usually tires easily and suffers much from flatulence and sometimes abdominal pains. His symptoms are due not only to what his diet contains, but quite as much to what is lacking. He is no longer getting a balanced ration. His health, growth and physical development suffer for the reason that, the appetite being satisfied with carbohydrate foods, fat and protein foods —so necessary during the period of growth—are not taken in the quantities required for the best results.

We have spoken of the mistakes and the dietetic sins of the mother; but she is by no means the only member of the family at fault. Sometimes it is an indulgent father who, on the sly, gives the children frequent "treats" or else supplies them with the weekly allowance in pennies or dimes with which the children themselves supply the cause of disturbance. Still more often, probably, it is grandmother or an affectionate aunt who is the offender. Why it should be thought necessary to give a child pleasure in the form of something injurious to his digestion, it is difficult to comprehend. By making such things appear as "a great treat" in the eyes of the child is again to distort his view. Besides, the effect is always to increase the desire for larger amounts and for more frequent indulgences.

The conditions which have been discussed are common in many American homes in which the children are considered "delicate," "very susceptible to colds," "having little ambition for active sports," etc. If only the bad results of such food habits could be recognized early, the consequences would not be so serious; but because they are late in developing and come on so slowly, the cause often is not suspected by the parent.

When candy and sweets are taken between the regular meals, their bad effects are usually most marked. The symptom most often seen is that the child has little or no appetite at meal-time. The child who has a daily allowance of a few pennies is apt to spend most of them on lollypops, and if there is a candy-store or a push-cart near the school, the money which is given him to purchase his school lunch goes in great part for such items.

The child's natural craving for sweets is often invoked not only as an excuse but even as a justification for such practises as we are considering. Every child likes to be indulged, and a regular indulgence in sweets constantly increases the child's desires until the craving becomes excessive and difficult to control.

There is another consequence of indulgence in sweets which must not be forgotten: Dentists are generally agreed that the consumption of sweets increases the amount of dental decay and that this is very much increased unless great care is taken to keep the teeth perfectly clean. Some interesting observations have been made in New Zealand upon the frequency of dental decay among school children, in which it was shown that the nearer the candy-stores were to the schools the greater the number of decayed teeth found in the pupils. It was also discovered that the teeth of children whose parents were too poor to give them pennies to spend for sweets were distinctly better than those of the children who had pocket-money.

All of the above considerations make it quite clear that although sweets are food, even useful food, great care and discretion must be exercised in their use; also that the quantity allowed children must be very moderate and that children's desire for sweets is no guide whatever to what this quantity should be. It is also evident that with children who suffer from digestive disturbances, and especially those with poor appetites, sweets should be much reduced and in very many cases entirely excluded from the diet; also that sweets are most harmful when given between meals, and finally that to allow sweets for the reason that the child will eat so little else is invariably to make matters worse and to defeat the very purpose we have in view.

THE following may be regarded as a moderate allowance of sugar or candy for a healthy child of nine or ten years: Of sugar on cereals, one even teaspoonful at breakfast or supper and not more than this amount on fresh or stewed fruit; of candy, one piece with the midday meal; of ice-cream or fruit-ice, one good tablespoonful once a week, possibly twice a week in Summer; of ice-cream sodas, not more than one a week.

Besides these things, a child will get in his other food, such as gingerbread, cookies and plain cake, and in his custard and puddings an additional amount of sugar, so that his total daily allowance will probably be equal to two tablespoons of sugar. So long as this is not exceeded, it is not likely that any bad effects will follow. But

Concluded on page 54

THE LITTLE DELINEATOR

SEPTEMBER 1923

EDITOR—HARRIET IDE EAGER

PICTURE EDITOR—ROBERT GRAEF



LOOK FOR THE CONTEST ON THE LAST PAGE IF YOU WANT TO WIN A BIG FRAMED PICTURE LIKE THIS COVER

month my brothers and sisters and I all hatched out and began to eat and we have been eating and eating and eating ever since! We'll grow and grow and grow and shed some skins, and we'll stay here all Winter. Then next Summer, hurray! we'll climb up to the top of the water and be real dragon-flies!"

"Climbup?" cried Tommy Tiptoe. "How?"

"I told you you didn't know much," said the gray dragon. "Up one of the weeds, of course, stupid boy. Look, there's one of the big boys who lived here last Winter getting ready to climb up."



Tommy saw a gray dragon climbing slowly up one of the thick weed-trunks. *Bing!* Tommy jumped up and grabbed him by his pointed end. Up, up, up the slippery stem the young dragon-fly pulled Tommy—up and up and up. Little fishes swam past; the green top of the water grew lighter and lighter.

At last the dragon-fly stuck his head out of the water into the air. Then he pulled his whole self out—and began to shed his skin! He shed it just like Katydid Grasshopper. Only the dragon-fly didn't eat his old suit: he left it behind him. As soon as he was free, he stretched out his four new rainbow wings and away he flew!

Whiff! Tommy saw him double up all his legs under him like a basket, and *whiff!* there was a mosquito caught inside. The dragon-fly ate the mosquito.

Then he began to sing:

"Oh, I, oh, I am the dragon-fly;
Here I fly, there I fly very high, very high!
For I do everything on the fly, fly, fly,
On the fly, ha, ha! on the fly, ho, ho!
That's a joke, that's a joke, but it's true, you know!
Why, I hunt on the fly;
And I eat on the fly,
Why, I marry on the fly,
On the fly, on the fly.
And my wife lays her eggs on the fly, fly, fly!
Oh, I, oh, I am the dragon-fly;
Here I fly, there I fly, very high, very high.
Watch me fly, watch me fly, watch me fly, fly, fly!
Watch me fly, fly, fly, fly, fly, fly, fly!"

As the dragon-fly sang the last words, he caught Tommy up into his leg basket and *whiff! whirr!* off he flew to the other side of the pond and set Tommy down. That very minute Tommy grew big again. Beautiful little dragon-flies were still flying about the water on rainbow wings. Tommy thought he heard one of them singing: "Just wait till to-morrow!"

My Little Page

DEAR CHILDREN:

This is a true story.

The editor of the Big DELINEATOR and your editor of THE LITTLE DELINEATOR were walking along Fifth Avenue one day when we glanced in a shop-window and saw—a baby pup!

For a moment we almost thought it was real—he was so soft and wicked and impish and sweet! Then we saw he was made of china.

Well, your editor fell in love with that pup. But when we asked his price—*whew!* I could never, never, never afford that! So I had to comfort myself by walking out of my way to see him every chance I got, until my friends began to call him "my pup."

But one day I went by his shop-window—and my pup was gone! Somebody else had bought him. Your poor editor felt very lonesome and sad.

Then, a year or so after that, the editor of the Big DELINEATOR and your editor of THE LITTLE DELINEATOR both went to Paris. We were walking along the Avenue de l'Opéra one day when we glanced in a shop-window and saw—my baby pup!

Yes, there he was—the same soft, wicked, impish, sweet little china rascal! Of course we went in—and what do you think? I got so many French francs for my American dollars that the china pup cost two-thirds less than in New York! So I took him home and named him Tou-Tou, which is the French word for "doggy." (You pronounce it Too-Too.) And my china pup has lived with me ever since.

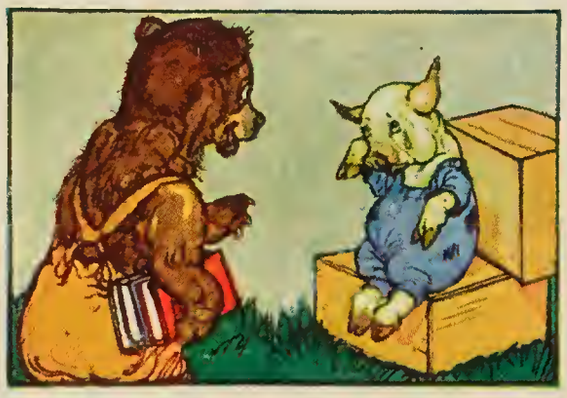
Doesn't he make a nice editor for this month? Send me a stamped envelope addressed to yourself and Tou-Tou will write you a funny little answer. HARRIET IDE EAGER.

FOR NEW READERS: Cut out this sheet, fold across the middle, then fold again and cut across the first folded line.



The most helpful letter, telling your editor what you like best in THE LITTLEDELINEATOR this month and why, will win a big framed picture like the cover

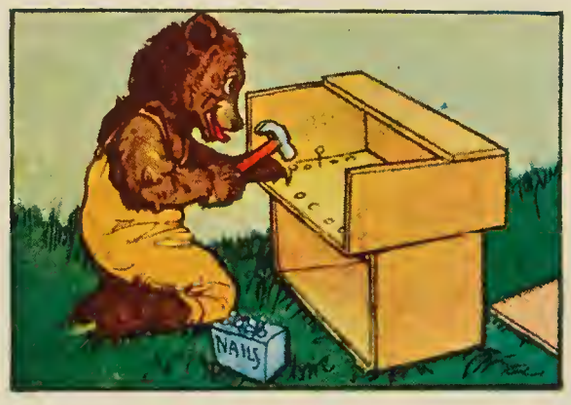
DELI-BEAR HELPS PIGGY-WIGGY



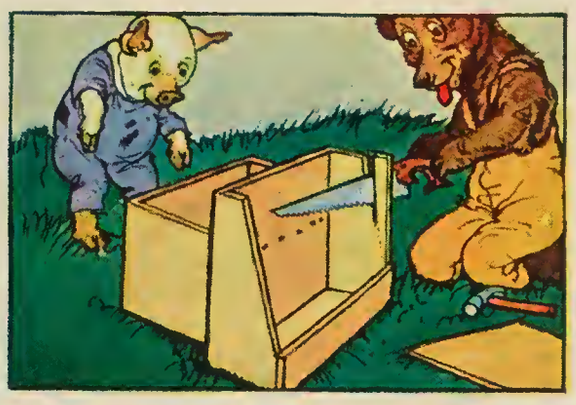
"Wee, wee!" cries Piggy-Wiggy. "I have no desk to study!"
"Oh, cheerio!" says DELI-bear. "Just leave it to your buddy!



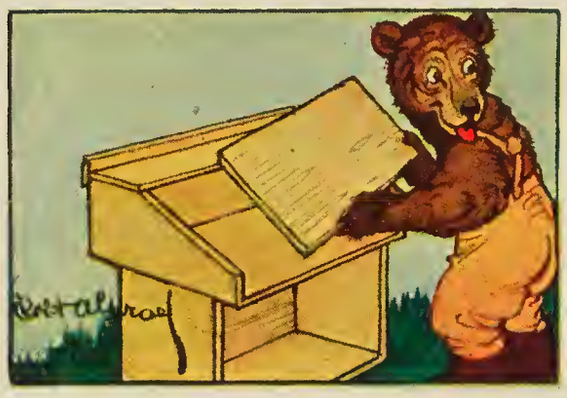
"We'll take these boxes, Piggy-Wig, put them together here,
"Leaving a slat on one, because—just wait and see, my dear!



"And now, Miss Piggy-Wiggy, just watch my hammer fly,
"We'll nail the two together—I'll tell you later why!"



Then z-z-z-z! the saw begins to buzz, while Piggy stares at him,
And DELI saws the two sides off, quite neat and smooth and trim.



He fits the top on last of all and nails it tightly, too,
(For hinges would be much too hard for little bears to screw).



A coat of paint—and look! oh, look! Miss Piggy jumps for joy!
Is this too hard for you to make, O human girl or boy?





GOLLOMALOPP

A MESSAGE FROM MR. NEWELL

DEAR CHILDREN—I was so very, very glad to get all your funny letters about the Gollomalopps. My goodness, they made me so happy that I felt like a little boy with forty thousand boxes of firecrackers on the Fourth of July! And if I had my way about it, every one of you should receive a prize—but just think of all the wood it would take to make every one of you a Gollomalopp—just think! GEORGE M. NEWELL.

By MARY ELIZABETH HULL (age nine)

MY FAVORITE Gollomalopp is the King. The reason why I like him is because he looks as if he has a door-bell on the end of his long, long nose.

I suppose (I'm always supposing, you know) that the Dit-Dit has pipes down his legs so that if he wants to drown himself he can fill the pipes and that would make him heavy. Then he could jump in the sea. (I suppose that the Gollomalopp seas are made out of pink lemonade.) Then if he doesn't know how to swim, he would drown. (Very clever, but I wouldn't try it.)

The spots on his neck are to make him look prettier. Then the women Dits-Dits would fall in love with him, if there are any such things.

The Tweedle Bird has two eyes on one side of his head so that he can see twice as much from one side of his head as he could with one eye on each side of his head. Isn't he smart?

(Winner of the first prize, a wooden Gollomalopp.)

NOTE—There isn't room for all the other letters, so I have just printed a little bit of each.

Other Gollomalopp prize-winners were Josephine Waffle, R. C. Rhodes Chalke, Virginia Vasey, Elizabeth A. Smith, Jack Parker and Harriette Sharpe.



The Gray Dragon

TOMMY TIPTOE'S THIRD ADVENTURE

WRITTEN BY YOUR EDITOR

TOMMY TIPTOE woke up very excited. He stood on his tiptoes and ran down to the pond to watch the dragon-flies. *Whiff!* they flew here and *whirr!* they flew there.

Tommy was standing on his tippest toes to watch, when oh, my goodness! *bang!* he fell in.

Down, down, down through the water he fell. As he went, he grew smaller and smaller and smaller. When Tommy hit the bottom, he was not even one inch high!

Thick tree-trunks were growing out of the slimy bottom of the pond. (Of course they were only weeds.) The top of the water looked like a wiggly green cover with green light shining through.

Then Tommy saw an ugly dragon with six legs crawling, crawling, crawling over the bottom of the pond. It had a big head and big, poppy, shiny eyes. It looked like a giant gray spider with a gray bulldog face.

Tommy started to scream. Then he saw that the gray dragon was not coming for him. It was going after a worm. Then—you could never guess what the gray dragon did next! It unfolded its bulldog face!



Yes, the bulldog face was not its real face at all—it was only a false face! The false face hinged on to the dragon's lower lip. It had been folded up over the real face so the worm wouldn't know who was coming!

Quick, quick! the gray dragon stuck out its false face. The false face looked like a long gray tongue with two sharp points on the end, like teeth. The gray dragon stuck these sharp points into the worm. Then it bent its false face back to its real mouth and ate the worm with its real teeth.

"Oh! Oh!" cried Tommy Tiptoe. "Oh, gray dragon, who are you?"

"Why," answered the gray dragon, "I'm a little girl dragon-fly."

"But—but—" began Tommy.

"Oh, yes, I know I'm ugly now," said the gray dragon, "and I haven't any wings, but next Summer, when I'm grown up, I'll be beautiful, like my mother, and I'll have rainbow wings like hers."

"Little girl dragon-fly," asked Tommy, "how did you get down here?"

"Huh!" said the gray dragon. "You don't know much, do you?"

"I do so!" cried Tommy Tiptoe crossly. "I know reading, and writing, and arithmetic——"

"Pooh!" said the gray dragon-fly. "Pooh! What's that? You've watched my great-grandfathers and grandmothers and uncles and aunts and cousins flying on this pond every Summer. And you don't even know how we're born!

"Well, I'll tell you. One day this Summer my mother flew down to the water and laid about five hundred eggs. They dropped to the bottom stuck together. After a

PRIZE-WINNERS

By LOIS GODARD

THE Dit-Dit has pipes down his legs because he drinks so much apple cider, and the funniest part of all is, he drinks through those pipes, for he has no mouth.

By LORNA FISHER

I LIKE the King best, because he didn't use powder, for you said he had a red nose.

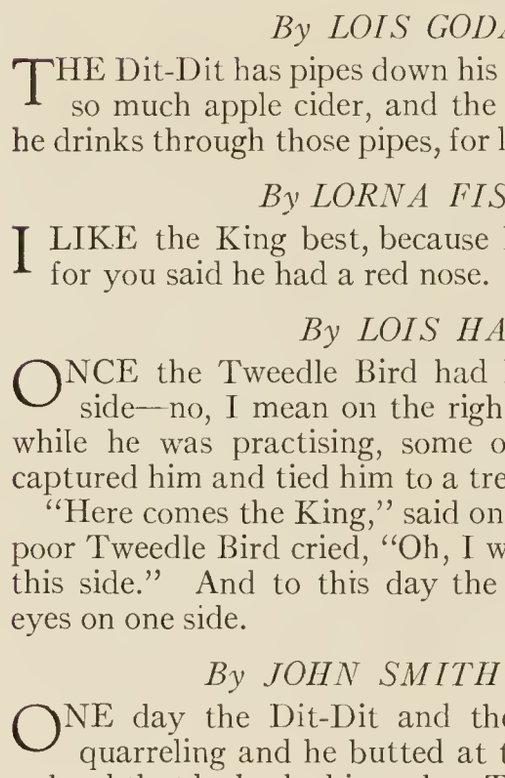
By LOIS HALL

ONCE the Tweedle Bird had his eyes on the right side—no, I mean on the right and left sides. But while he was practising, some of the King's servants captured him and tied him to a tree.

"Here comes the King," said one of the servants. The poor Tweedle Bird cried, "Oh, I wish I had both eyes on this side." And to this day the Tweedle Bird has two eyes on one side.

By JOHN SMITH FABER

ONE day the Dit-Dit and the Tweedle Bird were quarreling and he butted at the bird and missed it so hard that he broke his neck. The doctor of the Gollomalopps was quickly called, and the spots are the stitches the doctor made after putting the white rag around his neck.



HOW TO MAKE AN A-B-C BOOK

USE two sheets of colored paper for the cover and thirteen sheets of white drawing-paper the same size. Tie together with a ribbon to form a book. Cut the letters of the alphabet out of colored paper and paste one at the top of each page. Then cut colored pictures of things that begin with the letters. On the A page paste an auto, apple and arrow, and so on; on the B page paste a baby and butterflies, and so on all through the alphabet.

DOLLY OPPENLANDER.

(Winner of second prize in Christmas-gift contest.)

MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER

One of America's twelve greatest women

FOR something over two years this page has been regularly devoted to an editorial by Martha Van Rensselaer, Home Economics Editor of THE DELINEATOR. This month, without her knowledge, we are substituting a brief glimpse of the personality behind the life-work that resulted in the selection of Miss Van Rensselaer as one of the twelve greatest women in America. Hers is an interesting story of a life devoted to service, guided by concentrated purpose and full of inspiration for the young women of this generation, who owe a greater debt than they know to those predecessors who broke the ground for woman's present freedom to enter any field that offers scope for her talents.

To digress for a moment, it should be understood that the committee responsible for the selection made very thorough preparation for its task of choosing twelve from the great number of distinguished women whose names were submitted by noted authorities of both sexes. The following were the members of the committee appointed by the League of Women Voters: Chairman, Miss Lida Hafford, Director of the General Federation of Women's Clubs; Miss Elizabeth Eastman, National Board of the Y. W. C. A.; Mrs. Arthur C. Watkins, National Congress of Mothers and Parent-Teacher Associations; Miss Mary Stuart, National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs; Miss Marian Parkhurst, acting secretary, National League of Women Voters.

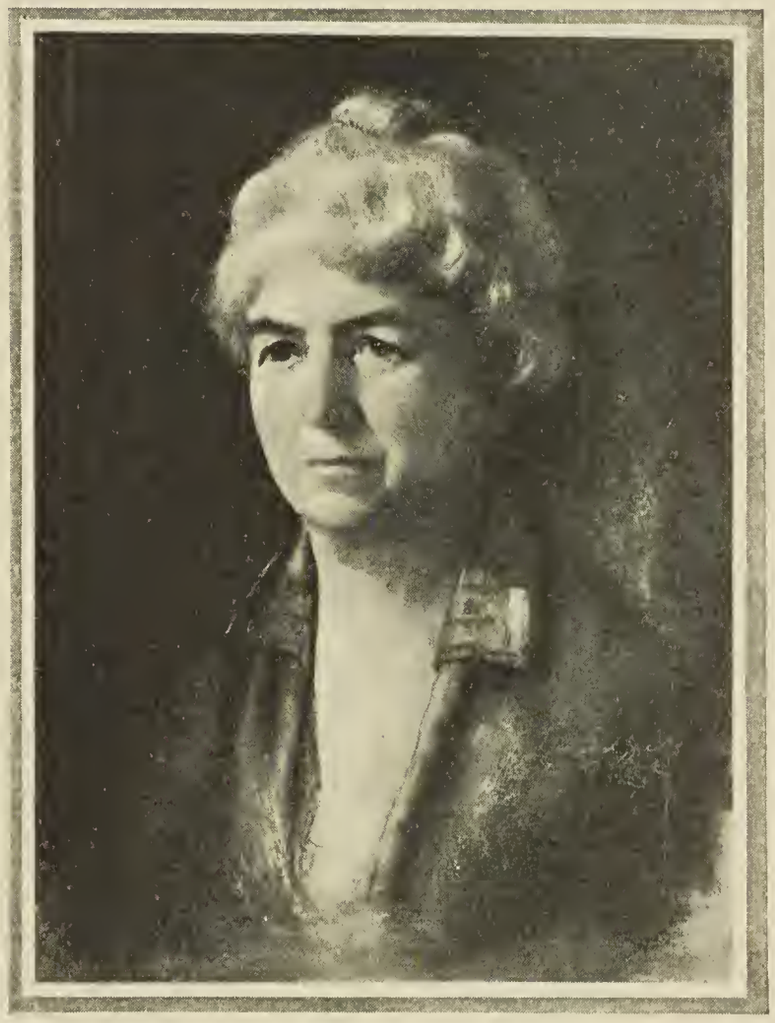
This committee of five selected an advisory committee of five men, consisting of the Rev. Dr. John Ryan, of the National Catholic Welfare Council; Dr. L. S. Rowe, director-general of the Pan-American Union; Mr. Gilbert Grosvenor, president of the National Geographic Society; Dr. Edwin E. Slosson, editor of *Science Service*, and Mr. Edward P. Costigan, member of the United States Tariff Commission.

A list of one hundred names was finally turned over to the committee from which to select the twelve greatest, and in the department of home economics Miss Van Rensselaer was the choice for first place.

MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER was born in Randolph, Cattaraugus County, New York. She is a direct descendant of Killian Van Rensselaer, one of the first Dutch patroons of pre-Colonial days, and of Henry Killian, a major-general of the Revolution. She was graduated from Chamberlain Institute in her native town, taught for several years in the high schools, and later, at the solicitation of the women of western New York, became candidate for school commissioner of her county. She was elected to the office and served three years. At the expiration of her term she was again nominated by the Republicans and endorsed by the Democrats, an unusual tribute to an office-holder, especially in a day when a woman in politics was a rarity. While serving the county, she was also employed from time to time by the State Department of Education as an instructor in teachers' institutes, and her Summer vacations were spent in taking courses related to her teaching problems.

It was as commissioner in charge of public schools that Miss Van Rensselaer discovered the need for the kind of instruction that later became her life-work. On her visits to outlying communities she acquired an intimate knowledge of rural conditions and on all sides was struck by the hopelessly narrow lives of farm women. Most of them were overworked, uninformed, inefficient. They had little or no knowledge of food values or of the economical preparation and preservation of food. They performed the heaviest farm and household tasks without the aid of labor-saving devices and were habitually too weary and dispirited even to seek any better lot for their children. Such were the conditions that the young school commissioner determined to improve some time, somehow, when opportunity permitted.

About that time—it was in 1900—the New York State College of Agriculture of Cornell University, which had been reaching the farmers of the State through bulletins and reading courses, and with satisfactory results, began to inquire what could be done for the farmer's wife. No one knew better than Miss Van Rensselaer, who was able to convince the college authorities that what farm women needed was instruction and assistance to equip them for the most important of all duties, those of mother and housewife. The fact that she was given charge of the extension courses for farm women, despite her lack of standing in the world of science,



MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER
From a new portrait by Leonabel Jacobs

is a tribute to the far-sightedness of Liberty Hyde Bailey, then dean of the State College of Agriculture, no less than to the capacity and resolution of Miss Van Rensselaer. Dean Bailey was responsible for making her one of the first two women professors at Cornell.

The first tentative effort that was later to result in the splendid School of Home Economics, which is now internationally known, was a circular letter sent out to the wives of members enrolled in the farmers' reading courses asking them if they would be interested in a series of pamphlets bearing upon the problems of the farm-woman's home life. The immediate and enthusiastic response gave the work a strong initial impetus. For the two thousand women who answered in the affirmative Miss Van Rensselaer prepared a series of circulars telling how to simplify housework, how to save steps, how to prepare and serve inviting foods, how to minimize the exhausting tasks of the farmer's wife.

FROM the correspondence that these early bulletins brought to the college, there soon developed the need to organize some sort of course in woman's domestic work. The first step in that direction was a short Winter course of lectures in home economics, held in 1906, for which experts were drawn from the best schools of the kind in the country. Women of all ages, some of them at incredible personal sacrifice, took the three-months' course of lectures in housekeeping, house management and the values and preparation of food. Out of the response to this course grew the regular home-economics department of the college, which was established in 1907 and now has courses leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science, with about five hundred students enrolled for instruction and three hundred and fifty of them specializing in home economics. In addition to a well-equipped main building, with its classrooms, laboratories, offices, assembly-hall, the experimental kitchen where DELINEATOR recipes are tested and a profitable cafeteria and costume-shop run by students, there is a completely furnished home called Practise House. Here senior students apply their instruction in home-making, which includes the care of an adopted baby.

In merely mentioning these milestones of progress we are telescoping the story of sixteen years of achievement in which Miss Van Rensselaer, with her eye always on the ultimate goal, started in an attic room in the Agricultural Building with a pine kitchen table for a desk, gradually extending the scope of her work until it now requires a staff of sixty trained assistants.

Side by side with the development of the regular college course there has grown an extension teaching course in home economics for housewives. Through publications, traveling demonstrators, club programs, county fairs, lectures and traveling exhibits women throughout the great territory included in the State of New York are taught the preparation of varied menus for well-balanced meals, the intelligent care of children, home sanitation and furnishing, the intelligent expenditure of income and the value of community cooperation and group activity. All this, it should be remembered, although now taken for granted as part of the State's educational program, is due to the vision, the initiative and ceaseless industry of Martha Van Rensselaer. All the significance of this vast achievement was taken into consideration by the judges who selected her as the outstanding figure in the field of home economics when they chose the twelve greatest women in the United States.

THIS glimpse of Miss Van Rensselaer's career has been far from complete. We have been content to sketch her qualifications as the best-equipped person we could find for the task when, two years ago, she was selected to edit THE DELINEATOR'S department of home economics. More particularly, we have attempted to present a picture of the nature of the achievement that resulted in her being honored at the hands of a national body of women honestly bent upon seeking out and doing tribute to the first dozen most distinguished living members of their sex. Because they seemed to have no bearing upon the issue of the moment, we have omitted or glossed over the degrees and honors that have come to Miss Van Rensselaer before this one. We have not alluded, for instance, to the extraordinary example of the extent to which friendship and cooperation are possible between women in the world of work. This is beautifully exemplified in the case of Miss Van Rensselaer and Miss Flora Rose, who for fourteen years have been joint heads of the Department of Home Economics of the State College of Agriculture of Cornell University, with divided duties but with equal salaries, equal rank and equal responsibilities—a unique arrangement that constitutes a story in itself. In any complete biography of Martha Van Rensselaer there would be more space, also, for the record of her war work as assistant in charge of home conservation under Mr. Hoover.

On the personal side, Miss Van Rensselaer is modestly self-effacing. The accompanying portrait of her fails to give more than a hint of the energy and enthusiasm behind the sparkling brown eyes and gray hair. She is an indefatigable worker and at Cornell is known as the kind of person who is always willing to take on one more job. She is fond of the out-of-doors and spends at least a month each year at her camp in the Adirondacks, where she indulges her hobby for camp-fire cooking. She is famous among her friends for three favorite dishes: johnny-cake, creamed codfish and apple fritters. Long ago she wrote her belief that "there are no more worthy objects for research than to determine the science of nutrition, the economics of clothing and housing, the physical welfare of child life and the principles of household engineering." In her daily activities she is a consistent exponent of this philosophy. Her house on the campus at Cornell, where she lives with her associate, Miss Rose, is an example of good taste and simplicity in furnishings. The course that she gives to seniors in the School of Home Economics is entitled "Women and the Family"—a course embracing woman's work and her industrial and economic condition with reference to the home and society, the opening of occupations and professions to women, laws governing the family and a study of modern problems of women and the home, such as suffrage, education and the economic function of woman and the family.

IT IS significant, we think, that in the first editorial Miss Van Rensselaer wrote for THE DELINEATOR she referred to a contest held among school-teachers for the best paper on the greatest woman in history and quoted with approval the prize-winning essay: "The greatest woman of history is the wife of a man of moderate means who does her own cooking, washing, ironing and sewing and who brings up a family of boys and girls to be useful members of society and finds time for intellectual improvement." "This woman," commented Miss Van Rensselaer, "is well known. She lives in many communities and in the hearts of many sons and daughters who have had their chance in life through her efforts and guidance."

The thousands of such women who are numbered among DELINEATOR readers will share our pride and satisfaction in the well-merited reward that has been bestowed on one of their most deserving leaders.

SUMMER WEATHER CALLS FOR MELONS

By Lucile Brewer and Alice Blinn

Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University—*Martha Van Rensselaer*

ALL water and flavor and color, a melon's sole duty is to offer cooling refreshment. That duty the muskmelon, watermelon, nutmeg, cassava, catawba and other varieties take turns in performing throughout the hottest weather. Their services, however, are greatly enhanced if they are properly prepared. All melons should be placed on ice and properly chilled before serving. Never spoil the delicate flavor of melons either by carelessly removing some of the choicest and most delicate pulp with the seeds or by filling the center of the melon with cracked ice, which draws out the flavor.

Cuts of watermelon served as balls, cylinders, triangles or hearts make for attractive service and less troublesome eating. These cuts from any melon are also suited to the making of salads and cocktails.

The melon halves may be attractively shaped into open or handled baskets and served plain or with ice-cream, whipped cream, fruit-juice or cut fruit. Many persons prefer melons served plain and eaten with a dash of salt, which serves to enhance their flavor. The crushed pulp of melons is most delicate in ices, mousses or whips.

Avoid a surfeit of melons by making conserve and butter which will carry this delicious flavor of midsummer well into midwinter. Melon conserves are a utility sweet. They may be used simply as an accessory to a meal or, by adding a touch of crushed nuts, whipped cream, coconut, marshmallow or pineapple, they may be transformed into a dessert. Even the rind is well liked when preserved as a relish.

In selecting melons, choose those that seem heavy when weighed in the hand, that have a springy feel at the ends and give a dull thump when tapped with the knuckles.

MELON MALLOWS

1 pint cantaloup cut in cubes
12 marshmallows, cut in small pieces
2 oranges, cubed
⅓ cup chopped English walnuts
¼ cup sugar
1 cup cream

MIX the fruit and nuts and fold in the cream, beaten until stiff and sweetened and flavored with vanilla. Serve in cantaloup shells. Garnish with bits of currant or any bright tart jelly.

CANTALOUP SALAD

1 pint diced cantaloup
1 cup tart apple
1 cup peach
1 cup celery cut in small pieces

MIX lightly and serve with dressing made by adding one-half cup of thick sour cream, beaten stiff, to one cup of mayonnaise. This dressing should be used the day it is made.

SUGGESTIONS FOR OTHER CANTALOUP SALAD COMBINATIONS

CANTALOUP with tomato and celery, cantaloup with pear and orange, cantaloup with orange and watercress and cantaloup with pineapple. Cantaloups having a firm, yellow or red meat are best for salads.

COMBINATION SHORTCAKE WITH CONCORD SAUCE

Shortcake

1 pint firm ripe cantaloup
1 pint fresh ripe peaches
1 large orange
⅔ cup powdered sugar

CUT the fruit in uniform pieces and add the sugar. Mix well. Cover with a wet cloth and let stand for thirty minutes.

Use a rich baking-powder biscuit-dough. Roll out in sheet one-third inch in thickness and brush over the top with melted butter or other fat. Shape with medium-size cutter and lay one biscuit on top of the other, pressing lightly together. Bake in hot oven until a rich golden brown. When done, lift off top layer, butter as for serving and add a generous layer of the cut fruit. Replace top layer, cover with a small amount of fruit and garnish with whipped cream. Serve with Concord sauce.



A melon conserve may be a relish or, with fruit-juice added, a cocktail. Nuts, whipped cream, coconut or marshmallow transform it into a dessert

Concord Sauce

1 cup Concord grape-juice
⅔ cup hot water
Juice of 1 lemon
1 tablespoon corn-starch
⅔ cup sugar

MIX sugar and corn-starch. Add to hot water and cook until thick. Add grape and lemon juice. Serve hot.

CANTALOUP BUTTER

1 pint cantaloup-pulp
1 pint tart-apple pulp
Juice 1 large lemon
2⅓ cups sugar

RUB very ripe yellow cantaloup and cooked apples through a fine wire sieve. Measure the pulp after sifting. Combine the ingredients and cook rapidly until thick and clear. Pour into clean hot jars and seal.

CANTALOUP FRAPPÉ

1 pint cantaloup-pulp
2 cups water
Juice of 1 orange
1 cup sugar
Juice of 2 lemons

BOIL the sugar and water for ten minutes. Cool and add the lemon and orange juice and the cantaloup, which has been forced through a fine sieve. Freeze to a mush. Serve in frappé-glasses with whipped cream sweetened and flavored with vanilla.

TUTTI-FRUTTI MARMALADE

1 cup diced cantaloup
1 cup diced tart apple
1 cup diced peaches
Grated rind and juice of 1 lemon
½ cup cooked pineapple, fresh or canned
2½ cups sugar

COMBINE all the ingredients. Cook rapidly until the mixture is thick and clear. Pour into clean hot jars and seal.

SPICED CANTALOUP

SELECT underripe cantaloup. Cut it into sections and remove the rind. Soak the melon for three hours in a salt solution (one-quarter cup salt to one quart water) Drain off the brine and add the cantaloup to a pickling-sirup made from the following ingredients:

4 cups water
4 cups sugar
1 cup vinegar
1 tablespoon cloves
1 tablespoon cinnamon
1 tablespoon allspice

Boil the cantaloup rapidly in this sirup for ten minutes and then let it stand overnight. Drain the cantaloup from the sirup and boil the sirup until it coats a spoon. Add the cantaloup and cook it until it is clear (about one hour). Seal it in clean hot jars.



The attractiveness of melons may be varied by the number of forms into which they may be cut, and their own leaves make a suitable garnish



All water and flavor, a melon's sole duty is to offer cooling refreshment. The numerous varieties obtainable provide for varied tastes and uses

CANTALOUP MOUSSE

1 cup cantaloup-pulp
1 tablespoon granulated gelatin soaked in ¼ cup cold water
2 tablespoons orange-juice
1 cup sugar
1 pint cream

PRESS ripe cantaloup through a fine sieve. Add the sugar and the gelatin. Place the mixture in a pan of ice-water and stir until it begins to thicken; then fold in stiffly beaten cream. Turn into a mold, cover, pack in salt and ice and let stand for four hours.

CANTALOUP CONSERVE

1 pint cubed cantaloup
1 pint cubed tart apple
Juice and grated rind of 1 large lemon
2⅔ cups sugar
¼ cup chopped blanched almonds

COMBINE all ingredients except nuts. Cook rapidly until thick and clear. Add the nuts and turn the conserve into clean, hot glasses. When cold, cover with paraffin.

WATERMELON CONSERVE

1 pint cubed watermelon-rind
1 medium-size orange, cut fine
¼ cup vinegar
1½ cups sugar
1 cup grape-juice
¼ cup English walnuts cut in small pieces

REMOVE soft red portion and outer rind of melon. Cover inner rind with cold salted water, using two tablespoons salt to one quart water. Boil until the rind begins to soften. Drain, cover again with cold water and cook until the rind is perfectly tender. Drain and combine the rind with all the other ingredients except the nuts. Cook until clear, add the nuts and turn into clean hot glasses. When cold, cover with paraffin.

WATERMELON RELISH

1 pound cooked rind, cut in dice
¾ pound sugar
1 cup hot water
1 spray of mint
1 medium-size lemon, sliced very thin
2 tablespoons vinegar

PREPARE the watermelon-rind as for conserve. Mix the sugar and water, but do not boil. Add melon-rind and lemon. Boil rapidly until melon begins to turn clear. Add vinegar and mint, and, if desired, add green vegetable coloring-paste. Cook until clear. Avoid using too much color. The relish may be used as a cocktail by adding lemon, orange-juice or any tart fruit-juice to taste. Chill and garnish with spray of mint or clover-blossom.

PICKLED WATERMELON-RIND

SOAK two pounds of pared watermelon-rind overnight in salted water (one-quarter cup salt to one quart water). Drain off the brine. Cook the rind in clear water until it is tender. Add the rind to the hot pickling solution made of the following ingredients:

2 pounds sugar
1 pint vinegar
1 pint water
1 teaspoon allspice
1 lemon, sliced thin
1 tablespoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon cloves

Boil the rind rapidly in the pickling solution until it becomes clear. Seal it in clean hot jars.

WATERMELON-AND-NASTURTIUM SALAD

REMOVE the seeds and cut the melon in small cubes. With scissors, cut small nasturtium leaves and stems in small pieces. Mix lightly, sprinkle with lemon-juice and let stand for twenty minutes. Drain and add a few chopped blanched almonds. Serve in a small mound with cream dressing. Garnish with nasturtium leaves and blossoms.

CREAM DRESSING

½ cup thick sour cream
2 tablespoons vinegar
1 teaspoon sugar
Salt
Paprika

WHIP cream until stiff. Mix the vinegar and dry ingredients and add slowly to the cream, beating constantly. This dressing should be served soon after it is made.

THE DECORATIVE VALUE OF BOOKS

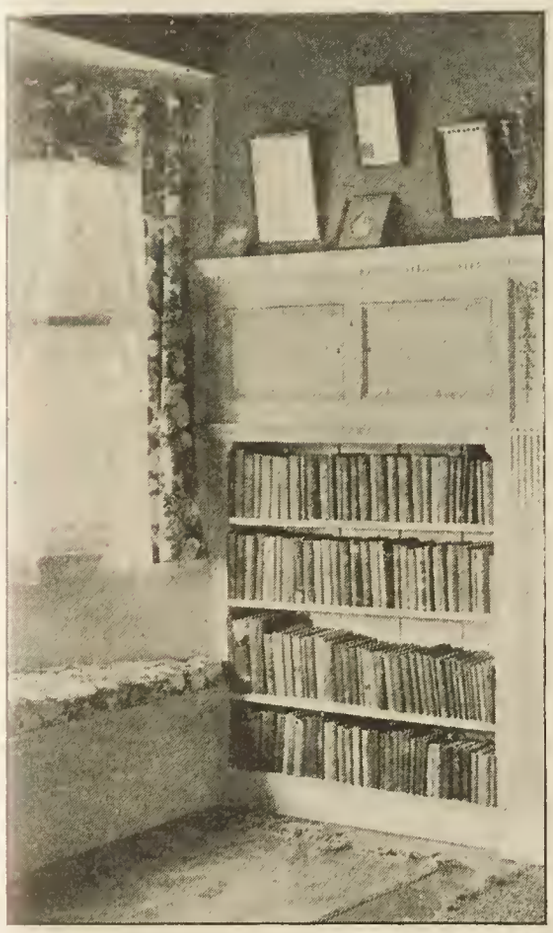
By Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders

Editor, Department of House Decoration

"A good book steals the mind from vain pretenses,
From wicked cogitations and offenses.
It makes us know the world's deceiving pleasures,
And sets our hearts on never-ending treasures."

BOOKS are the greatest builders of happiness. They stand for education and culture in our lives and for companionship and decoration in our homes. Through the reading of books, people are made worthy to carry on the traditions of families and nations. It should be a happy and delightful task to provide suitable places to house them.

When the arts of printing and binding were in their infancy, a person was considered exceptionally well off if he possessed more than one book, for they were, for the most part, hand-wrought. Bindings then were often jeweled and always hand-tooled, making a bright, decorative spot in the midst of the somber furnishings of bygone days. The development of printing-machines resulted in more books and less-elaborate bindings. But simple as they now are, they are colorful and create, if properly arranged, an interesting spot in any room. Whether it is the problem of placing but a single book on a table or a variety of books on long shelves or in bookcases, the shape, texture, color and mysterious companionship of their contents make books and their placing one of the most agreeable and fascinating tasks in furnishing a room.



All book-shelves should be painted or stained to match the woodwork

In the average home, books are usually scattered in small bunches all over the house. The scattered arrangement not only confuses one in the search for certain volumes, but makes for an assortment of small bookcases and shelves which only assist in cluttering the various rooms. For the few volumes which are found so companionable in one's bedroom however, book-ends in some appropriate design and small bedside bookracks are indispensable.

AS THE living-room is the natural environment for the family books, the subject of housing the books in that room seems first and foremost of importance. First let it be said that living-rooms which contain books, bookcases or book-shelves are *not* libraries. A library is as distinct from the living-room in its furnishings, arrangement and use as the dining-room is from the kitchen, yet we often hear a living-room referred to as the library. The term "library" may be appropriately applied only to a room which is devoted to the housing of books and which contains no less than five hundred books, with an arrangement of book-shelves or bookcases which extend entirely around the room from floor to ceiling. Before the term "library" can be properly applied to such a room, the shelves should contain the complete works of famous writers, folios and maps and enough other books so that quick reference to any standard work or novel can be made.

BETTER HOMES IN AMERICA
THE DELINEATOR
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS

Among the essential furnishings for a library are one large and several small reading-tables with reading-lamps and paper-cutters, a table devoted solely to the collection of current magazines, a desk or writing-table with a drawer for maps, prints, photographs, etc., and several comfortable chairs and footstools.

The problem of a few hundred books or less in a living-room is a very different and infinitely easier one than that of arranging for several hundred volumes in a library.

Built-in book-shelves, which are considered the most convenient type of bookcase, are in reality a part of the plan of the house, but if no provision has been made at the time of building for these shelves, there remain two alternatives for storing books: book-shelves fitted into corners or a particular section of the room, and bookcases. It has been a question of long standing whether book-shelves should have doors, like bookcases. Of course in the matter of book-shelves without doors the problem of dusty books is ever present, but since some volumes have been known to have slept under the accumulated dust of years, it can not be said that dust is very injurious to books. It is entirely a matter of preference whether or not you have doors on your book-shelves, but all valuable editions should be housed back of glass or a silk curtain for protection. Glass-fronted bookcases mean a great saving of labor to those who must keep the room and its contents clean, and especially to those who must live in smoky, grimy cities.

One should never plan for book-shelves under windows, over doors or on a window-sill, where wind, rain, excessive heat or dampness are liable to spoil them. An arrangement of book-shelves may be planned for over and about radiators, the radiator itself being disguised by a small curtain or by perforated wood panels. The shelves, however, should be placed high enough over the radiators so that the heat will not injure the books.

BOOK-SHELVES should be arranged to get the best possible balance in a room. They may be built against a long wall-space opposite some large piece of furniture or group of furniture or in a corner. For convenience, book-shelves should not be built more than six feet high. The distance between the shelves should be not less than ten inches for short books, with more space between shelves intended for tall books. In building book-shelves, one should have forethought to plan enough shelf-space for the contemplated volumes which take both time and money to acquire. This often means that empty, uninteresting book-shelves must be gazed at, unless a curtain arrangement of silk or cretonne is so hung that the empty shelves are disguised by the material. Children's books should be planned for in the nursery on low book-shelves, or bookcases, or if no nursery exists, a section of the family bookcase should be devoted to their books alone. Bookcases and book-shelves in children's rooms can be made interesting by applying stencil designs of any of the well-known nursery-rimes.

All shelves should be painted or stained to match the woodwork, and the upper side of the shelves should be enameled or varnished so that books will slide in and out easily. In many cases a chimney leaves hollow recesses at either side of a fireplace which can easily be filled with book-shelves. In living-rooms where there are blind doorways or recessed, shallow closets it is often feasible to turn them into book-cupboards. Small niches, chimney cupboards and wall-spaces on either side of a window-seat may be treated in the same way.

Make sure in choosing bookcases that the style and workmanship are plain and the shape and lines are of gentle proportions. Large, bulky bookcases with bulging glass doors and bemirrored tops suggest an era when heaviness and bulk came before good design. Bookcases are distinctly a part of the furniture in a room and should always be chosen as such. The modern unit system of acquiring bookcases meets the needs of many. They are particularly appealing to those who are forced to live either in a room or apartment, where the size and cost of large bookcases and book-shelves would be a great inconvenience. These sectional bookcases may be built up as one's collection of books grows, keeping the first volumes safe from dust, vermin and dampness. The glass doors on sectional bookcases are often designed to slide up and over the books, which is an excellent point in favor of this type of bookcase.

IN SOME careful households it has been found both practical and decorative to cover each book with a heavy paper slip. Often these slip-covers have been brightened with a design or have been made of a variety of beautifully colored paper, giving one's collection of books a very colorful and decorative appearance.

Books and their interesting bindings add atmosphere and interest to any room if their combination and arrangement are taken into consideration. Colors that harmonize should be placed next to each other. All tall books should be arranged in graduated heights in the lower part of bookcases or shelves and all short books at the upper part.

Any additional information concerning bookcases, as well as a carefully prepared list of two hundred ideal books for the home, will be sent upon request. Address Editor of House Decoration.



Above—Blind doorways and shallow closets in a living-room can be easily transformed into book-cupboards. *To the Right*—A clever arrangement of book-shelves built across one entire end of an apartment living-room



HALOS AND HEADS

By Celia Caroline Cole

This month Mrs. Cole's beauty talk is devoted to the care of the hair and hygiene of the scalp. Her information on the subject covers all the time-tried treatments and all the recent discoveries of proved worth. When special conditions demand special treatments, Mrs. Cole will give personal advice to any inquirer who will enclose a two-cent stamp for her reply

WE, PERSONALLY, have always felt like comforting people who have ugly, lusterless, weary-of-living hair. It's because hair is the counterfeit of the invisible halo, and we want everybody to keep hers shining and joyous and pulsingly alive, to show that that is the kind of halo she has, hidden away, waiting for the world to see—not an old, mopsy, beaten one that isn't sure it ever will be seen. That's the meaning of hair: the outward and visible sign of that invisible halo we were born with and the outward and visible sign of the condition our nerves are in.

When we asked our favorite hair specialists what was the matter with most of the heads that came under their sensitive, brainy fingers, they all said: "Nerves. Ninety per cent. nerves. Too oily? Nerves. Oily at the scalp and dry and brittle at the ends? Nerves. Dry all the way? Nerves. Of course there is anemia and the ignorant care—too-frequent washing, bad tonics, wrong kind of massage—and dandruff, but ninety per cent. of all hair trouble is nerves."

Think of it! Taking a beautiful thing like life and stretching it on a rack and then making our poor old topknots help pay the bill. Are you running your life or are you letting the enemy—circumstances and your own weaknesses—run it? Your hair tells the tale. Of course there are nervous people who have beautiful hair. That means one of two things: either they have hair of unusually strong texture and vitality, or they are having intelligent care taken of it. The right kind of local treatment will overcome sick, worn-out hair even if one has to go on under the same conditions of mental strain and nervous living.

The trouble is that most people when they discover that their hair isn't behaving properly let it go too long (They aren't going to die from it!)—and then at last, when they *do* do something, they don't go at it the way they do when any other part of them is sick: see somebody who knows how to diagnose and who will bring knowledge and experience to its healing.

MASSAGE and brushing are good for every condition—but it must be intelligent massaging. Massaging with loose fingers, letting the fingers slide all over the scalp, unless lightly done, will rub off the fine or new hair, besides being a very slow way to get the blood up, and that's the whole point of massage: to bring up the blood to feed and strengthen the hair. Place the cushiony base of each palm and the cushions of the fingers on the head, firmly, but not pressing too hard, and then move the scalp in a circular motion. You will soon feel the glow in your face and head. If you know anatomy, you know how to find the big blood centers that carry the main supply to the scalp and, beginning below the neck, you travel up these channels with your firm, circular motion.

When your scalp feels tight and sort of thin, more like a drum than a nice, rich mother to your hair, and you have headaches now and then, or when it feels fairly loose but has tight spots, it is undernourished and strained. It needs massage. Your hair is like a garden; it needs good, rich soil—a fat, loose scalp—and then it has a chance to bloom radiantly and show a bit of that luster it was born with.

While the right kind of massage is the best thing you can possibly do for hair that is sick or constitutionally weak, massage alone takes longer than massage in connection with a good tonic.

OILY hair needs massage and an astringent tonic. There are people who advise oily tonic for oily condition of hair on the premise, so much the fad to-day, of taking a poison to kill a poison. But the reason why there is an oily condition is that the little oil-glands have become tired out, lost their "pep," and are relaxed and can't contract the way they should, so instead of carrying the oil clear through to the end of the hair (a hair is a hollow shaft, you know, a tube), they let the oil leak out all over the place, and there it stays, inviting all dust and dirt to come sit on its lap, which they instantly and abidingly do. The result is an ugly, stringy, darkened, unhappy pate. You need an astringent to contract those glands. Washing the hair simply exaggerates the condition. The fluffiness may last a day or may last three, but the condition, the *cause*, is only made worse by adding water to the fray.

Too-dry hair needs massage and a good, fat, rich tonic. Oily at the scalp and brittle at the ends needs massage and a tonic with more fat in it and a little less astringent.

All hair in the world needs brushing. Brushing is good exercise for it—and for you—and cleanses it and polishes it. Always brush up and away from the scalp. If the hair is oily, brush up and then clear down to the ends firmly, and *off*. Brush the oil off. Don't let any one tell you that you mustn't brush oily hair, it will only make it worse. Keep right on brushing—long, even, strong strokes to the very end of the hair. For the other two conditions, be gentle with the ends. Brittle ends and lack of uniformity in length come with growing up—just like loss of faith. Brushing helps—the hair, not the faith. But perhaps the faith a little, too; it's easier for beauty to have faith—it doesn't get so many blows.

And wash your brush every day in the world. It must be as meticulously clean as you'd like your soul to be on the Day of Judgment.

Washing too-dry hair makes it dryer. Washing any hair as often as once a week is tricky business. Of course you can do it and not hurt your hair if you take some kind of oily treatment with it. But then it's like the tide going out so that it can come in again—it's all right if that's all you have to do!

The sane, protective, constructive way to take care of hair when it's well and to build it up when it's sick is to cleanse it every day by brushing. Brush, wipe the brush on a towel, then brush again—long, not too stiff bristles in your brush, and long, even strokes with your brush. Then once or twice a week put a cleansing tonic on. Wet a little absorbent cotton in the tonic and, parting your hair in neat little rows, go scrubbing down the rows. For oily condition, wipe the tonic out with a towel, just as you would if you had washed it, then massage until head and face are in a glow, then brush. When oily condition has begun to improve, massage before you wipe the tonic off, then wipe, then brush. This latter treatment—massaging and then wiping—is also the correct treatment for oily-and-brittle hair and too-dry hair.

We wish we could give you more of a choice on the treatment for oily hair, but we have tried many things and know nothing that will get results so quickly and surely as the cleansing-tonic treatment. There is a certain method which paints the scalp with iodide, but one has to use quite a lot of Coué with that, we think.

If the sick condition of the hair is caused by anemia, you'll know it by the disagreeable odor from the scalp. There is no remedy for this except the removal of the anemic condition.

ITCHING of the scalp may be nerves or it may be dandruff. There are two kinds of dandruff: One kind is rather harmless but most annoying because it flakes down on the shoulders; this is purely a scalp condition and can be easily cured. The other is tight and you may not know that you have dandruff at all—you know only that your scalp itches and that your hair is not in as good a condition as it should be. This kind comes from too much acid in the system and yields more slowly to treatment. There is an authenticated cure on the market, however.

Try not to curl your hair with an iron any oftener than once a week and never have your iron too hot. Test the iron by holding it near the face; if it seems very hot, wait. An iron doesn't need to be very hot; just use a little more time—you'll find it pays. There is an excellent wave lotion on the market which, combined with a little hot water and then using the water-wave side-combs, gives a beautiful, natural wave and curl to hair that has the slightest tendency to curliness.

Hair is almost the best friend a face can have, but it has its little ways of treachery, too. While it can soften the face delightfully and loyally befriend a bad nose or a chinline, it can betray, too. Your whole outward personality can be changed by dressing your hair the wrong way, a way which doesn't belong to your type, or by getting the knot of hair the wrong place on the head and spoiling your whole harmony of face and head line, or by having that "hair-dresser" look—too conscious that it is dressed—and then the whole of you will look artificial and, oh—beauty-parlorish! And then the commonest way of all: dressing your hair according to style. What a stupidity! To have a chic head at the cost of your charm, your harmony as to type! *Hang* style! Study yourself, what type you are, and the lines of your face and head, and then, unless you're a born rebel and dare do the individual thing, adapt the style as nearly as you can to your own type.

AND when you go to a hair-dresser, don't let him tell you exactly what's what. Examine his finished work with an open mind and from every view-point in the mirror. He has two advantages over you: experience in hair-dressing and ability to see your whole self all at once. But you have a great one over him: if you're an intelligent, awake-and-aware woman, you know your inside self, the kind of a person you *are*, the type you ought to express from your head to your heels.

The doll face needs fluffy hair; so does that flying, touch-and-go type. Those adorable, wide-eyed child faces of which we find so many since women have bobbed their hair don't necessarily need the stand-out fluffiness; but whether straight or curly, it must be soft and well-kept and simple. The mysterious type is satin-headed, smooth; the madonna type may be fluffy or satin, but it must be drawn low and very, very simple.

If you have a long nose and strong features, dress your hair individually, even if it makes you homelier. Be a person—distinctive, memorable. If you're a cubistic-looking person, do your hair in angles or striking curves, or the Egyptian straight bobbed hair, like a fringe.

And bobbed hair, by the way, is just as *mode* as ever here in New York. You don't see quite so many bobbed heads, but those you do see suit the type. The smartest "bob" is very short and follows the line of the head in the back and comes out across the cheeks in charming little upward curves. Very beguiling.

Other bobbed heads have fled to long switches, softly swirled right around the head with all the ends tucked inplacably in. Or perhaps braids, instead of the swirl—it depends on the type. Or grown long enough to make those fascinating little wheels over each ear. And, oh, yes—it's quite respectable to show the ears now, if you feel inclined.

The one thing in heads that *isn't* respectable—people should be arrested for it—is to have scraggly, uninspired, stupid hair. You don't need to. Hair can always be well if you'll use a bit of intelligence in your care of it, and when it's well it falls charmingly about the face and has luster.

Besides, it means your halo. And when the world is full of beautiful, visible, joyous halos, millennium will come right in and sit down with us.

PARIS TUCKS ITSELF IN COATS AND FROCKS, AND EMPHASIZES THE UNBELTED BACK AND TIERED FRONT

Sketches by Soulié sent from THE DELINEATOR'S *Paris Establishment*



Venise lace lies flatly in the collar and cuffs of a Worth dress made of black crêpe marocain with a plaited shirt front and tucked tunic and tie girdle



The straight line of the unbelted back is new, and Worth uses it in a frock of navy-blue poplavella trimmed with white soutache on the sleeves

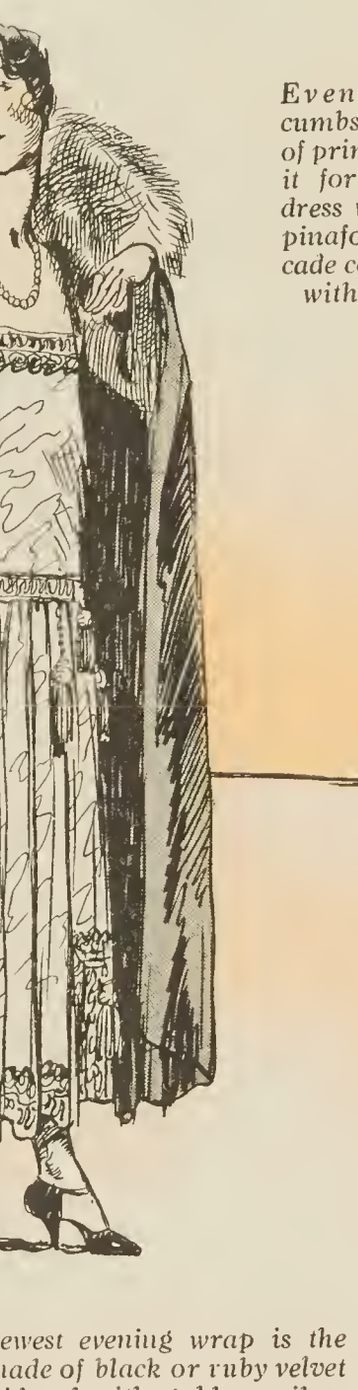


Renée specializes in fine tucks, useing them for crêpe dresses, wool suits, and for a coat of black mongol crêpe with squirrel for the collar

One of Doeuillets' brilliant successes is a costume of gray tchinella bordered with billiard green and embroidered in orange wool. Horn buttons hang from the jumper pockets



Lines of lace cross the bodice and skirt under black chiffon made in the present sleeveless mode, with rose moire at the hip. By Premet



The newest evening wrap is the cape made of black or ruby velvet embroidered with gold or silver braid. By Jenny



Even velvet succumbs to the success of print. Renée uses it for a charming dress with a draped pinafore and a cascade collar bordered with plain velvet

Everything for evening shimmers and sparkles with crystal or silver or metal beads. Doeuillet uses white fulgarante with a beaded body, plain back and the new tier front



For a suit of marked elegance Premet uses black moire with red and black braid at the low waistline and ermine at the neck

Jenny's love of color takes an Autumnal turn in a suit of blue kasha drap-faced with brick color and braided in brick soutache

FASHION STRESSES THE DIAGONAL LINE AND RUSSIAN CLOSING FOR FALL



Coat 4665
Skirt 4630
Embroidery design 10177



Dress 4706



Wrap-around coat 4670
Embroidery design 10175



Dress 4683



Dress 4700

Dress 4676
Embroidery design 10163

4706



4630



4670



4665



4683



4700



4676

4665—4630—10177—For this suit use wool rep, soft twill, wool crêpe, tricotine, kasha, serge, tweeds or homespun. The coat may be a shorter length and goes over a three-piece skirt joined to a camisole body or a ¾-inch inside belt. The braiding is smart. Work in a harmonizing color. One may use moire silk or heavy silk crêpe, novelty velours, novelty or soft-pile fabrics for the coat.

36 bust and 38 hip require 3¾ yards 54-inch wool rep. Lower edge 50 inches.

The coat is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; skirt for ladies 35 to 52 hip.

4670—10175—The wrap-around coat is of soft-surfaced woolen coating, camel's hair, wool rep, twills. Without braiding or embroidery use plaid coatings; or use matelassé with silk crêpe or heavy silk crêpe for wear early in the season. The braiding is effective. Work it in braid to harmonize with the material used.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards 54-inch soft-surfaced wool coating. Lower edge 53½ inches.

The wrap-around coat is smart for ladies 33 to 48 bust, also misses.

4700—An early return to town necessitates supplementing one's wardrobe with smart street costumes. Plaits give an easy width to this one-piece dress in wrap-around style with a choice of body lining. Use wool rep, wool poplin, soft twills, tricotine or serge, with collar, etc., of piqué, linen, duvetyn, flannel or fur fabric for Winter; or use these materials and heavy silk crêpe with a ribbon bow.

36 bust requires 3 yards 54-inch tricotine. Lower edge, plaits drawn out, 2 yds.

The dress is attractive for ladies 33 to 48 bust, also misses.

4706—Use printed silk crêpe or plain silk crêpe in self or contrasting color, with or without embroidery, for the long body which has a Russian closing and is joined to a straight skirt of wool rep, wool crêpe, soft twills, tricotine, serge or kasha. A casing arrangement of elastic across the sides marks a slightly low waistline. One may use heavy silk crêpe with printed silk crêpe, etc. Lower edge 54 inches.

36 bust requires 1¾ yard 39-inch printed silk, 1¼ yard 54-inch tricotine.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4683—One can find many occasions to wear a one-piece slip-over dress with straight lower edge of crêpe de Chine, silk voile, Georgette, silk crêpe or satin crêpe—printed or plain, or printed silks, silk jersey, etc. A casing arrangement of elastic marks the low waistline and there may be a body lining.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards 39-inch printed silk. Lower edge of the dress 54 inches.

The dress is distinctive for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4676—10163—The straight one-piece slip-over dress of plain silk crêpe with satin crêpe sash, or of printed silk crêpe, satin crêpe or charmeuse with a sash of matching plain material, is worn over a separate one-piece slip. The embroidery is very new. Work it in colors. For a sleeveless evening gown use Georgette, silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine or crêpe Roma, beaded, etc. Lower edge 50½ inches.

36 bust requires 3 yards 39-inch silk crêpe and 1⅜ yard 39-inch crêpe satin.

The dress is attractive for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

COSTUMES ARRAY FOR FALL WITH WRAP-AROUND EFFECTS, TIERS OR PANELS



Dress 4721



Coat 4722
Embroidery
design 10865



Dress 4723
Embroidery
design
10175



Coat
dress
4724

Coat 4675
Embroidery design 10177

4675

4724



4721



4722



4723

Coat 4725

4725

4721—A loose panel on the right side of the wrap-around skirt on a slip-over dress gives an easy line. It is close fitting at the hips and the skirt joins a long body. Use wool rep, wool poplin, twills, tricotine, gabardine or serge, all one material or with body of printed or plain silk crêpe or satin, or of wool crêpe or heavy silk crêpe, all one material or with printed silk crêpe.

36 bust requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch wool rep. Lower edge 44½ inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4722—10865—The new wrap-around coat has a deep armhole which makes a roomy sleeve and goes over one's dresses easily. Make it of soft-pile fabrics, duvetyn, camel's-hair, plaid coating, wool rep or twills. Many of the smartest coats this season are embroidered. Work this design in one-stitch embroidery.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards 54-inch duvetyn. Lower edge 54 inches.

The coat is attractive for ladies 33 to 46 bust also misses.

4675—10177—For a wrap-around coat with an armhole of medium depth use soft-surfaced woolen coatings, camel's-hair, wool rep, twills, plaid coatings without braid. For Winter use plush, velvet or fur fabrics. The braiding is new. A coat entirely trimmed with double the quantity of the all-over banding is smart.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch twill. Lower edge 53 inches.

The coat is distinctive for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4723—10175—For Autumn this one-piece dress with loose plaited panels is smart. It has an elastic across the sides and a body lining. Use crêpe satin, medium-weight silk crêpe, heavy crêpe de Chine, charmeuse, printed silks, printed silk crêpe, fine serge, gabardine, soft twills. The braiding is smart. Work it in a harmonizing color.

36 bust requires 4¼ yards 40-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 52 inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4724—The three-tiered front and plain back lend a new aspect to the wrap-around coat dress. It fits closely at the hips in the new French fashion. Make the dress of wool reps, wool poplin, wool crêpe, soft twills, serge, gabardine or heavy silk crêpe.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards 54-inch wool rep. Lower edge 48 inches.

The coat dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust and it is also attractive for misses.

4725—One wraps the straight-line coat with straight lower edge closely about the figure to get its French effect. It has a slight fulness at the neck and the sleeve is pointed a little at the top. Use duvetyn, soft-pile fabrics, novelty or striped woolens, broadcloth, wool reps, soft twills, cashmere, borders; or, for Winter, plush or velvet.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards 54-inch wool rep.

The coat is attractive for ladies 33 to 46 bust, also misses.

Blouse 4709
Skirt 4585

Blouse 4671

Blouse 4692
Monogram
design 10858

Dress 4698
Embroidery
design 10175

Blouse 4717
Skirt 4314
Embroidery
design 10853

Blouse 4707
Skirt 4630
Embroidery
design 10138

Other views and descriptions are on page 80

Blouse 4713

Blouse 4696
Embroidery design 10123

Dress 4658

Dress 4623

Dress 4656

Dress 4674
Embroidery
design 10922

Dress and slip 4676
Embroidery design 10163

Other views and descriptions of these costumes are on page 80

Dress 4662
Embroidery design 10178
Embroidered bag 10102

Dress 4645
Embroidery design 10999

Dress 4633

Dress 4672

Dress 4667

Dress 4643

Dress 4681

Other views and descriptions of these costumes are on page 81

Dress 4629

Dress 4641

Dress 4664
Hat 4449
Embroidery
design 10889

Dress 4689

Dress 4604
Embroidery design 10163

Dress 4638

Other views and descriptions of these dresses are on page 82

Dress 4678

Evening dress
and slip 4685

Suit 4640
Hat 4517

Dress 4669
Smocking
design 10172

Dress 4619

Dress 4648

Dress and
bloomers 4673

Dress 4642
Hat 4451

Dress 4636

Dress 4679
Hat 4493

Wrap-around
coat 4661
Hat 4318
Embroidery
design 10155

Dress 4666
Embroidery design 10155

Other views and descriptions of these garments are on page 83

Dress 4691
Embroidery
design
10181

Dress 4687

Dress
4702

Dress 4710
Embroidery
design
10138

Dress 4693
Embroidery
design
10158

Dress 4712
Embroidery
design
10159

Dress 4714
Embroidery design 10922

Other views and descriptions are on page 83

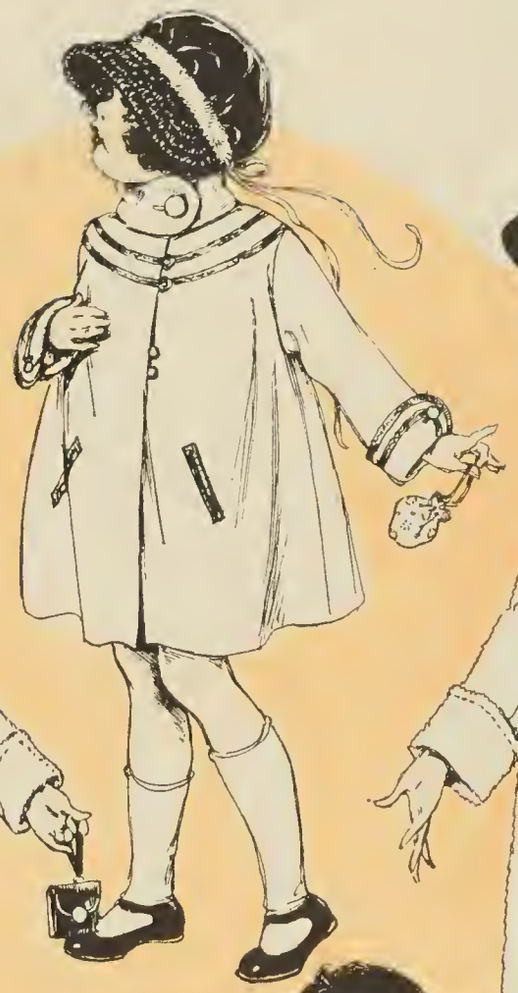
Dress 4704



Suit 4716



Ripple coat 4718
Hat 4493



Ripple coat 4705
Hat 4491

Suit 4703



Suit 4695



Coat 4720



Dress 4667
Embroidery design 10175

Suit 4680

4716

4718

4705

4695

4703

4720

4680

4667

4716—September calls boys in to school and no costume is more practical for general use than this suit with a coat and knickers which may have the cuff or band finish. Use tweeds, homespun, worsted, cheviot, serge, mixtures, corduroy. For warm climates one may use crash, linen suitings, beach cloth, shantung or pongee.

12 years requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch tweed.

The suit is practical for boys 8 to 16 years.

4718—4493—For first crisp Autumn mornings a ripple coat in raglan effect and a hat to match makes a very smart outfit. The coat has set-in pockets. Use camel's-hair coating, fleece coating, plaid or check coating, homespun, tweeds, polo cloth, wool velours, wool corduroy, Teddy bear, basket weaves, wool ratine, cheviot or serge, and for the hat use velvet, duvetyn, velours or material like coat.

4 years and 19¾-inch head measure requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch polo cloth, including hat.

The coat is becoming to children 1 to 6, the hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

4705—4491—The smartest costume for the youngest is the ripple coat with a round yoke and a hat with a shirred brim. Use soft-pile fabrics, broadcloth, camel's hair, basket weaves, wool corduroy, checks, soft twills, wool poplin or faille silk for the coat, and crêpe de Chine, taffeta, or velvet for her hat.

4 years and 19¾ inches head measure requires 1⅜ yard 54-inch twill, ½ yard 36-inch velvet.

The coat is attractive for girls 1 to 6, the hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

4695—The primer boys should wear delightful suits like this one with straight trousers buttoning on to the waist. Make it of chambray, linen, linen-finished cotton, Japanese crêpe, piqué, madras, gingham, pongee or silk-and-cotton jersey; or use a dimity or piqué waist with chambray, poplin or linen trousers, pongee with contrasting color pongee, crêpe de Chine or pongee with serge or velvet.

3 years requires 1⅜ yards 32-inch chambray.

The suit is quaint for little boys 2 to 5 years.

4720—The responsibilities of the new term call for a becoming and very new coat in raglan effect with set-in pockets. Use a camel's-hair coating, fleece coating, plaid or check coating, homespun, tweeds, polo cloth, Teddy bear, wool velours, wool corduroy, basket weave, wool ratine, cheviot or serge.

12 years requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch camel's-hair coating.

The coat is smart for juniors and girls 7 to 15.

4667—10175—A one-piece slip-over dress of wool rep, wool crêpe, soft twills, kasha, serge, heavy knitted fabrics, homespun, eponge, tweeds, cheviot, light-weight velours, or heavy crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe, embroidered or braided, etc., is a necessity. It may have a body lining and there is a casing with an elastic across the sides. The braiding is smart. Work it in a harmonizing color.

16 years or 33 bust requires 2⅛ yard 54-inch serge. Lower edge 45½ inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 18 or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

4703—Boys do not rank with land-lubbers when their sailor tastes are satisfied in a suit which has straight trousers buttoning on a waist. Use linen, cotton rep or silk-and-wool jersey in two colors, or tweeds, wool jersey, serge, gabardine, linen, linen-finished cottons, rep, drill, piqué, poplin, chambray, madras or silk-and-wool jersey.

6 years requires ¾ yard 36-inch jersey for waist and 1⅛ yard 36-inch jersey.

The suit is serviceable for little boys 3 to 8.

4680—Most useful for play is this suit with a waist and straight trousers. Use cotton rep, linen, wool jersey, silk-and-wool jersey in two colors, or all linen, chambray, rep, linen-finished cottons, madras, drill, piqué, poplin, etc. One may use a poplin or madras waist with serge, shantung or silk poplin trousers, or a dimity waist with poplin or linen trousers.

4 years requires 1⅛ yard 36-inch poplin and ⅝ yard 54-inch serge.

The suit is practical for little boys 2 to 6 years.



Dress 4699



Dress 4684
Tam 3157

Dress 4677
Embroidery
design
10982



Dress 4694
Hat 4318



Dress 4719
Embroidery design 10166



Dress 4690



Dress 4701



Dress
4686

4699 4684

4690 4677

4694 4719

4686 4701

4699—One might christen this frock "Heart's Delight," for the dainty hand-made roses about the neck and sleeves and at the low waistline delight the junior. It slips over the head and has a straight skirt. Use plain silk crepe or crêpe de Chine; or without flowers use silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, fine cotton crêpe, cotton voile—plain or printed, plain or printed challis.

13 years requires 2¾ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

4684—3157—A new slip-over dress with straight lower edge has elastic in a casing across the sides. Use gingham, chambray, cotton ratine, cotton homespun, cotton crêpe, cotton prints for school, or printed or plain silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine, printed silks, pongee, wool crêpe, velvet. Use duvetyn, velours, etc., for tam-o'-shanter.

12 years and 21 inches head measure require 2⅛ yards 39-inch wool crêpe and for tam ½ yard 36-inch velvet.

The dress is for juniors and girls 6 to 15, the tam-o'-shanter for girls, children, misses, ladies.

4677—10982—A slip-over dress with straight lower edge is attractive in various combinations—plain or printed silk crêpe with band of silk crêpe in harmonizing color, plain or printed crêpe de Chine with taffeta band, plain crêpe de Chine, pongee, cotton crêpe or cotton voile with band in same material printed or contrasting, or use plain cotton crêpe with band of novelty cotton ratine or heavy cotton prints, etc. The embroidery is effective. Work in appliqué.

9 years requires 1¼ yard 54-inch wool jersey and ⅜ yard 54-inch wool jersey for single band.

The dress is becoming to girls 6 to 12 years.

4694—4318—For the two-piece skirt of this slip-over dress one may use heavy silk crêpe with printed or contrasting silk crêpe for the body in raglan effect; or use heavy cotton prints or novelty cotton ratine with plain cotton crêpe; wool crêpe, soft twills or serge with printed or plain silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine, etc. A hat of taffeta, corded silks, satin, etc., is smart.

12 years requires 1 yard 39-inch silk crêpe and 1⅜ yard 36-inch velvet for dress.

The dress is smart for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years, the hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

4719—10166—Paris prescribes the one-piece wrap-around dress for young girls and for it uses wool rep, wool poplin, soft twill, tricotine, serge or heavy silk crêpe. It closes at the left shoulder and underarm and may have a body lining. The embroidery is decorative. Work it in satin-stitch, outline, beading or French knots and one-stitch. Lower edge 48½ inches.

16 years requires 2⅞ yards 39-inch wool crêpe.

The dress is attractive for misses 16 to 20, also for small women.

4690—Broken hearts may be mended with the promise of another new slip-over dress in Russian effect and with separate bloomers. The collar is unusually becoming. Make the dress of pin-check gingham, dimity, printed sateen, heavy cotton prints, printed cotton crêpe, heavy plain cotton crêpe, chambray, linen, linen-finished cotton, gabardine or pongee. For later in the Autumn use wool crêpe or serge.

4 years requires 2¼ yards 27-inch gingham for the dress.

The dress is becoming to little girls 2 to 8 years.

4701—A small girl feels very much grown up if her dress has cascade drapery at the sides and a tucked arrangement at the top. The dress slips on over the head and may be gathered at the top. Make it of silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, Georgette or cotton voile. One may use these materials in printed effects with the cascades of plain material. It is a charming little party or dancing frock.

6 years requires 1¾ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is suitable for little girls 2 to 10 years.

4686—Separate bloomers make this a practical dress for play. It slips over the head and has a straight lower edge. Use printed cotton crêpe, pin-check gingham, tissue gingham, pin-dot cotton voile or printed soft pongee with plain to match, pin-dot swiss or dimity with plain lawn to match, printed or plain crêpe de Chine with taffeta, light and dark green handkerchief linen, white with colored cotton voile, etc.

5 years requires 2 yards 35-inch novelty cotton crêpe and ½ yard 35-inch plain cotton crêpe.

The dress is becoming to little girls 2 to 8 years.

4708—If one wants to keep up to date in house dresses, she will choose this one-piece dress. It is in the new coat effect and fastens down the front with buttons and buttonholes. Make the dress of gingham, chambray, percale, striped madras or linen-finished cotton, all one material, or with collar, etc., of linen-finished cotton or lawn. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

36 bust requires 4⅝ yards 32-inch plaid gingham.

The house dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 48 bust.

4708



House dress 4708



4682

Breakfast coat 4682

4682—There are many mornings when one will want to get into this breakfast coat or negligée with a straight flounce and hand-made flowers in front. Use crêpe de Chine, soft taffeta, crêpe satin, silk-and-cotton crêpe de Chine, plain cotton crêpe, printed silks, dotted swiss, novelty cotton voile or cotton crêpe, etc. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 39-inch silk crêpe.

The breakfast coat is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



4663

Night-drawers 4663

4663—These night-drawers may button down the back or in front in pajama or regulation style, and may have a one-seam bishop or a shirt sleeve. One may add stocking feet, a hood and a pocket. Use Canton flannel, outing flannel or flannelet, or without stocking feet, plain percale, madras, dimity, cambric, muslin or cotton crêpe.

8 years requires 2¾ yards 36-inch flannelet.

The night-drawers are practical for children 1 to 13 years.



Negligée 4688



4688

4688—The wrap-around style is so free and easy to wear that it has found a place even in negligées. The hand-made rosettes are lovely on this negligée of crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, charmeuse, chiffon taffeta or printed silks. One may use dotted swiss, dotted voile, novelty cotton crêpe, or for Winter, challis, albatross, plain French flannel or corduroy.

36 bust requires 5¼ yards 36-inch taffeta. Lower edge 54½ inches.

The negligée is new for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



Rompers 4711
Smocking design 10151



4711

4715

Rompers 4715

4711—10151—For these smocked rompers with drop seat one uses dimity with the bloomers, etc., of pin-check gingham, chambray, linen-finished cotton, cotton poplin, cotton gabardine, plain madras, a cotton crêpe waist with same material in contrast for bloomers, or entirely of dimity, chambray, cotton poplin, pin-check gingham, cotton crêpe, mercerized pongee or silk pongee. The smocking is dainty. Work in self or a contrasting color.

2 years requires ⅝ yard 32-inch dimity and 1 yard 32-inch chambray.

The rompers are quaint for children 1 to 4 years.

4715—Pin-check gingham, chambray, striped gingham, dimity, heavy cotton crêpe, cotton gabardine, cotton poplin, linen-finished cottons, madras or pongee make new rompers with the front in one piece and a drop seat in back.

3 years requires 1⅛ yard 36-inch dotted percale.

The rompers are good style for children 1 to 4 years.



Cloak and cap 4668
Embroidery design 10978

4697

4668

4697

Cap 4697

4697
Embroidery design 10900

4697—10900—One begs to go "bye-bye" in a cap with ruching and a dainty embroidery. Work the design in eyelets, satin-stitch, lazy-daisy stitch, French stemming and buttonholing. For either type of cap use faille silk, grosgrain silk, crêpe de Chine, lawn or nainsook. For cooler weather use corduroy or chinchilla.

Either cap for infants requires ⅜ yard 36 to 39 inch grosgrain silk.

The cap is suitable for infants and children up to 3 years of age.

4668—10978—An outdoor outfit for the new baby has a cap and a cloak with a long or short cape and a full sleeve or plain sleeve with wristband or cuff. It may be 25 or 30 inches long. Use heavy crêpe de Chine, faille silk, piqué, or for cooler days, wool rep, wool gabardine, wool crêpe, cashmere, henrietta or whip-cord. The embroidery on the cloak and cap is dainty. Work in eyelets, satin-stitch, etc.

The outfit for infants requires 1⅜ yard 39 to 42 inch cashmere.

The cloak and cap are dainty for infants.

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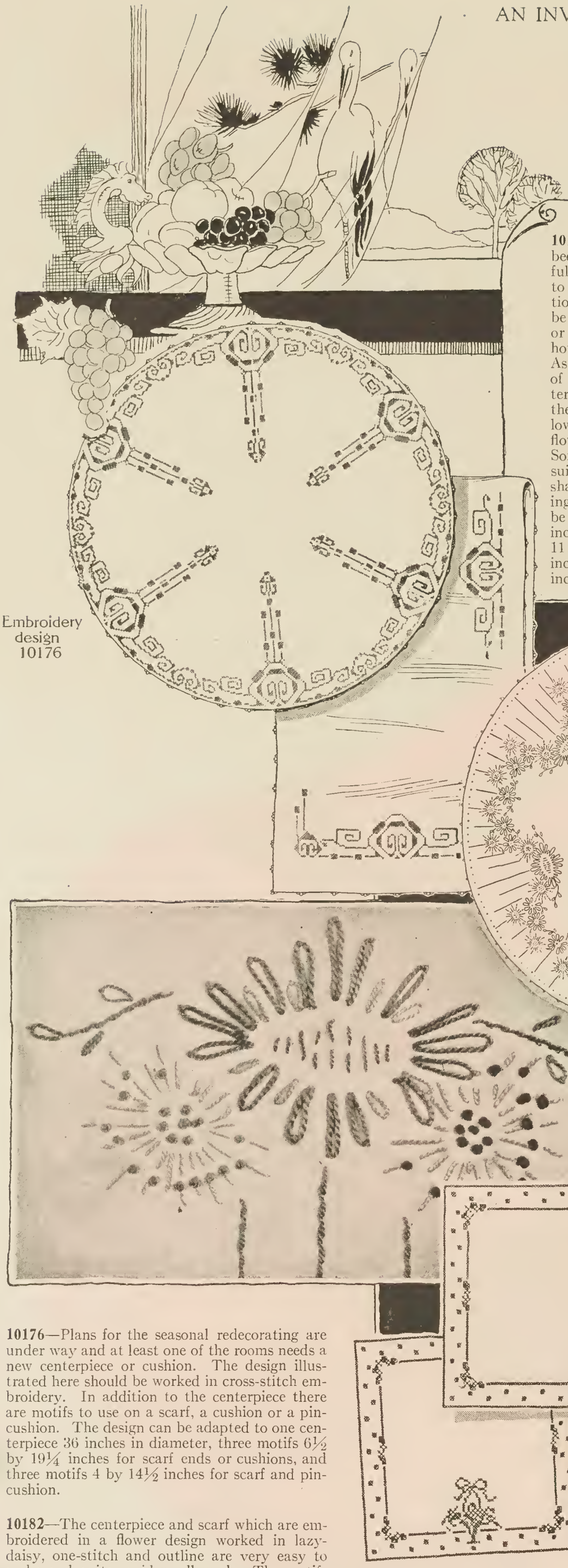


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12 cents a can

AN INVITING DESIGN FOR NEEDLE AND BRUSH, NEW CENTERPIECES AND AN ATTRACTIVE SET FOR BUFFETS



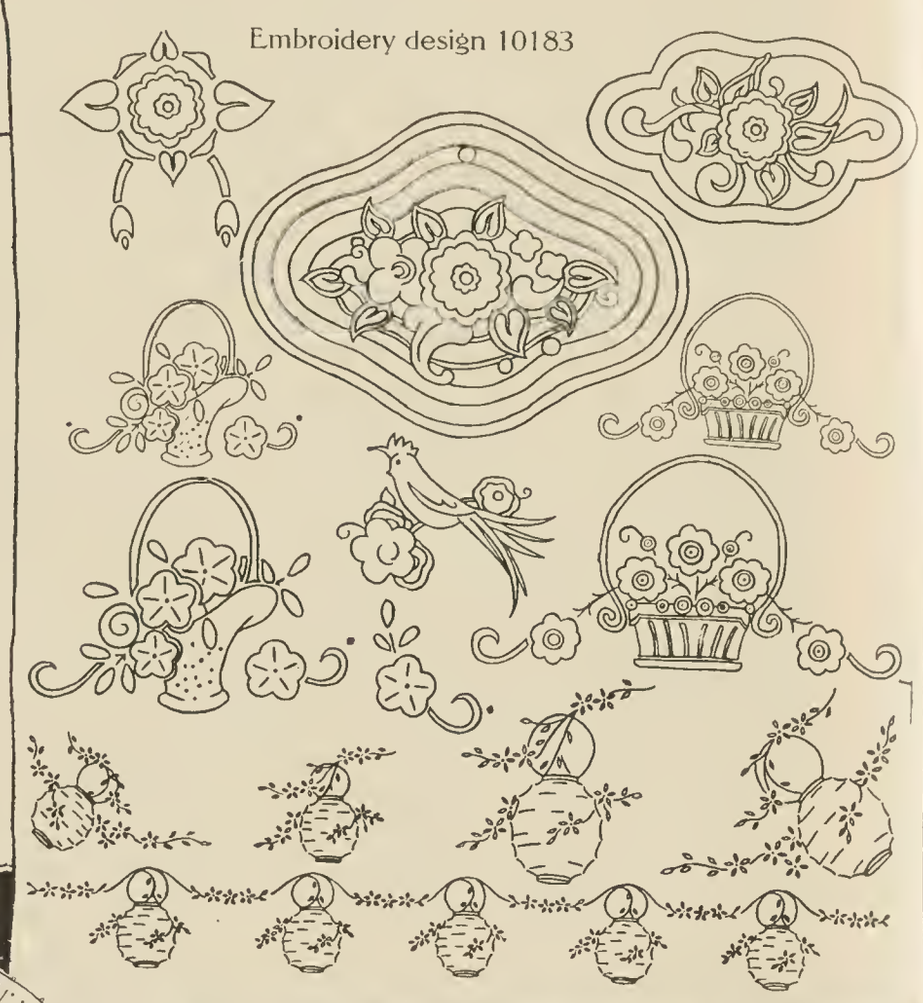
Embroidery design 10176

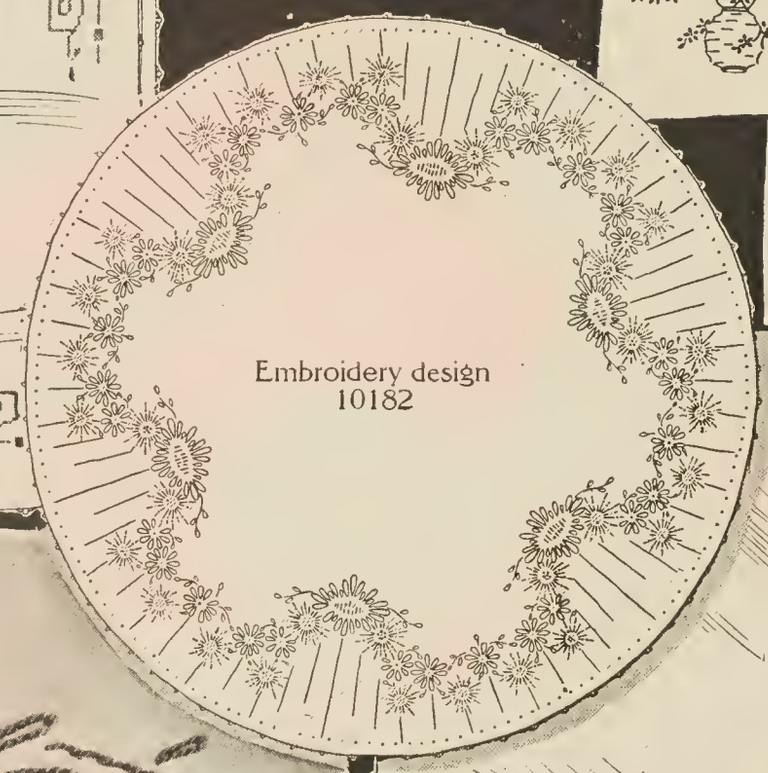
10176—Plans for the seasonal redecorating are under way and at least one of the rooms needs a new centerpiece or cushion. The design illustrated here should be worked in cross-stitch embroidery. In addition to the centerpiece there are motifs to use on a scarf, a cushion or a pincushion. The design can be adapted to one centerpiece 36 inches in diameter, three motifs 6½ by 19¼ inches for scarf ends or cushions, and three motifs 4 by 14½ inches for scarf and pincushion.

10182—The centerpiece and scarf which are embroidered in a flower design worked in lazy-daisy, one-stitch and outline are very easy to make and quite rapid needlework. The motifs may be used for scarf, cushions or pincushions. On white linen the design in maize, lavender, green and black is attractive. The design can be adapted to one centerpiece 36 inches in diameter, three motifs 7⅛ by 19 inches for scarf ends or a cushion, and three motifs 2 by 7½ inches for the center of a scarf or a pincushion.

10183—Now that busy sewing-bees are again in session, one is full of plans for new linens, and to settle the problem of decoration there is this new design to be worked in appliqué, outline or lazy-daisy embroidery on house dresses, aprons or linens. As an embroidery for tea-cloths of maize or blue linen the lantern motifs are attractive with the lantern in black and yellow, blue, rose and lavender flowers among green leaves. Some of the larger motifs are suitable for stenciling lamp shades or shields or for painting furniture. The design can be adapted to 1¾ yard of 2½-inch banding, two motifs 8 by 11 inches, two motifs 4⅝ by 8¼ inches, two motifs 5½ by 5¾ inches and 42 assorted motifs.

Embroidery design 10183

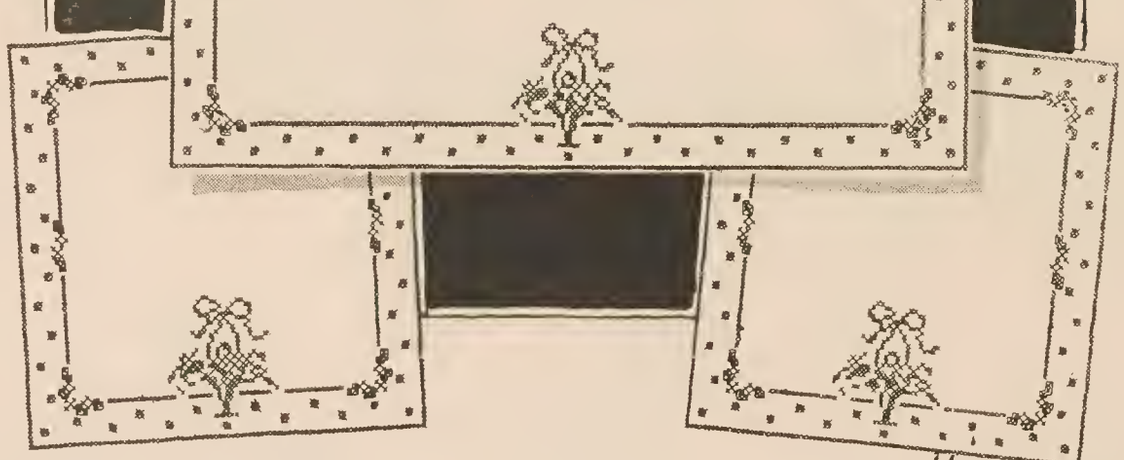




Embroidery design 10182



10180—When the shops offer such exquisite compote sets, fruit-bowls and candy jars of Venetian glass, luster china or the newer and more precious Lalique glass, it is a bare buffet which does not display a set. Linens must be flawless to use with these pieces. The three-piece buffet set which is illustrated here contains an oblong and two square doilies which are embroidered in a cross-stitch design. The design can be adapted very easily to one oblong doily 12 by 24 inches and two square doilies 12 by 12 inches.



Embroidery design 10180



You can tell Fels-Naptha by its clean naptha odor



Fels-Naptha safely gives painted woodwork the brightness of sunshine. It makes scrubbing of floors unnecessary. Just mop.



The real naptha in Fels-Naptha goes deep down through every thread, loosens all the dirt, and safely makes clothes clean and sanitary.



No greasy streaks on dainty china. Fels-Naptha does quick work, and is harmless to dishes and hands.

The foundation of sanitary housecleaning!

Fels-Naptha Soap!

It thoroughly routs all soil and grease, upon which germs so love to feed and multiply. It spreads Fels-Naptha Cleanliness throughout the house, and makes a brighter, healthier home.

Get a ten-bar carton of Fels-Naptha Soap for Fall housecleaning. Keep it on hand for your weekly laundering and cleaning. Give your home daily the benefit of Fels-Naptha Cleanliness.

Fels-Naptha gives two cleanings at the same time—one with soap-and-water; another with real naptha. It is safe for hands, clothes, and everything water will not harm. It makes work easier, and you get it done sooner.

Fels-Naptha is more than soap. It is more than soap and naptha. It is the exclusive Fels-Naptha blend of *splendid* soap and *real* naptha in a way that gives you the best of both these two great cleaners at one time, and in one sanitary golden bar.

Order Fels-Naptha Soap from your grocer today!

TEST Fels-Naptha for sanitary cleaning. Send 2c in stamps for sample bar. Address Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia.



Glistening and sanitary! Bathroom fixtures are easily kept spotless and unscratched with Fels-Naptha Soap.



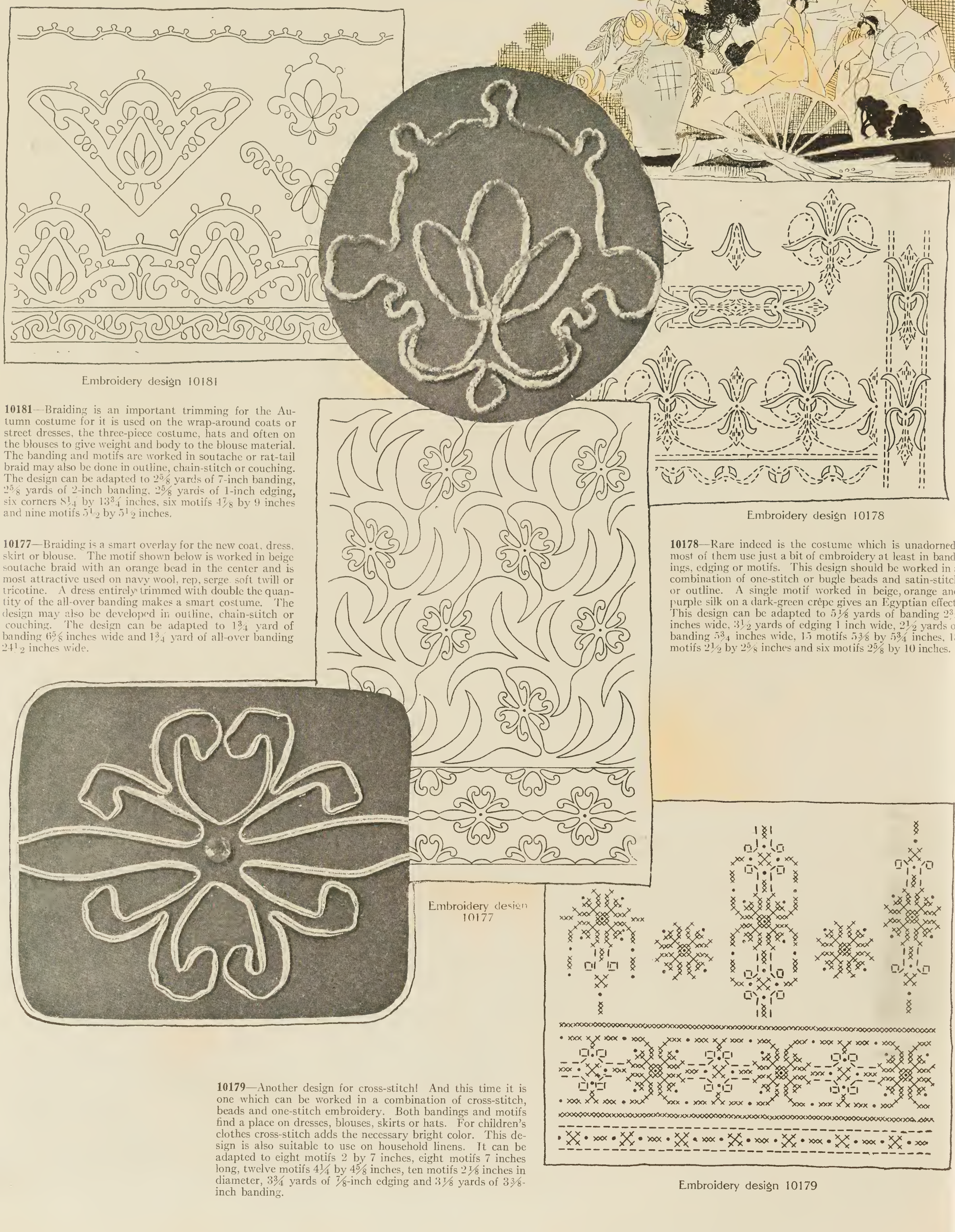
The 10-bar Carton

The convenient way to buy Fels-Naptha is in the carton shown above. Ten full-sized bars neatly packed. Have a carton handy!

© 1923, Fels & Co. Philadelphia

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

BRAIDING BLAZES TRAILS ON THE AUTUMN COSTUME AND CROSS-STITCH OR EMBROIDERY DESIGNS LEAVE COLOR TRACKS



Embroidery design 10181

10181—Braiding is an important trimming for the Autumn costume for it is used on the wrap-around coats or street dresses, the three-piece costume, hats and often on the blouses to give weight and body to the blouse material. The banding and motifs are worked in soutache or rat-tail braid may also be done in outline, chain-stitch or couching. The design can be adapted to 2⅝ yards of 7-inch banding, 2⅝ yards of 2-inch banding, 2⅝ yards of 1-inch edging, six corners 8¼ by 13¾ inches, six motifs 4⅞ by 9 inches and nine motifs 5½ by 5½ inches.

Embroidery design 10178

10178—Rare indeed is the costume which is unadorned: most of them use just a bit of embroidery at least in bandings, edging or motifs. This design should be worked in a combination of one-stitch or bugle beads and satin-stitch or outline. A single motif worked in beige, orange and purple silk on a dark-green crêpe gives an Egyptian effect. This design can be adapted to 5⅛ yards of banding 2¾ inches wide, 3½ yards of edging 1 inch wide, 2½ yards of banding 5¾ inches wide, 15 motifs 5⅜ by 5¾ inches, 18 motifs 2½ by 2⅝ inches and six motifs 2⅝ by 10 inches.

10177—Braiding is a smart overlay for the new coat, dress, skirt or blouse. The motif shown below is worked in beige soutache braid with an orange bead in the center and is most attractive used on navy wool, rep, serge, soft twill or tricotine. A dress entirely trimmed with double the quantity of the all-over banding makes a smart costume. The design may also be developed in outline, chain-stitch or couching. The design can be adapted to 1¾ yard of banding 6⅝ inches wide and 1¾ yard of all-over banding 24½ inches wide.

Embroidery design 10177

10179—Another design for cross-stitch! And this time it is one which can be worked in a combination of cross-stitch, beads and one-stitch embroidery. Both bandings and motifs find a place on dresses, blouses, skirts or hats. For children's clothes cross-stitch adds the necessary bright color. This design is also suitable to use on household linens. It can be adapted to eight motifs 2 by 7 inches, eight motifs 7 inches long, twelve motifs 4¼ by 4⅝ inches, ten motifs 2⅛ inches in diameter, 3¾ yards of ⅞-inch edging and 3⅛ yards of 3⅜-inch banding.

Embroidery design 10179





Paint which is cleaned without hard rubbing should last many years. The quick cleansing of "P and G" keeps paint "young."

When little Billy starts to school

You probably want your children to romp and tumble about with other children as much as they please. But there are occasions when you want them to *stand out*—when you want them to appear unmistakably *your* children, in whom you have pride. Nothing makes a child stand out from the crowd like neat, clean, *fresh*-looking clothes.

> *If children's clothes are* ***made*** *white, they should be* ***kept*** *white. If they have colors in them, these colors should be kept fresh. And not even a good laundress can preserve whiteness and freshness if she is handicapped by her soap.*

Perhaps your laundress has experimented with many soaps, and still her results are not up to the standard you set.

The choice of soap should be yours

If that is so, we suggest that from now on you select the soap yourself and on next wash-day provide her with P and G The White Naphtha Soap. Then watch what happens during the following month. By the third or fourth washing see if the original fresh whiteness does not reappear.

P and G is a most unusual soap. It washes *clean.*

That, you may say, is what every soap is supposed to do. Perhaps, but how few actually achieve genuine, *white* cleanliness—real freshness, *like new* freshness!

Acts on dirt, not on colors or fabrics

That's the kind of cleanness and freshness P and G achieves, because it acts on the *dirt*, not on fabrics or colors; it rinses out thoroughly, leaving no trace of soap, soapy tinge or odor behind it—it is a *white* soap, a *thorough*-cleaning soap, a *safe* soap for both colors and fabrics.

Besides, P and G lessens the need for constant boiling and hard rubbing. Laundresses like it because it saves their time and energy while it saves their employers' *clothes.*

So many millions of households have discovered the unique properties of P and G that this soap is now *the largest selling laundry and general household soap in America.*

PROCTER & GAMBLE

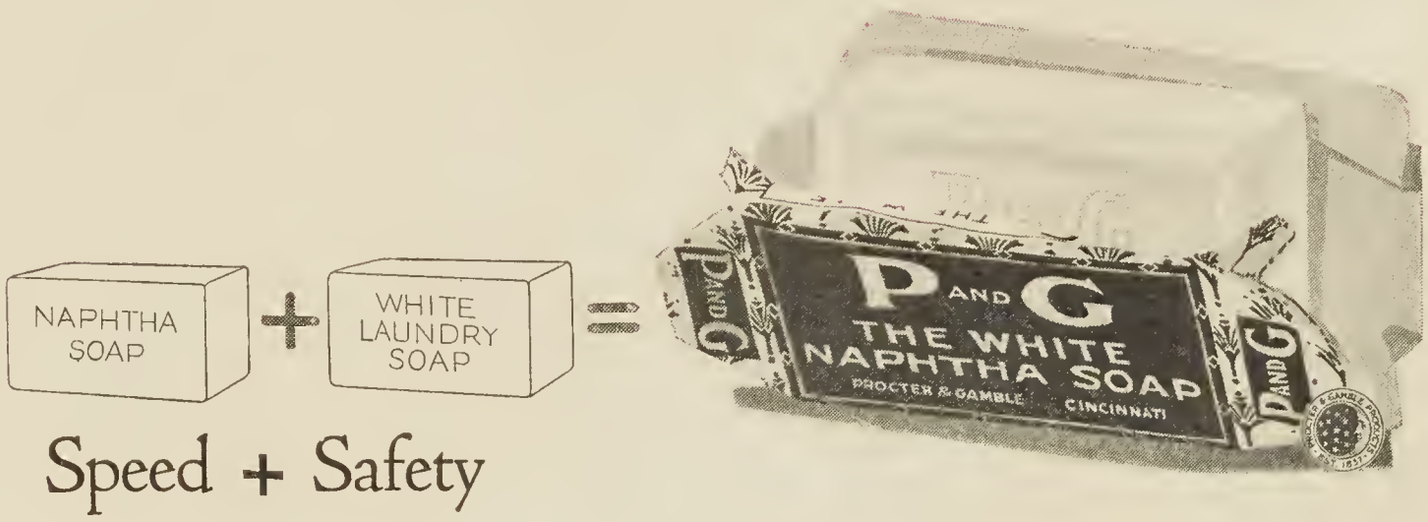


Glassware and dishes glisten with perfect cleanliness. P and G removes grease instantly without rubbing. Leaves decorations unharmed.

Not merely a naphtha soap,

Not merely a white laundry soap,

But the best features of both, combined.



Speed + Safety

Copyright 1923, by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati



Every mother should make a study of the food she gives her family

THERE isn't an intelligent mother in the world who doesn't know that success and happiness depend, in very great measure, upon good health.

What may not be so generally realized is that good health depends largely upon the kind of food eaten, and how promptly it is digested.

The selection of Grape-Nuts as a part of the family diet is recognition of the part good food plays in health building.

Grape-Nuts with milk or cream contains every element for perfect nutrition, including the vital mineral salts for building up nerve, bone, tooth and other body structure; also the essential Vitamin-B of the wheat.

Twenty hours of carefully regulated baking makes Grape-Nuts exceptionally easy to digest.

And quite as important, Grape-Nuts is delicious—as a cereal with cream or milk, fresh or stewed fruit, or made into an appetizing salad or fruit pudding for lunch or dinner.

GRAPE-NUTS SALAD

1 Cup Grape-Nuts
½ Cup Cubed Pineapple
2 Teaspoons Lemon-Juice
1 Sliced Orange
2 Cubed Bananas
Cream Salad Dressing

Cut the fruit, add lemon-juice, mix with Grape-Nuts, and serve on bed of lettuce with Cream Salad Dressing. Makes four to six portions.

Where you don't find Grape-Nuts
you won't find people.

"*There's a Reason*" *for*

Grape-Nuts

Made by Postum Cereal Company, Inc.
Battle Creek, Michigan

SAVE A DOLLAR

The thrifty use of good things makes a better home

Each suggestion has been tested and approved by the Home-Makers' Department



THE DELINEATOR is interested in good suggestions for saving the housewife's money, labor, food or fuel and will pay five dollars for each item used in this department. (*NOTE: The offer of ten dollars each month for the best suggestion received is now withdrawn.*) Unavailable manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Please write on one side of the paper only and address: "Dollar-Savers" Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York City

SAVE ON ICE

PLACE a good-size piece of ice in a two or three quart porcelain pitcher, add a quart of water and cover with two heavy paper bags, one bag being placed inside the other. Draw the paper bags down over the top of the pitcher until they touch the table. The ice will last for several hours, and by adding a little of the chilled water to some from the faucet one can get a cold drink without going to the refrigerator frequently during the day. I find this plan saves ice and so saves dollars.—MRS. J. L. JACKSON, Colusa, Calif.

PICKNICKERS have the problem of keeping tea or lemonade cold. We find it very satisfactory to fill the vacuum bottle with crushed ice and carry the drink in a large fruit-jar. A vacuum bottle that will hold tea for only three people will hold sufficient ice to cool tea for six or eight people.—MRS. A. A. LIDE, Minter, Ala.

SAVE TIME ON WASH-DAY

HANG both the clothes-pin bag and a small pail which contains water and a whisk-broom on the clothes-line when you are about to take down the dry clothes. As the clothes are taken from the line, place the pins in the bag and sprinkle the clothes which need ironing, using the whisk-broom for this. The clothes may then be folded and they are soon ready to iron. This system saves a second handling of clothes and unnecessary wrinkling.—MRS. JULIA N. MCQUITTY, Mitchell, S. D.

SAVE TIME BY COOPERATION

AS MY neighbor and I are both very busy women, we have arranged a plan which makes it possible for each of us to have a free Saturday morning every other week. On one Saturday my neighbor does the baking for both and the following Saturday I do the baking. Just what is to be made is left entirely to the baker. We both save time and gas by this arrangement and besides we enjoy a little release from the routine of cooking.—MRS. H. B. BROWN, Fremont, Ohio.

SAVE PAINT FROM DRIPPING

WHEN painting overhead, the dripping of the paint from the brush may be prevented by slipping one-half of a hollow rubber ball over the handle of the paint-brush. The rubber cap will catch the paint. —M. E. WILSON, Brooklyn, N. Y.

SAVE WORK IN CLEANING THE BROILER-PAN

BEFORE using the broiler-rack of a gas-stove either for broiling or toasting, cover the bottom of the pan with water. This will prevent the fat from the meat smoking or catching fire and will prevent the crums from burning on the pan. The broiler-pan may then be washed easily.—MRS. HENRY RADLE, Detroit, Minn.

SAVE WORK IN THE SICK-ROOM

A SMALL table which could be placed on the bed was a great joy to the small daughter who was compelled to be in bed for several weeks. I used a piece of wall-board eighteen inches by twenty-four inches and a second piece ten inches by eighteen inches. The smaller board was cut in two pieces lengthwise to make the ends of the table and fastened together underneath with rungs cut one-inch thick. On the table the child has her tray, writes her lessons, makes dolls' clothes, plays games, makes clay figures and places her book when she wishes to read.—MRS. W. C. VAN DE MARK, Waterloo, N. Y.

SAVE UNHAPPINESS BY OVERLOOKING NONESSENTIALS

A WORD about economy and home-making: No economy effected by nagging one's family into doing it pays. Many people are careless about lights, gas and water. By keeping at them constantly, it is possible to save a few cents a month. But in trying to save a few pennies a housekeeper may come to magnify trifles and the family life ceases to be pleasant. Also, it is well for a housekeeper occasionally to study the relative value of the work that consumes her time. Playing around with one's husband may be more productive than spending the same time in work at home to save a few cents.—MRS. W. W. DIXON, JR., Spartanburg, S. C.

SAVE MOTION IN SEASONING FOOD

A LARGE salt-shaker filled with six parts of salt to one part of pepper will season vegetables to the king's taste and will save the use of two shakers and make one shake do where two shakes were necessary before.—MRS. JEROME KEITH, Riverside, Conn.

SAVE THE HANDS IN CLEANING THE STOVE

A FELT blackboard-eraser is excellent in cleaning the top of the kitchen-stove. If grease gets on the stove, it should be rubbed over the top while the stove is still hot. The eraser is much more satisfactory than a cloth and it keeps the hands from getting soiled.—MRS. FERN E. GAYLE, Houston, Tex.

SAVE GAS IN MAKING MERINGUE

INSTEAD of heating the oven to brown meringue on pie or pudding, heat an iron skillet very hot and turn it over the meringue quickly. In about three minutes the meringue will be as beautifully brown as if it had been put in the oven.—MYRTLE ROTHENBERGER, Syracuse, Ind.

SAVE BREAD IN MAKING SANDWICHES

WHEN fancy sandwiches are to be made, cut the bread lengthwise of the loaf instead of crosswise. This is much more economical than the usual way of cutting bread for sandwiches.—MRS. B. P. CHENEY, Valdosta, Ga.

"When it rains it pours" *won St. Louis*



Union Station, St. Louis, in a rainstorm



One out of every five

In St. Louis, approaching a million in population and with a tradition for good cooks and good cooking, every fifth person is a user of Morton's. It is their choice of countless brands in package and bag. Similar conditions prevail the country over; Morton's is the reigning favorite.

Only a little is needed to produce flavor

If you already use Morton's you can understand why it is the nation's choice of salt.

If you aren't using it, begin now; the moment you pour it out of the handy blue package into cooking food, you'll see the reason for its popularity.

Such clean, white, pure salt! What a lively, lasting flavor it imparts to meats, roasts, salads—foods of every kind.

And it's so convenient. You never have to gouge it out of the package or salt cellars. It does not lump or cake and wear your patience threadbare. When you want it, out it comes—it pours. Even when it rains it pours.

Of the many kinds of salt we make, we're proudest of this one. And the critical cooks of the country say our pride is pardonable.

MORTON SALT COMPANY
CHICAGO



Helpful hints on using salt

Washing fresh vegetables with a strong solution of salt water will remove slugs, insects, etc.

Before frying fish, sprinkle a little Morton's Salt in the skillet; they will be less likely to stick to it.

When poaching eggs, add a little Morton's Salt to the water, the whites will "set" better.



Is your skin exceptionally sensitive?

Is your skin especially hard to take care of? Wind, dust, exposure: do they continually irritate and roughen it?

You can correct this extreme sensitiveness. By giving your skin the special treatment it needs, you can overcome its tendency to become painful, irritated, on the least occasion.

Use this special treatment for a very sensitive skin:

EACH night before retiring, dip a soft wash-cloth in warm water and hold it to your face. Then make a warm water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and dip your cloth up and down in it until the cloth is "fluffy" with the soft white lather. Rub this lathered cloth gently over your skin until the pores are thoroughly cleansed. Then rinse, first with warm, then with clear cool water, and dry carefully.

It is a well known scientific fact that the nerves which control the blood supply are more sensitive in the skin of your face than elsewhere—and that consequently the skin of your face is more liable to disturbances.

For this reason the soap which you use daily on your face should be of the best quality obtainable.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today; begin now to give your skin the special care that will keep it normally resistant to dust and exposure; soft, smooth, and fine as you want it to be.

In the booklet around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap you will find special treatments for each different type of skin. The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles make it ideal for regular toilet use. A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks.

Send 25 cents for these special Woodbury preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream, Cold Cream, and Facial Powder, *with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."*

Send for this set today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1909 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. *If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1909 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.* English agents: *H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.*

Copyright, 1922, by The Andrew Jergens Co.

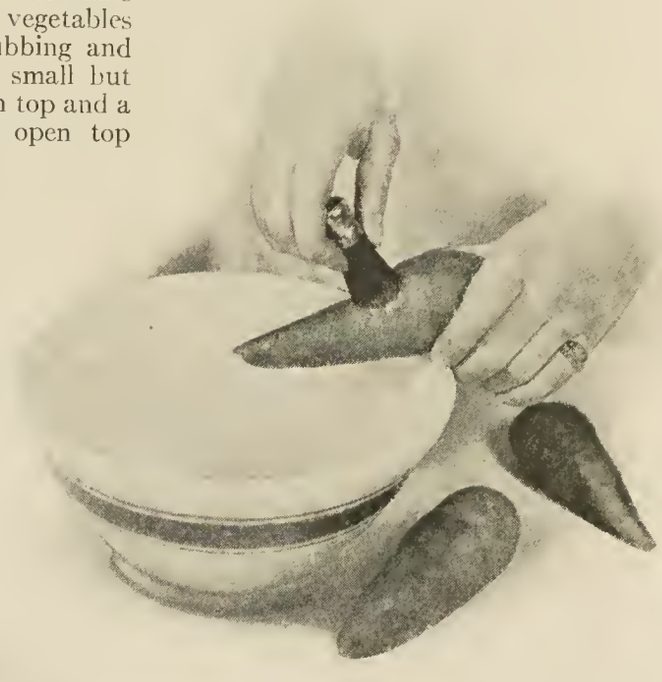
HOUSEHOLD HELPS

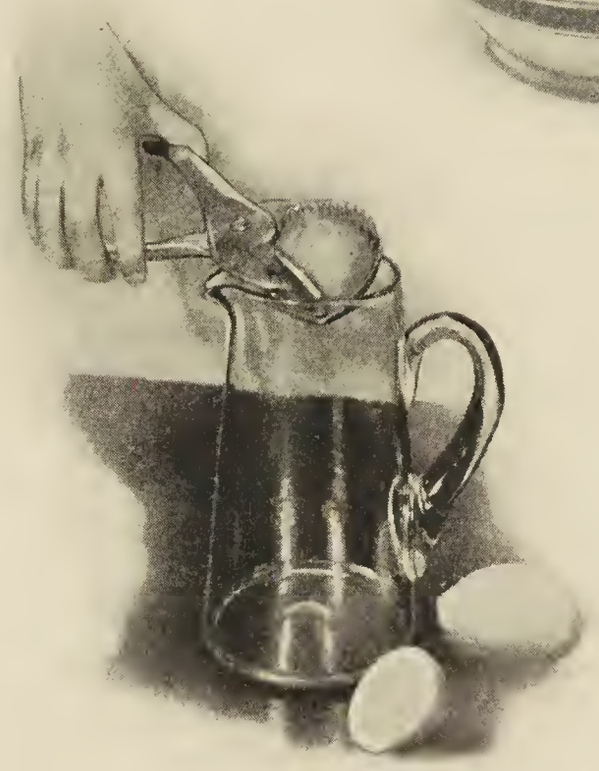
Implements have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University.—*Martha Van Rensselaer*



THE housewife who loves daintiness of service without too great an expenditure of time required for preparation should find this butter-curler a help. A flat brick of well-chilled butter, a scrape of the utensil over the top and the result is an appetizing-looking curl that satisfies the eye of the most fastidious. In addition to its use in preparing butter for service at table, this curler may be employed to cut off bits for melting on cooked food. The curl drops from the utensil readily, and in a few seconds a steak or a broiled fish is adequately dotted with butter. Moreover, the curl melts more quickly than thick pieces cut off with a knife.

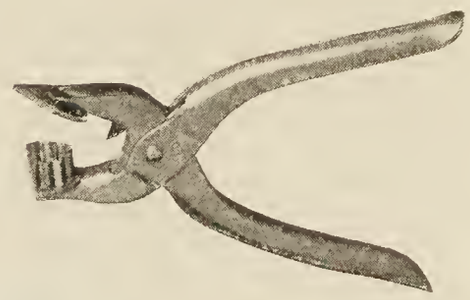
EVERY well-balanced dietary contains many vegetables, but many vegetables in the menu mean constant scrubbing and scraping and peeling. This is a small but effective brush with a smooth open top and a ring of stiff wire bristles. The open top makes it easy to keep the implement clean and sanitary; the bristles are stiff enough to remove the dirt and outer skin without taking from the vegetable itself; and every woman will appreciate the fact that the grip is far enough from the vegetable to protect the hands of the worker.

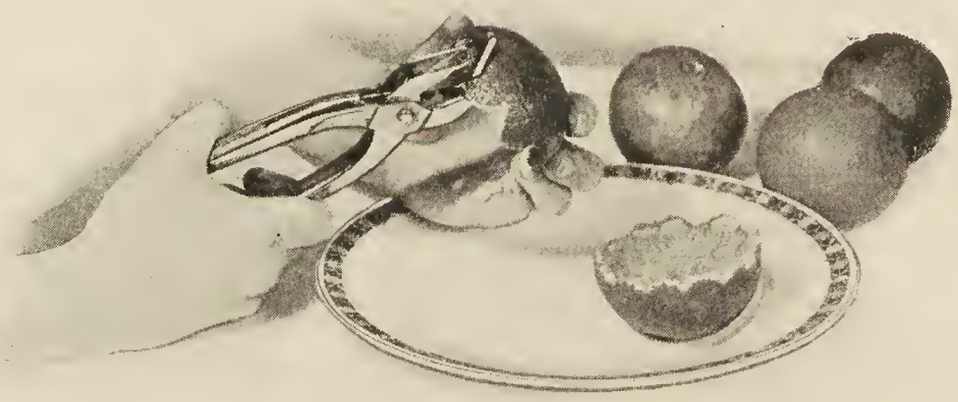




A STRONG, easily used lemon-squeezer is almost indispensable in the household equipment, for this pungent fruit is an all-the-year requisite for beverages, sauces and garnishes. The qualities that such an implement should possess are a good grip for the hand of the user, jaws that hold the fruit firmly, strong leverage and a good drainage-rim to gather the juice and pour it where it ought to go. The housewife who has a lemon-squeezer like this will find all these characteristics. Its strong jaws make it useful to crush fruits such as pineapple and peaches for sauces, ices and the many other things for which crushed fruit is used.

EVEN a plain dish can be made appetizing by giving attention to its appearance, and a simple dessert, served attractively, takes on some of the glamour of the chef's art. With a fruit-cutter like this, an orange-peel can be converted into two receptacles for fruit or jelly, which will provide a festive-looking dessert for the family as well as for the formal meal when guests are present.













Crying is Not Good for Babies

Mennen's Checkmates the Causes

Babies have good-natured, uncomplaining dispositions. They suffer tortures that few adults endure—and without a whimper. Only when the discomfort is acute do they become fretful and cry.

Crying is *not natural;* it indicates that something is *wrong.* It may be systemic trouble, but in nearly every case the skin is at fault.

And no wonder! Three dangerous forces are always seeking to attack the delicate structure of your baby's skin. Unless checked, they will torture the skin—prevent sleep—cause exhausting crying spells—and undermine your baby's health.

What are these deadly enemies? Science has gradually discovered them, and Mennen has perfected a defense against each one.

The first is *moisture.* It may be perspiration, or urine, or even water left in the skin folds after the bath. Towels cannot dry a baby's skin thoroughly, yet lurking moisture is *poisonous* to the skin tissues.

To overcome this condition, each particle of Mennen Borated Talcum is made highly porous and absorbent. The effect of this powder on a baby's skin is that of millions of tiny white sponges. Those dainty sponges harmlessly absorb secreted moisture.

Then the second skin-enemy must be routed. It is the irritation resulting from *friction.* Constant rubbing, eternal chafing—caused by clothes, blankets, even baby's own weight—work havoc with baby skin.

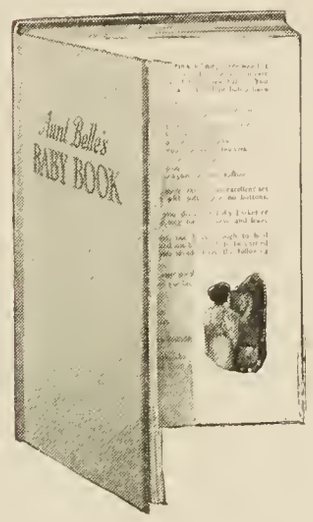
So Mennen Borated Talcum covers the cuticle with a delicate slippery film to prevent the effects of friction.

Because baby's skin is so tender and undeveloped, it cannot resist *infection* as yours can. But a perfect blend of sanative, mildly antiseptic ingredients is present in Mennen Borated Talcum to help the skin repel this *third* menace.

The unique effects of this remarkable baby powder are due to half a century of study devoted to its development in the Mennen laboratories.

Guard your baby from needless suffering. Always sprinkle Mennen Borated Talcum into the skin folds after every bath and change of diapers, before each nap, and whenever baby cries.

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.
THE MENNEN COMPANY, LIMITED
Montreal, Quebec



Fascinating!

Have you seen Aunt Belle's wonderful Baby Book? It answers every perplexing question, tells everything a young mother should know. Beautifully bound. Quaintly illustrated. For a limited time it will be mailed postpaid in plain package for only 25c (Canada, 35c). See coupon to the right.

THE MENNEN COMPANY
335 Central Ave., Newark, N. J.

I enclose 25c (Canada, 35c). Please send me Aunt Belle's Baby Book postpaid in plain wrapper.

Name .....

Address .....

.....



Aluminum for Better Baking

Mirro bakes everything so well because the heat-conducting metal assists *even* baking. Crusts crisp invitingly. Foods do not stick; cleaning is easy. And Mirro pans are inexpensive and lasting.

Aluminum Goods Manufacturing Company

General Offices: Manitowoc, Wis., U. S. A.

Makers of Everything in Aluminum

MIRRO

The Finest Aluminum



JELLIES AND FRUIT BUTTERS

By Winifred Moses

Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University.—*Martha Van Rensselaer*

FRUIT jellies and butters go hand in hand. The juice of the fruit may be extracted and made into jellies. The pulp that is left may be put through a sieve, seasoned and sweetened, and cooked until it is thick and butterlike. Of course a better-flavored butter is obtained by using the whole fruit—that is, juice and pulp—but if jelly is the main object, the pulp may be conserved by utilizing it for butters.

JELLY

THE two most important jelly-making fruits that are in season in late Summer and early Autumn are the grape and the apple. Wild fruits, such as elderberries, wild plums, grapes and apples, also make excellent jelly Jelly may also be made from peaches, plums, pears and quinces, but since they are deficient in pectin or acid, or both, they must be combined with apple or grape-juice or with commercial pectin in order to make them "jell" properly. Fruits that are slightly underripe contain a larger percentage of pectin, the jellying ingredient. For juicy fruits, such as grapes, add only a small quantity of water—that is, about one cup of water to four or five quarts of fruit—when extracting the juice. If the fruit is very juicy, the water may be omitted. For less juicy fruits, such as apples, add just enough water to cover the fruit. In both cases cook only until soft. Always wet the jelly-bag before pouring in the cooked pulp to drain, and never squeeze the bag if clear jelly is desired. Either make second and third extractions or put the pulp through a sieve, flavor well and make into butters or conserves.

The jelly is done when it will sheet from a spoon—that is, when two or more drops run together, or coalesce, before breaking off from the side of the spoon. This point is not reached until after the thermometer registers 216 or 217 degrees Fahrenheit. Jelly should be allowed to cool in the sun. After the paraffin is added, it should be stored in a cool, dry, dark place in order to prevent leaking or "weeping."

GRAPE JELLY

4 quarts grapes (use grapes slightly underripe)
Sugar according to pectin test—¼ to 1 cup of sugar to 1 cup of juice

WASH grapes and remove from stems. Put grapes in preserving-kettle and crush and simmer until fruit is soft. Pour the pulp and juice into a wet jelly-bag. Drain. (Reserve pulp for grape-butter or conserve.) Make the pectin test. Measure juice and put it into a kettle of four times the capacity of the juice to be cooked. Cook five minutes. Add sugar and stir until sugar is dissolved. Boil rapidly until it sheets from a spoon. Begin to watch for the jellying-point after temperature reaches 216 or 217 degrees Fahrenheit.

APPLE JELLY

4 quarts apples
Sugar according to pectin test—½ to 1 cup of sugar to 1 cup of juice

WASH apples, remove all blemishes and cut in pieces. Put in saucepan, add water to cover and cook until tender. From this point proceed as for grape jelly.

BUTTERS

BUTTERS differ from jams in that the pulp and skins are cooked soft in water and put through a sieve before adding the sugar.

GRAPE BUTTER

1 pound grape-pulp (after juice has been extracted for jelly)
½ to ⅔ pound sugar
Juice and grated rind of 1 lemon

MIX ingredients and cook until thick and clear (about twenty minutes).

CRAB-APPLE BUTTER

1 pound crab-apple pulp
¾ pound sugar

WASH and core apples. Run through food-chopper and put into kettle. Add water to within one inch of top of fruit. Cook until tender. Add sugar. Cook to jelly stage (about ten minutes).

APPLE BUTTER

1 pound apple-pulp
¾ pound sugar
Juice and rind of 1 lemon
1 quince

WASH, pare and core apples and quince. Cover parings with water. Cook with water for half an hour. Drain and add this juice to apples and quince. Cook until apples and quince are soft. Put through sieve. Add sugar and lemon-juice and cook until thick and clear.

PEACH BUTTER

1 pound cooked peach-pulp
⅔ pound sugar

DIP peaches in hot and then in cold water. Remove skins and pits. Add a little water and cook to a pulp. Weigh. Add sugar. Cook until thick and clear. (Spices may be added if desired.)

PLUM BUTTER

1 pound cooked plum-pulp
½ to ⅔ pound sugar

WASH plums. Add sufficient water only to prevent burning and cook until soft. Put through coarse sieve or colander to remove pits. Measure, add sugar and cook until thick.

GUAVA BUTTER

1 quart guava-pulp
3 cups sugar

WASH and cook guavas in a very little water until tender. Put through sieve. Measure. Add sugar and cook until thick.

QUINCE BUTTER

1 pound cooked quince-pulp
¾ to 1 pound sugar

WASH and peel quinces and drop in cold water. Cover skins with water. Cook twenty minutes and drain. Grate quinces into this liquid. Weigh, add sugar and cook twenty minutes.

Directions for making the pectin test were given in the article by Miss Moses in the June DELINEATOR. *A copy of those directions will be sent upon receipt of a request accompanied by a two-cent stamp for postage. Address the Home-Maker's Department,* THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York City.*



FREE

"Baby's Layette"

How to prepare the nest for the little stranger

Send for this little book of friendly advice to mothers and expectant mothers about clothing and other necessaries for baby's comfort and health. A complete list of everything you need for baby. It will save you much time, worry and shopping about. Answers the important question: "What shall I buy for baby?" Written by authorities on the care of young babies. Every mother ought to read it. The coupon brings it *in a plain envelope.*

Why Doctors and Nurses Advise This—

Protection and warmth at vital spots where 80% of baby ills begin

He trusts you, mother, to choose wisely now for his health's sake. Think how helplessly the strong, successful man of the future depends upon your care today!

Medical science, now all intent on better babies, cautions you to protect the little chest and stomach against drafts and chills. Many disturbances once credited to colic, teething, nausea or indigestion, as well as more serious coughs and colds, are now known to be due to poor protection here.

For here is the danger zone—the seat of eight out of ten of baby's troubles. So doctors and nurses skilled in child culture recommend Rubens Infant Shirts—especially now in cold weather.

Their double thickness across chest and stomach, specialists say, solves the problem. It puts you on the safe side always.

Rubens Infant Shirts slip on and off easily—like a coat. Father adopted coat-shirts long ago. Why not baby, too? They are easier for you, easier for baby. No tapes, no buttons to fuss with. And the adjustable belt, fastened with one safety pin, always fits the growing little body.

Knitted in 12 fine materials, all sizes from birth to four years, for all seasons. Simply made and easy to wash. All sizes in each material the same price.

Only one Rubens

For thirty-one years we have made Rubens Infant Shirts—nothing else. We specialize in infant shirts. And, no matter what you hear, there is only one Rubens Infant Shirt. Protect yourself by looking for the name on the shirt itself. And for the striped box with the two-babies trade-mark, as illustrated here. Then you can be sure.

At good stores anywhere. If any store can't supply you, write us.



Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

Rubens



Look for this box, with the two-babies trade-mark, and "*Rubens*" on the shirt.

RUBENS & MARBLE, Inc.
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Please send me without charge a copy of "Baby's Layette," *in a plain envelope.*

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A Name That Merits the Utmost Confidence

PROBABLY there is no other name in the textile world so widely or favorably known as "Fruit of the Loom." For many years it was identified with a cotton fabric of sterling worth that is unexcelled to-day.

Now, the name "Fruit of the Loom" extends to cotton textiles of a weight and weave different from the original product; but all maintain the same high standard as the first famous Fruit of the Loom fabric. There is a new Fruit of the Loom nainsook, for instance, made of the finest cotton obtainable, and which is so exquisitely soft and silky that you will want it for all your lingerie, and for the baby's dresses, petticoats and other things. You can also buy Fruit of the Loom muslin in cambric finish, and in plain shades.

Not all Fruit of the Loom fabrics are obtainable in yard goods, however. Some (oxford, mercette, colored muslin, and checks) are made exclusively for garment manufacturers who have unusual requirements as to the textiles they use; and these manufacturers give assurance to the public of worthy products by using these Fruit of the Loom fabrics and the Fruit of the Loom label, which guarantees not only the quality of the cloth, but also the finish and workmanship of the garment.

Ready-mades in Fruit of the Loom fabrics

Ladies' Sealpax Underwear
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B. B. & R. KNIGHT, INC.
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Made by the Knight Mills of New England

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Look for the Fruit of the Loom trade-mark woven in colors on ready-made garments, and the words "Fruit of the Loom" on the selvage of piece goods.

ASKING FRIENDS TO "BRUNCH"

And what to prepare for them

By Myra T. Leadwell

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

NOWADAYS a popular invitation is, "Come over for brunch to-morrow; we are going to have popovers."

Brunch is a cross between breakfast and lunch and is served on a holiday morning, seldom earlier than nine o'clock and never later than twelve-thirty.

The menu is not radically different from any breakfast menu, except that everything is particularly delicious and abundant and that some delectable form of hot bread is always served.

Fruit, cereal, meat or eggs or fish, some kind of hot bread, marmalade or jelly or honey and a hot drink form the largest allowable menu. There may be less. For instance, the cereal may take the place of the main dish or may be omitted; or the breads, such as waffles and biscuits, may be the most important part of the meal.

Fruit should start the meal. Melons or strawberries are delicious breakfast fruits. Both should be ripe and thoroughly chilled; the melons should be left for at least twelve hours in the coldest part of the ice-box. Wipe melons, cut them in half and remove the seeds and strings. Put a little finely cracked ice in the hollows and serve half a melon to each guest—unless large cantaloupe, honeydew or cassava melons are used, when quarters will be sufficient portions.

Cherries, either stewed or uncooked, may start the meal, or the succulent stalks of young rhubarb, stewed, sweetened and then chilled. Long strings of dried figs strung on raffia may often be bought very cheaply at small Italian groceries or fruit-sellers; these are delicious when thoroughly steamed or when stewed in cider or other fruit-juice.

Of course grapefruit, oranges or tangerines are always suitable to start the meal. Some people prefer grapefruit cut in half, sugared and put on ice the night before they are used. In any case, each section of pulp should be loosened from the tough part all the way around with a sharp-pointed knife or a special grapefruit-knife before serving. The tough part that divides the pulp sections is then cut from the outer rind and from the bottom of the center and can be lifted out in one piece. Serve one-half a grapefruit on a fruit-dish or embedded in a bowl of cracked ice. A grapefruit-spoon or teaspoon should be at each place.

ORANGES may be served halved crosswise with the pulp loosened from the skin around the circumference; or orange-juice served in glass cups or small narrow glasses set in bowls of chopped ice is a delicious start for breakfast. Ice-cold sliced oranges may also be served, but be sure to cut off all the white part around the edge.

If there is any worry connected with the selection of cereals, it is that of making a choice from the almost endless supply of excellent ones on the market.

A few seeded raisins or stoned dates may be cooked with the cereal, or the fruit course and the cereal course may be served at the same time so that those guests who like may eat their cereal and fruit mixed. Rich cream and sugar should be served with cereal; brown sugar or powdered maple-sugar is delicious instead of white sugar, and some people like sirup with their cereal.

Next comes the main dish, the part of the meal which varies the most in different localities. To some households, waffles or pancakes with honey or sirup and coffee can not be surpassed, while others insist that there is no equal of bacon and eggs. A few persons are confident that no breakfast for company is complete without broiled steak or chops. It is generally true, however, that the less highly flavored foods are most relished for breakfast.

Of course breakfast bacon will always be a favorite. Fortunately it is cooked quickly, and if the fat is poured off frequently during the cooking it will be crisp. Ham, sliced very thin and broiled until crisp, is welcomed on the table, too. Broiled fresh fish or smoked fish soaked overnight in water to remove the strong flavor and then combined with equal portions of creamed rice or potatoes may be served. Creamed chicken, ham or any other meat on toast is particularly good for brunch. A delicate hash, light fish-balls and liver and bacon are all appropriate.

Eggs form perhaps the most universally used breakfast dishes. A light omelet either plain or combined with asparagus, tomatoes or a bit of chopped meat or fish is a favorite brunch dish.

Potatoes fried or creamed are the most widely used vegetable in the morning meal, but there is no reason, unless that of personal dislike, why other vegetables can not be used at brunch. Broiled tomatoes or buttered asparagus on toast are worthy of consideration, and surely browned squash is not to be despised.

BUT the most important dish for brunch is hot bread. With plenty of delicious hot bread you can often dispense with everything else except coffee and fruit. Whatever breakfast bread you make best, concentrate on that—whether it be waffles, biscuits, muffins, corn bread, griddle cakes or soft hot rolls, coffee-cake or doughnuts. Serve them very hot with tart conserves, jam marmalade, sirup, honey or fruit butter and plenty of butter that has been taken off the ice long enough before the meal to be easy to spread. Unsalted butter is often served. Raisins, figs or dates added to muffins and coconut in waffles are pleasant additions.

Even toast made on the table in an electric toaster and served piping hot is good, especially if it is made of raisin bread, biscuit halves, muffin halves or slices of coffee-cake.

Plenty of well-made coffee for second and third cups should always be served, unless the hostess knows her guests do not care for it. If there is an electric percolater in the house, the coffee can be made on the table. The percolator or pot is set on the table at the right of the hostess. Every person should be asked whether he wishes cream and sugar. Plenty of rich cream should be served with it; the cream may be thickened by being partially whipped.

Cocoa or tea may be served at brunch when a hostess knows her guests will prefer either to coffee.

Milk is provided for the children, of course, for it is one of the foods necessary to their growth and development.

After the food for the breakfast is prepared, the next problem is the serving of it so that the atmosphere in the dining-room will be comfortable. If the morning is warm, the table may be set out-of-doors on the porch or even under a tree. So far as the table is concerned, it can help in giving the right feeling by supplying a touch of color in a centerpiece of flowers or fruit. Either individual doilies or a breakfast-cloth may be used on the table.

No person can enjoy a meal if the hostess or some one in her family must make many trips to the kitchen for food, dishes and forgotten silver. It is annoying to watch such a performance and more annoying to be the main participant in it.

THE English way of placing all the food on the table, putting the warm foods in covered dishes so the heat is retained and then permitting the guests to make their own selections, may be followed, for brunch is informal as a rule.

Or the tea-wagon, if there is one, can be pushed to the right of the hostess's plate. On it can be arranged the dishes for the main course, and by equipping the tea-wagon with an electric plate-warmer the food can be kept warm.

A properly equipped tea-wagon has a drawer beneath the upper tray in which the silver is kept. Partitions of heavy cardboard placed in this drawer separating the knives, forks and spoons make it easy to reach the forgotten silver without leaving the table.

Sunbrite cleanses with *"double action!"*

It sweetens and purifies in addition to its regular work of cleaning and scouring

Wherever food is kept, there the housekeeper must be on constant guard. For food odors and flavors spread easily and becoming stale, contaminate whatever else is near.

Your kitchen cabinet, your cupboards and pantry, require scrupulous cleanliness. They may be spotless and stainless and still you detect unpleasant odors. They need a special kind of cleansing to destroy every trace of food odor and flavor.

A **Sunbrite** cleansing will keep them sweet and odorless. For **Sunbrite** cleanses with double action. It not only cleans and scours but in the same process it sweetens and purifies. In its composition is an element which has a purifying power.

Sunbrite has enough abrasive to scour thoroughly and cut the grease and grime, and yet it will not mar a surface by scratching. And because it has in it no harsh chemicals, it does not roughen and redden the hands.

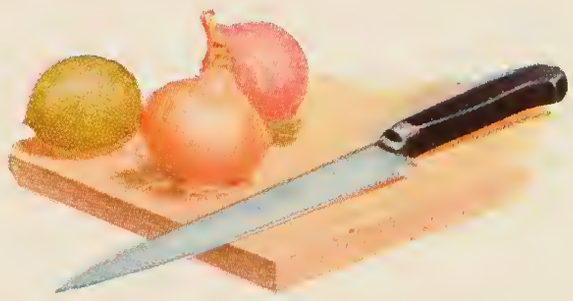
The price of **Sunbrite** is just a few cents a can—lower by a third than you often pay. The great production facilities of Swift & Company make this low price possible. Every can also bears a United Profit Sharing Coupon.

Remember, an ultimate test of real cleanliness is odor! **Sunbrite** is not through with the scouring and polishing that all good cleansers do; with its *double action,* it also sweetens and purifies, eradicating every lingering odor taint. Try **Sunbrite** for all kitchen and bathroom uses.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.



Cupboards, pantries and kitchen cabinets require scrupulous cleanliness to guard against food odors. They need a special kind of cleansing to keep them sweet and odorless as well as spotless



Wash thoroughly in soap suds the knife with which you have cut an onion; then cut a lemon or an apple with it—and the onion flavor is still there. A ***Sunbrite*** *cleansing not only polishes the knife but destroys every trace of the onion flavor*

Double action yet costs less



AMAZINGLY DELICIOUS!

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES and fresh fruit!

Just what big and little folks need for summer time breakfast and lunch—easy to digest and sustaining! Kellogg's give the stomach chance to do its work and let you feel keen and work or play comfortably all the day long!

Such flavor, such crackly-crispness, and such all-around wholesome goodness as Kellogg's lavishly provide never before have been put into Corn Flakes or any other cereal! Your taste will prove that better than words ever can—and what a wonderful time you and all will have!

This summer free the children, as well as older folks, from heavy breakfasts and help them retain good health. Kellogg's are so wonderful to eat, so satisfying—and so easy to prepare because they're ready to serve—that you will immediately give them first place on the family menu!

And, don't forget the fresh fruit—berries, peaches, bananas, etc.—any one with Kellogg's Corn Flakes will thrill the most finicky hot-day appetite when no other food appeals! Start with to-morrow's breakfast! Your grocer sells Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES



THE WELL-EQUIPPED BATHROOM

By Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders

Editor, Department of House Decoration

PROBABLY no branch of building and equipment has reached such perfection as the modern bathroom and its fixtures. The bathroom, though usually the smallest room in the house, ranks as one of the most important. No longer does the head of the family consider that one bathroom is enough. In building or remodeling an average-size dwelling, those with foresight see to it that there are at least two bathrooms; but in the more pretentious homes one bathroom for each bedchamber, or one between every two bedchambers, should be arranged.

The walls and floors of a bathroom should be of such material and finish that they may be easily washed or sponged. Walls may be entirely tiled or tiled to a height of about four or six feet, or they may be left in the smooth plaster, which should be painted, enameled or covered with a composition oilcloth to get a smooth, sanitary finish.

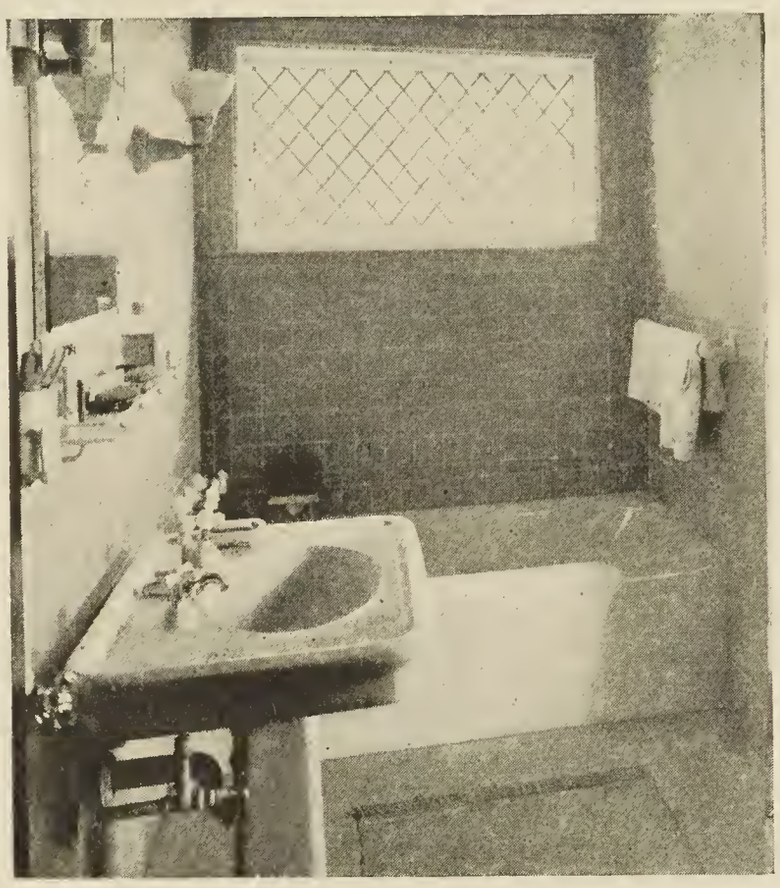
Occasionally one may introduce a bit of color by using a delicately colored paint above the tile or for the entire wall. Delicate colors are far more appropriate in a bathroom than heavy dark colors. If you prefer just a suggestion of color in an otherwise all-white bathroom, a plain band of either green, rose, blue or yellow one and one-half inches wide may be painted on the wall just above the tile or in large square panel effects on the four walls. This gives a touch of individuality which can often be carried out in the marking of towels, selection of bath-mats and curtains.

Floors should be either tiled, cemented, linoleum-covered or painted, with a few rubber or cork mats for warmth and safety. Rounded corners should be planned for, if possible, as a safeguard against the collection of dirt.

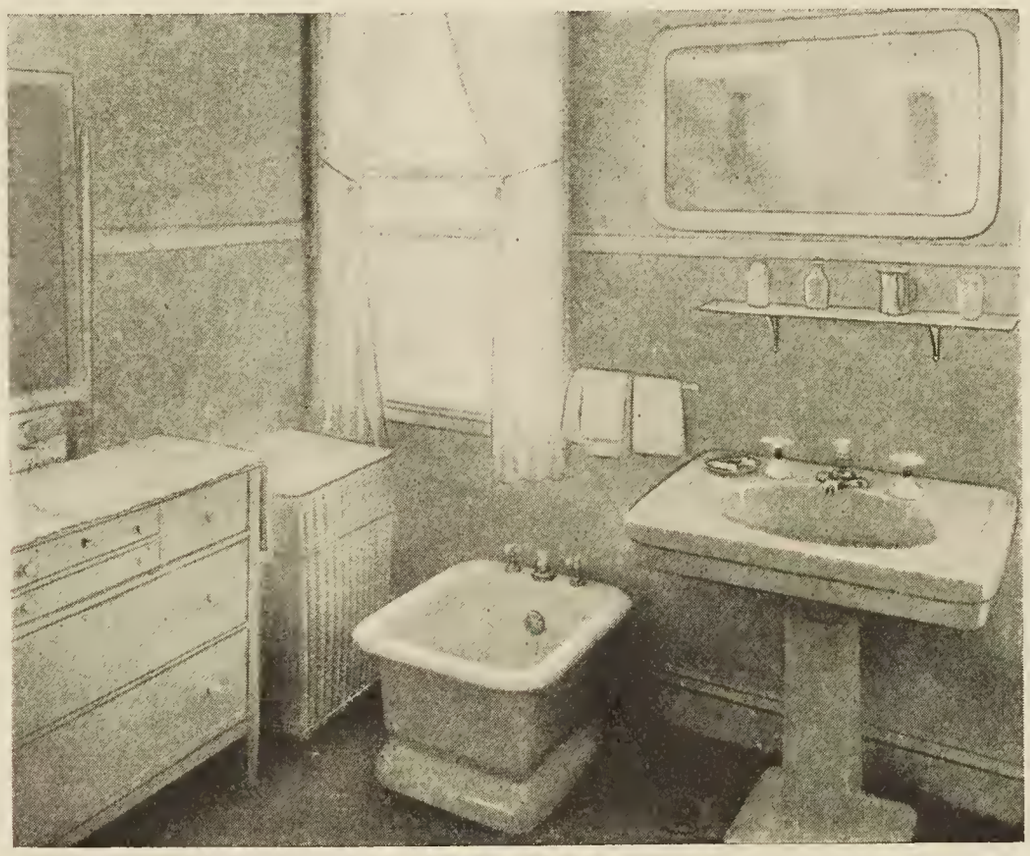
FIXTURES

WHEN home-makers have the privilege of selecting bathroom fixtures, they should see to it that they are of correct proportions and suited to the type of house and

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Built-in tubs, which have superseded tubs with legs, leave no space beneath where dirt may accumulate



Lack of space often necessitates placing a soiled-clothes hamper in the bathroom. Towel-racks, shelf and soap-dish here are of glass



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A. S. HINDS CO.

The Cream for Every Home

Wherever you go in the United States—in cities, towns and villages—you will find this familiar bottle ready for you. There are three sizes but the fifty cent size is the most popular and convenient one. Safe for traveling and easy to apply. Everyone in the family will find it beneficial.

HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM is a soothing, refining cream that by daily use prevents any tendency to roughness or irritation. An invigorating cream that tones and freshens and protects the complexion from injury by dusty winds or chilly atmosphere. A cream that softens the skin to a velvety texture. And withal a cream so simple to apply, so sure in its improving results that it readily becomes the favored complexion cream of all who try it. Its economy is due to the small amount required—only enough to moisten the skin. Let the use of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream become a part of your daily program. It will enhance your pleasure.

THE IDEAL BASE FOR POWDER. Hinds Honey and Almond Cream is an excellent base for face powder. Apply just enough cream to the skin to moisten it. Allow it to nearly dry and then dust on the powder which is sure to cling. All unpleasant, sore conditions caused by wind and dust, especially while motoring, will be avoided by the combination of Hinds Cream and Hinds Cre-mis Face Powder. This powder comes in four tints,—white, flesh, pink and brunette. Sample 2 cents, trial box 15 cents, large box 60 cents.

INVIGORATING AND REFRESHING. Hinds Cream, applied night and morning, cleanses the pores, heals sore, eruptive conditions, refreshes sallow, withered complexions and, in a perfectly natural process, restores and sustains the splendidly attractive condition Nature intended the skin to have.

Hinds Honey and Almond Cream

FOR MEN'S USE AFTER SHAVING. Even if you shave daily, Hinds Cream will give the skin a soft, smooth, comfortable feeling, and free it of irritation from soap or a close shave. Its use invigorates and refines the skin, bringing an improved appearance to the complexion.

FOR HOSPITAL AND THE SICK ROOM. Hinds Honey and Almond Cream is in constant use by surgeons and nurses who not only use it to keep their own skin soft and smooth but use it on their patients. The skin is apt to become dry and sore after long and severe illness and Hinds Honey and Almond Cream quickly restores the natural texture of the skin without making it oily, greasy or sticky.

FOR MANICURING—WITHOUT SORENESS. Hinds Honey and Almond Cream is now highly recommended as an aid in manicuring because it so agreeably softens the cuticle for removal and prevents soreness; also, as it adds to the lustre of the nails. Altogether, it is a success for the entire manicuring process.

All drug and department stores sell Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. We will mail a sample for 2 cents or a trial bottle for 6 cents. A Try-out Box of 5 samples, assorted, 10 cents. Booklet *Free*.

A. S. HINDS CO. Dept. 39 PORTLAND, MAINE



Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

Only a moment's notice
—yet she was proud to show her nails

The one thing you can depend on to remove that stubborn dry cuticle quickly

An unexpected party—barely time to hurry into another dress before it was time to start. Did you have to hide your hands with their ugly, ragged cuticle, in painful embarrassment while you marveled at some other woman's bewitching nails?

Or did you, too, know the secret of the wonderful Cutex manicure? With Cutex in only five minutes you can transform the most neglected nails into gleaming things of loveliness.

No matter how you file, clean and polish your nails they will not look attractive if you have hard ridges of cuticle drawn tight on the nails or splitting off in shreds.

With Cutex you will have in the briefest possible time a soft, even nail rim and no surplus cuticle. Dip the end of a Cutex stick wrapped in cotton into the Cutex bottle and then press back the cuticle around each nail. Work the orange stick, still wet with Cutex, underneath the nail tips to clean and bleach them. Rinse the fingers and all the surplus cuticle wipes away, leaving a soft unbroken rim framing the nail evenly, white, transparent and stainless.

Then to have a lasting brilliance instantly

Of course, a jewel-like brilliance is the necessary finishing touch. With Cutex you can have even this at a moment's notice. For they have perfected wonderful polishes.

The new Cutex Powder Polish is tinted the rose shade that is fashionable now. Shake a little of the powder on the palm of the hand or the buffer. Then just a few strokes will give a lovely gleaming brilliance that lasts and lasts.

Those who prefer their polish in solid form find Cutex Cake Polish gives just the lustre they like. The new Liquid Polish gives a high brilliance instantly. There is also an excellent Paste Polish.

Cutex sets come in four sizes, for 60c, $1.00, $1.50 and $3.00. Or each article separately is only 35c.

Introductory Offer—now only 12c

Fill out this coupon and mail it with 12c in coin or stamps for the Introductory Set containing samples of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Powder Polish, Liquid Polish, Cuticle Cream (Cuticle Comfort), emery board and orange stick. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., New York, or if you live in Canada, Dept. D-9, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.



Delightful Cutex Introductory Set for your dressing table

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 12c TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN

Dept. D-9, 114 West 17th Street, New York.

I enclose 12c in stamps or coin for new introductory set containing enough Cutex for six manicures.

Name .....

Street (or P. O. box) .....

City ..... State .....

DISTINCTIVE CLOCKS

By Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders

Editor, Department of House Decoration

IT IS only by acquiring the "watch-the-clock" habit that the home-maker can successfully run her house. Keeping constant "tabs" on Father Time makes recreation-hours that do not interfere with work-hours, hustles the children off to school to start the day on time, times the baking to that rich golden brown, and, in short, creates that perfect system of home-making which produces successful men and women. Think, then, how many times a day the eye travels to the clock and what pleasure and satisfaction there is in each time looking upon a clock of graceful and pleasing lines!

Now that the ability of all modern clocks to keep accurate time is not only assured, but generally guaranteed, the case, or the exterior development, is next in importance. Since the days of telling time by sun-dials, the development of timepieces has been carried out in a variety of interesting ways. Clocks have come through the hour-glass period to the long-case, or grandfather, variety and down to the very modern small chime-clocks used now in traveling. The inspiration for the design of our modern clocks has come from every country and every clime, but none are more appropriate for the modern American house than those designed from originals of our early American clock-makers. Too much ornamentation in clocks, as in furniture, is not in good taste, unless it adheres strictly to a period of elaborate furnishings. The era which produced massive metal and marble clocks bedecked with castings of sentinels, gilt scrolls and urns gave us the most inappropriate and ugliest design for our present-day homes. The most graceful and beautifully wrought clocks came to us from Simon Willard, an early American clock-maker of the well-known clock family of Willards. Many of the original Willard clocks are to-day in an excellent state of preservation, and among the most popular reproductions of these are the wall-clocks—which we commonly refer to as banjo clocks—the long-case or grandfather's clock, a few square mantel-clocks in various sizes and shapes, diamond-shaped banjos, and the famous lighthouse clock. It is possible to-day to obtain at reasonable prices exact reproductions of many interesting old clocks, such as the cathedral or Gothic design, the small square French or boudoir clock, and some English clocks designed after the style of Chippendale and Sheraton. The former of the last two styles of English clocks is more elaborate and suited to large living-rooms or dining-rooms with broad mantels and English or Early American furnishings, while the latter is distinguished by its simplicity and little wood inlay.

A clock designed after an old Seth Thomas or Wadsworth, Lounsberry & Turner, both

Concluded on page 73



A carved-wood wall-clock in antique gold



A modern mahogany clock of Gothic design with colored panel



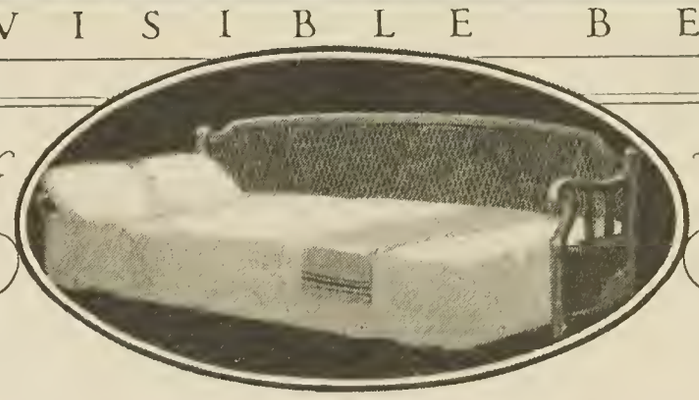
A gilt-trimmed banjo clock made of wood



The simplicity of the furnishings is accentuated by the dignified clock of the Sheraton type placed between two silver candlesticks



THE INVISIBLE BEDROOM



TWILIGHT of a late fall day. Outside—crisp, hazy air, the fragrance of burning leaves, the slow-rising moon. Within—the welcome of lamplight and firelight.

What warmth and ease and quiet are here! The grateful comfort of the big Kroehler davenport, the luxuriousness of its wide, deep cushions. Lovely of line, warm of coloring, rich of upholstery—no wonder it occupies the place of honor in the room. Wholly in keeping with the most charming furnishings; designed in irreproachable taste; combining unusual beauty with unusual service.

Long evening hours of quiet ease it offers—and more. For it is ready to give, at a moment's need, restful comfort as a bed. Concealed beneath its fine lines and soft upholstery is this extra sleeping space—a wide and roomy bed, deep-springed, thick-mattressed.

One easy motion reveals it, sheets, blankets and spread all in place, ready for occupancy. One easy motion closes it again, hiding during its daytime hours of service as a davenport, all evidence of its nighttime use as a bed.

Crowded households find that the Kroehler davenport bed takes the place of a needed bedroom. Economical home makers know it saves the expense of this additional space. In nearly every home it has a place, either for constant or emergency use.

Whatever are the furnishings of your living room a Kroehler davenport bed may be had to harmonize with them; overstuffed, colonial or period designs, in any wood finish, with chairs to match; upholstery of mohair plush, tapestry, velour, genuine leather or leather substitute. In prices, they meet any requirement.

Leading furniture dealers everywhere sell Kroehler davenport beds for cash or easy payments. Do not accept a substitute; look on the back for the Kroehler name plate shown here. Write for illustrated booklet and name of nearest dealer.

KROEHLER MADE
CHICAGO NEW YORK
STRATFORD, CAN.

KROEHLER MANUFACTURING COMPANY, CHICAGO and NEW YORK

Factories at KANKAKEE, ILL., NAPERVILLE, ILL., BINGHAMTON, N. Y. *Canadian Factory:* STRATFORD, ONTARIO

KROEHLER

Davenport Bed



THE FLORENTINE MERCHANT GUARANTEED HIS SILKS WITH HIS PERSONAL SAFETY

WHEN Lorenzo the Magnificent ruled in Florence, noblewomen chose their gowns from silks displayed by command in their private apartments.

The prosperity and even the personal security of tradesmen depended upon the favor of these powerful patrons. The Florentine merchant may be said to have guaranteed, with his life, the quality of his fabrics.

Well dressed American women of today choose their silks in great shops far from the weaving looms. The personal responsibility of the medieval guildsman is replaced by the good faith of the modern manufacturer, and the name "Belding's" woven in the selvage of her silks is a guarantee of quality as absolute as was the personal warrant of the Florentine.

No quality manufacturer can supply *every* shop, but *some* shop near you is ready *now* to show you the Belding's Silks designed for your gowns, linings, and lingerie—ask for "Belding's" and be sure to find the name on the selvage.

Belding Bros. & Company, 902 Broadway, New York City

Belding's

Fabrics, Embroidery, Spool Silks





THE GENTLEMAN WHO PAYS THE RENT

Continued from page 5

effort of geniality. She saw forthwith what Hartley had meant; this showy old giant was nothing to be afraid of. There was that in his mild and magnificent eye that strove to placate her. He was attitudinizing for her approval.

"Ah!" he breathed again loudly. "But here is a thing that shall not keep us waiting. Why, now, have I come this long way? To ask you questions? But no; those I have asked by the cable, by the mail, before I come. I know the answer to all questions. You are Miss Herrick; your father is Mr. Aylmer Herrick in Baltimore; I know all. Why, then——"

His voice was rolling oratorically, when Hartley leaned across to him.

"Pardon, M. Carcasse," he said. "I'm sure you haven't noticed that we are not alone."

"Eh?" Phillidor Carcasse stared a moment and then his eyes and those of the girl followed the motion of Hartley's head. In the half-open door that led to the anteroom by which they had entered Alys saw the figure of an old negro, with forward-bent head, only too patently staring and listening. The skirts of a long coat dangled at his bent-over knees; one gnarled black hand held the door ajar. He did not move when they looked toward him.

There was a moment of silence—then Phillidor Carcasse let go a great puff of breath. "That!" he cried. "But that is Esteban! Esteban—he comes and goes. When you know him, you will understand. And there, see now—already he is gone!"

The old negro had backed clear of the doorway and disappeared. Alys and Hartley exchanged glances. Phillidor Carcasse intercepted them and beat them down with a new spate of eloquence.

"Why, then, have I come this long way? But it is plain, is it not, that I have come for this great pleasure—to see my dear young man and with my own mouth to make him happy. Such another gift never can I give. And shall I then deny it? Ah, never, never!"

He stepped forward, bent to Alys's hand, kissed and rose beaming to shake hands with Hartley. He effervesced with compliments and congratulations. And yet all the time there was something perfunctory in his heartiness; it was like a thing that had got to be done, a task to be accomplished and finished with.

The dreadfully splendid dinner wore to its end at last, and finally they were alone in their cab.

"Well?" said Hartley.

"I don't know," said Alys. "There aren't such people, really, you know! They don't exist, because they can't—that's logic!"

Hartley laughed. "Maybe it's a product peculiar to Haiti," he suggested. "A tropic flower, you know. Well, anyhow, the tropic flower has given his consent, and that's what we wanted. But I wish the tropic flower wouldn't let that old nigger come eavesdropping when he does it."

"'That is Esteban—he comes and he goes,'" quoted Alys. "I think it's rather picturesque. He's evidently the bodyguard and private assassin. I should like to see more of Esteban!"

SHE saw him again no later than the following afternoon. He arrived at the studio while she and Hartley were sitting at tea, carrying a flat parcel, and announced his errand forthwith.

"From M. Phillidor to M'amselle 'Errick," he said.

His French had the West Indian blur upon the vowels but was quite fluent and patently his native tongue.

Alys smiled at him. His old gray-black face was almost comic in its profound seriousness; it recalled a child deeply impressed by the importance of some small errand. For a second the glare of which Hartley had spoken peeped from the eyes below the great bony ridges of his brows. Alys, marking it, was touched; it was as if a mild dumb animal gazed at them both in yearning and hopelessness.

"Oh, wait, please," she said. "I must see what's in it."

"Wait, Esteban!" confirmed Hartley.

The white paper contained a large oval case of Russia leather. The lid fastened with a spring and rose upon its hinges to the touch of a button.

Alys uttered a little scream.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Hartley.

Upon its bed of cream-colored satin the necklace flashed and flittered like a firework. There was not one of its many diamonds that was not worth the value of the studio, its contents and the land it stood upon. Queens wear such things and are thereby queenly.

The girl gazed at it in awe. "But—but how would I ever wear it?" she cried. "I simply shouldn't dare! It's one of the wonders of the world! And here's a card: 'For an auspice of bright and shining years, from Phillidor Carcasse.' Oh, Hartley, what shall I do?"

"Write and thank him, I should think," answered Hartley. "Or we can go and see him, if you prefer."

From behind them, where he stood waiting, the old negro spoke suddenly.

"Better you write," he said in English. "M. Carcasse go away again t'morrow. To-night he want talk to young gemmun, Mr. Craven. I tell him you come. That a'right?"

"To-morrow!" exclaimed Hartley. "Are you sure?"

"Sure," replied the negro. "Go 'way to Spain. Find ship. Go 'ome. You come?"

"Yes," said Hartley doubtfully; "I'll come, of course. But it's strange that——"

He broke off in surprise, for upon the word that he would come the old black man turned abruptly to the door and departed.

"Hartley!" Alys spoke, as the door closed behind him. "Isn't it all queer? People simply don't behave like this. Comes all the way from Haiti to say yes, gives a present that is worth as much as the national debt, sends it by the hands of an old darky—and then slips off. Don't *you* feel there's something queer about it all?"

"Don't know," said Hartley. "Perhaps it would all seem quite natural over there. I'm to have a talk with him to-night. I may get to understand something."

BUT when a hotel flunkey opened the door of the suite to him that evening and ushered him into the great salon, his host was not present. Instead, the negro Esteban stood in the middle of the room. He did not bow nor smile as Hartley Craven entered, nor did he speak till the footman had withdrawn.

"Be seated," he said then in French, and walked away toward the fireplace.

The young man found himself a chair and sat with dignity.

"M. Carcasse is in?" he inquired.

"He is in," answered the negro. "But of him—presently."

He had turned with his back to the empty grate and now clasped his hands behind him under the tails of the long coat. In that posture he looked down at Hartley with a manner that was touched with authority.

"M. Hartley Craven," he said, "I knew your father. I worked under him when first he came to Haiti, a poor man. Do you remember him well?"

Hartley hesitated upon the brink of a snub; the prospect of a conversation did not please him. But he decided to reply.

"I never saw much of my father," he answered. "I was a child in New York when he died in Haiti."

The gaunt negro nodded. "He used to talk of you," he said. "His grave is kept green and trim in your name. I do it myself; it would please him. You see, there was no one who knew him as I did."

Hartley felt there was a claim being made upon him. He kept silence.

The other's old eyes gleamed.

"Ah," he said, "you are thinking of Phillidor, his partner! It is true Phillidor loved him. I was present when your father first saw Phillidor and saved his life. There was a new president in power, and a party of his soldiers and officers were taking Phillidor and some others through the streets to shoot them on the beach. Their hands were tied together and the bamboo sticks were driving them along. And your father saw Phillidor and Phillidor saw your father. He, John

Concluded on page 54



Yesterday

Today

More Smiles Today

More pretty teeth—due to combating film

Have you noted how many people nowadays are showing pretty teeth? And that most pictures now show an open smile?

No one who watches need be told that a new dental era has begun. Millions of people, nearly all the world over, are now fighting film on teeth.

Why teeth are dingy

Up to five years ago, most people's teeth were clouded by a film.

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. Food stains, etc., will discolor film. Then, unless removed, you will note dingy coats. Tartar is based on film.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film. Old ways of brushing did not effectively combat it. So, despite all care, most people's teeth were coated more or less. And tooth troubles were constantly increasing.

Now this is changed

Dental science has now met this situation. After years of research, two effective film combatants have been found. One acts to curdle film. One acts to remove it in a gentle way, without harming the enamel.

A new-type tooth paste has been created, called Pepsodent. These two film combatants are embodied in it. Now dental authorities the world over endorse it. And leading dentists everywhere are advising its daily use.

Avoid Harmful Grit

Pepsodent curdles the film and removes it without harmful scouring. Its polishing agent is far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

Two other new effects

Dental research has revealed two other great essentials, and Pepsodent meets both.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise cling and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for the acids which cause decay.

Old-time tooth pastes, based on soap and chalk, had just the opposite effects.

The new way—Pepsodent—with every application, multiplies Nature's great tooth-protecting forces in the mouth.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U. S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

A Delightful Ten-Day Test

Millions have learned what Pepsodent does by this pleasant ten-day test.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

Then you will know, beyond all question, what is best for you and yours.



First eyes—then teeth

A great writer says that the first beauty item is the eyes, the next the teeth. Pepsodent has brought new tooth beauty to millions of men and women.

But it does far more. It is fighting the great teeth enemies as they never were fought before. To careful people the world over it is bringing new tooth protection.

Learn what this method does. Make this ten-day test. Read, in the book we send, the reasons for each new effect. Then you will be convinced that all in your home, every day, should brush teeth in this modern way.

This is too important to forget. Cut out the coupon now.

10-Day Tube Free 1030

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 155, 1104 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

.....

.....

Only one tube to a family.



Why did he leave her?

SHE had met him only that evening. And—on Margaret's part, at least—it was love at first sight.

He was that tall, dark, strong-but-gentle type of fellow with large sympathetic, brown eyes. You know the kind. Women simply raved about him wherever he went.

Margaret was all a-thrill when he asked her to dance. And what a glorious dance it was!

They seemed to get on wonderfully together and naturally she expected him to ask her to dance again.

But that one dance was the last. He left her and devoted the balance of the evening to another girl much less attractive than she.

"What can he see in her?" she kept asking herself as bitter envy choked her throat.

It proved to be the most uncomfortable evening she ever spent.

* * * * * * * * * * *

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deepseated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually —and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouthwash and gargle.

It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these peculiar properties as a breath deodorant. It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. So the systematic use of Listerine puts you on the safe and polite side. You know your breath is right. Fastidious people everywhere are making it a regular part of their daily routine.

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antiseptic and has been trusted as such for a half century. Read the interesting little booklet that comes with every bottle.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

For **HALITOSIS** *use* **LISTERINE**





THE GENTLEMAN WHO PAYS THE RENT

Concluded from page 52

Craven, said afterward that it was because he saw in Phillidor the man he wanted.

"He stepped forward to the big black officer in charge and spoke. Phillidor saw a white hand go forward and a black one come out to meet it and the roll of green American money pass from the one to the other. Then the officer went forward and kicked Phillidor so that he fell on his face in the dust at John Craven's feet, and passed on with his party, leaving him there."

"Ah!" said Hartley. "So that's how they met, is it?"

The negro nodded slowly. "And now, you would hear—yes?—how that partnership grew to a great business, a business in which you, monsieur, could never have a part?"

"Well, I'd like to hear, certainly," said Hartley. "But since M. Carcasse is waiting for me——"

"He is not waiting," interrupted the other with a spark of impatience. "And if he were, he is used to it. And this is your father we are talking of!"

"All right!" said Hartley. It had occurred to him that he might gain here a clue to the general "queerness" of things of which Alys had spoken. "My father, certainly. I am listening."

"NOW," resumed the negro, "you do not know the island. There are minerals to be mined, but the people will not labor. There is sugar and fruit and spice, but none to care for them. There are taxes, grinding taxes, and no honest men to collect them. There is graft and apathy everywhere. But *our* mines are worked, *our* plantations are flourishing and no one steals from *us*. Why is this, eh?"

He shook at Hartley a great forefinger gnarled like a dead twig.

"I tell you there is in that country a power greater than armies and warships, greater than love or religion. The forests, the jungles, the mountains and the valleys—they all reek with it; men go from cradle to the grave under the dominion of it. It is *fear!* Fear by day and fear by night! Not of death or pain, but of something unknown, scarcely guessed at—a fear that can destroy the brain and kill!"

Hartley nodded. "Voodoo," he murmured. "I've read of it. All nonsense, of course!"

The old negro stared at him fixedly. "Of course!" he assented. "But your father didn't think so—and Phillidor does not think so!"

Hartley sat up. A wave of what he took to be enlightenment flooded his mind. Carcasse believed in this horrible voodoo business and the old negro before him was Carcasse's private priest—his domestic chaplain, so to speak. He listened with lively attention.

"Phillidor knew, and already he had used the power. But now he began to employ it for your father, and soon John Craven was walking, all unknowing, among men who dreaded his very shadow on the ground. Laborers were wanted and the sign would go out to be found in the morning upon the thresholds of huts, and the laborers would come forthwith. Lawsuits were started against them, and the judges would come creeping by night to Phillidor to take their orders. No titles to their lands, no laws, no justice—only the power. But you say it is nonsense, of course!" He smiled slowly.

"Oh, I know the people out there believe in it," said Hartley.

"Yes," said the other. "They have cause, as John Craven had. There was a woman, nearly white, in Port au Prince. She sent your father the usual gifts with the usual meaning; she put herself in his way, but it was useless. John Craven was very staunchly a white man. So one night she put the 'Satan' sign on his doorstep. He stepped over it in the morning, bent to look at it—a certain arrangement of bones and cock's feathers—laughed and kicked it away."

"Laughed, though," put in Hartley

"Laughed," agreed the negro. "And then went down-town and mailed his will to New York to his lawyer. And before noon, sitting on his cot alone in his rooms, he died. That night the woman disappeared, none dared even wonder how. But I knew! I knew what called her away—and whither!"

"H'm!" said Hartley. "You, I suppose, were M. Carcasse's servant, or something."

"Servant—I!" The other showed frank surprise for an instant. "I have told you all this that you may see how the business stands: no titles, no leases, no contracts—only fear! And upon my death it vanishes. For you there will be a fortune in American investments, but in Haiti nothing. You see?"

"But why upon *your* death?" demurred Hartley.

"Eh? You haven't guessed? Then, monsieur, permit me to introduce myself." He bowed. "Phillidor Carcasse!" he pronounced.

Hartley goggled at him speechlessly.

"Ah, monsieur," went on the other, "John Craven was my friend. Shall I bring to his son in Paris for a guardian and a trustee, to give consent to his marriage"—he switched to his distorted English—"shall I bring ole nigger, old voodoo man, for de folks to laugh at you?" Then in French again: "Esteban is a fool, but he is big and fine to look at with his white hair. He is my agent in Santo Domingo. So I bring him and there is nothing to laugh at. You see, now?"

Hartley nodded. The old man withdrew his hands from behind his back and moved slowly to the door.

"I will send Esteban," he said. "He will drink champagne with you. And me—" he paused and smiled faintly—"I promise I will keep the grave trim and fresh!"

THE HAPPY CHILD

Concluded from page 16

when a child is allowed to help himself the constant tendency is that the amount is gradually increased to two or three times the quantities specified, and even then the child is no better satisfied—often less so. He has acquired the sweet habit and food does not taste sweet unless these larger amounts are constantly added.

With most children the practise of eating much candy and sweets and of using an excessive amount of sugar on or in food is a habit—a very injurious habit in most circumstances, a habit more difficult to control as a child grows older and determines for himself what his diet shall be. To indulge a child in such a habit in early childhood and to expect moderation in his use of sweets when he grows older is a serious mistake. Generally, the more a child has the more he wants.

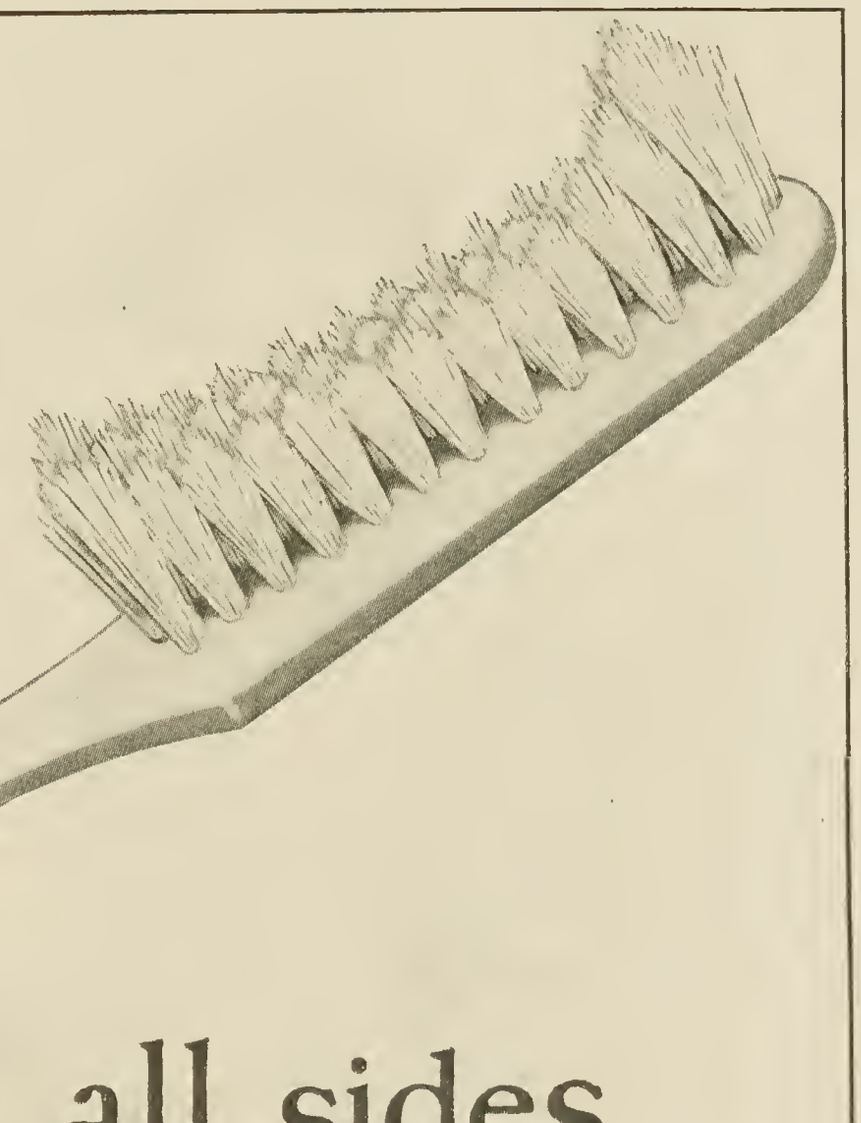
The steadily increasing consumption of sweets in this country is a matter of deep concern to those who are interested in health, particularly the health of children. The Census Bureau in Washington states that the ice-cream manufactured increased nearly threefold between the years 1914 and 1921 and that the nation's bill for ice-cream and confections in 1921 was more than $500,000,000!

What results might we see if a fraction of this sum could be used to improve the health and nutrition of children instead of, as now, impairing it! There is greatly needed an enlightened public opinion, not only among parents but among children themselves, to keep the use of sweets in their proper place. The indulgence of children does not tend to produce the best results either physically or morally. Self-control and moderation here will be of service in teaching these virtues in other matters later in life.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Requests for advice or information about baby care should be accompanied by a two-cent stamp for return postage and be directed to the Editor, Department of Infant Hygiene.

"The most important thing in cleaning teeth is to brush well—and remember to clean the rearmost molars."

—EMINENT DENTAL AUTHORITY



Brush all sides of all teeth



What happens when you brush your teeth

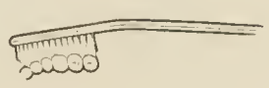
Brush your upper teeth downward.



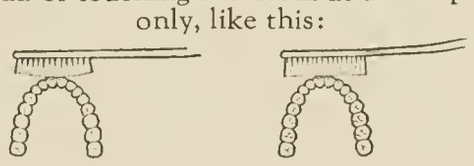
Brush your lower teeth upward.



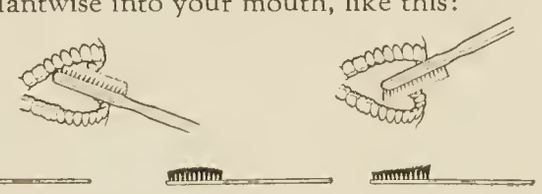
The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is curved to fit the jaw like this:



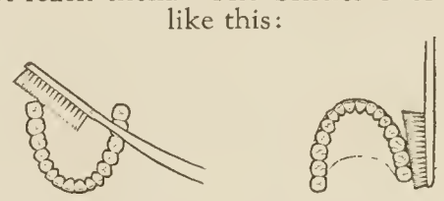
Instead of touching the teeth at a few points only, like this:



With the ordinary tooth brush, you cannot brush the backs of the teeth the same way that you clean the front, because the brush goes slantwise into your mouth, like this:



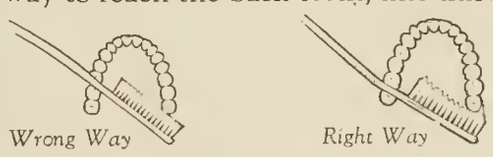
Non-tufted types of brushes cannot clean the backs of the back teeth, because the bristles cannot reach them. The bristles over-reach, like this:



The large end tuft of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush does reach and clean the backs of the back teeth, like this:



The Pro-phy-lac-tic handle is curved the proper way to reach the back teeth, like this:



Wrong Way *Right Way*

To be sure of doing this, use your Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush the way it should be used, as shown in the column at the left. Brush each tooth zone separately. For the outer side of the upper teeth, brush downward over the gums and teeth. For the outer side of the lower teeth, reverse the brush, and brush upward. This permits the curved shape of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush to reach and clean every tooth.

For the inner side of the upper front teeth, place the bristles of your Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush against the roof of your mouth. Draw the brush forward, with a downward motion over the gums and teeth. For the inner side of the lower front teeth, reverse the brush, with the bristles against the floor of your mouth, and brush upward—always brushing away from the gums. The serrated bristles and large end tuft of your Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush reach and clean crevices on the inner sides of your teeth—crevices that ordinary brushes merely bridge over.

The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is the one that will reach and clean all sides of all teeth. A clean tooth never decays. Be sure that you get the Pro-phy-lac-tic. Look for the name Pro-phy-lac-tic on the handle of your tooth brush.

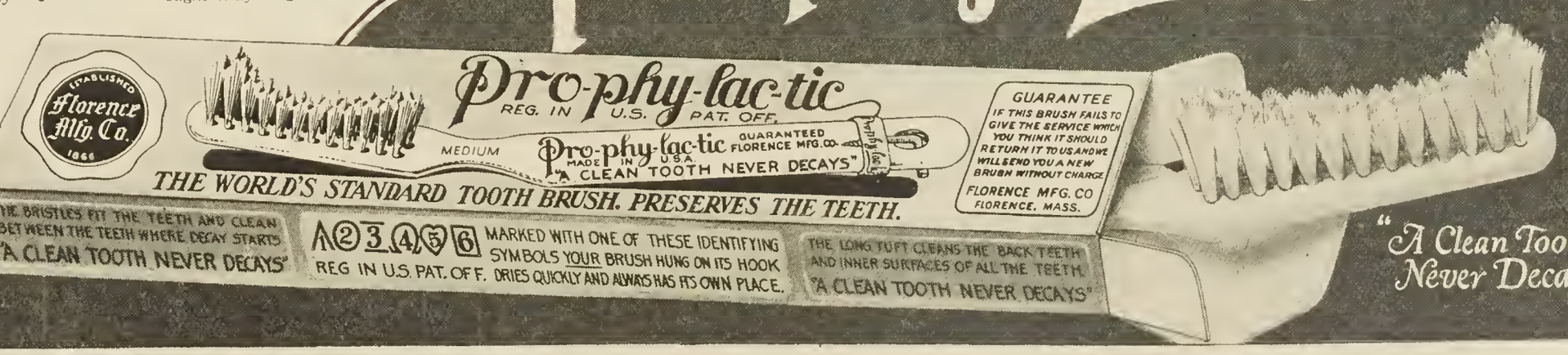
Sold by all dealers in the United States, Canada and all over the world in the sanitary **yellow box.** *Three sizes—adults', youths', and children's. Made in three different textures of bristles—hard, medium and soft.*

FLORENCE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, FLORENCE, MASSACHUSETTS, U. S. A.

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Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



Always Sold in the Yellow Box

"A Clean Tooth Never Decays"



She Loves Oats

Because she gets just the extra-flavory flakes

Quaker Oats has taught the love of oats to millions the world over.

In fifty nations Quaker is the favorite brand.

The reason lies in super-flavor.

Here we flake the queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats.

We get but ten pounds of such flakes from a bushel.

Oats differ as does fruit.

Some are puny and insipid. Some have the richest flavor Nature gives to grain.

If you believe in oat-food—know how children need it—then always get this super-flavor. Make the oat dish a delight.

Even this grade costs but one-half cent per dish.

Quaker Oats



Think what Nature gives to Oats

The oat supplies 16 food elements. It is almost a complete food—nearly the ideal food.

In this dish children get the minerals they need, the body-building elements. Millions of others suffer for the lack.

As vim-food oats are rated at 1810 calories per pound.

Wise mothers serve oats daily, for safety's sake.

Packed in sealed round packages with removable covers

MISS FUSSBUTTONS

Continued from page 11

began to approach and the rails below began to sing softly, the voices of two men broke the dripping silence of the night—evidently men of the neighborhood familiar with the car schedules to be able to meet one so exactly. Though they spoke in low tones, Ellen could hear them quite plainly; and knowing neither to be Luther, she kept herself back in her corner. They crossed the car-tracks in the illumination of the headlight. The car stopped, gathered them up and once more Ellen was alone. She looked at her watch as the car stopped. She had been waiting thirty minutes.

SHORTLY afterward an automobile approached with much heavy splashing. It stopped and something flat dropped with a "sqush" beside it.

"Miss Carter!" called Luther.

Ellen conceded him a good voice. Its better possibilities were evident even when he was cross, exasperated or, as now, excited and worried. Something in his tone brought Ellen forth on the instant.

"I found a board for you," said Luther, pointing down. "Sorry I can't help you. Must keep the motor going."

Ellen dropped her baggage into the rear of the car.

"Then I'll have to get the pansies," she said.

"We haven't time for pansies now," said Luther, but she was back at the little house.

Luther groaned as she put the flowers into the car. Ellen, too, had a more solemn sense of their incongruity as she followed them. Luther had not encouraged her to take her place beside him. With a snappy backward movement of his arm he slammed the door of the car after her, put the motor into gear and concentrated on pulling through the muddy road. The dash-lamp showed him frowning into the night from above the wheel. He had abandoned his hat entirely. His hair was gleaming wet. There was that now about his heavy preoccupation, his dishevelment, which undermined Ellen's antagonism with a new, disturbing sense of compassion. When they reached more solid levels, again Ellen felt compelled to speak to him—but for a different reason.

"Is something terribly wrong, Mr. Luther?" she asked.

"These homes out in No Man's Land look fine in a magazine but are no place for women to live," grumbled Luther vaguely. "Charley, the chauffeur, couldn't leave Margaret alone. The man and his wife in the place next to ours were murdered this evening. She discovered it."

"Mr. Luther——"

A PROJECTING curbstone jolted further speech out of Ellen. The next thing she knew they had halted before a pretty Colonial entrance to a broad, low house and Luther was holding the car-door open, waiting for her to alight. He opened the house-door next with his latch-key and shouted his identity reassuringly into the interior.

"You'll find Margaret up-stairs," he said. "She's naturally a bit hysterical."

"Ellen!" called a shaky voice from the upper floor, but Ellen didn't answer immediately.

"Aren't you coming in at all?" she said to Luther, who had entered the house only to put his box of pansies on the center of an exquisite rug. And for the moment she did not observe the pansies. Luther stopped in his outward motion and looked at her—for the first time—with curiosity.

"You haven't had any dinner," faltered Ellen.

"Didn't I say," said Luther, not quite so gruffly as before, however, "that a man and his wife lie dead in the house next to this—violently slain? I haven't time for dinner, child."

All through the night Ellen carried the disturbing picture of his broad figure turning stubbornly out into the dirty storm again. Her heart contracted strangely.

"Ellen!" called the shaky voice from above stairs.

"In a minute," said Ellen, and solemnly picked up the pansies and began exploring for the rear of the house, which would probably be carpeted with linoleum.

It was a night chaotic enough to have worn out the average person and to keep Ellen Carter comfortably busy, so that she slept well after she once got to bed. Finding the cook and the chauffeur eating in the kitchen, she asked whether Mrs. Fray had eaten dinner too. The cook opened her eyes at Ellen and informed her that Mrs. Fray was too shocked to eat.

"That won't do at all," said Ellen gravely. "Won't you fix us some of that delicious-smelling chicken and potatoes—and I think the dessert, too—and bring it up-stairs to Mrs. Fray's room? At a time like this it is more important than ever that people should keep their regular habits. You must help me take good care of them—all."

"Yes'm," said the cook respectfully. The chauffeur had been on his feet since Ellen's entrance.

Then there were the details of the murder, sufficiently shocking to explain Margaret Fray's shivering hysteria and alleviated only by the fact that the "neighbor's" house was nearly a quarter of a mile away. Ames was the name of the people. They were not friends with the Frays nor with Mrs. Fray's brother, James Luther. Especially not with the brother. Mr. Ames was a man known to have accumulated his present, or rather his recent, prosperity at gambling of varied sorts and was now suspected of leading a bootlegging enterprise in the country. The wife, however, was a meek, decent-enough little body and occasionally had exchanged words with Mrs. Fray through their garden partition. Mrs. Fray had talked to her only that morning, while she was superintending the digging of Luther's pansy-bed. Luther was idiotically devoted to flowers. Mrs. Fray had remarked to Mrs. Ames that she was expecting a week-end guest to keep her company while her husband was away on a business trip, and Mrs. Ames had said she would be a temporary widow too, because Mr. Ames was going to Chicago that night. But at luncheon the Fray cook had reported that Mrs. Ames must be going with her husband, because all the servants had left, as they often did when both master and mistress were away.

MRS. FRAY hadn't given them another thought until evening. Then Ellen's telephone message had come. She waited until the street-car was nearly due and then went out to the garage to send Charley, the chauffeur, after her—the phone connection between the house and the garage had been broken by the storm. She had to go all the way to the garage to attract the attention of Charley, who had been working on the motor, and happening to look up, she noticed the side door of the Ames house not merely open but swinging back and forth in the wind, and a light burning in the hall behind it. Her natural supposition had been that they had forgotten to turn off the switch and had been careless about latching the door. She could have sworn that she had heard their motor leaving just before she had gone out to call Charley. Now she sent Charley over to investigate. He was to ring the bell and, if no one answered, he was to go in and turn off the light and close the door. The rain would ruin their carpets, to say nothing of the temptation to thieves to go in and rifle the house.

Mrs. Fray had watched Charley go up to the door, then enter the hall. The light had made all his movements quite plain. In less than a moment he had come running out. He arrived at the Fray garage in a state of wild excitement, if not plain terror. He had come directly upon the bodies of husband and wife, had kicked the gun which had killed them. Mrs. Fray said that at his statement all her strength had suddenly leaked out of her and she could feel Charley shake, too, as he carried her into the house. Then Luther had come and telephoned for the sheriff and the coroner and had asked the doctor to stop by and give her a sedative—and that was why Ellen had had to wait so long for him. Oh, yes; he'd be out most of the night. He often was when things of this sort happened. If people knew how hard he worked, they wouldn't make so much fuss when a criminal or two escaped punishment. And now some fussy women's organization

Continued on page 59



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MISS FUSSBUTTONS

Continued from page 56

had been writing to the papers about a general clean-up among county officials if the wave of hold-ups and murders couldn't be checked. Jim had been worried crazy by them, but his sister would as soon see him lose his job as not; it was worse than having a doctor in the household.

"I'll take the tray down-stairs myself," said Ellen. "I want to ask the cook something."

"You're such a comfort!" said Margaret Fray.

BUT after this night, Ellen entered the dining-room at the breakfast hour in perfect form. Perhaps she knew, perhaps she didn't know, what a lovely bit of mural decoration she made in her soft blue crêpe dress against the white wall-panel as she paused with a show of diffidence inside the door to size up a man feeding goldfish in a blue bowl on the window-sill. This early in the morning his broad shoulders had drawn the coat of another suit entirely out of plumb. It was an ugly suit of smoky gray with black stripes, even worse than the dull-brown shaggy outfit he had worn the night before. The change in costume was the only evidence that he had visited his boudoir. Certainly he had not combed his hair.

"Margaret is better," said Ellen gently, "but she wants her breakfast up-stairs. I—she asked me to give you your coffee."

The man turned around. And now his eyes most of all showed that he could not have slept much. They seemed to have dropped back in his face, all drawn and pulled with weariness. A quick exclamation escaped Ellen, for she did not realize how the sight of her must have eased those eyes. She was as fresh and sweet as the morning after the black storm of the night.

"I hardly deserve the pleasure," said Luther, moving forward awkwardly to place her chair.

Ellen flushed, hoping that he was not laughing at her.

"I found your notice in the hall when I came in," he said, taking his chair.

"Oh! How did you know it was mine?"

"By the printing," said Luther gravely. "I also ate the supper, if that makes you feel better."

"I hope it made *you* feel better," said Ellen. "You oughtn't to go without your meals. You can't do your best work that way."

"Lacking somebody to thrust them at me, I have to struggle along," said Luther, then hastily changed the subject. "I see that your dress cleaned all right."

"This is a different dress," said Ellen, touched by a small hurt at his blindness.

"It's just as becoming as the other one," explained Luther; but then he yawned—a big, broad, rude protest from old man Morpheus.

"You must be dreadfully tired," said Ellen, with an air of apologizing for him. "Did you get the—the murderers?"

"Yes," said Luther, floating his strawberries in cream. "We've got them all right. No chance of their escaping us."

"Oh!" said Ellen devoutly. "I am so glad!"

Luther looked at her in amazement.

"They'll hang for it," he said.

Ellen shuddered.

"I didn't mean that," she said. "I meant you wouldn't need Margaret—or me—for witnesses, or anything like that, if you had already caught these—men."

"Oh, Margaret will have to testify all right to what happened all day and to her seeing the door open and the light and all that. I hate it. A gangster trial is no place for a hysterical woman. I only hope that she won't gum things on the cross-examination."

"But I won't have to be a witness."

"You!" said Luther. "Why, of course not. You didn't get here till it was all over. What would you have to say? No, I've got some desk-work to do here this morning, and this afternoon, after the inquest, I'll drive you and Margaret in to the city. Margaret had better stay with her people till her husband comes back. You just go back to your canary birds and crochet-needles and forget you ever heard of this."

He looked down on her as he might have looked down on the bowl of pretty goldfish. Ellen's hurt came up back of her eyes. She lowered them swiftly to her portion of the gorgeous omelet which she had specially ordered. She had nothing more to say to Luther. But presently, feeling that things had gone too absolutely quiet at the other end of the refectory table, she looked up and found him sound asleep in his chair. His head—a wonderful massive head, really—had fallen heavily on his chest. One hand hung at his side; the other—horrors!—held a buttered piece of roll against his coat lapel. Ellen ran to him and took the roll gently from his fingers before she called Charley from the kitchen to help him up-stairs.

This was Friday. Friday night she went to sleep in her own dainty enameled bedroom, thinking rather wistfully that she would never see James Luther again. She didn't want to, really. He wasn't a bit the kind of man to attract her—but it would pique any girl for any man to drop her out of his automobile with his sort of casual good-by and never the least suggestion that he hoped she'd visit at his house again under happier circumstances.

But late Saturday morning she was told that a Mr. James Luther was in the living-room and would like to see her a minute. She found him standing uncomfortably in the middle of the floor contemplating some apple-blossoms in an opal glass bowl on a stand against the wall.

"Good morning," said Ellen. Then, indicating a deep armchair in a shadowed corner, "Won't you sit down?"

"I didn't see that one," said Luther in relief, passing the daintier pieces, "and I didn't want to muss the couch."

Assuredly he laughed at her.

"We sit on all the chairs," said Ellen stiffly.

"I guess so—when you know just how," said Luther. Then he remembered his errand. "You forgot your hat last night—left it in the car— By George! I forgot to bring it up myself!"

BEFORE Ellen could stop him he had rushed out of the apartment. She could hear him clattering down the steps to the street. In a few moments he was back, carrying a crushed thing that probably had been her hat-box and wearing a most rueful expression.

"Socrates—my Airedale—fell off the seat on it just now," he explained. "I'll run right down and get you another. What size do you wear?"

The ruined hat—Socrates was full-grown—was the shiny black turban. Ellen had worn a lighter hat with her crêpe dress into town the evening before.

"It isn't necessary to buy me another," she protested. "This was spotted from the rain, anyhow."

"I insist. Please don't be silly. What size do you wear?"

"Women's hats don't go by sizes—yet," said Ellen. "I'd have to try it on."

"Well, come right along then," said Luther. "I have a few minutes, and if I let it go I'll forget all about it."

Ellen might have demurred further, but it seemed to her that she might in this way even her score with Luther. What she had against him she couldn't have put into definite words, but she felt sure that he needed punishment for something. She took him to the fussiest, most popular, most

Continued on page 60



Why proper shampooing makes your hair beautiful

How to keep your hair soft and silky, full of life and lustre, bright and fresh-looking

ANYONE can have beautiful hair, if it is cared for properly.

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Proper shampooing is what brings out all the real life and lustre, the natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Proper shampooing, however, means more than just washing your hair—it means thorough cleansing.

The hair and scalp are constantly secreting oily, gummy substances. These substances catch the dust and dirt, and the hair becomes coated with this.

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How to prevent this coating

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This cannot be done with ordinary soaps not adapted for the purpose. Besides, the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali which is common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

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The quick, easy way

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water is all that is required.

Simply pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather which rinses out quickly and easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is. It keeps the scalp soft and healthy, the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

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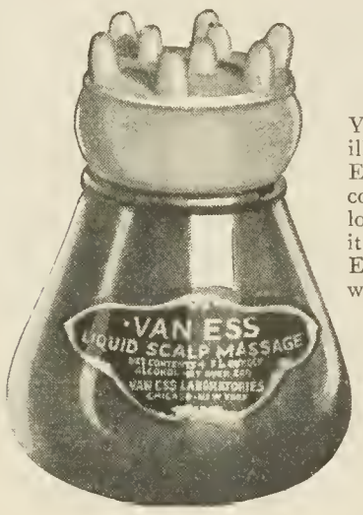
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MISS FUSSBUTTONS

Continued from page 59

feminine millinery department in the city. She tried on every small hat in the place. She deferentially refrained from asking the price on any and was sweetly superior to the clerk's knowing smile as she included Mr. Luther in the process of making a sale. She'd see whether he'd forget the hat episode in a hurry. Finally, when she was sure that not another hat could be produced, she made her decision and turned to Luther, expecting to find him beautifully outraged. He beamed from horizon to horizon of his broad face.

"You look like the girl in the fashion movies—the one that keeps turning and smiling all the time," he said. "That was my pick, too."

Puzzled, Ellen turned back to the mirror, to find that she had selected a turban with a banding of flat, velvety pansies.

"Oh!" she said. She would have taken it off, except that the girl had walked off with her other hat and the sales-check, and it would have been too obvious and silly an act anyhow.

"Time for lunch," said Luther, smiling into the mirror over her shoulder. "Would you allow me to prove that I sometimes don't butter my coats and can stay awake quite nicely?"

THAT night on retiring Ellen reasoned to herself that Luther had not needed to deliver her hat in person in the first place—he could have sent the chauffeur.

"But he did come," she thought. "Still, he doesn't like me. He laughs all the time. He's friendly now, but he despises me. Why does he? And where does he find his neckties?"

As the days moved on, Luther sought her out more and more frequently—usually in the evenings. He grew more and more friendly—toward the end, affectionate. But always he laughed at her with that suggestion of tolerance which hurt her.

"That's a mud-puddle," he would warn, as they walked along the street together. "Don't step in it."

"I wasn't going to," Ellen would answer indignantly. "There's room to walk around it."

And then he would tell with many appreciative chortlings how deliciously absurd and spunky she had looked that rainy night holding forth from her flagstone. But just as Ellen would get properly furious at his amusement, she would catch a wistful loneliness about his tired though laughing eyes and remember how he had looked walking purposefully out into that awful night.

"How you can joke about—that!" she would say.

"I wasn't joking about—that! To think that two circumstances as far removed from each other as meeting you and that disreputable murder should come to me at the same hour!"

"Is the case coming on all right?"

"Oh, yes. I got a grand-jury indictment against those Dugan brothers. I'll convict 'em. Got to—or lose my job. Will a strawberry soda be appropriate with to-night's delectable costume of azure pink?"

You see how deeply she got into his business affairs? It's next to impossible, anyhow, for a man and a woman to get acquainted without matrimony. Both of them go courting what they imagine the other to be. His indifferent dismissal of matters really important hurt her so that she wouldn't even look at his old trial story in the newspapers.

BUT there came a Thursday morning near the close of the trial and with it Margaret Fray, Luther's sister, with an impromptu plea for Ellen to accompany her to the county court. Margaret was troubled. She showed it in her soft brown eyes, touchingly reminiscent of her brother's. She would not listen to Ellen's excuses.

"Honey," she pleaded, "have you seen Jim this week?"

"No," said Ellen haughtily.

"Of course not," said Margaret. "He wouldn't come, blued up as he is. He's losing the case, you see. There just aren't enough honest and brave people in this world to fight down the crooks and murderers. And I think to-day will be the end. Ellen, he thinks more of you than of anybody else in the world. I don't suppose he's told you—maybe he hasn't told himself—but I know. He never thinks or talks about anything else outside of business. I thought if you could go with me and be there to cheer him up at lunch, maybe, it would help. Will you come?"

"But," said Ellen, "I thought he was winning all the time! He—he said so."

"My dear, you haven't depended on him for information, have you? Jim! Why, he'd never bother you with his worries. Even *I* have to read the papers and ask everybody else questions. Let me tell you: We're just as sure as anything that those two gangsters killed Mr. Ames and his poor little wife. The grand jury was sure of it, or they wouldn't have returned an indictment against them. They've both served terms in prison. They were always hanging around a roadhouse which Mr. Ames, it is proved now, owned. They had been seen there with him frequently. About a week before the murder the roadhouse was raided and several members of the Dugan gang were caught. It is supposed that Ames might have used his influence to save the captives, but instead began secret negotiations for disposing of his property. So the Dugans had a motive for revenge. Well, there we stick! The Ames's automobile was found with a broken axle on a side road about a half-mile from the place, but nobody on that night had been looking out to see who rode in passing automobiles. The murderers must have got away somehow, but in the mud and the heavy rain all evidence against them was obliterated. And here come the Dugans with a perfect alibi and a string of witnesses to swear that they were in the city, playing cards in a room behind a saloon on South Jefferson Avenue, all afternoon and evening. If anybody knows anything to the contrary, that body hasn't the nerve to say so. And they're going to get off and Jim will lose at the next election—and he is so ambitious!"

For the last six sentences Ellen had been trying to interrupt Margaret.

"Two of them? What do they look like?"

Margaret described them.

"But what makes you so happy?" she asked coldly at the end.

Ellen spoke to her briefly, breathlessly.

"What?" cried Margaret. "What? You knew this all the time and didn't say anything?"

"I wasn't considered important enough to consult!"

"Well, for heaven's sake, Ellen Carter, don't just stand there smiling," said Margaret. "Get your hat and let's go! We'll be late as it is. After the State once rests its case, we can't do a thing. Hurry!"

"Now, don't rush me," said Ellen, pulled half-way down the steps to the street. "There! See, I have the wrong gloves. I'll have to go back for my gray ones."

MARGARET groaned as eloquently as her brother might have—a month ago. But later, as the county court-house came in sight, she laid her hand gently on Ellen's.

"You brave, beautiful darling!" she said. "Many a man wouldn't dare tell what you know. Those gangsters go after people who get them into trouble. Maybe it was because poor little Mrs. Ames tried to persuade her husband to sell the roadhouse that they shot her, too."

Ellen shook her head.

"That wasn't why," she said. "How can we get to your brother?"

"We'll go to his office and send a clerk after him."

Luther's clerk came back, saying that Mr. Luther was about to examine the last witness for the defense and could not be interrupted. Would his assistant do?

"For heaven's sake, yes! Hurry!" said Margaret, wringing her hands. Ellen at Luther's desk was picking up pencils and laying them on a clever empty rack.

And then there was the courtroom. Nothing can be more sordid than a courtroom. When you stop to think that the two chalk-faced dumb creatures in the loose blue suits, with the shiny black hair and the black shoes that creak as the sheriff leads them to their chairs, are the living miracles called men—no matter how misguided—who may be living men no more at the bidding of the

Concluded on page 62

Cleansing your teeth is not enough

They can be kept healthy only by the constant cleansing action of these six tiny glands

Your tooth paste must do more than clean—it must keep the mouth glands active

BRUSHING the teeth can give you only temporary protection against tooth decay.

The mouth acids, the chief cause of tooth decay, are forming all of the time. Even frequent brushing cannot retard their action.

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But the glands need exercise. Soft foods have taken it away. They are slowing down and letting the teeth decay. You must give your mouth glands the help they need.

This dentifrice keeps the mouth glands active

Pebeco does more than clean the teeth. It keeps these mouth glands at work. The moment it enters the mouth it makes the salivary glands flow more freely and keeps them active.

This healthy normal flow flushes through your mouth into the crevices and spaces where your tooth brush cannot reach. Because of its natural alkaline condition it immediately neutralizes the acids of your mouth and washes them away and *continues to do this as fast as they form.*

It also cleans and polishes thoroughly

Besides having this remarkable property for helping the action of the mouth glands Pebeco is the most efficient cleanser that you can use. It leaves your teeth as white and shining as a dentifrice can make them. And yet Pebeco is so mild it will not harm the tenderest gums.

It is well when brushing your teeth to brush the gums thoroughly. Pebeco not only cleans your teeth but has a healing action on the gums and the entire oral cavity.



Photographed by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Beautiful white teeth are the result of the constant cleansing action of the mouth glands. Your tooth paste must do more than clean—it must keep the mouth glands active.

The invigorating taste of Pebeco tells you it is doing its work. Your mouth feels clean and *is* actually clean. Your mouth glands are keeping it so.

Send for free sample tube

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Pebeco is 50c at all druggists. Manufactured only by Lehn & Fink, Inc.



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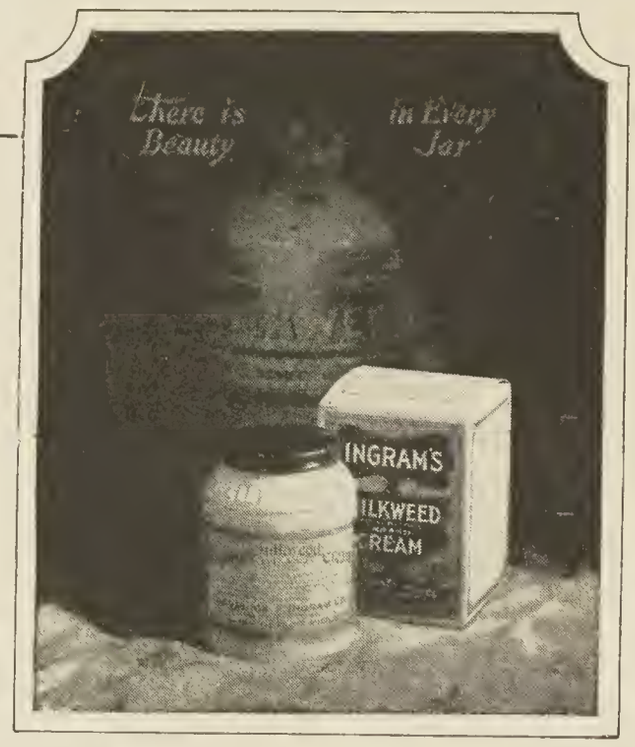
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Ingram's Milkweed Cream



MISS FUSSBUTTONS

Concluded from page 60

unlikely twelve elevated at their right, the staling tobacco-smoke, the jests of the clerks and the police officers, the avid faces of the mongrel audience, the quibbling of the lawyers. the bored weariness of the judge. stick in your throat. It is as if all the big issues of life were here proved to be lesser than technicality. And all these features were present on the last day of the Dugan brothers' trial. An insolent, tight-skirted, full-busted young woman of the Dugans' private acquaintance was just leaving the witness-stand when the prosecuting-attorney's cub assistant dashed into the courtroom from the door at the left of the judge's desk, thrust a slip of paper under his senior's nose and whispered excitedly to him.

Luther looked at him in blank amazement.

"What?" he cried out, so that he was heard to the rear door and the atmosphere of the room became charged with new suspense. The sheriff of the court rapped automatically with his gavel.

"Your honor," faltered Luther, rising slowly to his feet, "a new witness has volunteered—unexpected—testimony for the State. I believe I am compelled to call her."

The attorney for the defense, who, outside of the backbiting of the courtroom, was a friend to Luther, looked at him in amazement. Compelled to call a new witness for the State?

The judge ruled that if the regular routine of witnesses had been completed, the new one should be called. The eyes of the prisoners exchanged one glance; their faces remained passive.

"Summon Miss Ellen Carter," ordered Luther.

NOW the stale atmosphere of the courtroom was not only quickened but freshened as Ellen, most demure in her Quaker gray and the turban with the border of pansies, held up her small hand to take her oath. A whispered murmur began at the jury-box and rippled over the benches of the audience. The sheriff of the court made only faltering taps with his everlasting hammer. Ellen sat down, her eyes clinging to Luther. Gently he put the formal opening questions.

"You have volunteered testimony on behalf of the State," he said, pulling himself together with an effort. "Will you state briefly the information you have to offer?"

"I was alone in the shelter-house at the Shady Lane car-stop the night of April twenty-eighth, waiting for an automobile to meet me and take me to the house of Mrs. Fray. I was there nearly half an hour. The car on which I had come had turned and gone back and a second one was standing up at the switch where I could see it. I was watching the lights. It was terribly dark and I—I was a little frightened. When the second car began to come back, two men passed the shelter-house. They couldn't see me because I was sitting back in the corner, but I saw them in the lights of the car."

The assistant prosecuting attorney bounced on his chair.

"You saw them plainly?" asked Luther.

"Yes, sir."

"You believe them to have been the prisoners?"

"I know it."

"At what time was this?"

"Seven forty-five. I couldn't tell why the automobile I expected didn't come; and when the second car started back, I looked at my watch to see how long I had been waiting."

"Did the men say anything to each other?"

"Yes, sir," said Ellen. "They were talking. I heard what they said. One asked the other what he had done with 'it.' I suppose now they meant the gun. The other said he had dropped it, it was Ames's anyhow, and the woman had scared him by jumping in front of her old man."

The murmur in the courtroom increased in volume. The judge looked at the officer with the orderly gavel. It was a minute before the startled sheriff could locate it and use it.

"If you hear the prisoners' voices, do you think you can tell which said he had dropped the gun?"

"Yes, sir. I—I notice little things like that."

After a long squabble with the opposing lawyer, Luther called on each brother to pronounce his name.

"It was Walter Dugan who said the woman scared him by jumping in front of her husband," said Ellen, her face noticeably paler.

The murmur in the courtroom broke into active uproar. The sheriff shouted for order but suddenly, in place of disorder, came pandemonium, as the prisoner who had given his name as Walter Dugan lost his passive self-control and made a vicious lunge at the witness-stand. Jurymen, police officers, court sheriff, jailer, judge and defendants' counsel leaped on him and thrust him back into his chair. The details blurred for Ellen. She could hear a roaring, a pounding, and dimly above it Luther's voice.

"Your honor," he was saying, "the witness is fainting. I ask that the case be held over until she can complete her testimony and the State may summon additional witnesses to corroborate——"

AND right after that it seemed to Ellen that she was lying on a slippery but cool leather couch in a strange room with paneled walls with Margaret cooing at her head and Luther kneeling beside her, holding her hand.

"Is—is it all right now?" she asked wistfully.

"No," fumed Luther, "it isn't all right! Margaret shouldn't have let you come. Those roughnecks——"

"Didn't I help you the least bit? I—I wanted to help you!"

"Honey, you saved my worthless skin, but you've put your precious self into great danger. Half that gang will be up for perjury, to say nothing of the Dugans' own sure conviction now. Don't you know that? Why did you do it?"

"I didn't think of any danger," said Ellen.

"I wouldn't have asked it of you!"

"No," said Ellen, "you never did. But then, Mr. Ames didn't ask Mrs. Ames to step in front of him, either," murmured Ellen.

Luther didn't smile once at her ingenuous admission. He simply laid his rough cheek gently on the back of her hand much as she had seen him caress a rose when he thought no one was looking.

"There's only one thing for me to do under the circumstances," he said. "I'll have to spend the rest of my life protecting you!"

"Then everything is all right," said Margaret, going out of the room. Luther and Ellen didn't miss her any more than they had noticed her.

"That ruffian jumping at you!" growled Luther. "No wonder you fainted!"

"It wasn't that," said Ellen. "I wasn't afraid of him. It was the smell! Why don't you use atomizers in your courtroom?"

The fierceness of Luther's expression softened.

"If you'll tell me when you are coming into mine," he offered, "I'll have it done, dearest. Is there any other little thing I could do for you?"

Ellen looked at him doubtfully.

"May I buy your neckties and go with you when you order your clothes?" she asked.

"Every nickel's worth I have and wear is under your direction from now on," said Luther, in abject adoration. "I'm going out right now and stand under a water-spout and spoil everything so that you can begin at once!"

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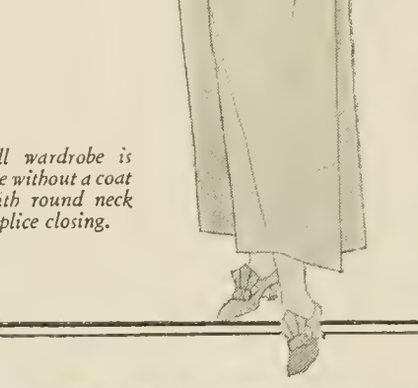
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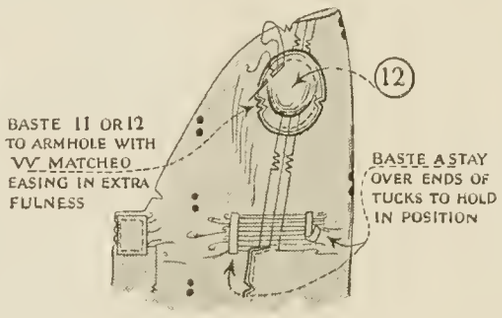


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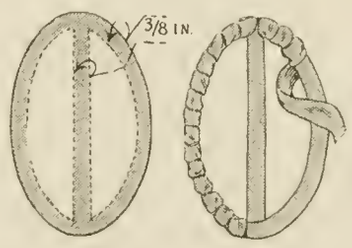
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MY REMINISCENCES

Continued from page 7

he called "Nadjezda." Madame Modjeska produced it, but her health was not of the best and the demands of a heavy rôle such as my father had made for her were too much. When it was done in England, Sir Herbert Tree—then plain Beerbohm Tree—acted in it. Some day I should like to give it, in order to show the precarious experiences my father went through with it. His most bitter moment was when he sent the manuscript to Sarah Bernhardt. She held it for a year and then returned it. In November, 1887, Sardou's "La Tosca" came into being, so like my father's play that it was startling. Such unhappy similarities sometimes occur in the theater.

ABOUT this time my father fell heir to some money left him by a considerate relative. Because of this, we went to England, where we remained for two years. How gloriously we enjoyed that little windfall! Those London days are misty in my mind, but I know we had a house at St. John's Wood and a garden surrounded by a brick wall. From the dining-room and nursery windows we could look across the cricket-fields where some of the most famous matches were held. And I have faint pictures of the brilliant parties given at our house, when my father and mother surrounded themselves with a remarkable coterie of guests. I gazed, without knowing, upon Oscar Wilde, the Trees, Alma Tadema and the Brookfields. We had a nurse, Polly, a most beautiful girl, who looked very much like Mary Anderson.

When it was time to return home, we left behind us all the money we had had, but we brought back Polly and one of the numerous monkeys my father insisted on having around in spite of the fact that they were a nuisance and seemed to take special delight in tearing the beautiful furniture and hangings to pieces.

I was about six when we reached our grandmother's house in Philadelphia, known to us as the Tomb of the Capulets. It was at 140 North Twelfth Street. It seemed to me a very big house indeed, with large rooms and cavernous halls and most alarming echoes. I can see now the Victorian landscapes on the wall, the music-box on the table which grandmother magnificently wound up so that it might unwind the "Carnival of Venice," and the square piano upon which were pictures of Edwin Forrest and his wife. There was a sturdy solemnity about the place which made me seem very tiny. I have been back since these days I write of, but somehow the house appeared to have shrunk. Every one has experienced the same thing, I suppose. I sought, with some echo of the alarm I used to feel, for a copy of "The Ancient Mariner," once so big that I could scarcely hold it on my lap, but it was only of ordinary size.

But then the house was of vast importance because it held my grandmother, and my great-grandmother Kinlock as well—mother and daughter of a very vigorous theatrical era. My recollections of the former are of her when she had reached the ripe age of ninety. The dining-room at 140 was in the basement, and I can still hear her resenting any one who offered her assistance up or down. My grandmother and my great-grandmother would often talk in our presence of past days and would soundly berate some of the new methods that were modernizing the theater. They had both come to America in 1827, lured here by the brilliant prospects of an American recruiting-agent who was in London. At the Walnut Street Theater, on September 26, 1827, my grandmother appeared as the *Duke of York* to the *Richard III* of Junius Brutus Booth. Little Louisa Lane was then only seven. They used to talk of Forrest as a young man, of the father of Joseph Jefferson, of the golden era of acting. I can see them together now, with that authority which age suggests in the young.

A similar picture comes to mind of the time when I went with my grandmother to visit Joseph Jefferson at Buzzards Bay. It was the first time that I had ever stayed overnight in a strange house, and it struck this ten-year-old girl as being very beautiful, as it truly was. The solid comfort of Crow's Nest, overlooking the water, sheltered a wealth of theater memories and mementoes—but no rarer spirit than Mr. Jefferson himself, who was so very kind to me. He seemed to understand my bashfulness. Just before it was time for me to be put to bed, the two of them, *Rip* (Mr. Jefferson) and *Mrs. Malaprop* (my grandmother) sat before the fire. It was not so very long after Mr. Jefferson had completed his autobiography and his mind was ripe with recollection. It was: "Louisa, do you remember this?" and "Louisa, do you recall that?" Suddenly there seemed to sweep over her the realization that the life they were talking about had gone forever. "Louisa, Louisa," she said, smiling wistfully at Mr. Jefferson. "Do you know, Joe, you are the only person alive who calls me Louisa?" Then she rose abruptly. "Child," she said, addressing me, "it's time to go to bed." Important, tremendous memories of a crowded life—can not this account for the stateliness of my grandmother?

It was at this time that I really became acquainted with Jack; but we were not together for long. The next year all the family went on tour. Lionel and Jack were left with a housekeeper, while I was sent to the Convent of Notre Dame, where both my mother and my Uncle John's wife had been, and where, only last year, I placed my own daughter while I was away from home. For the next eight years I attended the convent; except for an occasional trip to New York or Baltimore and for the Summers, it was the only permanent home I knew. I made no particular friends while there—those, I mean, who became lasting friends. I lived the routine of a convent boarder, and, being one of the youngest, the sisters called me "Little Ethel." Not so long ago I visited my old music-teacher in Dayton, Ohio, where she had been transferred, and I was still "Little Ethel."

HOW proud I was in those school-days of the heavy bangs I wore!—and how my father disliked them! He wanted them done away with. I burst into tears. Other girls wore them, why not I? The justice of this argument won the day. The bangs remained—and so did my English accent, which I had acquired in England. I was somehow always an object of curiosity to my schoolmates and they used to crowd around me with curious smiles. In the first place, I was allowed to have special dancing lessons. And then, I suppose, the fact of my theater connections had some glamour for them.

In the classroom I suffered much because of my bashfulness. Whenever I was called on to recite, I blushed. If I had to leave my seat and go to the blackboard, it was a regular "first night" for me. I had my full quota of torture in this respect—and even now I am not over it! The ease with which so many of the children rattled off Shakespeare was a constant source of wonderment to me. The confidence of the amateur was not mine. I was always painfully self-conscious. Up to the time I went on the stage, I showed no whit of aptitude for acting. As for the claims of heredity, no one could have told then what I might be. I am often asked if I was not regularly trained and groomed for the theater, and when I reply that I went on the stage to earn a living—this being the natural field for me in the midst of a theatrical family—there is always a look as though I weren't quite fair to heredity. I remember that, as children, we used to act plays—but all children do that. And in my case it did not go deeper than mere play. Of course, while at the convent, I had my passionate desire to be a nun—but what convent child has not had that? If the real truth were known, it was confidently expected that I would accomplish great things with my music. Most of my school-days were centered on the piano. I was given a medal, when I was nine, for playing a Beethoven sonata. And I remember the entertainments we used to give to fond relatives when I took my share in a two-piano solo. In a general way, my father knew what his daughter was "taking" at the convent, but how well it was taking did not dawn upon him until he came upon me playing Beethoven. He stood by spellbound. And as I looked up when I was through, I could see that he was crying.

It was during these days that the magnitude of my grandmother most struck me. Her power seemed to exude from her regal

presence. She was commanding. My father called her ma'am, like one would address some august person. I believe she unbent more to Jack than to any one; her love for him was of the tender kind. Yet she never allowed any advantage to be taken of such sentiment on her part. One day Jack was late for a meal. He rushed in, out of breath, with an evident plan of attack. "Mum-mum," he exclaimed, turning his appealing look on grandmother, "as I was coming along just now, I saw such a curious thing!" Grandmother straightened in her chair. "Have you ever seen a house painted all black?" he asked. Grandmother waited, judge-like, till the end. Then the stillness was broken by the deep tones of her reply: "No, nor have you!" The attack was routed in one fell swoop. No court of appeal could reverse a decision so irrevocable; the slim craft was put out of commission by such a broadside. Jack sat down chastened. He was told not to be late again.

We were always falling into something or out of something. One Summer Lionel dropped from a tree on to the blade of a knife and nearly killed himself. And I recall vividly a fishing expedition Lionel and I took, with our lines hung over the third-floor baluster-rail of the Tomb of the Capulets. We could see them dangling all the way down to the entrance-hall. In the anxiety to keep my line free from Lionel's, I leaned over too far and down I went the three flights through the open space between the balusters. I lay there still and without a cry. The air was torn by the frantic shouts of my aunt, Adene Stevens, who had been in the dining-room doing something with strawberries. She had seen the drop and she did not expect that I would be alive. A cab was sent post-haste for Doctor Mitchell, who had brought us into the world. And by some miracle—children, it seems, are watched over by a miraculous spirit—I was found to be safe and sound.

THE Summer when I was eight we had a house at Fort Wadsworth, Staten Island—or rather, it was a small boarding-house, which our family almost entirely monopolized. We lived out-of-doors most of the time. Devoured by mosquitoes, I was a perfect tattoo of bites. Because of these marks they spoke of me as "the leopard child." I was also known as "the water-rat." I would dare anything in the water, and in one of my mad adventures I came near drowning at Quarantine.

Our grandmother sometimes came down to see us at Fort Wadsworth. Such an occasion was about to happen, and there was a scramble of preparation. We were put to weeding the garden path. At best, the grounds were in a rather dilapidated condition, but we thought, as we labored, that our magic touch would make them beautiful. As we came to the table for luncheon, we looked very much as though it might be necessary to weed us. And then we heard the news: Grandmother was not coming after all. She had, in fact, never intended coming. Instead, she had ordered Jack sent to her, and the message had been delivered wrongly. But this showed, nevertheless, the galvanizing effect made on us by the possibility of her presence.

Jack could always manage to upset the family by marvelous stories of things happening to him. When he was eight, he was sent to Seton Hall, a Catholic school. One day he wrote an impassioned letter to grandmother, telling her how one of the teachers had "felled me to the ground with a blow." The Episcopal side of our family smiled in the midst of their horror. And it was decided that my father should go down from New York, where he was playing at the time, and investigate the matter. So, fired by the proper parental indignation, he journeyed to the school. He was received by a charming, gracious, gentle priest. At this time the papers were filled with details of the Carlyle-Harris murder case; it was a general topic of conversation. Somehow my father and the priest opened the subject and the purpose of the visit was forgotten amidst the sensational incidents of the trial. Minutes passed into hours, and before my father realized it he had overstayed his time at the school and was barely able to catch his train back to New York—the only train that would bring him back for the night's performance. The two parted great friends, yet one of them had felled Jack to the ground with a blow!

My father had a quick enthusiasm and a quick temper. Often they would commingle. I recall going with him to a baseball game once in Philadelphia. He was a passionate partisan in sport; if his side did not win, he nearly died of chagrin and anger. Our team lost that afternoon. My father passed a miserable time seeing victory slip from their hands. As we waited for a car, he paced up and down telling to the four winds exactly what he thought of the bunglers. I was chagrined at his language; I wanted to hide and pretend I didn't know him.

I HAVE but slight remembrance of the different members of my family as players at this time. *Mrs. Malaprop* was right when she said: "There is nothing on earth so easy as to forget." But there is indelibly graven on my mind my mother's wonderful comedy spirit in "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows," one of the plays presented by Charles Frohman at the very outset of his managerial career. Living in Philadelphia all during my childhood, I knew little of what Uncle John was doing, he being with the Daly company in New York. In the Tomb of the Capulets we looked awsomely at what was always referred to as "Uncle John's room up-stairs," but it was only on special visits that I saw him. I was never taken to "The Taming of the Shrew" while he was playing *Petruchio*, but I did see him as *Robin Hood* in Tennyson's "Foresters." Of course I saw my grandmother in her most famous rôle, *Mrs. Malaprop*.

I was taken once to a performance of Evans and Hoey in "A Parlor Match." There was a little girl in the cast called *The Innocent Kid*, whom I believed to be just my age. I was wrapped up in love of her and asked to be brought back-stage to see her. What was my horror to find that she was not a child at all, but a grown woman! I looked at her, my face flushed with confusion and then I burst into tears.

The school terms passed one by one. I, much older than my years, was always practising at the piano and poring over books. On my occasional visits home during rare week-ends I would get hold of "David Greve" or "Robert Elsmere" and read and read and read. I would never go out unless I was almost hurled out. My own daughter is like me in this respect. It was not until I was much older that I deigned to read "Alice in Wonderland," which I knew by heart, begin me at whatever chapter, page or line. I find myself now much fonder of fairy-tales than I was then.

I had reached my eleventh year when the blow of my mother's death closed my period of childhood. Her health was failing rapidly, and it was decided that I should take her to California in the hope that the change of climate would do her some good. We had a Chinese cook with us, but that was all. The trip was across the Isthmus and thence to Santa Barbara. It was on this trip west that I really got to know my mother—and it was then almost too late. I was still a mere child, but there was something between us now which had never been before—an understanding which I know we had both hungered for.

One morning, coming from church, I was told she had taken a turn for the worse. She never recovered. The crisis came quickly, and all was over. I found myself alone, amid an incalculable darkness. Death had changed us both. I tucked up my hair and put on a black dress—and thus I brought my mother back East. There was a stop at Los Angeles. Madame Modjeska met me at the station and she stayed with me until it was time to leave. The curtain now seemed to have been rung down on my childhood. I was about to face problems which meant my future. While I was sent back to the convent for a year, I was only marking time for the decision which was to be made when I was fourteen.

IT IS here that the portrait of the little girl I remember stands in its finished lines, as memory would have it. Since these days I write of there has been a change in the grown-up attitude toward children, and I know that my own girl and boys are regarded both at home and at school in a different manner from that under which Lionel, Jack and I flourished. For we did flourish, even though it seems as if we were continually being poked away in safety until those we loved had finished their tours. There was something majestic about our grandmother; there was gaiety about our parents. But since I am talking impersonally of the portrait of a child, shaped by circumstance, however rich the background, there is something a little pathetic and strange about it.

Continued in the October DELINEATOR



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J. HARDIN & SON

Continued from page 14

As Paul paced to and fro, he noticed among the few passengers waiting for one or other of the trains Evelyn Walling. She had just come out of the waiting-room and she stopped an instant on the platform, set down her little valise and began dancing lightly up and down in the same place trying to keep warm, turning round and round. She wore a small fur toque and her girlish figure was enveloped in a long tweed coat with loud checks—a most conspicuous garment which, as no doubt it was intended to do, lent her the eldest of those several airs she seemed so easily to assume. Tiny flakes of snow falling sparsely out of the low gray sky floated about her. In one of her little gyrations she saw Paul and her face, ruddy from the sharp cold, lighted with a sudden smile. She picked up her small valise and came briskly toward him.

"Are you going away?" she asked. She dropped her valise and gave him her hand.

"Yes," he replied. "And you?"

"I'm going! I'm going to Cincinnati! Isn't it splendid? To see my father. He's playing there this week. He has sent for me. I'm so excited I can hardly stand still!"

IT APPEARED, indeed, that she could not, for she spun excitedly half-way round on her heel and back again, and then, looking up at him, said:

"I'm so glad to get away from that horrid old Mrs. Mumm that I don't know what to do. I hate that shop and I hate her! I'd like to—" and she made a little face, sticking out her tongue, to show what she would like to do to Mrs. Mumm. "I hope I shan't ever have to come back; I'm going to beg my father to let me go on the stage. Are you going to Cincinnati? Do say you are!"

"I'm afraid not," he said. "I'm waiting for the north-bound to take me to Findlay."

A shade of disappointment dimmed the brightness of her face and her mouth pursed up into a little pout. But it was only for an instant, for that delicate oval face had a way of incessantly changing its expressions as though every thought within that little head must instantly be mirrored there; and now the short upper lip curved into a wistful smile as the blue eyes were raised to his and she said:

"It would have been so nice to ride all the way down to Cincinnati together, wouldn't it?"

The light of such imagined happiness lingered a moment in her eyes. She plunged her hands into the large pockets of her coat and nestled her round chin in its great collar, balancing lightly up and down on her toes.

"Wouldn't it?" she repeated suddenly, looking up at him. "You don't answer!"

"Oh!" he exclaimed. "It *would* be nice—ever so nice."

He had not replied more promptly because he had been completely absorbed by her indefinable charm. He stood gazing down into her face—the little nose with a band of freckles across it, the soft cheeks pink from the sharp air, the short upper lip raised in that appealing expression of immaturity. She could be scarcely sixteen, if she were that. A mere child! And yet in the fascination she had for him he was sensible—too sensible, he reflected—of that something that denoted the woman in her. He had half a mind to ask her age, but he was loath to break the spell. He felt strange little impulses; his hands tingled with the desire to touch her. Perhaps, thought he, it was just as well that they were standing there on that wind-swept public platform with the eye of Macochee upon them.

Her blue eyes, raised to his in something like admiration, changed. They were shadowed over with a regret as she said bluntly:

"You are going to be married, aren't you?"

"Yes," he said, but he rather wished that she had not brought up the subject just then.

"Well," she said gravely, with a sudden access of years and the wisdom they occasionally bring, "marriage is a lottery, they say. I'm not sure I should like to risk it!"

He laughed. This child discussing matrimony!

"What do you know about it?" he asked. "A girl like you?"

She did not resent thus being put down, as for an instant he feared she might.

"Oh, I don't know anything about it," she admitted frankly. "I heard it discussed when I was with my father. He says he would like me to marry and have a home, but not if I am to go on the stage. He says actors and actresses have no business to marry—they must live for their art. He doesn't know whether I have talent enough for the stage. I don't know, I'm sure." She pronounced the words in the impersonal tone of a solemn judgment. "We shall see."

He heard the whistle of the north-bound train.

"Here is your train," she said. "I'm sorry. I wonder when I shall see you again!"

The train was sweeping into the station. He bade her good-by and picked up his valise.

"Our trains go in different directions," she said. "It's too bad."

The train was impatient; he ran and got aboard and stopped on the platform an instant looking back. She stood there in her long coat with the loud checks, the snowflakes floating about her, and smiled and fluttered her hand at him in farewell as long as he could see her. He went into the carriage thinking of her last remark about their trains going in different directions; it was indeed too bad.

He wished that he had been going to Cincinnati; it would have been delightful to sit beside her and look at the oval of her pink cheek and hear her talk in her foolish little inconsequential way. What was it in this child, with her little vanities and whims, her rather absurd long coat—bought for this journey, no doubt, with her last wages from Mrs. Mumm—what was it that had such an appeal for him?

But he said to himself all that was nonsense; he was a man of affairs, even then on his way to attend to his interests in the oil-fields; he was to be married to a girl of position; he was already a man of substance and consequence in the community. All such idle dreams as those belonged to the romantic period of boyhood. How absurd! He was a man now.

And yet she was pretty; there was about her something so soft, so warm, so sweet. If she had been a little older, or he a little younger, or things had somehow turned out a little differently—if, in a word, their trains had not been going in opposite directions——

They were passing the south-bound on the siding; its smoky coaches were already swaying into motion, getting up speed to bear her south and away. Too bad that in life one had to choose between this and that, and that then these choices became irrevocable! Paul sighed.

THE years immediately following his marriage were years of hard work for Paul Hardin. Having quite early realized the importance of money in the mundane scheme, he had set himself to acquire it and at the end of six or seven years he and Lacey had drilled five wells, all of them producing famously. Paul had assumed the management of the Dyer farms at Squaw Rock and before five years had gone he had bought three farms of his own in the Marmon Valley. He had studied agriculture, introduced improved methods and increased the income from the lands. He had been shrewd in making investments; he had bought several pieces of real estate in Macochee, among them a house or two in Cedar Street just off Main, and he calculated that in ten years, with care, he would be what Macochee considered a rich man. Indeed, Macochee already considered him a rich man; it was said that everything he touched turned into money and he was beginning to be unpopular.

In the Summer he would drive away into the country early in the morning before Winona was out of bed, returning at nightfall too weary to talk or to read; he would go off to bed early and sink instantly into heavy slumber. He grew silent and moody; those vague, large thoughts that came to him alone at dawn as he set forth and in the twilight as he drove home in silence were not to be expressed in any words he had ever mastered.

As for Winona, her life was almost as lonely and solitary as his. After their honeymoon she had resumed as wife her place in the home where she had lived as daughter, Mrs. Dyer living on with them there, retired and tactful. Winona had admitted Paul to the maiden intimacy of her chamber, but little by little he began to be conscious of the fact that there were chambers in her soul that were closed to him. Sometimes, as they conversed serenely, as she looked into his eyes, replied to his questions as though in complete rapport, he suspected that her thoughts were elsewhere.

The boredom from which Winona had suffered as a girl in boarding-school or in the sanitariums where her mother was making cures or in those dull years in Macochee reappeared. She had thought to escape it in marriage, but its specter had not been laid. The subtle charm of intimacy was tarnished by familiarity, and after a few years the exacting relation began to assume something of the staleness of an old habit—and now and then, in moments of weariness and irritation, they sounded infelicitous notes.

Winona had many of her father's notions—she liked to think of her husband as a gentleman farmer even if his clothes did smell of the fields. His interest in oil, too, seemed to be in the same category; if the product was greasy, it was at least obtained by the exploitation of land, everywhere the basis of aristocracies. But she did not like his connection with the shop and she could not endure J. Hardin. The latter's public activities in the cause of reform made her ashamed, and when he came to her home she would either sit in cold inhospitable silence or strive too zealously to please.

J. HARDIN went to the Dyer house rarely but occasionally he would arrive, at some inopportune moment, and sit for an hour with an air of performing a painful duty. Mrs. Hardin came seldom, though now and then Paul, putting his foot down and asserting himself as master of his own house, invited his parents to dinner, usually on a Sunday.

Winona, yawning behind her hand, would endure this ordeal, hatred gradually rising within her—a hatred for J. Hardin, for Paul and, most of all, perhaps, for Mrs. Hardin, who, as it seemed to her, in the antipathy that women can feel for one another, sat there defiantly braving it out, exercising the inalienable right of a mother to be in the home of her son.

The shop, indeed, during those years was a source of constant and increasing concern to Paul. It was the one thing on which his magic pecuniary touch could have no effect. J. Hardin's own interest in the shop had diminished as his interest in prohibition increased; he devoted but a portion of each day to its affairs and seemed unable to conceive of it otherwise than as an institution founded in perpetuity, impervious to change. As his own interests widened, Paul more and more realized the dangers of a partnership that might involve him in difficulties. He had long wished to incorporate the business in order to limit the liabilities, but J. Hardin would not listen to such a thing. When Paul pleaded personal considerations, J. Hardin said:

"What are you afraid of? Do you think the people are going to stop riding in buggies?"

And when Paul advanced his mother's claims, argued the wisdom of providing for her future, he would say:

"It'll last during our time. You can incorporate it, if you want to, when your mother and I are gone."

Paul began to feel responsible for them and wondered how to provide for their old age, now fast approaching. When he broached the subject to J. Hardin, he pooh-poohed his fears. He was caught up in the heavenly chariot of his reform and as indifferent to the needs of the body as Elijah the Tishbite.

ONE afternoon late in April Paul was about to leave his office when a man entered, gave him a card on which was engraved "Charles Dickerson Parton, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Olentangy Building, Cincinnati," and said: "I should like to see Mr. Paul Hardin, if I may."

Paul did not look up instantly. The name had startled him, recalling as it did an episode in his life which had occurred a few weeks before his marriage. And yet, he reflected, this after seven or eight years of humdrum married life was absurd; and hoping that this caller had not observed the slight reluctance, he said: "I am Paul Hardin."

Parton drew off the light top-coat he wore and then took the chair that Paul indicated. Parton was a man of about forty, scrupulously attired, but with an effect, somehow, of more attention than taste. He had a flattering air as he turned toward Paul to say:

"I shall not detain you long, Mr. Hardin, this evening. But they told me at my hotel that it was only a step around here and I couldn't resist the impulse to come and make

Continued on page 69



They need not fade or yellow—*washed this way your pretty blouses keep their color*

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Make sure that pure water alone will not cause the color to run. Whisk one tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a washbowl of very hot water. Add cold water till lukewarm. Press suds through blouse. Use fresh suds for each color. Wash very quickly. Rinse in 3 lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—do not wring. When nearly dry, press with a warm, not hot, iron.

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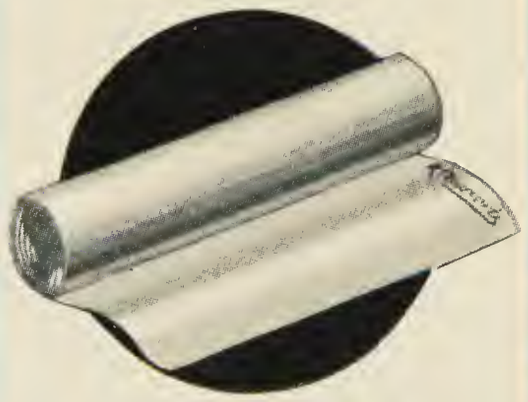
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J. HARDIN & SON

Continued from page 66

your acquaintance. I suppose Mr. Joshua Hardin is not about?"

"No," said Paul, "he's out of town." Then in a curiosity to know the purpose of the lawyer's visit, he asked him bluntly: "What can I do for you?"

"Well, you see, Mr. Hardin, it's rather a long and complicated story. Ah—" Parton paused a moment and Paul detected in the mild blue eyes the hard glitter of the trader—"ah, is your business, by any chance, for sale?"

Parton leaned forward, his forearms resting negligently on his knees, and before Paul could reply Parton laughed and added: "The question is rather foolish in a way, since anything a business man has is for sale, if he can get his price!"

The glance with which he now studied Paul had become shrewd and calculating.

"Am I right?" he asked.

"Not wholly," said Paul. "My father's old horse, for instance: he wouldn't part with him at any price."

"Oh," said Parton, laughing and making a wide gesture of generosity, "we shall by no means ask your father to part with his horse. I understand those considerations of personal affection that do men so much credit."

"I think you'll find that he feels somewhat the same way about his buggies," remarked Paul dryly.

THE suggestion at first had attracted Paul and had it been made by any one other than Parton would have been welcome; but he had an old prejudice against the man which Parton's personality now, in this first direct contact with him, intensified. It was a part of Paul's nature to dread mystery, and in a sudden irritation with Parton for beating about the bush he said abruptly:

"Well, come to the point, Mr. Parton: what is your proposition?"

"Well, you see, Mr. Hardin," began Parton slowly, "we are entering upon a new era, an age of organization, of combination, if you please."

"I see," said Paul; "a trust. If my father heard you utter that word, he would fly up and hit the ceiling."

"The word was not uttered by me, Mr. Hardin," said Parton, with a smile that exculpated him. "The word is unfortunate and, indeed, inaccurate. What the gentlemen I represent have in mind is not a trust, but a large corporation to be formed by the merger of a number of principal factories."

"There is one thing, Mr. Parton," said Paul, "that I should like to ask you."

"Yes?"

"Under the plan you propose the Hardin buggy would cease to exist, wouldn't it?"

"The name Hardin in its associations with buggies has a trade value in this section which it would be wise to preserve. The buggies would be distributed from here, as they are now."

They had been moving slowly toward the door, and Paul, looking out into the soft light of evening, shook his head slowly, reflectively.

"My father—" he began, and then he hesitated.

Old Brethitt, his day's work done, was walking across the yard smoking his pipe and carrying his dinner-bucket. Paul gazed at him, at the shrewd head he had seen grow gray and old in the service of J. Hardin's shop. Brethitt did not walk with his old sprightly step; he was bent and, as Paul for the first time observed, was beginning to walk rather stiffly. At the gate Brethitt encountered Nichols and the two old comrades in labor went on together down the street.

"And our workmen—those two old fellows going there, for instance—what would become of them?"

Parton shrugged his shoulders with an air of disclaiming responsibility.

"Oh, those are mere mechanical details, Mr. Hardin!"

"Mr. Parton," exclaimed Paul "those two old men have worked for my father all their lives—and so have the others! They are just like a part of the family!"

"Ah, Mr. Hardin," said the lawyer, "times change—and men with them. It does seem a pity. But have you stopped to consider what would become of them if, for example, a buggy as good as yours were to be placed on the market here at ninety, eighty, seventy-five dollars? What would become of the Hardin buggy—and of you? Business is business, Mr. Hardin."

Parton lighted a cigaret, drew on his overcoat and was gone. Paul stood in the doorway watching him, noting his easy step, his jaunty carriage, his smart manner. He felt a sudden hatred for Parton, with his smile, his white teeth, his elegant clothes, his polished finger-nails, his silver cigaret-case. He watched the man until he had disappeared, with a wish that he would come back no more. And yet, after all, Parton was offering him a solution to that ineluctable problem of his parents' future.

"YES, Mr. Hardin, the more I think of it the more thoroughly am I convinced that prohibition is an integral part of the modern program of efficiency!"

Parton's hand rested lightly on the table beside which he sat in the small back room that was so seldom used. The sun beat in at the western window and Parton, when he entered, had promptly taken a chair with his back to that window so that J. Hardin had the seat facing it, his features illuminated by the strong light.

It was not an encouraging expression that Parton read in that dour countenance. J. Hardin scowled darkly, his long upper lip fiercely set; his beard, which seemed to grow more and more scraggy as it grew more and more gray, bristled out antagonistically. He sat stiffly in his chair, his hands on his knees, and looked sternly at Parton.

Paul tilted his chair against the wall and rocked uneasily in the nervousness that had assailed him as he entered this conference, which was so fateful in its possibilities. Parton had opened the conversation in a casual manner, making some reference to the trip to Blue Jacket from which J. Hardin had just returned. But J. Hardin had scarcely spoken, and even for Parton the burden of bearing the conversation alone was growing somewhat heavy. However, he continued:

"It's got to come in some practical form, as of local option, for example. Yes, sir, it's got to come."

"I know that," said J. Hardin bluntly. "But what's that got to do with your proposition? Paul here tells me that you've come to get us to go into a trust."

"Well," said Parton with a laugh, "not precisely that!"

Paul detected Parton's hand fumbling in the pocket whence the silver cigaret-case so frequently emerged, but this time, as if on some prudent second thought, Parton drew from his pocket a cigar and said, "Do you smoke, Mr. Hardin?"

"No, sir," replied J. Hardin promptly. "Nobody smokes on these grounds, unless they do it when I'm not here—like Paul, for instance."

Parton laughed again, restored the cigar to his pocket and glanced sympathetically at Paul.

"Smoke if you must," said J. Hardin, "but get down to business."

"Exactly," said Parton, leaning forward with a sudden determination and looking in the eyes of J. Hardin as one who accepts a challenge. "It's simply this: I represent a number of capitalists who feel that the time has come to reorganize the whole business of manufacturing vehicles."

"Oh, they do, do they?" interjected J. Hardin.

"Yes," said Parton. "They propose to do away with ruinous competition, to abolish waste, to adopt modern methods—in a word, to introduce efficiency."

He opened his portfolio and spread out his papers on the table. J. Hardin glanced at them suspiciously but consented in a tentative and noncommittal manner to draw his chair forward and to lean over the table while Parton outlined the scheme of organization proposed.

Finally, after an exposition that lasted an hour, Parton tossed his pencil on the table, leaned back in his chair, and said with an air of finality:

"There, Mr. Hardin, there's our case."

There was a hard, shrewd smile on J. Hardin's bronzed face that drew down the corners of his wide mouth and slowly, steadily his head moved from side to side.

"How does it strike you?" asked Parton, ignoring the refusal that was implied in J. Hardin's manner and expression.

"It doesn't strike me at all!" said J. Hardin, leaning back in his chair and thrusting his hands deep into his trousers pockets in an attitude of stubborn refusal. "I'm capable of running my own business, and I don't want anything to do with your trusts or mergers. I don't believe in them. They've done enough harm to this country as it is."

"The name of the Hardin buggy is a valuable bit of property," said Parton. "It would be worth a considerable sum to us, even if you didn't care to join the new enterprise."

J. Hardin's eyes flashed.

"The name's not for sale, Mr. Parton!"

Parton reflected a moment and then slowly gathered his papers together and thrust them into his portfolio. His face was growing red; he closed his leather case with an irritated snap of its silver clasp; his lips were compressed.

"I'm afraid, Mr. Hardin," he said, "that you will have cause to regret this decision."

"Well," replied J. Hardin, with an indifference that was almost unfriendly in its intention, "I know my own business!" He said no more, but drew out his watch, cast an impatient glance at its face, closed it with a snap and put it back in his pocket.

Parton rose, deliberately drew out his cigaret-case, took a cigaret, pinched its end and calmly lighted it.

"Good-by, Mr. Hardin," he said; and then, turning to Paul: "Will you make my compliments to Mrs. Paul Hardin?" And then he was gone, leaving Paul with a vague dissatisfaction at the turn of events.

J. Hardin sniffed disgustedly. "Stinking cigarets!" he exclaimed. "Coming up here from the city with his fine airs and fancy manners!"

"Still," Paul ventured, "it may be that we are losing a chance to improve our business."

"Humph!" exclaimed J. Hardin, and he left the room.

IT WAS the week of the Gordon County Fair. Within the enclosure of high board fence the crowd moved restlessly and uncomfortably about in its laborious quest for pleasure. In this crowd were J. Hardin and Paul. Paul wished to go to the stables and inspect the live-stock—he was showing a number of Jersey cows—after which he intended to watch the races. He asked his father to go with him, but J. Hardin refused and Paul went into the grand stand alone.

The afternoon waned, the races were nearly over and Paul, leaving the grand stand, began looking about for his father. He met Barlow, his Sunday black gray with dust, worn out by his long hot day of idleness.

"Have you seen my father?" asked Paul.

"I ain't sure but what I seen him over yonder in the machinery building," said Barlow cautiously. "He might 'a' been looking at them new buggies."

New buggies? thought Paul. What new buggies? He hurried on, entered the building, glanced anxiously about—and there in the middle of the wide floor, on a platform draped with the American flag, were four buggies, shining in their undimmed varnished newness. They were very light, of a graceful, even a delicate line; one of them had its top folded tightly down, giving it a smart rakish air. Overhead hung a broad banner bearing the inscription, "National Buggy Company," and to the buggy with the folded top was fastened a placard with the device "$75." That was all, but it was enough.

Before the exhibit stood J. Hardin, planted in the aisle, his hands behind him, gazing at the sight. Not far away, but discreetly withdrawn, a group of farmers stood watching him. Paul went up to his father and spoke to him, spoke to him twice before he could rouse him from his trance. When J. Hardin realized that Paul was there, he turned and said:

"Well, what do you say to that for impudence? Your friend Parton, heh? I knew it the minute I saw it! Looks just like him—rubber tires and all!"

But there the new buggy stood, black, shining with calm assurance, arrived at last to contest in the affections of the community the unrivaled place which the Hardin buggy had so long held. Paul looked it all over critically and then he looked at his father, standing with that dark, outraged scowl on his brows. And then Paul thought of the Hardin buggy, the work of those hands that were twitching behind his father's back, he thought of all the years those hands had

Continued on page 70



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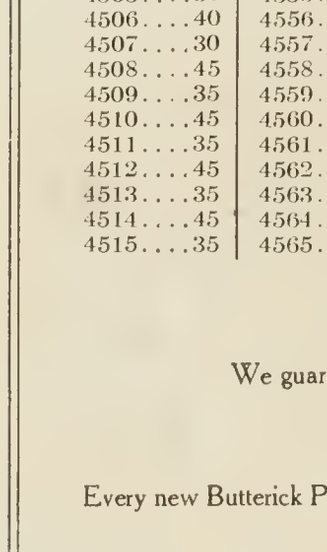
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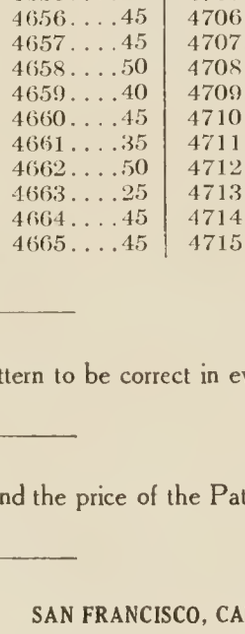
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J. HARDIN & SON

Continued from page 69

labored at the forge and in the shop to evolve the Hardin buggy and of all the years that buggy had rolled along the turnpikes of central Ohio, solid, enduring, built to withstand rain and snow and ice and mud and ruts and all the shocks and accidents of the road, outlasting whole families and rolling on triumphant behind its owners when they were borne to their graves.

It had never been necessary for it to make showy displays at county fairs; it made its own way on its own merits. And anger surged within him as he thought of Parton's impudence in coming here to Macochee, the old home of the Hardin buggy, thrusting his inferior product under its very nose. His father was right. It was like Parton: cheap, showy, pretentious—a vulgar upstart among buggies.

J. Hardin had thrust out his hand and grasped one of the spokes in his fist. He gave it first a slight and then a vigorous shake, and under his practised hand the vibrations thrilling along his arm must have communicated to him some secret pleasant reassurance.

"See that?" he said, turning to Paul, as though he had unmasked an impostor. He seemed to find comfort and he smiled a smile of sardonic contempt at the presumption of that buggy, with all its airs of equality, thinking to rival the Hardin buggy.

"Yes," he went on, "it's Parton. And the trust. It's like all the products of the trust, with its hell-hounds coming here to Gordon County trying to steal the bread out of honest folks' mouths!"

J. Hardin was trembling with indignation and in his eyes there was that glint of red, like a small flame. Near by stood the group of farmers, looking on with curiosity. Paul felt a need to shelter himself, and above all his father, from prying, inquisitive eyes. He laid his hand significantly on his father's arm.

"Come on, father," he said, "let's get away from here."

J. Hardin let himself be led away.

The county fair came to an end and for two days a long caravan of wagons, drays, carts, sulkies and race-horses moved along South Main Street into town and so vanished. But the four new buggies remained in Macochee. Within a fortnight others came to join them, to be publicly and attractively displayed on the floor of a storeroom behind plate-glass windows on which all Macochee, all Gordon County, all the world, as it seemed to Paul, read: "National Buggy Company, William L. Messer, Agent."

Messer long had been a sales-agent for agricultural implements; he knew every one in Gordon County, and he now added to his duties the representation of the new company that had absorbed manufacturing companies in Indiana, Illinois and southern Ohio and proposed to produce buggies at an astounding rate and so cheaply that they could be sold at the reduced price advertised sensationally in *The Gazette* and *The Signal*.

Paul received a letter from Parton in which the promoter made one last offer: they would buy the plant, perhaps not at the original price—as a practical business man, Paul must realize that the good-will was not worth what it once had been—but still, they would deal generously with J. Hardin; they would like him to act as their general agent for that region. Paul proposed a journey to Cincinnati to consult Parton, but J. Hardin declined even to consider such a thing; he was not to be driven out of business.

"But we can never meet their price," said Paul.

"We won't have to! They can't turn out a buggy at that figure. They can't last; *they* will go under, not *I*."

Paul could only shrug his shoulders and give over the effort. And the business ran on for a while, much in the old way, on its own momentum.

THE gradual diminution in the volume of business transacted by J. Hardin & Son bore, in the mind of J. Hardin himself, a vital, if somewhat vague, relation to the new Democratic administration that was installed in the nation in March of the following year. With the approach of Spring, business showed no signs of improvement, though oddly enough the sales of National buggies were reported to be increasing; the invaders were to be seen more and more in the streets of Macochee and on the roads of Gordon County.

Then, one by one, the Hardin agents in neighboring county seats resigned to become agents for the National Company. Suddenly J. Hardin realized that his buggies were no more popular than his reforms; the fickle public had turned to other idols, and there came flying to him straight and swift as homing pigeons all the disagreeable things that were said about him and the Hardin buggy, suddenly discovered to be out of date. Then on the heels of all this came the panic of '93. It broke upon Macochee, or at least upon J. Hardin, one Friday afternoon. He was in the office doing something with his lists of names when Paul said to him:

"I suppose you know that to-morrow is pay-day."

"Well, what if it is?" demanded J. Hardin.

"Oh, nothing," said Paul with affected carelessness, "only there's not enough money to meet the pay-rolls."

J. Hardin made a movement of impatience.

"I'll go up and see Dudley," he said.

"Well," said Paul, glancing at the clock, "you'd better hurry, then, if you want to get there before the bank closes."

J. Hardin, impatient of this interruption, got his hat and coat and went up-town.

In three-quarters of an hour he came back, wearing the cloud of a blank despair.

"What's the matter?" asked Paul.

J. Hardin turned away and looked out of the window into Cedar Street, where a tiny whirlwind was pirouetting with the dust down the middle of the road.

"He refused," he said presently, and sank into the chair at his desk.

THE next morning Paul received a note from Dudley asking him to call. He went at once.

When Paul returned to the office, J. Hardin was not there, but the door to the back room was open and Paul peered in. There, at the great table, sat J. Hardin with his black tin box, its lid fallen back, having disgorged all its papers. They were strewn in disorder all over the table and J. Hardin was staring at them helplessly. At Paul's entrance he turned his head and gazed at him without interest, almost without expression.

The spectacle of defeat, of final and abject surrender, wrung Paul's heart. He could endure to see his father in one of his passions, his eyes blazing, his countenance alive with that indignation which the conduct of the human race in most of its moods awakened within him; he could endure to see him hard, cruel, unreasonable, and in his exasperation could almost hate him at such times—but he could not bear to see him like this.

"Father!" he cried. "What in the world is the matter?"

J. Hardin looked at him, then stretched forth his hand, took at random a mass of papers from the disordered pile, raised them and with an eloquent gesture let them fall as they would.

"Nothing," he said simply. "I'm ruined, that's all."

Paul approached the table and glanced at the papers.

"There isn't a dollar there," said J. Hardin. "The men"—he jerked his head toward the shop—"aren't paid. It's the first time it ever happened since I've been in business."

He sank back in his chair and plunged his hands in his pockets.

"And I owe the bank," he added, pausing to glance at a slip of paper on the edge of the table, "seven thousand dollars."

Paul, suddenly weak from his emotion, drew up a chair and sat down.

"Seven thousand," said J. Hardin, "and not an asset on which I could realize a red cent."

Then Paul leaned toward him.

"Look here, father," he said. "Don't worry. I've paid those notes."

"You? Paid those notes?"

"Yes; this morning. I just came from the bank."

"How did you know?" J. Hardin stared at him in surprise.

"Well," said Paul, and he laughed, a laugh from which he could not keep a tinge of bitterness, "you know that I'm a partner, and old man Dudley sent for me."

"Sent for *you?*"

"Yes, sent for me. And I paid them—with my own funds."

J. Hardin gazed at his son as though he did not yet grasp the significance of what he had just told him.

"Don't you understand?" asked Paul.

But J. Hardin had been slowly gathering up his papers and was putting them back in the box. When he had shuffled them all in, he closed and locked the box with its tiny key, went out into the office and locked it in the safe. Then he put on his coat and hat and without a word left the office.

Paul went to his desk.

It seemed hardly worth his while to work; the papers on his desk already had a remote air as of old things whose use had passed. Though of course there were the pay-rolls; the men must have their money. He began making up the envelopes, saying to himself that he would not write those names many more times. He felt a sinking of the heart. It would be hard to part with them, old Brethitt and Sage and Nichols and the rest. Where would he find the heart to announce to these faithful men the end of the old relation, to turn them off in the midst of hard times, and Winter coming on? He paused and gazed vacantly before him, and the old clock ticked on loudly in the stillness. He heard a step; his mother was standing in the door, a shawl over her head; she was pale, frightened.

"Paul," she said, "your father—I'm afraid he's sick. He came in a while ago and went up-stairs. I didn't think anything, but he called and I helped him to bed. Oh, dear—I'm so worried! We'd better have the doctor!"

J. Hardin was lying in his bed, his long form outlined under the white counterpane, his eyes half-closed.

"Do you feel so bad, father?" asked Paul.

J. Hardin opened his eyes, looked up, nodded, swallowed, his great larynx rising and falling under his beard, then closed his eyes.

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

J. Hardin shook his head.

Doctor Bowles came, waddled up the stairs, sat by J. Hardin's bed a while, joked him, asked what he had been eating, looked at his tongue, felt his pulse and finally pronounced: J. Hardin, he said, had a slight attack of indigestion. It would amount to nothing. A few days' rest and quiet, a light diet and he would be all right again.

PAUL'S concern for his father, however, was not to be so easily allayed, for, despite Doctor Bowles's reassuring prognosis, J. Hardin did not quickly improve. And Paul found himself burdened not only by his responsibility for the shop, but troubled for the future of his parents. Paul was beginning to feel rather comfortably secure in his own affairs, but with the example of his father's failure before him and no son growing up on whom he might lean when age should overtake him in his turn, he resolved that he would become no such victim of time and stubbornly determined to render himself impervious to its mutations by increasing his own possessions.

It made him a little bitter and it made him a little hard. There was a slight tightening of the lips and a droop of the corners of his mouth; he grew more and more silent and uncommunicative and he had no friends.

But his preoccupation in those later Winter months, before the Spring should demand his constant presence at the farms, was with his father's future. He realized that it would be necessary to curtail the expenses at the shop. He dreaded the inevitable day when he would have to lay off the men; he had tried to decide with whom he would begin, whom he would dismiss first; but, thinking of each one in turn, he found him to be too much of an old friend and comrade and he waited until his father should recover sufficiently to make the tragic decision himself.

One Saturday afternoon in February when he reached the office he found Nichols waiting for him.

"Well, what is it?" asked Paul, sitting down at his desk.

"Well, you see, Paul, I hope you won't take no offense, but I've decided to quit the job. The fact is, I've got a job with the National," he managed to say.

"Oh!" said Paul. "Moving away to Fort Wayne?"

"No," said Nichols, "right here."

"Here? The National has no shops here."

"I know it," said Nichols, "but they're going to open a kind of repair-shop. Messer wants me to take charge of it."

Nichols spoke with the pride he found in the only authority he had ever exercised.

"Well, Elmer," said Paul, "I'm sorry you're going after so many years. You have been here ever since I can remember. I wish you luck."

"And your father," said Nichols, "I don't like to go without seeing him. Is he better?"

"He's better, yes, thank you. He'll be sorry too. I would rather not have him troubled with business just now."

"He's had a lot of trouble; we all know that."

But Paul did not care for sympathy, so he turned away.

"Well, good-by, Paul," said Nichols. He went out awkwardly.

IT WAS but the beginning of what Paul was too just to term defections, though the departure of the workmen had the effect, if not the intention, of defection on his spirit. Emminger went with Nichols, then Lee from the upholstery-shop, then two of the smiths departed, then Stevens, the painter, leaving old Brethitt alone in his studio.

"I wouldn't feel to home no place else," he said to Paul. "I reckon they'll be enough to keep me alive the rest of my short days."

And thus, one after another, they went away, and there were left only Sage in the smithy, with a boy as apprentice, and Len Clark. The shop seemed to sink into the dull lethargy of age.

Paul dreaded the reckoning there would be when his father, restored to health, found his fortunes collapsed. He had kept all business cares from him during his illness, and even after Walker, the engineer, left and the great fly-wheel in the engine-room slowed down, silently spun a while with its own momentum and then forever ceased to spin, he had Sage's apprentice keep a fire in the boiler and steam enough to blow the whistle three times a day for J. Hardin's ears alone.

But Paul was spared the pain he had anticipated. J. Hardin, in the first achievement of convalescence, walked out one morning into the yard. It was one of the first warm days of April. The yard lay strangely still and deserted in the yellow sunshine and the warm heavy air vibrated only to the broken languid rhythm of Sage's anvil.

J. Hardin looked about him, then made a sign to his wife, standing on the porch; she went to him, and leaning on her arm he went indoors without even casting a backward glance on the scene that once had been so cheerfully busy and alive.

Later, however, he would spend a part of each morning in the office, turning over papers in a listless, indecisive way. And one Saturday afternoon he remarked, quite as much to himself as to his son: "Business may pick up after a while, when the people come to their senses and get rid of Cleveland and his fool administration. If they don't, it may be just as well. I must be about my other work."

He gazed abstractedly out of the window, a strange light gleaming in his eyes. His illness had left him thin; his face was pale, his skin almost transparent, his countenance seemed to be inspired by some light of the spirit akin to that in his eyes, which, as they gazed, seemed to be fixed on a vision not of this world.

WITH the Summer, however, J. Hardin began to improve in health and was again absorbed in his reform, to which he now had ample time to devote. He was the recognized representative in Macochee and in Gordon County of the Anti-Saloon League, and for such work no hand was better fitted, no mind more finely adapted than the hand and mind of J. Hardin. With the conviction that he was doing the will of God, he brought to the work the zeal of an evangelist and the rage of a disappointed and misanthropic man.

Continued on page 72

A wonderful opportunity for the woman who sews!

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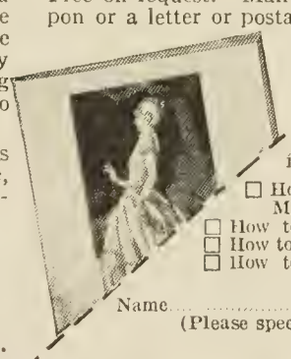
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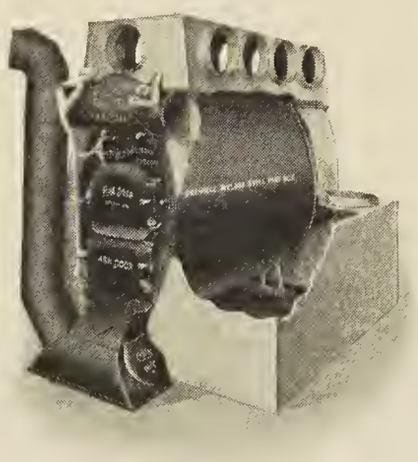
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J. HARDIN & SON

Continued from page 71

And J. Hardin set to work. He toiled patiently, devotedly, collecting those cards that were signed in the various evangelical churches on Anti-Saloon League Sundays. He kept them according to an intricate system, worked over them, arranging and classifying them there in his office, watching with the gloating satisfaction of a miser their number increase, locking them up at evening in his safe. He came to know the moral prejudices of every one in the community.

He did not wholly abandon his own individual methods of reform. If, prowling at night, he saw a saloon open after hours, he haled the proprietor before the mayor's court the next day and his eyes shone with triumph when the offender was convicted and fined.

Paul had no more sympathy now with his father's activities in reform than he had ever had; it was no more pleasant than it had been to be known as the son of a notorious crank. But perhaps he had more patience with him, though Winona could have none at all; J. Hardin somehow wounded her social pride. Her life, already a lonely one, was made more difficult by her mother's invalidism, which was gradually accentuated. Mrs. Dyer became more and more dependent, required constant watching. She never went abroad, but kept to her own room, and though before Paul she was usually affable and complaisant, with Winona she was often techy and querulous. Latterly she had been given to mild hallucinations, one of which was that Winona disliked her and was trying to get rid of her. Mrs. Dyer was too frail to travel, so that it was no longer possible for Winona to have those Summer holidays she had once enjoyed; and when Winter came, Winona's dissatisfaction and sense of boredom in such a monotonous existence were increased by Paul's dislike of social diversion.

"You will never do anything!" she would say.

"Well, I've got my work to do."

"Your work!" she would reply. "Always that old work!"

"Well, what do you want me to do?"

She did not know; her complaint was too general to be reduced thus suddenly to precise specifications.

"And I don't believe you care!" was all she could add.

It was a statement that sometimes seemed to confirm itself in the exasperation it caused him. His attitude was that in marrying a woman a man has given a proof of affection and gallantry that should indemnify him against all further demands for their expression.

"Well, what do you want to do?" he repeated.

SHE looked at him from under her dark lashes, a bitter smile touching her lips.

"It's no matter what I want you to do—you wouldn't do it. But one thing you might do: you might pay a little more attention to your dress. You go about looking like a farmer!"

"I am a farmer," he said, with a perverse pride. "I suppose you'd have me go about looking like Sissy Simmons!" He glanced down at his rough gray clothes and unpolished boots. "They are paid for, at any rate," he added.

"You may say what you please about Sissy Simmons," Winona retorted, "but he at least makes an effort to be cheerful and agreeable and he has nice manners."

"I'll get him to give me some lessons," Paul replied, with an effort at sarcasm.

"My, but you're like your father!" Winona said, and then, with an air of indifference, she took up a magazine from her mother's little table and pretended to read.

The comparison was one with which, naturally, Paul could take no offense, but he was not insensible to the sting of its subtle intention.

He regretted it later, as he always regretted their little tiffs, and when, some time afterward, they were invited to an evening party at the Winships, he tried to make amends by saying that he would go, though he repented his too-ready acceptance when he heard that there was to be dancing.

"Dress suits, I suppose?" he asked.

"Why, of course!"

He hesitated.

"You are seeking excuses," she said. She put her arms about his neck. "Do it, dear, for me!"

"Well," he said, "we'll see."

She knew that it was the formula of acquiescense employed in the Hardin family, but she did not tell him that it sounded like his father.

The dance was to be for young married people, and Mrs. Winship, if not a young married woman, tried to preserve the effect of one by the fidelity with which she clung to a youthful mode of dress. She had been undeniably pretty as a girl, with a bright, piquant face, but now there were minute webs at the corners of her blue eyes, her hair was white, her cheeks had the kneaded softness imparted by massage and she was fat.

"How pretty you are to-night, Winona dear!" she exclaimed, as she greeted them that December evening.

Winona, in her dress of old rose, blushed.

"And you, Mr. Hardin! I'm so glad you've come! It's hard to secure a man as busy as you for a dance."

"But I don't dance," said Paul, voicing at once the worry that was on his mind.

"Oh, that's just what Fred Winship says, but we'll make you! Jack here can show you how, can't you, Jack?"

Jack Lawrence had approached and was shaking hands with Winona.

"Sure I can," he said. "What is it you want me to do?"

"Why, show us how to dance!" She had adopted her playful manner and executed a little dancing step.

Paul felt an embarrassment for her. He was already ill at ease; his evening clothes seemed to have betrayed him in that they failed to give him that poise he had expected of them.

"Now," said Mrs. Winship, "you must fill up your cards. We are not going to have any wallflowers to-night!"

"Go about and speak to the ladies," Winona whispered, giving Paul a little push away from her side. The men were gathering about her and he drifted off across the room.

PAUL, standing alone, glanced now and then at Winona in her gown of rose silk, the warm reflection of which heightened her color. She had fastened a red rose in her hair; her dark eyes were shining, her lips were slightly parted, the upper one faintly shadowed by its delicate down; she was, as he could see, slightly embarrassed, and yet she was radiant with a happiness he had not known in her for a long time. He felt a slight twinge of jealousy; it seemed, on a sudden, strange that for years he had lived in intimacy with this woman with the white shoulders and long, gleaming arms and that she should stand there on the canvas floor of that drawing-room smiling, bowing, talking gaily to other men with an individuality, a personality, a life of her own, with thoughts in her mind that were unknown to him and even assiduously hidden from him. He had seen her don that dress that very evening; he had seen her lift those white arms to fasten that red rose in her hair—had seen it all and remained unmoved; a few hours more and he would see her take the rose out of her hair and toss it, withered, on her dressing-table, see those dark tresses loosened, see her in her silk stockings slip out of that rose-colored gown.

Then Winship, his host, was at his side—a heavy little man of much the same type as his wife, fat and soft and white-haired. Winship was looking at Winona, and to keep up the conversation, he said: "I knew your wife's father."

He seemed to be about to say something about Malcolm Dyer when his attention was suddenly distracted. It was not precisely a commotion, but a stir, a rustling, a concentration of all the voices on one note, and Paul saw a man enter the room with the air of a late arrival, but of an arrival well timed to produce its little sensation. He was a tall man in evening dress, worn with a somewhat more accustomed metropolitan air than were the evening clothes of certain of those present. There was something about the white waistcoat and perhaps in the graying hair that had an effect almost of distinction.

"Why, there's Parton!" Winship said.

So it was, as Paul recognized with a sharp little sting of anger and resentment. What was Parton doing in Macochee?

"He promised me to come," Winship was going on. "He's got a big scheme on: going

to organize up all the breweries in the State into a trust. Big thing in it. You know him, don't you? Want me to introduce you?"

"Oh, no," Paul managed to say. "I know him."

"Oh, of course," said Winship. "So you do. I forget. I must go speak to him."

Parton, however, was speaking to Winona. He stood holding her hand, looking at her with an admiration he took no pains to conceal, smiling and talking in a low tone. Winona was blushing, but pleased and happy, as Paul could see—as indeed anybody could see, so radiant was she.

The music, concealed in the hall, began and Winona, with a smile for Parton, glided away in the arms of George Halliday, adjusting her step to his long stride.

Then suddenly he saw Mrs. Winship's round blue eyes transfixing him. She came directly to him, lifted her fat arm, and said: "Now, Mr. Hardin, that will never do! You must dance once with me at least."

"But you know—" he began.

"Oh, no excuses go!" she cried. "The next dance is a two-step and it's easy as walking. I'm going to teach you. Now, come right along!"

Paul went, his heart beating in the fear of being ridiculous. Why, he was saying angrily to himself, could not this fat woman leave him in peace? But the music was playing one of Sousa's lively airs.

"Now give me your left hand," Mrs. Winship was saying, and she took his hand in her soft, moist palm.

"Now put your arm around my waist—don't be afraid!"

His hand cautiously measured her girth; out of the corner of his wary eye he could see the pale blur of her left hand on his shoulder and presently feel its warmth through his coat.

"Now," she commanded, "step right out! One, two; one, two!"

OVER the shoulder of Captain Hermitage he could see the long, blond face of Mayme Carter and he thought he detected a gleam of amusement in her pale eyes.

But Mrs. Winship had started, while he still held back; they struggled an instant, then stopped.

"You're all right," Mrs. Winship cried. She released her hand to dab at her face with her handkerchief; then she began again. "One, two; one, two," she counted, and they moved off. They made some halting progress about the room, bumping into each other and into other dancers, being constantly knocked about this way and that like helpless derelicts. Paul could scent her odor, feel her soft, voluminous bosom against his breast, her fleshy knees striking now and then against his own, her enormous thighs touching his, and he felt confused, embarrassed, mortified.

But far more mortifying the thought that he should think of such things at all; far more embarrassing that knowledge of evil, instilled in him from infancy, poisoning the springs of his being so that he could view nothing innocently, but must always in some measure, despite the wider understanding of his later years, be affected by those dark and terrible minds that were incessantly preoccupied with sin—so intent upon it, with a concentration half-insane, that they had made it impossible to indulge in any diversion without being guiltily conscious of evil possibilities. He was sure that the others dancing there had no such darkling thoughts, and the reflection further embittered him, added to his shame.

PAUL struggled violently to catch the step. He had the sensation of trying to bear the woman in his arms, and he found the burden enormous. And still they made that slow progress about the room, bumping, colliding, knocking into each other and into the other dancers who swept gaily and triumphantly past them. Mrs. Winship was inexorable and Paul, desperately resolved to endure, struggled on. Unable to direct their own course, they were buffeted helplessly about until finally, forced out of the main current into an eddy, they found themselves just inside the door of a small sitting-room behind the back parlor. They stopped, panting for breath, and Paul exclaimed in despair:

"Oh, really, Mrs. Winship, I can't; I'm too clumsy!"

And then, glancing about the room he thought was empty, he saw Winona sitting on a small sofa with Parton. They looked up in the surprise of an interrupted tête-à-tête. Paul caught in Parton's eye the gleam of an ever so slight derision.

"Didn't know you danced, Hardin," Parton said.

Paul could make no reply. He was filled with rage—a rage with Parton, a rage with himself for having made himself ridiculous, a rage with Mrs. Winship for having made him prance about in that undignified manner, and a rage with Winona for sitting there in that quiet corner of an empty room with Parton in that too obviously intimate and confidential way. With what small dignity he could command he bolted from the room, and glancing back at them, he caught Parton and Winona laughing.

After hours and hours, as it seemed to Paul, he was at last driving home with Winona in the rattling old hack, its wheels whining with frosty complaint over the frozen snow—driving home in silence as frigid as the night, never once speaking to Winona.

Continued in the October DELINEATOR

DISTINCTIVE CLOCKS

Concluded from page 50

American clock-makers, may be identified by graceful, slender columns either side of the front door and four delicate legs, and often a quaint painting on glass is displayed in the lower half of the door. This type of clock is appropriately placed on a mantel, preferably in a country house.

As a matter of fact, people buy fewer clocks than any other household object or necessity. For convenience, and as a step-saver, the home-maker should have at least one clock in every room. In the matter of small apartments, however, one or two clocks are usually all that are needed.

THE correct setting for a clock may be a variety of places, depending on the type of room and the furnishings. It is generally correct to place a clock on a mantel or over a fireplace, but if one possesses a clock that must be placed on something and the room has neither fireplace nor mantel, a high point on the level of the average eye should be found, if possible. It might be a bookshelf, bookcase or high-boy, but never on a piano or low piece of furniture that is occasionally moved, unless it happens to be a very small hand-clock. Wall-clocks are best hung in panels between two doors but never on the outside wall of a room or between windows where quick changes of temperature would easily affect it.

For the best results a clock should be kept in as dry a place as possible. It is best, too, to have a regular time to wind a clock, and to be careful not to wind it too tightly. The inexperienced person should never oil a clock, as it would do more harm than good if put in the wrong place. The inside works of good clocks are always made of brass or steel, with at least seven to eleven jewels. The more jewels a clock has the longer it will last.

Ships' clocks, which are in great vogue at the present time, are most appropriate for libraries or men's rooms. They are made usually of brass or bronze and must be hung on the wall. If no wood paneling is available for the purpose, this type of clock should be screwed on a slab of hardwood which in turn may be fastened by a nail or hook to the wall. These clocks are so designed that they ring every half-hour, beginning with one bell at 12:30 A.M. to eight bells at 4 A.M.; one bell at 4:30 A.M. to eight bells at 8 A.M.; one bell at 8:30 A.M. to eight bells at 12 noon; one bell at 12:30 P.M. to eight bells at 4 P.M.; one bell at 4:30 P.M. to eight bells at 8 P.M., and one bell at 8:30 to eight bells at midnight.

A clock in the kitchen is an important part of the equipment, and if there is no available place in which to put it, a small shelf should be built or purchased for that purpose. Never place a clock over a kitchen stove, as the smoke and heat are injurious to its mechanism. Wall-clocks are excellent time-keepers and most convenient for kitchen use. If possible, arrange for a small clock with a luminous dial for the bedside table. This enables one to tell the night hours without flooding the room with light.







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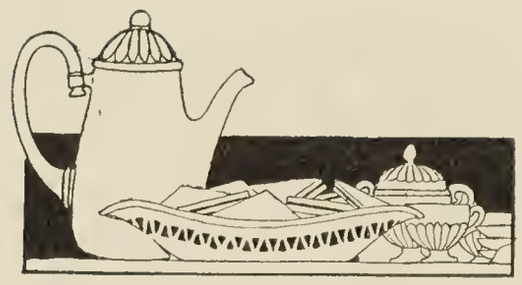
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THE LISTENING GIRL

Continued from page 9

to meet such private obligations as this when they are at the same time defaulting on their debts to our government?"

Jordan met the query with a hearty contemplation of the glass flower-vases at the corners of the car.

He sat very straight and regarded the glass vases with a serious scrutiny. After a while he said:

"That is a matter to which I should think very serious consideration should be given. I have not studied it at all myself, of course. But I should think it ought to receive very serious consideration."

"I thought you would agree with me," said Harkins. "Although, of course, as I said, I have not yet come to any final conclusion."

A number of newspapermen saw Jordan get out of Harkins's car. So did one or two of Jordan's colleagues. Of course they did not really pay any attention to so trivial an incident.

JORDAN had got to be a good deal of a power in those indefinable ways that are realized but not discussed in Washington by the time the new Rufanian minister, Vladimir Rosokov, called—on January twenty-eighth.

Rosokov had left this very city five years before, a poor young teacher with a large young dream in his head for his country's independence and large young eyes looking out from under the hair of a Rufanian peasant, and no one had noticed his going.

Very much the same Rosokov had now returned, with most of the hair gone from the top of his head, the dream quite superseded in his eyes by the joy of achievement and the whole of the legation of the resurrected government of Rufania under the glassed sky of the Union Station to greet him as chargé.

The chargé of a government which believed in substituting agricultural attachés for military was the very one to seek first the senators from the great agricultural States. Even before word of the mysterious little niece got to his ears, Rosokov had determined to call on Mrs. Jordan.

He did so, as mentioned above, on

January 28th

None of them was prepared for Marya's extraordinary reception of his name. Her reserve dropped from her.

"Oh, I can't!" she cried.

"Can't what?" Mrs. Jordan was not too startled to go quickly to the door into the hall and close it.

Blake hushed his aunt.

"Wait a moment," he said quietly. "Tell us, Marya. What is it? Do you know Rosokov?"

"Yes—yes—yes—" she nodded rapidly. "I do—and——"

"You don't want to see him?" Blake went on. His face seemed a little white and more than a little anxious.

That brought her up. "Want to see him!" Of course she did! And with a rush of realization, she recognized that seeing him again was, quite largely, the reason why she was engaged in pouring tea and uttering inane sentences any afternoon at the Jordans'. She controlled herself instantly.

"I am very absurd," she said. "You see, I did know him once at the university. I don't know why I should have been so startled, because I never knew him very well."

Whether Blake accepted her explanation or not, he was glad to see her in her usual attitude of gentle attentiveness. Mrs. Jordan was not sure about it, but she was relieved that at least the forms were going to be observed.

Jordan had taken no part in the scene. Too astonished to guess what it was all about, he tucked it away in his mind for later consideration.

He tucked away with it also the book on Vladimir Rosokov's face when, a moment later, he offered to present him to Marya.

The dialog, and what Vladimir was thinking, went along as follows:

He: "You are Marya!" He does not offer to shake hands, but looks down at her steadily. "And what on earth are you doing here! You're the little girl I used to teach English to."

She: She waves to the chair beside her and says, with a smile: "Please——"

He: (*She isn't Jordan's niece. Then what is she up to? I remember she had some sort of family in Russia. But she is very appealing. I'll reserve judgment.*) "I can see you are most anxious for me to protect you."

She: "Thank you!" There is a world of gratitude and confidence in her tone.

He: He realizes the confidence she has in him. "What are you doing here? They told me you were a niece of the senator's. Of course you are nothing of the sort. What is it? Something about Russia, I suppose. You don't answer. Then it would mean something to my country. Perhaps no good? Better give it over. Come into *our* game, Marya. I remember you from your student times—how quick you were; how very clever. But Russia—*pfuff!*" He blows Russia away with his fingers. "But ours is the new game—the new politique. Better play that!"

She: "One doesn't always care to."

He: (*She was rather a politician in college, I remember. I did not remember she had so much poise.*) "I am telling you for your own good. There must be something big about this—something I can't understand, can't guess—for of course the senator must know. And it may be something I ought to know about. You can see, you can't keep me entirely out of it; I have only to speak to"—he looks across the room and sees Lloyd just entering—"well, say, to Mr. Lloyd—or to Commander Blake over there. (*She is too nice to be doing anything really dishonest—I can see that. Yet it is my duty to find out. Damn diplomacy!*)

She: She looks up at him and gives a soft but gay little laugh. "Both?"

He: (*Why, she doesn't seem to care who I talk to.*) "No; one of them would do. You're laughing at me. One of them, I say. They can't know you're a Russian, with relatives, or—you'd have to go away." (*I'd hate to see her go.*)

She: "I fancy so."

He: (*Why doesn't she care?*) "You seem not to mind. That troubles me. If you minded, it would show there really was something wrong, that I had power over you." (*I'll ask her pointblank.*) "But you don't care?"

She: "No—" She says it in a tone which implies: "That is, not much."

He: (*Then either of you really have some power I don't know anything about, or you didn't think of me as much in Chicago, once, as I thought you did. And yet—I like you better.*) "You—you look as if you had suffered—since I saw you last. You look as if you had lived. Would it help you for me to keep it all between us?" (*Poor little girl! She used to be so self-sufficient; now she needs some one——*)

She: "Yes." Marya waits a little while; then she adds: "Yes—it would."

He: (*And yet this is a bitter world. I must not give way to personal sentiment.*) "It comes to me that you might help me out, if I can help you, too. Your connection with the senator gives me just the opening I am looking for. Do you ever see Marbury here? There are two Marburys: I mean the American branch of the bank?"

She: She looks as if she were trying to remember. Then she does remember, and she is just going to take a chance on another yes, when Vladimir sees that she does.

He: (*She has discretion. She could help me. A girl like her and I could go a long way.*) "I'll tell you in a word: Of course you've heard of the loan? No? Our new Rufanian loan? Marbury wants something out of Senator Jordan—he can tell you himself just what. You get Marbury's support on our loan—just his help is enough—" (*I hope she don't think that sounds as if I thought she were an adventuress. She is just a wise and friendly girl, just as I am a wise and friendly young man. Yet I can't quite bear to run the chance of harming her.*) "It would be hard—impossible—for you?" (*I can get the loan, of course, anyway, without her help, only every little bit makes things easier.*)

She: "Of course not."

He: "That's good. I'm glad." He sees other callers bearing down on them. He adds hastily: "I'm sure you're right. And whatever game it is you're playing at, I'm sure *that's* all right, too. Only this politics—" (*Oh, why try to explain that I had quite a*

Continued on page 75



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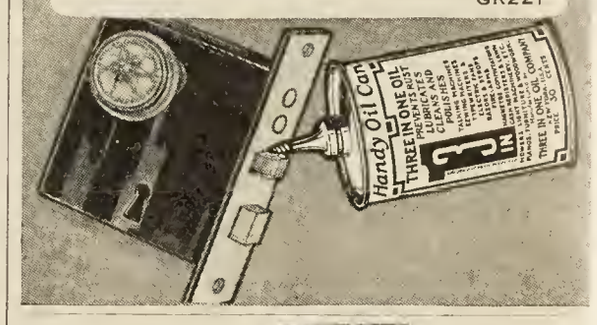
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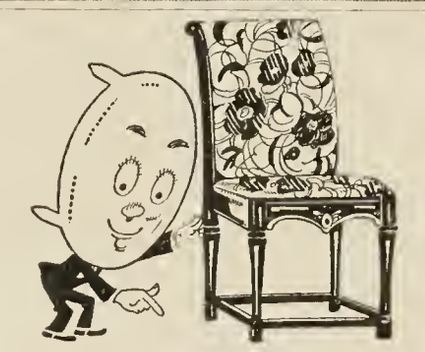
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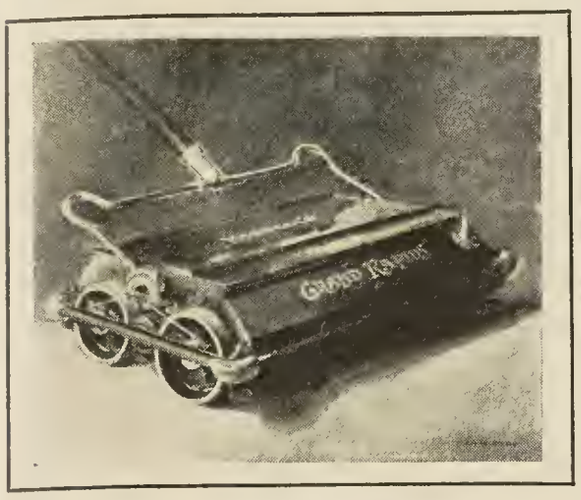
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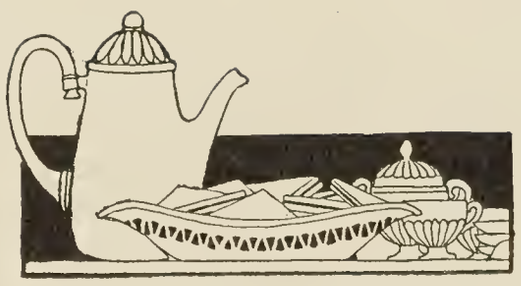
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THE LISTENING GIRL

Continued from page 74

different feeling for her when I began this conversation?)

She: "Of course I understand."

He: (*She don't understand, though, that I had quite a different feeling for her when I began to talk to her.*) He goes away feeling as if he had been received by royalty with wonderful graciousness and condescension. (*What reserve! What dignity! What silence!*)

Morse, the Liberal journalist, came in just then and Marya watched Vladimir as he crossed the room and sat down with Mrs. Jordan while Morse continued to stand and literally—and perhaps a little figuratively—talk down to them.

Yes, Vladimir had the same restrained strength of gesture, the same rich, rather slurring voice that she remembered. How his voice used to stir her as he read:

"That second time they hunted me
From hill to plain, from shore to sea——"

At their very first meeting, those years before, she had felt her heart climb up and give a delicious sickening little wriggle and drop into place once more. From that day to this she had never thought about Vladimir: she had only enjoyed the emotion of him.

WHEN the conspirators were alone: "May I talk with any one I meet here if I just happen to run into them somewhere else?" Marya asked.

Jordan glanced at his nephew.

"Vladimir Rosokov will have to wait until after April first," he said, trying to look stern.

Blake protested: "How can she help it? They'll know she isn't dumb, you know."

"Still, it isn't your gamble. It's mine."

"I know. But if Marya knew this chap Rosokov before and she *were* to run across him and he were to go on—well, say, talking about old times——"

"I claim those sentences will carry her anywhere with any one she'll find around her," Jordan insisted.

"I don't know about that. But this is a special case." He turned away from his uncle. "Let's go for a walk, Marya, before dinner," he said.

"I'll get my hat!" She was gay as she went out of the room to get it.

"Uncle," Blake said, "you saw as well as I did that there was some special feeling there. Now didn't you?"

"Special feeling!" Emily Jordan put in. "I should think there was. She *is* a 'mysterious' little niece, if you ask me!"

"Nonsense, Aunt Ella," Blake laughed. "All the mystery is that she knew this chap when she was at college."

"College! I never knew she went to college."

"Well, I did. I found it out the second time I talked with her. But," he resumed, "my point is that I can't, in fairness, keep her away from him——"

He stopped. Jordan looked at his nephew keenly.

"In fairness? Huh!" he grunted. "Well, go on and walk. Here she is."

"Miss Marya," he added to her as she started off with Blake, "I guess, after all, we'll let you talk to one exception—namely, this Mr. Rosokov, since you knew him before. But he's all!"

Blake said as they turned up Sixteenth Street:

"This is an unbelievable, absurd situation, isn't it? Cooping you up like a fairy princess!"

"It couldn't happen anywhere else."

"You mean——"

"In America, that is—nowhere else," she said. "This is the city of romance. Just look at it this moment! How dark it is—even Sixteenth Street—cap-and-cloak! Look at those golden balls." She pointed to the street-lamps. "They don't pretend to show things up: they just beautify the dark. And look here!" She stopped. "Do you call *this* an alley?"

It was a Haig etching of wall against leaning wall; a jagged tree branch; massed shadows. A girl in tweeds swung by with a white collie on a leash. A loose-hung giant negro slouched past them; then two wenches, chicly dressed, in furs. Two soldiers in light blue clattered across the street. Dames stiff as Chinese princesses, looking straight ahead over their orchids and furs at nothing at all, flashed for a moment in a lighted limousine.

"You could see things like this in any large city," said Blake.

"Not as here—close-packed within a few blocks. They're like goldfish swimming in a little bowl of intrigue!"

"What is it that Mr. Marbury wants?" Marya asked the young man, as they turned toward home.

"Thinking of intrigue again? He's simple enough. He's just a regular banker, down here to help get a financial bill through Congress. Usual thing. You'll have to be very ingenious to get him into your goldfish bowl!" Blake smiled down at her.

Marya could not feel so sure Blake had been right when Marbury did call, on the afternoon of

February 6th

SHE noticed, while he stood talking with Mrs. Jordan, how very carefully in the latest mode was the cut of his suit, how surely his manner was graded to express the correct amount of pleasure. She liked the warm intelligence of his smile and she liked equally well the sudden cynical reserve which clipped it back. But Marbury was already seating himself in the welcoming chair. She guessed from the way he slipped into it that he, too, was amenable to comfort.

It was clear from his moment's silent, not at all furtive, appraisal of her that he was not afraid of women. He took the tea which Marya offered to him.

The dialog, and what he was thinking, went as follows:

He: "Odd I haven't met you before. But I am in New York a great deal." (*She looks Irish. Nice hands.*)

She: "Yes?"

He: (*Why doesn't she ask me why it's odd?*) "You've made quite a sensation. Every one is talking about the mysterious niece of the senator's, who goes nowhere but who knows every one." (*Can't see why they do, though. Simple enough girl, apparently.*)

She: "Thank you."

He: (*Jordan must have greater power than I realized to put over this girl.*) "Do you know how much you're talked about?" (*Double entente. Wonder if she catches it? Apparently not. She's slow. Or is she deep, which?*)

She: "No."

He: (*Try "sugar." If she rises, it is all uncle.*) "You should know it. You could have a good deal of political influence yourself." (*Direct method may stampede her.*)

She: "One doesn't always care to."

He: (*That didn't fuss her. Must be something there, from all I hear. Unless there's more to uncle, too, than I suspected. What do I care for?*) "Of course there are women who care only for society—or men—or charm for its own sake. There are others who would like to influence the currents of events. I wonder which you are?" (*She must be used to flattery; she's cool about it.*)

She: "Both."

He: (*Good at this game; can't get a rise out of her!*) "Ah, I see! Power for its own sake! I thought so. You get yours, I suppose, through your uncle—I mean, to start with. I hear he is getting to be quite a tremendous personage—and every one says your influence with him is——"

She: She looks away for an instant as Vladimir enters and takes the seat opposite Mrs. Jordan. She must keep Marbury in that chair somehow. She turns and looks at Marbury as if she wished to hear more. Neither look is lost on Marbury, on whom nothing feminine is ever lost.

He: "Your power, I say, with him is great." (*If she disclaims any influence with her uncle, she is an amateur and I'm through.*)

She: "I fancy so."

He: (*Very acute. If she'd said "I have none," the palpable falsehood would have shown she was not the kind of girl to have it.*) "You know the bill I'm working on? It's an interesting thing. Might interest you—a lady. And I might do something for you some time." (*She does like the stuff straight. I can always slide out, if necessary.*)

She: She can not control an involuntary long look at Vladimir. She realizes she has

Continued on page 76



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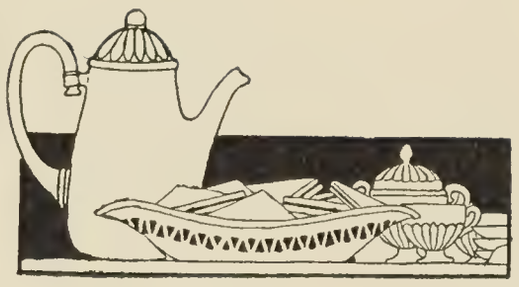
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THE LISTENING GIRL

Continued from page 75

not heard what Marbury last said, but he is obviously expecting an answer, so she says accurately: "Have you seen *him?*"

He: He has seen her look at Vladimir. (*She does like it without trimmings. No wonder her uncle wants her around!*) "You *are* clever. So he is the person I am to see? I suppose he wants something, too. Every one here does." (*However, I suspect a romance. All the better—I like romance.*)

She: "It would be nice."

He: (*She manages well, however.*) "And of course in Washington it's not only take but give. Nothing for nothing."

She: "Of course not."

He: (*She takes off the hardness and makes it decent and pleasant.*) "You understand about my paper before the Bankers' Association? You said you had not read it——"

She: She looks a regretful negative.

He: "Well, I'll send you a copy, if you'd care to see it. It's not long—and your uncle might find certain parts of it interesting. The stuff we send to 'the hill' doesn't always get beyond the secretary. And a great deal of the opposition I hear your uncle has expressed for it, in so far as the farmers are concerned, is met in my speech." (*I wonder if she gets what I really mean. I think she does.*)

She: "Of course." She hands him another cigaret. "I understand."

He: (*She's sweet, too, in spite of her shrewdness.*) His eyes fall again on Vladimir. "So. What does your young Slav friend over there want?"

She: "Not very much."

He: (*On the whole, if Jordan wants it too, as apparently he does, perhaps*—) "But it would please you"—he laughs genially—"it would please you personally?" (*After all, we have to lend money to somebody.*)

She: "Yes, it would."

He: He gets slowly to his feet, thinking. (*I don't care a cent about her—business is business. But after all, we may be useful to each other. And she is young. And love is very pretty. And these Rufanians have better credit possibilities, anyway, than*— "I shall see you again, soon, I hope."

HE DID see her again—and soon. Among Marbury's special tastes was an appreciation of painting. He had dropped into the Corcoran on the chance that there might be something new and interesting in the gallery, and sure enough there was: Manship's show. And though Marbury had seen much of his work before, he was going away with a pleasant memory of curves pregnant with a new meaning when he saw Marya leaning against the balustrade in the hall. He went toward her with some idea of looking over the show again—seeing it, perhaps, through her less-experienced, fresher eyes. But he stopped, halted short when he saw with whom she was speaking.

He waited a moment and watched her. She was wearing a sports suit and gay little tam. Her hair waved out from under the tam and her cheeks were very bright, as if from wind. With rather a whimsically cynical smile, Marbury turned away and went on down the steps. He had recognized that young Slav with whom he had been dealing on the subject of loans. Loans and love! We live in a tangled world.

He would remember the expression of the girl's eyes as they had been looking at Rosokov.

"You don't seem like the same girl you were at the university," Vladimir was saying. "What has happened to you in the meantime?"

"It is good of you not to ask me more about my new rôle with the Jordans," Marya said. "You take me for granted?"

"Yes, I do, there. I'm sure, whatever it is, you are right and you would tell me if—if it were right for me to know. But you have changed in some way that makes me feel much has happened to you."

"Not very much. I got interested in costuming plays—you wouldn't remember—out there and I thought of going into it professionally, as a career, but just then we went into the war and that sort of thing seemed trivial. I came along down to Washington with Sally Wood—do you remember her?"

Vladimir shook his head indifferently.

"And we both started trying to help the Government run the war. Oh, I know!" she laughed. "It's hard to put yourself back into how you felt then, so you have probably forgotten. We were told to try to do what we were best fitted to do, and I couldn't nurse or do anything spectacular, I thought. But you just couldn't bear to think of so many other people suffering and not endure anything yourself——"

"That, or something, has left its mark on you, Marya," he said. "You haven't been—in love, have you?"

Marya gave him a long, slow look. Then her lashes dropped over the curve of her cheek.

"Something like that," she said.

Vladimir drew a little nearer. She could see through her lashes that his eyes had focused upon her with a new meaning, almost as if he had taken them off some mountains in the distance and were looking at a bit of rock close up in his hand.

Again her heart seemed to come up and give its delicious little jump.

"He must be a fine person to interest you, Marya," he said.

"He is!" Then she added: "*I* think."

"He must be a strong person to make you change—develop—this way——"

"He is." Then she added: "I'm sure."

"Are you telling—who?" he asked. Now his eyes never left her.

"Not every one!"

"Tell me."

Her blood sang in her wrists and temples.

VLADIMIR'S eyes were fixed on hers. He was leaning toward her, his big body—so graceful, so powerful—lightly touching the carved stone balustrade.

"Tell me who he is!" he repeated.

"*You*, if you really must know!" Marya said.

"Marya!" He seemed to leap at her. Then the sense of where they were compelled him away from her. "I am so glad!"

She gave a funny little laugh.

"I can't see why you should be," she said. "*You* never thought of it."

"I never thought of anything about myself, I fear. It has been a terrible ten years for my family—years in which I had no right to think about anything else except my country. But I am glad! For when I came over here this time the last thing my father said to me was: 'Vladimir, find for thyself an American girl. American girls are better educated and cleverer and quicker than the others. Consult thy own happiness. Now at last thou hast a right to it.'"

He put out his big hand and covered Marya's with it. She let it lie in the warm nest. Yet, strangely, she was calmer than she had felt before he had ever touched her.

"Marya," he went on, "you are wrong to believe I never thought of it myself. Of all the girls I knew at Chicago, you were the only one who understood me, the only one I remembered. When I saw you at the senator's house the other day, it was just as if I had left a plant in my window while I was away. I came back and found it blossomed. I need not have thought of it while I was away—to see the flower or to love it?——"

"Flowers need watering," Marya said.

"If this one bloomed without me, perhaps it will be enough if I water it now?"

It was just then that Marbury had seen them and thought better of interrupting.

"No," Marya said. "No, it will not be enough. I am not a little plant—or at least I am not going to be the sort of flower that you stick in your buttonhole to die. That's all I could be—as things are now."

"I would marry you—" Vladimir began.

"Horrors! Is that what you think I meant! I am no one. I have no money—no position. *I* would not like to marry King Cophetua."

"I know. I have thought about whom I should marry and I have looked about——"

"Oh, you have?" Marya murmured.

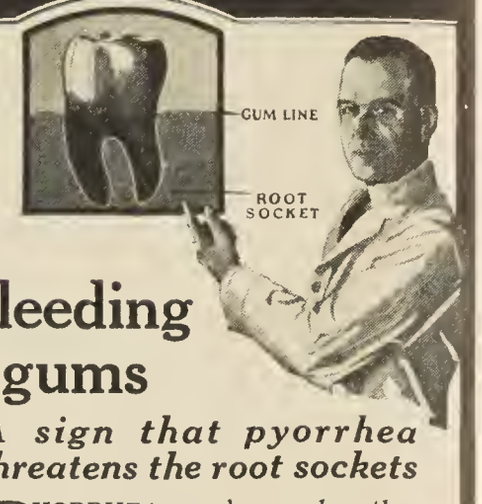
"But it is not merely money or position that matters, even to a diplomat. Beauty and charm—they take a woman farther——"

Vladimir caught sight of Marbury's figure through the glass doors. He looked back to Marya.

"You would have great power in time,"

Continued on page 77

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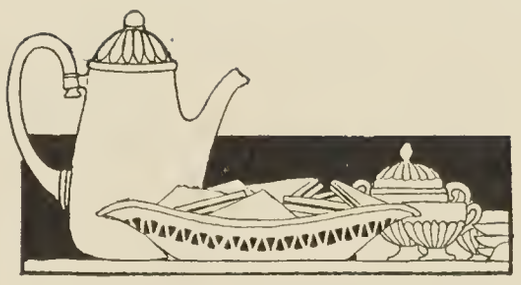
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THE LISTENING GIRL

Continued from page 76

he said, looking thoughtfully at her. "You need not worry to be ever a fading flower in the buttonhole. No; you would be a nice big tree leafing out over the—" he hesitated.

"Over the legation roof?"

Marya felt oddly chilled at the prospect.

"Your courage to tell me it was I whom you had—thought about these years past—that in itself could convince any man who had learned to use his intellect——"

Marya gave a little shivering gesture.

"Let us go and see the new statues, Vladimir," she said.

"But—but—" he hurried after her and stopped her at the doorway—"but what are we going to do about this?"

"*Do* about it?"

"Shall we tell the Jordans?"

"*Tell them?* What?"

"Of our engagement."

"*Engagement?* Vladimir, we are not engaged! Why, you haven't even kissed me!"

He took a step toward her, but she stopped him.

"You said you cared," he whispered, so that incoming sightseers should not hear.

"I said I did. Do come and let's look at the bronzes——"

It was not until after Marya had left him, as she said she must, at the State, War and Navy Building, that Vladimir realized he had not quite caught her accent.

Had she said "I *said* I did" or "I said I *did?*" And if she said "I said I *did*," had she meant "I *do* love you," or merely "I said I *did* love you—once?"

BLAKE and Marya had fallen into the way of lunching with each other on Tuesdays at the Shoreham. It was time to meet Blake now—indeed, she was a tiny bit late. But she walked around through the park just once to clear her mind. She felt strangely trembling.

As she threaded her way through the crowds of clerks enjoying the air in the park, her mind ran back over the story of herself and Vladimir.

She had put him into a setting—a setting of those striving peoples pushing back the oppressor, carrying on through centuries of blood and tears their hereditary battle for liberty. All its story rushed back over her, and all its thrill.

All its thrill? Marya began to wonder. Could one live a life of romantic adventure and yet come through it as matter of fact as a shipping-clerk who has never done anything in his whole life but check invoices? What had he been really interested in? His country? Yes—but not his country as a romantic emotion. That, she began to see, was not it.

Slowly she began to play with the idea that he was interested in his country precisely as he would have interested himself in any sort of business that fate or chance or circumstance had dropped him into. His country was first with him; he was a patriot. She clung to that little thrill. She put down resolutely the idea that began to obtrude itself. That idea was:

"Can one be a patriot precisely as one can be a tack manufacturer?"

Oh, well, it is an industrial world. Now, thank goodness, the only matter really in hand was a jolly luncheon with Blake at their usual little table where they could comment on all the habitués and watch the tactful Leon and see the new people and hear the sentimental orchestra in its tiny gallery.

She turned sharply to the left and found Blake at the foot of the steps waiting for her.

Concluded in the October DELINEATOR



GRAY hair is a tattle-tale. Don't endure it until you are really old. If at 40 you still *feel* young, then you owe it to yourself and family to *look* young. It's just as easy to keep your hair young and beautiful as to retain your youthful interest in life and people. Tint gray, faded, streaked strands with Brownatone as thousands of women have done.

Here is what we *positively guarantee* for

BROWNATONE

1. It will keep the hair a uniform shade for years.
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3. It will not cause coarse, brittle, harsh hair after continued use.
4. It is Guaranteed Harmless to hair, scalp or *skin*.
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7. You can test for the proper shade before tinting entire head.
8. Hair can be colored quickly—no waiting for results.
9. Hair tinted with Brownatone will not rub off or wash out. It can be permanently waved. It will withstand the effects of shampooing, bathing, curling, waving, lotions or brilliantine.
10. You will not have a sticky, messy operation when applying Brownatone.
11. You can obtain the exact shade you desire, whether golden, blond or varying shades of brown or black.

You will be using the preparation that is standard throughout all sections of this country and Canada—that is the most used and most popular hair coloring preparation on the market. At drug and department stores 50c and $1.50.

Send for *Trial Bottle*—test it at home. Check the color you want on the coupon below, send your name and address, with 10c, to cover postage and packing. Valuable booklet on hair will be enclosed free of cost.

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At dealer's or direct 50c.

Enclosed find 10c (coin or stamps) for which send Trial Bottle of Brownatone and Booklet. I have checked shade preferred. Golden brown, medium brown, dark brown, black.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

THE WELL-EQUIPPED BATHROOM

Concluded from page 49

space for which they are chosen. In general there are two types of fixtures to choose from: solid porcelain and enamel over iron. Porcelain fixtures are made of clay. This type of fixture requires great skill in the making and because of the costly process necessary to produce that smooth, glossy surface—unobtainable on cast-iron fixtures—they are somewhat more expensive. Enameled iron—or porcelain-enameled iron fixtures, as they are sometimes called—are iron castings which have been enameled. Enameled-iron fixtures can in no way be considered as fine as porcelain fixtures, as the enameled surface is more porous and can not be made as hard as the glaze applied to clay. Every type and style of bathroom fixture may be obtained in either of these materials, so it is entirely a matter of choice as to which is used.

Aside from the built-in tub, which has largely superseded the tub with legs, the shower-bath has gained most in popularity. Nearly every modern bathroom has some kind of a shower. It may be only a device on an overhead bracket, with a sheet-rubber curtain to protect the room, but the ideal arrangement is to have a shower in a closet especially designed for it. In carefully equipped bathrooms this shower-closet is made of either glass, marble or tile, with a rubber curtain or small door built of the same material as the section itself. The advent of a mixing-valve, thermostatically controlled, makes it possible for showers to be regulated and kept at a temperature to suit the bather.

Noisy water-closets, sink and bath drains are no longer necessary. Quiet-action fixtures are practical and easily obtainable. To flush the more modern and up-to-date water-closet one need merely to step on a valve in the floor to make it operate.

EQUIPMENT

CLOSETS in the bathroom are entirely dependent on individual taste. Some are of the type built into the wall, with a mirrored door; others are of wood, enameled, with adjustable shelves. In small apartments and houses it is often necessary to build shelves to hold the bathroom linens soaps and toilet-paper along a wall-space or to put small shelves or a cabinet for medicines, etc., back of a door or on another wall-space. In recently built buildings the soap-racks and toilet-paper holders are recessed in the walls, but for those who must equip an already-built bathroom these fixtures come in many shapes and designs in enamel and nickel. Tooth-brush, glass, razor-strop and shaving-brush holders come in the same materials as soap-dishes and other small equipment. A nickel or enamel hook or two placed back of the door or on the woodwork for robes, etc., should not be forgotten. Screws should always be used for installing rods or fixtures, as nails make large holes in the plaster and leave the fixtures insecure.

The small chairs or stools which are found so convenient after bathing usually come in white enamel, as do scales and three-cornered or square soiled-towel hampers, which every bathroom should have. The lack of space in an upper hall or in a small apartment sometimes necessitates placing the soiled-clothes hamper in the bathroom; in such an event, the small hand-towel hamper is not necessary. A small white metal or wicker waste-basket for waste paper or materials should always be on hand. Two or three daintily marked guest hand-towels arranged on a rack especially placed for that purpose and a guest-size piece of soap should be available at all times for the unexpected guest who must use the family bathroom. Family towels and wash-cloths should be neatly hung on individual racks.

Bathroom curtains are best of sheer, washable materials stretched tightly from a rod placed midway across the window to another rod at the bottom of the window-casing. This will enable the raising of the window for air, yet insure privacy to the bather.

Decorated glass bottles and jars marked with the names of the most common toilet-lotions strike a decorative note in a bathroom. As the bathroom equipment consists of but a few things, it is very wise and an economy in the long run to insist on the best materials in fixtures and equipment.



Freckles
Removed quickly and surely
or money refunded

Stillman's Freckle Cream whitens the skin and brings out that peaches and cream complexion which all admire. No bother—simply apply it before going to bed each night. Cannot grow hair. Two sizes, 50c and $1 at all druggists. Be sure to ask for

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This famous cosmetic is not new—not untried. For 33 years it has been welcomed the world over. Thousands of girls have written us, expressing their satisfaction. So certain are the results, when directions are followed, that we guarantee you will be pleased—or we will refund your money.

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Watch its work! Sprinkle Sani-Flush into the toilet bowl. Follow directions on the can. Flush!

Watch every stain, discoloration, incrustation disappear. See how the porcelain shines. No scrubbing. No scouring.

Sani-Flush is made for just this purpose. It cleans closet bowls. It cleans and purifies the hidden, unhealthful trap. It destroys all foul odors. It will not harm plumbing connections. There is nothing else like Sani-Flush.

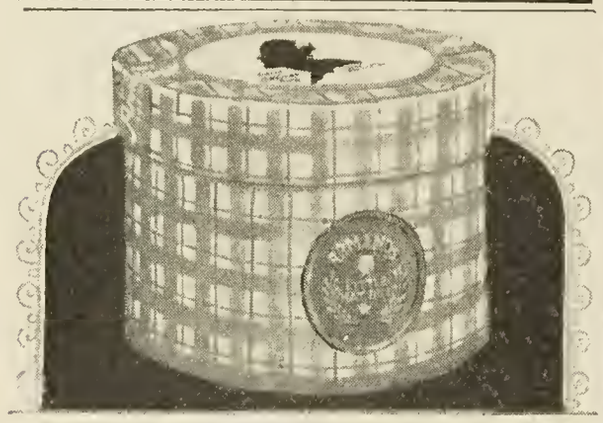
Always keep Sani-Flush handy in the bathroom.

Sani-Flush is sold at grocery, drug, hardware, plumbing and house-furnishing stores. Price 25c. (Canadian price, 35c; foreign price, 50c.)

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ARMAND
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In The LITTLE PINK & WHITE BOXES

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So many women write us every day of the genuine happiness that Armand Cold Cream Powder is bringing them that we want you to try it, too.

For 25c, we will send you an Armand Week-end Package, containing a generous box of genuine Armand Cold Cream Powder—that marvelous powder, so soft and smooth and wonderfully adherent; three other delightful Armand powders; a tiny box of rouge; cold cream; vanishing cream; talcum, a little cake of fragrant soap and the Armand "Creed of Beauty." You will love it! Send for yours to-day.

ARMAND—Des Moines



OUR FIRST NATIONAL BETTER HOME

Concluded from page 2

four windows. All the bedrooms are corner rooms, insuring cross ventilation. The house is heated by hot water; the plumbing supply-pipes are of brass. The house is completely wired for electric lights. All the fixtures are of the simplest and most practical design.

The kitchen is equipped with the latest and most approved appliances placed in model arrangement. The ice-box can be iced from outdoors. The sink, placed under the window, has a double drainboard. The kitchen has a closet for stores and one for brooms and cleaning articles, a cupboard for earthenware and china, and one for cooking utensils, kitchen table and folding ironing-board. There is a little covered kitchen porch in the back. The breakfast-nook, a modern feature so desirable in present-day small houses, has been contrived so that the dining-room need only be used for dinner or on special occasions.

The floors, all of which are finished, were given careful study in the choice of materials. Oak has been used in the living-room, composition-tile floors in the hall, dining-room, pantry and kitchen, and maple in the bedrooms. The treads of the stairs and the hand-rail are walnut. The closets throughout are lined with cedar. The bathrooms have three-inch by six-inch tiled dados with cove cap and base, glazed sanitas, walls and ceilings, and cork-tile floors.

The bathrooms are compact, with built-in tubs which reduce the floor area and save cleaning labor. They also contain a shower and a built-in medicine-cabinet.

The walls are papered throughout and the trim painted in lead and oil, with flat-gloss enamel in the bathrooms, halls, kitchen and pantry.

The color scheme used in the house generally is dark polished floors in the hall, living-room and dining-room; stair-treads and up-stairs hall, the risers of the stairs and all woodwork in the halls a mat-glazed white enamel; the trim, including the mantel in the living-room, the dining-room and the breakfast-alcove, a dove-gray which harmonizes with gray-and-white flowered papers. The kitchen is in light buff, with cream trim and light-brown floor. Up-stairs the bedrooms are papered alike as to scale and pattern, but of different light colors. The tonality is the same, but the colors are suited to the exposure: northeast room in buff; southeast room in blue; southwest room in cool gray; northwest room in yellow. The wood floors of the bedrooms are finished natural, the trim being almond or cream.

Exterior blinds are a light gray-green with black hardware; the lattice cream; the sash and front-door trim white; the front door itself a dark royal blue finished with varnish. A dark front door done in a pleasing color and varnished makes a focus of interest. It can, moreover, be kept clean and free from foreign marks.

The planting is important. A white stucco house should have planting carefully arranged to break up its wall-surfaces and marry its starey wall to the ground and surrounding grass and shrubbery.

The house, withal, has resulted in having an extraordinary charm. Its quality and compactness and its serviceability are its principal features. While its room dimensions are comparatively small, one has a distinct feeling of "roominess." The one central chimney in a house of this size is practical and economical; the central stair around the chimney, with central up-stairs hall, which contains the linen and store closet, saves communication space and makes the halls and stairs easy to heat.

IT IS to be hoped that this little white house, with its green blinds and simple lines, will continue to preach an eloquent sermon. There is no ornament or unnecessary elaboration; it has dignity, simplicity of character and the conviction of straightforward planning. There is no waste space or unnecessary complication in form or arrangement. The plan is usable, comfortable, easy of maintenance and in every way suited to modern requirements of living.

The little Payne cottage brought up to date seems to prove one point: The actual material necessities of life have not changed so very much with the passing of time. Most of what we call and have come to believe are essentials, comforts and conveniences in the scheme of our daily living to-day are in reality merely affectations—the results of imitating others. Diversions, distractions and recreations have become commercialized and business has made them attractive outside the home. We could all simplify our mode of living. Home must always remain the real shelter, the refuge, a place for relaxation and rest, contemplation and study; as a protection from the noise and bustle of the world, it should breathe peace; the envelope of its furnishings should spell quiet, refinement—a few precious things possessing beauty and inspiration: books, music, some image that reminds one of art and history and tradition.



HOW SPORTS DEVELOP CHARACTER

Continued from page 15

more standardized as to its ethics, however. Institutions that put victory above principle, that refuse to abide by eligibility rules made to serve the interests of the majority, that permit foul play and dishonesty are finding themselves more and more isolated. Thus I feel safe in making the general statement that the boy who plays college football, provided he is physically fitted for it, will be a better man than if he did not participate.

The dangers of football are not nearly so great as many people are led to believe by the prominence given to the infrequent severe accidents and to the occasional minor ones. I should say that in properly supervised school football or in the college game, where there is proper training and coaching, the chances of any one being severely and permanently hurt are too small to be considered as an offset to the certain benefits the game will confer. In spite of the best supervision, players do sometimes get hurt; but so do men in the ordinary business of life. In all the years I have been at Michigan, no 'varsity player has sustained an injury that permanently disabled him.

All men can not play football, of course, and I strongly recommend that no boy having a frail physique or organic weakness attempt it. There are other sports of a less strenuous nature where he can find competition suited to his physique and get great benefit. One of the things I always have tried to teach is that each man should find his own game and play it, instead of making up his mind in advance that he is going to take up one particular sport and stick to it regardless of his fitness. I believe that the desire to excel is natural and that there is some sport in which every one of us has a chance to get somewhere near the top. I would rather be a great croquet-player than a hopelessly poor football-player.

IF YOUR boys are physically able (a fact which any physician or trainer can easily determine), by all means let them play football, baseball and other strenuous fighting games. Competitive athletics will not develop the fighting instinct but will satisfy it. This instinct is present in every normal boy and it should be given an outlet. The desire to excel has been handed down from the remote beginnings of mankind. Without it civilization would perish and the

Concluded on page 79



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Kirsch CURTAIN RODS

are the perfect window draping fixtures. The *flat* shape gives sagless strength; insures erect headings, and neat, artistic effects. The Velvetone Brass or Velvetone White finish is guaranteed not to rust or tarnish and stays like new for years.

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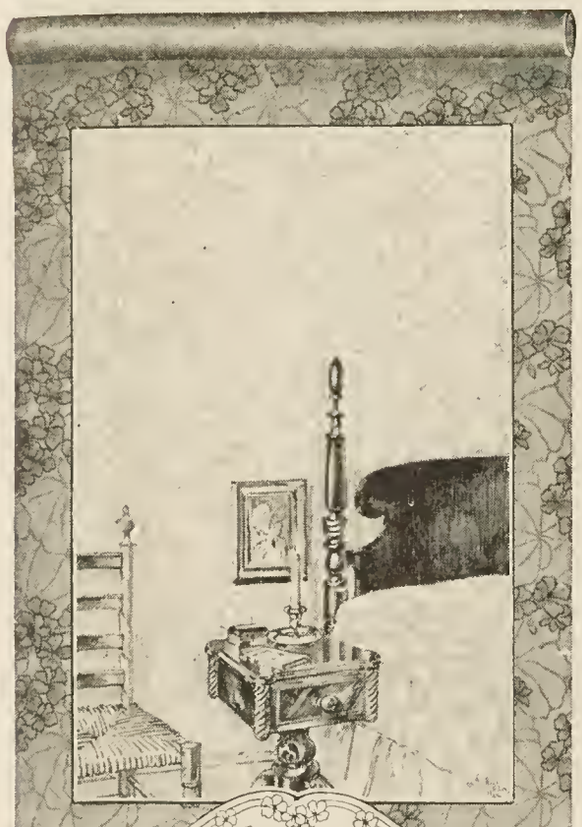
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If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio





HOW SPORTS DEVELOP CHARACTER

Concluded from page 78

human race itself would be in danger of extinction. The boy of to-day likes strenuous games because his ancestors for many centuries had to cultivate the qualities most in demand in these games. In man's early days, when he was without weapons, only the fastest runners could survive—thus running was an accomplishment that had to be cultivated. Then man found out that he could offset the difference between his size and natural weapons and those of the animals by using a stone or a club—so throwing and striking were developed. Those hapless individuals who could neither run, throw nor strike went on the lunch-counter for some carnivorous beast.

Our games to-day are made up largely of a combination of running, throwing and striking. It is instinctive for boys to want to do those things. Even very young children who can not understand group games follow the hunting and fighting instincts and play running games of their own devising.

Your boy is not showing vicious traits because he likes rough play better than being "dressed up": he is being human. He isn't necessarily proving himself a quarrelsome and dangerous character when he fights: he is finding an outlet for an instinct that should not be curbed but directed into proper channels. In properly supervised sports he will learn that it is more manly to beat the other fellow according to definite rules that give them both a chance than to tackle him with bare fists.

The qualities that he will develop in preparing himself for the team and in taking part in the games will be the qualities that the future of the race must continue to depend on. The world is getting to be a better place to live in every day, but we are still a long way from the millennium, a long way from the day when human nature will be so perfect that there will be no necessity for fighting qualities. Until then, strong and honorable and unselfish men must help the weak and protect them against the vicious. It will often take hard fighting to make right triumph over wrong, and some one must be prepared to fight for decency or evil will rule the world.

The fact that Americans are a nation of sport-lovers did not hasten our entry into the European war, but it did hasten our part in winning it once we decided to take a hand. Players of fighting games are usually on the side of justice. The boy who has conquered himself and developed himself to the point where he is 'varsity material has himself too well in hand to look for trouble, but the spirit of self-sacrifice and loyalty that he has acquired makes him quick to take up the cudgels in behalf of the oppressed.

If the day ever arrives when every boy in the world will have a chance to undergo the training and discipline that are a part of American college and school sports, then and then only will I begin to believe that there is such a possibility as no more war. If we could teach every nation and every man the ideals of sportmanship that we are trying to teach at Michigan, I would feel safe. As it is, I fear that the nations and the individuals who have learned sportsmanship will have to continue straightening out the muddles that are caused by lack of it.

ASK THE DELINEATOR

Don't forget when writing THE DELINEATOR *for information or aid to enclose stamps with your complete address and to direct your inquiry to the proper department. Inquiries unaccompanied by stamps and your address can not be answered, nor will replies be made on a post-card. Only three folders on any subject can be posted for a two-cent stamp.*

BABIES

The Happy Child is the healthy, properly brought-up one. Give your child the benefits of the expert advice of the greatest child specialists in America. Dr. L. Emmett Holt is the Chief Adviser of THE DELINEATOR'S campaign for healthier children. Any one of seven pamphlets may be obtained for ten cents in stamps: "The Expectant Mother and the New Baby," by Dr. Ralph Lobenstine; "The General Care of the Baby," "Maternal Nursing" and "Artificial Feeding," all by Dr. L. Emmett Holt; "Early Childhood," by Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw; "The School Child," by Dr. William Palmer Lucas, and "Good Posture," by Dr. Alan De Forest Smith. "The Baby's Record Book," by Dr. Bird T. Baldwin, in cloth binding, is one dollar, including postage.

BETTER HOMES

THE DELINEATOR is the General Headquarters and Bureau of Information of the "Better Homes in America" movement. A plan book, telling the scope of this work, how to organize a local campaign, conduct a Demonstration Week and outfit a model house, will be sent for ten cents.

HOUSEKEEPING

The Home-Economics Department has prepared, under the direction of Martha Van Rensselaer, a list of leaflets which will lighten the housewife's burden and make scientific home-making an easy art. These leaflets range from milk recipes to the technique of laying the table. Mention specific subjects or write for a list.

HOUSE DECORATION

Make Your Problems Clear by listing your questions and by giving dimensions, exposure and full description of the rooms you wish to decorate. Three printed bulletins entitled "Good Floors," "Curtains and Draperies" and "Walls, Woodwork and Ceilings," price twenty-five cents each fully cover decoration problems in their respective fields. Any *one* letter addressed to Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders, Editor, Department of House Decoration, should ask not more than five questions or advice about the furnishing and decoration of not more than two rooms.

CHILDREN

The Story Hour: Do you know what to read to your children? The Children's Department has prepared lists of books for children of all ages, which will assist in the parental job of forming good reading habits. Write in to the Children's Department, too, for a Page of Prayers for children to learn.

BEAUTY

You Can Improve Your Complexion with a little time and careful study. The Beauty Editor will answer special questions and will send folders prepared by experts on the care of the hair, skin and hands, posture, exercises, lotions and cosmetics. Tell us what subjects interest you most.

ETIQUETTE

Are You Uncertain about the ways of the social world? Mrs. John Cabot Kimberley will send you a number of useful leaflets on manners and form, covering every social quandary. "Weddings," "Calls and the Use of Cards," "Letter-Writing," "Etiquette at the Table," are some of the titles. She will answer any puzzled inquirer.

ENTERTAINMENT

The Entertainment Department has three new parties, "A Nonsense Musicale," a novel, jolly party which anybody can give, and "A Stop, Eat and Laugh Luncheon" and "A Patent Party," which are serviceable for afternoon gatherings of women who do not play cards. Tell us about the party, or dinner, or dance, or church fair you would like to give and we will help you out. Entertaining without tears is our speciality.

Look for this shield on all Sheets and Pillow Cases

PEQUOT SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES

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They Tuck In and Fold Over the Blankets

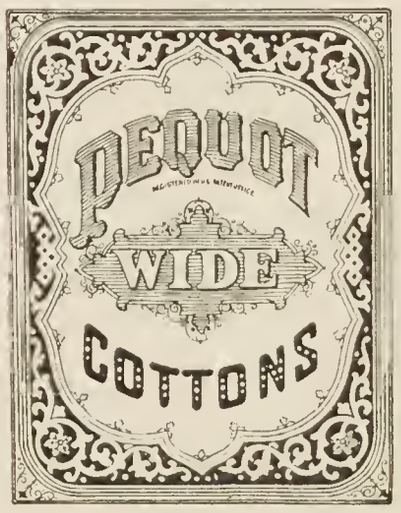
A SHEET to be satisfactory must be long enough to tuck in at the foot and at the head-board, or to fold well down over the blanket. Pequot Sheets are made in various widths, 108 inches long, to fit generously all standard sizes of bed.

Before the Civil War, Pequot Sheets had established the standard for quality, evenness of weave, long wear, and clean color. They have been used in the best homes, hotels, and hospitals for three generations.

Pequot Sheets and Pillow Cases are always to be identified by the well-known Pequot Shield. They are sold by all good dealers. They are attractively priced. Pequot Sheeting and Pillow Tubing may be purchased by the yard, and can always be identified by the ticket reproduced below.

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This label on all piece goods

Thousands of happy children will go better-dressed to school



BECAUSE clever, far-sighted mothers have learned what marvels can be accomplished in the appearance of children's clothes with the help of SUNSET DYES. The youngsters are delighted with make-overs dyed with SUNSET, because they look like new.

SUNSET'S magic—its glorious variety of colors, its convenience and cleanness, its permanence—costs but a few cents! But what a wealth of money it saves!

WITH WONDERFUL SUNSET—

You can easily, quickly, economically
Renew colors of faded materials.
Change colors of faded or out-of-fashion materials.
Buy plain white materials (or simple white ready-made dresses), and dye them in the season's latest colors.
Cheap figured materials (ginghams, prints of all kinds) often have good designs, but poor colors. Re-dye them with SUNSET for unusually beautiful effects.

SUNSET IS NOT A TINT

SUNSET should not be confused with tints and other products which are not fast. SUNSET is a real, fast dye, clean and easy to use, most wonderful in its results. Once you have discovered how simple SUNSET-dyeing is, you will find dozens of different ways to profit by it.

SUNSET is different from all other dyes. For SUNSET does not stain hands or spoil utensils. SUNSET dyes cotton, wool, silk, linen and mixed goods at once in the same dye-bath, giving the same color to all—cotton buttonholes have the same tone as the woolen garment, for instance. SUNSET freshens the finish of the material.

Ask your dealer for the SUNSET "Season's Color Combinations"

Read the folder around each cake of SUNSET! It gives you directions for "professional" home-dyeing. A complete "Re-dyeing Chart" showing how *present* colors may be re-dyed to *new* colors. How to press and "finish" dyed fabrics. Color combinations. How to tint with SUNSET.

22 COLORS
All Fast!

Our Home Service Department will gladly answer any questions about dyeing.

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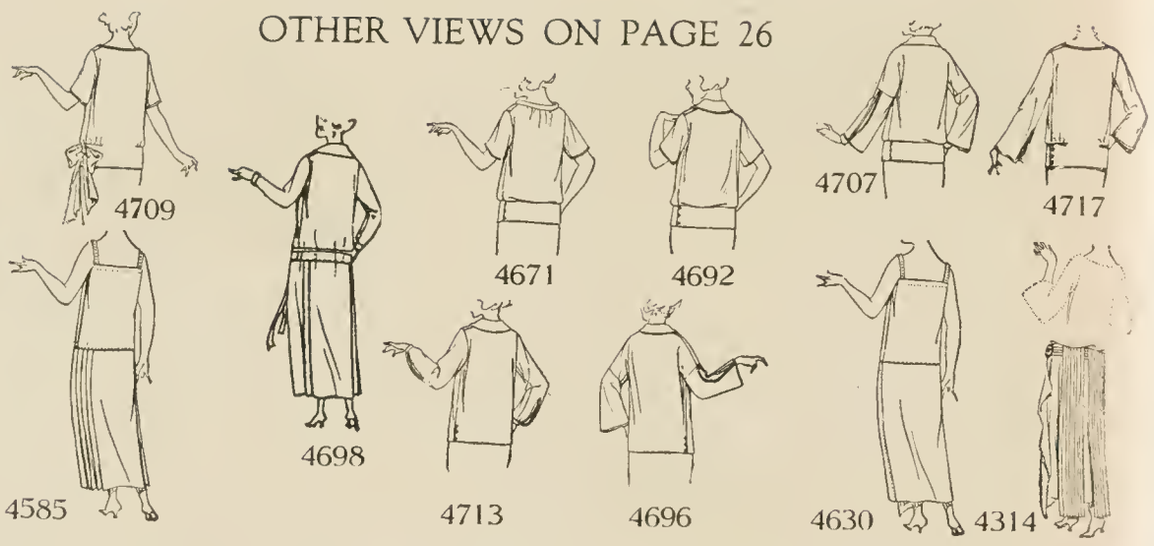
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SUNSET SOAP DYES
ONE Real Dye For ALL Fabrics

Sales Representatives: **Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc.,** 171 Madison Avenue, New York





OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 26

4671—For a delightful slip-over blouse use printed or plain silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine, printed silks, crêpe satin, plain crêpe de Chine, Georgette or cotton voile, beaded or embroidered to give body and weight to the material, etc.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 39-inch figured crêpe.

The blouse is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4709—4585—A slip-over blouse of plain or printed crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe, printed silks, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, etc., is attractive to wear with a two-piece skirt of wool crêpe, serge, tricotine, soft twill, etc.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2¼ yards 39-inch printed silk and 1¾ yard 44-inch serge for skirt on a camisole body. Lower edge, plaits out, 2 yards.

The blouse and skirt are for ladies 32 to 44 bust and 35 to 47½ hip.

4707—4630—10138—A blouse of printed or plain silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine, printed silks, printed cotton crêpe, printed cotton voile or crêpe satin, etc., slips over a three-piece skirt of camel's-hair, wool velours, eponge, wool rep, etc. The Chinese motif is bright. Work it in color.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2⅛ yards 39-inch silk crêpe and 2 yards 44-inch novelty cloth for skirt. Lower edge of the skirt 50 inches.

The blouse and skirt are for ladies 32 to 46 bust and 35 to 52 hip.

4713—This straight slip-over blouse fits closely over the hips and is smart in crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, pongee, linen—printed or plain, printed silks or cottons, crêpe satin, silk eponge, or plain crêpe de Chine or cotton, embroidered or braided to give body, etc.

36 bust requires 1½ yard 39-inch printed silk and ½ yard 36-inch plain silk.

The blouse is becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4692—10858—A monogram is a distinctive touch to the slip-over blouse which may have a shoulder yoke. Make it of crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, cotton crêpe or cotton voile—plain or printed. Work the monogram in satin-stitch or outline.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 39-inch silk crêpe.

The blouse is new for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4698—10175—A dress of wool rep, wool crêpe, soft twill, tricotine, serge or heavy silk crêpe in two colors has a vestee and a straight skirt with clusters of plaits at each side of the front and back. The braiding is smart. Work in a harmonizing color.

36 bust requires 2½ yards 54-inch wool rep and ½ yard 36-inch contrasting material. Lower edge, plaits out, 1⅞ yard.

The dress is suitable for ladies 34 to 48 bust.

4717—4314—10853—A slip-over blouse of crêpe de Chine, Georgette, etc., braided, beaded, embroidered to give body to the material, goes over a draped one-piece skirt of satin crêpe, Canton crêpe or printed crêpes. The skirt wraps around the figure at the hip five inches below a normal waistline and has accordion or side plaited loose panels. The beading is new. Work in colors.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2⅜ yards 39-inch Georgette and 3 yards 39-inch satin crêpe.

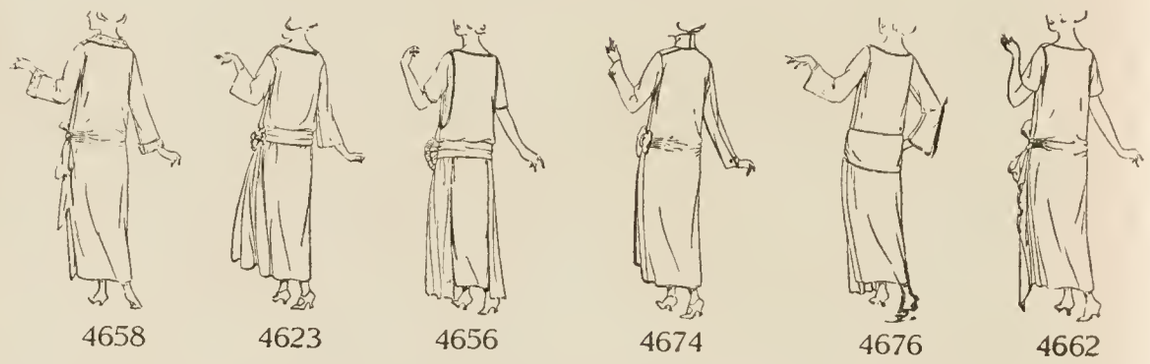
The blouse and skirt are for ladies 32 to 44 bust and 35 to 47½ hip.

4696—10123—A slip-over blouse of printed or plain silk crêpe or heavy crêpe de Chine, printed silks, crêpe satin, silk eponge or plain crêpe de Chine or cotton voile, embroidered, braided or beaded to give body to material, etc., fits closely over the hips. The all-over embroidery is smart. Work in running stitch and outline.

36 bust requires 2 yards 39-inch Georgette.

The blouse is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 27



4658—A hand-made ornament and a flat bow are decorative on a one-piece draped dress of wool rep, wool poplin, soft twill, soft serge, tricotine or heavy silk crêpe or velvet. Lower edge 52½ inches.

36 bust requires 2½ yards 54-inch wool rep and ⅞ yard 35-inch flannel.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4656—A *chou* is decorative and easy to make on a dress with loose panels and straight skirt joined at a low waistline and with a long camisole lining. Use satin crêpe, silk crêpe, charmeuse or crêpe satin with Georgette, moire with lace or Georgette, etc.

36 bust requires 4⅛ yards 39-inch crêpe satin and 1⅜ yard 40-inch crêpe satin for underbody. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4676—10163—The new evening costume is composed of a one-piece slip-over dress of metallic fabric or metal brocade, a sash of chiffon velvet or silk crêpe and a separate one-piece slip. The embroidery is smart. It is of Egyptian origin. One may use Georgette, silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, etc., entirely beaded. Lower edge 50½ inches.

36 bust requires 3 yards 35-inch metallic cloth and 1⅜ yard 39-inch velvet.

The dress is attractive for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4623—A draped straight skirt has a circular effect at the side on the new slip-over dress of moire, plain or printed silk crêpe or satin crêpe, crêpe satin, charmeuse or lace flouncing. It has a choice of body lining. Lower edge 2½ yards.

36 bust requires 4 yards 39-inch moire.

The dress is new for ladies 32 to 42 bust.

4674—10922—The drapery is graceful on this wrap-around one-piece dress of wool rep, wool poplin, soft twill, tricotine, serge, heavy silk crêpe or moire. It closes on the left at the shoulder and under the arm and may have a body lining. The braiding is smart. Work in soutache braid, etc.

36 bust requires 2½ yards 54-inch soft twill. Lower edge 52 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4662—10178—10102—A one-piece dress with side drapery is very lovely in plain or printed satin crêpe or silk crêpe, charmeuse, crêpe satin or moire. For evening use drapey metallic fabrics or chiffon velvet. The sleeves join a body lining and there is provision for a camisole top. The embroidery adds color. Work in one-stitch, etc. The embroidered bag is smart.

36 bust requires 4⅜ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 51 inches.

The dress is new for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



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ASK YOUR DRUGGIST

The Sterizol Company Ossining, N. Y.



OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 28

4672—The panel is loose in front and at the lower edges on this slip-over dress with its lower part cut straight. Use wool rep, wool crêpe, soft twills, tricotine, serge, velours or kasha with printed silk crêpe, moire, contrasting color heavy silk crêpe; or use moire silk with silk crêpe, heavy silk crêpe with printed or contrasting color silk crêpe, etc. Lower edge 50 inches.

36 bust requires 1¾ yard 39-inch printed silk and 2⅛ yards 39-inch duvetyn.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4645—10999—A two-piece skirt of wool rep, wool poplin, corded wools, wool crêpe, soft twill or serge joins in a decorative way a body of plain silk crêpe in self or contrasting color in a slip-over dress. These materials or kasha may be used for the entire dress. The braiding is smart. Work in a color to harmonize with the skirt of the dress.

36 bust requires 1½ yard 39-inch silk crêpe and 1¾ yard 44-inch wool poplin. Lower edge 53 inches.

The dress is new for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4633—The circular flounce is a French conclusion to a one-piece dress of the slip-over type. Use serge, tricotine, soft twill, wool crêpe, heavy silk crêpe, all one material or in two materials or colors. For a dress without the flounce and for other wear use pongee, heavy silk crêpe, cotton ratine, linen, linen-finished cottons, gingham, heavy cotton prints, sports flannel.

36 bust requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch novelty serge and 1⅜ yard 54-inch plain serge. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

The dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4667—For this type of straight one-piece dress on the slip-over order one uses wool rep, wool crêpe, soft twill, kasha or serge, or heavy knitted fabrics, homespun, éponge, tweeds, cheviot, light-weight velours, etc. For a more formal dress use heavy crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe embroidered or beaded.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch plaid wool and ⅜ yard 36-inch flannel for collar and cuffs. Lower edge 50 inches.

The dress is suitable for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4643—Fur begins to assert its way on the Russian closing and collar and cuffs of a one-piece dress. Use heavy silk crêpe or woolens like wool poplin, wool rep, corded wools, wool crêpe, soft twill, kasha, homespun, éponge, tweeds, cheviots, light-weight velour or serge. Heavy knitted fabrics or heavy crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe with embroidery or braiding are possible combinations. Lower edge 51 inches.

36 bust requires 3 yards 40-inch silk crêpe.

The dress is attractive for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4681—The very new wrap-around dress of heavy silk crêpe or woolen materials buttons at one side and achieves its graceful drapery with shirring at the sides. For this one-piece dress use wool rep, wool poplin, soft twills, tricotine, serge, light-weight velours or duvetyn. For wear later in the season velvet is suitable.

36 bust requires 2½ yards 54-inch wool rep. Lower edge 50½ inches.

The dress is excellent for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



4672 4645 4633

4667 4643 4681

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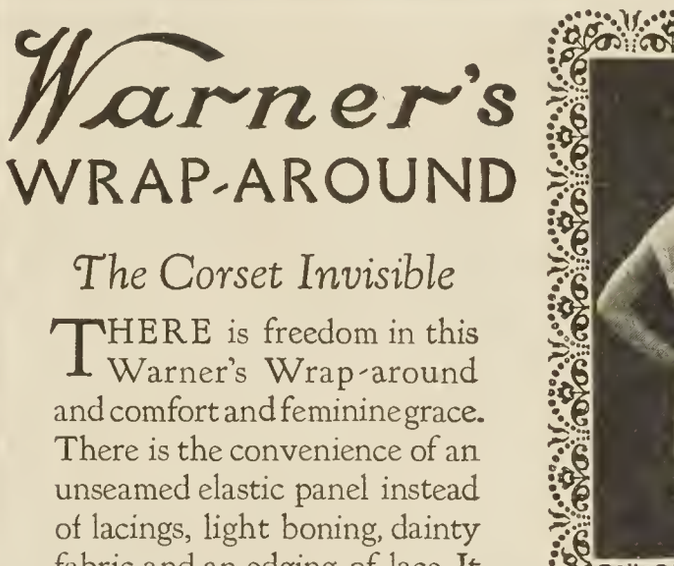
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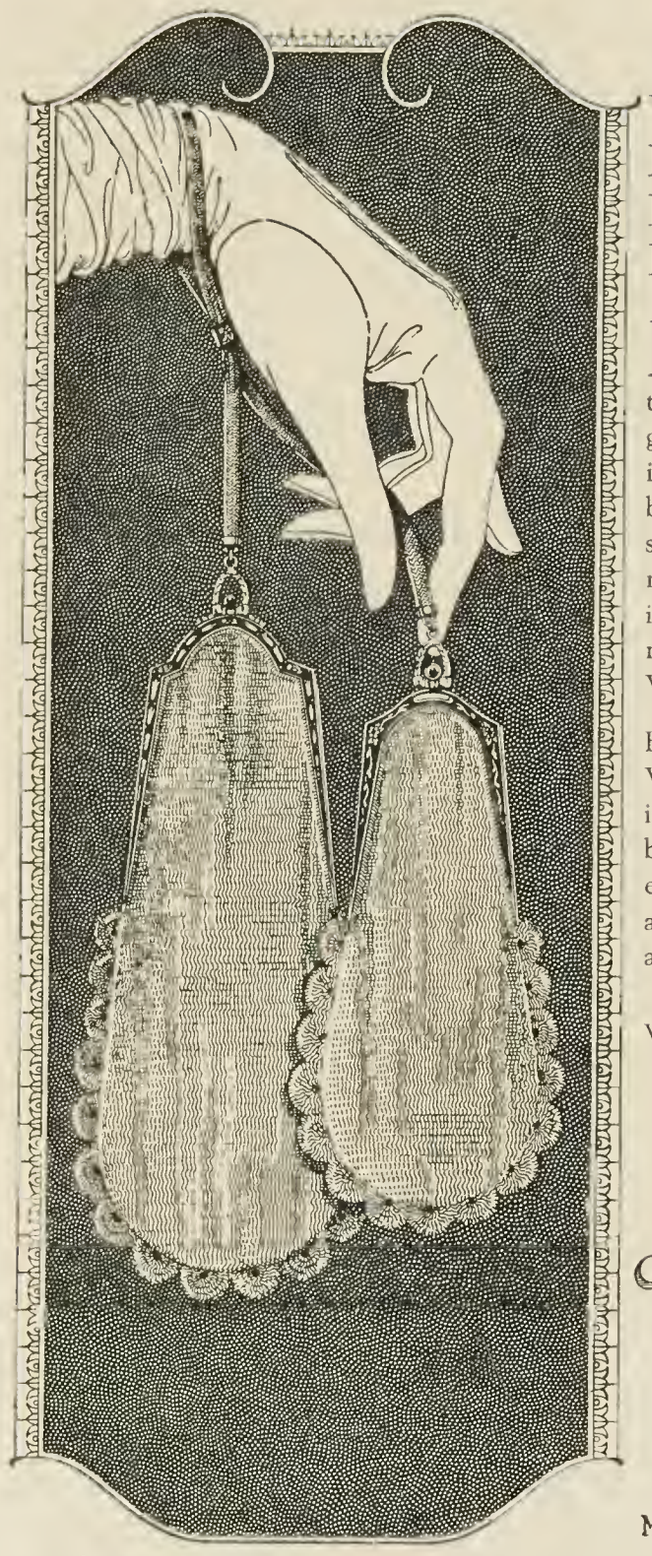
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OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 29

4629—The new draped one-picce dress for the young girl has a plaited section set in at the right side and a bow on the left. For this slip-over dress use wool rep, wool poplin, soft twill, tricotine, serge or heavy silk crêpe. Lower edge, plaits out, 1¾ yard.

16 years requires 2¼ yards 54-inch serge.

The dress is becoming to misses 16 to 20, also small women.

4641—A Russian closing extends down the long body of a dress with straight skirt. Use wool rep, wool crêpe, soft twill, tricotine, serge or kasha with printed silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine or Georgette, or these materials in a self or contrasting color, etc., moire silk with Georgette, heavy silk crêpe with printed or contrasting-color silk crêpe.

16 years requires 1⅜ yard 39-inch figured crêpe and 1⅛ yard 54-inch wool rep. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is suitable for misses 16 to 20, also small women.

4664—4449—10889—Wool rep, wool crêpe, soft twill, tricotine, serge, kasha, etc., for the straight lower part joined to a body of printed silk crêpe or contrasting-color silk crêpe makes a new slip-over dress. The hat of duvetyn is new. The embroidery is decorative. Work in bugle beads, one-stitch, etc.

16 years requires 1¼ yard 39-inch silk crêpe and 1 yard 54-inch tricotine for dress. Lower edge 52 inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20, also small women; the hat for misses, ladies, girls, children.

4689—Hand-made rosettes are an exotic bloom on a dress with a full straight skirt of moire, taffeta, gros de Londres, silk crêpe, satin crêpe or chiffon velvet. The dress opens under the left arm of the draped basque.

16 years requires 3⅝ yards 35-inch taffeta. Lower edge 2½ yards.

The dress is smart for misses 16 to 20, also small women.

4604—10163—Moire takes an Egyptian drapery on a one-piece skirt of a dress on the slip-over order, although heavy silk crêpe or wool rep, wool tricotine, soft twill or serge are appropriate materials. The embroidered ornament is effective. Work it in bright colors.

17 years requires 3¼ yards 35-inch moire.

The dress is new for misses 16 to 20.

4638—Crêpe satin, charmeuse, satin crêpe, silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine or lace are excellent materials for the slip-over dress with a draped straight skirt of three tiers.

16 years requires 3¼ yards 39-inch crêpe satin. Lower edge of foundation skirt 47 inches.

The dress is graceful for misses 16 to 20.

4678—This dress opens under the left arm of the draped basque. The bustle effect of a draped straight skirt is graceful in moire, taffeta, radium, gros de Londres, silk crêpe or chiffon velvet.

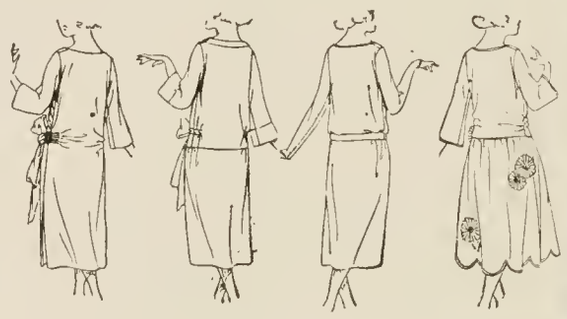
17 years requires 4 yards 35-inch taffeta silk. Lower edge, plaits out, 55 inches.

The dress is new for misses 16 to 20, also small women.

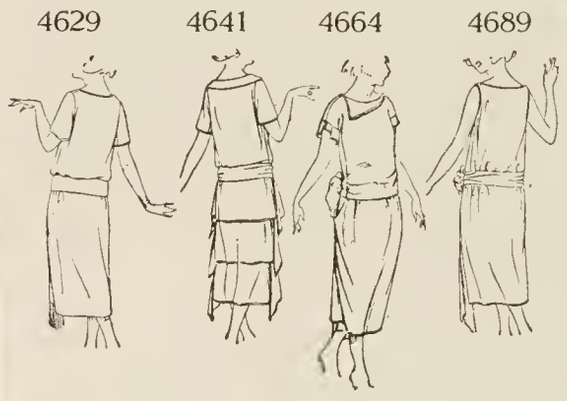
4685—Chiffon velvet draped into a wrap-around dress with straight skirt is worn over a separate one-piece slip. One may use satin crêpe, charmeuse or silk crêpe with a *chou*, girdle and sash-ends of contrasting, moire or drapery metallic fabrics, crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe all one material beaded.

17 years requires 3¼ yards 36-inch velvet. Lower edge 48 inches.

The evening dress is for misses 16 to 20, also small women.



4629 4641 4664 4689



4604 4638 4678 4685



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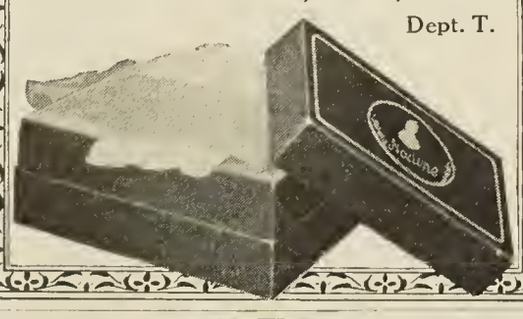
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OTHER VIEWS ARE SHOWN ON FIGURES ON PAGE 30

4640—4517—For a suit with blouse and straight trousers use serge, rep, piqué, chambray, linen, linen-finished cotton, gingham, etc. The velours hat is quaint.

4 years requires 1 yard 54-inch serge and ⅜ yard 36-inch contrasting material for suit.

The suit is for little boys 2 to 5; the hat for little boys and girls 2 to 8.

4669—10172—A raglan dress with straight lower edge may be smocked or gathered. Use plain crêpe de Chine, soft pongee, pin-check gingham, chambray, plain fine cotton crêpe, etc. The smocking is easily done.

6 years requires 2¼ yards 32-inch chambray.

The dress is adorable for girls 2 to 10.

4648—Plain or printed silk crêpe with wool crêpe, soft twill, serge or velvet for the two-piece lower part makes a smart dress.

12 years requires 1⅛ yard 39-inch silk crêpe and 1⅜ yard 35-inch velvet.

The dress is becoming to juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

4666—10155—For a one-piece slip-over dress with straight lower edge use heavy cotton crêpe, cotton ratine, gingham, chambray, cotton prints, or wool jersey, wool crêpe, soft twills, serge or pongee. The embroidery is gay. Work in one-stitch.

13 years requires 1¾ yard 54-inch wool jersey.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.



4619

4679—4493—A two-piece lower part of wool crêpe, soft twills or serge is cut in one with the front and back panels on a slip-over dress with silk crêpe. Her hat is of velours.

12 years requires 1¼ yard 39-inch silk crêpe and 1 yard 54-inch serge for dress.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15; the hat for girls 2 to 12.

4673—A tucked dress of pin-dot cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe, tissue gingham, crêpe de Chine, pongee or taffeta has a straight lower edge and slips on over separate bloomers.

4 years requires 1⅝ yard 39-inch dotted cotton voile and ½ yard 39-inch plain voile.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 8 years.

4619—A slip-over dress plus separate bloomers in gingham, chambray, cotton prints, heavy cotton crêpe, linen-finished cotton, cotton poplin, cotton gabardine make an easy sum; or use unbleached muslin, pongee, serge.

3 years requires 2⅛ yards 32-inch gingham.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 8.

4642—4451—A lower part joins in a decorative fashion an upper part for this dress with straight lower edge. Her hat is velours.

12 years requires 1⅛ yard 39-inch printed and 1⅝ yard 39-inch plain silk for dress.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15; the hat for girls, children, misses, ladies.

4636—A one-piece slip-over dress of printed or plain silk crêpe, soft pongee, crêpe de Chine, cotton voile, cotton crêpe, printed silks or gingham tissues has a straight lower edge.

14 years requires 2¾ yards 39-inch printed silk crêpe and ½ yard 36-inch plain material.

The dress is becoming to juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

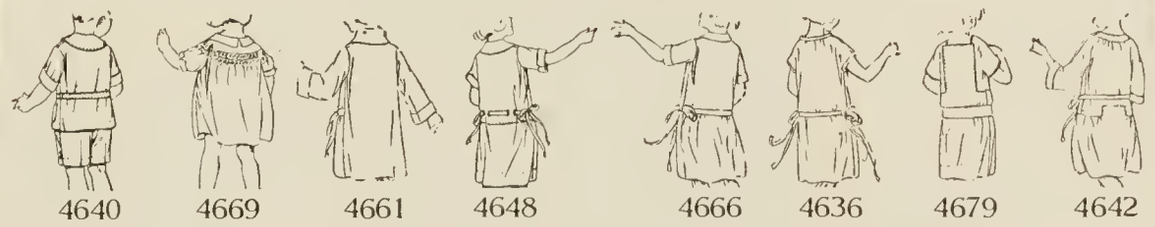
4661—4318—10155—A wrap-around coat of soft twill, tricotine, wool pile fabrics or camel's hair is worn with a velours hat. The embroidery is effective. Work in color. One may use tweeds, corduroy, plaid coatings, corded silks, etc.

12 years requires 2¼ yards 54-inch wool rep.

The coat is for juniors and girls 8 to 15, the hat for girls 2 to 12.



4673



4640 4669 4661 4648 4666 4636 4679 4642

OTHER VIEWS ARE SHOWN ON FIGURES ON PAGE 31

4691—10181—The slip-over blouse goes over an accordion or side plaited or gathered straight skirt joined to a camisole lining in this two-piece dress. The braiding is smart. Work in soutache. Use worsted jersey, etc.

16 years requires 2½ yards 54-inch wool jersey. Lower edge, plaits out, 2⅛ yards.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20, also small women.

4702—A slip-over dress of wool crêpe, wool jersey, soft twills, tricotine or gabardine, etc., has a straight skirt joined to a long body with a vest front. There is a body lining. Lower edge 52 inches.

17 years requires 2¼ yards 42-inch wool crêpe and ½ yard 36-inch printed silk.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20, also small women.

4687—For the straight skirt with clusters of plaits joined in a decorative way to a long body of printed or plain silk crêpe, etc., one may use heavy silk crêpe, wool crêpe, soft twills, tricotine, serge for this dress.

16 years requires 1⅞ yard 35-inch printed silk and 1½ yard 44-inch serge. Lower edge, plaits out, 1⅞ yard.

It is for misses 16 to 20, also small women.



4691

4714—10922—Braiding is attractive on a one-piece wrap-around dress with drapery. Work it in harmonizing color. Use wool rep, wool poplin, soft twills, tricotine, etc.

36 bust requires 2½ yards 54-inch wool rep. Lower edge 52 inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4710—10138—For the slip-over one-piece dress with straight lower edge and the sides drawn in on an elastic use printed or plain silk crêpe de Chine, printed silks, wool jersey, soft serge, soft twills, wool crêpe, etc. The motif is smart. Work in color.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 54-inch soft twill. Lower edge 53 inches.

The dress is new for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4693—10158—Use jersey tubing, soft twills, soft serge, plaids, heavy crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, etc., for this one-piece slip-over dress with straight lower edge. The banding is smart. Work in one-stitch.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch jersey tubing. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4712—10159—Wool crêpe, serge, soft twills, heavy printed or plain silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, charmeuse, etc., makes a new slip-over one-piece dress. The embroidery is effective. Work in color.

36 bust requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch tricotine. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

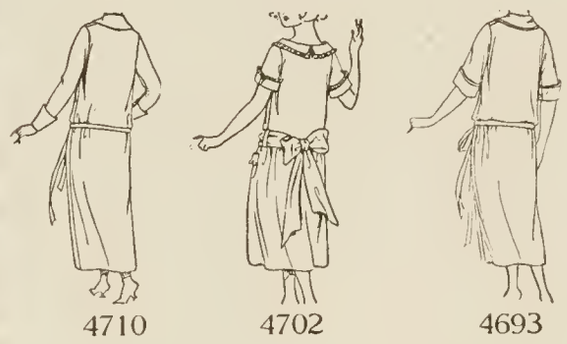
4704—A separate guimpe is attractive on this one-piece slip-over dress of wool crêpe, wool rep, soft twills, serge, heavy silk crêpe, etc.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch wool rep and ¾ yard 36-inch printed silk. Lower edge, plaits out, 2⅝ yards.

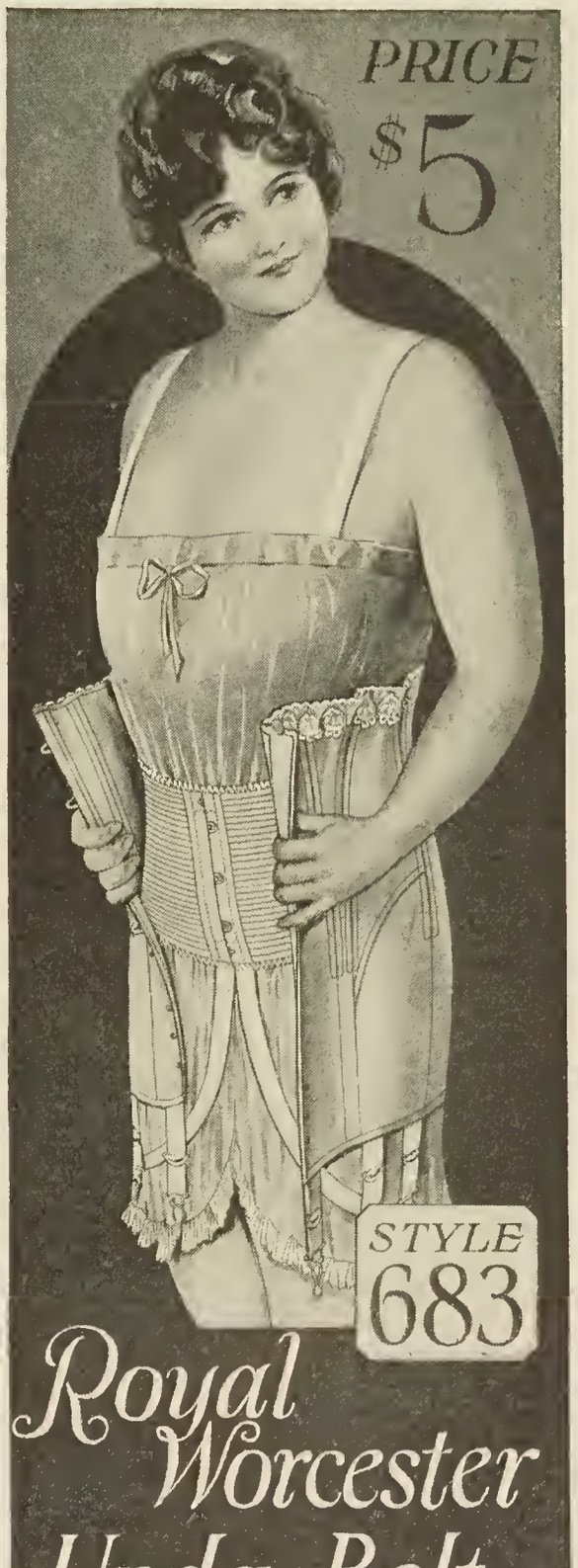
The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.



4687



4710 4702 4693 4712 4714 4704



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THE LAST WORD

A Page of Shop-Talk, Gossip, and Comment

Prize Awards for the Model House

Everything from novel bird-cages to seamless laundry-chutes were suggested in the letters submitted by readers for THE DELINEATOR'S fifty-dollar prize offer for the best letter containing suggestions for unique, practical and helpful features to be incorporated in a modern model house costing not more than twenty thousand dollars to build. The prize was awarded to Mrs. Paul E. Clausen, Ferndale, California, but the conspicuous merit of five other contributors warrants honorable mention. They came from:

Mrs. Reese A. Hall, 2315 East Tenth Street, Long Beach, California;

Mrs. Arthur Lee Lewis, Hermosillo, Sonora, Mexico;

Mr. John Flodin, M. E., 30 Dee Road, Quincy, Massachusetts;

Thomas R. Dupin (an eighth-grade student), 808 South Thirty-fourth Street, Louisville, Kentucky;

Mr. Twyman Simms, Paturas, Arkansas.

Mr. Donn Barber, Fellow of the American Institute of Architects and the architect responsible for the popular house-plans that have appeared in THE DELINEATOR for the past two years, is now at work on a new house-plan which will embody the most desirable features in the letters submitted in this contest. His drawings and a description of the composite house will appear in a later issue. Meanwhile, Mr. Barber assures us, the wealth of helpful detail contained in these letters is an unfailing source of inspiration and will stimulate him to do something really notable in the way of an attractive moderately priced home with every practical modern convenience.

How Girls Catch Cold

At the University of Michigan, where Mr. Yost has his hands full directing the sports and physical education of the undergraduates, the Student Health Service has collected statistics showing that girls take cold more often than boys. "This is not a mere matter of exposure," their report reads; "it is also a matter of courage. Our fair coeds know that the Winter winds blow cold in Ann Arbor and that slush washes back and forth upon the sidewalks. Yet they bravely venture forth in the shortest of skirts and the sheerest of silken hose, sometimes with low-cut shoes and skeleton rubbers. And even when they wear the famous galoshes, there is a noticeable length of semitransparent silk stocking exposed to the fury of the elements. As for protecting their throats and contiguous territory, they disdain to do it. Courage, then, is the first name of the coed, but Foolish is her middle name. What she gains by her exposure she loses again through the red nose she acquires."

Before You Plan Your House

What might be called a wall-motto for home-builders, something to be read and reread by every prospective client of an architect, is the following paragraph from a comment by Mr. Donn Barber on the Washington model house, described elsewhere in this issue: "The function of architecture," says Mr. Barber, "is to create in building an artistic unity, no single part or quality of which can be detached without an inevitable sense of loss. Domestic architecture should live in an atmosphere of quiet and gracious and simple ideals free from the bias of sentiment. We have a great deal to unlearn, as well as to learn, in house-building; we should simplify our requirements, insist on quality and an intrinsic value in everything we touch, use and possess."

One of Our Men Readers

It is no news to us that men read THE DELINEATOR; only recently one of them, a shipmaster, wrote to tell us that he had read and enjoyed all the fiction in the twelve numbers his wife had put aside for later reference. But here, from Harbin, China, is a subscriber who permits us to publish his letter with the understanding that we eliminate his name and address: "I am a very keen supporter of THE DELINEATOR, having subscribed regularly since 1906, although I was a mere bachelor and a lady's paper is not usually to be found in a man's rooms. I found its reading good, advertisements beyond praise and its household hints and tips and sundry cooking-recipes excellent. I love children and its special appeal to me as a bachelor lay in its especially attractive children's dresses, games and children's pages, and I gained the warm and lasting friendship of very many married women by being able to take a practical interest in their little ones by the aid of my old friend, THE DELINEATOR.

"I am now married, thank God, and my wife, who is a Russian lady, has fallen equally in love with the paper and has boomed it among all her own circle with the result that our copy comes back like a silk shoe after a litter of fox-terrier pups have fondled it for an hour. Good old DELINEATOR, long life and prosperity to it!"



HOW NOT TO ADDRESS LETTERS

This is a photograph of a letter that was mailed from a reader in Kingston, Pennsylvania, and delivered without question or delay, although neither city nor State was included in the address. We are not unmindful of the compliment in our correspondent's implied belief that every one knows where "Style Headquarters of the World" are to be found, but the amount of misdirected mail we are obliged to handle in the course of a year helps prompt our whole-hearted cooperation with the Post-Office Department in an effort to avoid the waste of time and money due to carelessly prepared mail-matter. When the mailing-address, name and address of the sender and postage-stamps are not properly placed on envelopes or wrappers, correct disposition of mail is seriously delayed. Mail should be sufficiently and correctly addressed in order to secure its prompt and certain delivery. Write plainly the name of the person addressed, street and number, number of rural route, or post-office box, and the name of the post-office and State in full. Do not abbreviate. When the name of a State is abbreviated, frequently Va. and Pa., Md. and Ind., Colo. and Calif., Miss. and Minn., and others are confused and mail missent, as in many instances post-office names are repeated in several different States.

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MIX *and* SERVE

Edited with Willing Hands and a Mean Pencil by the Only Mere Man on the Staff

A CHIVALROUS theorist who is too modest to publish his name has worked out an ingenious parallel between certain types of women and certain forms of music ◈◈◈ "The woman who is like a *Symphony*," he says, "is exquisitely balanced, each element of her nature in harmony with the other. You are charmed by the variety of this woman, who, alas! is as rare as she is charming" ◈◈◈ "The *Ballad* woman is probably encountered more often than any other type. Her resemblance to the ballad form in music lies in the fact that she is pleasant to hear, of no great depth and is easy to understand. This type is sweet, simple and unaffected" ◈◈◈ "In intellectual circles, you encounter the *Fugue* woman, who is very complex. The 'voices' of her nature are hidden beneath a deep undergrowth of theories, cross-currents and logic. But once you learn to isolate these voices, you will find them subtly intriguing and beautiful" ◈◈◈ "The emotional woman seems to be synonymous with the *Sonata*. Her nature is composed of several different movements, comparable to the allegro, andante and rondo of a sonata. There are deep, sweeping harmonies, crooning melodies and the sudden crashing of passionate chords" ◈◈◈ "The *Caprice* type is whimsical as the clouds in April, her fancies as light as a Spring breeze. She goes through life adored, misunderstood, often creating havoc in hearts that crave stability." ◈◈◈ So much for music ◈◈◈ A news-dispatch from *Washington, D. C.*, says that although the last survivor of the war of 1812 died several years ago, the Government is still paying pensions to sixty widows of participants ◈◈◈ When you figure that the war started over a hundred years ago, it is astonishing how healthy a widow can be when there is a regular check forthcoming from *Uncle Sam* ◈◈◈ This month we celebrate the hundredth anniversary of one of the shining lights of *Domestic Science* ◈◈◈ We refer to *Elmer Magoffin*, the sturdy Vermonter who invented the patent egg-beater ◈◈◈ Tradition has it that *Elmer*, who was a sensitive soul and light sleeper, was disturbed in his morning slumbers by the scratching of the fork in the bowl when his wife mixed his breakfast omelet. He cast about for a device that would produce a more soothing sound and hit upon the instrument that is now a part of the impedimenta of every housekeeper ◈◈◈ *Elmer's* subsequent history was unfortunate ◈◈◈ It seems that the pleasant whir of the egg-beater roused latent musical ambitions in his spouse, who yearned to express herself in a spangled evening gown rather than in a gingham apron ◈◈◈ She became harpist with a ladies' orchestra, was billed as *Mme. Magoffin* and traveled on the Chautauqua circuit, leaving *Elmer* to make his own omelets ◈◈◈ Her defection is said to have hastened his early death from indigestion and probably deprived the world of other labor-saving inventions ◈◈◈ The following advertisement appeared in a *Western* paper: "If George William Brown, who deserted his poor wife and baby twenty-five years ago, will return, the aforesaid baby will knock the stuffing out of him" ◈◈◈ *Mrs. Li*, wife of the President of China, demands an allowance of $50,000 a year for the purchase of perfumes ◈◈◈ We were discussing with a veteran he-editor the enormously increased interest in swimming on the part of women within the past few years ◈◈◈ In our innocence we were inclined to think it due to the generally increased interest in athletic sports, but it seems we were off on the wrong tack ◈◈◈ "It is all due to the influence of *Annette Kellerman*," said the old-timer. "When she first came to this country and posed for the photographers in a one-piece bathing-suit, she was an eye-soothing spectacle and made a tremendous hit. Before that bathing was no great shakes with the ladies, but now every kittenish fat girl struts around the beach secretly believing that she cuts a figure like the svelte *Annette*" ◈◈◈ *Emil Neuenfeldt*, of *Oshkosh, Wisconsin*, ships from his back yard from five hundred to six hundred dozen frog-legs every day ◈◈◈ *Miss Mary Meeker*, of *Brooklyn, New York*, who won a prize for the most beautiful hands, says that washing dishes and helping with the housework have kept them well proportioned ◈◈◈ Our notion of a perfect lady is one who mentions THE DELINEATOR when writing to advertisers.

THE DELINEATOR

OCTOBER 1923



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THE DELINEATOR

MRS. WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY Editor

W. MARTIN JOHNSON Art Director

VOLUME CIII OCTOBER, 1923 NUMBER FOUR



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FROM *the* EDITOR'S POINT *of* VIEW

GREAT MOTHERS

"GREAT men have great mothers." From time to time during many years this thought has been expressed. A sincere and understanding public has accepted it as truth. And now come some of the educators, who must weigh and measure all things in life—and often deny all those which they do not understand. They have taken mother into the laboratory and put her in a test-tube.

As a result of his minute examination into the family history of exceptionally gifted men, Galton, in his "Heredity of Genius," finds that among judges, statesmen, commanders, literary and scientific men, poets and artists the male influence to the female is seventy to thirty, and that among divines alone the female influence is preponderant, where it is to the male as seventy-three to twenty-seven (pages 326-328).

A San Francisco teacher quotes a passage from him:

"There is a common opinion that great men have remarkable mothers. No doubt they are largely indebted to maternal influences, but the popular belief ascribes an undue and incredible share to them. I account for the belief by the fact that great men have usually high moral natures, and are affectionate and reverential, inasmuch as mere brain without heart is insufficient to achieve eminence. Such men are naturally disposed to show extreme filial regard and to publish the good qualities of their mothers with exaggerated praise." (Page 329.)

What is a great mother, or even an able mother? By what scale is she to be tested? We can weigh special gifts and mental keenness, but who has been anointed to measure the true qualities of mothers?

These men of science have been confusing the terms great mother and great woman.

Few great women are successful mothers. The public prevents it. When a woman becomes great or notable, society makes its selfish and absorbing demands. An ego is apt to be developed. Outside interests encroach more and more on the days. Work, talents, attentions become walls between the soul of the child and the mind of the mother.

I have seen great women who were rare intellectual companions for their children. But even here that divine spark which keeps the human race from utter darkness was frequently missing. I have also seen great mothers who could not soar to the heights with their gifted sons and daughters—whose clean ideals, never-failing faith and simple wisdom shaped the characters which made gifted men great men.

Being a great mother is a life-work. It is early-ing labor and late-night praying. It begins the child is born; it endures until the mind is It dreams by the cradle and through the years builds hopes upon the dead dreams. It may be crushed, but it never surrenders.

Great mothers every day take broken pieces of life and build new temples.

They can love better than life and yet stand at foot of the cross.

This is not sentimentality. There are great mothers all around us like the stars in the encircling universe which we can not accurately measure or weigh, nor yet understand.

The world has a fairly accurate rating for great women. Only God can assay great mothers.

"J. HARDIN & SON"

THE Barton Heights Woman's Club of Richmond, Virginia, after reading the first instalment of "J. Hardin & Son" decided that such a story by such a man was of sufficient importance to be a part of their program. The members of the club are reading the story as it appears. In the month of the concluding instalment one of the members is to give a paper on Mr. Whitlock and a review of "J. Hardin & Son."

This suggests possibilities for clubs to utilize really worth-while magazine serials. In the months during which the serial appears every member will have time to read it either in the instalments or all at once.

In this hurried generation the public is rarely given a novel representing, as does "J. Hardin & Son," the thoughtful work of years. Mr. Whitlock's serial is worthy of serious study. Critical readers have predicted that it will become one of the great American novels.

OUR CHILDREN

By MADAME ROCHÉ

Be nervous, if you must, with every one else, but never with your child. Calmness is strength; excitement is weakness.

Do not offer a child's poor health as an excuse for indulging him. You are preparing him for a life with doubled disadvantages.

Accustom children to silence. It rests their brains and allows them to develop a capacity for refleetion.

Demand an effort every day, to keep them from growing soft.

A direct question often hurts. Let them feel that your heart is open and all theirs and they will speak of their own accord.

When you come home, tell them what you have seen. The slightest stories often have a great influence and teach a lesson naturally.

No solitary education—let them mix with others.

Allow some small faults, and thus avoid greater ones.

Make them clearly understand that liberty implies responsibility.

Educating children is a sort of mutual education: we perfect ourselves in trying to perfect them; we climb high so that we may call and urge them to follow.

Play with them, laugh, run, battle together, but when the moment comes, be the mother.

Do not scold them before strangers. It is a useless humiliation which they will surely hold against you.

Reflect before you answer, but then let yes be yes and no no.

Nothing is more natural than to wish our children to be happy, but let us teach them to find happiness in balance, duty and order; disorder brings only unhappiness.

BETTER HOMES

THE architecture of the small American house has received much criticism but little help from architects, artists and other citizens with a real appreciation of the value of beauty.

THE DELINEATOR undertook to interest Mr. Donn Barber, fellow of the American Institute of Architects and of the British Academy of Architecture, in the designing of better small houses. Mr. Barber drew the plans for the "Home, Sweet Home" house dedicated by President Harding in Washington at the beginning of Better Homes Week. This house has been called one of the most beautiful little homes in America.

In addition to this plan and other small houses designed by Mr. Barber for THE DELINEATOR, he has completed the drawings for a small house which represents votes on the ideal American home from DELINEATOR readers in nearly every State in the Union. THE DELINEATOR offered a prize for the best letter on this subject. What the American woman wants in her home has been tabulated and finally incorporated in a perfect plan for a beautiful small house. The story of this plan, by Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders, editor of the Department of House Decoration, will be published in the November DELINEATOR. Read the article and write us if you have anything to add to what has been considered by the judges the perfect small American house.

On Miss Van Rensselaer's editorial page in the same issue there will appear a list of the special features which were repeatedly mentioned by writers of the contest letters. It is interesting to note that labor-saving enters largely into the specifications for the new kind of American home.

Miss Van Rensselaer will give special attention in the pages of THE DELINEATOR this year to short-cuts in housework and to the equipment, arrangement and management of the home.

It is because of her pioneer work in this very field of home-making that Miss Van Rensselaer has recently been recognized abroad and in this country as one of America's twelve greatest women.

FIRE

IT HAS been said that America is built to burn. It would seem there is some truth in this startling statement. The United States Chamber of Commerce reports that there is a fire on the average every minute of every day in the year. Our fire loss is greater than that of any other nation on earth: it is over three hundred million dollars a year. What is even more appalling is the official statement that more than twenty thousand people were burned to death in the United States last year.

The crime of it is that most of this wastage is avoidable.

We need fire-prevention instruction taught in our schools; we need this important information in our homes. Remember, there is a fire in America every minute of the day and night. The hour should not strike for you. October ninth is Fire Prevention Day, chosen because it is the anniversary of the Chicago fire which wiped out a great American city.

If fire prevention is not taught in your town, write to the National Board of Fire Underwriters, 76 William Street, New York City, and they will send you a manual covering the subject of fire prevention in the home.

A COMPLETE TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 100



FINISH THE JOB

By ANGELO PATRI

Author of "A Schoolmaster in the Great City" and "Child Training"

THOUGHTFUL people are making a serious charge against the young folk who are entering business. The head of one big firm put it this way: "When they come to us, they are full of enthusiasm—they seem to be looking for work and eager to push it through. In a few months all this wears off and it is hard to get them to follow an ordinary day's routine to the finish. Cards are left out of the files, letters fail to catch the mail, telephone calls are not carried through.

"A lot of them are imbued with the idea that they are competent to take over the presidency of the concern, and when they learn that there is no immediate prospect of that they lose heart and skimp the job. It never dawns on them that they are beginning and that they must serve through to the end they desire. They don't sense that every job, big or little—five minutes of stamping letters or fifty years of constructive work—has its stages of drudgery and triumph, a beginning, a struggle and the end.

"They have no pride in personal effort, no sense of craftsmanship. They are always carrying the light end of the log and looking over their shoulders to see where help is coming from. I like to see work done in the spirit of the specifications: all work finished in a thorough and workmanlike manner. The schools ought to teach that."

ALL of which is very serious. There is but one way of learning to carry responsibility, and that is by carrying it—carrying it to the end, which is about the last thing the present-day child is permitted to do. Our children have comfortable homes. Food and clothes and shelter come to them as gifts from above. If they are ill, they have a doctor and good nursing. If they want amusement, it is supplied forthwith by the movies. Education is free for the taking—even forced upon them! There is no thought of earning or deserving. To want is to get. Theirs is an almost effortless existence. That troubles us, for we know that growth and power come only through struggle and effort, through self-help.

"I'm worried about Bill," said a father. "He never gets a chance to work things out for himself. He gets what he asks for, and when he gets into a scrape somebody helps him out again. He doesn't have to do anything but live, and you can scarcely hold him responsible for that.

"I had a different training and I'm glad of it. I lived out in the country until I was nine, when my parents moved into the big town and I went to school there. About the time I was fourteen my people decided to go back to the farm. I kicked like a steer; I was strong for a good education, and I knew the difference between what I was getting and what I might expect from the little one-room school back in the woods.

" 'You want to stay here and go to school?' asked dad. 'Well, you may. I'll allow you the rent of the house for your support and you can see how you make out.' So I was left with some friends, and I tell you, sir, I wouldn't give those four years of shifting for myself for any college course I ever took, good as they have been.

"I had to do all sorts of thinking and working to keep up to my income's limitations. I remember I caught the measles. I hadn't made any calculations on them and I asked the doctor to let me work out my bill of two dollars and fifty cents by taking care of his buggy, and he very gravely allowed me to wash it every evening until I had worked off my debt.

"But poor Bill! Shut up here in the city and in school—what can he do? Hasn't even a wood-box to fill or a water-pail to be responsible for! No dog to feed. His mother helps him with his lessons, so he hasn't them either."

"I have to help him with them or he'll fail," said his mother quickly.

"Let him," said father. "At least he'll learn that if he doesn't help himself he can not get along. When he wants to learn, he'll study fast enough."

"I'd like to see Bill when he wanted to study," said mother. "You know he hates it. If I left him to himself, he would do nothing. The other night I told him that he ought to find at least five examples of the figure of speech he was studying and he said: 'No. The teacher doesn't want to have lists brought in. She says she will give them to us herself.'

"I wondered if he had the story right, and I asked the teacher. 'Oh, yes,' said she. 'I prefer to give them the lists. If they bring them in, half of them will be wrong and the other half will forget and I'll have to waste time following them up. I have no time for individual teaching. My classes are too heavy.' Now what do you say?"

"I'm sorry for Bill," said his father. "I don't see where he is going to learn that he is responsible for his own job from start to finish. He isn't going to amount to a pin unless he learns that. He must get a measure of his own power before he can build on it. Something's wrong."

IT IS unquestionably difficult for a child under existing conditions to take over a job and complete it, depending only upon his own intelligence and application for the result. But that does not excuse parents and teachers whose work it is to train children to standards of workmanship from finding what is in the way and doing what lies in their power to remove it. Our work with children must be finished in a thorough and workmanlike manner, too. How?

First, by changing our too-common attitude toward the activities of childhood. Many of us think that we are imposing a hardship on a child when we ask him to do a piece of useful work. We think it cruel to "task" a child. We think that his happiness lies in escaping from duty, when in reality it lies in the sense of "duty well performed and days well spent." That sounds old-fashioned—and it is. As old-fashioned as truth and as everlasting. We will have to grasp this truth and teach it to the children if they are to know the secret of honest success. We think we know it; we think we teach it. We very often are mistaken.

A mother gives her little son a pan and a handful of clothes-pins and seats him on the floor to play. For a time he is busy and happy, but after a while he tires of the game and tosses the pins down and trots off in search of something more interesting.

"Bunny, pick up your pins and put them in the pan and set it away on the shelf if you are through with them. You must learn to tidy up after yourself."

Bunny picks up a pin or two and then goes off again. By and by mother steps on a pin and says, "Bunny, I told you to pick those clothes-pins up and put them away and you didn't do it. Mother nearly fell on one. You must learn to pick up after yourself." Then she picks them all up, puts them into the pan and sets it on the shelf.

Why didn't she make Bunny pick them up and put them away? Why didn't she see that he made a clean job of the thing? "Oh, he's so little and so poky. It would have taken him forever and I did it in a minute. I know I ought to make him do it himself, but with two of them I'm so busy I can not—there isn't time."

IT IS human to enter gaily into a new venture and to drop it when it begins to pall. We all hate drudgery and we all love the beginnings of things. We rejoice to start out on our journey, but we hate to trudge up Hill Difficulty, hate to plod on and hold on and cheer ourselves up and over.

But the road to the summit from which we can view the City Celestial lies over that hill, and we never attain full growth until we have climbed it, parent and children, teacher and children—all of us.

Then let us stop sentimentalizing over the children and help them climb. Give them a chance to step out and get somewhere.

Bunny can pick up his pins, and William can wipe up the water he spilled, and Marie can mend the hole she tore in her sweater, and Susie can set the table—and all to a standard of workmanship. John Joseph need not go to the ball game until he has finished cleaning the forks, and Helen need not finish her library book until she has rewritten the composition she affronted her teacher with last Friday. And you must not pity them, because they are getting the training that will help them to take their proper places in the world some day.

With that attitude established, the next thing to fix in our minds is that the caste of the white collar be abolished. Get rid of the idea that boys and girls are not to soil their hands or their clothes at their work. Power is what they are looking for, and that comes only to those who are willing to get down into the heart of things and dig for it. Train their hands and their heads to keep time and discard the notion of the white collar and all the stupidities it symbolizes.

"But I want my child to be a professional worker—a manager or an artist or something. I want him to rise above that sort of thing."

What sort of thing? Dirty hands? Dirty clothes? Drudgery? Unpleasant sights and smells? Dirty people, sweating and grimy? You wish to avoid effort and struggle and discouragement for your child?

Concluded on page 76



Victrola No. 400
Mahogany, $250 Electric, $290



Victrola No. 405
Walnut, $250 Electric, $290



Victrola No. 410
Mahogany, $300 Electric, $340

Three new Victrola models

The three new Victrola Models illustrated herewith incorporate Victrola musical quality in cabinets reflecting all the skill of the master designers of other generations—a perfect combination of art and utility with moderate cost, resulting from our unequalled facilities and long experience.

Fully equipped with albums, Victrola No. 2 sound-box, new improved Victor tapering tone-arm and goose-neck sound-box tube, full-floating amplifier, speed indicator and the simple, reliable Victor motor.

Built entirely in the Victor factories, which are the largest devoted entirely to the production of one musical product.

In buying a talking-machine consider that you must choose the Victrola or something you hope will do as well and remember that the Victrola—the standard by which all are judged—costs no more.

A selected list of Victor Records illustrating Victor quality

Lucia—Sextet	Galli-Curci, Egener, Caruso, de Luca, Journet, Bada	95212	$3.50
Berceuse from Jocelyn	McCormack and Kreisler	89106	2.00
Elégie—Mélodie	Caruso and Elman	89066	2.00
Song of the Volga Boatmen	Chaliapin	88663	1.75
Whispering Hope	Gluck and Homer	87524	1.50
Ave Maria (Schubert)	Heifetz	74563	1.75
Minuet in G (Paderewski)	Paderewski	74533	1.75
La Capinera (The Wren)	Galli-Curci	64792	1.25
Traviata—Prelude Waltz of the Flowers	Victor Symphony Orchestra	35717	1.25
National Emblem March Lights Out March	U. S. Marine Band Arthur Pryor's Band	18498	.75



Victrola

REG U.S. PAT OFF.

Look under the lid and on the labels for these Victor trade-marks.

Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N. J.

Before you wash precious silks and woolens make this test

BECAUSE we know from long experience that the most delicate silks and woolens can be safely washed, we ask you to avoid possible dangers by making a simple yet conclusive soap test.

Here is the test:

Before risking your precious garments, ask yourself:

"Would I be willing to use this soap on my face?"

That is the whole test for any soap, no matter of what kind or form. If the soap is pure enough and mild enough to be used ***safely*** on your skin, it is ***naturally*** safe for the most delicate white and colored fabrics. If you suspect it might be too strong, we urge you to be cautious.

It is not by mere chance that Ivory Flakes is one of the very few soaps for delicate fabrics which can stand this test.

Ivory Flakes is Ivory Soap—the very same Ivory Soap that women everywhere use daily to protect and preserve lovely complexions. The only difference is in the *form*.

Since Ivory Flakes is pure, mild and gentle enough for the skin—yes, even for a baby's skin—it is, of course, safe for any fabric which can stand the touch of pure water. Just whip up the rich Ivory suds, as directed on the Ivory Flakes box, and dip the garment into it with perfect confidence.

In addition to having a real margin of safety beyond other soaps for the more delicate things, Ivory Flakes is economical enough for use in washing the heavier articles that need care and the protection of pure soap—linens, blankets, draperies, and so on.

If you will accept the offer made in the lower right-hand corner of this page, we shall gladly send you a sample of Ivory Flakes and the beautifully illustrated booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments."

Full size packages of Ivory Flakes are for sale in grocery and department stores everywhere.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

IVORY SOAP FLAKES

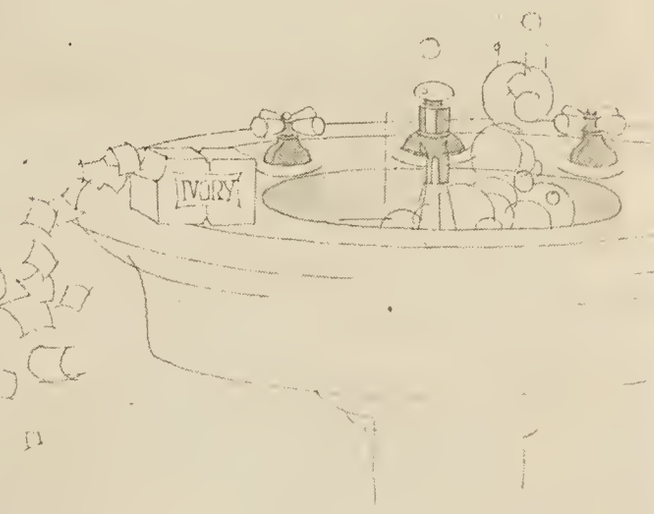
Makes dainty clothes last longer

Silkiness Preserved in Washing Angora Wool

TWO lace wool shawls made of soft Angora yarn were bought in England several years ago. One was worn and was washed over and over with Ivory Flakes, in spite of warnings against water. The other shawl was put away. After a while they were compared. Their owner says there is not the slightest difference—in texture, color, softness—and declares this is the highest tribute she can pay to the safety of Ivory Flakes.

(Shawl and owner's letter on file in the Procter & Gamble office.)



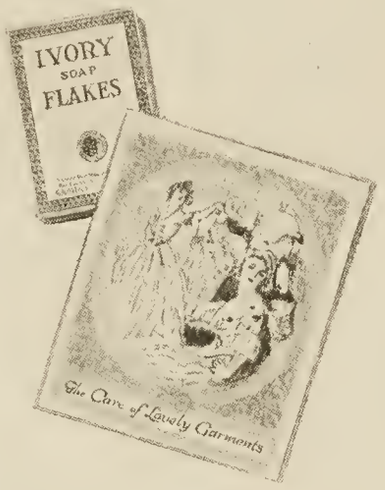


Tissue-thin Tan Crêpe

WASHED PERFECTLY

THIS delicate blouse of tan crêpe, with its lovely embroidery, "was too costly a garment unless it could be washed," says its owner's letter to us. "I laundered it with Ivory Flakes with most gratifying results." She has washed it with Ivory Flakes six times, and the colors and texture are as fresh-looking as when it was first bought.

(Blouse and owner's letter on file in the Procter & Gamble office.)



Free—This package and booklet

A sample package of Ivory Flakes and the beautifully illustrated booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments," will be sent to you without charge on application to Section 17-JF, Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, O.

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THE BEHIND LEGS OF THE 'ORSE

A quaint and charming story by a master humorist

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER



WITHOUT RISING FROM THE STOOL, WITHOUT TURNING TOWARD THE PIANO, PIERRE SANG AND DANCED AND PLAYED

NOT much of a story, perhaps, but possibly something about art. Not that art or artists are of much moment, either. But here it is, for what it is worth—take it or leave it! It is about an artist—and, I believe, a great artist.

I met this great artist one evening at Cargay's, who likes to have affairs of one sort or another in his studio and makes enough magazine-cover money to afford them. For purposes of identification you may call me Henry Rodman, although that is not my name. I am in the button business—domestic and imported pearl buttons—and people call me a millionaire, but whether I am or am not is nobody's business but my own. I ought not mention it here, perhaps, but I have a brother William who was always the black sheep of our family, and with the coming of prohibition he got into the bootleg business, and he is the only bootlegger I would trust for a minute. I do trust William, and I have a right to, because he is my brother. I only mention this because, in spite of the fact that I have a wife, I know quite well that the only reason Cargay invites me to so many of his studio affairs is because I can get him a little dependable refreshment through my brother William.

However that may be, I can say I do enjoy Cargay's affairs. I don't mix with the crowds there much; I've been in the button business enough years to have some common sense and I know I'm not invited to Cargay's because I'm bright, and I know I'm supposed to be well-enough satisfied to sit around and listen and maybe say a word or two when some one drops into a chair alongside of me and speaks first.

My wife is one of the real ones. She belongs, as they say. You wouldn't know her by the name of Mrs. Henry Rodman, but you would by the name of Bessie Bartol in a minute. They don't have to say: "This is Bessie Bartol, the great eccentric dancer," when they introduce Bessie; they need only say: "This is Bessie Bartol." But when they introduce me, they are apt to say: "This is Henry Rodman; Bessie Bartol's husband, you know." I don't mind; I'm well-enough satisfied to let it be that way. Yes!

Well, this Pierre fellow I met up there at Cargay's one night—oh, several years ago! I'd seen him before, if you could call it seeing him, several times—four times, I guess. In the "*Vive la République*" show. It was the big hit—but you know all about that. It came over from Paris—queerest, quaintest show that was ever put on. A whale of a hit, and due to run forever it seemed.

In one way the show was all one man—Doucet. I met Doucet once or twice, a fat little man, all belly and pop-eyes and pudgy face and a big grin. He said: "Ze '*Vive la République*' ees all one beeg family," or something of the sort, and I guess it was—with Doucet for the iron-handed papa. He was a genius, but just as a poet genius has to be cruel to words and grab them by the throat until they turn blue in the face and mean something they never meant before, so Doucet had to be an iron nut-cracker and murder his troupe if it did not get his exact shade of artistry. A wonderful show papa; a wonderful man! He could spank his company into shape with a club, and they worshiped him for making them be great artists.

I don't know what they would call the "*Vive la République*" in France, but over here we might call it "Mother Goose For Grown-Ups," or "Nursery Rimes Made Wonderful." Simple, but made into wonderful art.

So, this particular night, Doucet came up to Cargay's, and when every one had dipped into the punch made of my brother William's material, Cargay led Doucet to the front and said there was no need to introduce him, this was Doucet. Doucet made one of his funny little talks, and then he said:

"Zis evening I have brotch wis me one of my artists, a vair great artist, who will amoos you. You 'ave all see 'eem, but you 'ave not recognize 'eem. In "*Vive la République*" he ees ze bush on wheech ze tails of *Little Bo-peep's* sheeps do hang, and he ees *Zhack ze Giant-keeler*. Meester Pierre Rochambeau!"

WELL, a little man, not up to my shoulder, got up and bowed to the right and to the left, and to the right and to the left again, and every one applauded, and the little man kept on bowing until Doucet snapped his fingers. Then the little man—this Pierre Rochambeau—went to the piano.

Without trying to think up good descriptive words, I should say he looked like a rat—a white-faced rat with a drawn, worried face. He was dapper and Frenchy and all that of course—patent-leather shoes, and a white line along his vest V, and wonderful long white fingers—but he did look like a worried little rat. I felt sorry for him. He made me think of a blind half-witted boy some man had beaten until he has learned to play the piano wonderfully and was being made to show off.

But the minute Pierre touched the piano, you forgot all that. He sat on the stool with his back to the keyboard and hunched himself over and shriveled up. His gums sank in and he became one hundred years old—he was a toothless old peasant. Then he put one hand behind him and hit one key of the piano. One note, but you saw a thousand years of peasantry raising its dull head and listening to the first note of a happy little peasant dance tune. And then, without arising from that piano-stool, without turning toward the piano, Pierre sang and danced and played. He was a whole company of peasants swinging in a hilarious grand right-and-left, and all the while he was this hundred-year-old ancient man dancing stiff-legged, feeling rheumatism in every joint and not giving a hang! I don't know how many times he reached back to hit the piano-keys—probably not six times—but it seemed as if the piano were talking all the time. It ended with the old peasant grasping his old wife and doing a wild jig for a moment, and then the old fellow was all rheumatism and aches and pains again, and there was rat-faced Pierre sitting on the piano-stool and looking up at Doucet's fat face like a child awaiting orders.

We applauded for five minutes and Pierre sat emotionless and Doucet beamed. Doucet snapped his fingers and nodded. Pierre arose and bowed.

"Eef you pleece," he said, "leetle girl and her mama ees not like when dog makes fight with chat."

He was the dog; he was the cat; he was the little girl; he was the mama; he was the fight! He seemed to speak a thousand words a minute, and he made the piano talk also. At times the dog, the cat, the little girl and

the mama were all talking at once! The neighbors came in; the whole village came in; the firemen and the gendarmes and the priest and the local contingent of the army came in. Every one was mad, wild, excited; we were mad, wild, excited. And Pierre, when you looked at him, was wilder, madder, more excited than all of us together. Wonderful! Wonderful! No American could have done it; not in a thousand years. And the next minute Pierre was sitting there quietly, looking up at Doucet, waiting for a snap of the fingers. Doucet's head shook a negative; Pierre arose and bowed, looked for a vacant chair, and came and sat beside me. Doucet bowed and bowed; bowed as he took his hat and went to the door with Cargay; bowed as he backed out of the door. Every one came and spoke to Pierre, saying he was wonderful; then something else in the way of entertainment began.

"THAT was great," I said to Pierre. "You are a genius. I wouldn't have missed hearing you for five hundred dollars. That's real art."

"I try to be real artist," Pierre said.

"And so you are *Jack the Giant-killer* and the bush!"

"And also ze behind legs of ze 'orse," said Pierre. "Ze bush—poof! Ze giant-keeler—poof! But ze behind legs of ze 'orse—ah! Yes, I am artist. Zeese leetle song—poof! Nossing! But, monsieur, ze behind legs of ze 'orse requires ze great art. You 'ave notice 'eem?"

I had not, as a matter of fact, but I told him I had. I had noticed the horse as a whole, of course, as every one did who saw the "*Vive la République*" show. An amazingly humorous horse! It danced, it walked, it laid down and got up again. People held their sides and choked with laughter when the horse walked across the stage; and when it climbed over the fence and sat down beside *Little Red Riding-Hood* only our strong rib construction saved us from a laughing death. But I had not noticed the hind legs particularly. In the program due credit was given to the horse thus:

The Horse. (Fore Legs) ..... GEORGES BARBEAU
The Horse. (Hind Legs) ..... PIERRE ROCHAMBEAU

We were left alone in our corner of the studio, Pierre and I. He had done his "stunt"; I was only Henry Rodman, button-dealer, husband of Bessie Bartol, brother of Bill the Bootlegger, owner of a dinner-jacket. I looked at the little fellow. He reminded me of a dried pea. I could not judge his age at all; I have seen world-hardened youths of twenty who looked as young and wiry old men of sixty who looked as old. I could not make him out, this Pierre. He turned to me.

"You are artist?" he asked.

"Me? No," I said. "But I like it—I like art. Very much! I can see you are a great artist—wonderful! I can see that. The way you sang to-night, and the way you do the bush, and the way you do *Jack the Giant-killer*——"

"Ah!" he said, raising his shoulders and spreading his hands, as if I had said something unkind that he must bear patiently. "Always I hear that same! I sing! I am bush! I am *Zhack!* I am wonderful! And of where I am great artist—nossing! Of the child tricks, everybody speak—of the great art, nobody speak! M'sieu," and he tapped himself on the chest, "I, Pierre Rochambeau, are ze greatest behind legs of ze 'orse ze world has ever see!"

You can see that I can't keep up this lingo of his. I can't write it as he said it, anyway, so it does not matter. The thing that matters is the earnestness of the little man—the honest sincerity of him. I hope you get that. He told me all about it as we sat there. I am a good listener—wive's husbands are, you know.

IT SEEMS that the little man's life ambition had been to be the hind legs of a horse. Back there in France, when he was a knee-high boy, his father had been a butcher—a horse-meat butcher. There was a large pen where the horses were put until they were needed—all the old wrecks and ruins the buyers gathered up—and they were very amusing. They made one laugh, Pierre said.

"Always I am ze 'orse," he explained. "I make ze trot, I make ze gallop, I am ze w'itc 'orse and I am ze beeg black 'orse and I am ze so sleepy 'orse. My papa laugh, my mama laugh. I am call Little 'Orse."

Then one day some sort of show came to town with a horse in it—a burlesque horse made of burlap with one man inside for the fore legs and one for "ze behind legs of ze 'orse." His father gave him a franc and Pierre went to the show. He was all eagerness and excitement and could hardly sit on his bench until the horse came on the stage.

"When I see that 'orse, I am seek," he said. "I am disgust. I am feel the shame."

It was a miserably poor exhibition, from what Pierre said. Not like a real horse. Any one would have known it was nothing but two clowns in a burlap.

It made him sick, but it gave him a great ambition. He felt that he must give the world a horse that would be heart-breakingly funny but the truest art. He was overwhelmed by the thought that there might be thousands of burlesque imitation horses on the stages of the world and not one actor in any one of them who was artist enough to know and appreciate and show the true amusingness of the horse.

"Ze clown, he think of ze head of ze 'orse," Pierre said. "Roll ze eye, wiggle ze ear, open ze mouth, rise up ze hoof and scratch ze nose! Poof! Chape! Eet ees not art, that! Eet ees monkey-business!"

He could do all that, he said. Any cheap burlesquer could do that. Even a fellow like Georges Barbeau could manage the head and fore legs of a horse well enough to make an audience laugh.

"But ze behind legs of ze 'orse—ah!"

There, if you were an artist—a true artist—was everything! If you knew the horse and studied the horse and were a great artist, you saw that in the "behind legs" were all the character and humor and gentle nuance of the horse nature. The fore legs could be enacted trickily—as our host Cargay did his magazine-covers, Pierre suggested—but to "do" the "behind legs" one must be a master, like unto a Corot or a Liszt or a Daudet.

"Like Michelangelo or Paganini or Balzac," I suggested.

"Ah—prrrt!" exclaimed Pierre scornfully. "Michelangelo! Paganini! Balzac! Beeg? Yes! But crude, m'sieu! Raw! Unfeenish! Me, I am take ze tip end of ze hair—one hair!—and cut heem in four and carve heem so exquisite ze real artist see and weep of joy! Me, I study those 'orse, I study those behind leg, I study those muscle and those bone, I study those uplift and down-go of those leg, I study twent' year how those 'orse lift up hees hoofs and how those 'orse put down those hoofs. I am great artist, m'sieu!"

He had "beeg tronkful of those artist pictures of 'orse," he said, and he studied them day and night. "*Toujours* I see heem, those behind legs of 'orse," Pierre said. He knew the exact difference between the way a full-bred Percheron pulled its hoof out of the mud and the way a half-bred Percheron pulled its hoof out of the mud. He knew the exact difference between the way a twenty-year-old cab-horse lifted its hoof and the way a twenty-one-year-old cab-horse lifted its hoof. He knew how a horse walked across a sandy plowed field and how it walked across the same field at the end of the season, after the crop had been harvested. All this he put into his rendition of the "behind legs" in "*Vive la République.*"

"Those Georges!" he exclaimed.

His scorn for Georges Barbeau, who was no artist at all but a fellow who thought of nothing but flirtations and food and wine, was vast.

"He has no art, heem!" Pierre told me. "Eef he attain the laugh, he is satisfy. He ees horrible!"

Georges, it seemed, knew nothing of the horse. If Doucet had unexpectedly, some night, brought out a mule-skin or a donkey-skin, it would have been all the same to Georges. He would have clambered in without a protest and he would have performed the mule or the donkey exactly as he performed the horse. Pierre could not have done that! He would have refused to enter the costume.

"I am not donkey; I am not mule," he said. "I, Pierre Rochambeau, am ze behind legs of ze 'orse!"

THE World War had been a blow to Pierre at first. It seemed to him a cruel waste of time to go saving a world, when art called him to the finer task of exemplifying the nice differences of various "behind legs" of horses. He had felt that his career was being unkindly wrecked. But the war had had its compensations; he had studied horses—artillery horses—and he had learned things about hind-leg action that otherwise would have been impossible: a horse head-down in a shell-hole and kicking, for example. And he had met Doucet there.

Doucet's "*Vive la République*" was built on

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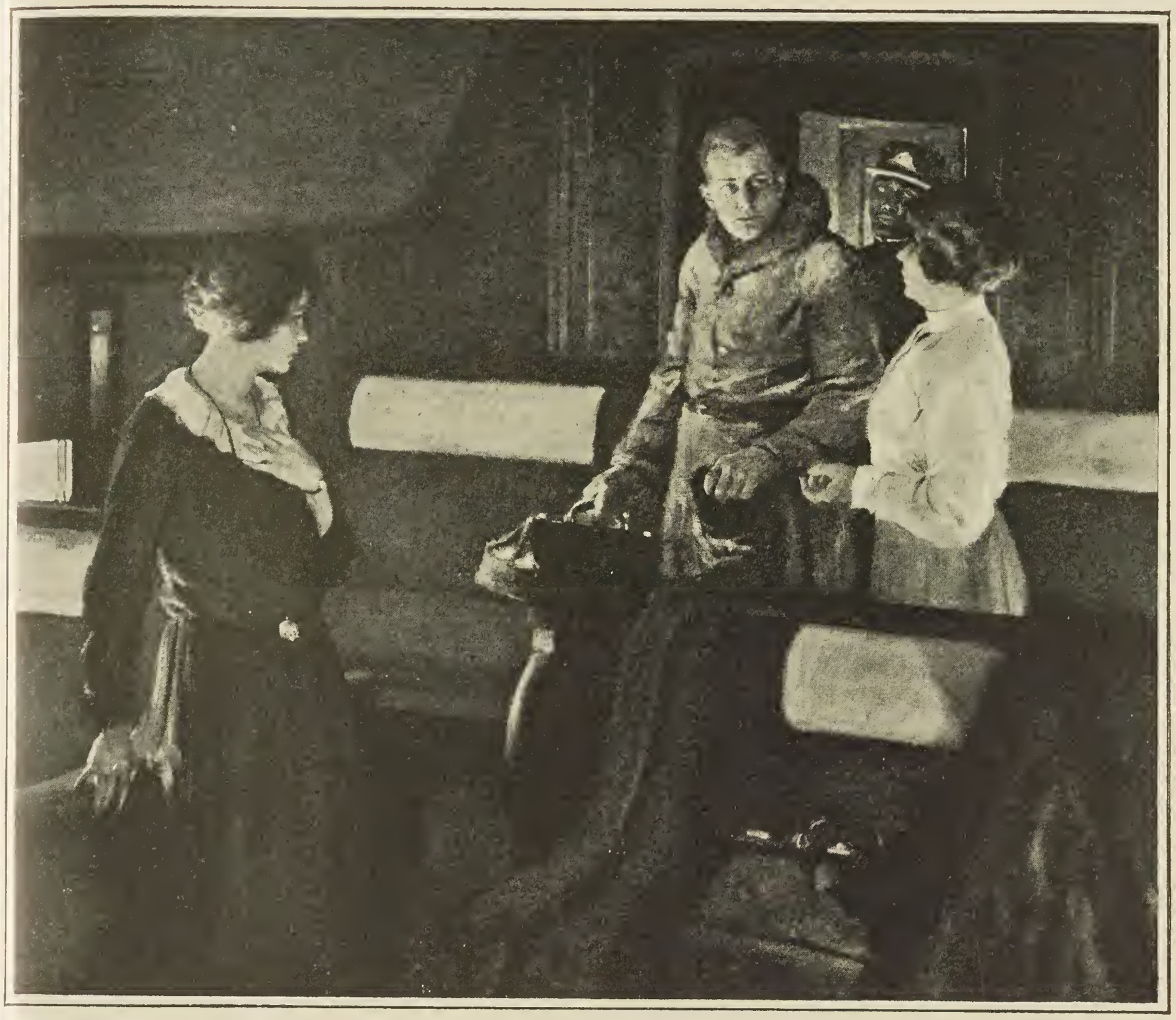


FOR JUST A MOMENT HE WAS THE LOVER FACING THE IRATE HUSBAND

THE BIG THING

They also serve who do the small things well

By HAROLD TITUS



AS THOUGH LUCY WERE OF LITTLE IMPORTANCE, HE TURNED TO MISS MASON. "WHO'S IN TROUBLE?" HE ASKED

LUCY LEE awakened with a fogged impression that the train had been motionless for some time. She recalled half-wakeful impressions that the car had been very quiet through the night, because she had been roused occasionally by a light moan which the racket of travel would have drowned. Now the moan came again, a thin, quavering murmur of pain.

The girl drew a slender arm from the covers and put up the shade. Only the upper third of the window was clear of frost. She sat up and peered out and for a moment could distinguish nothing through the swirl of snow; then it lifted and she saw a huge drift and a forest of Michigan jack-pine with the stiff little trees bobbing before the January blast. She was snow-bound!

There was movement in the aisle and a woman's voice—Miss Mason, the Red Cross nurse, who had lectured at home the night before and who had boarded the train with Lucy. Then the porter spoke and moved outside Lucy's green curtains. She called sharply:

"Porter!"

The feet stopped. "Yas-um?"

"How far have we come?"

"Not far, miss. Only twenty miles, an' we're snowed in."

The man went on, and through her apprehensions she heard Miss Mason ask: "How long ago did you get up from tonsillitis?"

Lucy was not concerned with the reply, but leaned forward and looked at her reflected image in the mirror—black hair parted and in braids, a smooth, white brow, wide blue eyes, tender mouth. The expression on this face was dismay. Twenty miles! And she knew how long it might take to go farther and— She drew on a kimono and scuttled for the dressing-room.

At times snow-bound passengers were taken back to the nearest station, when they could get back. The nearest station was Oxbow, and Oxbow was only thirteen miles from Riverford—home—the last place she wanted to be. In the aisle Lucy paused and watched Miss Mason at the far end of the car lift a sorry figure from one of the three made-up berths. The sick person was a girl of about Lucy's age, with flushed face, bright eyes and drawn mouth. She struggled to help herself, but could do little; and lifting her clear of the floor, the tall, full-breasted nurse carried her into the stateroom and placed her gently on the newly made bed.

Lucy Lee put down her bag absently, shaken for the moment from her own dismay by this circumstance. She smoothed the front of her skirt and looked again into the blizzard.

The porter came back.

"How long will we be here?" Lucy asked.

"Cain't tell, miss. But the plow is comin' from the south, an' we ought to have a clear track any minute."

ASSURED by this optimism, Lucy drew a breath of relief and sat down. With a clear track south it meant that there would be no turning back, and such thought was occasion for comfort. It permitted her to be more curious about the sick girl, and she glanced over her shoulder toward the stateroom door, now closed, and wondered what she could do to help. After that she wondered if Miss Mason would talk to her. She must have a word with the nurse, just to tell her that her lecture had inspired at least one girl to decision. There had been no time the night before, because Miss Mason was accompanied to the station by people whom Lucy did not care to face; foolish, perhaps, but she wanted to talk to none of the home folks. So she had slipped aboard the sleeper and into her berth and, when they were safely started, Miss Mason was not to be seen.

It was not long before the nurse appeared, closing the door behind her. She had iron-gray hair and carried her head with dignity; her face was broad; she had very keen hazel eyes and her mouth, though stern, was not without a decided gentleness. Evidently she was a big, important woman, the sort Lucy Lee idealized and dramatized. As the nurse came down the aisle, the girl's pulse quickened.

"Good morning," the nurse said. "Marooned in a sea of snow!"

Lucy gave evidence of her pleasure at this; she thought it remarkable that a woman of so much importance should descend at once to such a friendly level.

"Yes, but the snow-plow is coming."

"So they have said all night. Our only traveling companion is a sick girl."

"Is she very sick?"

The other shook her head dubiously. "Sick enough to need a doctor, and I hope for her sake we get on. I think she will rest a little now; she was dropping off when I left. What about breakfast?"

"I don't know!" exclaimed Lucy. "There's never a diner on these Winter trains. I didn't bring a thing; I had no idea the storm would be this bad, and besides—I came away rather hurriedly!"

Miss Mason eyed her closely and Lucy flushed.

"I have some apples in my bag, and I have fared worse," the older woman said.

"I should think you had! Why, last night, when you told of lying on the wet ground in Bulgaria and being so sick, I thought that any little discomfort——"

The porter's chuckle interrupted her and both women faced his broad smile. "A travelin'-man say this fo' the ladies." He extended a package of Graham crackers. "An' another gen'man say this fo' the ladies," holding out two bars of chocolate. "I hopes they stays yo' stummicks, 'cause the coach passengers sure is makin' a rooin of them gen'men's sample-cases!"

THE two women sat side by side in the section and breakfasted. Miss Mason was hungry, but Lucy only nibbled at her crackers and apple. She wanted to talk, and yet she did not know what to say; also, the relief which the porter's prediction that they would soon be moving had brought was being rapidly dissipated. The dismay was coming back into her heart and thence into her eyes. The steady turn of car-wheels was the only thing that could compose her. Miss Mason was studying her, and when Lucy knew that she flushed again.

"I—had hoped last night that I would have a chance to talk to you this morning," she stammered. "I—that is, I wanted to tell you how much your lecture meant to me."

Her companion smiled. "That's nice. I have been traveling so long and talking so much and am so dragged out that I sometimes wonder how people can listen to me."

"Oh, my, who wouldn't? Why, you had everybody breathless with interest, and as for me—Miss Mason, the inspiration you gave has changed my whole life." Her voice dropped with something like awe and her eyes were very earnest.

"Indeed! If I did, I hope that the change was for the better."

Lucy took another bite of cracker and looked through the window. She was a bit confused, talking to this woman so intimately, and she did want to say the right thing. The nurse watched her carefully, recognizing in her pretty face evidence of untried youth, of romanticism, of outstanding goodness—above it all, the youth.

"I'm sure it was for the best," Lucy said profoundly after the pause. "When you said that the only worthwhile thing in life is to see the big thing and do it, why, then, I knew that I never would have my chance at home—not for big things like you have done."

The other arched her eyebrows in query.

"IT IS such a little place." Lucy was very serious. "In a small backwoods town of less than a thousand people there are so few opportunities for a girl. I'm not conceited—I don't think that I ever will amount to a great deal—but I will do my best, and I think it's a shame to waste what little ability I may have on little things—don't you?"

"A worthy ambition, surely, but—" Miss Mason did not finish; her sentence trailed off while her speculative gaze held on Lucy's face.

"And last night I felt as though a great influence had come into my life. It is the first time any one has come to town who talked as you did. Nothing ever happens in Riverford to lift one up and fill one with ambition. It is all so deadly!"

"Do your people live there?"

"They did. My father died when I was little; my mother three years ago. We, the two of us, had been living with my uncle, and afterward I had no other place to go. When I finished school, I came back here, and I've been keeping house for uncle ever since; but now he is away most of the time, buying pulp-wood, and there is nothing to hold me there—and it is very lonely."

"No other girls?"

Lucy shrugged. "None that I— Well, you see, Miss Mason, I have been away and I—I guess I am not like them any more." The other nodded. "Somehow they all seem satisfied, but I can't be."

"No young men?"

"None. That is—" Lucy's eyes dropped before the direct gaze. "Of course there are some, but they are town boys and not interesting. There was one other."

"Was?" Miss Mason's eyes twinkled now, but behind that light was a suggestion of concern.

"Oh, he is still there. When he first came, he seemed different." Her voice was low and shy, but the older woman knew that the things it told had been kept in Lucy's heart so long that they cried to find words. "He came here from college and seemed different at first, but somehow he has slipped into a rut. Of course he is not like the others in many ways; he is bright and very much in earnest. But he is awfully busy all the time and—you see, Miss Mason, he is satisfied to be in a—a treadmill!"

"I see." She brushed the crums from her lap and put away the food they had not eaten. "And he wanted you to be satisfied."

"That's it! How did you know?"

"I only guessed."

Lucy sat back in her seat, relieved. "For four years he has wanted me to be satisfied." She spoke carefully and slowly and did not look at the other woman as she felt her way through the sentences. "For a time I thought I could be; but I'm glad, now, that he was very busy and poor while he was making his start, because I wouldn't want to throw my life away on a country—" She checked herself, startled, as if the completed sentence might have hurt her companion. "That doesn't sound nice, does it? For a long time it bothered me, made me feel like a little snob, because he is awfully, *awfully* nice and as good as can be." Her voice changed in quality. "But we all owe something to ourselves, even if it does hurt others, don't we?"

"That is right, my dear. We all owe that. He—he didn't want you to go?"

"No." Lucy rubbed one palm with a finger. "That is, he wouldn't if he had known." She could practise no deception; lies were not in her.

"So you decided suddenly?"

"Last night—at your lecture!"

"Oh!" with rising inflection, and for the first time the nurse's face showed doubt and trouble.

"I wanted to tell him, but—well, I knew it would hurt, so I wrote a letter instead. He will have it by now and it will save us both some suffering. Was that a small thing, and a cowardly thing, Miss Mason?"

"Not necessarily. You still care for him?—but not enough to marry him?"

"Oh, don't you see, it isn't *him!* I do care!" Her lip trembled ever so slightly. "I do care for him," she repeated; "he is my very best friend, but—oh, I want to get out, I want to be where big things are being done!"

"What is it you want to do?"

A smile followed the perplexity which this question brought to Lucy's face.

"I don't know. I feel, now that I have decided, that the world is before me. Last night, when I heard you talk about your experiences in Bulgaria during the Balkan war and in the army hospitals in France and Siberia, I thought if I could only be with people like you, helping in some small way, that I could live! I am not afraid of hardships, Miss Mason; I grew up in the Michigan woods, and I can snowshoe and handle a canoe and live on the forests and streams almost as well as any boy I know. Perhaps I can use that ability somewhere."

The nurse sighed and folded her hands and then asked: "The home-service work—didn't it interest you? That was what I tried to make interesting."

The other was somewhat abashed. "Yes, I understood; but it seems to me that all young people have got to do the——"

"The spectacular?"

"Perhaps that is it. We want—I mean, girls like I am—we want to accomplish the thing that will thrill us."

"That is true not only of young girls, but of old girls. But in looking for thrills, we want to be sure that they are not close at hand. These forests, these streams, the people and the life here, aren't they quite different from most, quite relieved of humdrum?"

"Oh, it is different of course, but not different for me. It is almost the only thing I know. Miss Mason, have you ever lived in a deadly little town where the same thing always happens, where you know what every one will think and say and do on every occasion?"

"I have, and I left it, too. I have never regretted it, and perhaps you never may. But the big thing used to happen in my home town now and then; I realize that as I look back. I hope your letter to him was good and generous. If he has wanted you for four years, he must want you badly."

"I wouldn't want to hurt him." There was a bit of huskiness in Lucy's voice. "I tried not to. If he lived somewhere where big things were being done, it might be different. He doesn't seem to understand when I talk about it. He seems to think that his every-day life is big enough, and yet he doesn't talk to me about anything except myself. But, anyhow, I couldn't be the wife of a——"

SHE was interrupted by the ringing of the porter's bell, and Miss Mason hastened toward the stateroom. As the door opened, an uncertain cry frightened Lucy Lee, and with her eyes wide she followed. The nurse was bending over the sick girl, straightening the covers.

"Back here," the girl whimpered, her face marked with pain. "Last night it was only my ear, but now—oh-h-h!"

The nurse's hand went to her forehead, then to the pulse and when she turned to the porter who hovered near her face was set.

"Can you get me some ice?"

"The engine's covered with it, ma'am."

"Good. Bring me a pail of ice and send the conductor."

She went back to the bedside and Lucy stood helpless in the doorway, creepy chills of apprehension running up her straight little back.

The porter brought a bucket of yellowish icicles; the conductor followed. Miss Mason broke up the ice and

Continued on page 62



"I—I DON'T LIKE TO BREAK UP YOUR TRIP, LUCY," HE SAID ALMOST HUMBLY

J. HARDIN & SON

"The first sigh of love is the last of wisdom"

By BRAND WHITLOCK

A boy's whole world is made up of his family, his neighbors, his town. So it was with little Paul Hardin. His puritanical father, his hard-working mother, an apprenticeship in his father's carriage-shop, the narrow repression of a little Ohio town—these were the formative influences of the boy's life. A few vivid moments of his boyhood stood out in his memory: meetings with Malcolm Dyer, the rich man of the town, and Wade Powell, the lawyer; the night the show-people stopped in Macochee and left behind the young actress mother who had died in giving life to her child; the day years later when he and Malcolm Dyer rescued that same child, little Evelyn Walling, from the river, where she had been driven by the taunts of other children. Paul was a man, partner in his father's business, when he saw Evelyn again and talked with her on the station platform. Something about the young girl strangely attracted Paul—but she was waiting for the train that was to take her away from Macochee forever, and he was about to marry Winona Dyer. Paul went into business for himself and prospered, but he was not happy. His father's business was ruined by the National Buggy Company, to whom he had refused to sell out, and J. Hardin began to give all of his time to reform work, in which he had always dabbled. The first crisis in Paul's married life came when Mrs. Winship insisted upon teaching him to dance, with Winona and Parton as amused spectators—Parton being a lawyer Winona had known before her marriage and the man who had been the agent in pushing J. Hardin to the wall



WINONA HELD HER HANDS UP TO HER HEAD IN A PRETTY ATTITUDE, TRYING THE EFFECT OF THE HAT

PART FOUR

PAUL and Winona scarcely spoke for days after that party at the Winships'; Paul came and went in a sullenness blacker than any his own father had ever known. He could have overlooked all—his own ridiculous posture, the insolence of Parton and all that—but what he could not forgive was that laugh of Winona's. That laugh, slight and thoughtless though it had been, had wounded him too deeply in his self-esteem for him to pardon it. His pride kept him from reproach, he would not mention it; and Winona, withdrawn into a deep reserve, seemed as determined as he to make no advance toward a reconciliation, to offer no explanation which might have soothed him.

Nor was there in this emergency an influence that had often served them in other little matrimonial complications: Mrs. Dyer was no longer at the table or in her old place beside the fire. She had not been feeling well, and during the spell of exceedingly cold weather that had settled over the land she had kept to her room, so that Paul and Winona sat at their meals or afterward in the sitting-room with an infinite silence between them, separated by the squalid little dénouement of their disastrous social experiment. Paul would sit there a while and then go off to the library to smoke and browse among Malcolm Dyer's books, a prey to dark resentments that kept him from reading any of them. Sometimes he wondered how long this would go on, this mute quarrel that was assuming proportions so much more grave than any misunderstanding that had ever come between them.

And then one evening as he sat there moodily alone, Winona stood suddenly in the doorway and his heart gave a little leap of happy anticipation. She had come at last, and he was glad; it had been lonely in this silence that seemed to fill the whole house with its throbbing, veritably dinning in his ears like sullen storm.

"Paul!"

His heart stopped; Winona's tone was fraught with disaster. He started up.

"Come, please!"

She was leaning against the door-post, very pale; she swayed slightly.

"What has happened?" he cried, going to her.

"Mamma!" she whispered. She led the way up-stairs and to her mother's room, where on a sofa Mrs. Dyer lay dead, her fragile form coiled up as though asleep, one hand under her thin transparent cheek.

PAUL stood in the window of his office—not the old office at the shop, but his new office in the Ogle block—and looked down into Cedar Street, lying white and desolate in the snow which in its blustery March way was filling all the air with its large flakes and hiding everything away under its thick, moist mantle. Paul relished the solitude of that room, where he could retire from intrusion in that moody sensitiveness which seemed more and more to dominate his nature. What few pleasures he knew might have been said to be those of the imagination, though they were not of that poetic kind which in other circumstances might have been possible to him.

Other circumstances! Sometimes he vaguely conceived them. Had he, for instance, but obeyed a youthful impulse to become a painter; had he not married Winona, between whom and himself there had grown up gradually through the years, until now it had a tacit recognition in their lives, a misunderstanding, a lack of cooperation and reciprocity; well, in certain other conjecturable circumstances he might not in Winter have chosen to remain long hours, all day in fact, in this new office of his, silent and alone in a sort of dull, selfish content. There was that quality in it; though there was, too, a sense of duty, an ingrained habit of conformity to the Macochee custom, which bound every man to be at his post in business hours. Conformity was necessary in Macochee, where Paul was paying by his unpopularity for the privilege of being rich.

He knew it in his silent, secretive way, just as he knew what was happening in his relations with Winona. But there were, as always, compensations: this stormy March morning, even though he was idle, the seed was mysteriously germinating in his fields lying white under the snow; and there to the north in Hardin and Wood and Allen counties the oil was steadily gushing forth in a thick, greenish black stream; and in his strong-box and in the bank the interest on his investments was accumulating in silent, mysterious processes, like the germination of those seeds. Even if he were never to work again, there would be no need to worry, since all these unseen forces were tirelessly working for him, increasing his riches. What was it the Bible said? "Line upon line, and percept upon precept, here a little and there a little." That was the way—a little at a time; so did life's forces gather momentum. And there he was, his ambition achieved, the richest man in Gordon County.

The new office was on the second floor of the Ogle Building. It was a great, barren room, meagerly furnished with a large desk of oak, a revolving-chair and two great rocking-chairs. A small stove with bright nickel trimmings too abundantly provided the dry, appalling heat.

The principal object in the room, however, was the enormous steel safe that stood in a corner. It was a new safe, its black lacquered surface ornamented by delicate lines and curves of color that might have been striped by the hand of Brethitt himself; over the door, with its combination lock and its nickel-plated hinges, high over all, in gilt letters, was his name: "P. Hardin."

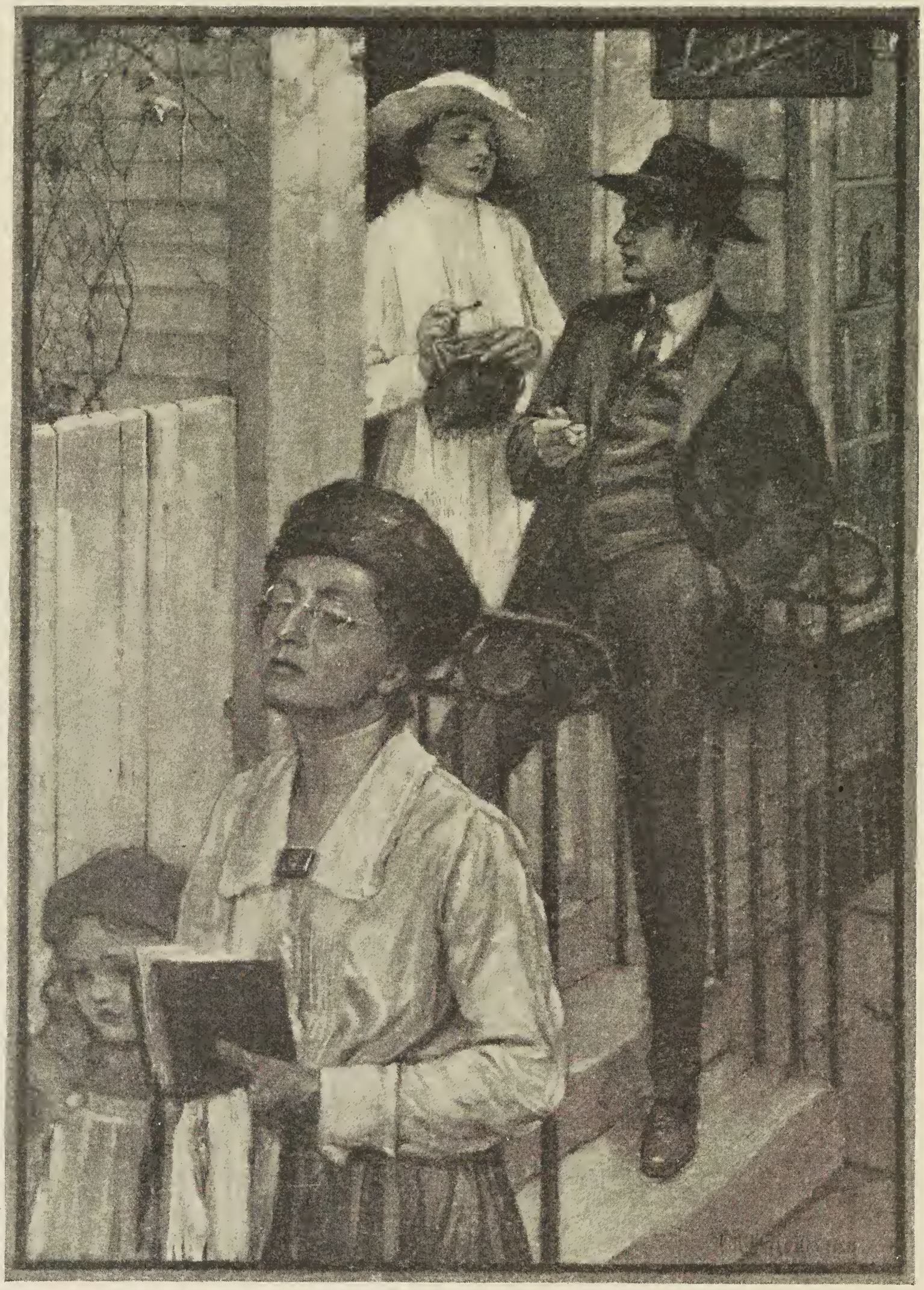
It was a significant inscription, testifying to the break in the old association with J. Hardin. The sign-board at the corner of Cedar and Mad River Streets still bore the firm name of J. Hardin & Son, but it was dim and weather-beaten; the snow that morning wound itself like a shroud about the old shop, closed now and abandoned, though J. Hardin kept up the stubborn pretense and Brethitt still carried on there in a desultory and precarious way a business of repairs. As for J. Hardin, he was now wholly given over to his work of reform, pursuing with a zeal that grew more and more intemperate his determination to force temperance upon mankind. Just then he was engrossed in the specific task of securing names to a petition which, when signed by a sufficient number, would have the effect of submitting to the electors of Macochee at the election in April the question as to whether or not the town should become dry.

AS PAUL stood in his window looking down into the street, he saw a man beating his way across. The collar of his greatcoat was turned up and his hat was pulled down over his eyes so that his face was not revealed to one looking down upon him, but Paul recognized in him his old friend Clyde Sturrock, "the *Honorable*" Clyde Sturrock as he suddenly recalled with a slight sardonic smile, speaking the name aloud.

Paul had not lately seen as much of Sturrock as he used to do when he and Sturrock were growing up together. There had been, if not a coolness, a certain distance between them, due originally, perhaps, to the fact that Paul had not resorted to Sturrock for legal advice, but had preferred Wade Powell instead. To Sturrock the law had afforded the classic background for politics, and he paid little attention to his profession, finding it easier to make laws than to expound them. But whatever Sturrock's feeling toward Paul may have been, he entered his office that March morning on the basis of the old friendship and with an air of being hail fellow well met, stamping the wet snow from his boots and shaking it off his hat.

"Hello, Paul!" He held out his hand. "It's been an age since I saw you!"

He removed his overcoat, threw it over one of the rocking-chairs and sat down in the other. During the banalities of that conversation, in which Sturrock sought an opening for the question that had brought him there, he must have noticed how strikingly Paul was coming to resemble his father. There was the same heavy figure, the same kind of gray clothes that had been worn by J. Hardin, the same strong, clean hands, the same thick mass of hair, touched with gray at the temples; and if there was not the beard—for Paul was clean-shaven—there was the same light in the eyes, the same firm mouth.



PAUL DID NOT LIKE TO STAND THERE WITH ALL THE PEOPLE FROM CHURCH STREAMING BY, BUT HE DID NOT KNOW HOW TO GET AWAY

And as Paul looked at Clyde Sturrock, he thought how much Clyde resembled the boy with whom he had played in those years which had so mysteriously, so incontinently and so swiftly fled away. The wrinkled, sallow face of the man before him was precisely the face that he had instinctively disliked in the boy, and he liked it none the better now in the man. There were the pale eyes, the mat of hair, the ears that stood out from the head, the thin lips, the wide mouth—all was as it had been, save that with evanished innocence, life had set upon it an indubitable mark that intensified the boyish expression of cunning and insincerity. Paul, in looking at him, wondered, not without impatience, how such a man could win the confidence of masses of people so that year after year they would choose him to represent them in the legislature; how they would send him to Congress, as they were sure to do at the next election.

Sturrock quickly divined Paul's lack of interest in his views and, marking an abrupt change of subject by hitching his chair suddenly forward, he said with a laugh: "But I didn't come to talk politics. I came to talk business! I've got a tenant for you. For that little storeroom of yours that has been empty so long down here in Cedar Street."

"Yes?" said Paul. "Who wants to rent it?"

"A client of mine."

"Saloon?" asked Paul, eying Sturrock narrowly.

Sturrock laughed. "You've got all the old man's prejudices, haven't you?"

"No, not all of them; but when it comes to renting my property for saloon purposes, I have. Though that's not prejudice; that's *business!*"

"Oh, of course," said Sturrock. "I'm right with you there every time. My client doesn't want it for a saloon. She's going into business."

"She?"

"Yes; it's a lady. Going into business as a milliner."

"Who is she?"

"Oh, no one you know. She doesn't live in Macochee; she wants to locate here."

"It doesn't sound very interesting from a business point of view," said Paul.

THE sententious observation seemed to nettle Sturrock.

"Look here, Paul," he said, drawing his chair closer. "There's no mystery about this business and nothing crooked or out of the way. There is a little lady who came to me—was referred to me by some lawyers in Columbus and came to consult me there as a lawyer about a place to locate in. She can't afford to live in Columbus because it's too expensive; she wants to find a smaller place where she can live quietly and economically and where she can start up a little millinery business and make a living. She's heard a lot about Macochee and kind o' thinks she'd like it here. So she asked me to look over the ground for her and see if I could find her a place. I thought of your store that's been standing empty there so long, and I thought you'd be glad of a chance to rent it."

Sturrock's voice had fallen suddenly on a minor tone of injury. He got up abruptly out of his chair, thrust his hands deep into his pockets and took a rolling stride or two toward the window as though to stretch his legs.

"Hell," he said, "I thought I'd be doing you a favor!" He paused and gazed out of the window at the snow.

Paul looked at his back. This story of a woman met at Columbus—where, as was well known in Macochee, life, especially among members of the legislature, was fast—was somewhat suspicious. And yet the storeroom had stood idle for a long time, that was undeniable.

Sturrock stood in the window, peering down into the street, clinking coins in his pocket, and then turning

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KEEPING FIT AT HOME

By FIELDING H. YOST

Director of Athletics and Physical Education, University of Michigan



Position One *Position Two* *Position Three* *Position Four* *Position Five* *Position Eight* *Position Nine*

IN THE preceding articles of this series I have confined myself to a discussion of the benefits to be derived from play and exercise. In this and the following article I shall deal specifically with the kinds of exercise most beneficial to women, first taking up a program for women between twenty and thirty-five years of age and later one suitable for women between thirty-five and fifty.

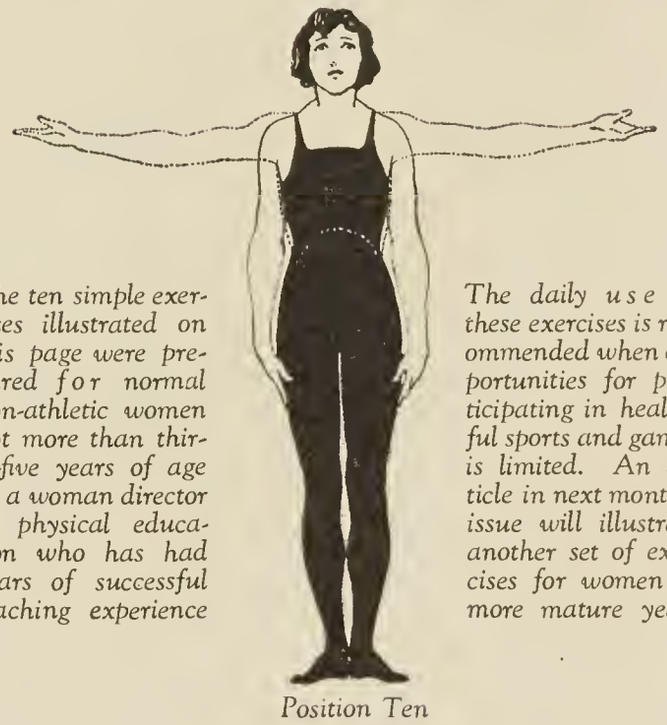
Exercise for women may be divided into three general classes: competitive games, class games and callisthenics, and individual exercises.

When possible, I recommend a combination of all three classes. While the first two classes of exercises are distinctly desirable, they are by no means indispensable. It is perfectly feasible for a woman to keep in perfect physical condition without the advantages of a gymnasium, an instructor or apparatus. In order to do so, however, she will need a bit more tenacity of purpose than is required when the work is done in a class. Exercising while alone is never as diverting as exercising in a group and, for this reason, it is frequently dropped after a week or two.

Competitive games for women are becoming more and more popular, and their popularity is well deserved. Under proper supervision they are an excellent agent in preserving health and stimulating the mind. It must be remembered, however, that they can be overdone, in which case they are harmful. A woman should never exercise to the point of excessive fatigue, and she must be careful not to let her enthusiasm for her favorite game outrun her capacity. A woman's ability to sustain physical stresses is less than a man's and she is slower to rally from fatigue.

AMONG the best of the outdoor competitive games suited to women are tennis, golf and field-hockey. Of the indoor games, basket-ball and volley-ball are excellent. Women in good health can play all of these games up to thirty-five years of age without running the risk of injury to muscles or organs, provided, as I already have pointed out, they know when they have reached their limits. The time to quit any contest of this sort is when it becomes an effort to play. Never play "just one more set" or "one more game" when you find it hard to make your muscles respond to your will. Play often if you are able to do so, but never prolong a session beyond the point where you still have your "pep."

Personally I am opposed to having women play competitive games before crowds that have paid admission. The time may come when women may compete on the same basis as men, but at present I do not believe that the public is ready for such exhibitions and they are more harmful than beneficial to the participants. By this I do not mean to advocate barring all mixed crowds. I simply advise selecting the groups of spectators and not letting them in indiscriminately.



Position Ten

The ten simple exercises illustrated on this page were prepared for normal non-athletic women not more than thirty-five years of age by a woman director of physical education who has had years of successful teaching experience

The daily use of these exercises is recommended when opportunities for participating in healthful sports and games is limited. An article in next month's issue will illustrate another set of exercises for women of more mature years

Competitive games have a very large value as character-builders, and for this reason, if for no other, should be included in a woman's athletic program when possible. I know of no better way to bring a spoiled young woman down to earth than to put her on a basket-ball squad, or a volley-ball squad, or a field-hockey squad. She will soon learn that her ideas of her own talents and importance have been distinctly distorted. The other members of the squad will either make a good sport of her or they will decline to have anything to do with her in athletics, no matter what her other qualifications may be.

Competitive team games teach loyalty to the group, which is a trait that in most women is submerged by loyalty to the individual or to the family. They teach self-control, sportsmanship, self-denial and a number of other desirable qualities. Games like tennis and golf, where one individual frequently plays alone against another individual, have all the good qualities of the group game except that they do not introduce the elements of team loyalty and the individual is accentuated rather than made to believe herself less important than the side with which she is playing.

Among the best of the outdoor sports that are non-competitive and consequently can be enjoyed alone are swimming, walking and canoeing. Swimming is one of the very best of all body-builders and health-preservers—in fact, I should pick it above all others if I were to make a choice of just one thing. It develops every muscle of the body, increases the lung capacity, keeps the skin in good condition and strengthens the heart and other organs. But swimming can very easily be overdone, and you must be on your guard that you leave the water in such good season that you will not feel fatigued after you have dressed. Cold water is stimulating and sometimes you do not realize until you get out how much you are really fatigued. Construction of indoor pools is going on so rapidly that swimming is now available to many women as an all-year sport.

Canoeing is a fine sport. Paddling develops the muscles of the trunk and arms and, in the nature of things, canoeing has to be done where the air is pure.

Walking I highly recommend and I feel safe in saying that not one woman in a thousand does enough of it. Any kind of a walk is beneficial, as it means exercise in the open air. I believe, however, that a hike into the country or through a park is much better than city walking, for it adds to the benefits of the exercise itself those of getting away from the dust and foul air of the crowded streets. Furthermore, you will dress more comfortably and sensibly for a hike than for a promenade and consequently will get more from it; exercise of any kind in tight clothes and improper shoes doesn't begin to do the good that it would do if the costume allowed greater freedom. It is a good plan to have a destination even when merely "going for a walk." There is at least the mild stimulation of having to accomplish a definite task.

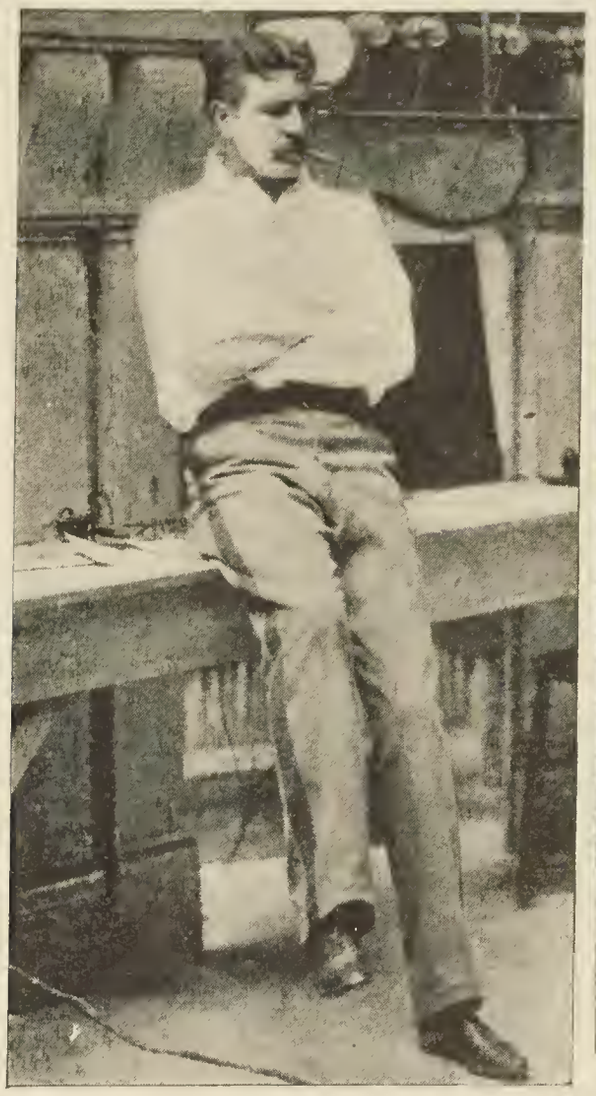
LET us next consider class callisthenics as opposed to competitive games. It is not necessary that I go into an extensive discussion of these, because the classes are under instructors who are capable of laying out a proper program. I strongly recommend these classes when they are available. The work done is usually based on wide experience in the realm of women's athletics and the instructors are familiar with women's limitations and capacities. Furthermore, the average woman who joins a gymnasium-class will be more likely to attend its sessions than she would be to observe faithfully a program of home exercises.

Gymnastic classes for women are becoming more and more numerous and any one really wishing to join one should be able to find a way, unless she lives in a small community. Athletic clubs in general are permitting the use of their gymnasiums by wives and daughters of members at certain hours and are furnishing instructors. The Detroit Athletic Club, for example, which I consider the finest institution of its kind in the world, has gymnasium-classes for women on Monday and Thursday mornings from ten to twelve o'clock. They have two other morning sessions in the swimming-pool and one afternoon session there. The attendance in the women's classes has been growing steadily and



Position Six *Position Seven*

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WILLIAM GILLETTE, AS THE STAR OF THE VERY SUCCESSFUL "SECRET SERVICE," WAS MISS BARRYMORE'S FIRST MATINÉE IDOL



ELLEN TERRY, IN HER RÔLE OF *PORTIA* IN "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE," WHO BEFRIENDED MISS BARRYMORE IN LONDON



LAURENCE IRVING, MISS BARRYMORE'S FIANCÉ FOR A BRIEF PERIOD



SIR HENRY IRVING IN HIS RÔLE OF *SHYLOCK*. HE WAS ONE OF THE FIRST TO RECOGNIZE MISS BARRYMORE'S TALENT



SIDNEY DREW, UNCLE OF THE BARRYMORES, IN "THE RIVALS." THE FIRST ROAD-COMPANY VENTURE OF THE YOUTHFUL ETHEL

MY REMINISCENCES

The life-story of America's foremost character actress

By ETHEL BARRYMORE

PART TWO

MY FINAL year at the convent was coming to a close and the family finances were in such condition that it was necessary for me to take up work of some sort. There was nothing else for me to do, for there was no money available for me to continue at school. Up to that time I had no thought of going on the stage. I still hoped and planned that some time in the future I would be a great pianist, and my father, in an enthusiastic moment, had suggested that, after leaving the convent, I might go abroad and study music in Leipzig. In his very delightful way, he never repeated the suggestion again.

So, at the end of the school term, my grandmother sent for me to join her in Canada, where she was playing with my uncle, Sidney Drew, in "The Rivals." I joined the company in Montreal, my hair still hanging down my back, tied with a large black bow, and wearing my convent uniform. Mr. Jefferson, in his acting version of "The Rivals," had always omitted the part of *Julia*, but I was told that it was to be given to me in a small scene which had been put back for my début, as it could be easily removed from the play the next night if I proved myself inadequate! To my grandmother this seemed impossible; she had the greatest confidence in me simply because I came from the Drew family. But my uncle and his wife did not show the same enthusiasm; they confidently expected that I would be very bad, which I dare say I was. In the little scene between *Lydia Languish* and *Julia*, I remember, my aunt was playing the part of *Lydia Languish*, and in her nervousness for me she forgot her lines; in great glee, I was able to give them to her.

My grandmother played no more than a week after I joined her, and then she left for New York, turning me over to my uncle. We had a very adventurous tour through Canada, and, as I remember it now, I received no salary; I suppose my uncle thought it would recompense me if my meager hotel bills were paid. Being new to this kind of life, I traveled around in a continual state of excitement, playing small parts and being the orchestra. Often I played on an old piano down in the pit all during the evening, between the acts and during the play, and enjoyed myself very much.

My uncle Sidney, although unable to pay salaries regularly, was one of the most charming hosts imaginable and tried in every way to make us all happy. He did the best he could and, I suppose, when he chartered a pleasure-launch to take us from Bar Harbor to Bangor, Maine, on our way to Canada, he thought that this wonderful adventure would make us forget the weekly allowance which we all were calculating on; it is not very often that a theatrical company finds itself in a pleasure-launch on tour. But all of us were delighted with the idea of the trip.

We had not been out from shore for long before a dense fog settled upon us in a thick blanket, and we suddenly realized that no one on board could tell exactly where we were or where we were going. It also developed that the owner had no charts and knew no more than we where we were going or where we were. We felt our way very slowly and from the sounds of the great fog-horns around us we realized we were far from land and were surrounded by big boats, in imminent danger of being cut in two by them at any moment. We finally decided to anchor and made up our minds that we had to stay there for the night. There was nothing to eat on board, of course. Little Doris Rankin, who was with us, was then about eight years old. She and I were amusing ourselves by hanging pieces of string with pins on them over the side of the boat, and suddenly one of us caught a fish. No one in the party would believe that the first fish was caught without any bait. We soon had enough fish to supply supper for everybody, and Mrs. Rankin cooked them very beautifully over an oil-stove in the little cabin. Doris Rankin was wrapped up in a rug and put to sleep on a bench and I was put to sleep near her.

Nothing else happened that night, and in the morning,

148 East 55th St
May - 1925

I am very glad to be able to write about some of the interesting and exciting things that have happened to me in my life. I have never done it before, and I hope very much that the public that has been so kind and generous to me during my career on the stage will enjoy these reminiscences which I am telling for the first time through the pages of the Delineator

Ethel Barrymore



THE PART OF MAID IN "ROSEMARY" GAVE MISS BARRYMORE HER FIRST TASTE OF SUCCESS

when the fog lifted, we found we were very close to a little island. My uncle and some of the men went off in a boat and came back with milk, eggs and butter. We had a wonderful breakfast and went on our way to Bangor, where we found the house had been sold out the evening before. It had been a wonderful night, as some battleships were in the harbor and the house had been very splendid. No one had known where we were and there had been a brilliant though restless audience facing the prospect of no performance. The people were so discouraged at our failure to appear that for the next two nights of our engagement no one came to see us.

When we left Bangor and turned again toward Canada, whatever fortune we formerly had ceased to smile on us. After we crossed the border we could not make a single engagement and finally got in such straits that we had to leave our trunks at the hotel as guarantee for our bill. Everything that I had in the world was in mine; my whole life seemed to be concentrated in it. I was told that it would be all right, that things would come back to me, and Mrs. Rankin, who had taken my grandmother's place, advised me to go up in my room and dress well for our journey home. I didn't know exactly what that meant—the dress well—and so left with what I had on. But my aunt, who knew better than I how to deal with such situations, left the hotel with five dresses on and a great many other things concealed about her person.

After that tour closed I joined my grandmother, who had gone to live with my uncle, John Drew, at the Sherman Square Hotel in New York City. The "Great Lady" living in a hotel bedroom was still the "Great Lady," still the royal person, even if the Arch Street Theater was no more and the Tomb of the Capulets had ceased to be. One felt as if monarchy had gone out for a time and would surely come back.

AND now I began to seek my fortunes on the New York stage. My grandmother still had the fond illusion that it would be a very easy matter for me, since I was a princess of the blood and the managers would immediately seek to do me honor. I do not know who was more surprised and discouraged over my lack of success, my grandmother or myself, as day by day I came home from the various agencies and offices without the faintest sign of an engagement or even a hope of one. My grandmother could not understand it; it was bad enough for me, but it must have been overwhelmingly bewildering to her. I never did get an engagement in this way, although I tried every day; I went out early in the morning and spent the entire day sitting around waiting for nothing. I do not think I shall ever forget the offices of Mrs. Fernandez, and Simmons & Brown—I spent so many hours waiting in them! No smallest chance was offered me—not even a stock engagement.

Thus passed the time from September to January, a time of continual search for nothing, of great discouragement. The peculiar rumble of the old cable-cars seemed to sing of my daily search for nothing, as time and time again I returned home without a job and burning up with embarrassment over the thought of living on other people. I was not terrible to look at then and certainly had youth in my favor, and a name, and yet I remained at large.

My uncle John, then playing in "The Bauble Shop," was about to go on tour, and Miss Elsie De Wolf, who was in his company, decided that she did not care to leave town; she had never done it before and was not going to do it now. So I was given a trial one Wednesday afternoon, wearing Miss De Wolf's beautiful French clothes and feeling very terrified and perhaps a little ridiculous, as the part was one of a woman of the world at least thirty-five years of age and here I was not yet fifteen! The result was that I was given the rôle for the tour. I remember Miss De Wolf was very indignant that her name was still on the program with such an inadequate person taking her place on that matinée afternoon. It was not of sufficient importance, my appearing, to have the program changed.

Thus it was that I traveled with my uncle, receiving a very small salary, of course, and living in the cheapest of hotels and boarding-houses. Uncle John was very kind to me and I occasionally met some of his friends when I went to see him and they would often invite me out. As I remember, I enjoyed myself very much, although I never had any clothes to wear which I really liked.

I continued for two years playing very small parts. The name of Ethel Barrymore had not yet staggered the world in any way, and there seemed little chance that it ever would. But I just went on living, and finally the time arrived when my uncle produced "Rosemary." There was a small maid's part that was very effective and this fell to me. The public was kind and the papers were even kinder, and I felt myself beginning at last.

At this time the great dream of my life was to go to London. I had always loved the thought of it and had never been able to get it out of my mind. But I saw no hopes for many years of getting there. It was all I could do to live on my small salary, out of which I had to try to save something to exist through the Summer. Not that I ever did! (I don't think there has ever been a season in my life that I have not started out well in debt to the management.) Still none of this weakened my determination to get some day in some way to London.



THIS PORTRAIT OF MISS BARRYMORE IN "*CLAIR DE LUNE*" IS ONE OF HER MOST POPULAR RECENT PHOTOGRAPHS

I WAS very romantic at this time and had matinée crushes, just as girls have who are not connected with the stage. My crush at this time was William Gillette, who was playing in "Secret Service." Fortunately for my young heart, he had matinées on the days we didn't, and thus I was able to go every week and rapturously admire him. I had his photograph—which I bought—and hoped some day I would have the thrill of meeting him.

After the New York run of "Rosemary," I went on the road with my uncle. We had reached St. Louis, and one night he called me to his dressing-room and said:

"I have just had a most extraordinary telegram from C—— F—— about you."

He handed it to me and I read:

Would Ethel like to go to London with Gillette in "Secret Service"?

Why I didn't drop dead I will never know. This great news was almost too much for me. My uncle was bewildered at my excitement and looked at me curiously.

"Do you really want to go?" he asked.

I replied: "Yes, I would like to go very much," answering him casually, as though I were accepting an ordinary invitation to the zoo or something like that. So he consented but said that I would have to play two weeks longer with him.

I WENT back to New York in a state of complete suspension, packed everything I had in the world in my trunk, was given my ticket and told to go to the steamer for the journey to wonderful London with wonderful Gillette.

My father, whom I had not seen for several years, heard about my leaving and came down to the dock to see me off. As he was a great friend of Gillette, he wanted to introduce me to him, but he got interested in talking with some one and had to be removed from the gang-plank as it was being taken down, so I was not introduced to Gillette after all by father. However, it was not long after we put out to sea that I was leaning over the rail and along the deck came the exciting figure of my matinée dreams. He came up to me, spoke to me, patted me on the head as though I were a mere child and it was all over. I liked him very much and always will, but he was not quite what I thought he was.

London was everything that it had meant to me and even more. My part in "Secret Service" was very small; I had been engaged primarily as an understudy. In those days understudying was not taken seriously, nor is it taken seriously to-day; it is more or less of a theory in the American theater that leading actors and actresses never get ill. And in reality we don't often miss a performance; it is a rare thing when a theater has to be closed because of illness. But one night Miss Odette Tyler, who was playing an ingénue part in "Secret Service," came to the stage bravely, though one could see she was ill, and tried feebly to go through her part. But she had spoken only three or four lines when she collapsed and they had to ring down the curtain. She proved to be very ill and had to be carried out of the theater. I heard shouts for me to come and play her part, but, unfortunately, I had never had a rehearsal, as understudies should have, and I was panic-stricken.

"I can't," I said.

"You must!" they insisted.

I had seen the play over and over again because of my crush on Gillette and I was perfectly familiar with it—at least I thought I was. I rushed up-stairs to Miss Tyler's room, tearing off my things as I went, but, unfortunately, Miss Tyler had been taken home with her costume still on, so I had to put on my maid's dress again and play the part as best I could. It was a great moment for me. The next day I got a dress and made an apparent success, so much so that I began receiving many letters and several of the critics came to see the play again and gave me real praise.

Miss Tyler continued ill and I continued in her part. I was sorry that she was ill and yet I was very happy that I was playing. It really looked as though everything had begun for me. One morning I went to the theater for my mail and on the stage I saw some people rehearsing. They were rehearsing a new girl. They had cabled for her the day after Miss Tyler had been taken ill, and, when she was ready the next day, I was sent to my old part of a few lines. It was the first of many, many disappointments that I had at the beginning of my career. I don't really remember the actress's name who played my part; I don't believe she has ever played since

Continued on page 77



BLAKE WAS TERRIFIED FOR MARYA. HE COULD SEE SHE WAS AT THE BREAKING-POINT

THE LISTENING GIRL

In which love takes the senator's plot out of his hands

By ANNE HARD

PART THREE—CONCLUSION

DEEP in Marya's mind during the days that followed her puzzling talk with Vladimir Rosokov whirled the thought that if now she could get Jordan to listen sympathetically to Marbury's plan, and if then Marbury should help Vladimir to his loan, she would indeed be no longer a mere outsider, a spectator: she would be a participant; she would get her wretched brother out of hunger and disease and——

She stopped and took anxious thought. What was the climax? Was it to be an equality with Vladimir, when she could look at him, at last, eye to eye? Or was it that, once she had created that possibility for herself, she would turn aside from Vladimir—to Blake?

She had to acknowledge a sense of relief when she heard in a note from Vladimir that he had been called West to look into some local trouble in one of those industrial centers where a mass of his people carried on their home politics under the surface of American life.

She was glad to get the note, because it left her mind free for the immediate matter which had not been settled. Her chance came a day or two later when she met Jordan in the hall. He was just leaving for "the hill," and he was in a hurry, but he paused, coat on, hat in hand, to say:

"You aren't tired of playing our fool game?"

"No and——"

"Say it!"

"I have been hearing something——"

"What about?"

"Some sort of bill that Mr. Marbury——

"Yes?"

Senator Jordan was not among those of the "Inner Ring" in Washington — but he wanted to be. So with the connivance of his wife and his nephew, young Enoch Blake of the Navy, he launched a plot to get the attention of this "Inner Ring." Marya, Mrs. Jordan's pretty young modiste, was inevitably the center of the plot; no one knew her, she had beauty and poise and she could listen charmingly. The senator engaged her to pose as his niece for three months and pour tea, and never say a word except the dozen sentences he composed. Blake put up a wager that his uncle could not get away with the scheme, but it worked — amazingly. Marya poured tea and listened—and the callers were flattered and charmed. Her fame spread until the most important men in Washington began to gather at the senator's for tea Among them were Vladimir Rosokov, Rufanian chargé d'affaires, who had once been Marya's teacher in a Western college, and Marbury, a Wall Street banker interested in getting certain legislation through Congress. Rosokov and Blake both fell in love with Marya, Mrs Jordan began to take a real place in official society, the senator found himself being consulted by the "Inner Ring"— and still no one suspected the plot

"He thinks it would be helpful to the farmers."

"Yes, I think myself it might be—eventually. But just because men with Wall Street connections like Marbury are backing it, the farmers will think it's bad for themselves—and the political effect will be bad—very bad!"

"But in three years from now——"

"It's all very well to talk about the long-time view, Miss Marya, and about what's best for every one—but we are elected on a short-time view and we represent our own certain part of the country. However, I'll think it over."

He took a new route, swinging down "the avenue" instead of along Massachusetts.

After all, why not? Three years—four years—by the end of his term a new issue would have arisen. How luxurious to go along with one's personal conviction, to forget political effect——

Suddenly he saw Blake, encouraged by the police system of Washington, dodging through the jam against the traffic-sign. Blake waved to his uncle to take him aboard, and by the time he was seated was saying:

"The time on our little contract about Marya is nearly up. What do you say we tell her to send for her brother and trust her to play the game out?"

"It's decent of you, Enoch, to suggest it. She might, however, with the best intentions in the world, slip up, you know."

"I'm willing to take a chance if you are."

"Do you mean forfeit your wager now? I confess I never had so much fun in my life as I'm having watching her."

"No; but let's share fifty-fifty: give her all she needs now and let the loser make up his half later on. That

won't spoil the fun—for either of us. Another thing," Blake went on: "Why shouldn't I just go round to the State Department and have *them* set the wheels turning?"

"Man! Don't you know better than that? The only way she'll get her brother out of there, as things are now, is by private means. She knows better than we do—having what I suppose you'd call Russian connections—whom to give it to——"

"I can't bear to think of her doing business with such people!" Blake burst out impatiently. "She doesn't seem like a greasy foreigner. She's—well, she's an American!"

"Very possibly. But she's here and her brother isn't. It's her brother we're talking about. However, I'll tell her to-night, if you say so."

They swung in silence around the little circle where "the avenue" joins "the hill." Then Blake said:

"What's all this about some financial bill, uncle?"

"I don't know. Do you?" Jordan reflected that if Blake did have any interest in any measure not directly aimed at the Navy it was certainly a new phenomenon.

"Not much, I guess," Blake confessed. "Only, Marya was trying to explain it to me."

"Huh!" grunted his uncle. "Where did *she* get it?"

"Marbury, I suppose."

"There you are. That's what's keeping me from seeing my way to it."

"I know. Marya explained *that* to me, too."

"Oh, she did. When?"

"Last night. Said you would be taking chances. But she said there was a long difference between recognizing popular waves and guessing at popular riffles."

"That's true."

"Well, so long; I've got to leave you. I was just thinking you might be a sport—for once!"

"For once! And me the thinker-up of the Great Conspiracy!"

POPULAR riffle, she had said. What would this be, a wave or a riffle? His mind told him the bill had a chance of having a good effect on conditions. That same mind, familiar with the ways of the Middle Western intellect when it gazes eastward, knew that nothing except the curious game of politics could determine what its effect would be on his own career.

Well, he had to decide and at once.

He sought out Harkins in the coat-room. He felt as brave as a lion. Yes, now his decision was made.

Harkins was glad to see him. Fortunately, he broached the very matter Jordan had in mind.

"Brayton tells me he intends to introduce the Finance Control Bill within the week. The view-point of the agricultural interests will be of the greatest importance. We were wondering whether we could count upon your support?"

Brayton! More Wall Street! More international finance! Jordan was staggered for a moment. Then he pulled himself together.

"Senator," he said, "at the cost of throwing away my political future I have determined to support that bill. Well do I know what the folks back home will think about me. Well do I know they will see in it the efforts of one more band of buccaneers to milk the farming interests of the country. But I have studied the measure. I believe that in a little time they will be convinced even against their will—by the operation of the act itself—that it is one of the sanest, most forward-looking measures ever introduced into this body."

The wrinkles came out across Harkins's brow. "I think you ought to be able to make a very telling speech on the subject," he said. "Why don't you do it?"

"Perhaps I may, perhaps I may," Jordan said. His vote ought to have an immediate explanation, of course. If he was going to do it, better do it thoroughly.

Brayton joined them, taking one hand from his pocket, as usual, to wipe off imaginary cobwebs from his face. He cut into their conversation as if he had heard it all:

"Personally *I* guess your farmers are cute enough to know that even the devil himself might happen to father a good thing once in a million years—by accident!"

"Very well for you," Jordan answered him, "with your industrial constituency." ("And," he added mentally, "most of them not able to read.") Aloud he ended: "But I am going ahead in support of the measure because I hate cowards and slackers worse than I hate anything else in God's world!"

HE LEFT them in a fine spirit of achievement. Harkins's suggestion about a speech must be followed up at once. He went to his office and called in his young secretary. He must indeed study the measure.

When he had dismissed the secretary with proper instructions for studying it, he went back to the floor.

Blake had his share of magnanimity, but not enough to prevent him from hastening to beat his uncle home that evening. If some one was to tell her something pleasant, why not he?

He found Marya and sat down and watched her. She had her lap full of mending, uncompromisingly crude things like the senatorial union suits. The tea-table was beside her.

Blake had never before seen a girl making tea and mending union suits at the same time. It had the effect of Quaker costumes in "The Follies." He said so.

"I have to go on with my regular job, of course," she said. "I'm supposed to mend things, you know."

Then he told her what his uncle—and he—had decided. He tried conscientiously to soft-pedal his own part of it.

"How wonderful you are!" Marya had dropped the sewing into her lap. "I feel almost as if I could not let you do anything more for me. Oh, I wonder if you will know what I mean when I say that these past weeks have nearly made me forget him—my brother Jan? It is like—when you have been cold or hungry and you get warm and have plenty to eat, how soon it is hard to remember what the other was like! And I have become so interested——

"But I have not really forgotten Jan. I feel guilty many times, at night, only I know whatever I am doing is helping toward that, too—even while it gives me, myself, pleasure."

"You mean that if Aunt Emily made things disagreeable for you you would feel as if you were helping your brother more?"

She nodded, a little shamefacedly.

Blake laughed at her.

"I guess Puritanism wasn't born exclusively in New England," he said. "We'll get him out for you all right. Rather, you'll do it—through whatever underground routes you can."

"I'm sorry they have to be underground," Marya said simply. "But I suppose they must be. Indeed, I myself do not know. All I know is that an old Russian tailor in Chicago can do it for me—if I have the money in one lump sum."

"Your father—can't he handle it?"

"My father died when I was eight years old—we had just come over here from Russia—and when mother died soon after, my young brother, Jan, went back to Russia to our cousins."

"I only wondered whether there was any one to help you. But never mind, we'll do all we can!"

"You are wonderful!" she said. "I didn't know people could be so good."

"Haven't they been good to you?"

"Oh, yes—to me. I have often had to contrast what they have been to me."

"You are a story-book girl," he said.

"Just now I feel like one!" she smiled. "But when I was taking care of my brother and studying at night—then I did not feel like one!"

"You did that?"

She nodded. "I had to, so that I could enter the University of Chicago and get a degree. Then I came here."

"So that is your story!"

"Yes, that is my story."

"Leaving out Vladimir Rosokov——"

"Why—how—why——"

"You see," he explained, "it was part of the bet for me to watch you. Any one could have guessed. Especially any one who—cared—as I did."

Blake lifted the tea-table bodily from his path and took her hands in his.

"Marya!" he said. "Marya! I have a terrible advantage over him just now and I am going to use it. I am going to make up for the time when he knew you and I did not. You can talk to me and you can't talk to him. And I'm here——"

His arms went round her.

"I feel so sheltered with you—safe," she whispered. "It is a new feeling—heavenly——"

He held her to him, his lips in her hair. Then he felt her suddenly draw back, away from him. She had slipped out of his arms.

"Oh, I don't know! I don't know!"

HE STOOD there looking after her, too startled by her abrupt change to follow her. Once more she was at the doorway, looking as she had looked that first time he had seen her.

For, after all, Blake standing there in his naval uniform was all that is orderly, substantial, arrived. And somewhere there was still Vladimir, with his eyes of a dreamer, and his lifelong struggle against oppression, and his years in jail, and his book-lined home in Rufania—dreams——

"Can't you love me, Marya?" Blake followed after her; his arms could not help trying to reach her, to enfold her. "Can't you?"

"I almost think I do! But—you see, you're so healthy!" She smiled up at him sidewise. "And so clean. And your uniform is always just so and it's got that nice braid on it, and you——"

"If that's all," he cried, "I can skip a bath now and then!"

But she still held him off.

"Were you ever out in a boat alone, running away, with a storm overhead and your pursuers so near you could hear them in the dark?"

"Well, I have been out all night in a storm, but I'm afraid I was the pursuer. I did destroyer duty in the war——"

"I know—a big boat. But I can't get that other little boat out of my mind!"

Then she held her hands out to him. He seized them in his, but she would let him come no nearer.

"Oh, please understand!" she said. "For so long I have thought about flight and danger—

Continued on page 71



"I WANTED TO PLAY AT POLITICS—AT EVERYTHING. I DID NOT KNOW——"

SCIENTIFIC BABY CARE

THE DELINEATOR is placing at the disposal of mothers the knowledge of America's foremost specialists in baby care and child welfare. Preceding articles have covered prenatal care, the care of the baby at birth, general care, maternal nursing, artificial feeding, feeding after infancy, the place of sweets in the child's diet, early childhood and the health education and mental hygiene of the child of school age. Articles to come will have to do with equally important steps in development and the completed series will comprise the most up-to-date scientific information accessible to mothers. Dr. L. Emmett Holt, baby specialist, Physician-in-Chief, the Babies' Hospital, New York City, and author of "The Care and Feeding of Children," is chief editorial adviser in THE DELINEATOR'S Child Health Campaign



"THE WORLD IS MINE"

PAMPHLET REPRINTS

Seven of the most helpful articles are available in pamphlets: "The Expectant Mother and the New Baby," by Dr. Ralph Lobenstine, Chairman of the Medical Advisory Board of the Maternity Center Association of New York City; "The General Care of the Baby," "Maternal Nursing" and "Artificial Feeding," all by Dr. L. Emmett Holt; "Early Childhood," by Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw, ex-President, American Child Hygiene Association; "The School Child," by Dr. William Palmer Lucas, Professor of Diseases of Children, University of California and "The Mental Health of the Child," by Dr. Thomas W. Salmon, Ex-Medical Director, National Committee for Mental Hygiene. Any one of these pamphlets will be mailed on receipt of ten cents to cover cost of printing and postage

THE HAPPY CHILD

Precautions that insure good teeth for the baby

By DR. HARVEY J. BURKHART

Director, Rochester Dental Dispensary

THERE are probably no ills or troubles of early childhood that are as difficult to treat or that have so marked an influence on the general health as decayed teeth, diseased gums, tonsils and adenoids. Reliable investigation discloses the fact that more than eighty per cent. of the children under five years of age are in need of medical or dental attention, practically all of which is due to the presence of decayed and abscessed teeth. It is, therefore, of the greatest importance to learn the cause of the various disorders and to devise effective measures for their prevention and correction.

Much of the pain and suffering of childhood may be avoided by proper attention to the diet and the observance of simple rules for the care of the mouth and teeth. Dental caries, or decay of the teeth, is a problem that has for many years received most careful investigation and consideration, but up to this time there is no substantial agreement as to its cause and no effective scheme has been agreed upon for its control. While many plausible and seemingly reasonable theories have been advanced, there is none that is generally accepted. There are, however, measures that may be taken to prevent decay that hold much promise for its control.

THERE is no doubt but that in the education of the expectant mother will be found the greatest aid in the prevention of dental decay. During the period when the germs of the teeth are being formed, between the sixth and seventh month before birth, and from that time until the birth of the child it is of primary importance for her to pay careful attention to her diet. Her environment should be happy and pleasant and as free as possible from nervous strain and irritation. The diet should consist of milk, vegetables and fruit in abundance, Graham and whole-wheat bread, butter and cream. Rich foods and meats should be avoided if possible or eaten in very small quantities.

The maintenance of good health at the period mentioned is an important factor in the development of good teeth and a sound body. It is most necessary that the mother's mouth be kept in a thoroughly healthy condition—free from decayed teeth, unhealthy or bleeding gums or any kind of infection. Strict attention should be given to the proper brushing of the teeth and cleansing of the mouth and frequent visits should be made to the dentist and dental hygienist for the removal of tartar and polishing of the teeth. It is very essential that the expectant mother advise freely with her physician and dentist, because by their close cooperation evidence of malnutrition and disorders about the mouth will be quickly discovered.

Nutrition plays a prominent part in the prevention of dental decay. It has been found that in nearly every case where children are breast-fed their teeth are much stronger and less liable to decay than those of the bottle-fed baby. Good breast milk contains those elements which are of primary importance because they combine the properties necessary for the development of any healthy child. Substitutes for normal breast milk lack many of the essentials which provide partial immunity, at least, from infectious diseases. Whenever possible, mothers should nurse their babies from six to eight months, and especially through the first Summer.

It is very necessary during the nursing period that every precaution should be taken by the mother and nurse to see to it that no infection is carried to the child's mouth by carelessness or neglect. The mucous lining of the mouth is very tender and susceptible to disease. Any infection conveyed to the mouth is liable to affect the lining of the stomach and intestines and cause many general systemic disturbances. Before and after nursing, the mother's breast should be washed or sponged with a weak solution of boric acid. After each nursing the child's mouth should be washed with a like preparation. This probably can best be done by wrapping cotton or linen around a quill, a heavy wooden toothpick or the little finger. Precaution should be taken to securely tie the cotton or linen to the stick so there will be no liability of its slipping into the child's windpipe.

The care of the mouth of very young children is most important until the time of the eruption of the first baby teeth. From birth to the sixth month the mother should massage the baby's gums at frequent intervals. Just before the teeth are ready to come through the gums there is frequently much soreness and inflammation. Gentle rubbing of the gums will stop much of the pain and will also quicken the absorption of the gums and hasten the cutting of the teeth. From the time the first tooth makes its appearance until all are in place they should be thoroughly cleansed after meals and particularly just before going to bed. At first very gentle means should be used and much patience exercised until the child's confidence has been gained and the exercise is regarded as one of the playtimes. As the teeth become more fully developed, a soft brush should be used; later a stiffer bristle brush may be employed.

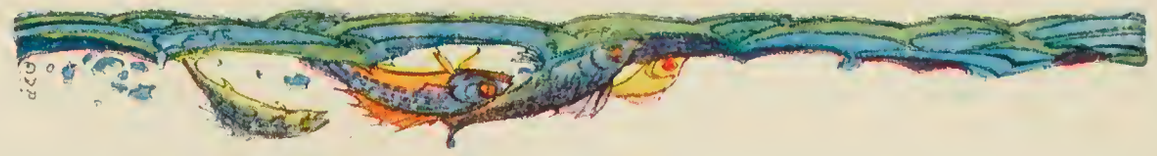
MANY methods for brushing the teeth have been suggested. Any one of them is better than none. Generally speaking, it is thought best to use a brush with a rolling or rotary motion, using both the right and left hand. By employing this method the bristles will be worked between the teeth and assist in the removal of particles of food and other accumulations. The child should be taught to brush not only the teeth, but the gums as well in a thorough and vigorous manner for the purpose of stimulating the circulation and producing hard and healthy gums. The responsibility for brushing the teeth should not be placed upon a young child. It is plainly the duty of the parent to assume that responsibility, if this very necessary function is to be regularly and properly performed. During the illnesses of childhood, the secretions and fluids of the mouth become unhealthy. At this time particularly there is much need for careful mouth toilet. Due to a lowered bodily vitality and resistance, rapid breaking down of the teeth frequently occurs. Regular and thorough cleansing and brushing of the teeth and gums is of first importance. No mouth can be healthy with accumulations of food between the teeth. A dirty mouth is a fertile field for the development of the germs of tooth decay and other bacteria, which will cause general systemic troubles. There are many good tooth powders, pastes and mouth-washes on sale. While none possess elements that will destroy the germs of tooth decay, they are useful as cleansing agencies because an agreeable and pleasant preparation is an inducement for the more frequent brushing of the teeth.

Between the eighteenth and twenty-fourth month, when the double teeth of the first set are beginning to come through, more particular attention should be given to cleansing and brushing. These teeth are liable to decay on account of their roughened and fissured tops, which provide an easy lodging-place for the germs of tooth decay. Particles of food must not be allowed to remain on top or between the teeth, because the tooth becomes soft and decay soon follows. From the end of the second year until about the sixth, when the child begins to lose his baby teeth, is the period when most careful attention should be given and every means possible employed to keep them free from decay and the mouth in a healthy condition. If it is possible, every baby tooth should be retained until the time for the eruption of the permanent tooth which takes its place. The child should be taken to the dentist at frequent intervals for examination and the filling of any cavities that may appear.

DECAY in children's teeth proceeds very rapidly, and it is therefore of the utmost importance that reparative work be promptly done. Many of the double teeth may be protected from decay by having fissures and tops of teeth covered with cement or treated with nitrate of silver in anticipation of later trouble. Rapid decay is usually an indication of poor physical condition. The family physician should be consulted so that the cause may be quickly discovered and measures promptly taken to correct malnutrition or any other thing that may be responsible for the disturbance. Very often a child's illness is the result of mouth-breathing due to stoppage of the nose by adenoids or the throat by enlarged or diseased tonsils. These obstructions are a menace to the health of the child, because they do not permit of the free breathing of pure air and poison is being constantly poured into the blood-stream, which weakens and retards proper physical development. Immediate correction of these conditions is of the very highest importance. They cause a narrowing of the jaw, so that there is not sufficient room to accommodate the second teeth.

Where there is any observable crowding of the baby teeth before the age of five, the dentist should be consulted and appliances inserted to spread the jaws to make more space for the permanent teeth. Early attention will save the child much pain and annoyance and the parent considerable expense. Much harm results from narrow jaws and crooked teeth. The difficulty of keeping irregular teeth clean and preventing

Concluded on page 78



about our back porch. I wondered if she was looking for a place for her nest. A bluebird perched on the top limb of the elm-tree and sang his sweetest song to his mate. I saw buds on the maple-tree. The maple sap is now running and is very sweet this year.

March 10: I saw the robin that I saw yesterday. He won his mate, too, for I saw him find a worm and give it to her. As I went around the house this morning, Old Mother Peony and her children were peeping through the ground. And in school, teachers and children begin to talk about birds.

March 11: We went to the farm to-day. I saw the golden willow; it is turning bright yellow. The mourning-dove was sitting in her favorite place on the telephone-wires. The pussy-willows are swelling.

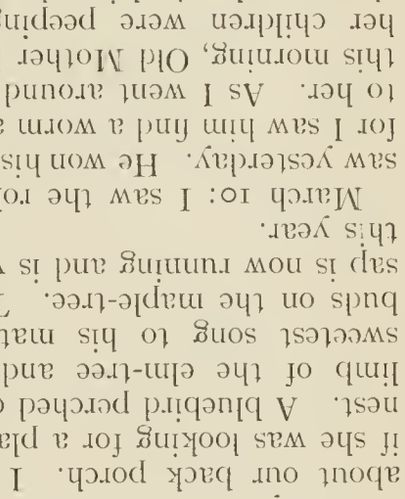
March 12: The Spring winds have been blowing all day to-day. Old Mr. Ground-hog has come outside from his long Winter's nap. I saw his tracks in the wet sand along the creek. They look like the print of a baby's hand. Our tulips are up two inches high. The hyacinths have bloom buds on them and the crocuses are almost in bloom.

March 13: I went up to the old graveyard back of our lot. The young sheep sow was peeping through the ground and as I pushed away the leaves to read the inscription on a fallen gravestone, I found the tender green shoots of the star-of-Bethlehem.

March 14: In our lot where a chicken had been picked the sparrows were getting feathers to make a nest. They picked the nicest, softest ones. Two robins were eating worms in our garden and two wrens drove a sparrow away from the grape-arbor near our back porch.

March 15: Neighbor Miller is cleaning off his garden and preparing it for Spring planting. Hurrah, the pussy-willows are out!

March 16: I saw three games of marbles on my way from school to-day. Grandfather's weeping-maple is in bloom.



THIS INDIANA GIRL WON A BIRD-HOUSE

MARCH 9: I saw two cardinals and three catbirds to-day. A young robin trying to win a mate was in our yard. A wren was looking about our back porch. I wondered if she was looking for a place for her nest. A bluebird perched on the top limb of the elm-tree and sang his sweetest song to his mate. I saw buds on the maple-tree. The maple sap is now running and is very sweet this year.

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March 17: To-day a killdee fluttered up from the meadow in front of me and a bobolink flew high in the air and settled down again. Mr. Robin sat on a limb of a big old shell-bark hickory-tree and Mrs. Robin perched on a cornstalk near by and drank from a tiny stream.



March 18: Grandfather's favorite little birch-tree is shedding its Winter coat of bark. The underneath bark looks so clean and white.

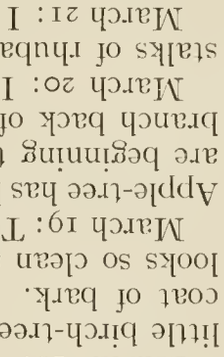
March 19: The parsley is up. Miss Apple-tree has large buds. The frogs are beginning to sing along the little branch back of our barn.

March 20: I found some tiny pink stalks of rhubarb in the garden.

March 21: I saw a chipping sparrow sitting in a little locust-tree and a brown thrush darted into a thicket as I came toward it. The cherry-buds are swelling.

March 22: As I went home from school at noon, a dozen or more blue-birds were getting a drink from the creek that flows past neighbor Miller's garden.

March 23: The golden glows are up five inches high and lots of the garden flowers know it is Spring.



March 24: I found buds on the Spring-beauty, the adder's-tongue and the anemones.

March 25: A little phoebe came and sat on a hickory-sapling close to me and said: "*Fiebel Plebel!*" I saw a little snake, too, and it scared me.



March 26: The buckeyes and acorns that fell to the ground last Autumn sprouted and are two or three inches high.

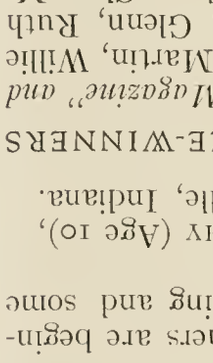
March 27: The ferns are growing new leaves. There are buds on the peach-trees.

March 28: The farmers are beginning their Spring plowing and some have sown oats.

DOROTHY KENWORTHY (Age 10),
Martinsville, Indiana.

ADDITIONAL PRIZE-WINNERS

Bird-house, "Nature Magazine" and "Forest Poetic": Alice Martin, Willie A. Lockler, Dunlop S. Glenn, Ruth E. Wagner, Frances Odum, Clara M. Lydings, Thelma Spencer, Annette Babcock, Barbara Warren, Frances Thorssen, Saima Ogren Verner Werter, Cazenovia School of Cazenovia, Wis., Butts Corner School of Evansville, Wis., Marshall College of Huntington, W. Va., Bristol School of Colorado Springs, Colo., Dewey School of Chester, Pa., Bowen School of Kent, Wash., Berlin School of Berlin, N. J., pupils of Miss Edith Morson of Detroit, Minn., pupils of Miss Ola English of Asheville, N. C., Fifth Grade of Manitou, Colo., Fourth Grade of Williams Street School of





My Little Page

OH, DEAR CHILDREN, I *am* so proud of you! Of course I knew you were bright, wide-awake boys and girls, but really this time you surprised me! Your "Signs of Spring" charts were wonderful. Really, you made me feel ashamed of myself, for I never in the world have seen so much.

Mr. Ridsdale, the editor of *Nature Magazine*, helped me to choose the prize-winners and he was so pleased that he sent extra prizes of a copy of *Nature Magazine* and a booklet, "The Forest Poetic," to forty-four children.

"It is very difficult to decide the prize-winners," Mr. Ridsdale wrote to your editor, "because the children show unusual powers of observation, an appreciation of nature and a knowledge of the out-of-doors which really entitles them all to a prize."

And the Big DELINEATOR was so pleased that they let me give thirty bird-house prizes besides the first one.

I wish everybody could have won a bird-house. But each one of you did win a prize, the best prize of all, something that will seem more and more valuable as you grow older: you learned to see nature for yourself!

Good-by now till next month. Your editor is very, *very*, VERY proud of you!

HARRIET IDE EAGER

P. S. Send a stamped, addressed envelope to your editor, care of THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, New York City, if you want a letter telling games to play on Hallowe'en.

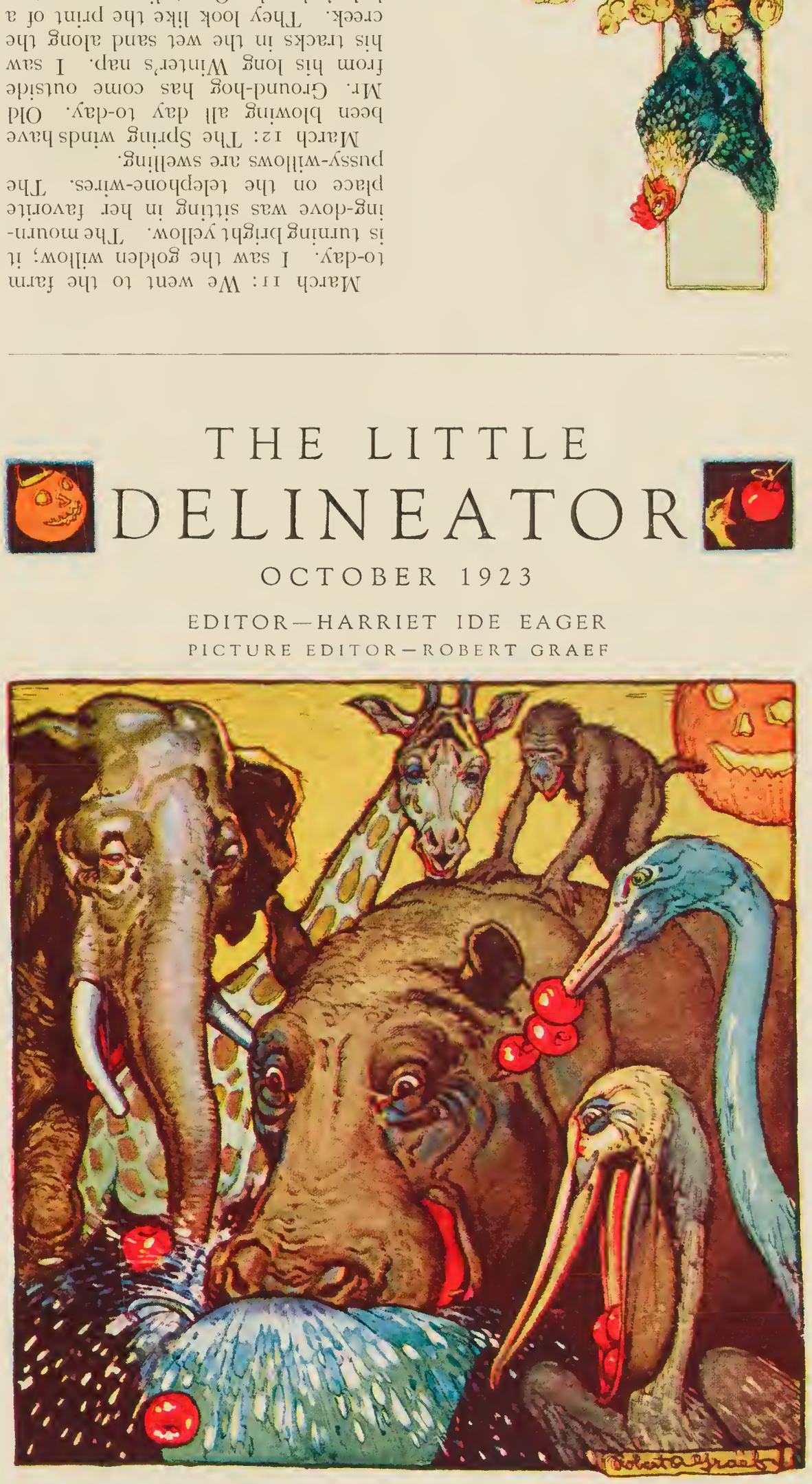
THE COVER CONTEST

THE most helpful letter, telling your editor what you like best in THE LITTLE DELINEATOR this month and why, will win a big framed picture of Miss Hippo bobbing for apples, like the cover on page one.

THE LITTLE DELINEATOR

OCTOBER 1923

EDITOR—HARRIET IDE EAGER
PICTURE EDITOR—ROBERT GRAEF



IF YOU WANT TO WIN A BIG FRAMED PICTURE LIKE THIS, LOOK ON PAGE 8



A LITTLE BIRD-HOUSE WINNER

MARCH 19, Pussy-willows in bloom; peach-blossoms.
March 20, breath of Spring.
March 21, new grass. March 22, narcissus in bloom.
March 23, robin-redbreast; cardinal. March 24, jonquils; boys sailing kites. March 25, bluebirds. March 26, hyacinths. March 27, flies. March 28, butterflies.
March 29, dogtooth violets. March 30, daffodils. March 31, cowslip. April 2, bees. April 3, violets. April 4, pear-blossoms. April 6, dandelions. April 8, apple-blossoms. I saw all these signs of Spring myself.

ELIZABETH DARROCOTT (Age 5), Richmond, Virginia.

Atlanta, Ga., pupils of Miss Donna E. Edelman of Easton, Pa., Blue Bird Club of Hooker, Okla., Clinton School of Lincoln, Nebr., pupils of Miss Iva G. Hosley of Attica, N. Y. and pupils of Miss Daisy McLaren of Storm Lake, Ia.

Monkey Clip-clip Scissors, "Nature Magazine" and "Forest Poetic": Nellie M. Merrifield, Sheila H. Jones, Virginia Shipler, Conrad Forbes, Stewart Kimball and Irma Hazlett.

Monkey Clip-clip Scissors only: Isabelle Harrison, Jack Tenery, Aubrey D. Grey and Rebecca Earle.

Extra Monkey Clip-clip Scissors: Pupils of Miss Margaret Boorn of Schenevus, N. Y., Walter H. Taylor School of Norfolk, Va., pupils of Miss Janie Williams of Greenville, Fla., pupils of Miss Zoe M. Phillips of Terre Haute, Ind., Brighton Avenue School of Atlantic City, N. J., pupils of Miss Marion Case of Hoosick Falls, N. Y., pupils of Miss Ellen M. Calhoun of Dodge Center, Minn., pupils of Miss Elizabeth Macomber of Kilbourn, Wis., pupils of Miss Blanche Armstrong of St. George, N. B., Canada, Crawford School of Houston, Tex., pupils of Miss Hilda Goss of Bellwood, Pa., Central School of Hammonton, N. J., pupils of Miss Hazel Sinclair of Glenwood, Ia., Hull Village School of Hull, Mass., Sumner School of Topeka, Kan., Clover Leaf School of Ladysmith, Wis., pupils of Miss Oliva Lauters of Remsen, Ia., pupils of Miss Edith Wise of Nodaway, Ia., pupils of Mrs. Grace Allan of Glenwood Springs, Colo., and pupils of Miss Grace M. McDonald of Marionville, Mo.

"Nature Magazine" and "Forest Poetic": Winifred Goehring, Ernestine Cook, Ruth E. Boothe, Marion Bean, Charles Perry, Margaret C. Service, Charles F. Janes and Marion Duncan.



A FLORIDA BIRD-HOUSE WINNER

MARCH 11: The live oak-trees are in blossom. The mulberry-tree is putting out tassels.

March 12: The new leaves are out on the rubber-trees.

March 13: The woodpeckers brought their babies out of the nest to-day.

March 14: The grass-minnows are coming in from the Gulf. The huckleberries are in bloom.

March 15: Aunt Louise's hen came in from the palmettoes with nine little chicks. She had stolen a nest and surprised us with her babies.

March 16: I found some Indian paint-brush in bloom. The pine-trees are putting on their baby cones. The saw-palmettoes are in bloom and the bees are having a feast.

March 17: The red-winged blackbird has been in the fig-tree.

March 18: To-night I heard the first chuck-will's-widow. He is a sure sign of Spring. The horseshoe crabs are coming in to shore. I found one the size of a quarter. Some are as large as a plate.

March 19: The fiddler-crabs are out in big droves all day long. They are purple, yellow, orange and red. The martins are building their nest in the bird-house on the boat-house.

March 20: The sapodillas are getting ripe and putting out buds for next year's fruit. The gourd-trees are in blossom.

March 21: Mangroves are putting out shoots.

March 22: The woodbine is full of buds.

March 23: The wild figs are putting on little figs. The yellow cactus-flowers are in bloom all over the Key.

March 24: The doodle-bugs are setting their traps to catch ants and other small bugs.

March 25: The leaves are falling off of the oak and wild figs so that the ground looks like a brown carpet.

March 26: The wrens have built a nest in the soap-box in the washing-machine house.

March 27: The blue jay has a nest in the pine-tree. The yellow elder-bush is in bloom. The grapefruit-trees and the lemon-trees are in bloom.

March 28: The neighbors have a tiny baby. I think the stork brings them mostly in the Spring.

March 29: The kingfish are running. One fisherman caught nineteen hundred and sixty pounds in a day. He is a preacher, too.

March 30: The mangoes are in bloom. The elderberry bushes are in bloom. FRANCIS J. WIETEKAMP, Sarasota, Florida.



OUR "SIGNS OF SPRING" CONTEST

JUDGED BY MR. PERCIVAL RIDSDALE
Editor of "Nature Magazine"

FIRST BIRD-HOUSE WINNER

Dear Spring, I'm very glad you've come,
I've wanted you so long—
To decorate my garden-beds
And fill my trees with song.
I wish that I could help you, Spring,
With bird and flower and tree,
But to turn the world to green and gold
Is 'most too much for me.

March 17: I saw new blades of grass. I saw the green petals of a hyacinth just peeping out of the ground.

March 18: I saw a bouquet of pussy-willows at school on my teacher's desk. I heard they had been blooming for two weeks.

O pretty pussy-willow,
You soft and silky thing,
You dweller by the roadside
And harbinger of Spring,
When all the world is dreary
And song-birds do not sing,
When skies are gray and cloudy,
It's welcome news you bring!

March 19: It turned cold. We had a blizzard. I only saw a cold sparrow.

March 20: I saw two flocks of crows fly to the forest. I could hear them say *"Caw! Caw!"* three blocks away.

March 21: I saw many new blades of grass in the park as I went to school. I saw many buds on the trees.

March 22: While going to school, I saw a blackbird.

March 23: This morning I saw three fat robins.

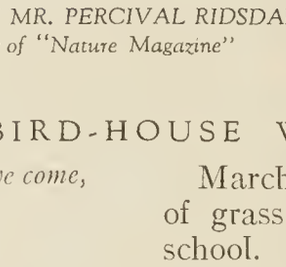
March 24: I saw many new Spring clothes in the store-windows.

March 25: I saw a robin on my way to church. I saw a cardinal in the back yard.

March 26: I saw many children jumping the rope at recess at school.

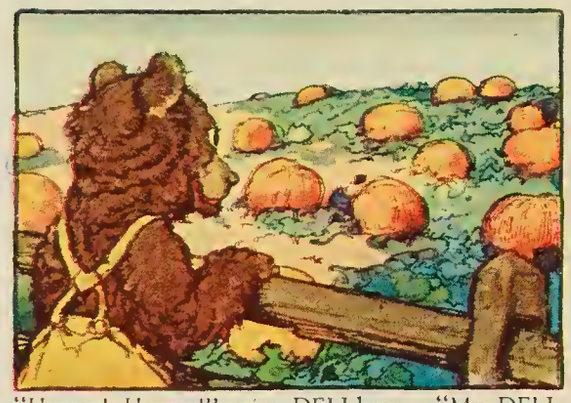
March 27: This morning at school my eyes were hurting. I sat by the window. I looked away from my book to rest my eyes. I looked out the window. There I saw a flicker singing in the top of a large oak-tree.

HAZEL BERNICE FREEMAN
(Age 10), Urbana, Ill.



Note: This is only part of Hazel's chart and only a few of her own pretty drawings. She illustrated every page of her chart. All the other "Signs of Spring" drawings in this number are by Mr. Graef.

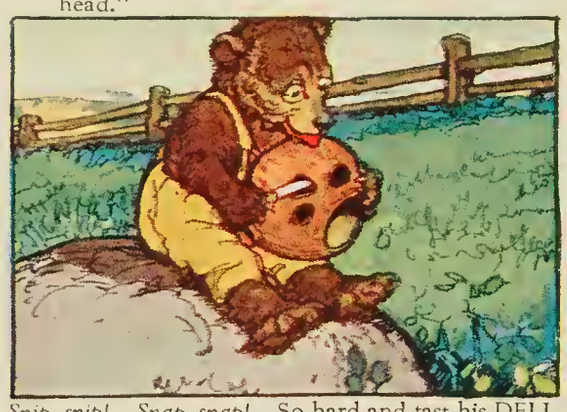
HOW DELI-BEAR SPENT HALLOWE'EN



"Hurray! Hurray!" cries DELI-bear. "My DELI-daddy said
"To pull a pumpkin off and make a Jack-o'-lantern head."



So DELI picks the biggest, fattest pumpkin he can find
And hurries off with jolly plans and plottings in his mind.



Snip, snip! Snap, snap! So hard and fast his DELI-penknife flies.
Snip, snip! a mouth! *Snap, snap!* a nose! *Snip, snip!* two funny eyes!



"Now, Mr. Jack-o'-lantern Boy!" cries happy DELI-bear,
"I'll get a candle and a match while you—you stay right there!"



What ho! What's this? While DELI'S off, three little field-mice come.
"Let's move in here!" they cry. "This house shall be our Better Home."



"Well, well! So I'm a landlord," cries DELI.
"Where's my rent?"
Then chuckling, off that bear-boy runs without a single cent.

THE HOME-MAKERS' DEPARTMENT

EATING FOR HEALTH

AMONG the dietetically important vegetables—and one, moreover, that is always with us—is the cabbage. Cabbage is about nine-tenths water, and it requires three-fourths of a pound of cabbage, or about one serving, to furnish one hundred calories of heat to the body, while it requires less than one ounce of sugar to furnish the same amount. This sounds bad for the cabbage, doesn't it? But let us look at it from another angle before coming to conclusions.

This serving of cabbage furnishes nearly one-third of the lime needed in the day's rations. Sugar furnishes none, and the body needs lime to build bones, to make strong teeth and for other equally important purposes.

This serving of cabbage also supplies nearly one-fourth of the iron required by the body each day. The body requires only a small amount of iron, but the work accomplished by that minute quantity is of exceeding importance. Without iron, red blood corpuscles can not be formed; and without red corpuscles. the blood does not function properly.

Not only does this serving of cabbage furnish one-third of the day's lime and nearly one-fourth of the iron needed, but it also supplies over half of the phosphorus required by the body for the day's work, and phosphorus also is very essential to the proper functioning of the human mechanism.

But these are not the only advantages of cabbage. It is what is known as a bulky vegetable, and this bulkiness and certain laxative properties, together with its high iron and water content, help to prevent conditions that may cause putrefaction in the intestines.

In addition to this, nearly all of the cabbage is edible; only fifteen per cent. has to be discarded as waste. As vegetables go, this is a comparatively low percentage of waste. There are only three in which the loss is lower—string-beans, onions and okra—while in several the loss is higher, green corn having a wastage of over sixty per cent. and green peas nearly fifty.

In addition to this, cabbage is a valuable source of the much-talked-of vitamins. But in this connection it is well to remember that cooking cabbage either in the pressure cooker or in boiling water destroys a percentage of the vitamin C, the one that prevents scurvy. Therefore, cabbage that is served raw in the form of salad is a more valuable source of this vitamin than cabbage that has been cooked.

FOOD CALENDAR FOR OCTOBER

THIS is the season that brings back school lunches. Is there on hand a good lunch-box with a vacuum bottle or container?

Since sandwiches are the *pièce de résistance* of the lunch-box, learn the art of sandwich-making. The first principles are soft butter, medium-thin slices of bread, both slices buttered to prevent soaking, and moist sandwich-fillings.

Salad-dressing or cream will serve to moisten peanut butter. Salad-dressing alone is best for ground or chopped meats.

The lunch must have variety and it must obey the dietary laws as carefully as any other meal.

Perhaps your school would be interested in the hot-dish lunch idea?

New Autumn honey for hot biscuits will be a treat. Put some in the fruit-salad dressing and try a honey sauce for some dessert.

Nasturtium-seeds are attractive garnishes for salads. A few cut and put into the salad add zest.

The apple season opens in earnest this month. No one has yet proved that apples can not be served every day in the year without duplicating a single manner of service. Try it some time for a month anyway.

Tomatoes that have been peeled and placed in the ice-box to chill will cut in ever slices for salads.

Use the last vegetables in soups—either fresh or canned.

Remember, deep-sea fish twice a week if you would have enough iodin salts. Codfish in cream sauce, baked potatoes, corn-cake and an apple-and-onion salad is a favorite menu in some families.

If you have rich spiced vinegar left from making pickled peaches, put it in a can and save it to add to your mince-meat later on.



Edited by

MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER

Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

THE mothers of a certain school district in New York State did not visit the school, so the teacher invited them to tea. They enjoyed the experience of a schoolhouse reception and tea prepared upon the schoolhouse stove. She then told them of the necessity of improvements. The party was on a cold day and the wind blew in through the loose-fitting sashes. The guests were disturbed by the uncurtained windows with the sun shining in their faces. Mothers began to wonder whether the out-of-date seats in the schoolroom were suitable for the children for six hours of the day.

These observations led to a discussion of possible improvements. The next Saturday found the same women at the school-building, not in party clothes but with hot water on the stove and plenty of soap and scrubbing-brushes. The floor, woodwork and windows were cleaned and the walls were brushed. Shades were hung at the windows. A cover was bought for the water-pail, and it was agreed that each child should have an individual drinking-cup.

The next Saturday the men of the district began the task of improving outside conditions. Roots were dug out of the playground, the soil turned over and the yard graded. A gravel walk was laid from the doorway to the road. The flag-pole was raised and a new rope placed on the pulley. A few strong maple-trees were carefully planted.

The men and women did not stop with repairing and beautifying the schoolhouse and grounds: they laid plans for a school library and also had tested the water which the children were drinking and removed dangerous sources of contamination.

This school has proven an object-lesson to other school districts and is a joy to every one who has helped to improve it.

The highest standard of school-building in the world is to be found in America—and the lowest. Follow your children to school and see the conditions under which they live so large a part of their lives. Is it clean? Is the lighting right? Is it ventilated or drafty? Is the heating adequate? Is there any beauty in it? Beauty is as necessary to the growth of a child's mind as sunlight to flowers and fruits.

There is a famous schoolmaster in France. Books have been written about him. Anatole France wrote a tribute to him, describing him as "the architect of human souls." After the armistice, this old schoolmaster gathered the children of his district into a temporary shack, the only thing with a roof on it within twenty miles. At night the building housed the women and children; on Sundays it was a church. All around them were ruins, death, agony. Only the skies held beauty, until one day the schoolmaster hung three pictures: that gem of France, "The Madeleine," a scene of beautiful Sienna, and a copy of a Botticelli Madonna. "These," explained the schoolmaster, "will feed their souls."

There is a bond between "the architect of souls" and the teacher who invited the mothers of her pupils to tea.

Follow your children to school.

Martha Van Rensselaer

EDITOR'S NOTE

Shortly after writing the message printed above, Miss Van Rensselaer sailed for two months' work in Belgium and France in connection with the American Relief Association, which asked her to carry to the women of the devastated districts the most helpful methods of home-making and child care that have been worked out in this country.

Accounts of what she found and what she did will be sent by Miss Van Rensselaer for publication in later issues of THE DELINEATOR. THE EDITOR.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S PRIMER

Answers to questions that are asked by home-makers

Q. What do you consider the most common causes of (1) grainy icing; (2) coarse-grained cake?

A. 1. The causes for grainy icing are numerous. One of these may be stirring the sugar-sirup while it is cooking; another may be the failure to keep all sugar crystals swabbed down from the sides of the pan or testing the mixture with a spoon that contains grains of sugar. One grain of sugar dropped in a sugar-sirup forms the nucleus for many others. Pouring the sirup too rapidly over the beaten egg-white will cause it to cook too quickly and give a curdled appearance.

2. A coarse-grained cake may be due to insufficient beating. Too much sugar also tends to make a cake coarse in texture.

Q. Why should vegetables be placed in boiling water for cooking?

A. Vegetables are valuable in the diet because they furnish a supply of mineral salts. A large percentage of these salts is in solution in the cells of the vegetable skin and in those immediately beneath the skin. These cells also contain protein in solution. If the vegetable is put into cold water to cook, these salts are dissolved out and lost in the cooking-water. If, however, the vegetable is plunged into boiling water, the protein in the cells immediately coagulates, just as the white of an egg does when it is heated, and a thin protective coating is formed on the outside of the vegetable which prevents further loss of salts or of protein.

Q. How may the water in which vegetables are cooked be utilized?

A. In boiling the milder-juiced vegetables, such as green peas, beans, etc., it is well to add very little water in the beginning so that when the vegetables are done the small amount of liquid that is left may be served with the vegetables. In the case of spinach or other greens, no water should be added; there is sufficient water clinging to the leaves to start the cooking. The liquid that forms during the cooking may be added to vegetable soups or used in making sauces. On the other hand, the strong-juiced vegetables, such as cabbage or onions, require a large quantity of water for cooking. Usually it is possible to utilize only a part of this water. But it may also be used in making vegetable soups, as part of the liquid in cream soups, or as a flavor to gravies. Potato-water may be used instead of plain water in making bread.

Q. Why do you put soup to cook in cold water?

A. Meat is composed of cells. These cells are filled with a solution containing salts and various flavoring materials known as extractives. It is these substances, especially the extractives, which give soup its characteristic flavor. The extractives also have the same stimulating effect upon the human mechanism as tea or coffee. They are all soluble in cold water, and since we eat soup because we like this flavor and stimulating effect, meat is put to soak in cold water.

Q. Name the vitamins and give the principal food sources of each.

A. At the present time there are three known vitamins—namely, vitamin A, vitamin B and vitamin C. Vitamin A, or fat soluble, is present in cream and butter, in the yolks of eggs, in liver and other glands, in the germs of seeds (a reason for eating cereals), in cod-liver oil and in the leaves of vegetables such as spinach, Swiss chard, cabbage and lettuce.

Vitamin B is widely distributed in foods. It is found in yeast, fresh fruits and vegetables and in milk.

Vitamin C is abundant in oranges, potatoes, lemons, tomatoes—either fresh or canned—cabbage and other fresh fruits and vegetables.

Q. In making ginger-pears, why do you cook your pears in water before adding the sugar?

A. Some pears contain considerable cellulose, or woody tissue. If this is put into sugar-sirup, the water is drawn from the tissue and it becomes tough and no amount of cooking seems to make it tender.

THE GRAPE RETURNS TO THE TABLE

By Lucile Brewer and Alice Blinn

Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University—*Martha Van Rensselaer*

IF THERE are, as is said, fifteen thousand recognized varieties of grapes, and if prohibition is to spread, there will some day be grapes aplenty for all purposes. Even now grape-juice has become so firmly established as the national beverage that every one should be able to make this simple but delicious, refreshing and healthful drink. Grape-juice or grape jelly now replace wine in many cooking practises.

The flavor of uncooked grape-juice is superior to that made in the usual manner. The following recipe almost makes itself:

UNCOOKED GRAPE-JUICE

1½ cups Concord grapes
⅔ cup sugar
Hot water

Wash grapes and remove from stems. Place them in a clean quart jar. Add the sugar. Fill the jar with boiling water and then seal.

It requires from six to eight weeks to extract the juice from the grapes. Catawba grapes make a juice of fine flavor and an unusual red color. Wild grapes, though of different flavor, make an excellent grape-juice by the same method.

INVALID'S DELIGHT

4 tablespoons powdered sugar
2 tablespoons lemon-juice
1 cup unsweetened grape-juice
1 egg-white

Beat egg-white until stiff, add the sugar and lemon-juice and beat briskly until very stiff. Add the grape-juice and stir lightly. Serve at once. The juice should be very cold; cracked ice may be added.

This drink is both refreshing and nourishing.

CATAWBA FRAPPÉ

1 quart Catawba grapes
3 cups water
2 cups sugar
Juice of 2 lemons

Wash grapes and remove from stems. Add cold water and cook for ten minutes. Press through a sieve. Add sugar and boil for five minutes. Cool, add the lemon-juice and freeze to a mush.

GRAPE TRIFLE

1 tablespoon gelatin
1 cup grape-juice
Juice 1 medium-size lemon
1 cup whipped sour cream
¼ cup cold water
½ cup sugar

Soften the gelatin in the cold water and dissolve over heat. Add all the ingredients but the cream. Place in a pan of ice-water. When the mixture begins to thicken, fold in the stiffly beaten cream. Turn into a mold. Serve with a custard sauce.

MALAGA SALAD

2 cups seeded Malaga grapes
½ cup English walnuts, broken in small pieces
1 cup celery cut in small pieces
1 cup diced tart apple

Marinate the ingredients with French dressing. Serve in lettuce cups. Garnish with maraschino cherries. Serve with a cream mayonnaise dressing.

GRAPE TOAST

Cut white bread in slices one-quarter inch thick. Toast a light brown and brush over with melted butter. Cover with grape marmalade or conserve. Sprinkle with grated Cheddar cheese. Serve hot with Russian tea.

LITTLE GRAPE CAKES

1 cup sugar
⅓ cup fat
¼ cup sour milk
2 egg-yolks
2 cups flour
¼ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons baking-powder
1 cup grape jam or butter or marmalade

Cream sugar and fat. Add the sour milk and egg-yolks. Mix and sift the dry ingredients. Combine the two mixtures. Beat thoroughly. Add the jam, beat again and pour into individual baking-tins. Bake for twenty minutes in a moderate oven. When cool, cover with a quick icing made by using beaten egg-white and confectioner's sugar. To decorate, tint the icing with a small amount of grape-juice and force through a pastry-tube.

SANDWICHES

Sandwich-fillings may be made from grape conserve, marmalade or butter combined with cottage-cheese, nuts, pimiento cheese or dates.

GRAPE JELLY

Although one of the easiest jellies to make if the grapes are slightly unripe, it often happens that because of overripe fruit or too much sugar grape jelly crystallizes on standing. The addition of a small amount of tart-apple juice to the grapes tends to prevent crystallization. In making grape-juice by the usual process of cooking the grapes, if one cup of apple-juice is added to each quart of grape-juice crystals will not form. These small particles do no harm but necessitate the straining of the juice before it is used, and if they form in the jelly they make it unsatisfactory.

From fifteen to eighteen six-ounce glasses of jelly may be obtained from five pounds of fruit when three extractions of juice are made. In a recent test in which four pounds of grapes and one pound of apples were used the Catawba grape was the most prolific jelly-maker, having given eighteen six-ounce glasses, while the Concord gave fourteen and the Niagara sixteen glasses each.

In general, not more than six or eight cups of jelly should be cooked at one time. The volume of the preserving-kettle should be four or five times as great as the amount of juice to be cooked, since there is a tendency for the juice to boil over.

The jelly was made by the following method:

Measure the juice and boil it rapidly for five minutes, skimming it if necessary. Add three-fourths as much sugar as juice by measure and stir the juice until the sugar is dissolved. Heating the sugar seems to save no time, nor does it seem to improve the quality of the jelly. Cook the juice very rapidly; this gives a bright, clear product, whereas long, slow cooking gives a dull, dark jelly of inferior texture.

To test the jelly, take up a small amount of the juice in a spoon and allow it to drop from the side of the spoon. When the drops flow together and sheet from the spoon, the jelly is done and should be removed from the heat at once.

Pour the hot jelly into clean hot glasses, filling them to the top. This jelly shrinks as it cools and leaves a space for the paraffin. When the jelly is cold and has set, cover it with hot paraffin.

GRAPE MARMALADE

Wash the grapes and remove them from the stems. Press the pulp from the skins. Cook the pulp and put it through a sieve to remove the seeds. Cook the skins in a small amount of water until tender. (If they are added to the sugar without previous cooking, they are usually tough.) Add the skins to the pulp, measure this mixture and add two-thirds as much sugar as pulp. Cook rapidly until the mixture is thick and clear. Seal at once in clean hot jars.

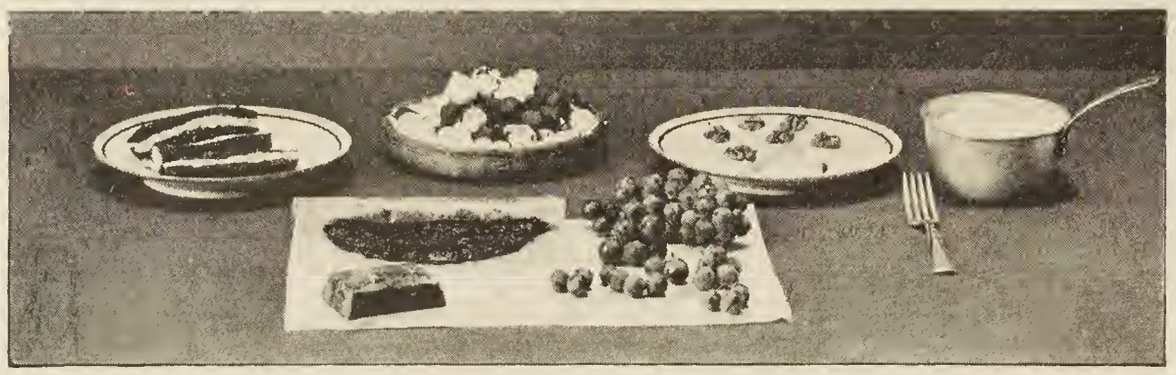


Purple, red or white grapes pickled on the stem keep their color and provide an ornamental garnish as well as an appetizing relish

GRAPE CONSERVE

3 pounds seeded grapes
3 pounds sugar
1 pound English walnuts, broken in small pieces

Mix all the ingredients except the nuts and cook them together as for jam. Add the nuts when the mixture is nearly done. (The juice of one orange and the peel of half an orange cut in small pieces may be added for variation.) Seal it in clean hot jars.



Delicious bonbons, which will keep fresh for several weeks, may be made by dipping grapes or cubes of grape paste into melted fondant

GRAPE-AND-APPLE BUTTER

1 pint grape-pulp
1 pint apple-pulp
1 pint sugar

Prepare the fruit-pulp by cooking the fruit and passing it through a sieve. Add the sugar and cook the mixture until it is thick (about twenty minutes). Seal it in clean hot jars.

GRAPE CATCHUP

4 pounds grapes
1 pound tart apples
2 pounds white sugar
1½ cups vinegar
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons cinnamon
2 teaspoons allspice
2 teaspoons cloves

Wash the grapes and remove them from the stems. Place them in a pan and, without adding any water, steam them until they are soft. Cook the apples until they are tender. Put the fruit through a sieve, add the other ingredients and simmer the mixture for twenty minutes. Seal it in clean hot jars.

The spices should be whole and should be tied in a cloth while cooking in order that they may be removed before the catchup is sealed. Ground spices may be used, but they give the product a darker color than do whole spices.

The catchup is excellent served with cold meats.

FRESH GRAPE RELISH

Select bunches of grapes of uniform size and ripeness. They should not be overripe. Without removing the grapes from the stems, pack the bunches closely in clean glass jars, being careful not to crush the fruit. Make a sirup in the proportion of one and one-half cup of white sugar to one cup of white vinegar, boiling it for five minutes. Pour the hot sirup over the grapes to fill the jars and then seal them.

Purple, white and red grapes may be preserved in this way. They keep their shape and color and are excellent served as a relish or used for garnishing.

SPICED GRAPES

5 pounds grapes
4 pounds sugar
1 pint vinegar
½ tablespoon mace
1 tablespoon cloves
1 tablespoon allspice
1 tablespoon cinnamon

Pulp the grapes and heat the pulp slowly, cooking it for about five minutes. Turn the fruit into a coarse sieve and press the pulp through, thus separating the seeds from the grapes. Place the skins with this pulp. Make a sirup of the sugar, vinegar and spices and, when the sugar is dissolved, boil the grape skins and pulp in the sirup for thirty minutes. Put up in wide-mouthed, clear bottles, cover with melted paraffin and tie up the mouth of each bottle with paper or seal in clean hot jars.

GRAPE CONFECTIONS

A number of sweets may be made from grapes in various forms.

BONBONS

Select firm grapes of any variety. Cut from the bunch, leaving a short stem on each grape. Melt plain fondant, tint a light pink or green or add melted chocolate to make a light brown. Dip the grapes in melted fondant and dry on waxed paper. These grapes will keep for several weeks if perfectly coated.

COMBINATION PASTE

1 pint grape-juice
1 pint grated quince
2 cups sugar
1 pint grated sweet apple

Mix the ingredients together and cook rapidly until the mixture is thick and clear. Turn on to a slightly greased plate. When a film forms over the top, turn it on to a cloth on a drier. Dry over radiator, in the sun or over the stove until it can be handled without sticking to the fingers. Cut the paste in small squares, dip in melted fondant, lay on waxed paper and press a pecan-nut, English walnut or piece of blanched almond on top. The fondant may be tinted pink or green, or a bit of the grape-juice added to give it a grape color. For variety, chopped nuts may be added to the paste. A spray of fresh mint may be added to the paste while cooking. This gives a delightful flavor.

When dry, the paste confections may be packed in boxes.

GRAPE BARS

Cut the grape paste in two oblong pieces about four inches by six inches. Place a layer of plain fondant of the same thickness as the paste over one piece, place second layer of paste over the fondant and press lightly together. Set aside in cold place to harden. When ready to use, cut in slices and cut each slice in strips. The strips may be rolled in granulated sugar or served plain.

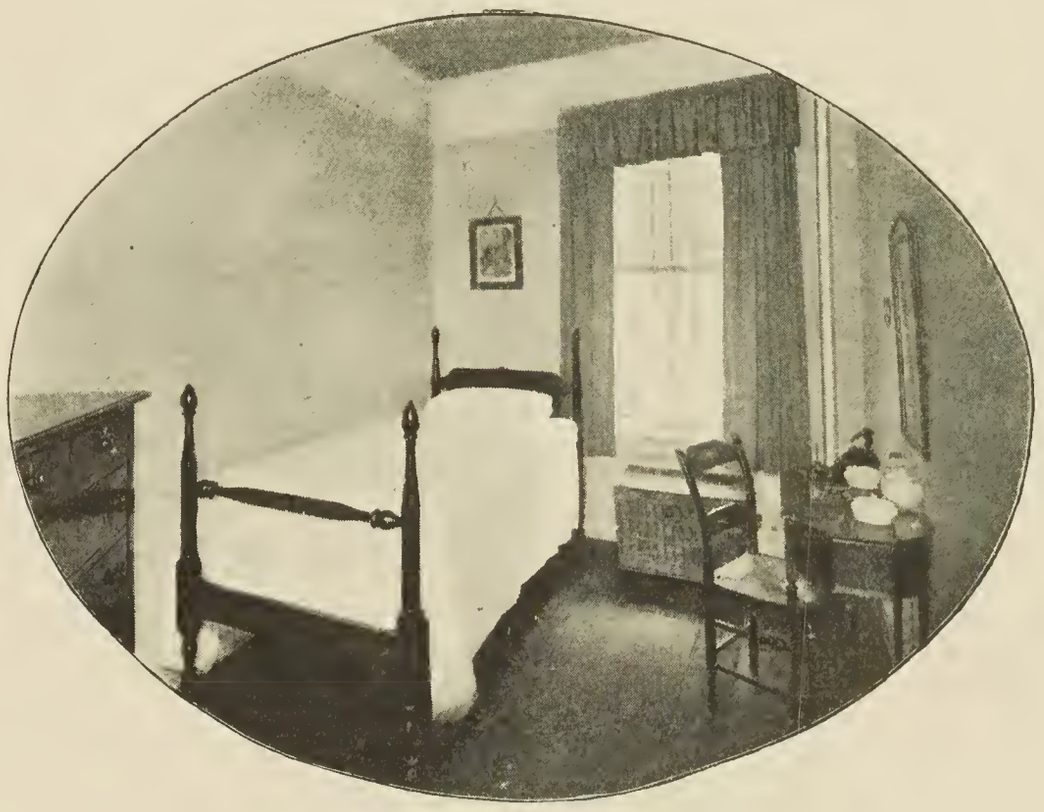
THE SUCCESSFUL SMALL APARTMENT

By Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders

Editor, Department of House Decoration



This "antique" was manufactured from an old office-file and cast-off table



Lack of pictures, bric-a-brac and cluttering objects, and the use of plain colors, makes this small bedroom appear very spacious



The living-room console becomes a dining-table for the occasional meal

MORE than ever the beginner is seeking the small apartment in which to embark upon that most famous of careers—home-making. High costs of building, the difficulty of obtaining domestic help and the necessity of being in or near a large city have compelled many who would otherwise choose a house to settle themselves in a small apartment.

To some the possibility of making two or three small rooms appear homelike and attractive seems so remote that they lose interest in the task of furnishing and decorating. To these I say: "Take heart!"—and I may add that a great expenditure of money is *not* a prime factor. That admiring phrase, "How adorable and attractive your little place looks!" can be brought forth by the expenditure of little thought and less money.

FIRST, the problem of wall decoration must be settled. Small rooms may be made to appear larger by the use of plain colors or a very small all-over design in wall-paper. It is best in the case of very small apartments to decorate walls, woodwork and floors throughout alike. This creates the idea of space and does not cut into small units an apartment already smaller than it should be. When there are wide doorways connecting each room, the walls, woodwork, floors, glass-curtains, carpets and draperies should, if possible, be alike. The eye—and the mind—will find it far more restful to look upon materials and fabrics of the same texture and design in such a small space than upon an assortment of figures and colors.

To create the best effect, figured materials, such as cretonnes, for draperies, slip-covers or upholstery should be used only when plain-colored walls and carpets are to be reckoned with. On the other hand, plain sateens, velours, denims and reps are most satisfactory materials to use with figured walls and carpets. The choice of color for walls and fabrics depends on whether the apartment is sunny or light. Grays, nile green, blues or putty are colors suitable for sunny rooms, while the tones ranging from cream to a pumpkin yellow assist in making a dark apartment cheerful and bright.

Usually small apartments and the lack of built-in features, of closet space and of funds go hand in hand. To overcome these limitations, every device, from buying furniture at an auction to wielding a paint-brush and hammer, must be employed. Chairs, tables and beds should be chosen for their comfort and modesty of size, as large, bulky furnishings have no place in a small apartment. Often old ornate chairs, desks, tables and mirrors bought from a second-hand shop fit precisely into a certain small empty space and with their gimcracks removed take a new lease of life when they are painted or stained to match the other furnishings.

WITH a little thought and care, old office-files, with the addition of wood medallions, brass knobs and hinges from the bargain basement and a coat of carefully applied stain, will make interesting, convenient desks. Large, cumbersome beds often procurable at auction sales may be cut down, scraped and painted to look like the daintiest of day-beds. Ornate bookcases, bureaus and sideboards make surprisingly beautiful and most appropriate furnishings for the small apartment when their mirrors and trimmings are removed. Small, square golden-oak mirrors, painted and hung lengthwise by means of silken cords, reflect the beautiful and assist in making the room appear large. The dull blues, greens, grays and blacks are most appropriate colors to use in painting odd pieces—only be sure to paint a collection of such articles the same color.

Chintzes, sunfasts and ginghams combine well with painted furniture and cover a multitude of sins if dainty, beruffled slip-covers, curtains and bedspreads are carefully made to fit their respective pieces. In the beginning, a few good pieces of furniture, such as a bookcase, davenport and over-stuffed chair, should be chosen as the foundation of the furnishings, the other necessary objects being selected to harmonize in type and color with these two or three good things. Only what is absolutely necessary to comfort and convenience should be added to these foundation pieces.

If an apartment has no dining-room, a gate-leg or drop-leaf table may serve as a console and dining-table if it is placed at one end of a living-room, with simple wooden chairs chosen to match. Do not make the mistake of buying formal dining-room chairs for a combination living-room and dining-room. Small wooden or rush-bottom chairs will do nicely and may be used throughout the entire apartment. A wooden settle, with a table-top as back, is one solution of table and chair for very small space. Unpainted furniture found in the kitchen-equipment department of big stores has much to offer those seeking inexpensive and practical furniture.

TOO, there comes well-made, unpainted furniture copied from almost every type of early American design, so that persons may create their own color scheme or follow some unusual type of decoration. Stenciling or outlining on this type of painted furniture has become an art. Dainty floral and fruit stencils come ready for use, but the color combination and work is left entirely to the individual. Often small built-in features, such as window-seats, corner shelves and breakfast-nooks, are painted to carry out the color and type of decoration on the furniture, and these features often take the place of extra chairs and tables. Window-seats with hinged tops make excellent roomy boxes for linens or the storage of extra bedding.

The value of a combined desk and bookcase for a small apartment is that it saves the space that two such pieces of furniture would take, adding, besides, two or three drawers for papers, linens, etc. Built-in bookshelves may be planned to hang midway up a long wall-space so that the wall-space below may have against it a day-bed, table or chair; or the shelves may be built about and over a radiator, in which case one may hang a thin curtain in front of the radiator or insert a perforated piece of wood paneling in order to disguise it.

The hanging of few pictures and the elimination of small cluttering objects of furniture and bric-à-brac will assist greatly in creating the sense of repose and the idea of space in a very small apartment.

THE purchasing of one comfortable bed for the apartment should not be overlooked. Many are inclined to hesitate about this because the rooms are small. If the apartment is to be occupied by one person, a single bed is all that is required, with a davenport for the occasional guest. It is wise, too, to use plain colors in the matter of bedspreads and bureau scarfs and they should be as simple as possible; ruffles and lace are quickly mussed in close quarters.

Too, the simple curtaining of windows in straight, unruffled fashion and the curtaining of a group of two or three windows as one will help to make small rooms appear larger. Often roller-shades of glazed chintz throughout the apartment have been considered sufficient curtaining; this eliminates the cost of both glass-curtains and overdraperies.

Further information concerning the problem of furnishing the small apartment will be given upon request. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address Editor, Department of House Decoration, THE DELINEATOR.



Where lack of space brought about a clever arrangement of both bedroom and living-room furniture



In this small living-room the occasional overnight guest may find hospitality and comfort in a broad couch



Comfort, convenience and good taste are combined in these living-room furnishings at very small expense







MAKE IT BREATHE

By Celia Caroline Cole

Breathing isn't a matter for the lungs exclusively. Mrs. Cole insists that you breathe through your hair, through your eyes, through your whole body—and even through your soul! And she tells you why, most convincingly. All the other things that are good for skin, hair and nails, or that enhance personal charm and attractiveness, are open secrets to Mrs. Cole. She will answer any individual inquiry accompanied by a stamp for her reply

ONCE upon a time when we were eight exciting years younger than we are now, we went about with a group of artists who always showed us their pictures and expected us to know things about them. It was a long time before we knew enough to say: "Exquisite flow of line!" "Charming spotting!" All we knew was how it made us feel: either it made us breathe deep, or it didn't; breathe with a new serenity, or it didn't; breathe hard and fast with excitement, or it didn't; take our breath altogether for a moment, or it didn't. And that's what we used to say: just how it made us feel.

Then they would tear their hair and shout: "Feel! We don't care how you *feel!*" And our mind would slink into a far corner of our head and mutter: "It makes me happy or it makes me sad; it makes me want to be good or it makes me want to be not so good. And that's all there is to it!"

Things are different now. It's no longer a disgrace to criticize a picture by saying how it makes you feel—in fact, that's the only thing you must say! A man draws a nude lady tumbling down-stairs; he draws her by making a lot of cubes and triangles and oblongs and things, and if you don't say instantly the moment you see it "I feel some one tumbling down-stairs—she has on no clothes—I like it. I feel bumped and bruised and cold from just looking at it!" he pitches you right out of his consideration—you are an imbecilic philistine.

But that doesn't matter. A picture "breathes" to you or it doesn't. That may not mean much to anybody but us, you see, but it means the whole thing to us. And we've observed that the picture that "breathes" always has a lot of people before it and the picture that doesn't has only a few polite people—with—catalogs.

JUST like human beings. The woman who "breathes" in every part of her—her hair, her eyes, her mouth, her soul, her hands, her feet, her ankles, her mind, her whole lithe, lovely, swaying body—who breathes with life all over, is the woman who has the crowd around her. She is also the woman who chooses, instead of being chosen—chooses her mate, where she will live and how, whom she will know and how well, what she will do and when. And life comes and sits in her little pink velvet-and-steel palm.

The surface-readers call her a fascinating, magnetic woman. She is simply a woman who "breathes" in every part of her. Do you? Does your hair? The facts about hair are that it's a hollow, horny tube, alive and succulent only at its root and a tiny little way up the hair. But pooh, what are facts! It can breathe every inch of the way from root to end with vitality and charm and enticement!

Brush it—at least twice a day, for daily brushing more than anything else will give hair a beautiful sheen. Your brush should have fairly stiff bristles set separately wide apart or in tufts. Metal bristles are not good because you can not brush with them vigorously without injury to the scalp, and one of the most valuable things about brushing is that it stimulates the scalp. Combs should have the teeth wide apart, smooth and blunt tips. Both brush and comb should be kept immaculately clean with water and soap or ammonia, thorough drying in the sun, if possible, and every now and then dipped in a solution of formalin—a teaspoon to a pint of water. And never, never let anybody else use your brush or comb! That wicked disease called "abundant dandruff" is spread almost always through brushes and combs.

When you shampoo, use a good, pure soap—any good toilet-soap (tincture-of-green soap is excellent), olive-oil or cottonseed-oil green soap, or use your husband's shaving-cream, it's just a fine soap. Then rinse forever 'n' ever; dry promptly and thoroughly, in the sun, if you can. Cleanse as often as you like with a cleansing tonic, or if you're out of tonic and need a quick shampoo because your hair is oily, wet it thoroughly with a seventy per cent. alcohol solution and wipe it off immediately before it evaporates. If left on, it is too drying to the scalp.

But whatever you do, *keep it clean!* Let it breathe. There is almost nothing about a woman more instantly attractive than a saucy, silky, curly head, or a satiny, serene topknot that is more enchanting than any other topknot on the horizon and doesn't care who knows it.

SKIN shouldn't be just a nice, protective, pliable leather covering—although, of course, that is just what it is. It should be as radiant as sunlight stretched over a garden of blush roses, as silken and thin as a layer of moonlight over a running stream.

Your skin needs first of all to be gloriously clean. Send for our folder and let us tell you how to cleanse it without enlarging the pores, coarsening the texture or stretching the skin. Cleansing with a melting cold-cream is always safest, but oily skins can use soap, and all skins can use the delightful little cleansing-packs to be bought at beauty-shops, ten for two dollars—they smell the way cookies baking in the oven do—oh, *delicious* smell!—and they leave your skin as pure as snow and with a lovely fragrance. You can make pretty good ones yourself out of fine cheese-cloth made into pads three or four inches square and filled with a mixture of bran, oatmeal, almond-meal and a little orris-root to give it fragrance. Cleanse the face with cream first, then wet the packs in *hot* water and wash with the up-and-out stroke. If your skin is dry, put on a skin-food for five or ten minutes after washing.

This same beauty-shop where we get our little "cooky" packs tells you to go to sleep at night without any cream on the face, that a good night's relaxed sleep without any fear of messing up the linen with your cold-cream face is better for your complexion than any skin-food ever made. Cleanse the face, then mold or pat some skin-food in for ten or fifteen minutes, then wipe it off and go to sleep. In other words, let it breathe all night. To tell the truth, cold-cream doesn't feed your skin a bit unless you mold or pat or exercise or do something to bring the blood up to the surface. It's the blood that takes the fat in the cream and feeds the skin. The skin can't eat by itself any more than a cat can assimilate cream without a tongue! It softens up the skin, of course, but you waste it if you don't bring the blood up too.

AND, by the way, if you can't sleep—something worries you, or coffee, or the party next door—put some cold-cream on your face and throat, then lie there and mold it gently but firmly with exactly the same little motions a sculptor uses when he is modeling a face and throat. You'll not only find that you have a much firmer, fresher, clearer skinned face if you do this regularly, but that your insomnia is vanishing. Don't worry when you can't sleep: mold and think about the things you most like to think about. Rest and relaxation help almost as much as sleep. Don't feel just because you can't sleep eight hours a night you're going to the dogs. Your Creator made you much more intelligently than that.

You are just entering the season now when coal-dust fills the world. Give your eyes a bath every night when you get home, with an eye-glass and a good eye tonic you buy at a beauty-shop or from your oculist, or the home-made tonic of weak salt water or boric-acid water. Make your eye-bath as regular as cleansing your face. Keep your eyes clear with a bath and young with your emotions.

The reason actresses always look so much younger than they are—oh, yes, they do! all the clever ones—isn't only that they make a business of being exciting and wonderful to look at—beautifully groomed faces and hands, bodies like quicksilver and straight little *jeune-fille* clothes, with white, round collars and sailor hats with rolled-up brims—not only that, but because they "emote!"—have mad enthusiasms for people and things and their work, and every now and then when things seem too much for them they blow up the family and smack the cat and slam into their rooms and put on a big scene for the benefit of anybody who's there, or nobody, and come out of it looking and feeling a hundred years younger. They keep their emotions as *svelte* and active as their lithe, free bodies. They don't lock them up and call it being reasonable and well bred.

Let your emotions breathe! Stir up some feeling over something or somebody and become alive with it!

While we are talking about stirring up—this little matter of the liver, and other "innerlings!" When you wake up, pop right into the bathroom, brush your teeth and drink two full glasses of cold water. A little lemon-juice added to that water is very good for your lazy liver. Then, while the water is running into your tub, a few setting-up exercises—just enough to bring the blood singing through you and to shape into line whatever part of you is trying to get out of line.

We, personally, have to look out for our waistline because we've never worn stays and never will, and we're up around forty, and it's up around there that waistlines turn on you and spread themselves. So the first thing we do is to take correct position, chest pulling up to the sky—not out, but *up*—that pulls that impudent tummy right up where it belongs, young and firm and hard. Then clasp hands over the head, elbows straight and with a long, strong, slow, steady pull we try to lift ourself up to the ceiling. When we have gone as far as possible without moving our feet from the floor, we bend slowly to the right—not forward or backward, but smack to the right. Slowly we return to correct position. Repeat, bending to left, without relaxing or bending arms. We do it ten times, alternating.

Next we snatch the cord out of our bath-robe and try to beat our baby skipping rope. Keep your abdominal muscles tense. Skipping backward, they tense themselves.

Then we lie down on the floor, clasp our arms about our knees and hold them tight against our chest. Then we roll from side to side. Very nice, that, for hips. Next we pop up and take that good old rotary motion, keeping the lower part of the body rigid direct to the front, hands on hips, and roll the upper body around—front, side, back, side, front—as if it were revolving on an axis. Once more we skip the rope, and remember not to hold our breath as we skip, then we bathe, then breathe deep before an open window—and the world is ours!

SOMEHOW we never can write to people who want to get fat. We think they ought to have an alienist write to them. But the way to fatten up with exercise is to take the ordinary setting-up exercises, only don't *tense* the muscles; take them gently and never get tired. And the way to reduce is to take the same exercises, only tense every muscle till it can't breathe.

In this joyous day of the world, bodies breathe—they're never laced nor smothered in clothes. But let's stand together, *mes amies* of the important sex, and refuse to wear skirts too tight to stride in or too full to "travel light" in. Let's be free. Let's breathe, and let every single inch and atom of us cry softly but very firmly: "This is the day of woman! This is the day of finding ourselves, belonging to ourselves, giving ourselves to what we wish. We don't believe that old 'best-seller' idea of Adam's rib. We're that amazing, beautiful, triumphant thing called Woman. And this is our day!" Breathe it from every line of you.



Helen Ford who has been playing the title rôle in the extremely diverting, much efficiency engineered musical comedy "Helen of Troy, New York." Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe, N. Y.

THE NEW IN NEW YORK

THE SILHOUETTE which smart women affect, is straighter, slighter, more supple than ever. Skirts are just the width of the hip and fit there so closely that one sees the movement, of the figure in walking. This is true of the new long straight coats as well as of dresses. One notices that everything is worn just a trifle longer though the change is not pronounced.

HATS are very small and are either the *cloche* shape, the hat with tiny peak brim cut to almost nothing at the back, or the draped turban wound around the head and clasped at the front or side. The hats are almost untrimmed—a cocarde, a narrow feather or ribbon ruche around the crown, a shaving-brush badger ornament at one side. To be smart they must be worn with the double-headed pin of brilliants, marcasite, pearls, jade, etc., in the crown.

STOCKINGS for morning, noon and night are a sunburned "nude" color and extraordinarily thin. They are worn with silver slippers for evening, with all types of pump, strap slippers, sandals, etc., for daytime. Gloves match the stockings and the gauntlet glove or mousquetaire is worn with the new long close sleeve.

A NEW SLIDING ORNAMENT is worn on the strap of the fashionable strap slipper. After the button is fastened the ornament is slipped over it, covering it. These ornaments are made of enamel, steel, rhinestones, bronze, etc.

THE FRONT is more important than the back in many of the new French models that are being shown. The back is plain, flat and sometimes unbelted and no wider than the hip. The front is broken with flounces, folds, apron effects, etc.

TIERS are new. Sometimes they are flat flounces circling a coat dress, or two tiers at the front and a single one at the back of a silk crêpe frock, or a succession of narrow folds across the front of the skirt, circular ruffles or a single flounce on a straight coat, plaited flounces below the plaited cape collar of a dinner dress.

THE NEW LONG COAT is one of the most successful costumes of the Autumn. It is very straight and narrow-looking, easy through the body and worn wrapped as close as possible to the hip and held by the hand, a small clasp, an invisible hook or a narrow string tie. Many of these coats are embroidered, some are trimmed top and bottom, with rows of stuffed tubing, others are made of cashmere borders and edged with beaver fur. They are smart in black with fabric trimming or in cocoa brown with beaver fur.

SOULIÉ'S SKETCHES SENT FROM

LISHMENT SHOW THE NEW LINE

THE HIP IN MANY OF THE



Bolstered with rolls of white crêpe at the neck, wrists and hem, and trimmed with white cord stitching a separate coat from Tollman holds itself to the new narrow lines. It is made in the dull black of the Parisienne's favorite crêpe marocain

The coat has graduated from a mere cover-all to the standing of a costume of great elegance. Madeleine et Madeleine make a very exquisite thing of brown poplavella trimmed with narrow cut-out bands of the cloth and with beaver fur on the collar

Paris is experimenting with the flare of flounces, tiers and sleeves. "Epopée," of rather intricate cut for a coat, is made by Charlotte in bottle-green velveteen heavily embroidered in gray soutache with flare cuffs and hem of gray squirrel

An extraordinarily smart coat is the result of a happy combination of cut, color and material. Madeleine Monjaret uses navy-blue "bouchette" and applies its selvedge to the double cape. A blue satin collar edged with chinchilla ties at the side

Béchoff creates the illusion of a short jacket and skirt with what is in reality a separate coat of beige vellina trimmed with bands of darker brown. The elegant Parisienne, not being given to strap-hanging, would not be bothered by the cut of the sleeve

THE DELINEATOR'S PARIS ESTAB-

THAT IS DRAWN CLOSELY AT

NEW COATS AND DRESSES



Over a box-plaited dress of amber-colored crêpe de Chine, Paul Caret ties the outline of a bodice made of the same crêpe and adds a side-splitting tunic below the hip. The long sleeve is used a great deal, even for silk dresses

While most designers turn their attention to the front of the new dresses Jeanne Hallée gives an 1870-look to the lift at the back of a short tunic and the band of gold and violet embroidery from neck to hem of a gray velvet gown

Styles are not so simple as they seem, even when cut on straight lines. Margaine Lacroix uses black net with white soutache for the cuffs and skirt of an afternoon frock of which the upper part is black velvet with the neck outlined in green

The right and the wrong side of satin-faced moire divide an evening frock between them, the blue moire appearing in the bandeau, girdle and skirt, the satin in the bodice and knee-deep hem. Black pearls form the braces and tassels. From Marthe Wingrove

A dress of beige crêpe Georgette is embroidered gayly with green, brick and brown wool forming lines of entre-deux separating a whole barnyard family of hens. A metal serpent makes the belt and brown velvet buttons fasten the plastron front. From Chavériat

Coat dress 4770
Turban 4748

Cape 4777
Embroidery design 10186

Dress 4772

Dress 4766

Other views and descriptions are on page 96

Dress 4662

Dress 4764

Dress and slip 4676
Embroidery design 10163

Dress 4746
Embroidery design 10132

Coat Dress 4724
Turban 4748

Dress 4752

Blouse 4732
Skirt 4743

Coat Dress 4738

Dress 4721

Other views and descriptions on page 96

Coat Dress 4726

Dress 4737 Embroidery design 10155

Dress 4751

Dress 4735

Coat dress 4739

Dress 4690

Suit 4695

Dress 4686

Coat 4747
Hat 4759
Leggings 4038

Coat 4741
Hat 4761
Embroidery design 10119

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Dress 4742

Dress 4702

Dress 4719
Hat 4451

Dress 4687
Hat 4449

Dress 4691
Embroidery
design 10175

Dress 4750
Turban 4748

Dress 4736
Embroidery design 10996

Dress 4754

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Dress 4758

Coat 4725
Embroidery
design 10961

Dress 4744
Embroidered bag
10102

Dress 4762

Blouse 4740
Skirt 4251

Other views and descriptions on page 99

Dress 4736
Turban 4748

Turban 4748

Blouse 4782
Embroidery
design
10186

Blouse 4745
Skirt 4753
Embroidery
design
10157

Blouse 4779

Turban 4748

Straight-line
coat 4760

Straight-line coat 4763

Other views and descriptions are on page 99

Dress 4776

Dress 4774

PARIS SPEAKS A WORD ON COATS, COAT DRESSES, GILET BLOUSES AND AN EVENING GOWN







4734—3157—For country wear, motoring or hacking, this new raglan coat is most practical. It may be a shorter length. Use camel's hair, Teddy bear, tweed, basket weaves, fleece coatings, plaid coatings, cheviot, serge or twills. Tams of duvetyn, velours, broadcloth, corduroy, velvet or flannel are useful for sports, or the car, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch camel's hair for coat. Lower edge, plaits out, 2¼ yards.

The coat is serviceable for ladies 33 to 46 bust, also misses; the tam-o'-shanter for ladies, misses, girls.

4787—4748—Cascade drapery and a hand-made chou are attractive on a slip-over, one-piece dress. Use plain or printed silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine, satin crêpe, charmeuse, printed silks, and without the sleeves and cascades, of chiffon velvet, velvet brocade on sheer ground, moire or lace. The wrap-around turban is easy to make. Lower edge 54 inches.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards 39-inch brocaded crêpe de Chine.

The dress is graceful for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; the turban is for ladies or misses.

4789—10157—The two-piece skirt of soft-pile fabrics on the velours order, duvetyn, wool reps, wool poplin, broadcloth, wool cashmere, soft twills, kasha, heavy wool crêpe, gabardine or serge joins in a decorative way a long body of crêpe satin, printed or plain silk crêpe on this slip-over dress. Beading is smart for dresses. Work in color.

36 bust requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch velvet and 1½ yard 35-inch metal cloth. Lower edge 49 inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4788—4789—A three-quarter coat of the wrap-around, straight-line variety is very often worn over a dress of this type for a three-piece costume. Use soft-pile fabrics such as wool velours, duvetyn, wool reps, wool poplin, broadcloth, wool cashmere, heavy wool crêpe, soft twills, kasha, gabardine or serge, etc., for coat and skirt of dress, and silk crêpe, etc., for body of dress. The dress is described above.

36 bust requires 4½ yards 50-inch velvet and 1½ yard 35-inch metallic cloth.

The coat is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; the dress for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4786—10163—One can wear this wrap-around, straight-line coat dress with elastic in a casing across the sides quite late into the season. Use wool reps, wool poplin, corded wools, wool crêpe, soft twills, kasha, serge, gabardine, light-weight velours, heavy silk crêpe, etc. The embroidery is smart. Work it in color.

36 bust requires 2½ yards 54-inch wool rep and ⅞ yard 36-inch contrasting. Lower edge 49½ inches.

The coat dress is for ladies 33 to 48 bust, also misses.

4790—The French wear this gilet blouse with the tailored costume. Use embroidered silk crêpe, printed silk jersey, fancy shantung, broché silks or novelty silk ratine for the front with the back and sleeves of crêpe de Chine, or plain crêpe de Chine for the entire blouse with the front embroidered.

36 bust requires 1⅛ yard 39-inch brocaded silk and 1¼ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine.
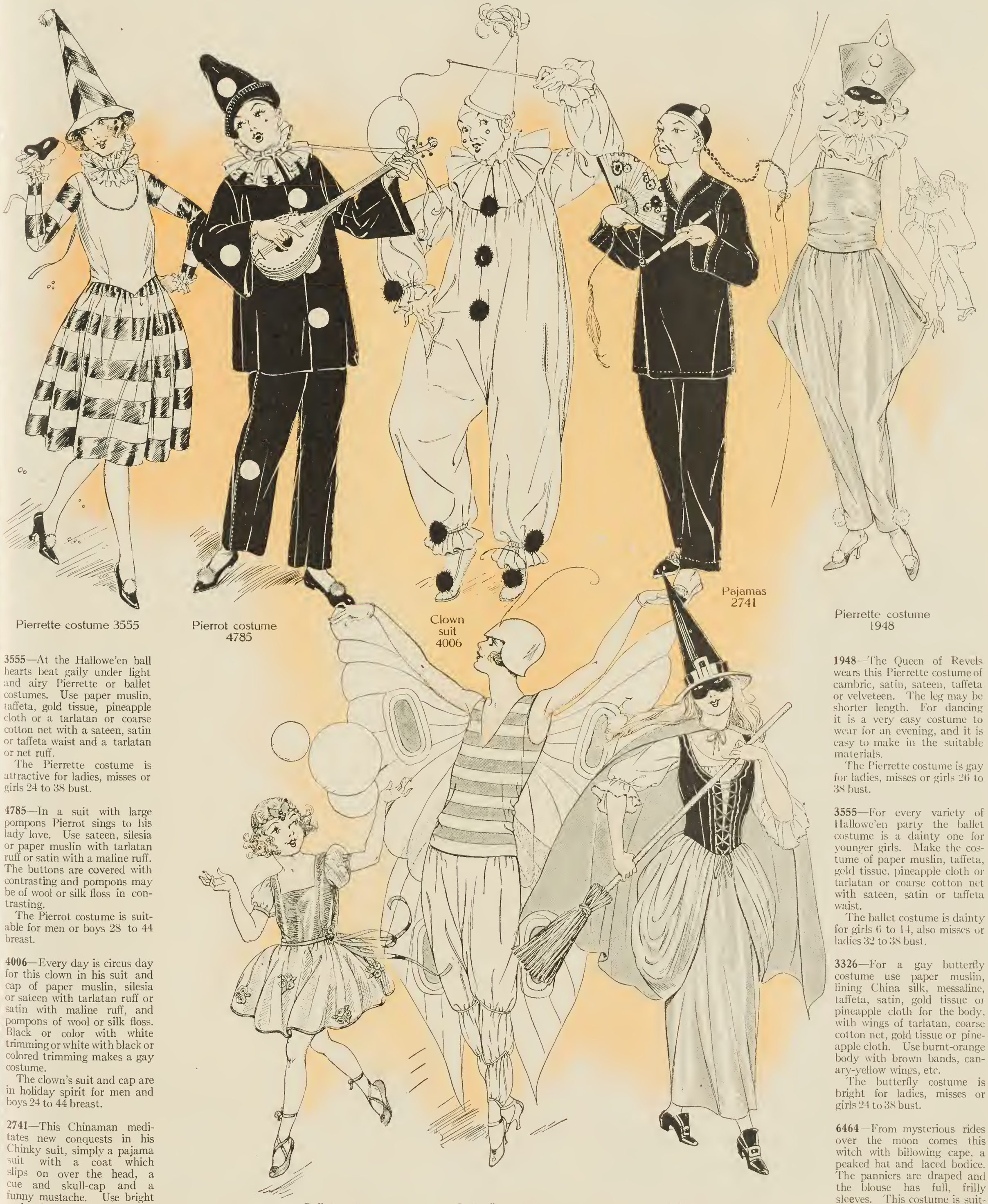
The gilet blouse is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4791—4778—An altogether charming costume for evening is composed of this slip-over dress with a draped waist tying at the left side and with a bias front, joined to a wrap-around skirt and worn over a slip with wrap-around straight skirt and a shadow-proof panel. Use lace, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin or silk crêpe for dress and slip of metal fabric, Georgette, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, radium, etc.

36 bust requires 4¼ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine for dress. Lower edge of slip 44½ inches.

The evening dress and slip are for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

CREATURES FROM MANY SPHERES AND LANDS REVEL IN HARMONY ON ALL SOULS EVE



Pierrette costume 3555

Pierrot costume 4785

Clown suit 4006

Pajamas 2741

Pierrette costume 1948

Ballet costume 3555

Butterfly costume 3326

Witch costume 6464

3555—At the Hallowe'en ball hearts beat gaily under light and airy Pierrette or ballet costumes. Use paper muslin, taffeta, gold tissue, pineapple cloth or a tarlatan or coarse cotton net with a sateen, satin or taffeta waist and a tarlatan or net ruff.

The Pierrette costume is attractive for ladies, misses or girls 24 to 38 bust.

4785—In a suit with large pompons Pierrot sings to his lady love. Use sateen, silesia or paper muslin with tarlatan ruff or satin with a maline ruff. The buttons are covered with contrasting and pompons may be of wool or silk floss in contrasting.

The Pierrot costume is suitable for men or boys 28 to 44 breast.

4006—Every day is circus day for this clown in his suit and cap of paper muslin, silesia or sateen with tarlatan ruff or satin with maline ruff, and pompons of wool or silk floss. Black or color with white trimming or white with black or colored trimming makes a gay costume.

The clown's suit and cap are in holiday spirit for men and boys 24 to 44 breast.

2741—This Chinaman meditates new conquests in his Chinky suit, simply a pajama suit with a coat which slips on over the head, a cue and skull-cap and a funny mustache. Use bright and gaily colored inexpensive materials.

The pajamas are suitable for men or boys 32 to 54 breast.

1948—The Queen of Revels wears this Pierrette costume of cambric, satin, sateen, taffeta or velveteen. The leg may be shorter length. For dancing it is a very easy costume to wear for an evening, and it is easy to make in the suitable materials.

The Pierrette costume is gay for ladies, misses or girls 26 to 38 bust.

3555—For every variety of Hallowe'en party the ballet costume is a dainty one for younger girls. Make the costume of paper muslin, taffeta, gold tissue, pineapple cloth or tarlatan or coarse cotton net with sateen, satin or taffeta waist.

The ballet costume is dainty for girls 6 to 14, also misses or ladies 32 to 38 bust.

3326—For a gay butterfly costume use paper muslin, lining China silk, messaline, taffeta, satin, gold tissue or pineapple cloth for the body, with wings of tarlatan, coarse cotton net, gold tissue or pineapple cloth. Use burnt-orange body with brown bands, canary-yellow wings, etc.

The butterfly costume is bright for ladies, misses or girls 24 to 38 bust.

6464—From mysterious rides over the moon comes this witch with billowing cape, a peaked hat and laced bodice. The panniers are draped and the blouse has full, frilly sleeves. This costume is suitable for any masquerade.

The witch costume is popular for ladies, misses or girls 26 to 40 bust.



DRESSES, HATS, SUITS, A RIPPLE COAT AND OVERCOAT TO BRAVE THE HAZARDS OF SCHOOL

4756—One wears the blouse with hand-made collar and cuffs over a slightly circular two-piece skirt of this two-piece dress. Make it of wool reps, wool poplin, wool crêpe, soft twills, gabardine, serge, tricotine, kasha, light-weight wool-pile fabrics or silk alpaca with collar of linen with organdy trimmed with cotton soutache, or crêpe de Chine collar with net and trimmed with silk soutache. Lower edge 61½ inches.

16 years requires 2¼ yards 54-inch wool rep.

The dress is serviceable for misses 15 to 20, also small women.

4765—The straight trousers of this suit button up over the waist in a belt effect of a decorative type. Use chambray, linen, linen-finished cottons, pongee, silk-and-wool jersey, wool jersey, or colored linen or cotton with white, dark-blue linen or cotton with light blue, a waist of pongee, cotton poplin or cotton gabardine with serge trousers, etc.

4 years will require 1⅝ yard 36-inch linen for this suit.

The suit is suitable for little boys 2 to 6 years.

4749—"I love pretty Pussy and she'll do me no harm," sings this tiny miss, for she wears a new play dress. Separate bloomers are a practical part of this frock with a Russian closing. Make it of chambray, heavy cotton crêpe, pin-check gingham, dimity, linen-finished cotton, printed sateen, pongee or challis.

4 years will require 1⅞ yard 32-inch gingham.

The dress is adorable for little girls 2 to 6 years.

4731—4759—4038—In bright October weather she wears a ripple coat in raglan effect and with a double-breasted front, of camel's-hair, fleece coatings, plaid coatings, Teddy bear, homespun, tweed, cheviot, serge, twills, or for warm climates, shantung, with a little French hat of velours, broadcloth, serge, soft twills, etc. Leggings may be of heavy stockinette or match coat.

4 years and 19¾ inches head measure require 1⅜ yard 54-inch novelty wool, ⅞ yard 36-inch velvet for hat, collar and cuffs; ½ yard 54-inch broadcloth for leggings.

The coat is for children 1 to 6, the hat for girls 2 to 14, and the leggings for children 2 to 14 years.

4755—10971—For a growing girl is a new dress of plain or printed crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe, printed silks, taffeta, with a straight skirt, side or accordion plaited or gathered, joined to an underbody. One may use printed crêpe de Chine with skirt of plain crêpe de Chine, printed with plain silk crêpe, or printed with plain silks. The embroidery is smart. Work in beads or French knots.

13 years requires 3 yards 40-inch silk crêpe.

The dress is attractive for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

4775—For an acceptable school suit of linen, linen-finished cottons, chambray, galatea, rep, madras, poplin, pongee, serge or gabardine, there is no wiser choice than this suit with a blouse to be worn with straight trousers. The sailor collar and patch pockets will please the small boy.

5 years will require 1¾ yard 36-inch linen for this suit.

The suit is a good style and practical for little boys 2 to 7 years.

4733—Bonfires kindle a need for play clothes which are durable. This suit has a blouse which buttons over straight trousers with a wide leg. Make the suit of serge, wool jersey, silk-and-cotton jersey, poplin, chambray, linen, linen-finished cottons, piqué, rep or madras.

5 years will require 1⅞ yard 36-inch linen-finished cotton.

This suit is quaint and durable for little boys 2 to 7 years.

4728—An interest in books leads to pride in his looks for the first month of school. The many virtues of this new overcoat include a convertible collar which may be worn high about the neck for cold days, an inverted plait at the back and slit pockets. Use tweeds, homespun, mixtures, cheviot, chinchilla, or whip-cords for such an overcoat.

12 years will require 2 yards 54-inch homespun.

The overcoat is practical for boys 2 to 16 years.

4759—This smart little Paris hat will suit many a curly head. It is very easy to make with its gored crown and turned-up brim. Use velours, broadcloth, serge, soft twills or gabardine with pipings of duvetyn in contrast and a ribbon rosette. For later in the season use duvetyn or velvet with contrasting satin pipings and a ribbon rosette.

The hat for 4 years or 19¾ inches head measure requires ⅜ yard 44-inch serge for either view.

The hat is becoming to girls 2 to 14 years.

THE YOUNGER WORLD BLOOMS IN FRENCH HATS, COATS AND FROCKS



4769

Coat 4769
Hat 4761
Embroidery 10186



4781

4769—4761—10186—A very new and smart wrap-around coat has a circular flounce at the lower part, and a hat of French origin is embroidered. Make the coat of soft pile fabrics, duvetyn, broadcloth, wool rep, soft twills or serge, and the hat of velours, duvetyn, broadcloth, serge, etc. The embroidery is effective.

12 years and 21¼ inches head measure requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch velvet and ⅝ yard 36-inch velvet for hat.

The coat is becoming to juniors and girls 8 to 15, the hat for girls 2 to 14.

4781—"Coming out" for the débutante this year means wearing new French frocks like this slip-over dress of crêpe de Chine, Georgette, silk crêpe or taffeta or with tiers of ribbon and crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe waist, or a taffeta waist and tiers and a Georgette or crêpe de Chine skirt. The tiered straight skirt is joined at a low waistline and sleeves may be sewed or snapped in.

17 years requires 3½ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 1⅞ yard.

The dress is becoming to misses 16 to 20.

4767—Hand-made flowers favor the dress with a draped basque and circular ruffles across the side of the straight skirt. It slips on over the head and the skirt is joined to an underbody at a low waistline. Make it of taffeta, gros de Londres, silk crêpe, silk crêpe printed in a small design or silk printed in a small design. A puff sleeve is sewed in under a bertha collar.

12 years will require 2⅞ yards 35-inch taffeta.

The dress is dainty for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

4780—A quaint evening frock with a draped basque and full straight skirt and with a choice of a straight drop skirt, may be made of taffeta or gros de Londres for basque and frills and Georgette skirt, or entirely of taffeta or gros de Londres, or of satin, moire, chiffon velvet with lace or these materials for entire dress. Lower edge of skirt 2⅞ yards.

17 years requires 2⅝ yards 35-inch taffeta and 2⅞ yards 39-inch Georgette.

The evening dress is smart for misses 16 to 20, also small women.

4767

4769

4781

Dress 4767

Dress 4781



4773



Dress
4773

4783

Dress 4783
Embroidery
design 10833

Evening dress 4780

Straight-line
Dress 4784

4784

4784—The young girl accepts the French dictum for the wrap-around, straight-line coat dress of wool rep with collar, cuffs and tie of grosgrain ribbon. It fits closely over the hips, and the three-tiered skirt is joined at a low waistline. One may use all wool reps, wool poplin, wool crêpe, soft twills, kasha, serge, gabardine etc.

16 years requires 2¼ yards 54-inch wool rep (with tiers cut crosswise).

The coat dress is good style for misses 16 to 20, also small women.

4773—This slip-over dress with straight lower edge is becoming in printed crêpe de Chine with velvet lower part, bright-colored crêpe de Chine with dark velvet, printed with plain silk crêpe, printed crêpe de Chine with plain crêpe de Chine or plain silk crêpe, plain or printed crêpe de Chine with taffeta, printed pongee with plain pongee, natural pongee with bright-colored pongee, etc.

12 years requires 1 yard 39-inch silk crêpe and 1⅜ yard 36-inch velvet.

The dress is suitable for juniors and girls 6 to 15.

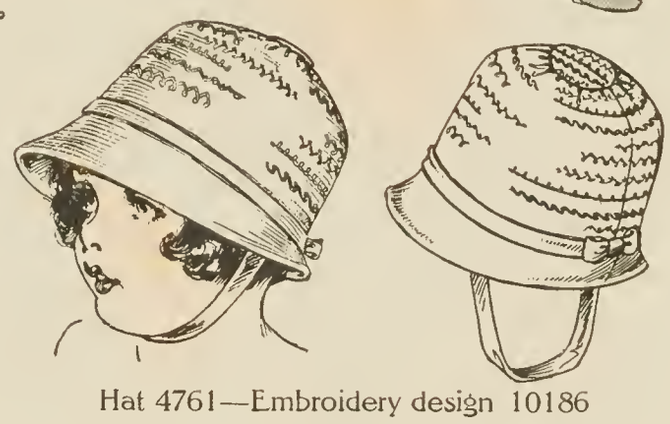
4783—10833—One can get a thrill from this new slip-over, one-piece dress with straight lower edge and separate bloomers. Use pin-check gingham, dimity, chambray, cotton crêpe, cotton prints, pin-dot swiss, pin-dot voile, crêpe de Chine, pongee, wool jersey or silk-and-wool jersey. The appliqué is quaint. Work it in a color to harmonize with the material used.

4 years requires 2¼ yards 32-inch chambray for dress and bloomers.

The dress is adorable for little girls 2 to 6 years.



4780



Hat 4761—Embroidery design 10186

4761—10186—One of the newest French hats for girls has the helmet strap under the chin and is trimmed with a new embroidery. This design should be worked in a combination of chain-stitch, feather-stitch, lazy-daisy stitch and outline. Use velours, duvetyn, broadcloth, serge, soft twills, gabardine or velvet for this hat.

6 years or 20½ inches head measure requires ⅝ yard 36-inch or wider serge for the hat illustrated at the left.

The hat is very French for girls 2 to 14 years.

FASHION FOLLOWS THE DAILY ROUND WITH A COSTUME FOR EVERY NEED

Negligée 4771
Embroidery
design 10998

Slip 4778

Dress 4768

Apron and cap 4757

Breakfast coat
4682
Embroidery
design 10119

Nightdrawers
4729

Combination
4727

Dress 4730
Embroidery
design 10843

Slip 4730

4778—For this slip with a wrap-around straight skirt, which provides for a shadow-proof panel in back, use crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, radium, satin, China silk, Habutai silk, tub silk, tub satin, sateen, nainsook, long-cloth, batiste, or for evening, metal fabric, etc.

36 bust requires $2^3/_8$ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine (cut crosswise). Lower edge 44½ inches.

The slip is useful for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4771—10998—One can make an attractive negligée of corduroy, quilted silk, French flannel, albatross or cotton ratine; French flannel or albatross with challis; or use crêpe de Chine with embroidery, etc. The birds are an ingenious touch. Work them in outline, etc. Lower edge 1½ yard.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch corduroy.

The negligée is new for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4768—One may use as a house dress or for nurses this dress with three-piece skirt joined at a slightly low waistline. The shirt-waist has a Russian closing, a high or square neck or V-neck to be worn with removable collars. Use nurses' linen, Indian Head, sheeting, etc., for nurses. Lower edge 2 yards.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch linen.

The dress is serviceable for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4757—The Minnesota Girls' Club have adopted this as their official uniform and any girl would find the apron and cap very practical for housework, etc. Use linen-finished cottons, chambray, gingham, percale, heavy cotton crêpe or madras for this outfit.

36 bust requires 4 yards 32-inch chambray. Lower edge 60½ inches.

The apron and cap are for ladies 36 to 44 bust, and for girls or misses 8 to 16.



4729 4727 4730

4682—10119—A straight flounce is attractive on this breakfast coat or negligée of corduroy. The embroidery is effective. Work it in contrasting color. Use albatross, plain French flannel or crêpe de Chine, soft taffeta, crêpe satin, silk-and-cotton crêpe de Chine, printed silks, challis, etc. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch corduroy.

The breakfast coat is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4729—These nightdrawers may open in front or back, have a pocket and a full-length or shorter one-seam bishop or a shirt sleeve. For Winter one adds stocking feet and a hood. Use outing flannel, Canton flannel or flannelet, or dimity, madras, plain percale, cambric, muslin or cotton crêpe.

8 years will require 2⅝ yards 36-inch outing flannel.

The nightdrawers are for children 1 to 13 years.

4727—A combination which is in one piece at the front is easy to make and a very useful garment for the small girl. Use nainsook, cambric or if the garment is destined for hard wear, use muslin and edge with a durable lace or edging.

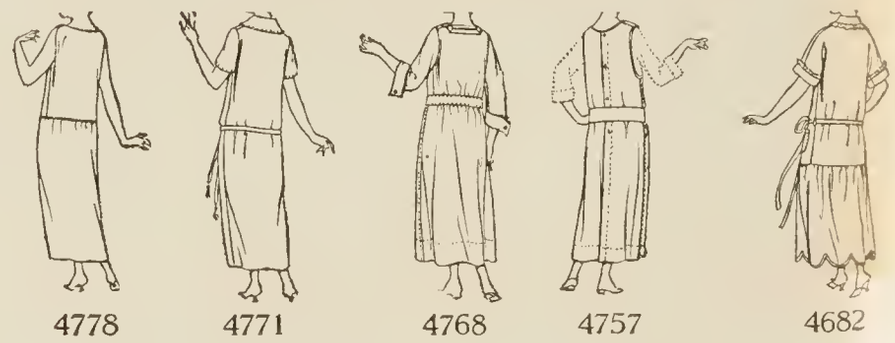
7 years requires 1⅜ yard 36-inch muslin.

The combination is for juniors and girls 2 to 15.

4730—10843—A tucked one-piece dress of nainsook, lawn, batiste, handkerchief linen or dimity is dainty. The embroidered flower trims the dress. It goes easily. For the 25-inch slip use nainsook, lawn, etc. It may have a high or French round neck and a full length or shorter sleeve, an inverted plait at an under-arm seam.

The dress or slip for infants requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch batite sfor either garment.

The dress and slip are dainty for infants.



4778 4771 4768 4757 4682



For the glow of radiant health

The glowing fruit with the bloom of perfect ripeness upon it and heavy-laden with its delicious and tempting juices! Pictures speak louder than words. Here at a glance you get the very "taste" of Campbell's Tomato Soup.

Straight from nature come its freshness and vigor, its nourishment, its tonic and appetizing taste. From flawless fruit such as this, Campbell's Tomato Soup is made. From wholesome, invigorating food such as this comes the glow of radiant health.

It is because we use the pure tomato juices blended with rich country butter and delicate seasoning, after our own exclusive recipe, that Campbell's Tomato is the most popular soup in the world.

Eat soup daily—to liven your appetite, to strengthen your digestion, to put the bloom of ruddy health in your cheeks!



When I eat good soup, I loop the loop
And do the giant swing!
To put the punch in my daily lunch
Campbell's Soup's the thing!

21 kinds 12 cents a can

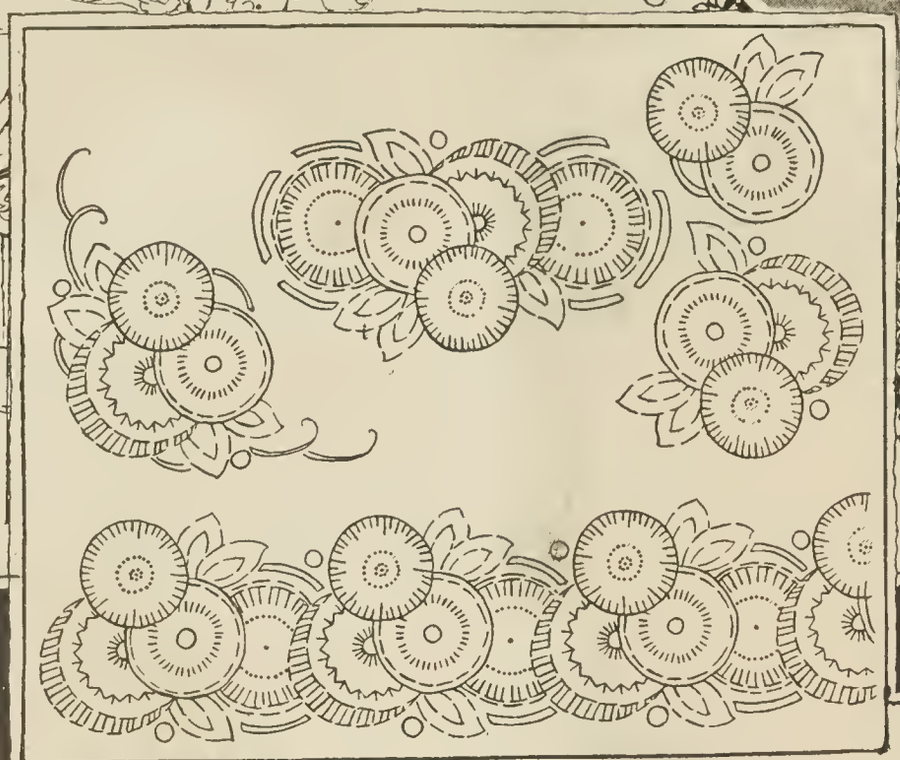
Campbells' Soups

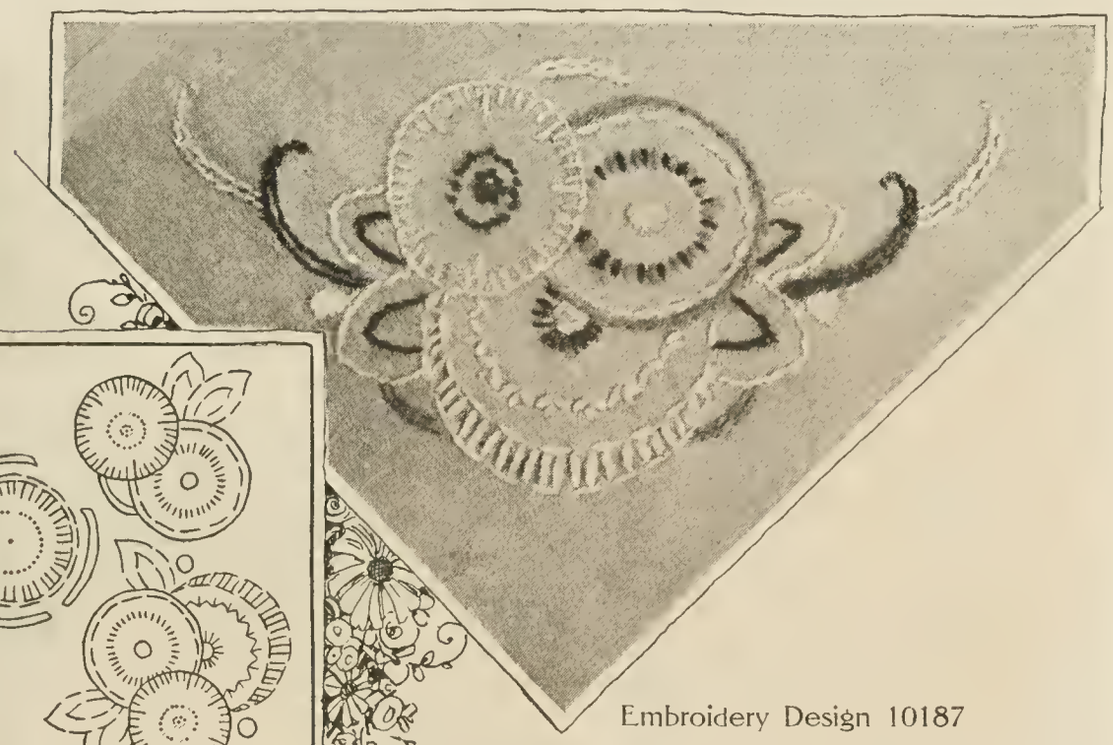
LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

EMBROIDERY TRAVELS IN CIRCLES OF WOOL OR WINDS ITS SHINING WAY IN MULTICOLORED SILKS AND BUGLE BEADS



Embroidery Design 10187





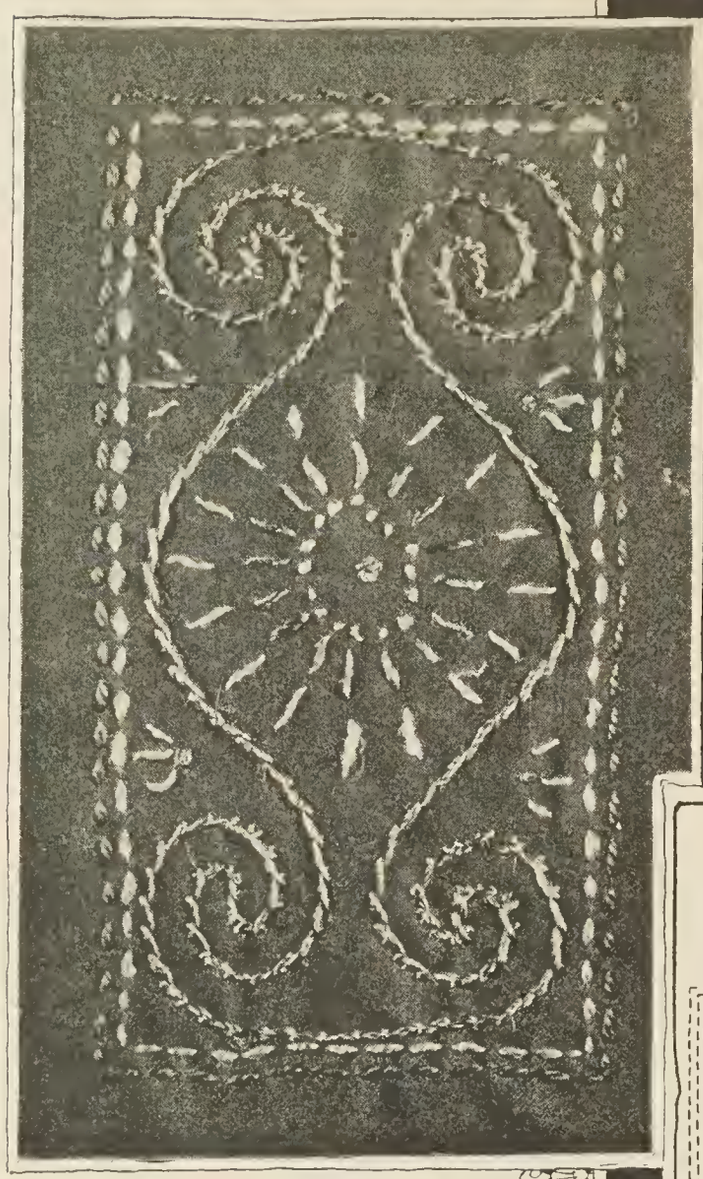
Embroidery Design 10187

10187—Wool embroidery tempts one to use the charming colors of gillyflowers and Canterbury bells. Work this design in wool, in a combination of outline, satin-stitch, one-stitch and beads or French knots. It is suitable for dresses, coats, hats, suits, blouses, scarfs, household linens, children's clothes, etc. It can be adapted to 3⅜ yards of banding 5½ inches wide, six motifs 4½ by 4½ inches, four motifs 5¾ by 6¼ inches, four motifs 5⅛ by 9¾ inches and four motifs 5½ by 9¾ inches.

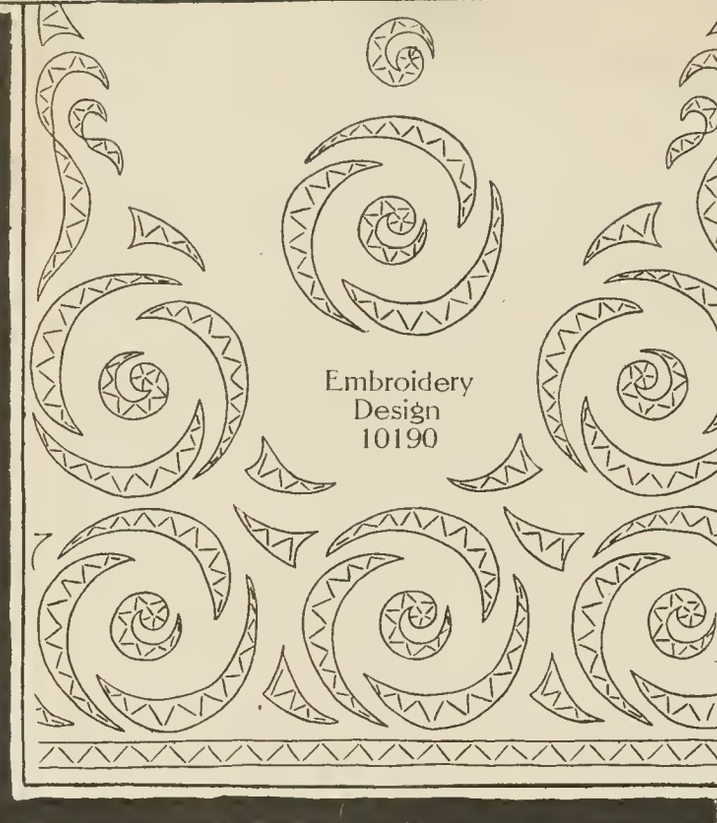
The motif above uses gillyflower pinks, purple, blue, green, orange, yellow and black on smoky gray.

10188—Multicolored silks rival beads in a design for dresses, waists, blouses, skirts, coats, hats, children's clothes, etc. Work in one-stitch and beading or French knots. It can be adapted to 3½ yards of banding 3¼ inches wide, 3½ yards of banding 2¼ inches wide, 3⅜ yards of edging ½ inch wide, 3½ yards banding ½ inch wide and 18 assorted motifs.

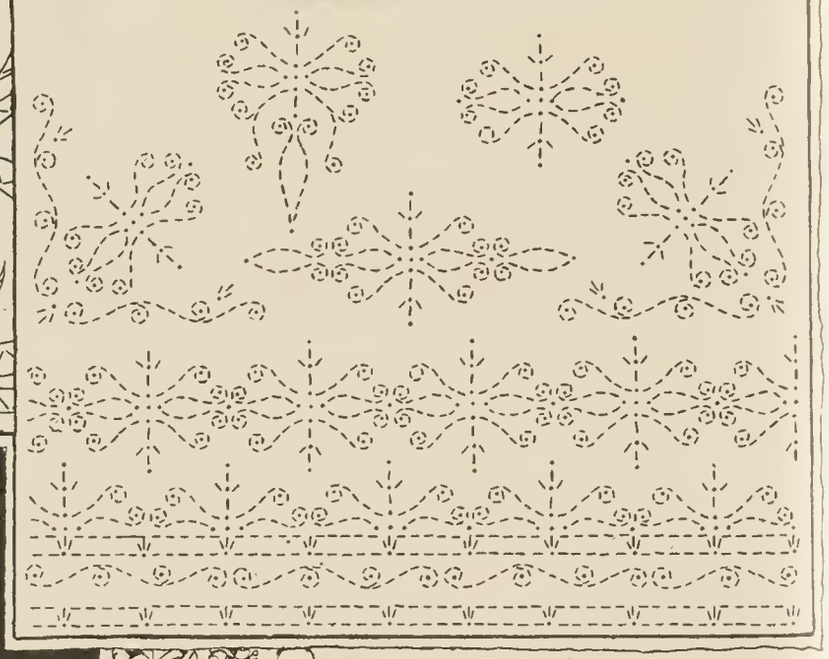
As shown below the motif was worked on fawn-colored crêpe de Chine in red, blue, green and orange.



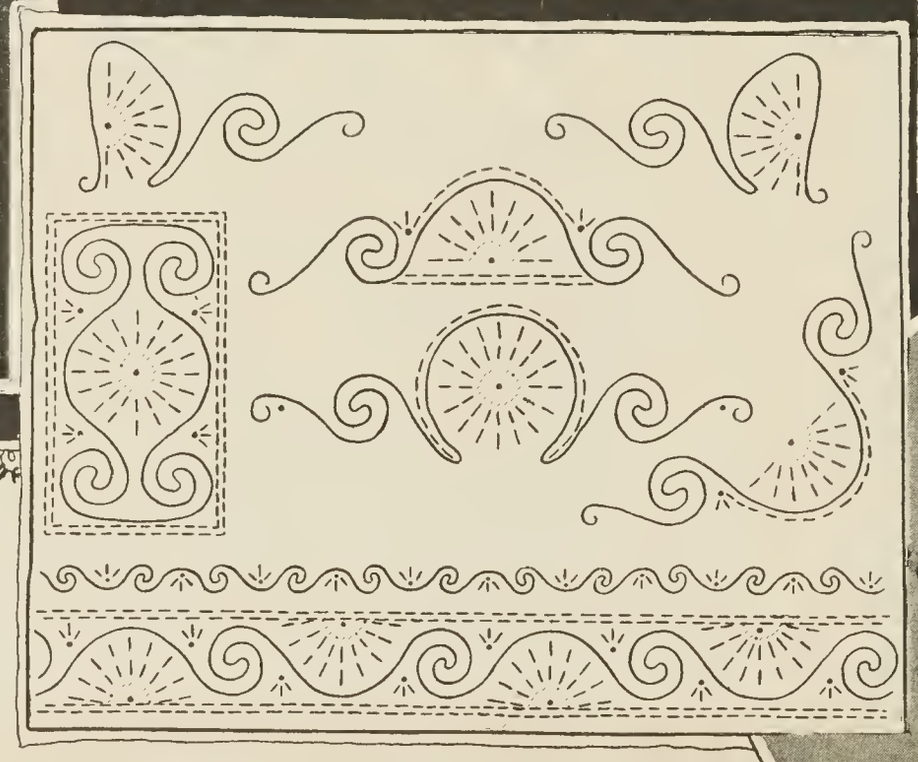
Embroidery Design 10189

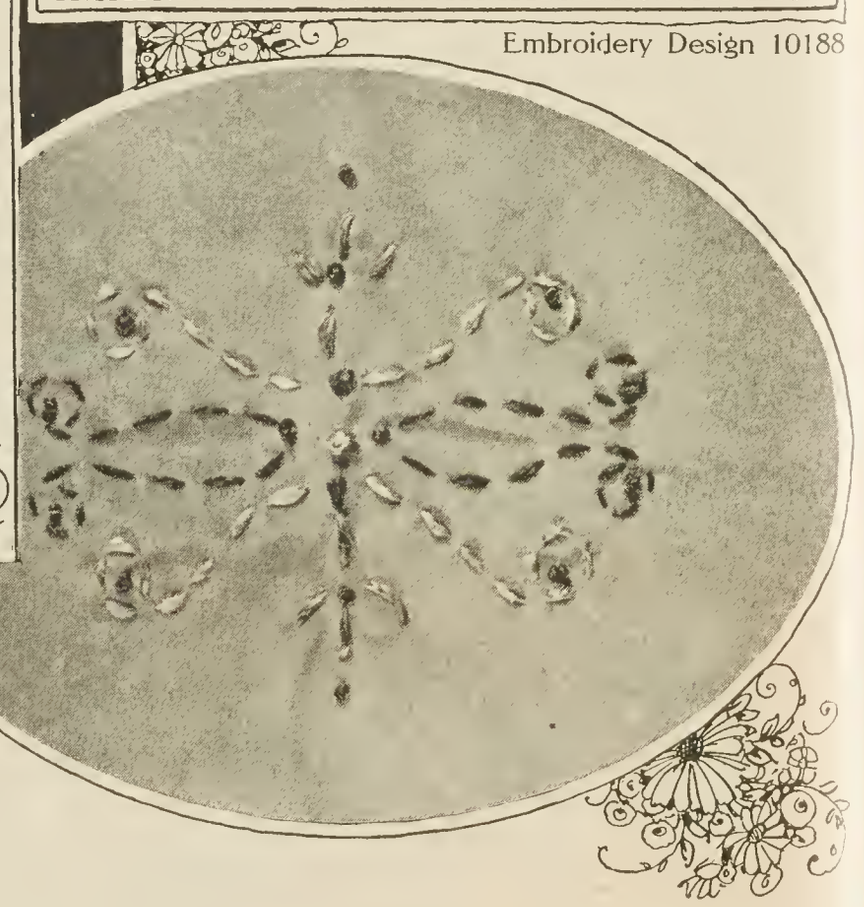


Embroidery Design 10190



Embroidery Design 10188





10189—All things to all stitches is the working principle of a design which can be embroidered in a combination of one-stitch, beading or French knots and braiding or outline embroidery, chain-stitch or couching. It is suitable for dresses, blouses, hats, skirts, coats, etc. The design can be adapted to 5¼ yards of 2½-inch banding, 4¾ yards of ¾-inch edging, four corners, two long motifs and fourteen additional motifs in three assorted designs.

The motif shown above is worked on dark-brown satin crêpe in two shades of green, golden brown, red and blue.

10190—A large design is especially nice for embroidery on heavy materials and this one answers the purpose admirably as it covers a great deal of ground with very little work, few stitches and a delightful design. It is particularly suited to heavy garments such as coats and wraps, but it may also be used for dresses, hats, etc. The design can be adapted to 3¾ yards of banding 7¼ inches wide, six corners 15 by 8¾ inches, six motifs 6⅜ by 6⅛ inches and eighteen motifs two inches in diameter. It should be worked in a combination of outline or chain-stitch embroidery and one-stitch.



"A Skin You Love to Touch"
by Guy Hoff

You too can have "A skin you love to touch"

Are you dissatisfied—

with your complexion? Do you long for a skin so fresh and radiant that no one can see it and not admire it?

Then begin now to make your skin what you want it to be. There is nothing fixed about your complexion; your skin is a living thing that constantly changes. Each day old skin dies and new takes its place.

By giving this *new skin* the care it needs, you can actually make it over. You can free your complexion from faults that have troubled you for months, and even for years.

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If your skin is too oily—if it is pale and sallow—if you are troubled with blackheads—with blemishes—with conspicuous nose pores—begin at once to use the special treatment that will overcome this trouble.

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Three Woodbury skin preparations—guest size—for 10 cents

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.,
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For the enclosed 10 cents—Please send me a miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

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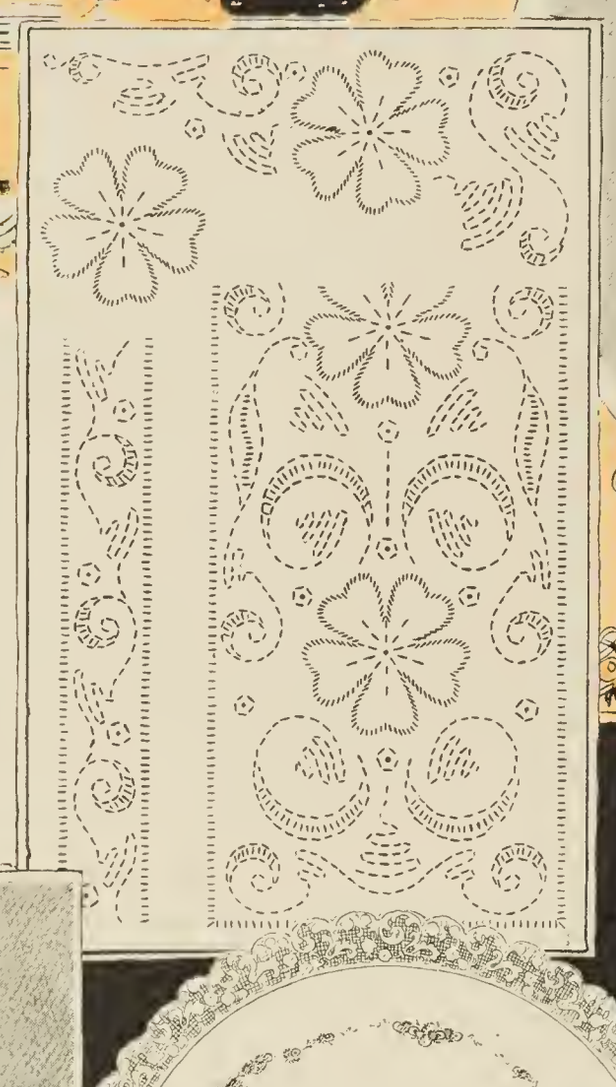
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WILD FLOWERS OF EMBROIDERY TAKE NO THOUGHT FOR THE WINTER MORROW AND BLOOM UNDISMAYED BY THE APPROACH OF COLD WINDS



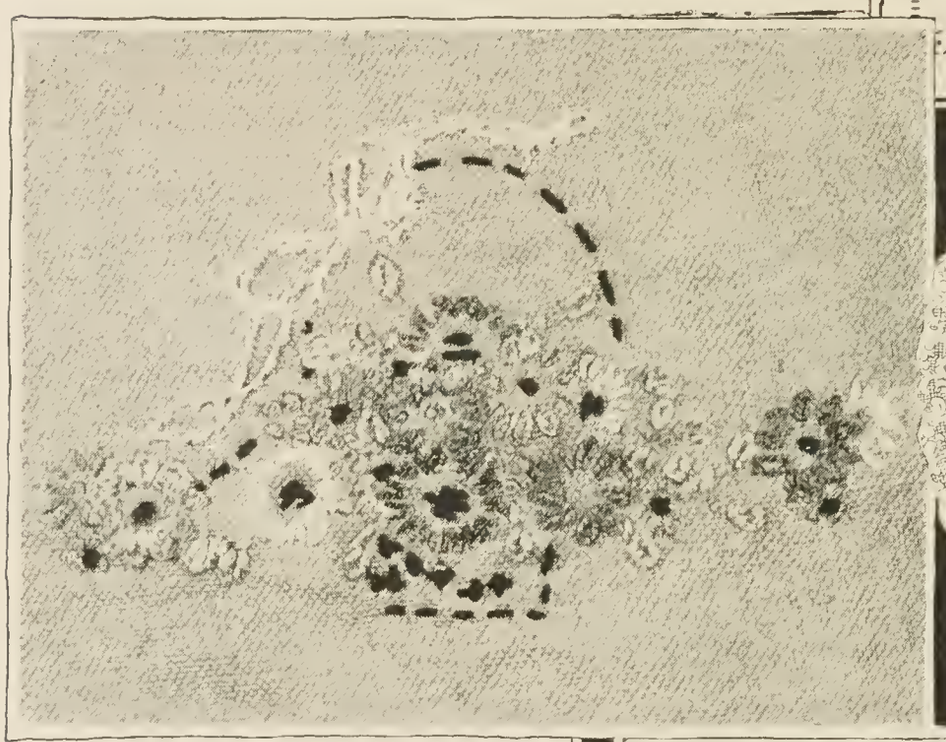




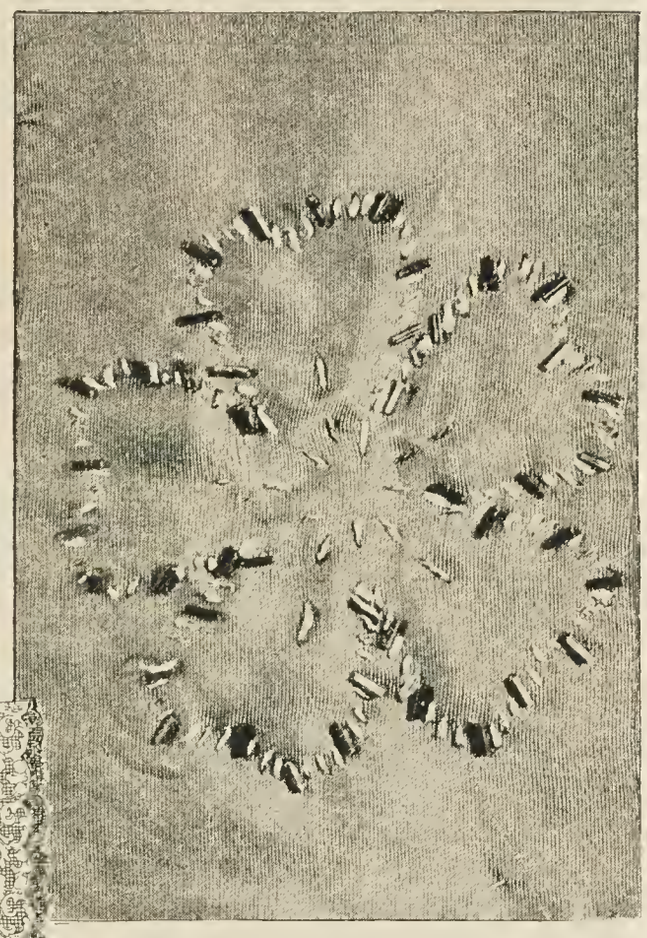
10191—Embroidery's wild roses conventionalize their petals and leaves into motifs and wide banding for use on dresses, panels, skirts, blouses, hats, coats, etc. The wide banding, with the addition of one of the motifs, may be used to form a panel. Work in one-stitch embroidery. The design can be adapted to three yards of banding 11 inches wide, and a long motif to join to end of wide banding to form a panel, 2½ yards of banding 2¾ inches wide, three corners 6½ by 15¾ inches and three flower motifs 5 inches in diameter.

The motif shown at the right may be worked on a background of midnight-blue silk in green and purple with brown beads.

Embroidery design 10191



Embroidery design 10185



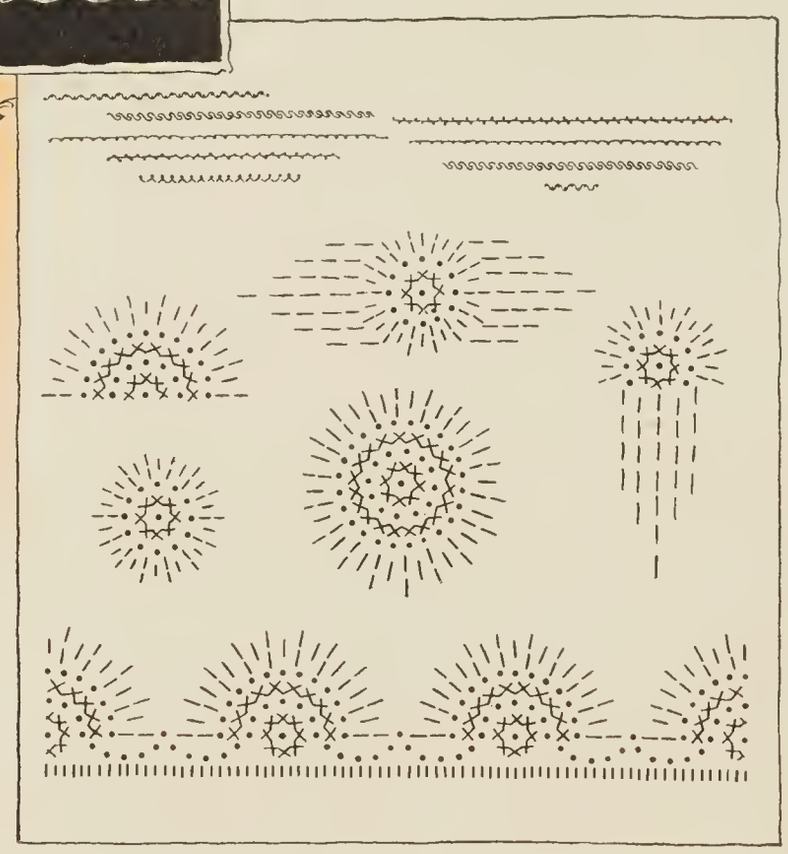
10185—Baskets spilling lazy-daisy marguerites make an easy and quickly worked design for centerpieces, scarfs, pincushions, sofa cushions and tea napkins, to be worked in a combination of one-stitch, lazy-daisy, French knots and outline or satin-stitch embroidery. The design can be adapted to one centerpiece 36 inches in diameter, three motifs 5¼ by 16½ inches for end of a scarf or for a sofa cushion, three motifs 3½ by 10¼ inches for the center of a scarf and pincushion and six small motifs for tea napkins. A motif may be worked on French-blue linen with colored marguerites in a black basket.

10184—The versatile fruits and flowers of this design are quite willing to do their duty in that state of life unto which it pleases the needlewoman to embroider them, whether it be on tea-cloths, scarfs, curtains, lamp-shades, luncheon-sets or on other household linens. And they are charmingly unbiased as to type of embroidery, for they are equally attractive in appliqué, one-stitch, lazy-daisy or outline embroidery. These motifs are also very effective for stenciling. The design can be adapted to two motifs 4½ by 12½ inches, four motifs 2½ by 13 inches, two motifs 6 by 7½ inches and eighty-six assorted motifs.

The basket motif shown at the top of the page is lovely on unbleached muslin in black with appliquéd fruit made from plain cotton in pink, yellow, blue, green and apricot colors with purple grapes embroidered in satin-stitch.



Embroidery design 10184



Embroidery design 10186

10186—Blazing suns of gold or silver thread or brilliant silk scatter the shadows of somber Autumn frocks and lend themselves to the adorning of blouses, coats, wraps, hats, skirts, children's clothes, etc. The design should be worked in a combination of one-stitch, cross-stitch and beads, or chain-stitch, feather-stitch, lazy-daisy and outline. It can be adapted to 2⅝ yards of banding four inches wide and forty-five assorted motifs to match, six motifs 3¼ by 11 inches, three motifs 5 by 11 inches and three motifs 2½ by 2½ inches in another style.

COMMUNITY PLATE



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"BEAUTIFUL! How *dear* of Tom . . . . Wonder why they call it an 'Add-a-Piece' Chest. Oh, I know—because you can *add new pieces* of silver—Somebody has brains!"

There is truly a fascination about this most delightful Add-a-Piece Chest. You start with as few pieces or as many as you may desire. Then later add an extra half-dozen Teaspoons, the Salad Forks you've always wanted or the dainty Cold Meat Fork. And *presto*—in no time, a Complete Service. The expense has hardly been a factor.

Chests with minimum of necessary pieces—$53.00

Note—*Our dainty booklet on Correct Table Service—edited by Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont's social secretary—may be had from your dealer, or from us upon receipt of ten cents.*

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Made-up Dress
2 to 3 yr. Size
Peach Color
Fine quality
Voile
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one Center
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The articles above will give you an idea of the exceptional values and really beautiful articles you can buy in ROYAL SOCIETY EMBROIDERY PACKAGE OUTFITS. The quality of materials is always of high standard. The wearing apparel, such as children's dresses, ladies' undergarments, etc., are made with extreme care. The stamped designs are dainty and artistic and every package is complete with the article to be embroidered, sufficient floss to finish the design, and instructions.

Even if you do not know how to embroider, you will have no difficulty in following the chart of stitches which makes everything so simple.

Decorative articles for the house, gift items, household linens, lingerie, baby clothes and novelties are procurable in Royal Society Packages.

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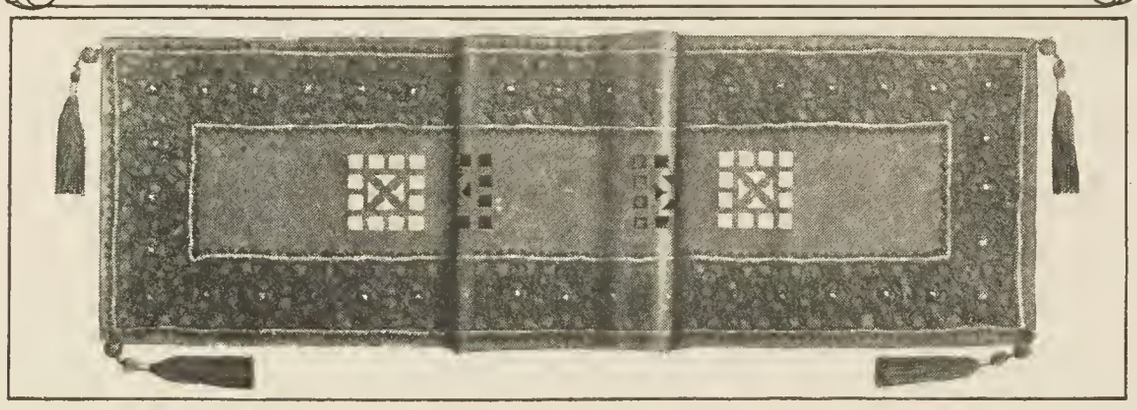
The New Art Felt Scarf Crocheted with Royal Society Sweater Twist

A new and beautiful rust color Felt Scarf No. 6103 sold by ROYAL SOCIETY dealers. It is of soft woolen Art Felt crocheted with lustrous Sweater Twist and complete crochet directions are attached to each stamped piece. It makes a handsome table runner and is also made in a pillow to match. Full description of this and other attractive designs, including Luncheon and Buffet Sets, Tea Squares, Centerpieces, Scarfs, Pillows, Sweaters, Undergarments, Lamp Shades, Edges, etc., are given in

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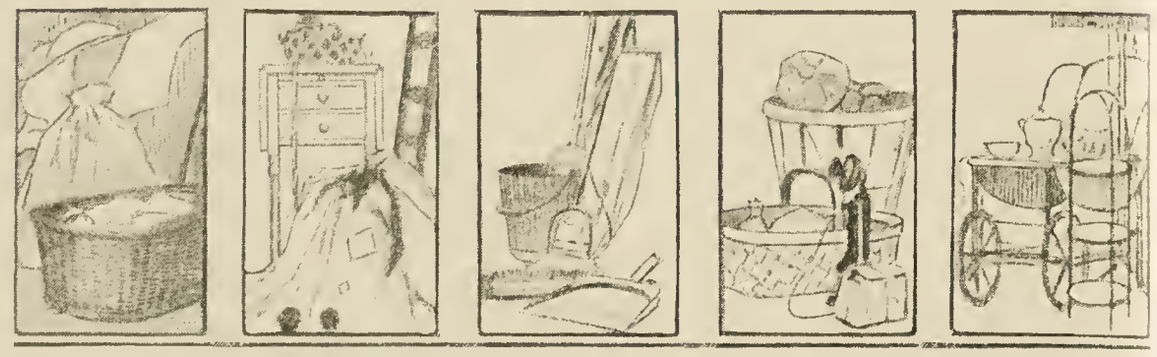
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SAVE A DOLLAR

The thrifty use of good things makes a better home

Each suggestion has been tested and approved by the Home-Makers' Department



THE DELINEATOR is interested in good suggestions for saving the housewife's money, labor, food or fuel and will pay five dollars for each item used in this department. (*NOTE: The offer of ten dollars each month for the best suggestion received is now withdrawn.*) Unavailable manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Please write on one side of the paper only and address "Dollar-Savers" Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York City.

SAVE THE TROUBLE OF THREADING NEEDLES

If grandmother likes to help with the sewing but finds it difficult to thread the needle, this simple plan may be followed and the busy housewife need not be interrupted constantly: When you have a few minutes leisure, thread six or eight needles on a spool of thread without breaking the thread. Make a knot at the end of the thread and fasten in the notch in the spool. When a needle is needed, it is only necessary to push the other needles along the thread, break off as much as is desired and again make a knot in the end of the thread on the spool. I always keep both white and black spools threaded.—MRS. A. N. GOLLADAY, Cumberland, Md.

SAVE WORK WITH THE HELP OF THE WHISK-BROOM

One of my best aids in housework is the whisk-broom. I have about half a dozen of different sizes and grades for various purposes and each is kept in its own place. First we use the whisk for a clothes and hat brush. My second brush is used with a tray for brushing crums from the dining-room table. It is easily cleaned by putting it under the faucet. A third whisk is used in the laundry. When heavy articles like bedspreads and linen tablecloths are placed on the line, they may well be brushed with the whisk while they are wet in order to remove the wrinkles and thus make the ironing easier. Another whisk-broom is kept in the bathroom closet as an aid when the bedroom work is being done. I also have a whisk-broom in my attic and one in the basement.—MRS. CHARLES L. HILL, Albert-Lea, Minn.

MARK AND DATE THE SHEETS

On one corner of each new sheet I write the date of purchase and the size with indelible ink. Thus, when the sheets come from the laundry they are easily sorted and put away according to size. It is also a check on the wearing qualities and durability of that particular brand.—MRS. D. L. F. BROWN, Elizabeth, N. J.

SAVE MEASURING FAT

In making cake I measure the sugar into the mixing-bowl, set it on the kitchen scales and add the fat by weight, half a cup weighing four ounces. This saves the messy task of scraping fat out of a measuring-cup and washing the cup.—MRS. EDWARD WEBB, Columbus, Ohio.

AVOID DUST FROM COAL AND ASHES

When the Winter's coal is being delivered or ashes removed, much of the dust which finds its way up-stairs and into the basement may be blown out of a cellar window by placing an electric fan on a low box where it will send the air across the descending coal toward an open door or window. The fan should be used while the coal is being shoveled into the cellar.—STELLA B. HICKS, Marshall, Mo.

SAVE THE CHILDREN'S CLOTHES FROM DISORDER

With five small children in the family, it was a problem to find a way of storing their clothes so they would not become mussed every time a garment was needed. I finally stretched wires from the door-frame to the back of the closets sufficiently low so that the children could reach them easily. The boys' waists were buttoned over the wire and each waist could easily be seen. The little girls' clothes were pinned by stringing a number of safety-pins on the wire before fastening it in the closet. This plan has saved me many steps and a great deal of time which used to be spent in straightening bureau drawers.—MRS. LUCY B. STRONG, West Point, Miss.

SAVE TIME IN POLISHING GLASSWARE

In washing ornamental glassware and occasionally in washing the water-glasses, a very fine polish may be secured by adding a few drops of bluing to the soap-suds and then rinsing the glass in warm water to each gallon of which one tablespoon of vinegar has been added.—MRS. M. ATKINS, Louisville, Ky.

SAVE PUCKERING SHEER MATERIALS

Paper from the bolts of narrow ribbon is very useful when sheer materials must be stitched. The paper is placed between the material and the foot of the machine and prevents the cloth puckering. As the paper is very thin, it is easily torn away from the stitching.—MRS. B. S. PAGE, Leeds, N. Dak.

SAVE THE PICKLE JUICES

Save the juices in which watermelon, peaches, apples or other fruits have been pickled or preserved and use this when making mince-meat. They add to the flavor of the mince-meat and save a considerable amount of sugar, vinegar or cider which otherwise would have to be used.—MRS. J. SEWALL NAYLOR, Clear Lake, Ia.

SAVE FUEL IN MAKING CUSTARD

It is not necessary to heat the oven when it is needed for baking custard. The cups may be placed in a shallow pan and surrounded with hot water, and the pan covered tightly and placed over a very low flame. The water should not boil. Excellent custard can be made in this way in much less time and with less fuel than if they are baked in the oven.—MRS. CLARENCE PIKE, Los Angeles, Calif.

SAVE ON THE CAKE-BOX

A very attractive cover for cakes may be made from tin basins and glass knobs. I first made a hole in the center of the tin basin and fastened into it a glass knob. I then enameled the basin and added an attractive design. This makes an excellent cover for cakes and a very acceptable gift for one's friends.—MRS. L. HAMMOND, Manitowoc, Wisc.

Brushing cleans your teeth for a few minutes only

Your six tiny mouth glands alone can keep them clean day and night

YOUR tooth paste must do more than clean your teeth; it must keep the mouth glands active.

The acids of decay are forming all of the time—all over your teeth—

Brushing cannot stop this condition.

As soon as you hang up your tooth brush the acids are at it again.

Only one thing can help—your mouth glands. It is the duty of these six little glands to pump away all the time; to wash away small particles *and neutralize the acids.*

But the glands need exercise. Soft foods have taken it away. They are slowing down and letting the teeth decay. You must give your mouth glands the help they need.



Lejaren A. Hiller Studios

Beautiful white teeth remain beautiful and white only if the mouth glands are active. Your tooth paste must do more than clean your teeth—it must help the mouth glands keep *them clean.*

A tooth paste that helps these glands
keep *your teeth clean*

Pebeco Tooth Paste helps these glands. It cleans the teeth as thoroughly as a dentifrice can; and it makes the glands *keep the teeth clean.*

As soon as Pebeco enters the mouth it exerts an invigorating effect on the mouth glands. It makes them send forth an increased flow of saliva and it makes them continue to work in a healthy normal fashion.

This increased flow of fluids pours into all the crevices of the mouth and in between the teeth where the tooth brush cannot reach—washing away small particles; cleansing every surface of the teeth.

These fluids being alkaline *neutralize the acids* of the mouth which are constantly forming. And then they wash them away.

Pebeco does more than clean your teeth. It leaves your whole mouth in a healthy, live condition—your gums, your palate—the entire oral cavity. Physicians say its tonic effect extends even to the tonsils.

The best possible dentifrice for cleaning

Pebeco cleans and polishes the teeth as thoroughly as any dentifrice can. It does not scratch. It does not injure the edges of the gums or delicate membranes of the mouth.

The invigorating taste and the refreshing feeling Pebeco leaves in your mouth is convincing proof that Pebeco has done more than clean your teeth temporarily. It has left your mouth in a healthy condition which will make it stay clean.

Send for free tube

Nothing is more important to your health than the condition of your mouth. Send today for a free trial tube of Pebeco and start immediately to get your mouth into a healthy, clean condition.

With this tube we will send a booklet which explains how Pebeco overcomes the dangers of acid-mouth by keeping the mouth glands active.

Pebeco is manufactured only by Lehn & Fink, Inc.—50c at all druggists.



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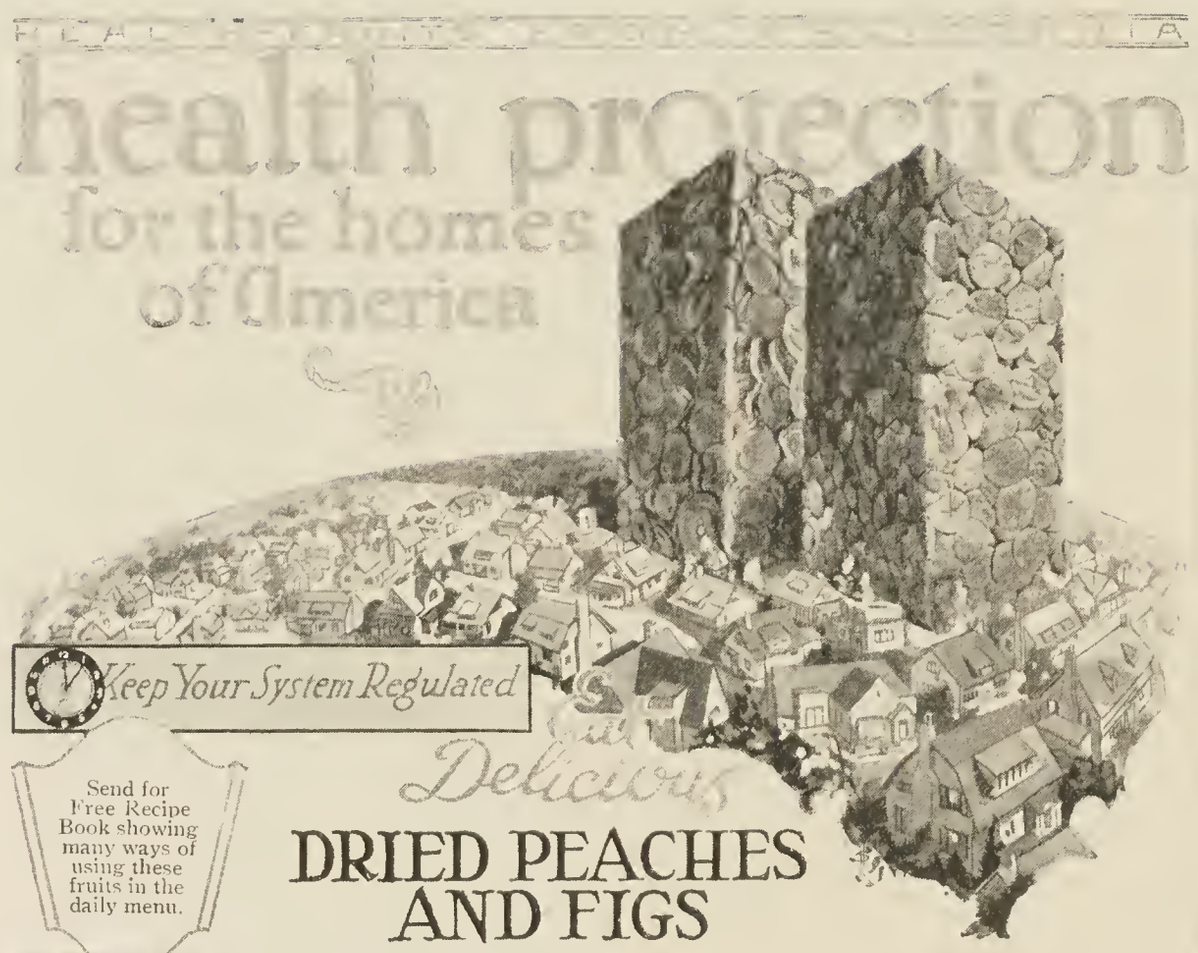
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Send for Free Recipe Book showing many ways of using these fruits in the daily menu.



BLUE RIBBON BRAND

DRIED PEACHES AND FIGS

In California's wide-spread valley orchards, rosy-hued peaches have ripened in the glorious sunshine. Figs, too, plump with delicious goodness have been picked from their hiding places among the dark green leaves.

California's climate, giving unsurpassed flavor to these finest of fruits, also prepares them so that you may enjoy their health-protecting, health-creating qualities the year around. For California Blue Ribbon Dried Peaches and Figs are dried on sun-drenched trays—slowly, carefully—and all their natural stored-up goodness is retained for your enjoyment.

Health authorities, dietitians, mothers, all recognize the necessity for the liberal use of fruits in the daily diet. With an abundance of easily digestible fruit sugar, essential mineral salts, needed vitamines, valuable fruit acids and mildly laxative effect, California Blue Ribbon Dried Peaches and Figs play an important part in every menu. Their value as a balancing element and natural regulator is universally acknowledged.

Then, too, Blue Ribbon Dried Peaches and Figs offer such variety in sauces, puddings, pies, cakes, and unusual desserts, that men, women and children alike find them always appetizing, always enjoyable.

California Blue Ribbon Dried Peaches and Figs are so beneficial, so essential to health, and so readily available at grocery stores everywhere, that every family in America can enjoy the health protection they furnish.

Always insist on California Blue Ribbon Dried Peaches and Figs. It is the mark of quality, purity and cleanliness.

Try Peach Sauce for Breakfast

Made from Dried Peaches

Rouse that drowsy appetite with a dish of Peach Sauce. Temptingly delicious, you will enjoy it thoroughly. It's good for you, too, as all health authorities agree. The fruit sugar it contains is easily digested and quickly turned into energy for the day's work. You will feel better if you establish this healthful morning habit.

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Made from Dried Figs

There is no more effective regulator known to dietitians than stewed figs. Ideal as a breakfast dish, California Dried Figs are now packed under a new process that prevents the loss of the natural fruit sugar. They are so delicious you will enjoy them in many forms, in sauces, cakes, pies, salads, and desserts. Dried figs are easy to prepare and inexpensive. They add a delightful variety to the daily menu.

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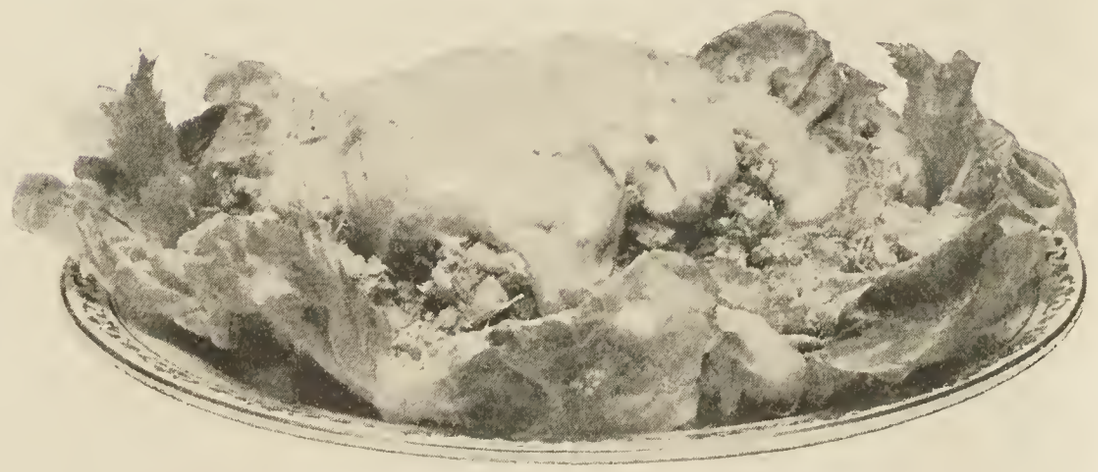
MAIN OFFICE *FRESNO, CALIFORNIA*

RICE, A TIME-SAVER

And the basis of many appetizing dishes

By Miriam Birdseye

Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University.—*Martha Van Rensselaer*



Appetizing and nutritious salads in almost infinite variety may be made with cold boiled rice as one of the components

WHEN the housewives come to appreciate the value of rice as a time-saver in the menu and learn to develop its characteristic texture and delicate flavor, rice will become a favorite in many a household where to-day it is served infrequently and on sufferance.

Rice is extremely simple both to prepare and to cook. You can wash a cup of rice in two minutes, leave it soaking till you are ready to cook it, boil it in fifteen minutes, drain it and turn it directly into your serving-dish. Left-over rice can be used in a variety of ways, for it can figure as breakfast cereal and as dessert, as well as in muffins and in pancakes. Concentrated rice-water makes a basis for delicious soups.

A satisfactory grade of head rice, unbroken kernels, may now be bought loose as well as in packages. Loose rice and some package rice is polished. This should always be washed before using, as washing takes off the starchy coating. Package rice marked "uncoated" does not need to be washed; it is ready at once for cooking. Like white flour, rice should be supplemented in the menu by foods that are rich in mineral matter and in vitamins.

One cup of uncooked rice makes about three and one-half cups of cooked rice. One-half cup of cooked rice is an ample serving.

The whole secret of the family dislike, indifference or enthusiasm for rice is in the boiling. Properly boiled rice will be a mass of white, tender, separate kernels of pleasantly mild but not insipid flavor. Conversely, rice not properly cooked is sticky and broken or has a flat, starchy, pasty taste.



Creamed rice is the basis of many simple but dainty desserts

The following rule for cooking rice is sure to give uniform and satisfactory results:

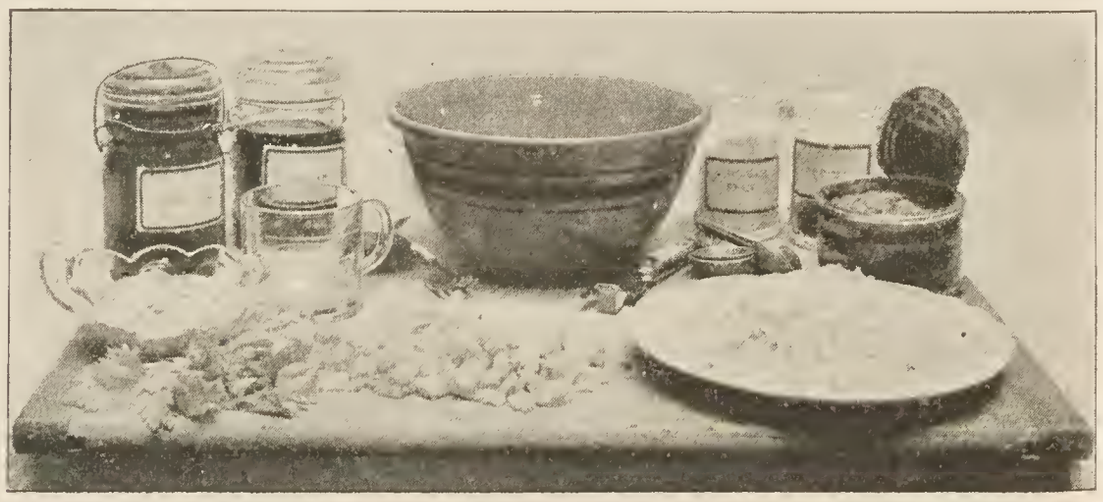
BOILED RICE

1 cup rice
2½ to 4 quarts boiling water
1½ to 2 tablespoons salt (in proportion to water used)

Wash the rice in a sieve set in a bowl of water, changing the water three or four times, or until it is clear. Soak in clear, lukewarm water for about three-quarters of an hour till the kernels become solid white. (The soaking may be prolonged without harming the rice.) Drain the rice and stir it into the rapidly boiling salted water. The larger amount of water gives the grains a chance to move about freely without breaking or sticking; it leaves the rice drier and less sticky. If less water is used, some of the stickiness may be washed off by pouring boiling water over the cooked rice while it is draining. Boil hard for from ten to fifteen minutes or until the kernels are tender to the center when tested between the teeth. A single minute of over-cooking deteriorates the quality. Drain thoroughly in a colander, saving the rice-water for soup or boiled starch. The rice may then be served immediately in a hot vegetable-dish (uncovered) or as a border for stew, fricassee or a creamed dish. If lightly piled up, it will have steamed itself dry by the time you are ready to eat it.

Hot boiled rice is delicious served with brown gravy, tomato sauce or cheese sauce. Some epicures prefer to dress it on their own

Concluded on page 46



A good general rule for meat or fish salads is to allow equal parts of rice, diced meat or fish, and celery or diced cucumbers

Changing the Ideas of a Nation

Advertisement No. 5





No. 105

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The Selby Shoe Co.



Doing what never was done before

NO one ever dreamed that the human voice could be transmitted across the country without wires—and the radio did it.

So it has been with many of the modern conveniences of housekeeping and the comforts of dress. No woman ever expected that a stylish shoe could be healthful and restful. And then the Arch Preserver Shoe demonstrated on the feet of millions of women, that comfort, health and style could be combined in the same shoe.

The Arch Preserver Shoe offers these seemingly opposite advantages because of an exclusive patented construction that supports the entire weight-carrying part of the foot from heel to ball and prevents sagging and strain, yet permits of the smartest lines and fashionable heels.

This patented construction includes not only a concealed built-in arch-bridge, but a distinctive moulding of the inner sole and an exact system of fitting that makes the bridge come at just the position where support is needed, while the ball of the shoe bends freely with the ball of the foot—the only place the foot bends.

Only the Arch Preserver Shoe gives Arch Preserver Shoe results because the combination of distinctive features in manufacturing is absolutely exclusive. Smart styles for all occasions. Happy feet for all occasions. Enjoy both in the Arch Preserver Shoe.

THE
ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

Supports where support is needed—
bends where the foot bends

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"KEEPS THE FOOT WELL"

Sold by 2000 dealers. Look for this Trade-Mark on the sole and lining. Styles for all occasions. All widths, AAAA to E. There are seven patents embodied in Arch Preserver Shoe construction. These are vested solely with The Selby Shoe Company, Portsmouth, Ohio, for the making of women's and misses' shoes, and with E. T. Wright & Company, Inc., Rockland, Massachusetts, for the making of men's and boys' shoes.



No. 78



Nature plans that the foot rest on heel, ball and outside *arch*.



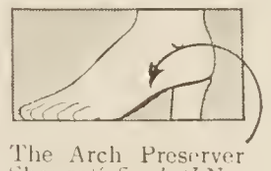
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Civilization demands that heel and arch be *raised*.

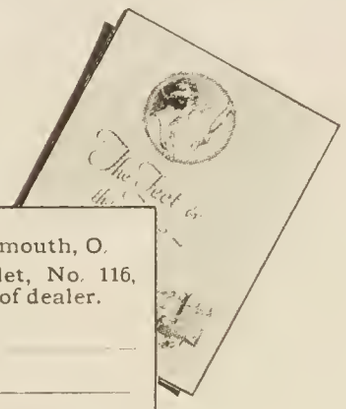


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"But Dorothea's parties are different"

It wasn't hard to tell as you glanced at Dorothea's dinner table what made her parties so different. It was that superb silver service she used. Why, the very fact of having the right knives and forks and spoons to serve each course with—of having enough of them for the number of guests she entertained—made each meal pass more pleasantly. And how much of graciousness and ease the exquisite design of that silverware did add to the occasion! Yes, Dorothea's silverware was complete.

Does Your Silverware Make Entertaining Easier?

NO DOUBT, you, too, have noticed, as you were entertained in certain homes, how pleasantly the silverware twinkled at you, how its beauty seemed to pervade the atmosphere of the meal. And you wished you could be sure that your own table service possessed this completeness and unquestioned grace. You need wonder no longer! It can—easily and at small expense!

In 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate you can add to your present tableware at surprisingly moderate prices and in whatever quantities you desire. Salad forks in the charming Anniversary pattern cost only $7.00 the half dozen. Other pieces are priced as moderately. There are orange spoons, coffee spoons, butter spreaders and serving pieces—niceties of the well-set table.

And whenever the need arises, you can add to your treasure of "1847 Rogers Bros.," for leading dealers everywhere carry the newer patterns in stock.

Salad Fork
ANNIVERSARY PATTERN

Send for "HOW MUCH SILVERWARE" booklet K-17, which outlines the table service families of different sizes should have for gracious, comfortable living, every day and for entertaining. We also furnish handsome illustrations of the Anniversary and other patterns. International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn.

1847 ROGERS BROS.
SILVERPLATE

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.



RICE, A TIME-SAVER

Concluded from page 44

plates with olive-oil, lemon-juice and paprika. Piled high in a vegetable-dish under a layer of grated cheese sprinkled with paprika and garnished with parsley, this simple dish takes on a very festive appearance.

CHEESE SAUCE

- 1½ cups milk
- 1½ tablespoons flour
- ¾ teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1½ cups grated cheese
- Cayenne pepper

Stir the flour and the salt smoothly into one-half cup of milk. Heat the remaining milk to the boiling-point, preferably in a small frying-pan, add the butter and thicken with the flour mixture. Let all boil together for two minutes and then set the pan aside to cool slightly while grating the cheese. Add the cheese and bring slowly to boiling, stirring constantly. Season highly with Cayenne or white pepper and serve hot.

BAKED RICE

- 1 cup rice
- 1½ teaspoons salt
- 2½ cups boiling water

Wash the rice, drain it, put it in a buttered casserole-dish, add boiling water and salt, cover and bake in a quick oven forty minutes or more, until tender; thin slices of pork or bacon may be laid across the top of the rice. Uncover for the last few minutes to allow the rice to dry off. This dish is excellent when the fruit and juice of canned tomatoes are substituted for some of the liquid and the rice is further seasoned with chopped onion and bay-leaf.

RICE SCALLOPED WITH SAUCE OR GRAVY

Cooked rice is delicious scalloped in a buttered baking-dish with cheese sauce and buttered crums. If it is more convenient, the grated or finely chopped cheese may be sprinkled throughout and slices of cheese may be laid over the top beneath the crums instead of melting the cheese in the white sauce. Rice may be scalloped with tomato sauce or brown gravy, with or without layers of chopped vegetables or diced meats. Used in this way with cheese or meat sauce, this dish may serve as the hearty dish of the meal.

RICE AS A BREAKFAST CEREAL

- 1⅛ cups uncooked rice, whole or broken
- 1 quart milk, whole or skimmed
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 1 teaspoon salt
- Few gratings of nutmeg

Use a little less broken rice than whole rice. Wash the rice as directed under "Boiled Rice." Drain and cook with milk, sugar and salt in the double boiler until the rice is soft and has absorbed most of the milk, stirring occasionally with a fork in order to prevent the rice from sinking to the bottom and to make the liquid creamy. Add nutmeg just before taking from the fire.

Serve hot with cream and sugar, or omit the nutmeg and serve with brown sugar. In Summer use a little more milk and serve cold with crushed or sliced fruits.

CREAMED RICE

Use the recipe for "Rice as a Breakfast Cereal," but use three tablespoons of sugar and one cup of rice. Creamed rice is the basis of many simple but dainty desserts. For example, when nearly cold, stir in the whites of two eggs or a little whipped cream together with broken nut-meats or candied fruits, or serve in tall glasses with a spoon of preserves or jam on top and garnish with whipped cream. Preserved ginger is especially good with this dessert.

RICE SALADS

Salads in almost infinite variety may be made from cold boiled rice, which, because of its mild flavor, lends itself much like cold boiled potatoes to combination with cold meat, fowl, fish, hard-cooked eggs, vegetables, and some fruits—as, for example, grapefruit and French dressing. A good general rule for meat or fish salads is to allow equal parts of rice, diced meat or fish and celery or diced cucumbers. The meat and rice should be seasoned with oil, vinegar, salt and pepper or with cooked dressing and allowed to stand for a while before serving. Add the crisp vegetable and the thick dressing just before serving.

RICE OMELET

- 1 egg
- 1 cup cold boiled rice
- 1 tablespoon finely minced green pepper
- 2 tablespoons grated cheese
- ½ cup soft bread-crums
- Onion-juice
- Paprika
- Salt

Beat the egg and combine all the ingredients together; mix well. Heat two tablespoons of butter or bacon fat in a frying-pan and when hot spread the rice mixture evenly over the pan. Cook slowly until brown. Turn on to a hot platter and serve with crisp bacon. Garnish with parsley.

RICE LOAF

- 1 egg
- 1 cup boiled rice
- 1 cup bread-crums
- ½ cup ground peanuts
- Pepper
- 3 tablespoons of butter
- 1 small pimiento, minced
- Salt
- Onion-juice to taste

Beat the egg and combine all the ingredients together. Mix well and turn into a greased pan and bake for one-half hour in a moderate oven. Serve with parsley sauce.

PARSLEY SAUCE

- 1 cup milk
- 1 tablespoon butter
- 2 tablespoons finely minced parsley
- 1 tablespoon flour
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- Yolk of one egg

Heat the milk. Blend the flour and butter together and add it to the hot milk. Cook until smooth and add the egg-yolk, minced parsley and salt.

RICE-AND-PEA TIMBALES

Put one tablespoon of cooked, seasoned green peas in the bottom of greased molds. Fill the molds with boiled rice, pressing it in firmly to hold the shape. Place the molds in a pan of hot water and bake for twenty minutes. Turn the rice from the mold on to a hot platter and serve with tomato sauce.

TOMATO SAUCE

- 1 cup strained tomato
- 1 tablespoon flour
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 teaspoon onion-juice
- Pepper

Heat the tomato. Cream the butter and flour and add to the hot tomato. Add seasonings and cook until thick and clear.

FISH-AND-RICE PUDDING

- 2 eggs
- 1 cup shredded white-fish or salmon
- 2 cups cold boiled rice
- 1 cup milk
- 2 tablespoons butter
- Pepper
- Salt

Beat the eggs until light, add the other ingredients, mix well and turn into a greased dish. Place the dish in a pan of hot water and bake slowly until firm.

RICE-RAISIN-AND-CABBAGE SALAD

- 1 cup cold boiled rice
- 1 cup thinly sliced cabbage
- ½ cup raisins
- ⅓ cup English walnuts cut in small pieces

Steam the raisins for twenty minutes and cool. Mix all the ingredients together with a French dressing. Serve at once in lettuce cups.

RICE-AND-APPLE PUDDING

- 3 medium-size tart apples
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 2 cups cold boiled rice
- ¼ cup boiling water
- ¼ cup butter
- 1 cup fine bread-crums

Pare the apples and cut them in thin slices. Place the slices in a greased baking-dish. Add one-half the sugar and butter. Cover with the boiled rice. Add the remainder of the sugar and butter. Add the water and cover with the crums. Bake in a moderate oven forty-five minutes. Serve with thin cream. Nutmeg, cinnamon or grated lemon-rind may be added for flavor.



Nature's Green

Palmolive takes its color from the palm and olive oil blend which is responsible for its mildness. It is as much nature's own color as the green of grass and leaves.

Remember this when you are enjoying its wonderful cleansing qualities and marveling at its mildness. Palmolive is a modern, scientific blend of the most perfect soap ingredients that the world has been able to discover in 3,000 years.

Palm and olive oils—nothing else—give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap.

Reflecting Beauty Secrets of the Past

Women of ancient Egypt knew that cleanliness was the first aid to beauty. But they knew, too, that cleansing methods must be *mild*, gentle.

Famous Egyptian beauties solved the problem by using palm and olive oils. The same rare, natural oils are blended in Palmolive Soap today.

How it acts

This gentle, thorough cleanser never leaves skin dry and rough.

The smooth, creamy lather actually soothes as it cleanses. Yet it removes every trace of dirt, perspiration and surplus oil accumulated in the tiny pore openings.

Your skin is kept free of imperfections which result from pore-clogging. It remains fresh, soft, radiantly clear.

How to use it

Never sleep without cleansing the skin. Wash with this mildest soap at bedtime—massaging the creamy lather well in. Then rinse very thoroughly. Dry the skin well, and—if necessary—apply cold cream.

Mornings—just an invigorating rinse in cold water to bring the fine, natural color to your cheeks.

Supreme quality—low price

This scientific combination is within the reach of all—at the price of ordinary soap. Palmolive Soap is produced in such enormous quantities that the price is brought extremely low. Thus 25c quality costs but 10c.

Everyone can afford this thorough, gentle cleanser—for every toilet purpose, hands, face, and the whole body.

Supply yourself today with a cake of Palmolive Soap. Once you experience the effects of its profuse, creamy, smooth lather no other soap will satisfy.

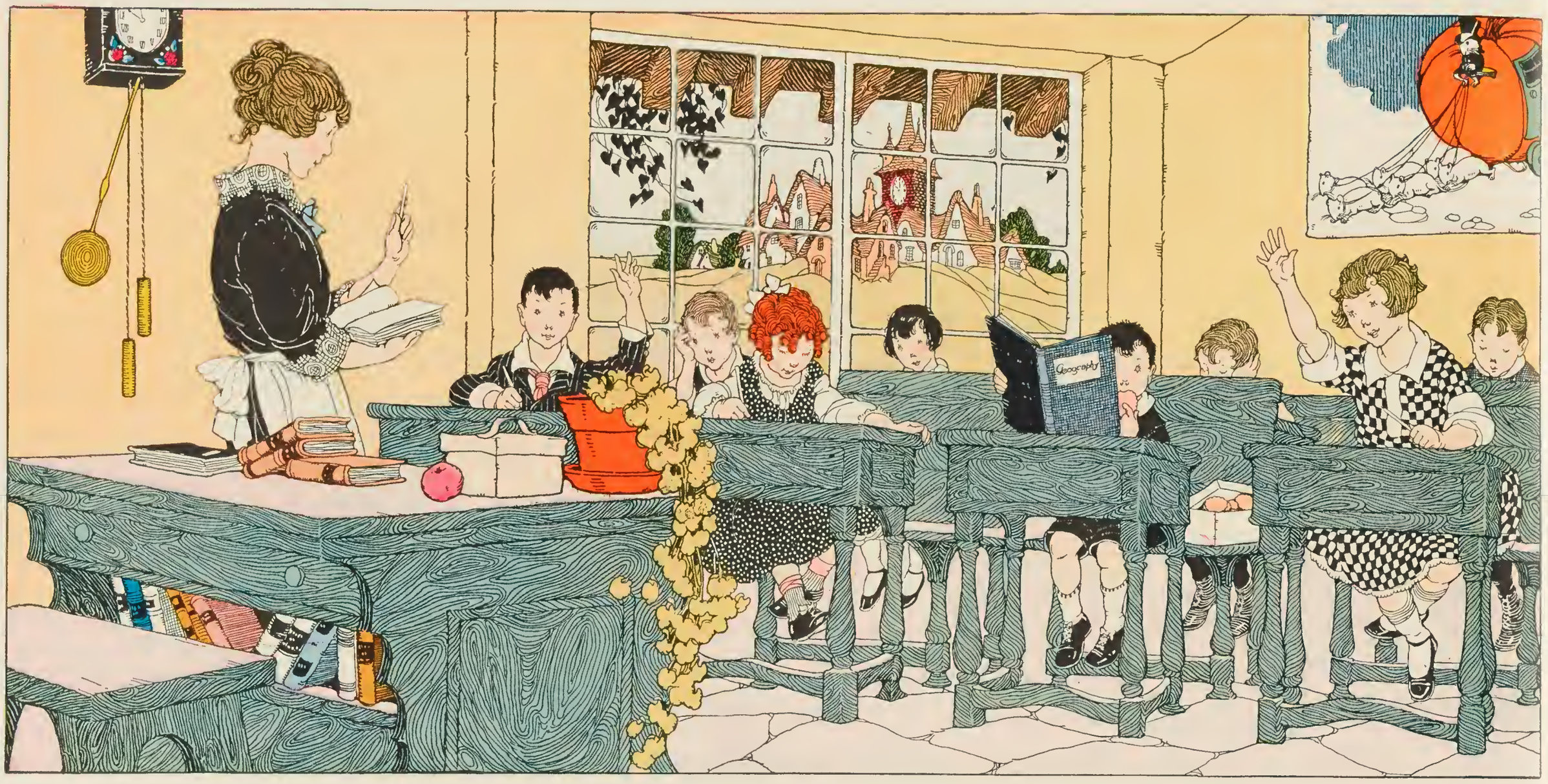
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Volume and efficiency produce 25c quality for

10c



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Conny and Prudence and Jack and Jim go to the quaintest little school you ever saw. Yes, it is astonishing that all of these four perfectly normal youngsters are always right up at the head of their classes. You are surprised? But their mother is not. For she knows some of the most interesting facts about the relation of digestible home foods to fine school marks. And some of the most important things she knows are told below.

How home kitchens can answer one school problem

A recent Government publication says:

"Experiments in school feeding both here and abroad have shown that an improvement in the nutrition of a child is, in practically all cases, accompanied by mental improvement also."

So you learn, now, how important is your personal selection of your family foods.

How to choose a digestible shortening

Without fats, children cannot be healthy. Fats furnish one-third of their energy. Then, too, the shortening determines, largely, the digestibility of dozens of foods of which it is an ingredient.

For easy digestion, say doctors, a fat should melt near body heat of 98⅖ degrees. Crisco melts at 97 degrees—even below body heat. When we find that a mother appreciates Crisco's healthfulness we find, generally, that she has discarded, once and for all, fats whose ease of digestion is doubtful.

With Crisco (a vegetable shortening), you need no longer refuse your little ones the foods they like. Instead, you may experience a new satisfaction in the knowledge that your fried foods, pies, cakes and cookies are as digestible as they are delicious.

The really progressive grocer, too, prefers to sell the most healthful food ingredients and is more and more recommending Crisco.

Delicious results from your own favorite recipes

With Crisco, use all your own precious recipes just as before—with perfectly delicious results. As *shortening*, however, you employ ⅕ less of Crisco than you would of animal fats. And in *frying*, remember that you can strain Crisco and use it again and again.



For delicious, digestible cakes
For digestible and flaky pastry
For crisp, digestible fried foods

A Wholesome Currant Cake

1	cup Crisco
1	cup sugar
½	teaspoon salt
4	eggs
2	cups flour
1	teaspoon extract lemon
1	teaspoon baking powder
1½	cups currants

Cream Crisco. Add sugar and salt. Cream again. Add eggs beaten light. Add lemon and currants. Sift baking powder and flour together and add to first mixture. Bake half hour in moderate oven.

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Digestible Vegetable Shortening

KIDNEYS AND LIVERS HAVE VITAMINS

By Lucile Brewer and Alice Blinn

Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University.—*Martha Van Rensselaer*

WHEN food is selected for its dietary properties, the kidney, liver and sweetbread end of the meat-counter will be as popular as the roast-beef section. Wise men who study foods scientifically now know that the tissues of these glandular organs differ from the muscle tissues as much as the leaves of plants differ from seeds in their content of those subtle dietary properties, the vitamins.

All glandular organs require careful cooking, as overcooking toughens them and destroys their delicate flavor, making them almost tasteless.

In selecting sweetbreads, one should know that there are two kinds: those that are taken from the throat and those from near the heart. The latter are round and more compact than those from the throat and are considered slightly more desirable.

Sweetbreads should be plunged into cold water as soon as received, then into boiling water to which one teaspoon of salt and one tablespoon of vinegar for each quart has been added and cooked slowly for twenty minutes. Drain, plunge into cold water to make firm and they are ready for preparation in any dish.

Liver for boiling or sautéing is usually scalded in boiling water for five minutes to draw out the blood before it is cooked.

Kidneys should be split in halves and the white fat and sinews from the center removed.



Slices of sweetbreads combine with toast to make appetizing sandwiches

DEVILED KIDNEY

Cut kidneys in cubes, add salt and pepper, roll in flour and sauté in butter. When brown add:

1 pint any good stock
1 medium-size onion, minced
1 carrot, minced
1 green pepper, minced
½ teaspoon curry-powder
3 drops tabasco sauce
1 tablespoon grated horseradish
1 pimiento

Mix well together and add a bouillon cube to make the mixture brown in color. Cover and cook until kidneys are tender. Serve with toast.

KIDNEY GOULASH

¼ cup fresh pork, diced
1 pound kidney
1 medium-size onion, diced
1 cup tomatoes
Salt, pepper, paprika
1 tablespoon horseradish
5 drops tabasco sauce
Potatoes

Place the diced pork in a hot skillet and sauté until light brown. Add the kidney cut in about one-inch pieces and sear it in the hot fat. Add the onion, salt and paprika, and when the kidneys are browned add the other ingredients. Lay small potatoes over the top of the mixture, cover closely and cook for forty minutes.

KIDNEY SAUTÉ WITH BACON

Cut kidneys in slices one-third inch in thickness. Add salt and pepper and marinate in French dressing for five minutes. Drain, roll in corn-meal and sauté in bacon fat. Place a slice of crisp bacon on each slice of kidney. Serve with cucumber salad.

KIDNEY RISSOLES

1 pint cooked kidney
½ cup water or stock
Salt, pepper
3 drops tabasco sauce
1 egg
1 cup bread-crums
1 small onion, minced
2 tablespoons bacon fat or butter

Chop or grind the kidneys. Combine all the ingredients and form into small cakes.



Wise men who study foods scientifically know that the tissues of the glandular organs are rich in those subtle dietary properties, the vitamins

Place the cakes in a shallow pan, brush over with bacon fat or butter and bake in a hot oven for twenty-five minutes. Serve with horseradish sauce.

HORSERADISH SAUCE

2 medium slices bacon, minced
1 tablespoon butter
¼ cup finely minced carrot
2 tablespoons flour
3 tablespoons grated horseradish
1 pint water in which 2 bouillon cubes or 2 teaspoons beef extract have been dissolved
1 teaspoon minced onion

Fry the bacon, add butter and vegetables. Sauté and add flour. Stir until brown. Add the water and seasonings.

SPAGHETTI CON ROGNONI

Cook one-third package unbroken spaghetti in boiling salted water until tender. Drain in a colander and rinse with boiling water. Turn into a hot dish.

Parboil one pair calves' kidneys fifteen minutes, drain and cut in small pieces. Sauté in three tablespoons of bacon fat or drippings and add to a brown sauce. Heat well and pour over the spaghetti.

BROWN SAUCE

1 pint stock or 1 pint water and 2 bouillon cubes or 2 teaspoons beef extract
2 tablespoons butter
6 tablespoons lemon-juice
Salt, pepper
2 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon onion sauce
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 tablespoon horseradish sauce
4 drops tabasco

Make a sauce, using stock, flour and butter. Add the seasonings and cook well, adding salt and pepper to taste and another cube if necessary to give it a dark-brown color.

LIVER LOAF

Remove skin from one calf's liver, cut into slices and cook in boiling salted water for five minutes. Drain, chop fine and add:

1 cup bread-crums
1 teaspoon onion-juice
2 tablespoons tomato catchup
1 egg, beaten
⅓ cup fresh pork, chopped
Juice ½ lemon
Salt and pepper to taste

Mix well together and turn into a greased individual baking-pan. Press the mixture firmly into the pan, brush over with melted butter and bake in a moderate oven for one and one-half hours. Serve with tomato sauce.

CALF'S LIVER SAUTÉ

Cut the liver in slices one-half-inch thick and place it in a colander. Pour boiling water over it, drain and remove thin skin. Season with salt and pepper and roll in flour. Heat a skillet or frying-pan and add enough fat to sauté. Place slices of liver in the hot fat, add just enough boiling water to cover and a few drops of onion-juice. Cover closely and cook slowly. When browned, turn and brown the other side. Serve on a hot platter with a slice of crisp bacon on each piece. Garnish with parsley.

When calf's liver is cooked in this way it is tender, juicy and delicious. The boiling water poured over before cooking makes it much easier to remove the skin and gives the liver a better flavor. The water added just before cooking steams it thoroughly and prevents the tough thick crust often found on the finished product.

LIVER FRICASSEE EN CASSEROLE

Prepare liver as for sauté. Cut in small pieces, season with salt and pepper, dredge with flour, sauté in bacon fat to a golden brown and place in a casserole. For each pound of liver add one medium-size onion, sliced, one carrot, diced, and one cup of cooked tomatoes. Salt and pepper to taste. Cover and bake in a moderate oven for one hour.

LIVER ROAST

2 or 3 pounds liver
4 slices fresh fat pork
1 cup carrots
1 cup onions
1 cup potatoes
2 tablespoons fat

Cut the vegetables in small pieces and sauté in the fat. Turn the vegetables into a baking-dish to form a thick layer over the bottom. Add small pieces of butter. Dip the liver in boiling water, drain, rub with salt and pepper and lay it on top of the vegetables. Score the top with a knife and lay strips of fresh fat pork in the openings. Add one cup boiling water. Bake covered until tender, or about one and one-half hours. Baste frequently, using stock from the vegetables. Serve liver on a hot platter, forming a border of the chopped vegetables.

STUFFED SWEETBREADS

Cut sweetbreads in half lengthwise and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Add a smooth layer of egg stuffing and press the halves lightly together. Fasten at each end with a narrow band of clean cotton cloth. Sauté in butter. When light-brown color, place them in a baking-dish, add a small amount of water and bake for thirty minutes.

When ready to serve, remove the strips or bands and serve on hot plates with a border of French peas. Garnish with parsley. Carve each sweetbread in half lengthwise, making two servings from each.

EGG STUFFING

1 pint bread-crums
¼ cup melted butter
1 egg
Salt, pepper
1 tablespoon minced parsley
1 teaspoon onion-juice

Melt the butter and pour it over the crums. Mix well and add the other ingredients. If too dry, moisten with a little milk.

SWEETBREAD AND CUCUMBER SALAD

1 sweetbread, cooked and cut in small pieces
1 cup crisp celery, diced
Salt, paprika to taste
1 cup crisp green cucumber, diced
1 cup boiled salad-dressing
½ cup whipped sour cream

Mix and serve very cold on lettuce leaf or bed of watercress. This is an excellent Summer salad served with Graham-bread sandwiches.

SWEETBREADS WITH CHICKEN AND MUSHROOMS

1 pair sweetbreads cut in small pieces
1 cup mushrooms
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
1½ cups milk
1 cup cold cooked chicken
Salt, pepper

Sauté the sweetbreads and the mushrooms in the butter. Add the flour, toss lightly together and add the milk gradually. Stir constantly and cook until the sauce thickens, add the chicken and salt and pepper to taste. Let stand over hot water a few minutes to develop flavor. Serve on slices of hot toast.



Spaghetti con Rognoni is the Italian name for spaghetti with a kidney sauce

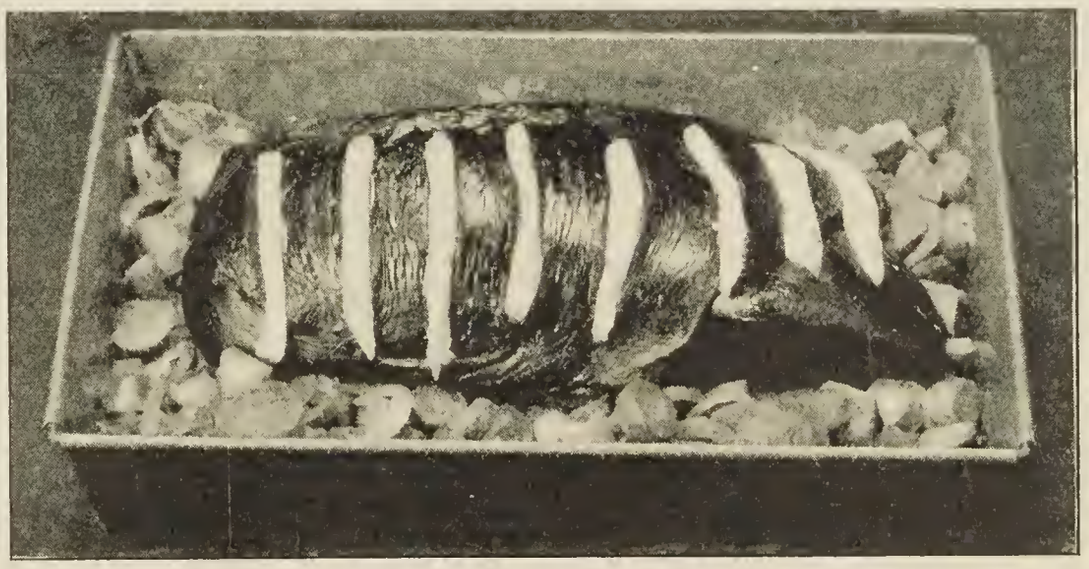
SWEETBREAD NEWBURG

1 tablespoon butter
⅔ cup mushrooms
1 tablespoon flour
¼ teaspoon paprika
Salt
¾ cup milk
1 cup sweetbreads cut in small pieces
Yolks 2 eggs
¼ cup cream
Toast or patty shells

Melt the butter, add the mushrooms and sauté. Add the flour, mix well and add milk gradually. Cook until smooth, add the seasonings and then the sweetbreads. Mix well. Beat the yolks and mix them with the cream before adding to the hot mixture and cook for five minutes. Serve on slices of toast or in patty shells.

HOT SWEETBREAD SANDWICHES

Cut sweetbreads crosswise in slices one-third inch in thickness. Marinate with French dressing for ten minutes. Drain, roll in bread or cracker crums, then in beaten egg and milk, using three tablespoons of milk to each egg. Then roll again in the crums. Sauté in butter until golden brown. Have ready thin slices of hot toast, buttered. Place a lettuce leaf on one slice, spread the other with mayonnaise dressing and put the two slices together. Lay the sautéd slice of sweetbread on top of the sandwich and surround with thin slices of either dill or sour pickle. Serve hot.



Rich in vitamins but poor in fat, when liver is to be roasted it should be scored on top with a knife and larded with fresh fat pork

Science Speaks!

High Authorities Prove Remarkable Health Value in

KNOX
SPARKLING
GELATINE

AN exhaustive investigation and confirmatory tests just completed by high scientific authorities, prove that Knox Sparkling Gelatine has remarkable health and food value combined with its many appetizing delights.

These tests have proved that Knox Gelatine aids digestion, stimulates delicate appetites, promotes the healthy growth of children, corrects under-nourishment, and is an invaluable addition to cow's milk in infant feeding.

As An Aid To Digestion

Prepared as desserts or salads, Knox Sparkling Gelatine aids the digestion because of its action in softening the masses of other foods.

For Delicate Appetites

Knox Sparkling Gelatine is not only beneficial in itself, but it is an ideal conveyor of other wholesome foods to invalids, convalescents, and those who have "finicky" appetites.

To Promote Child Growth

Knox Sparkling Gelatine has been found to be unusually rich in nature's essential protein element—Lysine, which promotes healthful growth. It is therefore of the utmost value in the diet of children.

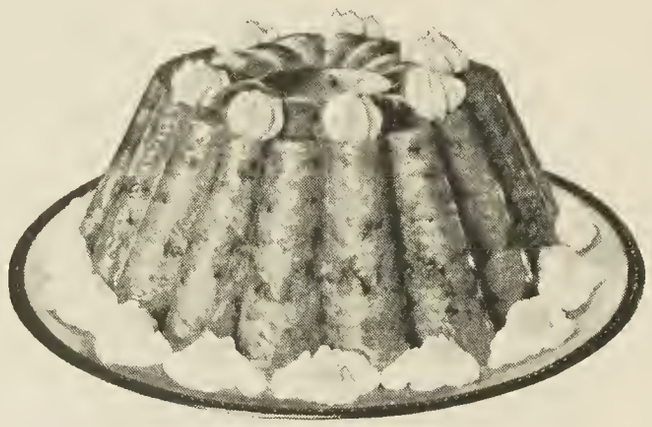
For Under-Nourishment

As a corrective in malnutrition and under-nourishment, and in cases of rickets and scurvy, Knox Sparkling Gelatine combined with fruit juices is of great value.

In Infant Feeding

One of the most important facts proved by the investigation, is the value of Knox Sparkling Gelatine dissolved and combined in the right proportion with the milk in infant feeding. Ask your physician about this and write to us for the special pamphlet for mothers.

FOR EXAMPLE: Here is one of many recipes so rich in nutrition that it is almost a meal in itself. It will serve eight people.



Spanish Orange Cream

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine — Yolks of 3 eggs — 2 cups of milk
¼ teaspoonful salt — 1 cup orange juice — ½ teaspoonful lemon extract
½ cup sugar — Whites of 3 eggs

Soak the gelatine in milk ten minutes. Place over hot water, and when gelatine is dissolved, add sugar. Pour slowly on the yolks of the eggs slightly beaten, return to double boiler and cook until thickened somewhat, stirring constantly. Remove from range, and add orange juice, salt and lemon extract, then add whites of eggs beaten until stiff. Turn into one large or individual molds, first dipped in cold water, and place in ice box. (This will separate and form a jelly on the bottom and custard on top.)

If desired, serve with whipped cream, or sliced oranges, peaches, bananas, pineapple, chopped figs or a berry sauce. If preferred, omit the orange juice and use an additional cup of milk, flavoring the cream with vanilla or any desired flavoring.

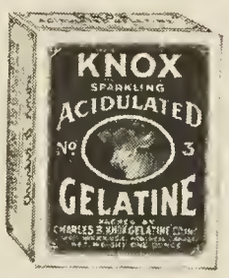


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"The Health Value of Gelatine"

The remarkable findings of this scientific investigation have been reprinted in a little book, "The Health Value of Gelatine." You can get it—free—together with Mrs. Knox's two recipe books, "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy," by sending your grocer's name and 4c for postage.

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166 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.
"Always Highest Quality"



Same Sparkling Gelatine with Lemon Flavoring in separate Envelope

FOR OCTOBER'S HOLIDAYS

Columbus Day and Hallowe'en menus

By Jessie A. Boys

Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University—*Martha Van Rensselaer*

A DINNER MENU FOR COLUMBUS DAY

Tomato Soup — *Croutons*
Fried Turkey
Mashed Potatoes — *Pimiento Garnish*
Baked Sweet Corn
Spiced Jelly Relish
Corn Rolls
Cabbage-and-Carrot Salad — *Wafers*
Boat of Adventure
Coffee

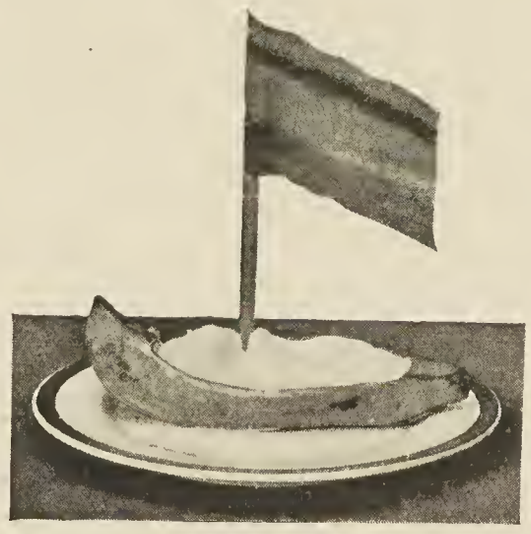
SPICED RELISH

1¼ tablespoon gelatin
3 tablespoons cold water
4 sweet pickles
1 cup spiced vinegar from sweet pickles
Pink coloring

Soak the gelatin in the cold water and dissolve thoroughly over boiling water. Add to the spiced vinegar, color pink and, when beginning to stiffen, add the pickles thinly sliced. Pour into a slightly oiled shallow pan. Chill and cut into small squares.

BOAT OF ADVENTURE

Select smooth yellow bananas. From the top of each carefully remove a section of skin and take out the fruit, leaving enough at each end to insure firmness. Fill with banana soufflé, heaping it irregularly, and insert a flag in each boat near the center.



BANANA SOUFFLÉ

6 bananas
1 lemon
¾ cup powdered sugar
6 candied cherries
1½ tablespoons gelatin
¼ cup cold water
2 egg-whites
Few grains salt

Put the banana-pulp through a coarse wire strainer; add the lemon-juice and sugar. Beat well. Soak the gelatin in the cold water for ten minutes, dissolve it over boiling water and then beat it into the banana mixture. As it begins to stiffen, fold it into the stiffly beaten egg-whites to which the salt has been added. Cut the cherries in bits and sprinkle over the top.

SUPPER MENU FOR HALLOWE'EN

Meat Loaf
Scalloped Potatoes
Buttered Carrots
Apple Jelly
Hot Rolls
Jack-o'-Lantern Salad — *Wafers*
Pumpkin Custard
Cake of Fortune
Hot Tea

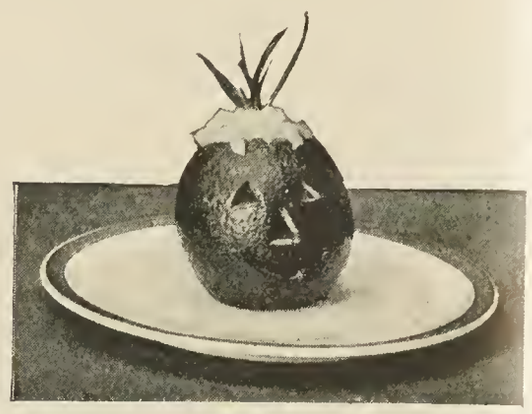
JACK-O'-LANTERN SALAD

Make Jack-o'-lanterns by scooping the pulp out of large oranges through a two-inch circle cut in the top. Cut eyes, nose and mouth on one side through the outer skin but not through the thick white inner skin. Put shaped pieces of black paper in the holes. Fill this container with fruit salad, top with white dressing and garnish with chives.

WHITE SALAD-DRESSING

1 tablespoon butter
1 tablespoon flour
2 tablespoons sugar
1 cup cream
2 tablespoons vinegar
1 tablespoon table mustard
2 egg-whites

Melt the butter, add the flour and, when well mixed, add the sugar and cream. Place over hot water, stir carefully and cook for fifteen minutes. Add the vinegar and mustard and, when thoroughly combined, pour over the stiffly beaten egg-whites. Beat well and chill.



CAKE OF FORTUNE

Cover the bottom of individual cake-tins with sour-cream cake-batter, place a prepared emblem in the center of each and cover with batter, filling tins not more than two-thirds full. Bake in an oven registering 360 degrees Fahrenheit till browned and firm to the touch. Remove from tins and, when almost cold, cover with a boiled frosting. Let threads of frosting fall irregularly over the top to suggest "cobwebs in the sky." While the frosting is still soft, stick a tiny orange-colored candle in the top and press a black-cat cut-out against one side.

To Prepare Emblems—Sterilize small rings, thimbles, coins, buttons or other suggestive things in boiling water. Dry and wrap closely in paraffined paper.

SOUR-CREAM CAKE

2 eggs
1 cup sugar
1 cup thick sour cream
⅜ teaspoon soda
½ teaspoon vanilla
2 cups flour
2 teaspoons baking-powder
¼ teaspoon salt

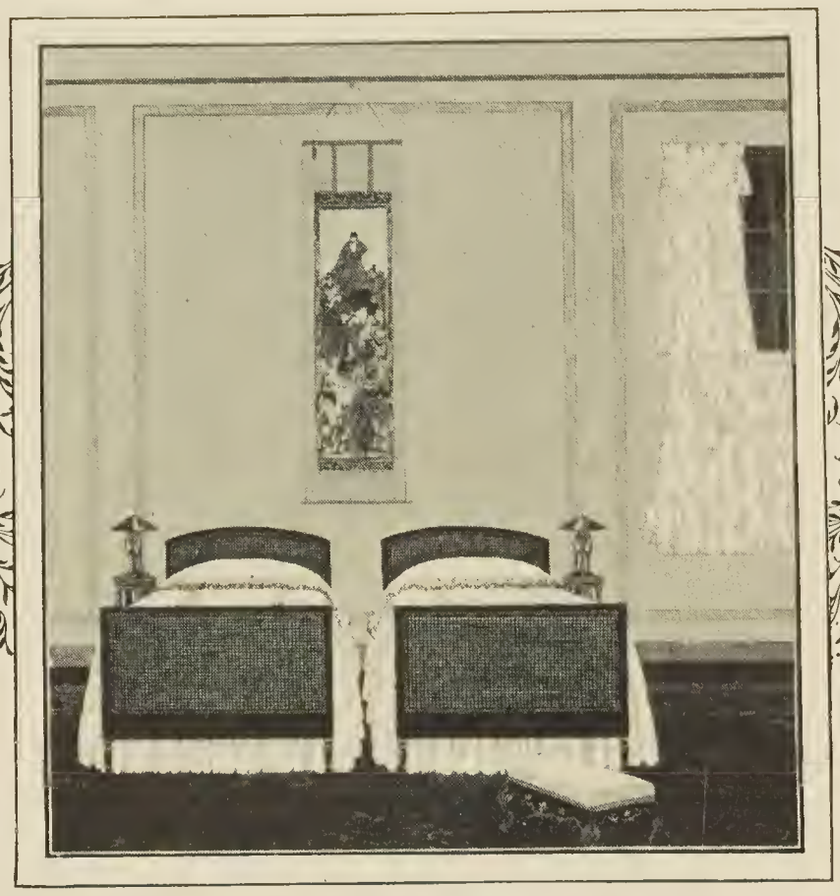
Beat the eggs very light, then gradually beat in the sugar. Sift the soda into the sour cream and stir rapidly till foamy; add to the egg and sugar mixture with the vanilla. Sift the rest of the dry ingredients and add, stirring and beating till smooth.



PUMPKIN CUSTARD

1 cup cooked and strained pumpkin
½ cup brown sugar
⅛ teaspoon nutmeg
1 cup milk
⅛ teaspoon salt
2 eggs
⅜ teaspoon lemon extract

Mix sugar, nutmeg and salt and stir into the hot pumpkin. Add the eggs well beaten, the milk and extract. When thoroughly mixed, pour into buttered individual dishes and bake slowly till firm in the center. Chill and serve with whipped cream.



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Before you go to bed tonight, take time to see what you are sleeping on. Call on your furniture dealer tomorrow and compare the cradling comfort of Simmons springs and mattresses.

The range of styles and prices is wide enough to suit every taste and income, large or small.

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Do you know that the first signs of age are shown in the skin, and that it is the surest indicator of bodily health?

Is it right, then, that anything so important should be given only chance attention? Yet that is the attitude many women have towards their skin, and it is why they look old at thirty. Remember that a soft, smooth complexion is not to be had after the age of twenty without persistent effort.

Cleanliness is the basis of beauty—yet all clean skins are not beautiful. Sometimes the cleansing has been too rough, but *more often the soap was too harsh.* You cannot be over careful in the selection of your toilet soap. Never purchase any kind because it is cheap. To save at the expense of your skin is misplaced economy.

Give yourself a beauty treatment with Resinol Soap tonight, and you will understand why thousands of women consider it the ideal cleanser. After the rich lather has been carefully rinsed, and the skin gently but thoroughly dried, you will be surprised at its softness, smoothness and delicate glow. But Resinol Soap does more. By power of the Resinol it contains, it builds with each treatment a healthy resistance to germ invasion. As these little parasites are acknowledged to be the primary cause of skin disorders, why not try to prevent their development?

The daily use of Resinol Soap will give you the comfort of knowing that your skin is properly cleansed and protected. Sold by the cake or box at all drug and toilet goods counters.

May we send you a free trial size cake?
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"Simply perfection for any complexion"

Resinol Soap



EVERY HOUSE A STOREHOUSE

Storing vegetables and fruits

By Rodney Martin

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

WHEN all desired fruits and vegetables are canned, there still remains storage as a method of food preservation. For the diet's sake it is well to have some fruits and vegetables in their fresh state the year around, because essential elements of these foods are more or less affected by canning or drying.

The first principle of storage is to retard or check for a time the processes of ripening and decay in the fruits or vegetables. It is not possible, of course, to obtain in the average home those conditions of commercial cold storage and refrigeration which make it possible to keep food from decaying for long periods of time. However, both the home-maker and the packer must observe the same fundamental rules.

The first of these is the proper preparation and selection of the products for storage, and the second is control of the ventilation, temperature and moisture in the storage-place. The cellar is usually chosen for storage of most foods. However, unless the cellar is very large it will be necessary to construct a storage-room apart from that portion in which the furnace is located. In such a room there should always be a window through which cold air can enter. It is best if this is a north window.

To build the room, uprights of two-by four-inch lumber are set up and boards are tightly fitted together on each side to form a hollow wall. It is best to fill the space in this double wall with dry shavings or sawdust. The door into the room should also be made with double walls and should be so arranged that it closes very tight. It is best to have the door covered on the sides and ends with burlap or some other cloth to prevent the movement of air through the cracks. With such a room a rather uniform temperature can be maintained throughout the Winter by keeping the window open at all times, except when the weather is so cold that the food may freeze. This type of room will serve well for all fruits. Thirty-one degrees Fahrenheit is a very satisfactory temperature if kept constant.

FRUIT kept in storage may be lost for a number of reasons: it may rot, it may wilt, or the firm tissue may break down as it gradually ripens. The amount of loss from rot may be reduced by wrapping each piece of fruit separately in soft paper and then placing the fruit in trays at sufficient distance to prevent the pieces touching each other.

Some varieties, particularly of apples and pears, wilt badly. Fruit that is permitted to remain on the trees until it is well colored does not wilt so badly as fruit that is not mature. Wrapping the fruit reduces the wilting; loss from this cause is also reduced by maintaining a uniform storage temperature.

Apples must be kept as cool as possible without freezing. Sound fruit should be selected, wrapped and placed on trays without touching. Some very solid varieties, such as Spitzenburg, may be frozen if allowed to remain so and thawed out gradually before using. Russets and other firm varieties may be buried in chaff, straw, leaves or perfectly dry sand. If buried in earth, an air-space should be left over the fruit between it and the top covering on the ground level.

Grapes may be stored for some time if firm, ripe bunches are selected and picked on a dry, clear day. All imperfect fruit and leaves should be removed. The fruit will keep for some time in a dry, cool place away from currents of air. The bunches may be packed in dry sand, or in oats, excelsior, chopped hay, sawdust or cork-dust.

Oranges must be kept wrapped in tissue-paper. They will keep better if separated on trays, or they may be packed in dry sand, never over one or two tiers deep.

Pears should be picked before they are ripened and placed in a dry, well-ventilated room in shallow piles or on trays. Winter pears may be stored the same as apples.

Quinces are stored the same as apples. Some varieties are said to keep well until January.

Tomatoes should be picked just as they are beginning to turn. Leave the stems on and take care not to bruise the fruit. Pack them in a box or barrel of thoroughly dry sand, placing the fruits so that they do not touch each other. When frosts first appear, tomatoes may be picked and placed on straw under glass in the cold-frames and left to continue ripening until after Thanksgiving. Full-grown green tomatoes may be ripened if kept in a dry, warm place, such as a cupboard or drawer, away from currents of air. Sealing the cut ends of the stems with paraffin is often recommended.

STORAGE requirements for vegetables vary. Some vegetables are easily kept. If the parsnip is left in the ground, oncoming Spring will find it not only well preserved but actually improved in quality. On the other hand, the sweet potato and the squash are kept successfully only when the temperature is high and uniform and the humidity is low.

Certain principles apply to the storage of all vegetables under all conditions. A temperature that is too high favors decomposition; one that is too low causes freezing, with the subsequent breaking down of vegetable tissue. Too dry an atmosphere causes either fruit or vegetables to dry out and shrivel; undue moisture, especially when combined with high temperature, favors the growth of destructive fungous and mold organisms. Ventilation is not only a means of regulating these conditions but is also important in removing gaseous products that may be more or less injurious. Direct currents of air striking the fruit or vegetables are to be avoided, however.

Vegetables should be not quite mature when stored, as overripeness favors early decay. Ripening processes continue, though slowly, after storage, and due allowances must be made for these in determining the maturity of the vegetables to be stored.

Select only the very finest specimens—those that are firm and of good size and shape. It is at injured spots that decay begins, and even bruises that can be found only by careful examination are serious.

In general, the late-maturing varieties of vegetables are most suitable for storing.

Cabbages and some root vegetables are frequently buried in a special pit or cellar. However, for family use other methods are more convenient and are satisfactory for small quantities. Pull perfect heads of cabbage and allow to stand roots up for a day to dry. Remove the dead leaves and small roots, leaving a stump of the root. Then store the heads by hanging them from the roots to the beams in a dry, cool storage-cellar, by placing them loosely in bins, or by burying them in barrels in the garden away from any chance of water seepage. The barrel should be sunk entirely in the ground, the bottom covered with clean straw and the heads packed in loosely and covered with a layer of straw and a layer of dry soil.

CELERY is difficult to keep but may be kept fairly satisfactorily if the entire plants are set in small boxes in which holes have been bored in the sides. Pack the plants closely together and fill the spaces with sand or soil. The plants must be watered to prevent wilting, but always through the holes in the box. The foliage must not be wet or it will rot. Blanched celery may be kept for some time by packing it upright in dry moss inside a box.

Onion-bulbs should be thoroughly dried in the sun before storing. All root vegetables may be packed in moss or sand. Pumpkins and squashes should be stored in a dry room with a uniform temperature of about fifty degrees Fahrenheit. Sweet potatoes also require warm storage; they keep best if cured at a temperature of eighty to eighty-five degrees for several days after they are dug and then stored in warm, dry quarters at an even temperature around fifty-five degrees Fahrenheit.

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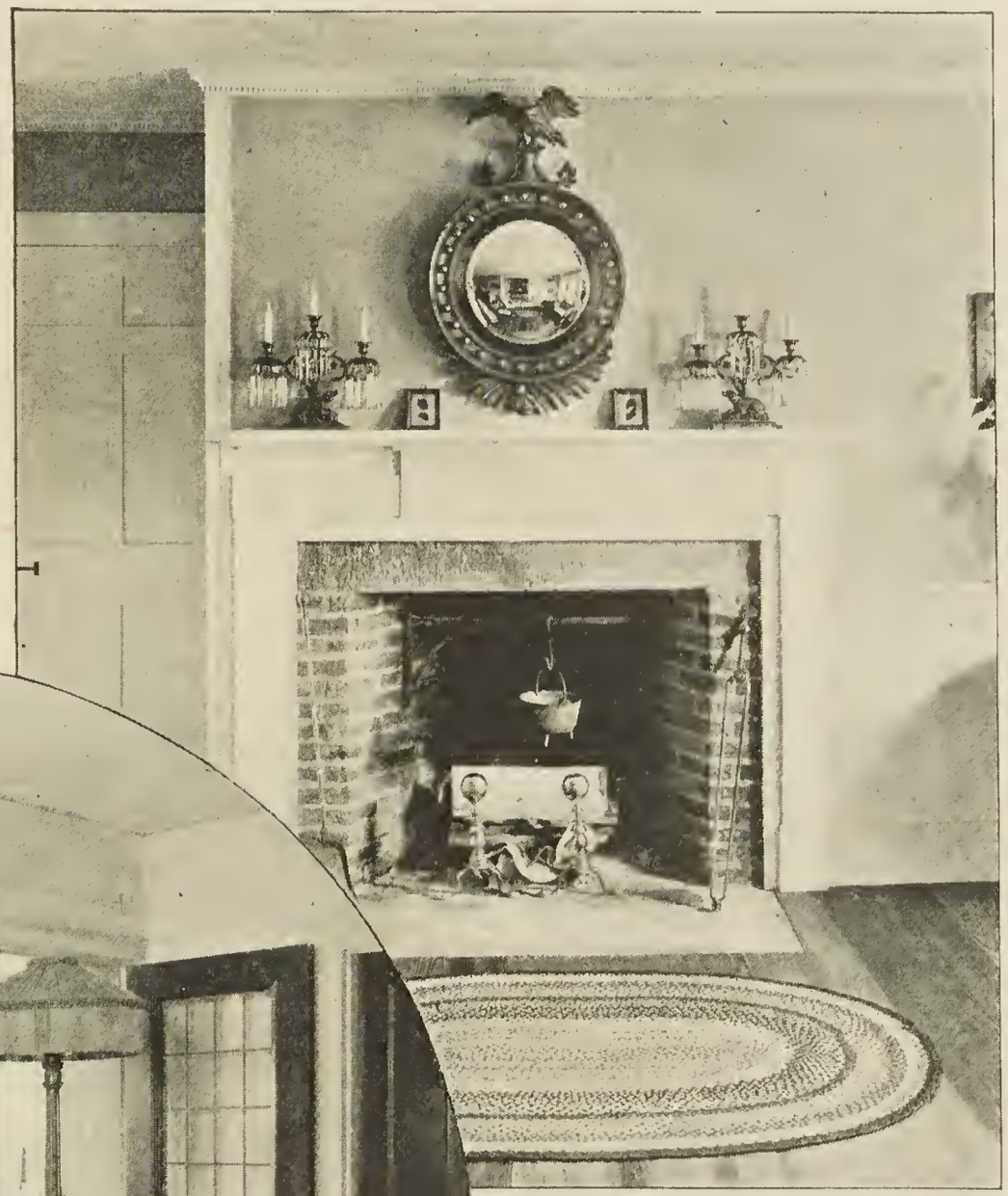
ABOVE THE FIREPLACE

Applying good taste in mantel arrangements

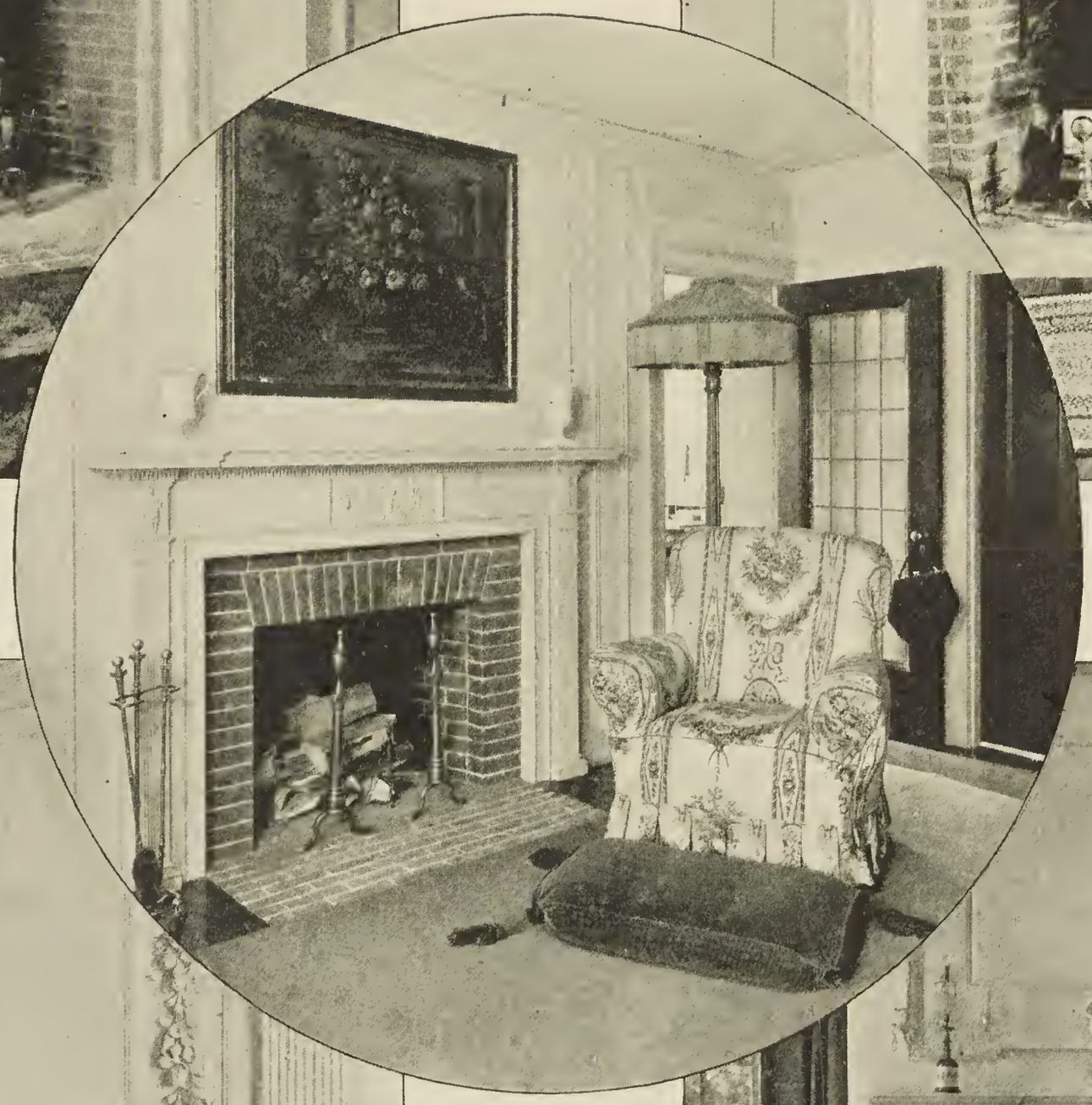
By Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders



Simplicity is the key-note of arrangement and decoration. Not even a mantel-shelf mars the beautiful proportion of this unusual fireplace



For quaintness and correctness of arrangement this beautiful Girandole mirror, with crystal candelabra at either side, can hardly be rivaled



Above the mantel, and in a panel of beautiful proportions, hangs a mellow painting in oil, guarded at either end of the shelf by two pottery urns



The two garlands of wood carving above the fireplace are the center of attraction—as they should be—since there is no other ornamentation to detract from the beauty of the painted panels



On this substantial mantel-shelf a well-designed mahogany clock becomes the center of balance for two Dresden-china figures and a pair of colorful crystal candelabra of unique design



Son, don't eat that pie so fast! Let the soft, sweet filling linger on your tongue until the rich pastry dissolves in the juice. Eat every last bite of it too, 'cause it's something you'll never forget—*that* piece of Mother's Pie.

As the years roll by, these memories of Her you'll cherish—the picture of her face, the sound of her voice, the feel of her goodnight kiss and—the lingering taste of her matchless pies—"The Pies that Mother used to Make."

For American Mothers have made pies for their boys and men since—we don't know when. And, although Mothers *always* do their best, failures were many in the Old Days—pale-faced pies, crust burned at the bottom, and fillings that tasted raw 'though crusts were beautifully brown.

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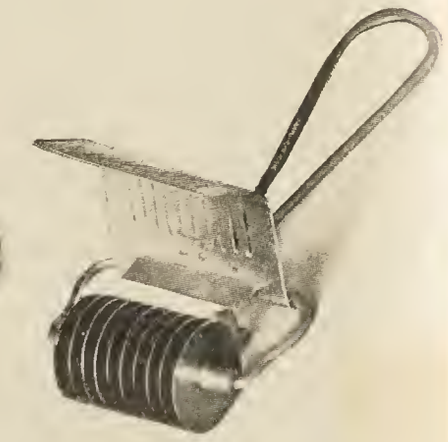
We manufacture coal stoves and the celebrated Lorain High Speed Oil Burner Cook Stoves for use where gas is not available, but the Lorain Regulator cannot be used on these.

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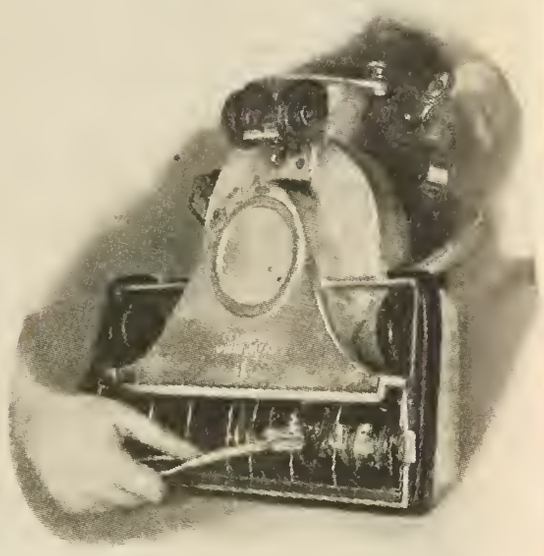
HOUSEHOLD HELPS

The shops are constantly offering articles to make housework easier and more effective. Home-makers who like to keep their equipment up to date sometimes hesitate to buy untried articles because it is hard to tell how they will work out in the daily routine. The utensils illustrated below have been put to use and found effective by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics at Cornell University.





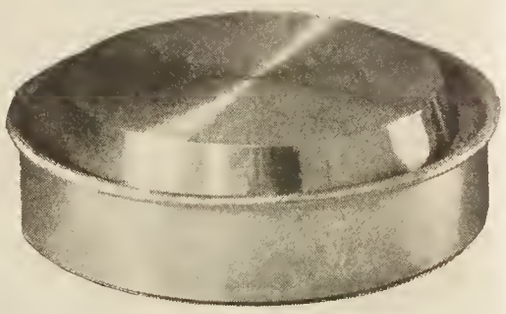
A RAPID and effective mincer is a real time-saver, and the one shown above will with a few motions provide a sizable mound of minced parsley, mint, nuts, citron or any of the other numerous foods that frequently need to be cut up for garnishes and for the various processes of cookery. Wheels that revolve on an axel provide a series of keen cutting edges that may be rolled back and forth over the food to be minced. The little tool is well guarded against clogging, and the fact that the shield over the knives can be turned back from the cutting edges simplifies the work of keeping it clean. The housewife who realizes the beneficial effect upon digestion of food that is pleasing to the eye will value a mincer of this sort. With this mincer, and the few sprigs of fresh parsley that a wise cook always tries to keep on hand, it is the work of only a few minutes to turn the stolid appearance of a dish of plain boiled potatoes into an attractive-looking accompaniment to any meal.

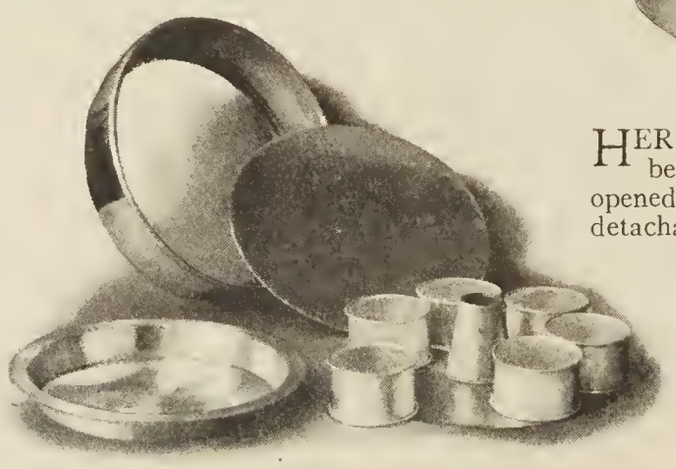




WITH a set of cutters like this, a housewife is prepared for festivities of any sort where fancy sandwiches or cakes are needed. A heart or a diamond, a club or a spade, a crescent or a star, can be cut with a single motion; and every housewife knows that for afternoon tea or any other occasion where daintiness counts for more than quantity, a sandwich cut in a fancy shape is in order. Also, a plain layer of cake cut out and covered with frosting of different colors will provide an assortment suitable for almost any occasion. In buying cutters of this sort it is advisable to select those of medium size, made strong enough so that they will not bend under the necessary usage, with sharp lower edges and the upper edge guarded so that it will not hurt the hand.

IT IS said that every development for the benefit of the human race brings its disadvantages, for which a remedy must be found. In the struggle for cleanliness the carpet-sweeper and the vacuum cleaner have been developed to be the housewife's unfailing standbys. But, not having the power of selection, they take in all that comes their way, and the threads and hairs will stick to the brushes. So here is a hook that pulls out these small hindrances to the effective use of the cleaning equipment. Made of strong wire, bent into a convenient shape, it has no loose parts to come off and get lost. It will find a hearty welcome from the housewife who is in need of an implement of this kind. Hung on a nail in the closet where the cleaning equipment is kept, or in any other convenient place, it will be available when required.





HERE is a compact set of pans that may be put to many purposes. When opened out, it displays (1) a deep pan with a detachable bottom and center which may be used for a loaf or ring-cake or for baking cookies, (2) a layer-cake pan, (3) six rings that may be used for muffins or cup-cakes. When not in use the smaller parts all fit into the large pan and the layer-cake pan turned upside down serves as a cover.



RAISINS are dried in the sun in beautiful clusters, just as they come from the vine. For your convenience they are then stripped from the stems and packed, seeded or seedless, in cartons, ready for use

Yet Robinson Crusoe had no "raisins of the sun" like these!



WITH what gusto does Robinson Crusoe tell us of his "raisins of the sun"!

You remember his joy when he happened, one day, upon a little valley of his lonely island—a valley purple with ripening grapes.

How he hung the heavy clusters in the sun to dry—then fought to save them from the birds. And finally stored away in his castle home large baskets of this tempting sun-made fruit.

But for you—such raisins as never grew in story books!

And yet, for all their goodness, how much inferior must have been such raisins of wild grapes to the large, plump, flavory fruit that comes to you from California today—

From the garden valleys of San Joaquin and Sacramento, fenced by the snowy Sierras and the Coast Range mountains, where the boundless vineyards bear this royal fruit in its perfection.

Here, ripe to bursting with their goodness, the perfect clusters are taken from the vines and placed on trays to dry. And here the golden California sunshine turns the juicy, tender-skinned grapes, with all their full, rich flavor, into Sun-Maid Raisins.

Bring their stored-up sunshine to your table often!

You know, of course, how much more tempting you can make your favorite cakes, your cookies, and such good things with this delicate fruit.

But to the old, familiar foods—like good white bread, rice pudding, or Cream of Wheat for instance—you can also give *new* goodness by simply adding Sun-Maid Raisins. They help you to so easily provide the variety that every family craves.



ONE of the most popular of all Sun-Maid dishes is pudding made with rice or bread. A simple dish made extra good, extra nourishing, just by adding raisins

And with this goodness—health and added nourishment. For Sun-Maids are rich in elements that supply important bodily needs. They help make laxatives unnecessary.

Send for free recipe book

Give your family their favorite raisin foods more often. You can do it inexpensively, for raisins are cheap this year.

The surest and easiest recipes for many tempting dishes, new and old, are given in the free book, "Recipes with Raisins." Fill out the coupon and send for this free book today. Address: Sun-Maid Raisin Growers Association, Dept. A-210, Fresno, Calif.

NOTE: Sun-Maid Raisins are grown by some 14,000 independent growers with vineyards averaging only 20 acres each. Twelve years of effort in producing the best, most perfect raisins under the Sun-Maid name has resulted in their supplying 80 per cent of all the raisins now used in this country.



Sun-Maid Raisin Growers Association
Dept. A-210, Fresno, Calif.

Please send me a copy of your book, "Recipes with Raisins."

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

Sun-Maid Raisins

Seeded—Seedless—Clusters

"Such a Good Little Sport"



Martha Ellen McConnell
sixteen months old
—a perfect baby



THAT'S what her mother says of Martha Ellen McConnell. But you must read Mrs. McConnell's letter for yourself:

"This is Martha Ellen McConnell, aged sixteen months. The picture shows her customary expression. Wherever she goes she advertises Eagle Brand Condensed Milk as a splendid baby food.

"She was breast fed only until 4½ weeks old and was rapidly losing ground. We changed her directly to Eagle Brand and she at once began to grow rosy, plump and, oh, so active!

"At first various people shook their heads and assured me that she would not thrive, that condensed milk was not a proper food for babies. But as she forged ahead of breast- and milk-fed babies in weight, number of teeth, and good health generally they were effectually silenced.

"She is certainly a happy, rugged specimen—and such a good little sport. These snowy days she plays out in the drifts with her sled like an old timer and no amount of cold and storm can scare her.

"I swear by Eagle Brand and have had the pleasure of starting other mothers in its use and of seeing their babies thrive as did mine."

Martha Ellen is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Warren C. McConnell of Prattsburg, New York.

That letter was written last January. Martha Ellen is scarcely two years old now but already she is developing a vigor, a sturdiness, a happy nature that will be her best assets through life. Psychologists are now finding out that the early years of a child's life are the character-forming years. Good health through that time is the foundation for everything else. A sickly, unhappy child hasn't the same opportunity for future development as a healthy child.

He hasn't the same chance in school, in play, in life itself.

Of course, the child who is ill or underdeveloped may grow into health—but start *your* baby right.

* * *

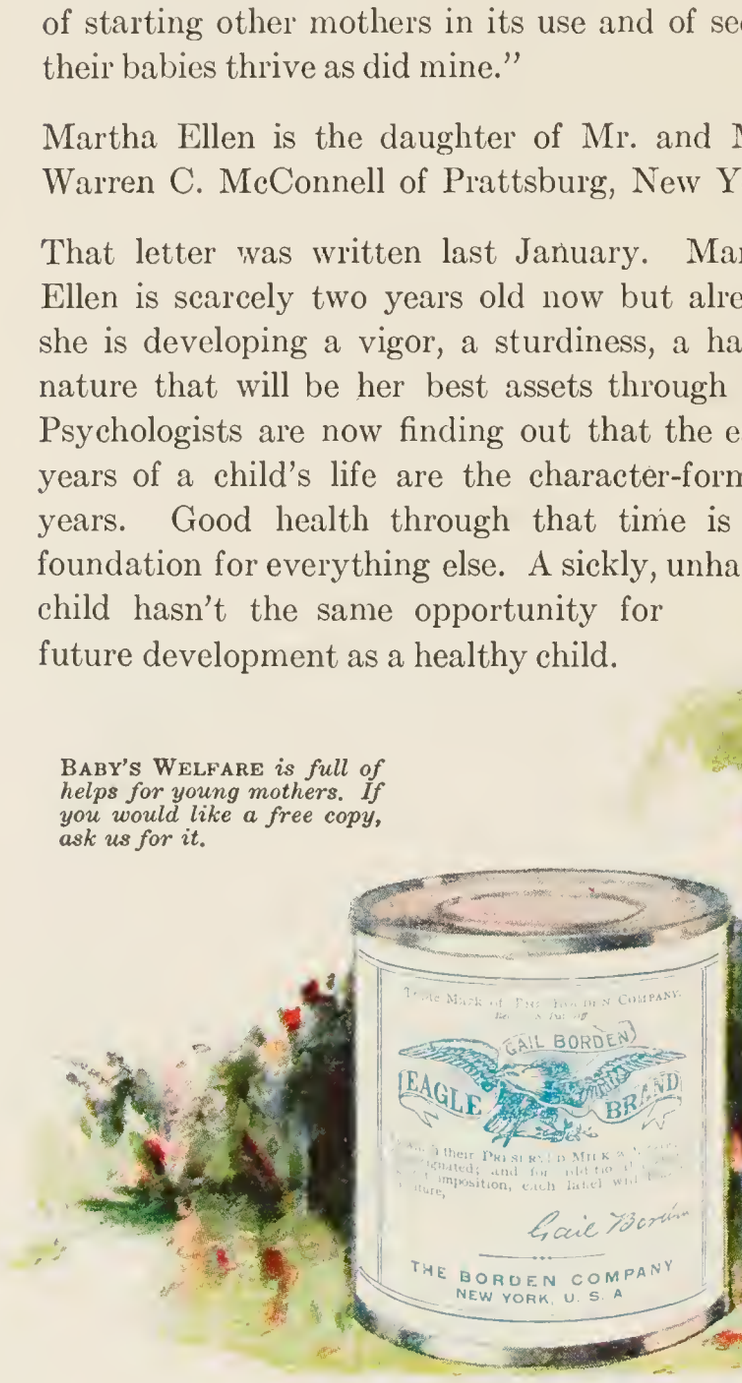
Nothing is better for baby than mother's milk. But if for any reason you cannot nurse your baby, the Eagle Brand way is the safe way. It has been used successfully for sixty-five years. No doubt more than a million healthy Americans owe their good start in life to this famous baby food.

Eagle Brand agrees with most babies because it is exceedingly digestible. It is made of pure cow's milk combined with sugar in the special Borden way which breaks down the hard indigestible casein of the cow's milk. Eagle Brand includes the necessary vitamin content also.

Eagle Brand is also absolutely uniform—a most important factor in your baby's food. With Eagle Brand you need never run the risk of changing the baby's food. For Eagle Brand can be bought in quantity and kept in the house so that you always have it on hand. It keeps indefinitely in the unopened cans—you do not even need ice. If you must travel with your baby you can carry it with you easily, or buy it wherever you are going. And it is easier to get ready than any other food, for it is just *milk*, the natural food for baby.

Thousands of mothers have found Eagle Brand the best food for their babies, and thousands of doctors have recommended it in difficult feeding cases. If you must resort to artificial food for your baby, protect him with Eagle Brand. *Keep* him on Eagle Brand, too, after he is through with the bottle. This famous baby food, used as a beverage, helps to give health and energy to the growing child, just as it has made strong, robust babies like Martha Ellen McConnell. A postcard to the Borden Company will bring full instructions as to the use of this food in the treatment of malnutrition. The Borden Company 1510 Borden Building, New York.

BABY'S WELFARE *is full of helps for young mothers. If you would like a free copy, ask us for it.*



Borden's
EAGLE BRAND
CONDENSED MILK

MODERN PORCELAINS

By Lorene Bowman

THE fact that meaningless and usually ornate bric-à-brac has followed in the wake of the old-fashioned parlor is sufficient cause for thanksgiving. Our mantel-shelves may not appeal to our hearts as did those of the Victorian day, when they fairly groaned under their burden of Dresden shepherdesses and marble clocks, but at least they are rarely guilty of hurting the esthetic side of our natures.

We are learning to choose our decorative accessories wisely. We aim to combine beauty and use, and so have traveled back through the centuries to those far-off days long before the Christian era when the art of pottery-making was at its height in China. The ancient potters combined grace of outline and beauty of coloring. If you learn to admire Chinese porcelain—and truly it is a taste one rarely has to cultivate—you have before you an enormous field in which the cunning of the potter and the skill of the artist leave little room for boredom or satiety. From even a few well-chosen porcelains one may study the Chinese dynasties.

A truly fine piece of porcelain is among the most beautiful of all art objects. Its color rivals that of precious stones and its grace of outline is superb. Sea-green celadons and deep lustrous reds are products of the furnaces of the past. Even the fragility makes an appeal. The porcelains produced to-day can not be compared with those produced in ages past. The secret of their matchless glazes has been lost.

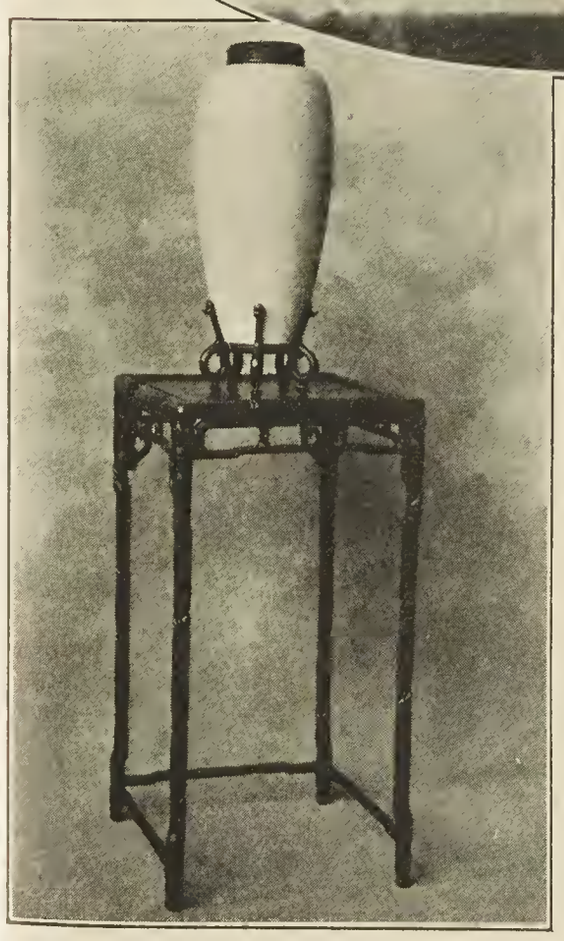
If you are learning to care for Oriental jars and bottles, try to understand their symbolism. Ancient potters used six fundamental colors, and these were symbolic of water, fire, metal, wood, earth and sky. Red they associated with fire, black with water, green was suggestive of the woodlands, white of metal, yellow bespoke the earth and blue the firmament. Blue they must have loved the best, for never has a blue in any form of art been so enchanting as that we find in some of the early ceramics. When we look at some of these jars, we almost expect to see them develop in a bit of cumulous cloud.

We never tire of a fine piece of ancient or even modern pottery, for its perfection of form and coloring is always satisfying. The vases in the illustrations on this page are examples of the best of the modern furnaces of the Orient. They have been patterned after earlier specimens.

Never purchase porcelain in a hurry.







At the Top—A porcelain jardiniere, decorated with peonies and birds, properly set in a teakwood stand

In the Center—This temple jar with lid, porcelain vase and two ginger jars are true to ancient types

Simplicity of line makes this *clair-de-lune* porcelain vase and teakwood stand a thing of unusual beauty

Choose slowly, for the lack of culture and refinement in a home is often revealed in a piece of garish pottery. Better one vase of fine design than twenty mediocre vases. Consider the environment in which you plan to place your new possession; remember that you are not selecting a mere essential, but a treasure—something that will always bring you pleasure.

The porcelains that have come down through the ages will only come to a few. But that need not discourage those of us with limited purses. Many vases of really good outline and coloring may be purchased to-day for less than five dollars. Of course these are only reproductions and have none of the romance of the vases of Orient; but they will frequently serve to lend the necessary bit of color that will convert an ordinary color scheme into one of definite charm, or lend a high light to an otherwise somber atmosphere, or even subdue a too-brilliant color scheme to one of deeper tone.



In Modern Apartments and in Modern Dwellings

Modern conveniences mean greater comfort with less exertion and less expense. The Alden Park Manor apartments in the exclusive Indian Village section of Detroit (shown above) provide modern Davenport Beds as one of the many conveniences for occupants. In modern homes everywhere the Davenport Bed is counted as one of the modern conveniences.

Two distinct and separate pieces of furniture are incorporated in the Davenport Bed—each different in its particular duty. By day the davenport is graceful and roomy—the springs of its cushions serve only as davenport springs; the fine seat coverings are not marred by use as a mattress at night. The bed is good size, with real bedspring—luxuriously comfortable and sleep-inviting.

Wherever good furniture is sold, you will find Davenport Beds in variety. Ask your furniture merchant to demonstrate one to you.

Our brochure, showing nearly a hundred styles, is yours for the asking.

DAVENPORT BED MAKERS OF AMERICA
912 South Michigan Avenue CHICAGO



The DAVENPORT BED
SERVES BY DAY AND BY NIGHT

Copyright 1923 Davenport Bed Makers of America



Prettier Teeth

If you fight the film

While you leave teeth coated with a dingy film, their luster cannot show.

Look about you. Note how many teeth now glisten. And mark what they add to good looks.

The reason lies largely in a new method of teeth cleaning. Millions now use it daily. Accept this ten-day test we offer, and learn what it does for you.

Why teeth lose beauty

A viscous film clings to the teeth, enters crevices and stays. The tooth brush alone does not end it. No ordinary tooth paste effectively combats it.

So much film remains. Food stains, etc., discolor it, then it forms dingy coats. Tartar is based on film. Those cloudy coats hide the teeth's luster.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. That's why so few escaped tooth troubles.

Germs breed by millions in film. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. And that became alarmingly common.

Better methods now

Dental science studied long to correct this situation. It found two film combatants. One of them acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these methods by many careful tests. Then a new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. In that were embodied these two film combatants for daily application.

That tooth paste is called Pepsodent. Leading dentists the world over now advise it. Careful people of some 50 nations are employing it today.

Multiplies two agents

Pepsodent does two other things which research proved essential. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Thus every use gives manifold power to these great natural tooth-protecting agents.

Avoid Harmful Grit

Pepsodent curdles the film and removes it without harmful scouring. Its polishing agent is far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

This test amazes

This 10-day test of Pepsodent amazes and delights. The results are quick and conspicuous.

Send the coupon for it. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Watch the other good effects.

In one week you will realize what this new method means. You will see results which old ways never bring. Cut out the coupon now.

10-Day Tube Free 1174

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 269, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

.....

.....

Only one tube to a family

PAT. OFF
Pepsodent
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

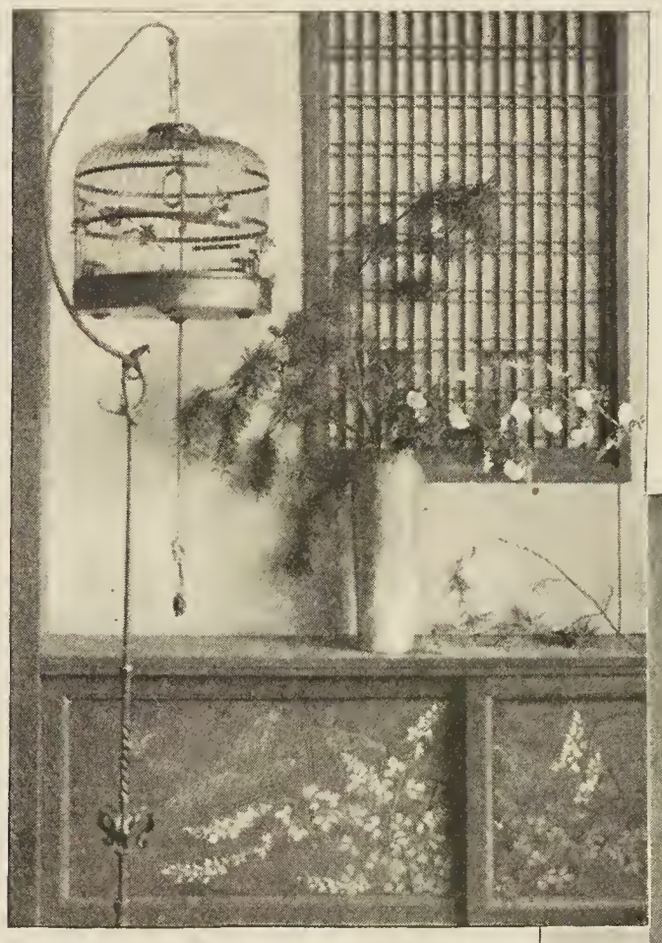
A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

FLOWERS AS DECORATION

By Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders

Editor, Department of House Decoration

THE desire for perfection and happiness in the house is the natural longing of every true homemaker, and in nature's bountiful and glorious gift of flowers one finds the solution of both these ambitions. In the use of flowers as decoration one should also include plants, foliage, sprays of berries and evergreens. Often an arrangement of the latter is far more effective than flowers. Cut flowers in the living-room and dining-room, plants and growing flowers for the sunroom, and boxes or paper cups for seed-raising in the nursery have always been considered as being important items in adding the finishing touches to the decoration of these respective rooms.



Sprays of pine lend a Japanese quality of decoration worthy of imitation

The place and position that an arrangement of flowers is to occupy should be determined before purchasing or gathering. Flowers should be chosen to suit their surroundings and containers. It must be remembered, too, that various flowers suit various moods, occasions and rooms. Flowers which are difficult to obtain and are unseasonable do not always create the best decorative effects. An elaborate display of unseasonable flowers is as bad as loud, gaudy, unseasonable house-furnishings. The few rare blossoms which are often received as a gift or which are purchased for special occasions will, however, always be correct in a vase or bowl that is simple and dignified in line.

Low centerpieces are far more satisfactory than tall arrangements of flowers for dining-tables, as they do not obstruct from view persons seated opposite each other, and this helps to keep conversation more general and interesting. The shape of a centerpiece should repeat the shape of the table, with occasionally, for special functions, an individual flower arrangement before each plate.

LONG-STEMMED flowers arranged in tall vases should be placed either on a stool, the floor or on some object which will bring the bouquet on a line with the average eye. Flowers may also be placed on tables, bookshelves or mantels.

Flowers, plants and vines often assist in filling in or reducing certain necessary architectural spaces—for example, on either side of a tall white mantel may be placed in balanced fashion potted vines of English ivy, which, in their downward graceful growth, will assist in bringing color, and the mantel-shelf itself, nearer the base of the room. On a low, broad mantel may be placed a tall vase of long-stemmed blooms or evergreens, which will help to fill the space from the low mantel-shelf to the ceiling. There is nothing more appropriate and graceful to relieve dark corners or plain paneled wall-spaces than an arrangement of brilliantly colored blossoms or berries.

An empty vase whose color and placing is necessary to relieve the monotony of a neutral wall decoration may be filled with ferns, evergreens and tall branches of berries or foliage. Potted ferns, long branches of forsythia, sprays of evergreens, chokeberries, barberries and the bright scarlet alder-berries are most decorative when placed on a window-sill; silhouetted against the light, these sprays create a Japanese quality of decoration worthy of imitation.

Drooping flowers, branches and vines arrange themselves naturally when placed in baskets or appropriate types of vases which can be hung from the wall. Pond-lilies and short-stemmed roses look best when floating in a shimmering green or alabaster bowl. Daffodils, sweet peas, marigold, cosmos, zinnias, asters and tulips are garden or inexpensive flowers which make most effective arrangements in bunches of from six to eight and should be arranged in plain-colored vases six to seven inches high.



This simple arrangement of brilliantly colored tulips relieves a somber corner

Roses, delphiniums, dahlias, gladioli, iris, chrysanthemums, goldenrod, poppies or Easter lilies are long-stemmed flowers which look best when but one or two blooms are placed in a slender vase eight to ten inches high. Pansies, forget-me-nots, daisies, buttercups, lilies-of-the-valley, nasturtiums, bachelor's-buttons and corn-flowers are short-stemmed flowers which singly or collectively will make a most pleasing bouquet if arranged in common brown or gray earthen or pottery bowls and are most appropriate for the family breakfast or luncheon table.

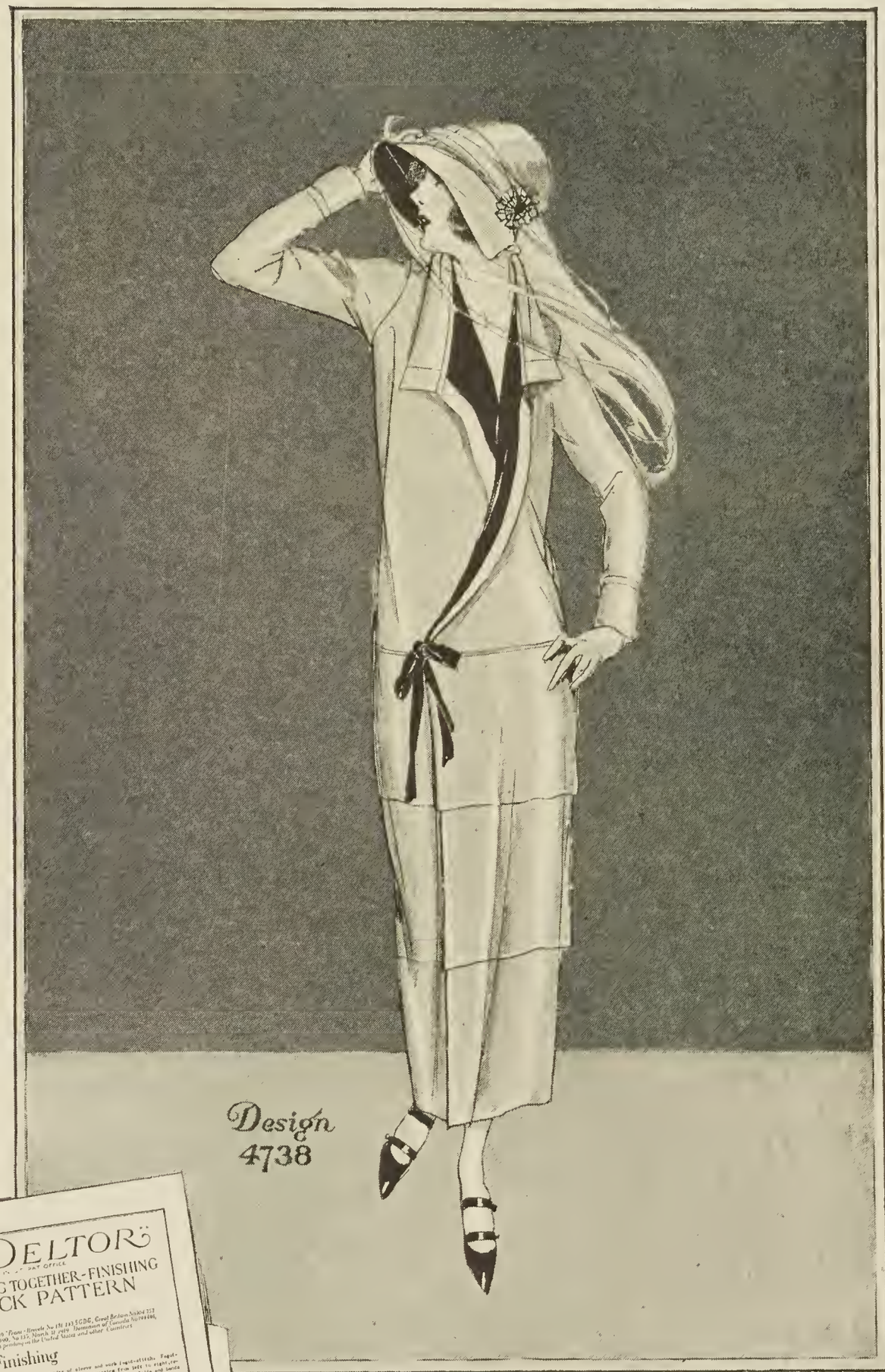
The Department of House Decoration will, upon request, send a classified list of seasonable, cultivated and wild flowers appropriate for use in house, church and school decoration, with suggestions for the arrangement of each. Enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope for a reply.

Eventually no woman will use a pattern at any price that does not give this service

JUST the pieces of paper and some general directions are not enough for a pattern to give you to-day.

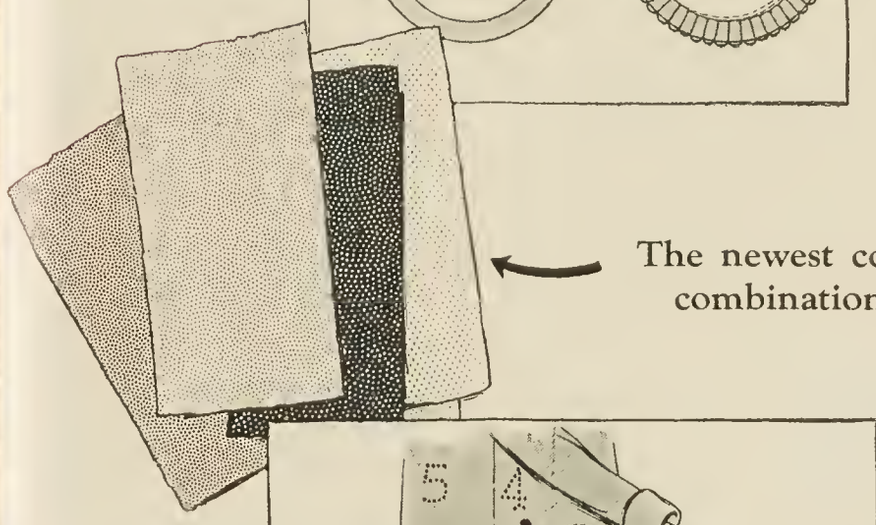
For women now know how much time and money the individual cutting layout saves them. They know the helpfulness of the suggestions as to materials and the newest color combinations, and have seen the difference in the look of a dress when it is made with the complete putting together and finishing directions the Deltor gives them. They will not tolerate the average pattern with its perfunctory general directions.

Buy a Butterick Pattern with the Deltor and save money, material and time. Butterick—New York, Paris, London.

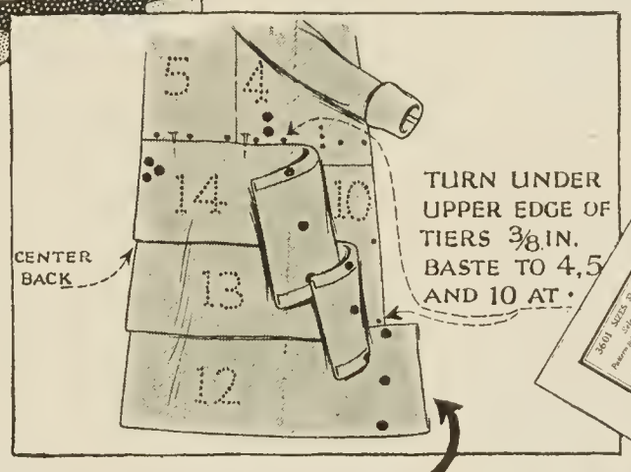


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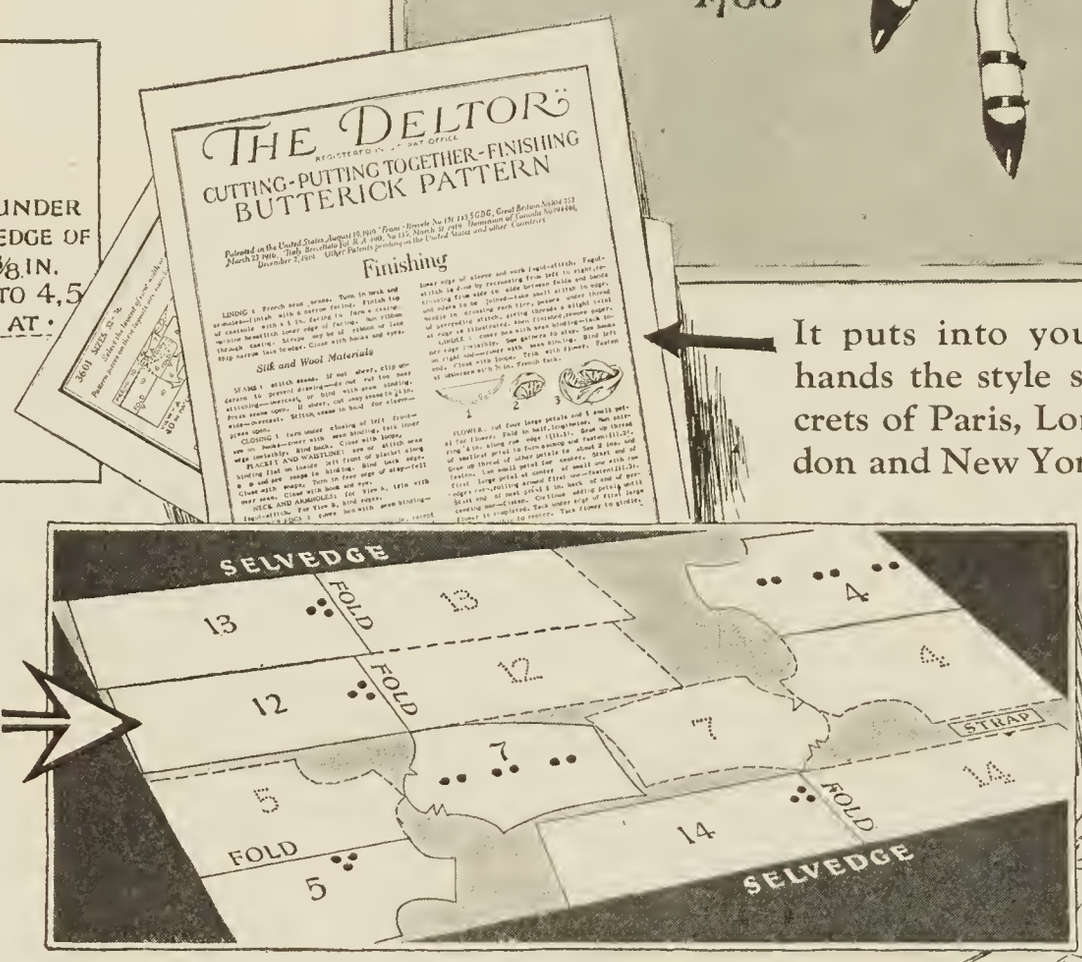
The French methods of finishing your dress



The newest color combinations

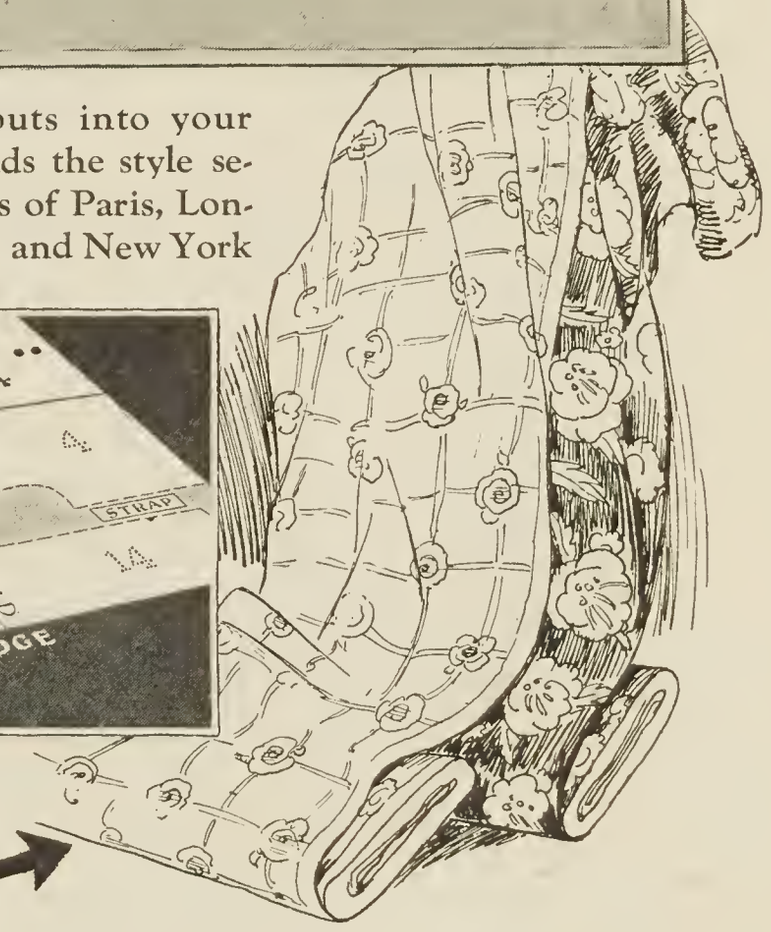


Professional methods of putting together



It puts into your hands the style secrets of Paris, London and New York

Individual cutting charts to save you money



Best materials for the design

BUTTERICK PATTERNS WITH THE DELTOR



The Dish

That children count the finest of all breakfast dainties

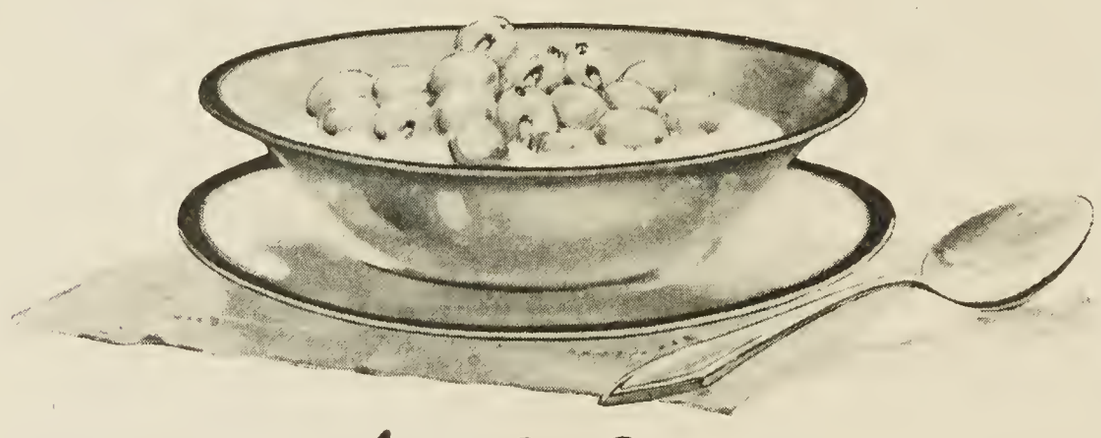
Quaker Puffed Rice is toasted rice grains puffed to 8 times normal size. Each grain is an airy globule, fragile as a snowflake, as flavory as nuts. The food cells are broken for easy digestion.

Homes never serve a breakfast dainty so ideal, so delicious. Each grain is a confection.

Then blend in every dish of fruit. Crisp and douse with melted butter for hungry children after school. Use like nut-meats on ice cream—also in candy making.

Invented by Professor Anderson, to fit all elements to feed, and to bring new delights to children.

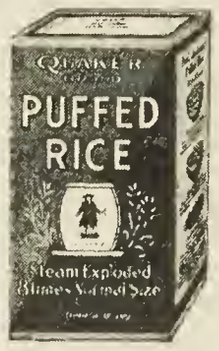
Let no day pass without the joys of Quaker Puffed Rice in some form.



At Night

Whole wheat steam exploded

In every grain of Quaker Puffed Wheat we create over 125 million steam explosions. Thus the food cells are broken so the whole-grain elements can feed.



Serve in bowls of milk for supper or at bedtime. Whole wheat supplies 12 minerals which growing children must have. Also their need of bran. Milk provides the vitamines.

Make these essentials tempting by serving in this delightful way.



The Quaker Oats Company

THE BIG THING

Continued from page 8

filled her hot-water bottle with fragments, which she placed at the side of the girl's head.

Then she came out. "How long are we going to be here, conductor?" she asked.

He shook his head, and Lucy had time to marvel at the manner in which this woman dominated. "I don't know, madam. We are helpless until the plow gets here, because we've only coal enough to keep us from freezing up. It may be morning."

"Then you will have to send some one for a doctor. This girl is very sick, and if she doesn't get attention soon it may be too late."

Lucy gasped.

The conductor scratched his head. "There isn't a doctor in Oxbow," he said. "There's one at Riverford, but how he'd get here I don't know. The highways are all blocked."

"Do you know him?"

"I do," put in Lucy. "I know him."

Miss Mason seemed uninterested in this and looked at Lucy rather absently; then, as though there could be no harm in asking: "What sort of doctor is he?"

"He's only a country doctor. I—really, I don't know how good he is."

The nurse said to the conductor: "Can you send some one back to Oxbow at once and telegraph for this doctor to get here? Tell him there is a nurse on the train who says it is a surgical case and very urgent."

So a brakeman, bundling himself for the six-mile wallow through the snow, dropped off the Pullman platform and disappeared in the driving storm. For a long time Miss Mason remained in the stateroom, where the sick girl's moans rose to little cries of fright and calls for mother. Toward noon she quieted and the nurse came out and stood beside Lucy, whose face was pressed against the glass in the rear door.

"Doctors!' she said under her breath. "Is this man young or old?"

"Young," said Lucy huskily.

"There is no place where capable men are needed more than in towns just like these, and there is so little to keep them here, unless they are headed for something besides the usual successes. This case calls for skill, I fear, and this young man——"

Lucy looked up then and there were tears on her long lashes. "Oh, I do wish the plow would get here!"

Miss Mason put a firm hand on her shoulder and said: "You don't wish it any more than I do, my dear; but there is nothing we can do except be ready to help. Why, perhaps you may have a hand in doing a big thing to-day, if the doctor ever gets to us through this storm."

Lucy looked surprised and skeptical. No, this was no big thing; it frightened her; it did not thrill or inspire her.

THE wind blustered about their car and the drifting snow limited their vision. It grew colder outside and the engine-crew conserved what coal remained. Lucy was in a constant state of agitation and tears were ever close to her blue eyes as she paced the aisle nervously. One o'clock and no word; more snow, lower temperature. Two o'clock, and Miss Mason's composure was shaken.

At three the brakeman, his collar stiff with ice from the vapor of his breath, emerged from the blizzard. "He left Riverford on a call last night and hasn't got back," he reported. "They started after him by telephone right away; but the snow-plow'll be through in a couple of hours."

"Praise be!" said the nurse. "There's a hospital not far down, the conductor tells me, and a good surgeon. Heaven knows we need them!"

But the storm intensified and the conductor was dubious. It would take more than two hours to open the cut in which the locomotive was buried, and the plow was not yet within sight or hearing. After that Lucy Lee's lips no longer trembled but were set in a tight line and her eyes, now dry, reflected her great suspense.

"Hyah comes *some*body!" The porter pointed through a window to where a bundled man on snow-shoes, with a black bag slung on his back, stepped gingerly over the top wire of the fence.

As Lucy saw, a hand went to her breast and she said stiffly: "This is Doctor McKenzie, Miss Mason."

He came quickly aboard, leaving his snow-shoes upended in the snow, and as he entered the nurse eyed him doubtfully. A woolen cap was drawn about his ears and the rat collar of his jacket covered his mouth. He stamped the snow from his cruiser-boots and shook off his fur gloves and leaned low to wipe the snow-water from his face.

When he straightened, he was looking directly at Lucy Lee. "Why, hello, Lucy!" he said, with a surprised laugh. "Didn't expect to meet you to-day; didn't know you were planning a trip."

"I—I came unexpectedly, Don," she said weakly.

But he gave no heed and, as though Lucy were of little importance, he asked: "Who's in trouble?"

Until then Miss Mason had not spoken but had stood eying him with a manner that had changed from doubt to one which approached hostility. His face was smooth and tanned by many winds; his hair was light and short; his eyes blue and boyish and without gravity. He shook open his coat and displayed a gray "soo" shirt over one of blue flannel. He looked more a timber-cruiser than a physician.

"This way, doctor," the nurse said, and turned abruptly.

He remarked to Lucy as he followed that his cutter was lost in a drift, his horse sheltered in a farmer's barn and that he had been on the go since yesterday. They caught him at Fred Millard's—thank Heaven the telephone-lines were open—and he had cut through the swamp.

HE SAT down wearily beside his patient and looked at her face as he took her pulse. "Oh, you're the nurse who talked last night," he interrupted, as Miss Mason gave him what she knew of the history of the case. "I wanted to hear you, but I was trying to get through the storm ahead of a baby about that time."

The woman did not respond to his smile but seemed to be annoyed because he did not concentrate on the case. It was no time, her face showed, to talk of yesterday.

But his mind was not wandering, for he said next: "Two weeks since the tonsillitis?" He removed the ice-pack and quite gently, beginning just behind the lobe of the right ear, traced a slow line upward with his finger-tips. The patient winced at that, but when, reaching the triangular conjunction of skull-bones behind the helix, he pressed slightly, she threw herself away and screamed.

"Um! Guess this train won't move far to-day," he said. "Lucky they caught me at Millard's, or I'd been gone up the road. The 'flu' is taking hold, Miss Mason."

He rose and led the nurse from the stateroom.

"Mastoid," he said. "And we haven't much time."

No particular concern about him; no concentration or apparent haste in his manner. He rubbed his palms slowly.

"A long time ago, when I first started, I was caught like this without instruments. Now when I start into a blizzard I carry everything I own, including snow-shoes." He smiled boyishly into Miss Mason's anxious face and her mouth tightened in disapproval at this talk of himself. "There's a Norwegian living over yonder—about a half-mile, I'd say. That's the only available place to operate."

"But how are you going to move her?"

"I'll find a way," he said, and picked up his coat. "You and Lucy get her ready for outdoors. Take all the blankets you can pile on her."

The porter, who had heard, said: "Doctor, I'm sorry, but that's again' the rules."

"Rules be hung! Help Miss Mason get the blankets!"

"I cain't do it, sah——"

"And a half-dozen clean sheets, too. Do as I tell you." No threat, no waste of words; but there was a crack to his voice that checked protest and for the first time an assured dignity appeared through his boyish manner and his rough clothing.

He went, and Lucy watched him cross the fence and disappear through trees and snow at a jogging trot. The sick girl, now ominously silent, was partly dressed; blankets were brought out and the porter hurried to

Continued on page 65

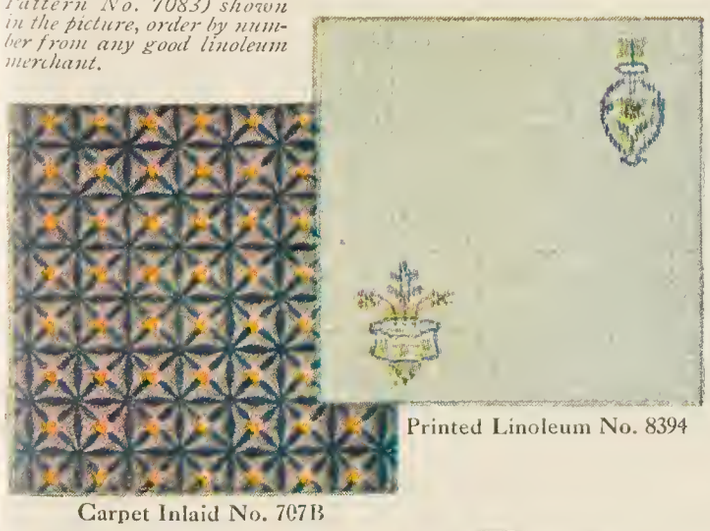
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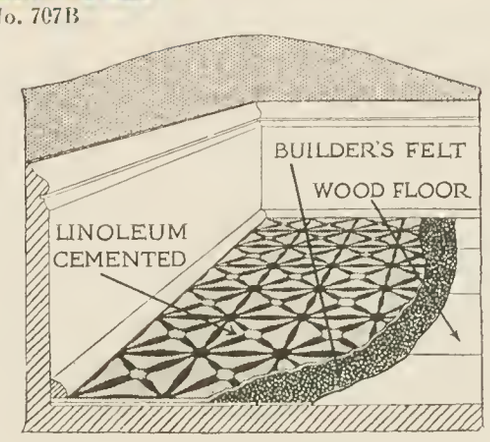
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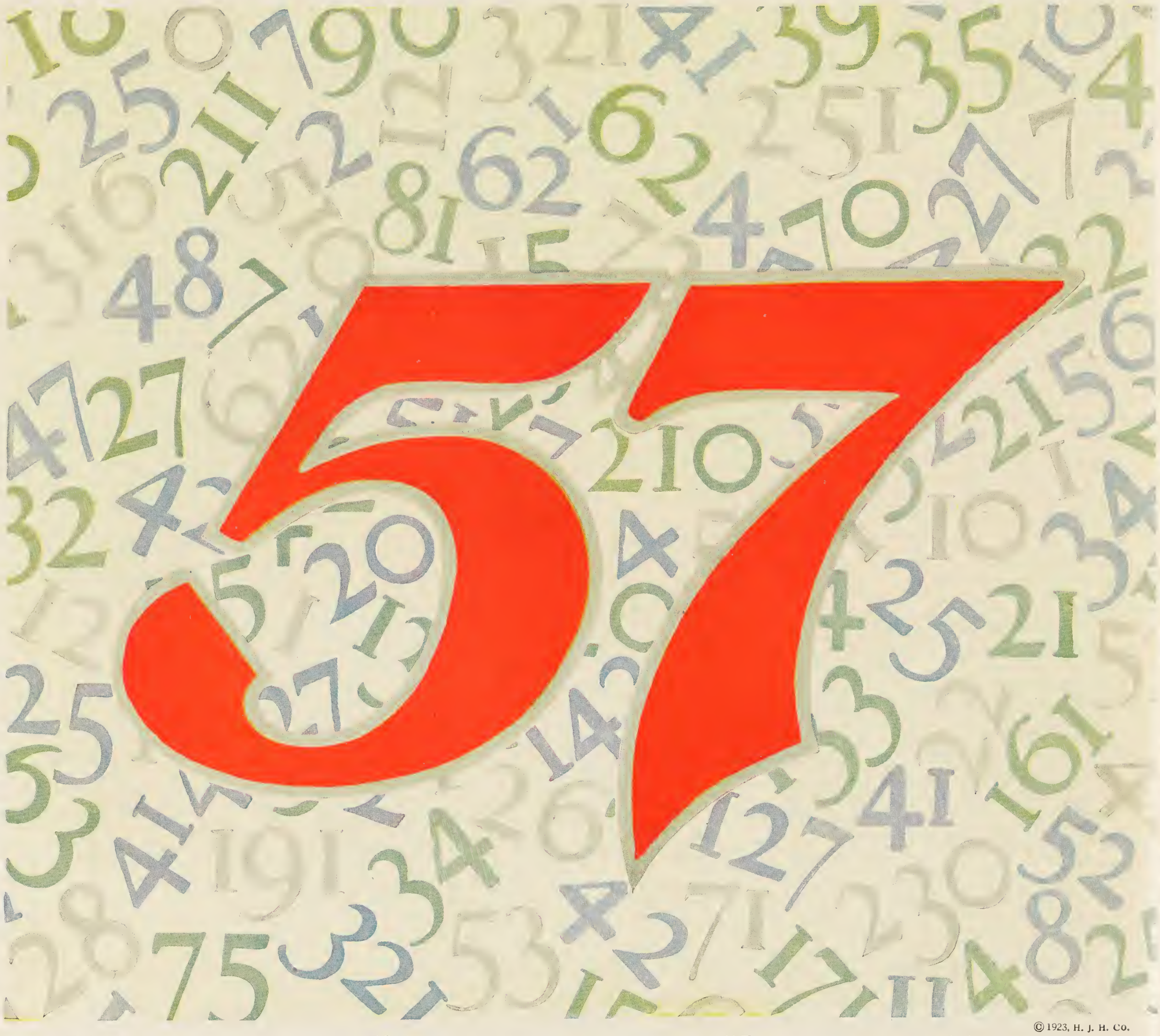
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THE BIG THING

Continued from page 62

fill the bottle with hot water. Lucy Lee hovered about, frightened, useless, but behind her reaction to the immediate circumstance was something else: that dismay which had followed her awakening had grown incredibly now.

Soon McKenzie was back, dragging a crude toboggan.

When he looked at the patient, bundled thickly, he said: "Good. Porter, take three more blankets and make a pad for the toboggan. Lucy, I got a pair of old skis for you."

The girl's eyes opened wide with wonder. "You want me to go?"

The doctor hesitated. "I need somebody else, Lucy. I—I doubt whether your train will get started to-night anyhow. There's nobody at home except the old woman, and she's no good. You can ski and that will help us over——"

"Of course she will go," said Miss Mason decisively.

Confused thoughts tumbling through her mind, Lucy prepared herself and helped lift the girl down to the toboggan. Then, before she realized—so quickly did McKenzie work—she was between the ropes he had rigged and skiing behind him, helping pull the patient and Miss Mason, who, on her knees at the girl's feet, watched this process skeptically.

They went over a buried panel of the fence and into the pines, McKenzie straining against the rope across his breast, shoes sinking deeply into the soft going. Lucy's thin gloves were poor protection and her hands chilled quickly until they ached.

"Slap 'em," panted the doctor, when he understood. "Don't let 'em freeze, because we need all the hands we own."

Needed her hands! *We*—he and Miss Mason! There was no consideration for her in his voice; she did not count, except that she possessed hands!

Soon they discerned the buildings and, as they came near, a door opened and a stooped old woman looked out. Then they were inside, McKenzie peering into the pans on the stove as he pulled off his outer clothing.

"Six towels?"

The woman nodded.

"When did they boil?"

She pointed to the clock and muttered in broken English.

"Now another pan and keep the kettle boiling. Lucy, wash out that basin." He pointed to an encrusted vessel on a suds-slopped bench against the wall.

THE room was small and low and dirty. The bed on which the girl lay was dirty, the floor tracked, the stove red with rust and gray with grease, the windows dingy, the lamp-chimney smoked and the air foul. In the center of it all young McKenzie stood, rolling up his sleeves.

"Got a bed in the other room?"

The woman nodded.

"Stove too? Good. Build a fire right away and take all your bedding off and use what we brought. See?"

He turned to Miss Mason and gave orders quickly in the same manner, almost bruskly; and the strange fact to Lucy Lee was that the nurse executed them without a word of comment. Last night the iron-gray woman had seemed to her the embodiment of dignified importance, and yet now, in this dingy place, beside youthful, rough McKenzie, she seemed devoid of personality, acting only when he spoke.

The doctor shook an array of instruments into boiling water and swept the kitchen table clear of dishes and pans. He told Lucy, when through with the wash-basin, to clean the lamp-chimney. "How are your hands?" he asked as an afterthought, and before she could reply—he did not even look at them—he was spreading blankets over the table. He ordered newspapers, which went over the blankets, then a sheet across them all.

Lucy stood beside the white and silent girl while Miss Mason and the doctor scrubbed their hands in lather, the odor of disinfectant in the air. McKenzie was talking—influenza, pneumonia, the small chance by which he was reached, the miles he had been on snow-shoes. But his sentences were short and terse, as if he really were not much concerned with those things, as if his mind were on something more important. This talk swirled about Lucy, who scarcely heard it; the other girl was so sick and white, her breath so short. She saw Miss Mason watching the doctor closely, saw that she listened and that her mouth tightened and a strange light grew in her eyes. Doubt was coming into Miss Mason's face—a queer sort of doubt.

Lucy Lee felt slightly dizzy and put out a hand to steady herself; then she looked about sharply, like one trapped and seeking escape. Quick tears sprang into her eyes and she brushed them away angrily.

McKenzie was talking to her about the lamp, showing her just how to hold it, telling her sternly that it would take a long time and that she must not let her nerves get out of hand; that it was now a matter of life and death, with death favored in the odds, but that they were all going to do their best.

The ghastly breathing of the girl as she went under the anesthetic was trying, and with a sharp ache in the pit of her stomach Lucy saw the needle pierce the upturned cheek and then the ear—saw the stitch that held the ear folded forward out of the way. A swift curving incision, a trickle of blood, bared bone. McKenzie moved with an economy of effort, finishing with one instrument, putting it down, taking another from the steaming towel spread over a chair-seat. Then, finally, came the sickening tap of the polished hammer as it drove the small chisel into the skull.

LEANING low over his patient, silent and swift of action, the young doctor worked. He struck light, sharp, decisive blows, and as the blade traced its slow line on the bone Lucy turned her face away. The lamp in her hands was a great weight, a burden and she clutched it with both hands.

"Higher, Lucy!"

She looked back at this rebuke and realized that her hands had sagged and that the light was not falling where he had directed. A lump came into her throat. She felt of even less consequence; just holding the lamp and not even holding it well. Somehow these two had shouldered her out of the situation after insisting that she was needed. She was there; she had scrubbed a dirty wash-basin, cleaned a chimney and now was holding the lamp, helping as a properly hung wire might have helped—only not so well. Any other could have done as much—perhaps more. She began to feel sorry for herself.

And she was conscious all the time of the squalor which made her want to gather her skirt close and keep from touching anything. She experienced an unreasonable resentment against McKenzie because he had brought the sick girl here. Probably he knew no better anyhow.

She looked at Miss Mason then for sympathy. The woman held the mask close to the girl's face and her fingers were almost constantly on the pulse. Now and then she lifted the bottle of anesthetic; occasionally she glanced at the face of the watch before her and counted; and once or twice her gaze went to the scar on which McKenzie worked and thence to his face, and at these times Lucy saw that in the penetrating eyes was a growing wonder. The doubt was gone!

That was a shock. Last night, to-day, until this hour, Miss Mason had been dominant. The conductor had shriveled before her; the porter had been humble. But since arriving in this place she had been almost servile in obeying orders, and after that she could be almost reverent for the man who had given them!

Lucy forgot the sickening bite of the chisel; her head was not bothered by the smell of ether; she was less conscious of the squalor about her.

"Higher, Lucy!"

As McKenzie wiped at the oozing wound with a bit of gauze, he spoke again and bruskly; but this time Lucy did not rebel. She moved a bit closer and held the lamp out from her body. A half-hour had gone by and her arms ached, but she shut her teeth and held steady, and her eyes were fixed on the bowed profile of the doctor. Her expression had changed; her dismay was gone; the rebellion against being considered so negligible had disappeared; her eyes were wider—wonder was growing in them—and they were very bright indeed.

The man seemed tireless. He scarcely

Concluded on page 66



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For household and personal use



THE BIG THING

Concluded from page 65

changed the angle of his stoop and the tapping of his small hammer became more rapid, sharper, more assured. Now and then he spoke a brief word to Miss Mason, but Lucy did not understand.

THE tapping stopped abruptly and McKenzie began scraping with a curette. He was so quick, so sure, displaying no hint of hesitancy, seeming to know just where each move was taking him. And he was all action. He could not have been more dramatically active had he been running on his snow-shoes through the blizzard. The raspy grit of his instrument set Lucy's nerves tingling again, but she gripped the lamp tighter and shifted her weight and looked at Miss Mason for reassurance.

Their gaze met for an instant, and in the woman's eyes was a smile with the seriousness there; the smile was of unmistakable admiration, and Lucy knew that the approval was not for her but for the bent man, who looked like a lumberjack and who was scraping loose the hold of death. It was incredible that Miss Mason should look like that, here and now! After Bulgaria and France and Siberia and all the big part she had in big things, it was incredible that she could indicate the highest admiration for this——

A thrill ran through the girl. Was not this big? Was it not thrilling in its way? Were not the day's events unusual and spectacular? Ordinary things to her, but in that moment she seemed emancipated from her ordered point of view. In Bulgaria, in France, in Siberia—why, he would have had no more need of resourcefulness there, and had he simply been there it would have been considered an unusual, dramatic experience. A country doctor, yes; but last night's baby, coming to life in a blizzard, his abandoned cutter, the pneumonia patient somewhere in the forest to be reached on snow-shoes—why, his life must be filled with things like this. And now Lucy Lee was helping in it to the best of her small ability!

Another half-hour. The scraping became irregular, ceased.

"That will do, Lucy. Good girl!"

Through the mist in her eyes she saw him standing erect, unrolling gauze. To all appearances he was unconscious of her presence, but he had said: "Good girl!" She had never before been thanked like that—casually, on a big occasion; always it had been elaborately and for little things. She had had a part, a small part, but she had done well enough to have him thank her, and remorse rose up in her breast.

The sick girl was in bed, sleeping naturally. The old woman had gone out to the barn. McKenzie, washing his instruments slowly, as though tired, smiled; there was triumph in his eyes, a splendid confidence, the glory in achievement, but he yawned.

"Got to get back to Millard's," he said. "Two hours through this going; but if I'm not there, they'll shut the windows and there will be no mother in the house by morning." He yawned again.

"I'll look after things here, doctor."

""That's fine of you, Miss Mason. I hate to drag you into a case like this. They're my life, but it's small apples for you." He chuckled. "I'll have her people here as quick as the roads are open. She'll be very sick for a few days anyhow, and of course they may not need to come." He said that grimly as he put his instruments back into the bag. "But we've done our best!"

"It is not small apples for me, doctor. It is quite big enough, thank you. And—your best is very good."

That pleased him, and he looked into the nurse's older eyes with a frank smile as he said: "Thank you. I'm trying to be a pretty good doctor."

He met Lucy's gaze as he drew on his coat and into his tired face came a shade of worry.

"I—I don't like to break up your trip, Lucy," he said almost humbly, so different from his manner of the previous hour. "If you will keep Miss Mason company and help her until the roads are open, we'll let you go on." He looked steadily into her face, his worry grown to trouble. "You didn't tell me you were going away. I—where—what is your plan?"

FOR a moment she did not reply, and Miss Mason, attracted by her silence and the conflict of expression, looked closely.

"Don, my plan was to find something—a long way off. But I found it close at home. I——"

"Lucy!" His voice was low and the color went from his face and flooded back again. "Lucy, you mean——"

"I wrote you a letter, telling you why I left, Don. It's in your office now. I mailed it last night." She made a sound which was half-laugh, half-sob. "Last night! It seems last year. But, Don—I've only one thing to ask you ever again: Please don't read that letter!" She half-lifted one hand to him in a gesture of appeal and then let it drop limply to her side and hung her head. "I started looking for the big thing," she said in a whisper. "I found it here—at home—with you."

"Miss Mason," said McKenzie very soberly, "I think I hear the patient stirring."

The nurse went quickly, almost in a rush, and closed the door behind her so she could not hear—or see.



THE BEHIND LEGS OF THE 'ORSE

Continued from page 6

the hind legs of the horse, Pierre told me. In the trenches one day, Pierre had talked to Doucet of art and had illustrated by showing Doucet how the hind legs of a horse should be acted, and Doucet had conceived then and there the idea of "*Vive la République.*" He had picked up Georges and trained the poor blockhead to be the fore legs of a horse. He, Doucet, had given an exhibition behind the lines for the soldiers. Doucet had added this and that. Doucet had built up "*Vive la République*" there and had remade and rebuilt it after the war. But all on the hind legs, you understand.

And Doucet knew, Pierre told me, that the whole show still hung on the hind legs. The hind legs were the cornerstone of the show, the solid foundation of art on which it rested. Audiences came, critics came and all exclaimed at the marvelous art of "*Vive la République,*" but none but Doucet had the brains to see that without Pierre Rochambeau in the "behind legs of those 'orse" the vital spark of art would be missing. He was the touchstone, was Pierre. So Pierre told me. Because he was near to perfection, the other members of the company felt the urge of art and amounted to something—not so much, but something.

"I know how it is, Mr. Rochambeau," I told the serious little man. "I know what art is. I'm in the button business myself, and I buy and sell buttons—pearl buttons. But when I see a perfect pearl button I—well, my heart is happy. You understand? I want to throw up the whole buying and selling business and get me a little cutting-machine and just do nothing but make buttons—perfect pearl buttons, absolutely perfect pearl buttons—better and better buttons all the time—and keep them!"

"You are artist!" Pierre cried, and grapsed my hand.

"Well, I guess everybody feels that way once in a while," I said. "The woman who makes a perfect cake and the bookkeeper who finishes a perfect ledger page. We'd all have that feeling if we weren't so damn busy all the time."

Continued on page 69



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THE BEHIND LEGS OF THE 'ORSE

Continued from page 66

But Pierre wouldn't have it that way. He seemed to think the world was almost bare of real artists nowadays. He said he knew of only three: he was one and I was another and there was one more—a lady. That started him again, and he told me he had all his life avoided the ladies. His art was too important. He could not afford to give one thought to the ladies, for that one thought would have been stolen from his art; his "behind legs of those 'orse" would have suffered. It might have been different if he had met a kindred soul—a lady with an art as great as his own—but that had never been. Until now!

Until now! He had for years thought it impossible, but he had met a lady who, he was sure, could appreciate a great artist. Here in America, too! A great artist herself—the only other great artist in the world! He was very happy, and very miserable, but perhaps— Who knows?

"Au revoir, m'sieu! Eet ees to be hope we meet again!"

THE affair was breaking up and I got up and shook hands with Pierre and moved over near Cargay, in case he had any message to send to brother William, and then hunted up my wife's wraps and we went home. That was Sunday, of course, and the next night I went to see "*Vive la République*" again; I went to see the "behind legs of those 'orse," I should say. I'm ashamed to say I could not make much out of them. The fore end of the horse was as funny as a box of monkeys, but I could not see that the hind legs did anything but follow the front end of the horse around, as they had to, being sewed in the same sack, as you might say.

I was sorry. I hoped that, possibly, Pierre might have been sick that night and some understudy doing the hind legs, but I did not believe it. I knew the little man was there, his back bent and his hands on Georges Barbeau's back, his legs walking here and there, his feet lifting and putting down the hoofs, his legs going through ridiculous clowning contortions; but I could not see the great art in it. But I'm only a button merchant. You have to learn a lot of these things, like Browning and Ibsen and that fellow who paints that queer stuff everybody is so crazy about. I went back to see Pierre and told him he was wonderful and talked with him while I hung around waiting for my wife. She does a dance following the "*Vive la République*" numbers. She's good, too. Wonderful!

So I got into the habit of dropping into Pierre's room while he got rid of his makeup. We talked a lot, like a couple of Dutch uncles. He was improving all the time, he told me. He had been studying American horses and had introduced some American-horse changes into his hind-leg impersonation. He thought he felt a response from the audiences, he said.

"But how about Georges?" I asked him. "Won't it be odd, sort of, if Georges goes right ahead being the front end of a French horse while you are the hind legs of an American horse?"

"Ah! you forget ze great art!" Pierre exclaimed. "Those front parts of those 'orse are for ze trash, for ze thickheads, for ze crowd. Those crowd ha-ha at those front end of 'orse, like fools, but ze artist souls know ze great art, they are touch by ze great art of Pierre Rochambeau, they see those behind legs only, m'sieu. It is for ze art soul Pierre do those behind legs."

That was all right, too. Me, I'm not an artist, as I said before, so I could not appreciate those "behind legs of those 'orse," but I got an idea that probably the real folks—the artists who won medals and so forth—did see the bigness of Pierre's fine artistry. No man could be as serious about it as Pierre was, I felt, without having the genuine art article in his soul. I did admire the little man, studying his horses and his books.

He came off the stage one night quite excited. He had found, after all these years, the one who was able to appreciate his art—one who was great enough in art to know and recognize great art. He could feel, he said, their hearts leap together and embrace. He was tremendously uplifted and almost incoherent. For weeks he had been practising a new quiver of the fetlock joint as he lifted the left hind hoof. He had seen one horse quiver thus—a horse of some thirty years of age. The quiver represented age and weariness and muscular deterioration, and it was very difficult to portray, Pierre said, but he had seen in the eyes of the Wonderful One as he came off stage that she had seen and appreciated.

At last, he told me eagerly, he had found the heart and the artist soul at whose feet he could lay his art. He had found the Wonderful One worthy of his love. Now, he said, he could begin to live; now he would be inspired to greater efforts, to finer art.

He would, he told me, take the Wonderful One and return to France. Dear France understood art as America could not. Dear France would understand the art of the Wonderful One as America did not and it would welcome Pierre and the Wonderful One.

"She is great artist," Pierre said, "but she is so great artist she will wish to give all for Pierre. In dear France she will be those front part of 'orse. Doucet? Pah! Contract? Pah! America? Pah!"

I gathered that he meant to take her by the hand, this Wonderful One, and fly to Paris. He had not said a word to her yet, but that was all right—Art would fly to Art. I suggested that perhaps the Wonderful One might have ties, but Pierre scoffed at ties. His art would beckon and she would come. He would instruct her; she was a true artist; in four months or five months she would be a perfect fore part of a horse.

As he talked he let his excited brain build his cloud castle. He would build a show around the "'orse"—he would call it "Rah for America!" Paris would be wild about it—London—New York—some time in the future, South America!

For a week or two I listened to Pierre's eagerness. No, he had not spoken to the Wonderful One; it was not necessary—the heart of an artist spoke to the heart of an artist without words. She understood! Her eyes spoke!

I was a little doubtful about this, but, being in the button business, I may have become a little too much inclined toward wanting contracts written out in black and white. I did tell my wife about Pierre and asked her if she had seen anything to indicate that his soulmate was ready and willing, but she had noticed nothing. She had no idea who the Wonderful One might be. She said she would keep her eyes open and let me know.

I THINK the money offered by Magnet Films was more than Doucet could withstand. At any rate, the figure I heard was an even million dollars, with a percentage added, and "*Vive la République*" was duly filmed. There was a private showing in the little Gold-Drop Theater, and as Bessie had half a dozen tickets, I was one of the favored ones. I was standing in the lobby when Pierre entered the theater and he stopped to press my hand; had we been in Paris he would have kissed my cheek, I suppose. He was quite excited—quite trembling with excitement.

"You come to see ze cinema—yes?" he bubbled. "I too, m'sieu. Imagine, it is ze first time that Pierre Rochambeau see Pierre

Concluded on page 70

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THE BEHIND LEGS OF THE 'ORSE

Concluded from page 69

Rochambeau in those behind legs of those 'orse! I geef myself those great treat to-day, yes? And more, m'sieu: To-day I shall speak to ze Wonderful One. This may be au revoir, m'sieu! Ah—one minute."

He darted across the lobby and I saw him bow low in his fur-collared coat to Doucet and Mlle. Martin and Bessie.

"So that's how it goes, is it? Ma'mselle Martin is the Wonderful One, is she? There are no flies on Pierre; he knows an artist when he sees one."

My estimate of Pierre's good sense revised itself right there. Artist soul might or might not speak to artist soul, but the quaint, clever, trixy Mlle. Martin would certainly be able to put joy and humor into the fore part of that horse if any one could. I sat through the seven reels of "*Vive la République*" and judged that it would be something of a failure in New York and a tremendous success outside of New York. In the lobby I waited for Bessie, but when she came she was with the "*Vive la République*" crowd and they were going across the street for a supper—"on Doucet," as she told me—but I begged off. I told her I would go on home and send the car back, but she said she could pick up a cab and not to bother.

BESSIE came in between twelve and one and tossed her wraps on a chair. She came and stood beside me.

"Henry," she said.

"Yes? What is it?" I asked, looking up at her.

"I don't know just how I want to say it," she said, pulling off her gloves. "It is—perhaps it is a favor I want to ask you. It is about Pierre—Pierre Rochambeau, the little Frenchman——"

"The 'behind legs of those 'orse,'" I smiled. "Yes, go on!"

"He's coming to you to apologize," Bessie said. "He has been making eyes at me for quite a while—as dozens do, you know—and to-night he spoke to me. He asked me to elope with him."

"By George!"

"No; wait! Don't laugh, please," Bessie continued. "Wait till I am through. He was quite serious. He said he and I were the only two real artists in the world. He said artist soul spoke to artist soul and he knew I understood. He said I was the only artist worthy to be his companion. He asked me to go to France with him——"

"And be the fore part of the horse!" I chortled.

Bessie seated herself on the edge of a chair and smoothed her gloves against her knee.

"Yes," she said quite soberly, "and be the fore part of the horse."

"But, my heavens, Bess!" I cried. "You don't mean you would?"

"What nonsense!" She smiled and I was reassured. "No; it isn't that, Henry. It is that I like Pierre——"

"So do I." I said.

"And I'd hate to have him made ridiculous, for he is an artist," she continued. "He said all this—made this proposal—when we were in the box before the film was run off. I wanted to laugh at him, but I didn't, Henry. He was so serious; it seemed to mean so much to him. So I told him I was honored, but that I couldn't—I was American, and so forth, and couldn't. And I happened to mention you. He had not guessed that you were my husband."

"By George!" I exclaimed again.

"So this is what I want to ask, Henry," Bessie said. "He is coming to apologize to you and beg your pardon. I think he may think you will want to fight him, or something. He thinks he has stained your honor, quite unintentionally, but that you are entitled to redress."

"And you don't want me to beat up the little fellow?" I asked. "I won't. You don't think I would take him seriously, do you?"

"But that's just what I want you to do," Bessie said. "Beat him up, if you want to, but don't laugh at him! Just—take him seriously. Won't you, please? For he is an artist—a great artist."

"Madame," I said, "it shall be as you wish. I will be firm but kind with those 'behind legs of those 'orse!'"

I asked her when Pierre expected to see me.

"He is coming now," she said. "I told him to let me see you first—that I might be able to calm you."

"Well, I'm mighty sleepy to be sternly dignified," I said, "but I'll do my best. Was he at the supper?"

"No, poor litt.e man!" Bessie said, meaning Pierre.

He came ten or fifteen minutes later and I cut short a yawn and tried to look the indignant husband. "Well?" I demanded as he entered, and I tried to make the word stingingly harsh, although I am not much good at that sort of thing.

PIERRE'S hand trembled as he put his gloves and hat and cane on the table. Then he turned his face toward me and looked up into my eyes. I don't know whether he was trying to be brazen or manly or what, but he failed. He stood a moment in his elegant coat with the fur collar, like something in a French triangle play, but as he looked up at me his face began to twitch and his lips to quiver and the tears flooded his eyes. For just a moment he was the lover facing the irate husband, and the next moment he clapped his hands to his face and dropped into a chair, crumpled and sobbing—nothing but a poor little tyke of a broken-hearted Frenchman. And sobbed! And did not do a confounded thing but sob!

I heard Bessie's heels hit the floor as she swung to a sitting position on the couch, and she was on her knees beside Pierre quite as quickly as I was able to clap a friendly hand on his shoulder, for I have never seen a man break down so utterly. A child cries so, sometimes, over a broken toy.

"Pierre, don't!" Bessie was begging, and I was saying "Come, now, brace up!" or something of the sort. It must have been fifteen minutes before the little rat of a man dared take his hands from his face, and then he showed a face in which nothing but utterly hopeless misery had a place. Bessie wiped his face with her handkerchief.

"What is it, Pierre? What is the matter?" she asked, good scout that she is. For a full minute or more he stared at the floor.

"I have see!" he said then. "I onderstand! I am complete fool, me! You were most kind," he said to Bessie. "You say you have hosband and you can not leave heem. You were most kind to these miserable Pierre; you have not tol' heem he is not artist."

"But Pierre!" Bessie cried. "You are! You are a great artist!"

"No!" he said, with that short, sharp French negative. "I have see! I have been beeg fool! I have been have those swell head! I have been theenk I am artist, and I am bom artist. I am no-good artist. I am poonk!" And to me he said: "I am not worth the keek!"

HE AROSE and gathered up his hat and cane and gloves.

"Since I am leetle boy," he said, "I theenk I am great artist of those 'orse; I theenk I am wonderful. I laugh at those Georges Barbeau. I theenk I am greatest artist in whole worl'. I am proud. I ask you to go away with Pierre Rochambeau because you are great artist and I am great artist. But to-night, first time, I see those Pierre Rochambeau in those behind legs of those 'orse!"

He made a gesture that indicated that Pierre Rochambeau in the hind legs of that horse was ignorant poor trash and no artist at all.

"I am no good!" he said. "I am to those Georges Barbeau like one spoil egg to the beeg banquet of art!"

He walked to the door.

"But Pierre! Wait!" Bessie called. "Where are you going? What are you going to do?"

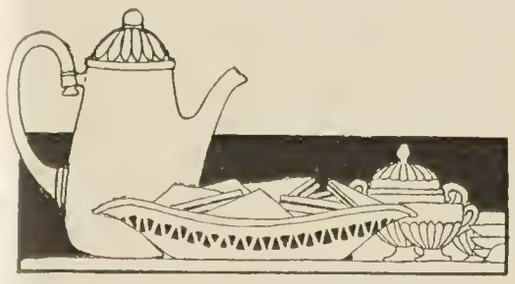
"Me—I go back to my France and study those behind legs of those 'orse ten, twenty year. Au revoir!"

The door closed behind him. I looked at Bessie and grinned, but she did not smile.

"Bess," I said, "do you think he will actually quit Doucet and go back to France?"

My wife looked at me with surprise.

"Why, of course!" she said. "He is an artist, isn't he?"



THE LISTENING GIRL

Continued from page 15

and you are peace and plenty. Don't you see?" And she was gone out of his hands as she spoke.

He turned toward the fireplace in complete bewilderment, lighted a cigaret and stared into its smoke. He heard no sound until there was Marya's voice again, nearly in his ear.

"But, you see, the funny part is that I also wonder about something else. Tell me: Do you think a man can be a hard-working patriot?"

"Why not? I'm hard-working and I'm a patriot!"

"Oh, I didn't mean you!" she said.

JORDAN'S secretary did his work well. When the senator got up to speak a week later, there lay on his desk before him small hummocks of pamphlets and larger hills of weighty books. In between were rolling acres of typewritten material in a disorder which suggested frequent consultation. Mrs. Jordan and Marya were in the gallery to hear him. They sat in the front row among other "families of senators" and like them forgot every now and then and put their arms on the railing. Emily Jordan was quite tense. It was to be her husband's first notable speech. She looked anxiously and fondly down on the part in his hair and the curve of his shoulders. Marya, beside her, gave a moment's pleasant thrill to more than one dignified eye that roved upward to catch the radiant life she seemed to typify, demurely dressed though she was in a shade of faded green, her hair tucked primly close to her head under a spotted veil. She, too, felt a strain of anxiety as Jordan got to his feet.

He spoke very easily and naturally—with extraordinary composure, Emily thought, considering everything. From the hills and hummocks before him he would select now one amazing piece of statistics and now another. His wealth of information ranged from the barley acreage in Wynaskas and adjoining States, by counties, to the acceptance liabilities of national banks in the United States and Possessions, by cities.

At last he stopped. His voice dropped from its note of impressive information. There were, almost, tears in it, as he said:

"It is with the utmost seriousness, it is with the utmost realization of the fact that this measure means more than politics, more than ambition, more than hope, that I support it before this honorable body!"

He sat down.

"Mr. President—" Senator Martin was on his feet—"I desire to call up Senate Resolution Number 2235, to which objection was made——"

Marya was bewildered. No one apparently had paid any attention to Jordan's noble effort. They had changed the subject immediately. Why hadn't they argued, discussed?

Mrs. Jordan tried to explain the curious working of the Senate's rules.

"Every one speaks who wants to, you know. The Senate is like a juggler keeping eighteen balls in the air at once! Look—it's quarter to one. Let's go down to lunch."

"I saw Mr. Marbury over at the side," Marya said.

"I hope he keeps away from us," Mrs. Jordan answered.

But Marbury was waiting just outside the door as they emerged from the gallery. No consciousness of evil blotted his beaming smile.

"It was a great speech, Mrs. Jordan," he said, shaking her hand enthusiastically. "A great speech. Very erudite and very eloquent."

Mrs. Jordan extricated herself with a murmured excuse about meeting some one and slipped down the stairs to the marbled anteroom, where she found her husband. Marbury fell upon Marya.

There were crowds in the corridors and down the turn of the stairs—little groups, melting and changing their patterns. There was the soft shuffle of feet on the stone floors, hushed voices, a sort of hurly-burly subdued to a general sense of fitness and willingness to make this place a dignified place in spite of lobbyists and sightseers and visiting friends. Marya liked it. She was just about to comment on it to Marbury when she realized that she must not, that she was here alone and defenseless, with nothing but her twelve sentences between him and her. She tried to hurry along, to get back to the Jordans' sheltering wings.

"I have to thank *you* for this, really, I suppose," he said.

"*Please*—" she deprecated.

"Seriously, I know you helped. For one thing, I know from Commander Blake; and for another, I think you were interested, and if you were interested you would have contributed—much!"

"Thank you."

"You don't come up here often?"

"One doesn't really care to."

"I want to tell the senator how fine his speech was."

Marya saw with relief that he was looking about for the senator,

"Have you seen him?"

"No." They had reached the foot of the stairs. "Let's join him and Mrs. Jordan and see if we can lunch together. Or no—perhaps they would like to lunch alone? I know how my wife would be if I had done something: she would want to tell me all about it."

"I fancy so."

He stopped and held out his hand to her. "I will say good-by to you here. You are a very wonderful girl!"

Marya hurriedly overtook the Jordans.

"I had to use only six of my dozen!" she laughed. "But I was frightened!"

"I never knew you were besieged, or I would have organized a rescue." Jordan smiled down at her.

"Oh, I got out of it; and with six left—think of it!"

Meanwhile Marya was wondering what had become of Vladimir. She had known, even before she saw him that morning in the diplomat's gallery, that he had returned to town, for he had called up on the telephone when she was out and left his name.

She wondered how he had failed to see her, or, if he had recognized her in the gallery, why he had not joined her afterward. But she did not speculate very much about it—partly because she was hungry and partly because she was fascinated by the senators who came to their table and congratulated Jordan. She was preoccupied at the moment in seeing just how they did perform this more or less perfunctory job—from those who seemed in a kindly way pleased to welcome a new man, to those who quite clearly thought: "You do very well, considering that few could of course equal myself."

After luncheon, Jordan went back to the floor.

WHEN the others got back to the Jordans', they found Vladimir sitting in the drawing-room.

"I came in," he said to Mrs. Jordan, "to express my appreciation of the senator's speech."

Emily Jordan did some very fast thinking.

"This counts as an accidental meeting," she whispered to Marya. "You may talk, even though it is here in this house."

"I don't want to take a chance," Marya murmured. "I can manage, I'm sure."

"Shall I stay and help?"

"You needn't—unless you wish to."

Emily, longing for her regular nap, and mindful, too, of that previous scene between Vladimir and Marya, decided for the nap.

"I am to have my loan!" Vladimir cried, as soon as they were alone. "And I know who is to be thanked! Didn't I tell you, little Marya, that you had more than money or position for making true power?"

"Yes—" she said, lingeringly, as if admitting not quite complete agreement.

"Come, tell me you have missed me, tell me you have not been quite unconscious that I was away?"

He sat down beside her and put his arm around her. She let him.

"Of course not," she said.

"You have not kissed me!"

He drew her toward him, raised her face to his and bent slowly toward her as if he were peering into a brook.

Then she drew back.

"Please!" She said it so earnestly that he did indeed stop.

"Marya! You love me! You know that

Continued on page 72



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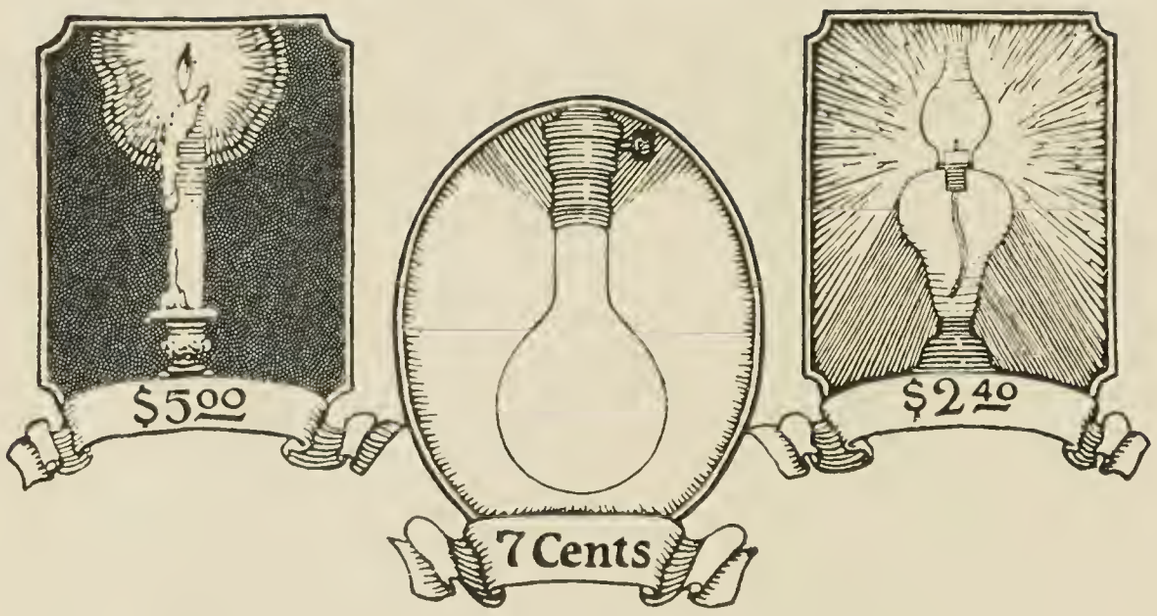
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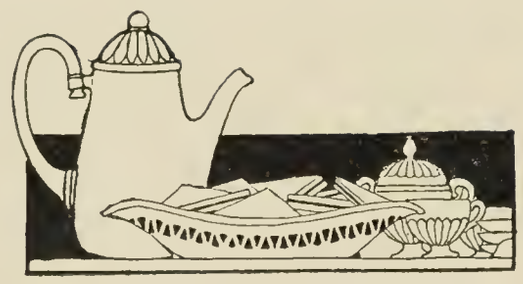
The pioneer carbon filament lamp gave cheap light as compared with oil or candles. But the MAZDA Lamp is 500% more efficient than its pioneer predecessor, which means that, with the same amount of current, you get six times as much light.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC





THE LISTENING GIRL

Continued from page 71

I love you! All these days I have been gone I have thought of you. Ah—so you smile? You say I have not written? Perhaps. But know, dear one, that when there are such cares as mine, traveling night and day, interviewing, speeches before great crowds—anxious crowds — not - too - good - smelling crowds in bad halls—it is impossible to write. You are worn out at the end."

"One does not always care to?"

"Care to? Of course I cared to! But you, who had understood all these years—you could understand a little longer?"

"Of course I understand."

"No; I can see you do not. Marya, my work is just beginning. This I am doing here in America is but preparation soon ended. In two months—I tell you this secretly—in two months I am to go home, to Rufania. It is arranged. I am not to be merely chargé for America. No! I am to be in the foreign office—in charge of foreign affairs! You shall see Rufania—its hills, its white walls of little towns solid against the crags that run straight down into the blue sea——"

His great eyes looked past her into a glorious future. His arm, still around her, was unconscious of her.

"I do, I *do*, I *DO* love him—just because he *is* impersonal—just because he can forget me—forget any woman—in his great dream——"

She kept saying it to herself over and over while he looked past her and went on:

"We shall bring industries to our little towns and machinery to set free the peasants from their hand-toil. We shall open up our mines and our millions of feet of lumber shall be——"

She was suddenly away from him. She was shivering. She was at the door—she was gone.

Vladimir was alone.

He stood there bewildered, as any man might have had a right to be under the circumstances. He walked to the fireplace. where he lighted a cigaret and stood for a long time looking into the smoke of it. But he heard nothing more. Finally, with a sense that he was going off with the family silver, he went down-stairs and let himself out the front door.

He walked down Sixteenth Street to the Lafayette and all the way up-stairs to his room.

His trunk was lying open on the floor and two capacious bags yawned in a corner. Books lay on the floor, on the sofa, on the dresser—books and tobacco.

"You are a bachelor's room!" he cried out loud to it. "You are a bachelor's room! Can I ever bring a woman into you? I do not know!"

He picked up the "Enchiridion" and began to read.

Then he stopped himself.

"No," he said. "I must pack once more and go." He found a time-table under the litter. "Five-thirty to New York. It is a dog's life!"

ALREADY the constellations of the crocuses had passed from the fountain edges in the squares and daffodils looked up and laughed to hear the cardinals scream. The mocking-birds were looking for nests in honeysuckle bushes and seeking food among the budding vines against old houses. Magnolias were bursting into pink-and-cream-colored waxiness, balloons burgeoning along Ninth Street, painters' gear hanging out against the White House, an airplane swinging high beyond the buzzards, furtive pickaninnies stealing blood-root in Rock Creek Park, thrifty auto-drivers getting their Maryland licenses, poor clerks eating their lunches out-of-doors and rich people getting their reservations for their Summer flitting.

For Washington's early Spring had come.

It was long since the Liberal Journalist, Morse, had seen the Jordans. For one thing he had been off doing an assignment for his weekly in the strike-riven sections of Pennsylvania. He had not been about "the hill" half a day before he had guessed the new and influential position Jordan had reached. Both because of this new importance of Jordan's and because of his personal friendship he was glad to be told that the senator would be happy to see him that afternoon at his house. He dropped in there the afternoon of

March 26

"Glad to see you," Jordan said. "Mrs. Jordan is out—finishing off the season's duty, she calls it. She'll be back presently."

Jordan's once hesitant manner, Morse observed, had been lost entirely during those weeks of sitting in with Harkins and the rest of the Inner Ring. He had taken to standing on the hearth-rug. His hands, hanging at his sides, no longer hunted for his pockets. His manner had become pontifical. As his wife came into the room, he looked at her with a solemn, silent look of which, six months before, Morse felt, he would have been entirely incapable.

At last he drew from his pocket a newspaper clipping.

"You'll be interested in this, Emily," he said. "You may be, too, Morse."

MRS JORDAN, too, had felt the rapid education of environment. A hat of cedar color, a dotted veil, a slight touch of rouge, a permanent wave, a heavily embroidered gown straight from Wilkie's had transformed the first lady of Wynaskas into a regular lady of Washington. Morse thought he even missed a slight modicum of her nasal drawl—though that would be the last to go—when she rang for tea and said, crisply but assuredly:

"Hurry it, please." Then to her husband: "I've done eighteen 'out' and eleven 'receiving,' so I didn't stop for tea anywhere. What have you there?"

"This," he said, handing her the clipping, "is from the *State Journal*. Two-column spread on the front page. It suggests me for Vice-President. Of course there's nothing to that—too far ahead and so on."

Emily knew that the *State Journal* had been an anti-Jordan paper. This was important. She seized the clipping and waved it gaily at Blake as he strolled in.

"Listen, Enoch. Mr. Morse, you won't mind? 'His advocacy,' " she read, " 'of the Marbury finance legislation in the face of probable opposition by the farmers has proved his capacity for leadership. The country is tired of men who wait to hear what their constituents want. They are sent to Washington for the express purpose of finding out what is best for their constituents and telling them about it. Already the agricultural interests of the Middle West realize that this measure will bring to our farmers an era of solid prosperity. Senator Jordan was the first to recognize it and to stand courageously for its passage. . . . ' "

Blake burst into shouts of laughter The absurd smallness of the little acorn from which this oak was apparently growing was too much for him. His aunt looked at him severely.

"I don't think the Vice-Presidency is such a poor job," she said.

Mrs. Jordan turned to Morse and absorbed him in the flow of her words while she discussed the office of Vice-President. Screened by her voice, Blake said quietly to his uncle:

"I hear the Rufanian chargé is to go back home the sixth of April. If it's true, I'm game to pay up—end our bet now. I've lost. And I want to give Marya a real chance."

"What do you mean?" said his uncle. "To tell you the truth, I rather thought *you*——"

"I do. And I've had my chance. Now I'll play fair and give Marya hers. Let's call it off. I'll pay. And we'll invite him to dinner. What do you say?"

Marya came into the room as he spoke.

But it was a strangely changed Marya. She was heavy and listless. The pallor of her face was like the shadow of a dry leaf.

Whatever the trouble was, Blake's one thought was to shield her, protect her somehow.

He went rapidly to her side.

"Marya," he said, "come over here and sit down and pour us some tea as you always do. Our little play is ended. I pay the bet now. I've lost. You shall have ten good days and we are going to invite him to dinner." He couldn't quite trust himself to say whom, but she knew of course, and he added under his breath: "And the lucky man win!"

Concluded on page 75



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THE LISTENING GIRL

Concluded from page 72

Then she smiled up at him a little. All she said was, "Thank you."

She might have said more. She seemed to be struggling with some profound inner emotion. But at the moment the little gods of irony sent McAllister and Lloyd into the room.

Somehow even Morse and Mrs. Jordan caught something tense in the attitudes of the others. Morse, with some eager sense of relieving the situation, raised his voice and embraced the newcomers in his remarks:

"A society founded upon function and not upon ownership," he repeated.

Lloyd, slated to learn America for his Foreign Office, was much interested.

"Why not a little bit of revolution now and then?" he said very cheerfully and very comfortably. "I'm quite a revolutionist myself." He smiled amiably. "I'm all for letting it alone. In fact, I'm inclined to thank God for Russia!"

He glanced toward Marya for that look of hers which always gave a fellow such an assurance of his being right. To his surprise, she was looking at him like chilled steel.

"I wonder if you know at all—I wonder if any one, sitting happy and full-fed and comfortable, has a right to *think* anything at all about a revolution? Or a right to speak about those poor people over there—or their ideas!" She turned to Morse.

"Oh, when we talk so easily about being revolutionists, would any one of us really have the courage to face it? If we knew at all what it meant in terror and anguish to us and those we love, would we dare to bring it upon ourselves, even on the chance of a more equal world hereafter? It must take stern and terrible men, or stern and terrible sufferings, to make the word 'revolution' come true——"

Blake was terrified for her. He could see she was at the breaking-point. He interposed his blue-clad frame between her and the others on the pretext of fumbling at the sugar-bowl. In a few minutes McAllister and Lloyd got up and went. Morse went with them as far as the corner, where he bade them good-by and turned off.

They swung down Sixteenth Street silently for a while, with their easy, swanky, British walk, swinging their sticks.

"What's happened to that girl?" McAllister finally wondered. "She used to be very agreeable."

"I had thought of asking her to the debs' dinner," Lloyd said. "Oh, we'll go ahead and ask her, of course. But she isn't the girl I thought she was—quite——"

"No," McAllister said. "Too—too damn serious!"

"And talkative!" Lloyd ended.

BACK in the Jordan's drawing-room Marya seemed not to have heard them go. The others drew together by the fire.

"I feel sort of flattened out," Mrs. Jordan remarked. "Like a football-team when the season is ended—now that the bet is actually off. Nothing interesting to do but just regular living."

Then to Marya: "I've never said so before, and you'll admit I never rave, but I certainly do hand it to you for the way you've played your part. Now, the senator says you want this young Rosokov around. You shall have him. I'll call him up at once."

"No, no, no!" cried Marya. "No! Oh, don't, please! I never want to see him again!"

"What—what—" the senator began.

Blake took a step toward her, but paused when he saw she was struggling to say more.

"I have heard from my brother," she said at last. "He is," she gasped, "wounded!"

"*Wounded?*" Mrs. Jordan cried. "Wounded? How? I hope not seriously?"

"I do not know yet. But he has been taken prisoner—wounded—and he is in a hospital at Znovniak!"

"Well, there, there, there," Jordan comforted her. "It'll be all right soon then. He's out of Russia. That's the main thing, isn't it?"

"Oh, no; it is not the main thing." Marya looked up at him piteously. "Don't you see, they conscripted him into their army—the Russian army—and he was fighting against the Rufanians when he was wounded. Znovniak is in Rufania! He is lying ill and a prisoner in a Rufanian hospital! This money that I was so glad to help raise may have paid for the very gun that shot my brother!

"Oh," she clasped her hands together, "oh, I should never have played at politics! It seemed to me just a gay game all full of funny human nature. And it has turned on me a beast!"

"My dear Marya," Jordan said, "maybe it *has* been a game for you, and maybe it *has* turned out pretty beastly, but now I'm going to turn it back into a game again!"

"How can it ever be a game again to me—now?"

"Simple enough: By making use of that well-known device, the telephone. I'll get hold of Rosokov and by making another little twist of the political wheel he will get your brother out of that hospital and straight back to——"

Even when she was in anguish, Marya's face seemed wonderfully calm. Only her eyes blazed her mind.

"I can not—even Jan could not—take a favor from him—now!"

"Say, who's going to do you a favor?" Jordan said with elaborate iciness. "That young man owes me a thing or two. I'll go straight down now and start things going!"

He gave his wife a profoundly meaning look as he walked by her. She joined him as he went away.

"Politics is a nasty little beast—you're right that far, Marya," he said as his parting shot. "But now you cheer right up. Here's a guy," he said, tapping his own chest, "here's the feller who knows how to twist its tail!"

He left her cheerily.

MARYA turned to Blake a look neither playful nor sad. She felt only very tired. What were little storm-tossed boats but objects to be brought at last safely into harbor?

"I am ashamed of myself, Enoch," she said. "I have thought I was so happy and gay to be looking for adventure and living stories. I wanted to play at politics—I wanted to play at everything—I did not know——"

"Never stop playing, Marya," Blake answered her. "Never stop playing. This game will turn out well, you'll see! And so will every one you play—dearest!"

His arms were around her.

"Oh, I do love you, Enoch!" she whispered. "I have loved you all along, I know. The other was only memory that tried to push reality out of my heart."

"You dear little Russian," he whispered. "Smile for me!"

He kissed her eyes.

After a long time: "I'll be your dear little *American*," she said. "I like you because you're so sure and calm——"

"You don't want me to skip a bath now and then?"

"And I like all the gold braid," she whispered, as she drew her fingers lovingly across the gold bands on his sleeve.

THE END

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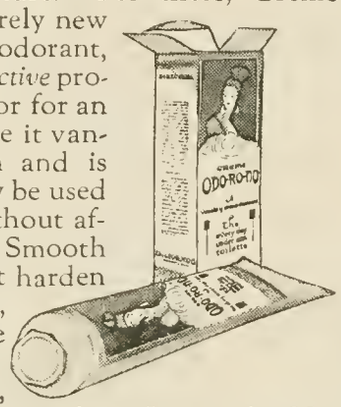
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KEEPING FIT AT HOME

Concluded from page 11

during last season one member had a perfect attendance record from November until May, something that no member of any of the men's gymnasium-classes could boast. In this club, volley-ball is played during part of the women's sessions and mass games fill in the remainder of the time. A number of the volley-ball players are women well along in middle life and some of the most expert and enthusiastic are upward of forty, I understand.

In addition to athletic clubs, which are limited in their capacities and more or less "exclusive," gymnasium-classes are conducted by the leading Y. W. C. A. branches, by social settlement and community centers, by women's clubs and, in some places, by the public schools.

THERE are, of course, many women whose exercises will have to be taken alone because no facilities for either competitive games or mass work are to be had. For the benefit of this class I have secured from Miss Marion O. Wood, Director of Physical Education for Women at the University of Michigan, a set of ten exercises which can be done in one's bedroom. Miss Wood has been remarkably successful in her field and these exercises reflect the results of her experience with thousands of young women. They should, of course, be done in a well-aired room and in clothing that will permit the fullest freedom. They should be supplemented by walking in the open air as much as possible and such other outdoor sports as may be available.

If done once with the help of the illustrations, Miss Wood's program will be easily remembered for daily use thereafter.

1. Stand erect, with heels together and hands on hips. Bend knees and stretch. (Six times.)

2. Sitting with hands on hips, straighten spine by stretching as tall as possible; at the same time press down on hips with hands. Avoid raising shoulders. Hold stretched position while taking hands from hips and putting them at sides. Relax and repeat. (Four times.)

3. Standing with feet apart, bend trunk forward and downward. Touch floor with finger-tips of one hand, stretching the other up over the head with arm straight. (Look up over shoulder to upper hand.) Return to upright position with hands at sides. Repeat with other hand, touching the floor. (Six times.)

4. Standing, grasp knee with hands and pull it up to chest. Return foot to floor and hands to sides. Repeat, alternating left and right foot. (NOTE: *Do not hold knee to chest. Return foot to floor immediately.*) (Ten times.)

5. Standing with feet apart, bend trunk forward and clap hands under one knee and return to upright position with hands at sides. Repeat, clapping hands alternately under left and right knee. (NOTE: *Avoid dropping head forward.*) (Ten times in all.)

6. Lying on back, bend left knee to chest with pressure by pulling knee down tightly. Return to straight position and repeat with right knee. (Ten times in all.)

7. Lying on back with feet on couch and knees bent, contract and expand abdominal muscles in an even, rhythmical movement. (Five times.)

8. Standing with feet together, hands behind neck, finger-tips touching and elbows back, bend trunk forward and raise to erect position. Keep elbows well back all the time, head up and shoulders flat. Bend only at the hips. (Four times.)

9. Standing, hands on hips, jump *lightly* on *toes*, placing feet apart and together. (Five times in all.)

10. Stand in correct position with weight on balls of feet, chest high, abdominal muscles firm (not relaxed), head up, chin in. Inhale deep breath while raising arm sidewise with palms up to shoulder height. Exhale with arms sinking back to sides. (Five times.)

MY NEXT article will deal with exercises for women of thirty-five to fifty. It is between these ages that so many women neglect exercise almost entirely and thus insure to themselves a premature old age and all manners of ailments that could easily be avoided. A woman of fifty or over in perfect health is a rarity nowadays, and it has become a general belief that sickness, or at least "delicateness," is an inevitable accompaniment of the years beyond the half-century mark. Such is not the case, however, and systematic exercise up to fifty will enable any woman to lengthen her life and increase her joy in living.



FINISH THE JOB

Concluded from page 2

You can. But he won't be a doctor or a lawyer or an engineer or an artist or a priest or a teacher or a manager or any other worth-while worker under the sun, for it is written that only he who fights for his soul can save it, that what he surrenders in the spirit of renunciation is his forever, that the joy of the spirit rides on the wings of sorrow.

Teach him, then, to strip off for his job. Teach him to shake off fear—fear of criticism, of conventions, of worn-out ideas. Teach him to welcome every new experience as a gift, an inspiration to effort. Teach him to work with all his might at whatever he undertakes and to fear nothing but an evasion of what he believes to be his duty. If he learn this, he will be entitled to the collar of his choice and he will wear it with a difference which will be all that matters to him or to anybody else.

Having decided that you want your child to have this standard of workmanship, this ideal of earning his happiness through work ing to the end of his job, you will have to think it over and decide that you are willing to pay the cost. Success built upon honest workmanship comes slowly. Can you wait for it? Can he?

WHAT is the measure of his success? What material recognition will satisfy you? Must it be money piled upon money until he is lost under its bitter weight?—or will less do? Do you want him to take his place among the American gentlemen whose names have stood for an ideal?

Then teach the standards of truth and simplicity and labor. Teach the beauty of thorough workmanship.

Explain to the child exactly what is expected of him and the best way to go about it—then let him alone.

Give him enough work to keep him healthily busy, and no more. Crowding the work makes for bad workmanship and the careless finish.

Let him into the secrets of the work. Let him feel that he is sharing hopes as well as labors.

Teach him to work to a standard and raise the standard as his power grows.

See that he finishes within the time limit. Dawdling kills work.

Give him no job that you can not check up to a finish.

Praise him for work completed in a thorough and workmanlike manner.



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MY REMINISCENCES

Continued from page 13

in anything. It was one of those strange incidents that happen in the theater that are never explained.

In spite of this disappointment, I clung to the idea that London was still London. I kept saying to myself: "I am still in London, the place I want to be in more than anywhere else in the world." I determined that I would remain in some way or other, no matter what happened. A great many of the people who had been kind to me about my performance in "Secret Service" were actor-managers of prominence and they had all been very hearty in their praise when I met them. "You must stay in London," they had said to me, and it was natural that I should feel sure of getting something to do. So I proceeded to go around among the admiring throng who had praised me, but I had no practical suggestions from them. In fact, I was not given a sign of encouragement of getting anything of any kind to do.

I met lots of very exciting and interesting people in London and I went to all sorts of amusing parties. I had two dresses, one black and one white, which I found were quite enough for the highest and most exalted society. In London, somehow, people don't care who you are or what you have on; if they make up their minds they like you, they take you in and there you stay for all time.

THE meager savings which I had scraped from the "Secret Service" engagement were getting less and less and I was still hoping to get something to do. But finally I realized how hopeless it all was; nothing was coming and I scarcely had money left to pay for my lodgings or for the necessary daily meals. I had to go and confess ignominiously to Uncle John, who was in London and was about to sail to America, that I had failed, and I asked him if I could go back with him. He took it quite calmly and said:

"Oh, of course, that's all right."

So I went home to pack my trunk, feeling very sad indeed. As I was weeping into the last bag, a telegram was handed to me which read: "Do come and say good-by to us to-night." It was signed "Ellen Terry." She had always been very kind and sweet to me. I dried my tears and dressed. As I was going out to the farewell party which was being given to my uncle and aunt that night, I stopped at the Lyceum Theater, where Sir Henry Irving and Miss Terry were playing in "The Merchant of Venice." Miss Terry met me at the door of her dressing-room with a radiant smile and said:

"Well, well! I thought you were going to stay with us, little bullfinch?"

I said: "Yes, so did I, but nobody seems to want me."

"Oh, well," she said, "I must go on. Run in and say good-by to Sir Henry."

I was, of course, terrified at the mere thought of facing him. It was extremely nice of him to let me say good-by, so I went in, and he said:

"Well, my dear, you are going to leave us?"

"Yes. I can't find anything to do," I confessed.

"How would you like to stay and play with me?" came the astounding suggestion.

I just had strength enough to say, "Oh, Sir Henry!" I could not say another word—I could not think of anything else.

"Yes," he said, "you can play—" and he named several tempting parts. It was an opportunity many actresses would have given their lives for, and it was in my hands. I could not speak, and as he looked at me, he knew exactly the state I was in.

"Go down-stairs to Mr. Loveday," he said. "He has a contract for you to sign."

I literally fell down the stairs to Mr. Loveday's office and on the way I met Miss Terry. Again that radiant smile of hers as she said:

"Are you happy?"

I threw my arms around her, exclaiming "Oh! Oh!"

I have no remembrance of signing that contract. I only know that suddenly it was tucked away close to my fast-beating heart and I left the Lyceum Theater floating on a cloud to the farewell supper-party.

Many of the well-known theatrical people of London were present and they all knew I was broken-hearted about not being able to stay there. They had been nice and kind, gentle and sympathetic, and even now, as I took my seat at the table, they were still nice and kind, gentle and sympathetic. I let them go on and I didn't say a word, just keeping the contract where it was, until finally something definite was said by some one to the effect: "We are sorry that you are sailing to-morrow." Now was my time.

"Oh, but I'm not," I said, as if it were the most casual announcement in the world.

Everybody at the table exclaimed "What!" and my uncle's was the loudest of all.

"What do you mean? What do you mean?" he asked quickly. "You are not going back to-morrow?"

I tried to keep up my airy method and said: "No; I am going to stay here."

"But you told me you could not get anything to do," insisted my uncle.

"Well, I have a very pleasant engagement," I replied.

Everybody wondered what it was. When I told I was overwhelmed and stunned by the congratulations that were showered upon me. It was a silly little triumph for me, looking back on it now, but it was a very great triumph for me then.

I got this engagement with Irving in the late Spring and it must have been some time toward the approach of midsummer that I felt I should see my grandmother before I began my new engagement, so I returned to America to spend a week with her.

I found her living at a hotel in Larchmont, quite alone except for Jack. She was very pleased that I was going to play with Irving. She used to spend her days rocking back and forth on the porch, reading novels. I remember them so well, those paper-back novels with blue covers. I often wondered if she was really reading them or just passing the time, turning over the pages while she was thinking of her crowded past. She would come down in the morning and stay down until after dinner at night, reading, rocking and thinking.

On my return to England we began rehearsing, and toward the end of August, while we were in the midst of rehearsals, on reaching the theater one morning I was handed a cablegram by the old commissioner at the stage-entrance. It announced my grandmother's death—she whom I never believed could die. I stood there oblivious of the passing of time.

I turned and dragged myself through the door. It didn't matter that Sir Henry stood there before me in evident displeasure.

"Young actresses should never be late for rehearsal," explained Sir Henry.

I told him of my cable. He put his hand on my shoulder and said:

"Oh, my dear, I am very sorry. Your grandmother was the best artist I have ever known. Go home, my child."

I had a letter from my grandmother a week after she died, thanking me for having come to see her. It nearly broke my heart.

WE NOW went on tour. Susanne Sheldon was in the company, traveling with her mother, and together we lived in lodging-houses on the road. She became a great friend of mine and was a brilliant and highly cultured woman. Susanne had just gone on the stage; I had never known her before. We had funny experiences going from place to place. All the members of the English company had booked lodgings far ahead and knew just where to go, but we foreigners in a strange land found ourselves two or three times in the most terrible places, from which we had to go very quickly.

During the tour we rehearsed "Peter the Great," which was Laurence Irving's play. On our return to London we spent most of our time in preparation for it. Susanne and I took a flat. Laurence used to come there, rather Russian and gloomy, thoroughly in the mood of his play. He was a beautiful character; a little spasmodic and erratic, but, beneath an assumed sinister manner, he was very gentle. I got his frame of mind and played nothing but Russian music of the most melancholy type. We floated together into a romance of Russian pessimism, of nervous depression. I decided that I was as sad as Laurence, and to both of us life seemed very terrible. We thought we might just as well get married and be delightfully miserable together, and so we announced our engagement. Laurence

Continued on page 78



At the theater

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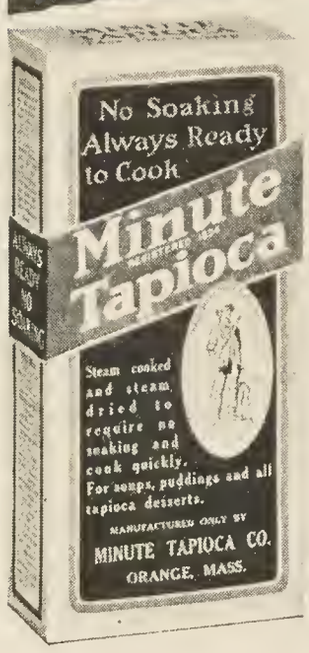
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MY REMINISCENCES

Continued from page 77

now became an entirely changed man. He was very happy, and the strange thing is that his happiness made him quite a different person and not the one whom I had agreed to marry. Of course it was all very young. I remember that I had cabled my father announcing my engagement, to which he replied: "Congratulations." And when, a very short time afterward, I cabled again announcing that I had broken my engagement, he again cabled back: "Congratulations."

It required an enormous amount of courage to come to the decision that it was best not to get married, for our engagement had been tremendously talked about in London. No one thought that I would have the courage to break the engagement, because I was playing with Laurence's father. However, I did. Sir Henry was very kind and understanding about it, and later on, as the years went by, Laurence and I became the greatest of friends.

The season closed. My engagement with Sir Henry was over and, as usual, I had saved very little out of my salary. Again came the necessity for the dismal search after work. I moved into cheap lodgings and didn't have much to eat except when I went out to some of the wonderful dinners I was being invited to at the time. But this could not go on forever, and one day I realized that I had nothing left except just enough money for cheap passage back to America by Canada. So I thought I had better come home to a place where chances were still to be tried than to brave it out in a place where there was no chance at all.

It was not a very happy trip for me. I was leaving the town I loved; everything I cared about seemed to be concentrated there. I was going to something that didn't even exist, for, after all, that's what a position that you haven't got really is. And so I arrived at the Grand Central Terminal with exactly one quarter in my bag—all that I had left of an ill-spent fortune. This I grandly gave the "red cap" who carried my grip to the hansom. I had no idea where I was going or what was to happen to me, and out of a maze of bewilderment a voice from the top of the cab came through with, "Where to, miss?" For some reason which I will never be able to fathom I said, "The Waldorf," which at that time was perhaps the most expensive hotel in the world.

Penniless and with head very high, I went up to the desk of the Waldorf, rather frightened and wondering what was going to happen to me next, but putting on a bold front. I was absolutely staggered by four or five young clerks coming forward and greeting me with enthusiasm and a certain amount of ceremony. For a moment I thought that they must have mistaken me for some one else, until they said:

"Miss Barrymore, we are so glad to have you back with us again."

I said "Oh," faintly, and then added: "Just a room and bath."

The porter brought me back to life again: "The cab is waiting."

I said, "Oh, yes," rather languidly, and then turned to one of the clerks: "Will you pay my cab, please?"

I followed the bell-boy to my room and as the door closed and I was left alone I felt something that I had not expected to feel. I sat down on a chair with the realization that at last I had come home, that this was my country, my land, and the words of welcome that I got from porters, cabmen and clerks was something that made the life I had just left in London quite unreal. I felt that welcome and warmth which can only come from your own people. Here was where I belonged. I had come home.

Continued in the November DELINEATOR



THE HAPPY CHILD

Concluded from page 16

decay is very great. A narrow jaw does not provide sufficient room for the second teeth and often results in considerable facial deformity. Many children have ugly mouths and unattractive faces which could have been prevented or improved by early treatment.

Cavities in baby teeth should receive immediate attention and some filling material inserted that will arrest decay. Through carelessness and neglect this very important measure is not always taken, and as a result the child suffers much pain and discomfort. The teeth break down rapidly and soon the nerve of the tooth becomes inflamed and dies. Many times the jaws and face will become swollen and abscesses form. In many cases, if prompt relief is not given, the pus breaks through the cheek, leaving a permanent scar and depression in the face as a result. Parents should be cautioned against the use of a hot-water bag, poultice or heat applied in any manner to the outside of the face. When there is evidence of pain, inflammation and swelling, a cold pack or compress should be applied outside the mouth and every effort made to keep the pus from breaking through the skin. No time should be lost in removing diseased teeth.

No gum-boil, abscess of any kind or diseased roots of teeth should be permitted to remain. Their prompt removal is essential to the physical well-being of the child and as a protection to the germs of the permanent teeth that are formed at the root-ends of the baby teeth. There should be little fear or dread of extraction, as the operation is practically painless with the modern methods now employed. There should never be any temporizing with diseased mouth or tooth conditions of any form or nature. Prompt measures should be taken for the removal of any tooth that can not be made healthy and useful. A mouth is much better without teeth than with diseased ones that are a menace to the health and that frequently cause much trouble in remote parts of the body.

If teeth are not kept in good condition, food can not be properly masticated. Many foods are prepared for digestion in the mouth by thoroughly chewing and mixing with the saliva. Improperly masticated foods do not assimilate and lose much of their nutritional value. Unless there is proper assimilation there can not be good health. If the young child is to grow good, strong teeth, the diet should consist of simple and wholesome food. Some coarse, hard foods should be provided, which will require the child to exercise the jaws and muscles and thereby produce a healthier and higher state of development.

THE use of sugar and sweets to any considerable degree should be discouraged. There is usually a sufficient amount of sugar in the ordinary foods and fruits to satisfy the demands of the body. Excessive use of sugar also produces an abnormal demand for the high seasoning of foods generally. When taken in large quantities, it interferes with the processes of digestion. Candy is usually given to young children between meals to quiet and satisfy them. It is a most pernicious custom and does real harm to even a robust child. It has practically no food value and takes away the child's appetite for good and nutritious food. The stomach is in need of rest quite as much as any other organ of the body. That simple reason alone should be sufficient to convince any parent of the unwisdom of permitting such a habit. If you would have your child's permanent teeth sound and strong, give him a clean mouth, plenty of fresh air and nutritious food.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Requests for advice or information about baby care should be accompanied by a two-cent stamp for return postage and be directed to the Editor, Department of Infant Hygiene.



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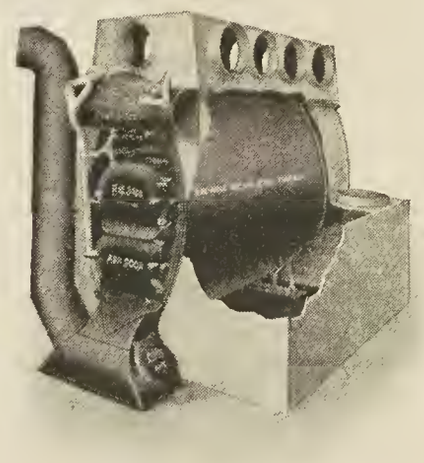
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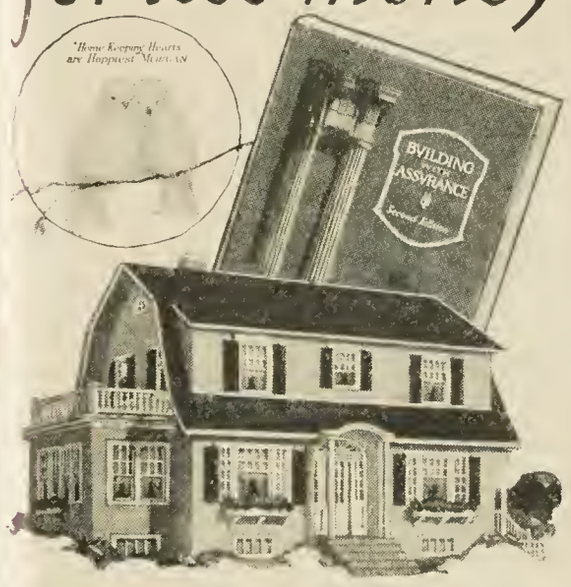


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J. HARDIN & SON

Continued from page 10

about he said with an indifferent air: "It's all right, Paul. I can find her another place. I just thought that you'd be glad to rent your store; I always remember my friends, you know."

"I haven't said I wouldn't rent it to her."

"Well, you don't seem to be very doggoned anxious!" And Sturrock laughed.

"What's her name?" asked Paul.

"Laurie."

"Mrs.?"

"Yes."

"Where's her husband?"

"Don't know."

"Widow?"

"She might be, for all I know."

"How old?"

Sturrock turned and held up his hand in a warning gesture.

"Oh, now, look here, Paul!" he said. "When it comes to a lady's age, it takes a smarter man than me!"

"Oh, that's all right!" Paul said, by way of apology. He was beginning to think his suspicions somewhat unworthy and was about to speak out of this altered mood when Sturrock, glancing once more out of the window, precipitately turned, seized his hat and greatcoat and said:

"Well, I must be going. I'm sorry to have troubled you."

"You haven't troubled me," said Paul. "Perhaps——"

"Oh, it's of no importance," said Sturrock. "So long!"

HE WAS making for the door, eager to be gone "You think it over, and if you decide to let the store you can send me word before I go back to Columbus."

Sturrock was at the door when Paul heard a step on the stairs, the mere sound of which was sufficient to account for Sturrock's evident haste to get away. It was a well-known step, firm and heavy, coming down the narrow hallway, and in another moment J. Hardin's broad shoulders filled the doorway and his flashing eye roved about the room.

Sturrock was caught, and he held out his hand and said with the politician's geniality: "Good morning, Mr. Hardin; glad to see you."

"Good morning, Sturrock," said J. Hardin. He came in opening his greatcoat, loosening the comforter that was folded about his neck and stretched out his hands, one after the other, to the warmth of the stove. The wisps of hair at his hollow temples were white, the old form was thin and slightly bent; but the bony structure of the man still gave the impression of immense strength, the muscles were still taut with nervous energy.

"You have no business being out on such a day," Paul complained to his father.

"A man's got his work to do," J. Hardin replied. "I've got to file the petition thirty days before the election; the time's getting short."

He stood as close to the stove as he could, stretching out his long thin hands and spreading his long fingers to the heat. And Paul felt a sudden pity for his father; it was painful to see him thus growing old, wearing himself out in this endless, hopeless crusade. He did not like to have Sturrock see him thus; he knew that Sturrock shared the general dislike of him and of his mission and would go away and ridicule his father to the first group that would listen.

"Well," he said, "what if you don't get your petition filed in time? There's no use of your wearing yourself out in this way. You'll be down sick the next thing you know."

J. Hardin gave no sign that he had heard what Paul said. Sturrock was anxious to get away, for J. Hardin could easily confront him with embarrassing alternatives, but still he lingered, held by the interest of the scene between such a father and such a son.

"Besides," Paul went on, "you'll never get enough signatures to fill your petition. Will he, Clyde?"

"Oh, I don't know, Paul," Sturrock replied, disliking to be thus appealed to. "Don't ask me! I must be going——"

But J. Hardin had turned toward him and was saying: "Would you like to sign it, Sturrock?"

"Well now really, Mr. Hardin," said Sturrock, "I'd like to do anything I can to help you, but I'm in an awful hurry this morning—terribly busy, you know. Only in town two or three days; my legislative work takes up so much of my time, public affairs so monopolize my energies."

"I see," said J. Hardin dryly.

"Really, Mr. Hardin," Sturrock stammered, standing with his hand on the doorknob, "I'd like to. But I tell you," he said, with an air of one who has a sudden happy inspiration, "I tell you what I'll do! If you get enough signatures to submit the question at the Spring election, I'll vote for it then."

"All right, Sturrock," said J. Hardin. "Much obliged. I'll remember what you say."

"All right, Mr. Hardin!" Sturrock cried gaily. "All right, that's a bargain!"

"Fact is," J. Hardin went on, as he began slowly to divest himself of his greatcoat, "fact is I've just got it all signed up to the last man this morning."

He laid his coat carefully over the back of a chair and placed his comforter and hat carefully on top of them. Paul knew now why his father had come there this morning: it was to tell him, Paul, of his triumph.

Sturrock stood there, his pale face whiter still with astonishment. "You don't mean to say—" he began.

"Yes, I mean to say," said J. Hardin, "I mean to say that I got the necessary number of signatures to my petition—more than the necessary number in fact, in case any should be stricken off. There will be a local-option election in April."

Sturrock stood staring at him, as yet incredulous and unwilling to admit the disturbing fact; and J. Hardin, knowing what difficulties such an issue would make for the politician, said, with a touch of malicious humor: "Would you like to add your name to the petition before I file it?"

"Oh, no, thank you, Mr. Hardin," Sturrock said. "There's no need of my doing that; and then, as you say, you have enough names on it. And really I must be going."

"Well, anyhow, Sturrock," J. Hardin went on remorselessly, "I'll remember your promise to help vote the town dry."

"Sure," said Sturrock, with a yellow smile. He said good-by and had turned to go when Paul called out to him.

"Oh, say, Clyde."

"Well?" answered the representative.

"The rent of the store will be ten dollars a month."

"Oh, you'll rent it then?"

"Yes, if the party's good and all right."

"Oh, you have my word for that," Sturrock replied. "We can fix up the lease when I come back next week."

WHEN he was gone, J. Hardin said: "And before the end of the session, he'll have to vote on the county local-option bill too!" There was a gleam of pleasure in his eye as he thought of Sturrock's discomfiture. Then, a moment later: "What business have you got with him?" he demanded.

"Oh, nothing much," said Paul, who could never accustom himself with a good grace to J. Hardin's inveterate interference in his affairs. "A client of his wants to rent a storeroom." And he turned him from that subject by asking: "How's mother?"

"Poorly," said J. Hardin. He was silent

Continued on page 82

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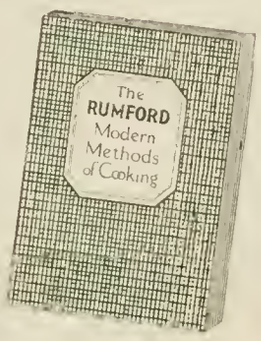
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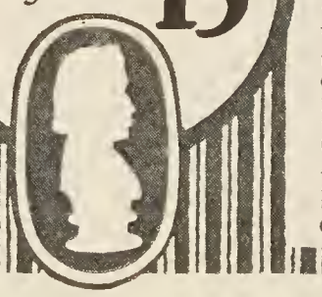
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J. HARDIN & SON

Continued from page 81

a moment, and finally brought himself to say: "Winona all right?"

"Yes," Paul replied.

J. Hardin sat there, looking out the window. Paul knew that his father had come there that morning to let him know of his achievement and to impart his triumph, and yet there was no way by which their natures could communicate with each other or reciprocate impressions and sentiments. They could not express the feelings that lay deep in their hearts; such intimate things embarrassed and impeded them, made them shy, self-conscious and uneasy—almost ashamed. And so they sat there in silence, the only communion of which they were capable.

WHATEVER difficulty J. Hardin may have had, however, in communicating his feelings to those of his own household, he found none in expressing them in public, and he entered upon the campaign with an enthusiasm that had been so long dammed up by repeated backsets and defeats that now at last it burst forth on Macochee in a flood.

To Paul there was something touching in the spectacle of the old man going about town during those raw Spring days, holding meetings by night, buttonholing and haranguing men by day, organizing, planning, working over his cards. But he had no interest in the crusade. In fact he would have preferred that there be no wet-or-dry election; it renewed in him that something like shame in his father's moral activities which he had known since childhood and had never grown accustomed to. It was, however, only another thing to be got through with; so much of life was that. Perhaps if he had had some one to talk them over with, he could have better endured the rough places. But there was no one. With Winona there was no comfort in discussion; her view, as though on some general matrimonial principle, was generally opposed to his. "Do you think so?" she would ask, and then immediately observe: "Oh, I don't find it that way at all!"

There remained that odd friendship with Wade Powell—the strange sympathy between their disparate natures. On the afternoon when Paul dropped in at Powell's law-office in Court Street, he thought that the fusty chambers wore a dingier air than ever. Powell was lounging low in his chair, his heels cocked up on his desk, which was littered with papers, unanswered letters, the ends of smoked cigars—all, like the desk itself, covered by a thin layer of dust. He was reading the *Cincinnati Enquirer* when Paul entered, and at sight of him Powell flung the large sheet to the floor, tossed his spectacles amid the litter on the desk and turned to greet his caller with the pleasure he always had in human companionship.

"Hello, Paul!" he cried. "Just been reading your name in the paper."

"My name?" said Paul with surprise and a slight sensation of alarm.

"Well, your family name: your father's. The *Enquirer's* got a long article about our local-option election and tells how for years your father has been working to bring it about. You see, the family name's becoming illustrious."

"I do hope," said Paul, "they won't drag me into it; I have nothing to do with it. It's all a frightful bore to me; I've heard nothing all my life but reference to my father's reforms."

"Yes, I know," said Powell. "It's hard on you. It beats all, don't it, how good men do raise hell? Whenever a good man is born into the world, trouble begins. It's hard enough to have a reformer in the town, but it must be awful to live with one. Did you ever stop to think how terrible it would have been to live with John Brown of Ossawatomie?"

"I didn't have to," said Paul, with a gleam of humor.

Powell laughed, and then Paul, with a half-guilty sense of disloyalty to his father, added: "But he was proud and happy when he finally got all those names on his petition. He came to tell me about it that Saturday morning of the snow-storm; he wanted to share it with some one. There was something pathetic about it."

"Yes," said Powell, "your father's a man right out of the eleventh century; he could have led a crusade to the Holy Land. Some day, perhaps, something like that will happen here; the mob will have one of its attacks of moral hysteria, work itself up and then—*bang!* will go the saloon. The morality of the mob, Malcolm Dyer used to call it. Dear me, dear me, how long ago that was! I can hear him say it now!"

He paused, and after the silence that was a kind of tribute to Malcolm Dyer's memory, he went on: "He was a good man, Paul, was Malcolm Dyer, and a good friend to me. Did you—why, damn it, man, he was your father-in-law! I had clean forgot!"

They talked a long while of Malcolm Dyer.

"Take those symposiums that Malcolm Dyer and the rest of us used to have in that little old back room at Steve Lubbock's." Powell paused an instant; a reminiscent smile touched his features and he shook his head indulgently at the memories that suddenly came back to him. "Say what you will about them, say that we all drank too much and got drunk as lords—there was something in those nights, there was joy, or a kind of joy. That was why the town resented it, why we were talked about and criticized and reviled. You see, the mob hated us because they dimly realized that we had found, not *the* way, but one way at least to have joy. They hadn't found any way; they couldn't find any; they couldn't have had what we had, because it wasn't in them; if they had, they would only have succeeded in getting drunk as swine; they couldn't get drunk as lords, because they weren't lords and didn't have the souls of lords. That's the point I want to make, Paul," concluded Powell, suddenly pleased with himself.

PAUL did not leave Wade Powell's law-office until after six o'clock, and as he walked hurriedly along out Winter Street the guilty sense of being late to dinner was somehow neutralized by the stimulus of the conversation he had just had with his old friend.

He found Winona standing in the hall before the mirror, trying on a hat. She held her hands up to her head in a pretty attitude, turning her head this way and that, trying the effect. He could see the reflection of her face in the glass and he thought her rather good-looking. Never before, perhaps, had he honored a woman's hat with any critical observation, but without his penetrating the mystery of the subtle art that had produced it, this hat claimed his attention.

"By Jove, that's a pretty hat!" he exclaimed.

Winona glowed under this compliment. "Do you like it?" She inclined her head to display the hat at a new angle.

"It's pretty," he said, "and becoming. It's new, isn't it? Did you make it?"

"Make it—me!" she exclaimed in the note that would be evoked by the shock of such a question.

Paul was not aware that he had nearly destroyed the effect of his compliment.

"Why, of course not!"

"Oh," he said tamely. "I thought that, maybe— But it's a pretty hat!"

"It was sent home only a little while ago and I was just trying it on. I'm glad you like it." She was taking it off to restore it to its tissue-paper in the band-box. "Perhaps I shall keep it," she said.

"Why," exclaimed Paul, "of course you must keep it! It's the prettiest hat you ever had."

She could not of course go quite that far, but she did say: "Well, she had lots of others—the loveliest models! It's lucky that she comes just at Spring."

"Who?" asked Paul.

"Why, the new milliner. She's got wonderful taste; you never saw anything like it."

"What's her name?"

"Laurie."

Winona held the hat up, turned it slowly about on her hand to admire it once more and then put it back into its band-box.

"I guess maybe I'd better keep it," she said.

It must be, Paul thought, the new milliner to whom he had rented the shop. He was not aware, however, that the new milliner was already doing business. Rather enterprising, that; he liked her for it. Paul was

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The French way to remove hair



J. HARDIN & SON

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on the point of saying something more about the new milliner, but on second thought he decided not to do so; he had never told Winona of his purchase of the house in Cedar Street. With the increase of fortune, he had grown secretive; it was of no use to let every one into the secret of his possessions.

The new hat could not serve as an unlimited topic of conversation, but its mitigating influence lingered in the atmosphere as they sat down to dinner. The curtains were drawn, a lighted lamp hung low over the table which gleamed whitely in the circle of its light, while the flicker of the fire in the grate glinted in the dark walnut surfaces of the room. Paul, as he took his seat, had that feeling of comfort and coziness, that renewed sense of pride he had always felt in the fact that he was installed in Malcolm Dyer's house. There were not many establishments in Macochee that had a cook and a "second" girl and a "man" in the garden and stable. With all this, he argued to himself, he should have been satisfied and happy; here were all the elements—and yet he was not satisfied, he was not happy.

Was it his fault that vague misunderstanding stood persistently between him and the woman who sat opposite him at that table? If it were only misunderstanding, that surely was to be repaired; but what if it were something essentially and inherently temperamental—the lack of harmony and reciprocity between two natures that were not attuned, that had no mutual tendency to attract and unite. However, he would not think of it nor try to analyze it: that might be to admit something that he was not ready to admit, for he did not wish this edifice that he had built up to crumble and collapse; if any parts of the foundation were built on pretense, then the best thing to do was to strengthen the pretense.

AT ANY rate, the signs were rather auspicious this evening; something of the grace of the new hat seemed still to cling to Winona as she sat behind the silver coffee-urn with an expression other than that which she usually wore when he came home late to dinner. And after all, he reminded himself, her life, too, was wanting in something; she lived in a circle even more narrow and restricted than that which circumscribed his own life. Really he must make an effort, he must have done with taking so much for granted, there must be new assurances. And he thought of Malcolm Dyer and how this same room, these very walls, must have rung with his laughter, his jokes, his sallies. It was an entirely different thing, he reflected with the grim humor that lurked in his thought, to live with a man like Malcolm Dyer and to live with a man like J. Hardin; or, as he might as well admit, thinking of Winona, to live with a man like himself. Even now she sat there absorbed in the silence that seemed to be induced by the mere Hardin presence, though now she spoke:

"Have you had a hard day?"

"Oh, no," he replied.

"Ah!" she said with a rather dangerous rising inflection. "I supposed you had; you were so late in coming home."

"Yes," he began, "so I was. I got to talking with Wade Powell."

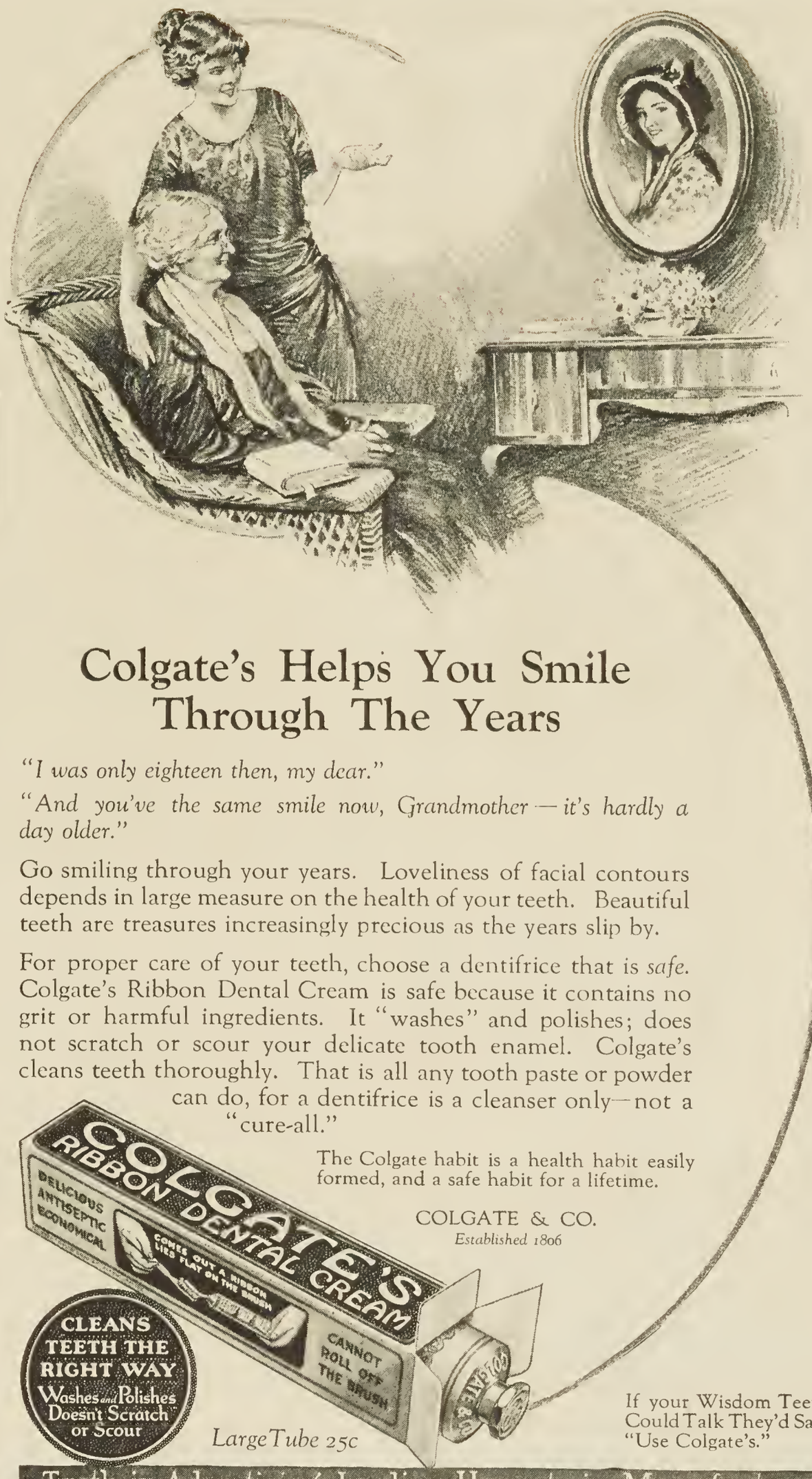
"Oh!" and there was that invidious inflection of the voice which was apt to accompany the mention of Wade Powell.

"Yes," Paul hastened on, thinking that if he could get over the moment and come to that point where his admiration for Malcolm Dyer could find expression all would go well. "We were talking about your father. Tell me, Nona, was your father always jolly and gay about the home?"

"He was always gentle and good-humored," she said. "But what were you and Wade Powell talking about him for?"

"Well, we are both interested in him: we both liked him, perhaps in different ways. I always stood in a kind of awe of him when I

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For All the Family



J. HARDIN & SON

Continued from page 83

was a boy. Of course I didn't know him, but Wade Powell was his best friend, his most intimate friend. And I should like to know more about him; to be able to—well, to realize him."

"Well," said Winona, "I don't see why you want to stand on a street-corner talking about my father. I must say I don't think——"

"Why Nona," he said, interrupting her, "it wasn't on a street-corner in the first place; and in the second place, if you could have heard the things Wade Powell was saying about him, I am sure——"

"What was he saying about him for instance?" she demanded with a note of challenge.

"He was saying what a good man he was—for one thing."

"Of course he was a good man! What else could he say?"

Paul wished that it was not so hard to make things clear; he wished that it were easier to put words together so that they would convey the thought in his mind. Confound it! why couldn't she understand it without all this long, tiresome explanation? Then they could get to the root of the matter and she could relate some incidents about Malcolm Dyer's life: just how he had sat in this very room, at this very table, at this very place, and what he said, and how he looked; then Malcolm Dyer would become real, vital to him again.

"I'm sure he wouldn't wish to say anything else; you see, we were discussing morals in general and what constitutes a good man. We were talking at first about my father——"

"I——"

"No, wait a moment, Nona; let me finish. We began about my father, and Wade Powell was picking him to pieces—analyzing his character, I mean. It's fine to hear him do that I tell you! Then, by way of illustrating some point about good men, he began talking about your father. You know they were old pals, old cronies."

"Who says they were?"

"Why—" said Paul, and he laughed—"every one knows that." He shouldn't have laughed; he recognized it a moment afterward, too late.

"WELL, all I have to say is this," said Winona: "My father never was a pal, or a crony, as you say, of such a man as Wade Powell. If you want to listen to him pick your father to pieces, why, that's your father; but I'd thank him not to pick my father to pieces. There was nothing in my father's character that needed any analyzing or explaining; he was the best and dearest man that ever lived; he was as near perfect in every way as it is possible for a human being to be; there never was such a man, and he was not only good and kind and moral in every way—every way, I tell you!—but he was a gentleman!"

"But Nona, my dear! Listen a moment! You don't understand!"

"Oh yes, I do. I understand. Quite perfectly. There's nothing about it that is difficult to understand. Wade Powell was simply trying to make you think that he and papa were boon companions; as though a man of papa's refinement and education could be a boon companion of a vulgar, half-drunken fellow like Wade Powell! I think it's almost insulting to have him passing his judgments on papa, and I must say that it seems rather strange in you to stand there and let him do it without protest!"

"But Nona, don't you remember—" He was thinking of the address that Wade Powell had pronounced at Malcolm Dyer's funeral.

But she interrupted. "Please, Paul, don't say any more about it. If you only could realize how it hurts me to have anything said against my memory of my father! You don't feel about your father as I do about mine."

Her eyes were beginning to show signs of tears. He made an effort to master himself and said no more. And for the rest of the meal they sat there in silence, each in that vast and awful solitude of the soul—sat there with only that pleasant table, that white cloth, the silver and the porcelain between them, and yet a wide, arid desert waste that neither could cross.

After dinner Paul said: "I guess I'll go down to the house and see mother."

He knew that that would irritate her quite as much as anything he could have said.

THE new milliner who had made such a favorable impression on Winona proved indeed to be that tenant of Paul's who had lately installed herself in the little shop in Cedar Street. He identified her the very next morning on his way to his office by the name newly painted on the show-window.

There it was, Laurie, not in sedate Roman letters set out horizontally across the glass, but in script written out as in a woman's hand in a flourishing upward diagonal movement, wholly different to that of Mrs. Mumm, the long-established and, as one might say, orthodox milliner of Macochee, who had on her window-pane her name, honestly set out in full: "Mrs. J. G. Mumm"

Paul would have liked to catch a glimpse of the new milliner if he could have done so without exhibiting curiosity, but there were discreet curtains of white muslin behind the window which concealed from the passers-by whatever might be going on within. Strangest of all there was only one hat in sight, a small insignificant thing of straw and ribbon and flowers perched in solitary distinction on a tall, slender form. Paul seemed to remember that at Mrs. Mumm's there were many hats in the window, and, though he was no judge in such matters, he thought that Mrs. Mumm's hats were of a more solid and enduring structure—not this light, inconsequential, flimsy thing of vague faded shades that a breath might blow away. Paul's feeling was at first a slight disappointment, and as he turned away he felt rather sorry for his new tenant as one having so small a stock; and then, by logical sequence, he reached the conclusion that she would no doubt prove to be rather irregular in paying her rent.

With this unflattering reflection, Paul dismissed the new milliner from his mind, which was just then affected by the mind of the mass of the town. They had come to the last week of the campaign, and Paul had begun to catch some spark of the interest that was so general. He had intended secretly to vote wet, but now he found himself wavering and he scarce knew why; it could be explained on no principle more scientific than to say that it was in the air.

Paul had been in his office half an hour when J. Hardin stalked into the room, slammed the door behind him and, standing before Paul, said: "Well, have you heard the news?"

"No; I don't know what you mean."

"Well, Parton's here."

"Parton?"

"Yes, Parton. To direct the campaign for the wets." J. Hardin sat down in one of the rocking-chairs. "Comes here with any amount of boodle to buy up the town. What booze won't do, boodle will. That's a team for you, heh—booze and boodle!"

And then, abruptly, in another tone, he said: "I wish you'd stop smoking that stinking cigar!"

Paul, without a word, laid his half-smoked cigar on the edge of a saucer that served him as an ash-dish. J. Hardin got up, strode to the window and looked out as a man in trouble looks out of a window: without interest in what he sees.

"Yes, sir," said J. Hardin, facing about

Continued on page 85



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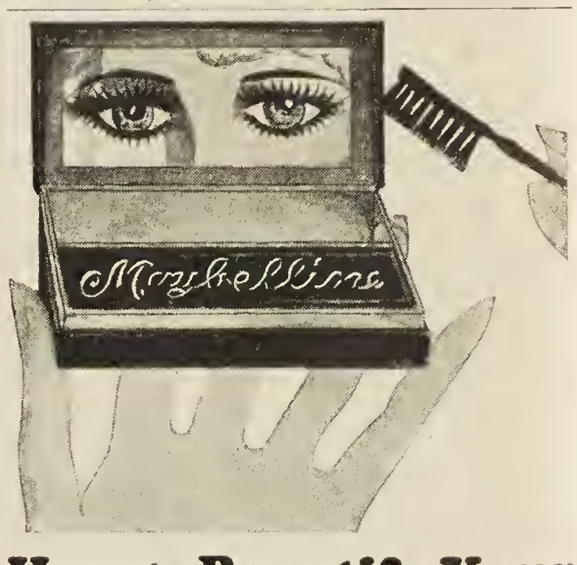
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J. HARDIN & SON

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again, "he's here. It wasn't enough that he should come here with the boodle of monopolists and form his trust and break up my business—ruin me, take the bread out of the mouth of my family and my workmen, turn my old shop into a place of desolation and make my name a byword and a hissing. No, that was not enough! The infernal scoundrel has got to come here now to thwart my purpose, to pursue and hunt me! He comes with the boodle of the rum power to debauch and defeat the whole community!"

He spoke with the hoarseness of his campaign speaking. Paul realized that this was not the grim J. Hardin that used to be: this was the incarnation of the spirit of that J. Hardin, the burning flame that mounted fiercely in the almost empty lamp. It was the first time that he had ever heard his father speak of the failure of the shop; it was the first time that any opposition, any adversity had ever been able to wring from him a cry. The room was still; the half-smoked cigar lay on the edge of the dish, a thin spiral of blue smoke rising and delicately wavering as it rose.

"Take off your coat and sit down, father," said Paul. "You mustn't allow yourself——"

J. Hardin took a step toward Paul's desk, picked up the ash-dish, went to the window, raised it, flung cigar and ashes into the street, closed down the window with a bang, restored the ash-dish to the desk and then sat down in the rocking-chair.

"Parton!" he exclaimed, as though the despised name itself was the only word that could adequately express his feelings.

WHILE interest in the election was growing every day more intense, Paul had gone to the country; and on his return he found on his desk a letter, slightly scented, addressed in a woman's tall, angular hand. It had been written three days before by the new milliner, desiring him to call at his earliest convenience to examine a defective chimney. The note had lain unacknowledged on his desk for two whole days while he was away, so he decided to stop there on his way home.

The twilight of the April evening had deepened when he left his office and when he stopped in front of the millinery-shop he was somewhat surprised to find that it was not lighted. He pushed open the door, however, and stepped into the little shop. He stood there in the darkness a moment, aware of the same scent that was on the note in his pocket, but stronger now, suggesting more vividly that feminine personality in which his interest was being so suddenly awakened. It was not yet dark in Cedar Street, but it was almost dark in the millinery-shop; he could divine rather than see the tables with the tall stands and the hats upon them. At the back of the room, however, there appeared suddenly a vertical gleam of light; the curtains between the shop and the back room parted and a man came out precipitately, almost colliding with Paul, who suddenly found himself face to face with Clyde Sturrock.

"Why Clyde!" he exclaimed. "I thought you were in Columbus!"

But Sturrock, with a startled expression and without a word, fairly bolted from the shop, slammed the door and was gone.

Paul stood there, perplexed and embarrassed, not knowing quite what to do. He waited. The moments lengthened into minutes and he was about to go when he heard a rustle in those precincts behind the curtains and in a moment more a slender little woman appeared, apparently as startled as Paul himself, for she exclaimed:

"Oh, beg pardon! I didn't know! Let me make a light!"

She disappeared and then came back with matches. She drew up a chair and was about to mount upon it when Paul, taking the matches from her hand, struck one of them and lighted the gas.

"There!" she exclaimed.

Continued on page 86



It's different with the daughters of Eve

When Adam proposed a visit to the Paradise Zoo, Mother Eve had no reason to keep him waiting while she put the finishing touches to her complexion. Nevertheless that had its disadvantages. Consider the probable pristine gloss of Mother Eve's nose and the shiny glisten of her cheeks. Eve knew no better and gentle Adam did not care.

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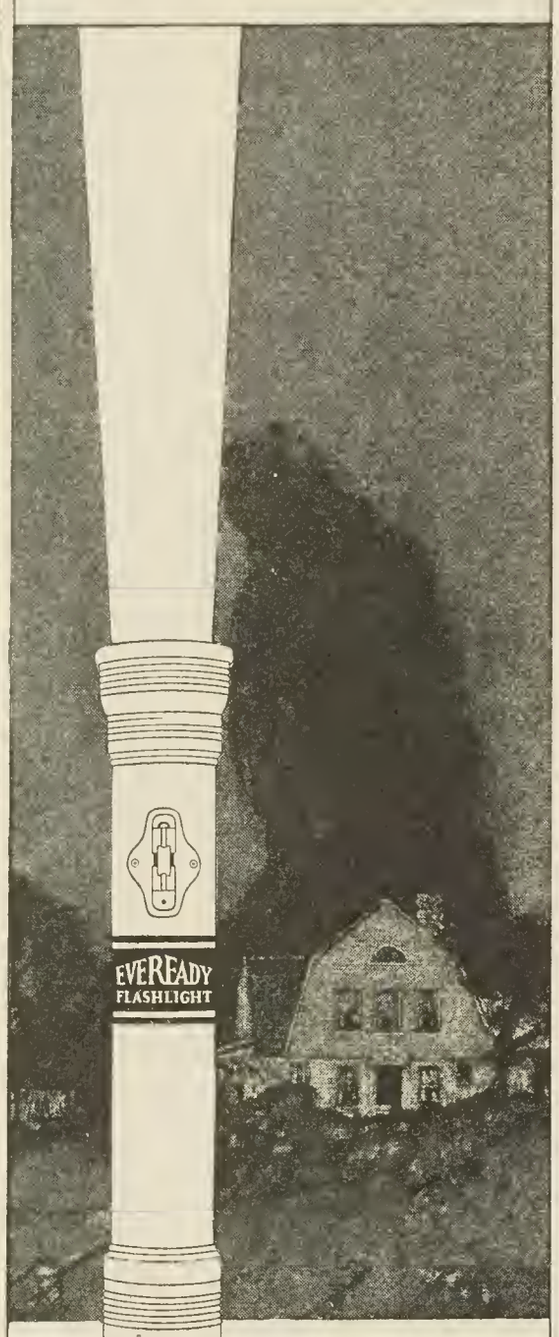
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J. HARDIN & SON

Continued from page 85

In the light he saw the oval of her face and a confused sensation of having seen her before teased his mind with the ineffectual effort to recapture that vague memory. It was as if one of those elusive female figures that once had flitted through his dreams had suddenly made her apparition. Those lips, whose fair forms dissolved in his embrace so that when he awoke he remembered with sighs and a wistful, secret ache that lingered all day like some nostalgic pain. She was like them, with her white throat and her short upper lip and that charming little freckled nose and the soft hair. And yet this was not a dream. There she was, alive and real; he might—and he caught his breath at the thought—he might easily seize her in his arms.

And then, in a flash, it came to him: it was Evelyn Walling! The expression on his face, the look in his eyes, his stammered "Why!" told her.

"You remember me?" she asked.

"Yes. What in the world are you——"

"Doing in Macochee?" she said, completing his question for him. "Well, I've come back—that's all."

"Oh," he said, as though the explanation were sufficiently illuminating.

She had withdrawn a little way, somewhat embarrassed. The traces of the agitation she had shown on parting the curtains at the door had not yet disappeared. A better observer than Paul would have noted the powder that had been dabbed hurriedly on her face to conceal the traces of recent tears. What he was more conscious of was a certain timidity expressed in the shy way she shrank from him. It was evidently with an effort that she spoke.

"Yes," she continued, "you see—" and then she hesitated. "Well, I was born here, you know."

"Yes, I know," said Paul. He was embarrassed. "I didn't know from your name."

"Oh, of course not." She made haste to exculpate him.

They were silent a moment, and then: "It is so kind of you to come!" she said.

"I ought to have come sooner. I would have, only I have been in the country and didn't get your note until this afternoon. You see, I'm very busy."

"It's awfully good of you to take the trouble."

"I expect I've come at a bad time. If you like——"

"Oh, not at all!" she said. "Mr. Sturrock had just come to see me on some business and I couldn't very well talk with him in the shop here."

PAUL looked at her with an expression that appeared to be stern; for some absurd reason he resented Sturrock's presence here, in this shop, in that back room. She colored, even in the glow of the light.

"You see—he's my lawyer," she stammered. "He's looking after certain legal business for me. He's your lawyer, too, isn't he? He said he was."

"Did he?" remarked Paul. "Well, I make it a rule to have as little business with lawyers as possible." He felt the subtle change in her manner and regretted it.

"And you advise me to do the same, I suppose?"

"No," he answered bluntly. "I don't advise you."

"I asked him to find me a shop," she said. "It seems an odd coincidence that he should have rented one from you."

He wondered why she felt that she must explain. He became suddenly a little suspicious, a little wary.

"Where is that chimney you complain of and what is the matter with it?" he asked. He was quite himself once more. His awkward manner passed and his rather chilling tone had an instant effect on her.

She sensitively winced and then laughed ever so little and, looking at him with something of an archness, said: "Please don't be severe. I might want your advice some day, you know. You never can tell!"

He thought, just then, that he had never before seen a woman so pretty; he had never known one who so poignantly moved and affected him. He caught his breath, swallowed painfully and not knowing what to say drew more firmly about him that cloak of austerity which was his chief weapon against others, and as often against himself.

"Well," he said, "let's have a look at that chimney."

She pushed aside the curtains with a sweep of her arm and held them for him to pass through.

"This is my little sitting-room," she said. "Rather nice, don't you think?"

PAUL glanced about. It was not, on first sight, perhaps, a very orderly apartment, though Paul liked to think it was because she was not as yet quite settled in. Not that it was untidy or unclean; it was merely that it bore the mark of a casual and desultory mind. There were several old chairs with dark upholstery and a broad divan with a covering of some oriental cloth and pillows of many colors. On the divan lay a banjo with one of the strings broken and snarled.

"Do you play the banjo?" Paul asked.

"No," she said; "but I'm going to learn."

Near the small fireplace stood a table with a lighted lamp and several books; Paul wished that he might see their titles. There was an easy-chair by the table and a smaller, lower table with some tea-cups set out on it.

Paul was not sure, but he thought that there was another room where she probably had her bedroom, unless she slept on the divan. In the rear was the small kitchen. On the whole, a comfortable little establishment for one person, though rather lonely.

"This is the chimney," she was saying. "I haven't lighted the fire in the grate, it smokes so. I don't know what's the matter with it."

"H'm!" said Paul. He bent over and tried to peer up the chimney. Then he straightened up and dusted the palms of his hands together as though they had soot on them.

"Well," he said, "I'll send a man around in the morning to look it over and fix it up for you. I guess there's nothing very serious the matter.

"It's awfully kind of you. Thank you, ever so much!"

"Oh, not at all," said Paul. It was pleasant to feel that he could gratify her. He looked about the room with an inspecting eye. "Anything else that wants fixing up around here?" he asked.

"Oh, no!" she said. "Everything is in good order. There's only one thing, if it's not asking too much. I don't want to seem——"

"Not at all," said Paul, with a readiness to listen to suggestions not common with landlords. "What is it?"

"Well, you see, Mr. Hardin, there is no bell on the door. It would be nice if I could have a bell that would ring when the front door opens, so that when I'm in the back part here if a customer comes in I can hear. It's hard sometimes; I can't afford to have a helper in the shop and I have to do everything myself."

Ah, yes, he thought, in a swift comprehension; a bell that would give warning when—Sturrock, for instance, was there. He had almost forgotten Sturrock. It was not pleasant to have him thus recalled to mind and a pang something like jealousy pierced him. It was ever so slight, but it was there, and he must have started—a cloud must have swept suddenly across his face. With a swift prescience of moods, she was instantly aware of it; she moved toward him, ever so slightly, with an effect of feminine appeal.

"But if it's asking too much," she said, "don't mind what I've said at all. I don't

Continued on page 87



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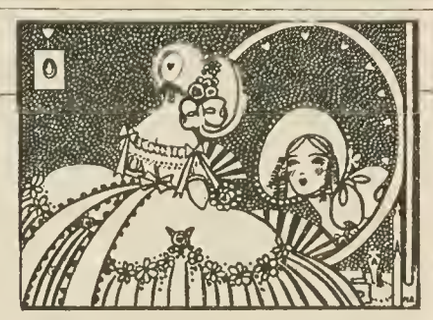
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J. HARDIN & SON

Continued from page 86

want to bore you with silly requests. Women are a great nuisance, aren't they?"

There was a flattering deference in her tone, a desire to please, a sweet reasonableness quite new in tenants.

"I think old Brethitt could rig one up for you," said Paul. "He can do anything. You can explain what you want when he comes in to fix the chimney."

"You are really awfully kind!" She was standing close beside him, looking up with an expression in her fragile face that touched him; she seemed so helpless and alone and something more than merely delicate and frail. Life, he conjectured, had not been very easy on her; it had gone on as it had begun. He felt a desire to protect her. He wondered if she remembered that day when they had stood on the dreary platform at the railway station in the cold and she was going away, so full of the joy and hope of youth; she must remember that day in her childhood when she had been rescued from Possum Run, and, as she used to insist, by him.

His mind went swiftly back through the years to the very night when she was born; he could see again the North Clarksburg hack, and the Hogback, and the old tragedian with his laugh. How the years had flown! And here she was back again in Macochee. He wondered why she had come back; he longed to ask her, but he felt that he had better be going.

They were moving toward the shop and as she put back the curtains for him she said: "It has been a long time since that day at the depot, hasn't it? A lot of water has gone under the bridge since then."

"Yes," he said. "And you are back in Macochee."

"Yes," she sighed.

"Don't you like it?"

"Why—yes," she said hesitatingly, drawing out the word and looking at him with an odd expression. "Don't you?"

"It's the greatest town on earth, they say."

He spoke in his dry sardonic humor and she laughed in instant understanding.

"What have you been doing all the time that you have been away?" he asked.

"Oh," she said, "a little of everything. I'll tell you sometime, maybe."

He saw that it was a subject that she did not care to discuss.

"Business good, I hope?" said Paul.

"Well, just at first, you know, it's not brisk. You see, I haven't much of a stock. But I can't complain. Mrs. Hardin had a hat of me the other day."

"Yes," said Paul.

"I hope she liked it?"

"Oh yes."

"And I hope you liked it. Or don't you take any interest in ladies' hats? Men, they say, don't pay much attention to them."

PAUL would not stop to gossip with Brethitt when, the following morning, on his way down-town, he stopped at the shop to tell him to inspect the chimney at the new milliner's. He would have liked to pass by the millinery-shop himself and see her again—have even that glimpse through the window that he might have in passing, but he had no excuse just then and there was that old instinct of moral prudence; if one desired a thing, that thing was wrong, and very likely dangerous. He had better go around the other way by Winter Street and forego the chance of a sight of her.

However, when he had managed to wait two days to allow time for Brethitt to repair the chimney, he went—in his quality of landlord, he assured himself. She was standing behind the counter, her back to the door, arranging some bolts of ribbons on the shelves. She was not, just at first, aware of his entrance and for a minute or more she stood there in what Paul thought was an incomparably graceful and charming attitude, her arms behind her, her hands on the counter against which she leaned, turning

Continued on page 88

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ALL over the United States, women are sighing and saying this very same thing—*"If I only knew a good dressmaker."* In stores everywhere, women are admiring lovely materials, yet hesitating to buy because they don't know of a good dressmaker to make them up. In every community it's the same story—hard to find a dressmaker who has ideas—one you can depend on to make distinctive, becoming clothes.

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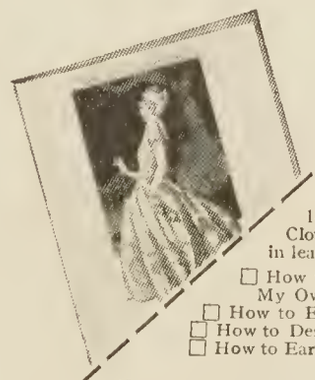
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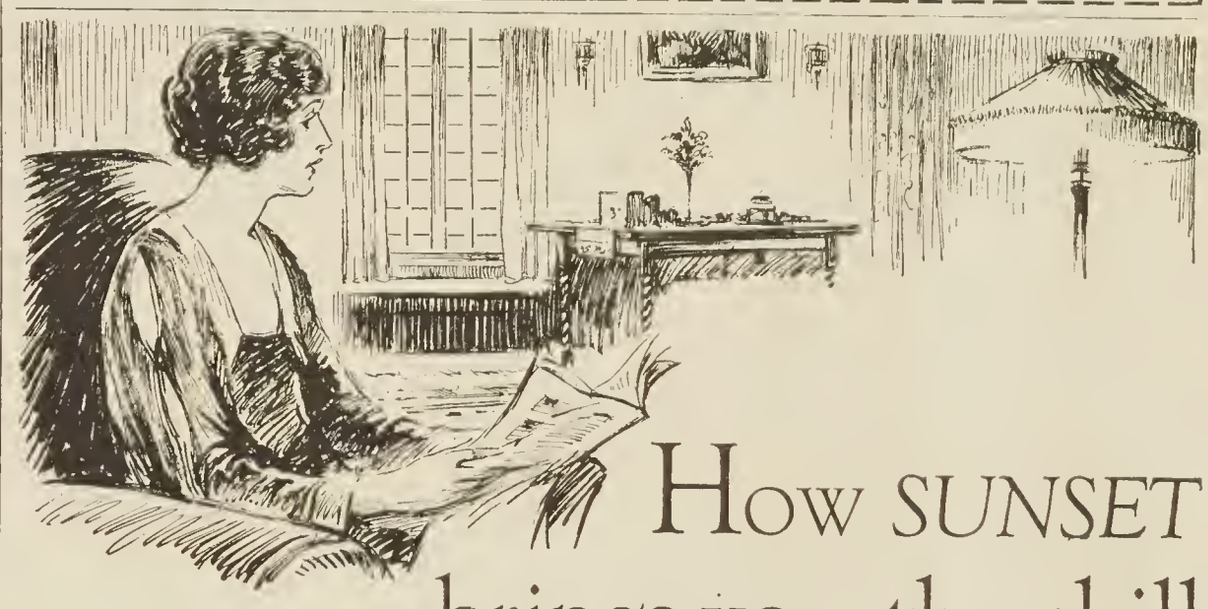


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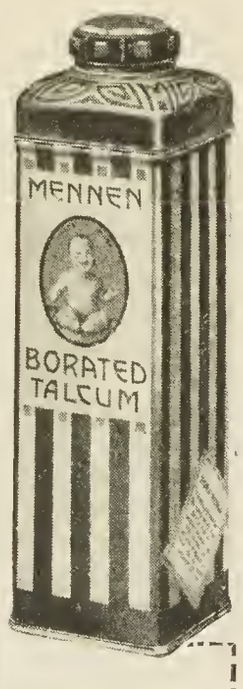
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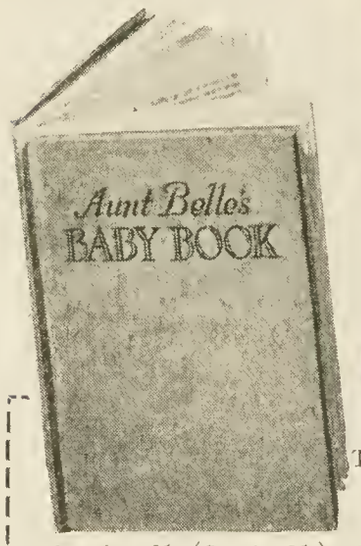
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J. HARDIN & SON

Continued from page 87

her head this way and that, studying the effect with an artistic eye. He was content to stand there admiring her, but suddenly she turned her head and cast a glance over her shoulder.

"I knew it was you!" she said, with a little smile.

"How did you know?"

"Oh—I just felt it!" she said, and wisely trusted to her expression, to her smile, to make clear her meaning.

She leaned on the counter and bent toward him, raising her blue eyes—he saw now that they were indubitably blue—to him in frank friendliness, evidently waiting for him to speak.

"I just came in," he said, speaking quite at random, "to see if my man had fixed the chimney."

"Oh yes, thank you. It will do now. I haven't had to have a fire. You see, as soon as the chimney was repaired it got warm. And I've been so busy getting settled. I'm arranging my stock; I have to spread it out rather thin. Don't you like the colors?"

She bent her head to one side and squinted at the ribbons.

"They look prettier," she said, "if you make up your eyes and look at them through your lashes. Try it."

Paul tried it, though he felt rather self-conscious in doing so. He preferred, in fact, to look at her; he noticed how long her drooping eyelashes were as she looked through them at the ribbons.

"Things look better that way," she said. "It kind o' runs them together, softens the harsh outlines. It's the way I always look at things."

"Everything?"

"Well——"

"Life, for instance?"

"Oh, I try. I try to look at it in a way that will make it appear to the best advantage."

"Well, you must have to squint a lot to do that," he said.

"It's best not to see too much," she answered rather gravely. She turned then to readjust on its slender stand one of the hats that stood precariously on the end of the counter, like birds on perches.

"Do you think prohibition will help business?" she asked, irrelevantly as it seemed to Paul, though in the swift sequences of her own thought it may have been entirely logical.

"I don't know," said Paul. "I don't see how it can affect my business—or yours."

HAVING finished the rearrangement of the hats on their tall perches, she came and stood beside him.

"I am not sure," she said. "Sometimes—You're not a prohibitionist, are you?"

"No."

"But your father is, isn't he?"

"Yes. He's enough of one for the whole family!"

"Well, then, your feelings won't be hurt by what I was going to say?"

"How can I tell?" he asked, laughing.

"But will they?" She looked up into his face with an expression like a child's.

"Nothing you could say would hurt my feelings," he replied, moving a little closer to her.

"Well, you see," she went on to explain, "it's only happy women who like pretty hats. Prohibitionists are all gloomy; they don't like pretty things; they don't want anybody to be happy or have fun. They think pleasure is wicked."

"But they say that when the women vote they will all vote dry," he argued.

"Well, I know one who won't!" And then she added reflectively: "There may be something in that, though. There aren't many women who wear pretty hats; the majority are the other way. I'm awfully glad that you aren't a prohibitionist. I rather thought you might be."

"Why so?"

"Oh, you always had such a severe look I was half-afraid of you. Do you know—" she stood close to him in the confidence that she was about to unfold—"I was so afraid of you that I even got my lawyer to see you about renting the shop!"

She spoke of her lawyer, he observed, as though she had a good deal of legal business on hand; but while the fact intrigued him, he did not question her, and they stood there on that warm Spring morning—the air of which he breathed with a sense of elation he had not known in a long time—and chatted, and many persons of Macochee, passing by, glanced in at them through the open door.

THAT last Sunday morning before election Paul found his father in the sitting-room of the old house in Mad River Street in his shirt sleeves, making his final revision of the lists of the workers at the polls—such a task, because of its semisacred nature, being permissible on Sunday.

"They're done at last," he said, as he folded them up. "I've got at least two men for every polling-place in town. I'm going to keep an eye on certain precincts myself: those in the Fourth Ward in Lighttown and the Second in Gooseville. Parton's going to put a lot of money in those two wards. But it will do him no good."

"You think, then, that you're going to win?"

"Yes—God willing." He was silent for an instant and then he suddenly asked: "What brings you here on Sunday morning?"

"Well, you know that mother asked us to come to dinner to-day. I looked in to say that Winona can't come."

J. Hardin's face darkened irritably when he heard this oft-repeated excuse.

"Not sick, is she?"

"No, but she's not feeling very well; she thinks she'd better not go out to-day. But I'll come and have dinner with you, if you'll be satisfied with me."

"Well, all right," said J. Hardin.

"Winona will not even venture out to church," Paul went on, tired of making these excuses for her.

"Well," said J. Hardin, "might just about as well not go to church at all as to go to the Episcopal Church, for all I can see." He paused a moment after having made this severe reflection and then almost timidly suggested: "Wouldn't feel like going to the old church once more with your ma and me, would you?"

Paul was not precisely in the mood to go to church. The fact was he had had a quarrel with Winona that morning over this invitation and he had lost his temper and slammed out of the house. He had somewhat cooled down during his walk and had decided that he would make some decent excuse for Winona and then go on to his office, the only asylum he knew in a community where the moral dead-line was so sharply drawn that he felt himself strangely isolated—too bad to find the good companionable and too good to find the bad congenial. But his father's invitation had touched him, and recalling Winona's superior manner toward his parents, he said:

"Well, yes, I don't mind; I guess I can go."

J. Hardin made no reply. He put his papers back in the drawer and took out his great silver watch.

"I must go get ready," he said, and was leaving the room when Mrs. Hardin entered. Her face brightened when she saw her son. "Why Paul!" she cried, and then, with a mother's constant apprehension of trouble: "I hope there's nothing the matter?"

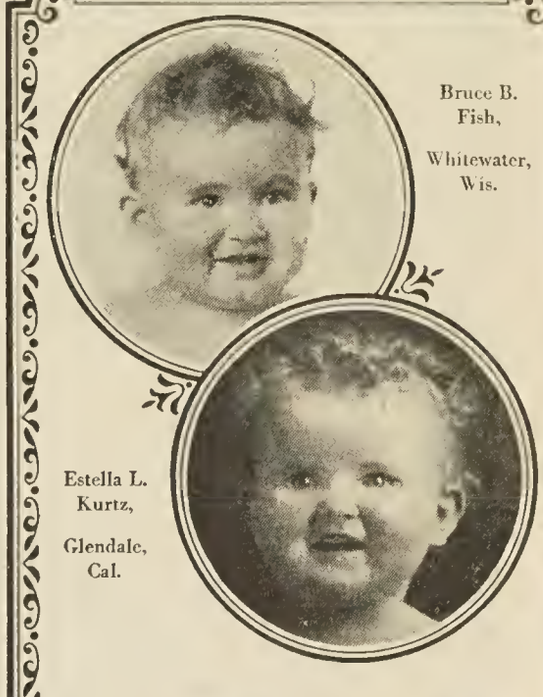
"Nothing the matter? Of course there's nothing the matter!" J Hardin said. "He's come to go to church with us. You haven't any objection, have you? I guess there'll be plenty of room in the church—there generally is."

They set out for church as the bells were ringing their old round above the town, tolling the knell of the saloon, as J. Hardin observed, with a prophet's love of imagery.

J. Hardin sat as of old, at the end of the pew, on the aisle, in all the authority of his immense prestige, his dour figure dominating the scene. Paul sat beside his father during the sermon. He listened to the careful disavowals of any intention to interfere with the personal liberty of the individual. Paul had heard it all before. His mind was drifting away from the familiar arguments, and then presently he had a curious feeling that the minds of others in the congregation were wandering: diverse currents of thought were antagonizing each other in the heavy air; there was a feeling of divided attention;

Continued on page 89

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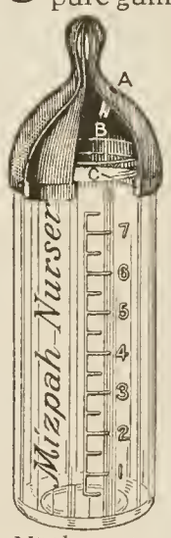
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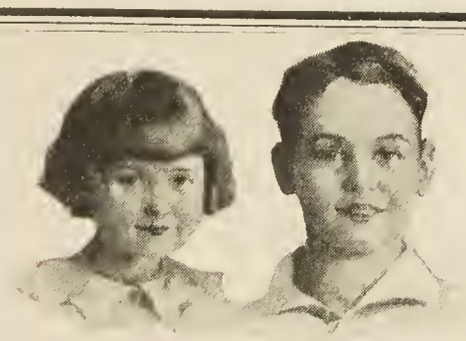
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J HARDIN & SON

J. HARDIN & SON

Continued from page 88

if there were some who were interested in the arguments of the preacher, there were others whose vagrant curiosity was running to another quarter. J. Hardin himself was evidently aware of this, for he shook his head irritably and several times looked around over his shoulder.

Now, Paul suddenly remembered, among other things, such as spirits, wine, beer and tobacco, that J. Hardin loathed and would not tolerate in his presence or, indeed, could he have had his way, on the habitable portions of the earth, was scent. He would never allow it in the house. For a long time Paul, as a boy, had thought that perfumery was wicked, too. On this Sunday morning as he sat in the old pew, he had been for some time consciously aware of a faint, a very faint, suggestion of an odor that seemed strangely familiar. It came and then was gone, and then presently the scene in the little back room at the new milliner's flashed before his eyes and he remembered it as the scent that she used about her person. Was she there, somewhere in the congregation? He had an almost uncontrollable impulse to turn round in the hope of seeing her, but he restrained the impulse and, giving his head a shake of determination, fixed his eyes on the preacher.

Paul tried to listen, but try as he would, his mind would wander toward the new milliner. He determined again to put the whole thing out of his mind and above all not to permit himself to look around; and then, the second after, he turned his head swiftly and looked, and there, between the intervening shoulders and curious, conscious faces, his eyes met hers. It was only for an instant, but there was recognition, an exchange of intelligence, almost of confidence, then her eyes fell and Paul turned quickly round again.

AFTER the sermon and the prayer there was a general relaxation; the people, released from the long strain, could whisper and gossip with each other while the speaker was explaining the mechanism of the ballot and showing them how to vote on Tuesday. Paul sat there, his head down, waiting stoically for the meeting to end, knowing full well what the people near him were talking about. He had seen Mrs. Mumm, shocked and scandalized, sitting upright in her pew, her large bosom palpably swelling with moral indignation, the great ostrich plume on her velvet hat shaking with resentment. Yes, thought Paul, he was in for it now! What kind of a hat was the new milliner wearing? He had a vague impression of a low-crowned thing with a broad brim, rather bluish, that came down over her brow in a way that was most charming and agreeable; it showed her face, which had—or was he mistaken?—blushed when their eyes met. But he dared not turn round again; he could only sit and wish that it would all end and he could get away.

It did end finally, as all things do.

"You're coming home to dinner, aren't you?" J. Hardin was asking.

"Yes," he said. "But I want to run up to my office a moment first."

Paul made his way down the crowded aisle where the people as they streamed out would stop to speak to one another. He tried to avoid the new milliner and made his way as rapidly as he could, but he had to drift along with the others. When at last he was outside, the new milliner had disappeared.

But as Paul went down Cedar Street toward his office, there she was, standing at the door of her shop, fumbling in the reticule she carried. He could not avoid her now; she smiled under that pretty hat with the broad brim and then, with an air of desperate concern, she said: "Do you know, I've lost my key!"

He did not know precisely what she expected of him in such circumstances or how

Continued on page 90





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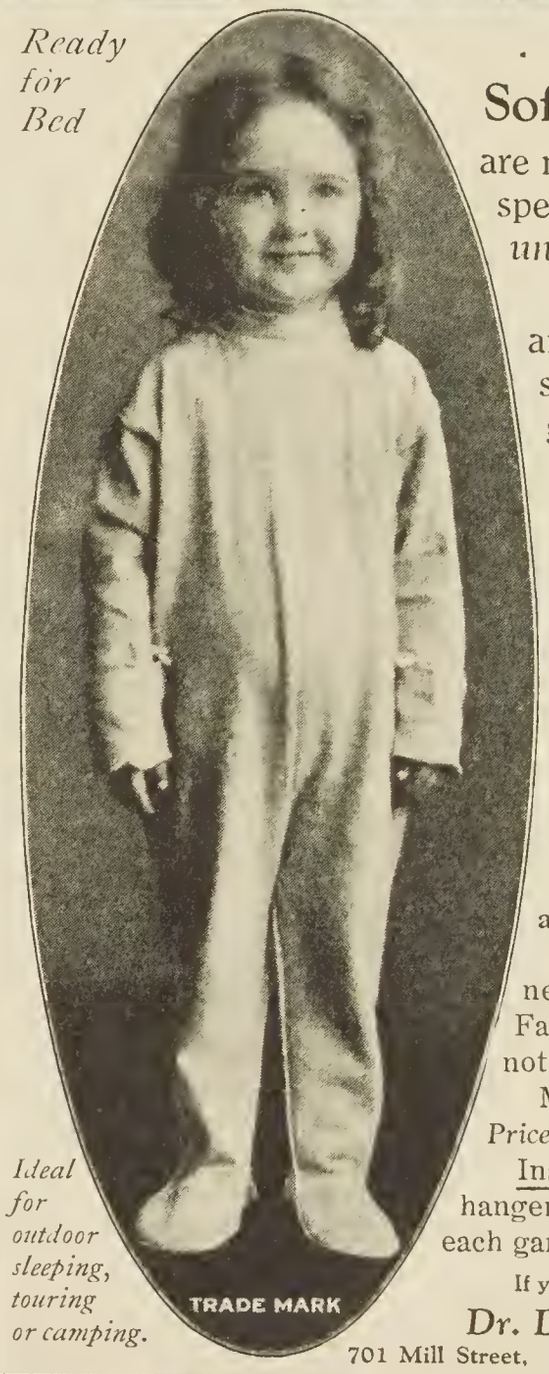
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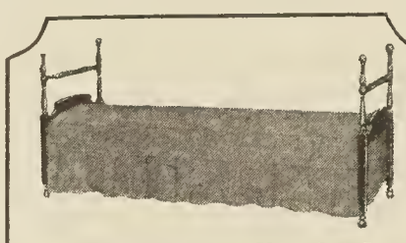
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J. HARDIN & SON

Continued from page 89

he could aid her in finding it, and so he said, not very helpfully: "Where did you put it?"

"I put it in my pocketbook." Her brows knitted in concern; she fumbled more desperately still in her reticule, drawing out a small handkerchief, a bit of ribbon, a mirror and some coins.

"It's too provoking!" she said, with a pout, and then suddenly looking up: "You haven't a key to this door, have you?"

"No," he said. "How should I——"

"Well, you're the landlord," she retorted.

He did not like to stand there in that way with all the people from church streaming by, but he did not quite know how to get away. He was suffering the embarrassment, the torture of a terrifying conspicuousness.

"Please don't let me keep you standing here," she protested. "It's too stupid of me!"

The people kept on going by, glancing at them as they passed. Then suddenly her expression changed; a smile broke over her face.

"There! I have found it!"

She thrust the key into the lock and opened the door, and then holding it slightly ajar she lingered an instant, the blue eyes looking out from under the wide brim of her hat.

"I didn't know you went to church," he said, merely to say something.

"Why shouldn't I?" she demanded. "Do you think I'm a heathen?"

"Oh, no," he said. "I just wondered. What did you think of the sermon?"

"The sermon?" she repeated. "Was there a sermon?"

"Well, the Reverend Wise——"

"Oh, that political speech!"

"Well, what did you think of it?"

She looked about and gave a cautious, or mock cautious, glance up and down the street and then, leaning toward him with a confidential little air, she said, lowering her voice to a stage whisper: "I thought it perfect balderdash! What a dreadful, horrid man! I loathed him!" And then, with the flash of a smile, she went into her shop.

The churchgoers had all gone by this time; they had seen him standing there, talking with the new milliner. And yet, in that instant, he did not care if they had; he took a certain pride in his own recklessness; he experienced the exhilaration of adventure, the satisfaction of an achievement; he felt distinctly younger.

THEY sat at dinner that day, Paul and his father and mother, in the places they used to occupy when Paul was a boy, as though all the intervening years had never been. It was all the same, and yet all changed. How terrible life was, how remorseless, with its inevitable, implacable tragedy of change! "Time and chance happeneth to them all!" It had all changed—and was changing even then, however imperceptibly, under his very eyes. His father and mother were old, old. He realized it now as he had never realized it before. It was apparent not only in their looks and in their ways, in their slower, less certain movements and the timbre of their voices, but in their spiritual attitude. Paul had felt it while his father was asking the blessing; his voice, once so strong and imperative, had a quaver in it. That other world which they had apprehended, now, as they were drawing nearer and nearer, was growing real to them.

He envied them this quiet, this peace, this trust, this reliance on a higher power. There was something of candor in it, something infinitely touching. They sat there, eating with the enormous appetite of the very old, in silence for the most part. And yet without graces or compliments or little attentions they understood each other, they were united in perfect sympathy, they were one.

And he thought of his own life, of all its fever and fret, its essential sordidness, its constant, purposeless agitation. And then the dull pain of his relations with Winona,

Continued on page 91

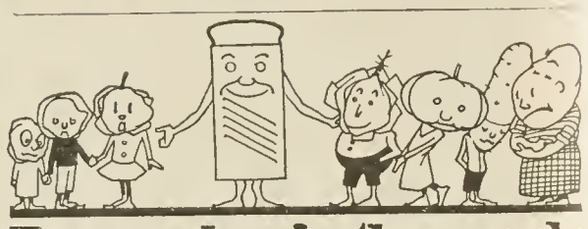


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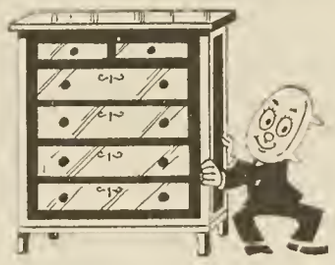
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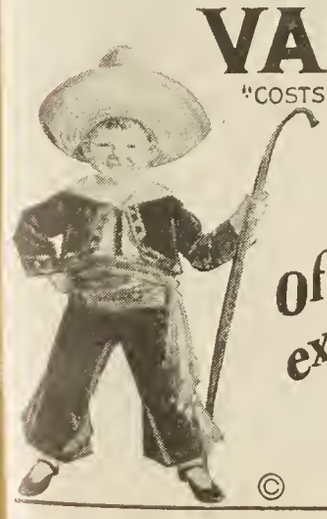
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J. HARDIN & SON

Continued from page 90

the certainty growing reluctantly within him, though he tried to avoid recognizing or admitting it, that his marriage had been a tragic and irretrievable mistake. Comparing his own life with that of his parents—that life so simple, so calm, so well founded—he felt unworthy of them. Why, he wondered, had he ever drifted away into another life; why could he not have been like them? He would have been better, safer so.

And yet, when dinner was over and they had gone into the sitting-room, he dared not even light his cigar. The attempts at conversation were ineffectual; he had, after all, so very little to say to them. He was wondering how he could get away without hurting their feelings, when the door-bell clanged.

"It's sister Tiking," said Mrs. Hardin, with a neighbor's intuition. "Go let her in, Joshua."

J. Hardin groaned but got up, and Paul got up too, glad of an excuse to get away.

WHEN he got home that evening, Winona was not there; she had left word to the effect that she had gone over to the Winships for supper. And he understood: it was to punish him for dining with his parents that day. She came home early in a carriage—the Winships' he supposed—and entered the room with a strange, remote air. Her face was slightly flushed, her dark eyes were rather brighter than usual. He thought she looked tired and nervously exhausted; when she spoke it was in a strained high voice.

"Did you have a nice time?" he asked her.

"Very."

"Were there many there?"

"Why, no," said Winona. "It was simply Mrs. Winship's usual Sunday-night supper."

Evidently she did not care to talk. She went up-stairs to take off her things and came down no more that night.

The supper at the Winships was mentioned no more between them and Paul did not think of it again until Tuesday. It was election day, though as he went down-town that morning it seemed like any other day; one would have observed no outward sign of moral or political activity.

"Voted yet?" asked Winship, whom he met at the bank.

"No," said Paul. "Have you?"

"Oh yes."

"Wet, I suppose?"

"Yes. There seems no doubt that the wets are going to win, though it may be close. A week ago the town would have gone dry, but the tide has turned the last few days. You notice that Sturrock's still in Columbus, and most all the candidates for local offices have come out for the wets since Saturday. It's a good thing; better for business to have the town wet."

Winship spoke, as always, as one who considered every question in its relation to business, and Paul was amused, not at this attitude, for that was the natural way for a man to look at anything, but because he remembered that Winship owned a considerable amount of stock in the Cincinnati breweries which Parton represented as attorney. Paul knew this because, some time before, Winship had tried to sell these shares to him at a time when he was alarmed by the spread of prohibition sentiment.

"Parton tells me," Winship was going on, "that he is sure it's all right. He made a careful canvass of the situation and he tells me that the wets are bound to win. He was at my house to supper on Sunday night in fine spirits over the situation."

"Yes," said Paul indifferently, with a careless glance into Winship's bland porcelain-blue eyes. He looked at Winship, strutting in the too tightly fitting and too youthful clothes of his New York tailor. Paul thought that Winship looked like a fool, with his white hair and his smooth soft face, massaged and powdered; he was dull, stupid and ignorant, though he had in him a shrewd and

Continued on page 92



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J HARDIN & SON

J. HARDIN & SON

Continued from page 91

crafty sense that had gained him his fortune and was perhaps responsible for the petty malice that is so often found in such natures.

"Well," said Paul, "we'll see to-night how the election goes," and he turned away.

"Hold on, Hardin," said Winship. "What do you honestly think about this brewery stock; would you sell it if you were in my place?"

"Yes," said Paul; "if I could find any one fool enough to buy it!"

All morning long in the bank, where he usually stayed an hour alone in his office, he thought about what Winship had said. Parton at his house to supper and Winona had never mentioned it! Mrs. Winship was precisely the place to go for sympathy; she, with her sentimentalism, her silly romantic conception of life, her affectation of culture her light head turned by what she read, and in general all of her foolish, flighty, weak notions was the very one to aid and abet a flirtation. Paul knew that Mrs. Winship did not like him; he knew she felt that he somehow compelled Winona to lead a lonesome, secluded, barren existence, devoid of pleasure or interest or excitement.

He was thinking of it when at noon he met his father on the street. J. Hardin looked haggard, and worn, and old.

"How's it going?" Paul asked.

"Oh," said J. Hardin, "I think it's going all right. But you can't tell. Parton's put in a lot of money, and beer and whisky are free in Macochee to-day. It's particularly bad in Lighttown. I'm going down there this afternoon."

Paul felt a lancinating pity as he saw his father stride off, his thin form bent, his hands thrust deep in the pockets of his overcoat, his hat pulled down over his white hair, his scarf floating in the raw Spring air. But there was nothing he could do to help him. And his mind turned back into its tiresome groove of morbid preoccupation; he began to think again of what Winship had said that morning, to worry it in his mind. He thought of what his father had just told him of Parton's corrupting voters; and this was the man with whom his wife dined at Winship's, as though he were some superior person, a gentleman of refinement, above the men of Macochee! He could not get it out of his mind all the afternoon.

WHEN he went down-town that evening, in a mild interest to hear the result of the election, and entered Ogle's drug-store, Jordan thrust his glistening bald head from behind the prescription case to ask, "How's your father?"

"Why, he's all right, I guess."

"Wasn't badly hurt, then?"

"Hurt?" exclaimed Paul, with a sudden fear. "How?"

"Why," said Jordan, "I supposed of course you knew. He was set upon by some roughs in Lighttown just as the polls were closing. He was challenging some votes."

Paul's heart stood still.

"Was he badly hurt do you know?" he asked, turning to go.

"I don't think it was dangerous," said Jordan.

Paul would not stay to hear more. He hurried out on to Main Street. The shops were closed and dark, the wide street sprawled between the mean buildings on either side, its squalor somehow accentuated by the glare of the arc-lamps that sputtered high above it. Here and there the front of a saloon glowed brightly and Paul could hear the sounds of that revelry by which the wets were already beginning to celebrate their victory at the polls.

He turned into Cedar Street. The new milliner's shop was closed and dark, too; he heard, or thought he heard, in passing, the uncertain notes of a banjo.

J. Hardin was sitting in his usual place at the table when Paul entered. The only

Continued on page 93



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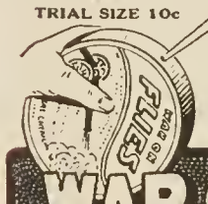
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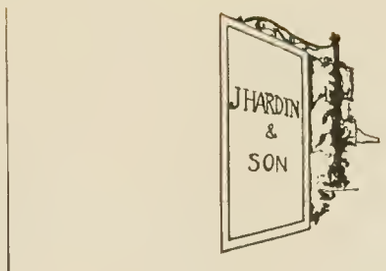
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J. HARDIN & SON

Continued from page 92

change in his appearance was that across his forehead toward the left temple a long white strip of adhesive plaster bound a piece of surgical gauze to his head.

"Whatever has happened?" Paul exclaimed.

"Oh, nothing, nothing!" exclaimed his father irritably. "One of those hoodlums up in Lighttown with more of Doney's whisky than brains in his head and Parton's money in his pockets raised a row when I challenged a vote and I put him out of the polling-booth, where he had no business to be. Then when I was coming away he and some of his pals, from behind a fence of course, threw brickbats at me. One hit me a glancing blow. It's nothing, I tell you. My head aches a little; that's all."

He sat upright, the white band on his head seeming to increase the severity of his aspect.

"What's their majority?" he asked.

Paul could not tell him.

"Well," said J. Hardin, "it's close. We'll win the next time."

He was already, then, planning for the next campaign; the old determined spirit was unbroken.

"Yes, sir," J Hardin said, "we shall win next time. But that won't be enough; local option isn't enough. We've got to have county option and vote the counties dry—then the State and finally the nation!"

He spoke with eager intensity; the old fanatical flame had come back to his eye.

"I'll not live to see it," said J. Hardin. "I hope to see the town dry—it's all I ask. But I'll not see the State dry or the nation. But you will, Paul—the State anyway. You will."

PAUL knew that it was not good for his father just then to become excited and he would have liked to lead him away from this subject. That, however, was hard to do.

Conversation with J. Hardin had always been difficult, and as for confidences, they were quite impossible. There were troubles on Paul's own mind that evening, coming up to the surface again now that he was reassured as to his father, and it might have done him good had he been able to talk them over with some one. But he could not do so—least of all with his father; they would have been consumed with a kind of shame, withered up in embarrassment by the mere thought of opening their hearts; they would not have known how to act.

There was his father, warm, sentient, alive, and there were a thousand questions he might have asked him. Soon he would be gone forever, old and broken as he was, sustained now almost by his indomitable spirit alone, and then it would be too late. For instance, his father's youth: how little he knew of that—practically nothing at all. And he tried to picture to himself that infinitely remote being, J. Hardin in youth. What had he been like, what had he looked like? What had been his temptations, trials, ambitions? His father's youth—all its fires, passions, its infinity of thoughts, hopes, dreams, intentions, frustrations, fears—all that compressed phantasmagorical hodge-podge of thought and sensation that make up the human mind, that constitute the reality of a human soul and are the only thing of which life consists—of all this, in J. Hardin's case, he knew nothing. They were all gone, unrecorded, lost, save as they or the remnants of them were mysteriously in J. Hardin's mind at that moment, and what was more mysterious, in his own and unidentifiable heritage! And there was no way to find out! How dreadfully alone in life was every human being; they had to go through it in the dark and go through death in the dark. There was nothing more terrifying than the awful isolation of every human soul—marooned, as it were, and no means of communicating with any other.

He looked at his father's hands.

Continued on page 94

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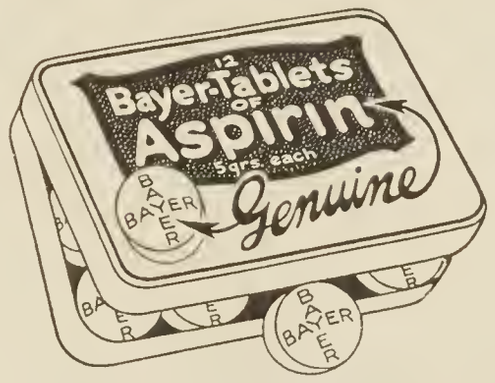
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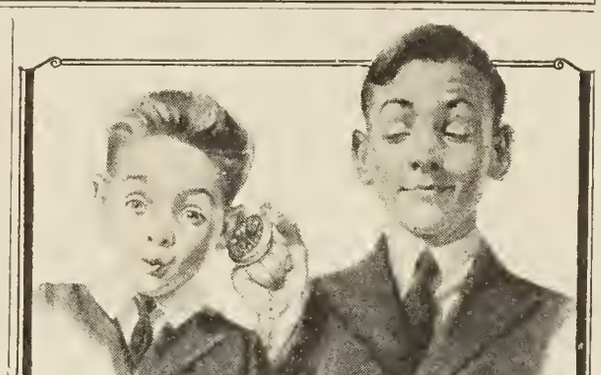
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J. HARDIN & SON

Continued from page 93

"Father," he found himself saying, "how did you come to take up blacksmithing."

"To escape work on a farm," J. Hardin promptly responded.

"Blacksmithing's hard work," Paul observed.

"Life's hard work," said J. Hardin.

Then the conversation languished.

"Yes," observed Paul, after a time, taking up their conversation where they had dropped it, "it must have been a hard life. You hadn't many pleasures."

"We hadn't time for them," said J. Hardin, "We were a God-fearing family."

"Then you were spared temptations?" Paul ventured.

J. Hardin reared up in a way that made Paul doubt whether his father had changed so much after all.

"I spent many a day pounding them out on my anvil!" he said.

Paul wondered what his temptations had been. Had he, for instance, ever heard the tinkle of a banjo at nightfall coming from behind a door?

SUDDENLY they heard a sound, a confused hubbub, first at a distance, then drawing nearer and nearer and bursting at last into a medley of all hideous noises as a crowd turned from Cedar Street into Mad River Street and stopped before the house, beating on pans, blowing tin horns, whistling, shouting, bellowing, making night hideous with the charivari that the wets had arranged as a serenade for J. Hardin. They knew instantly what it was and what it meant. A rage possessed Paul; his mother came running in from the kitchen, her face pale and frightened.

"It's the wets celebrating their victory," said J. Hardin. He got up slowly, his face set in a dark determination, and took a step toward the door.

"Where are you going, Joshua?" cried Mrs. Hardin.

"I'm going out to meet them," said J. Hardin.

"Father!" said Paul. "You sit down!"

"Yes, Joshua, don't pay any attention to them."

Outside, the men who had poured out of the saloons along lower Main Street kept up the racket. J. Hardin sat down and they waited in silence. Several times, with anger in his countenance, J. Hardin started up, tense with rage, and he would have gone out, but Paul and Mrs. Hardin each time implored him to keep still and he obeyed and sat waiting for the disturbance to cease. It did die down after a while and then they heard steps near the porch; there was a thud, a rumble and something rolled along the porch and bumped with a hollow sound against the door: a beer-keg, as they learned, left as a souvenir of their triumph. And then a great roar went up.

"They howl like the ships of Tarshish," said J. Hardin.

The mob left as it had come and went back to the saloons to resume those revels in which there was no joy, no mirth, no gaiety or any of the romance and poetry of the old legend of the vine, but only the brutal, sodden stupefaction of ardent spirits, the only form of relaxation they had ever known.

"You'd better go to bed and get some rest, Joshua," said Mrs. Hardin, laying her hand on her husband's shoulder.

"Yes," said Paul. "I must be going."

"You must go home—to Winona," his mother said.

Continued in the November DELINEATOR

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BABIES

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BETTER HOMES

THE DELINEATOR is the General Headquarters and Bureau of Information of the "Better Homes in America" movement. A plan book, telling the scope of this work, how to organize a local campaign, conduct a Demonstration Week and outfit a demonstration house, will be sent for ten cents.

HOUSEKEEPING

The Home-Economics Department has prepared, under the direction of Martha Van Rensselaer, a list of leaflets which will lighten the housewife's burden and make scientific home-making an easy art. These leaflets range from milk recipes to the technique of laying the table. Mention specific subjects or write for a list.

HOUSE DECORATION

Make Your Problems Clear by listing your questions and by giving dimensions, exposure and full description of the rooms you wish to decorate. Four printed bulletins, entitled "Good Floors," "Curtains and Draperies," "Walls, Woodwork and Ceilings" and "Furnishing the Home," price twenty-five cents each, fully cover decoration problems in their respective fields. Any *one* letter addressed to Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders, Editor, Department of House Decoration, should ask not more than five questions or advice about the furnishing and decoration of not more than two rooms.

CHILDREN

The Story Hour: The Children's Department has prepared lists of books for children of all ages, which will assist in forming good reading habits. Ask, too, for a Page of Prayers for children to learn.

BEAUTY

You Can Improve Your Complexion with a little time and careful study. The Beauty Editor will answer special questions and will send folders prepared by experts on the care of the hair, skin and hands, lotions and cosmetics. Tell us what subjects interest you most.

ETIQUETTE

Are You Uncertain about the ways of the social world? Mrs. John Cabot Kimberley will send you a number of useful leaflets on manners and form, covering every social quandary. "Weddings," "Calls and the Use of Cards," "Letter-Writing," "Etiquette at the Table" are some of the titles. She will answer any puzzled inquirer.

ENTERTAINMENT

The Entertainment Department has a new party, "Scarecrow," which is appropriate for Hallowe'en. It includes an original song with music. Copies of THE DELINEATOR that contained the pageant "The Making of America" may be had for twenty cents in stamps. Directions for music and costumes will accompany each copy. Tell us about the party or dinner or dance or church fair you are planning and we will help you out.

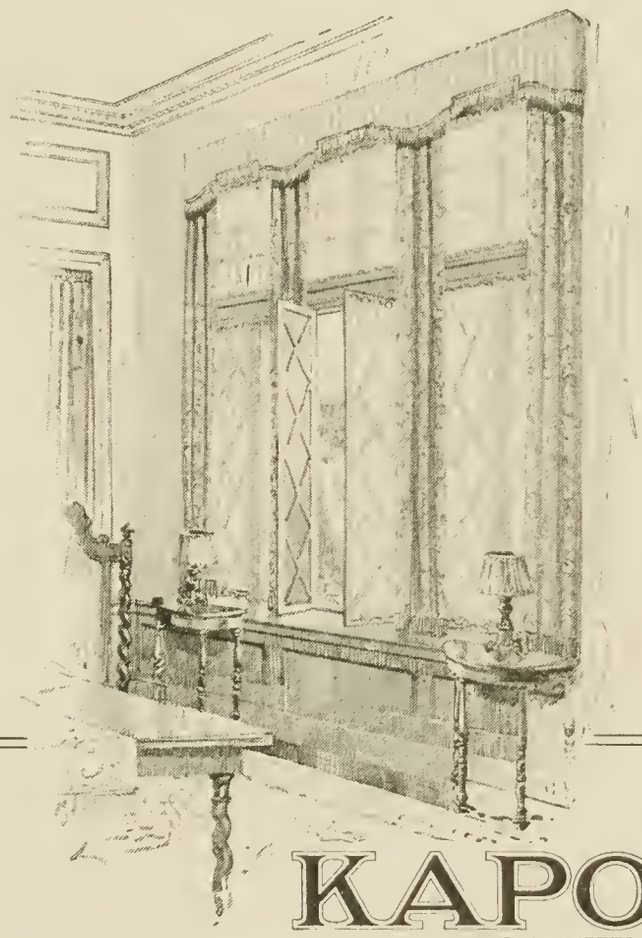


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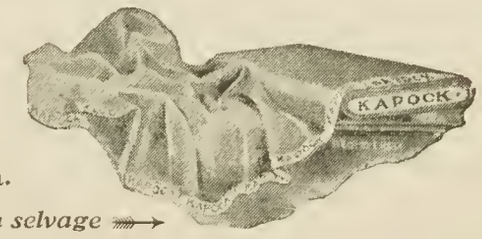
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OTHER VIEWS ARE SHOWN ON PAGE 26



4770 4777 4772 4766 4662 4764 4676

4770—4748—For the street the smart costume is the wrap-around coat dress with one or two circular flounces. These flounces are more circular at the front than in back. Use wool rep, wool poplin, soft twills, wool crêpe, wool cashmere, gabardine, heavy silk crêpe. The wrap-around turban is easy to make. Lower edge 47 inches.

36 bust requires $3^3/_8$ yards 54-inch wool rep and for turban 1 yard 36-inch velvet.

The coat dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, the turban for ladies or misses.

4772—This becoming one-piece, slip-over dress has a tiered front and a casing and elastic across the sides at a low waistline. Use silk crêpe, satin crêpe, charmeuse. wool reps, wool poplin, wool crêpe, wool cashmere, soft twills, serge or gabardine.

36 bust requires $3^1/_2$ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 51 inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4662—The accordion or side plaited straight pinafore front and the plaited cape collar make this a graceful slip-over, one-piece dress. It may omit the collar. Use satin crêpe, sheer, light or medium weight silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, silk voile, chiffon—plain or printed, or foulard.

36 bust requires $3^5/_8$ yards 39-inch moire silk. Lower edge 51 inches.

The dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4777—10186—The cape is the newest evening wrap and is very elegant. Shirrings may give the effect of a pointed yoke on this three-piece cape. The embroidery is effective. Use black or vivid-color velvet with silver or metallic embroidery and lining of metal fabric, silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, satin or to match embroidery, or use brocade or metal fancies with plain silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine or satin, etc. Lower edge 2 yards.

36 bust requires $3^7/_8$ yards 40-inch velvet.

The cape is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4766—A plain back, circular flounces across the front and a long close sleeve are new points to a slip-over, one-piece, straight-line dress. Make it of wool reps, wool poplin, soft twills, serge, gabardine, light-weight broadcloth or heavy silk crêpe.

36 bust requires $2^1/_2$ yards 54-inch wool rep. Lower edge 47 inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 40 bust, also misses.

4764—The hand-made rosette adds the French note to a one-piece, slip-over dress with a casing of elastic at a low waistline. Sleeves may be sewed into the long body lining. Use satin crêpe, medium or light weight silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine,—plain or printed, or foulard.

36 bust requires $3^1/_8$ yards 40-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 54 inches.

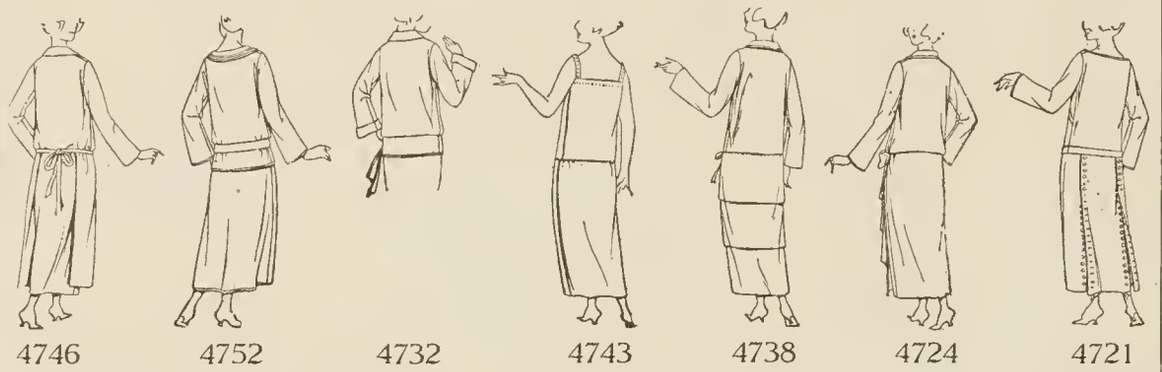
The dress is suitable for ladies 33 to 40 bust, also misses.

4676—10163—The Autumn bride chooses a new style in a one-piece, slip-over dress with a separate one-piece slip, in satin crêpe, silk crêpe, charmeuse. For evening wear use these materials printed with plain to match, metallic fabrics or metal brocades with chiffon velvet or satin crêpe sash, etc. The embroidery is smart. Work in color. Lower edge $50^1/_2$ inches.

36 bust requires 4 yards 39-inch satin crêpe.

The dress is distinctive for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

OTHER VIEWS ARE SHOWN ON PAGE 27



4746 4752 4732 4743 4738 4724 4721

4746—10132—The pinafore front is very new for a one-piece slip-over dress with a choice of body lining. Use wool reps, wool poplin, soft twills, wool crêpe, gabardine, serge, kasha, wool cashmere or heavy silk crêpes. The embroidery is smart. Work in color.

36 bust requires 3 yards 54-inch wool poplin. Lower edge 48 inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4732—4743—A surplice blouse of crêpe de Chine, light-weight silk crêpes, crêpe satin, etc., can have a yoke, and ties on over a two-piece skirt of wool rep, wool poplin, etc., joining body or a $1^1/_4$-inch inside belt. Lower edge 51 inches.

36 bust and 38 hip require $2^5/_8$ yards 39-inch printed crêpe de Chine and $2^1/_8$ yards 39 to 44 inch wool cashmere.

The blouse and skirt are new for ladies 32 to 48 bust and 35 to $47^1/_2$ hip.

4724—4748—A wrap-around coat dress with a three-tiered front fits closely over the hips. Use wool reps, wool poplin, wool crêpe, soft twills, serge, gabardine or heavy silk crêpe. The wrap-around turban of brocades or satin crêpe is new.

36 bust requires $3^1/_4$ yards 54-inch wool rep for dress. Lower edge 48 inches.

The coat dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; the turban for ladies and misses.

4752—The new two-piece dress is composed of a slip-over blouse and slightly circular two-piece skirt. Use wool reps, wool poplin, wool crêpe, soft twills, gabardine, serge, tricotine, kasha, light-weight wool pile fabrics or silk alpaca. Lower edge $1^3/_4$ yard.

36 bust requires $2^3/_4$ yards 54-inch light-weight wool pile fabric.

The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 40 bust.

4738—This wrap-around straight-line coat dress fits snugly over the hips and its three-tiered skirt is joined at a low waistline. Use wool rep with collar, cuffs and tie of grosgrain ribbon, or wool reps, wool poplin, wool crêpe, soft twills, kasha, serge, gabardine, heavy silk crêpe or the woolen materials and silk crêpe body, etc.

36 bust requires $2^3/_8$ yards 54-inch wool rep (with tiers cut crosswise).

The coat dress is for ladies 32 to 40 bust.

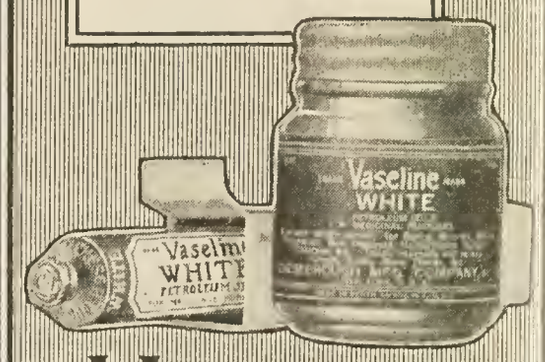
4721—This slip-over dress with a wrap-around skirt and a loose panel on the right side fits snugly at the hips. Use wool reps, wool poplin, twills, tricotine, gabardine, serge, all one or with plain or printed silk crêpe or satin body, wool crêpe all one or with printed silk crêpe body, etc.

36 bust requires $2^5/_8$ yards 54-inch serge. Lower edge $44^1/_2$ inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

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You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

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OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 28

4726—For a new one-piece coat dress with a casing of elastic across the sides use wool eponge, wool crêpe, light-weight velours, tweeds, homespun, duvetyn, soft twills, tricotine, serge, etc.

12 years requires 1⅞ yards 54-inch light-weight velours.

The coat dress is for juniors and girls 8 to15.

4751—Clusters of plaits appear at each side in front and back on a slip-over one-piece dress with straight lower edge. Use medium or light weight or sheer silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, etc.,—printed or plain.

12 years requires 2⅛ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for juniors and girls 6 to 15.

4739—Tiers are new on a wrap-around coat dress of serge, wool crêpe, twills, tricotine, gabardine, etc.

13 years requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch wool rep.

The coat dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

4737—10155—The slip-over one-piece dress closes on the shoulder at the left. The embroidery is smart. Work in color. Use velveteen with crêpe de Chine, Georgette or silk crêpe, taffeta with Georgette or crêpe de Chine, etc.

10 years requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch velvet and ½ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for girls 2 to 12 years.

4686—This slip-over dress has a straight lower edge and separate bloomers. Use printed or plain crêpe de Chine with taffeta bands, printed cotton crêpe, pin-check gingham, etc., with plain to match.

5 years requires 2 yards 35-inch figured and ½ yard 35-inch plain crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 8 years.

4735—A slip-over dress of velveteen, plain or printed heavy silk crêpe, taffeta with velveteen or duvetyn skirt, etc., has a straight skirt joined at a low waistline.

10 years requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch velvet.

The dress is for juniors and girls 6 to 15.

4690—A slip-over dress in Russian effect and separate bloomers may be made of pin-check gingham, dimity, printed sateen, heavy cotton prints, chambray, linen, etc.

4 years requires 2 yards 32-inch gingham.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 8 years.

4695—A waist and straight trousers of linen, chambray, linen-finished cottons, Japanese crêpe, piqué, madras, gingham, pongee, silk-and-cotton jersey, etc., make a suit.

3 years requires 1¼ yard 36-inch linen.

The suit is for little boys 2 to 5.

4747—4759—4038—A wrap-around coat with a circular flounce and leggings are smart in wool-pile fabrics, duvetyn, broadcloth, serge, velvet, etc. The hat with gored crown has a ribbon rosette.

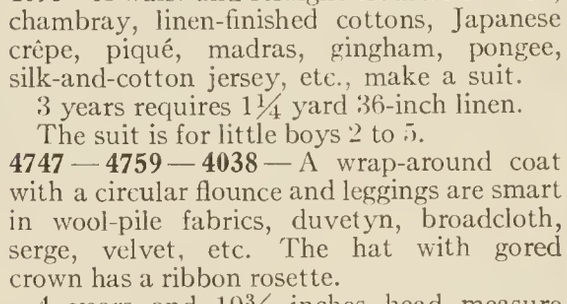
4 years and 19¾ inches head measure requires 2 yards 54-inch duvetyn for coat, hat and leggings.

The coat is for little girls 2 to 6, the hat for girls 2 to 14, the leggings for children 2 to 14.

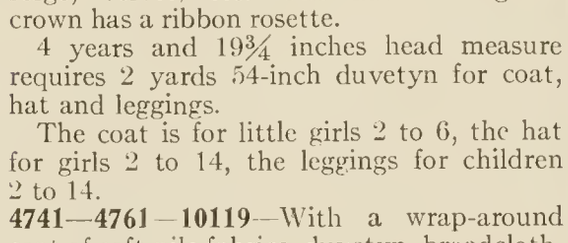
4741—4761—10119—With a wrap-around coat of soft-pile fabrics, duvetyn, broadcloth, velvet, wool rep, soft twills, tricotine or serge she wears a little French hat. The embroidery is gay. Work in color.

12 years and 21¼ inches head measure requires 3¾ yards 36-inch velvet for coat and hat.

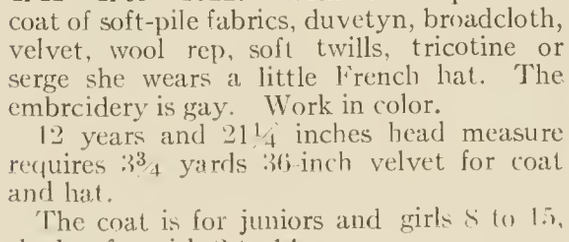
The coat is for juniors and girls 8 to 15, the hat for girls 2 to 14 years.



4726 4751 4739



4737 4686 4735



4690 4695 4747 4741



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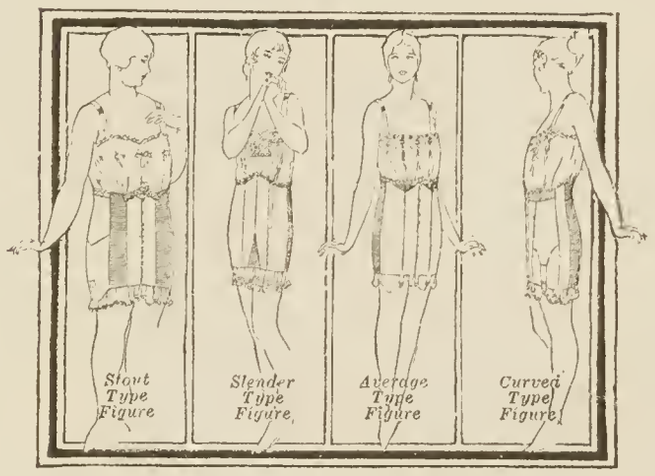
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average-type figure
$3.00



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OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 29

4742—For the young girl is a new slip-over dress, close-fitting at the hips. There is a loose panel on the right side of the wrap-around skirt which joins a long body.

17 years requires 2¼ yards 54-inch wool rep. Lower edge 42 inches.

The dress is becoming to misses 16 to 20, also small women.

4702—In wool crêpe, wool jersey, soft twills tricotine or gabardine this slip-over dress with its straight skirt joined to a long body with a vest front is new. Lower edge 52 ins.

16 years requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch twill and ½ yard 36-inch silk Paisley for dress.

The dress is suitable for misses 16 to 20, also small women.

4719—4451—This wrap-around one-piece dress closes on the left shoulder and under the arm, and the hat has a gored crown and softly rolled bias brim. Use wool rep, wool poplin, soft twills, tricotine, serge, heavy silk crêpe or velvet for dress.

17 years requires 2¼ yards 54-inch serge for dress. Lower edge 48½ inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20, also small women; the hat for misses, ladies, girls and children.

4687—4449—A long body of plain or printed silk crêpe or satin joins in a decorative way a straight skirt with clusters of plaits in wool crêpe, soft twills, tricotine, serge, etc. A hat of suède kid, duvetyn, etc., is French.

17 years requires 1⅞ yard 35-inch printed silk, and 1⅝ yard 44-inch serge for dress. Lower edge, plaits drawn out, 1⅞ yard.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20, also small women; the hat for misses, ladies, girls, children.

4691—10175—This two-piece dress has a slip-over blouse and accordion or side plaited or gathered straight skirt joining a camisole body. Use worsted jersey, wool crêpe, serge, crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, etc. The embroidery is smart. Work in colors.

16 years requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch wool jersey. Lower edge, plaits out, 2⅛ yards.

The dress is attractive for misses 15 to 20, also small women.

4750—4748—Her wrap-around turban matches her slip-over dress with a draped skirt with tiered front and tucked back joined at a low waistline. The dress closes under the left arm. Use silk crêpe, satin crêpe, etc. Lower edge 45 inches.

16 years requires 4 yards 39-inch silk crêpe for dress and turban.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20, the turban for misses or ladies.

4736—10996—The yoke and short sleeve in one are especially lovely on a one-piece slip-over dress with clusters of plaits. The beading design is effective. Work in self-color. Use plain satin crêpe, light or medium weight or sheer silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, etc. Lower edge, plaits out, 1⅞ yard.

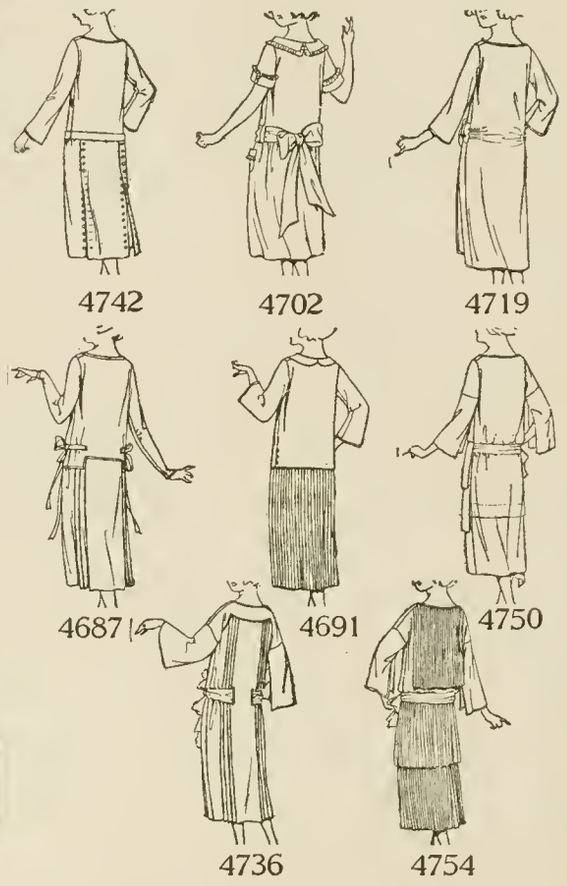
17 years or 34 bust requires 3½ yards 40-inch silk crêpe.

The dress is smart for misses 16 to 18 or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

4754—The flounced straight skirt of this slip-over dress may be accordion or side plaited. It may omit the plaited cape collar and it closes under the left arm. Use crêpe de Chine, Georgette, satin crêpe, etc.

16 years requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is smart for misses 16 to 20.





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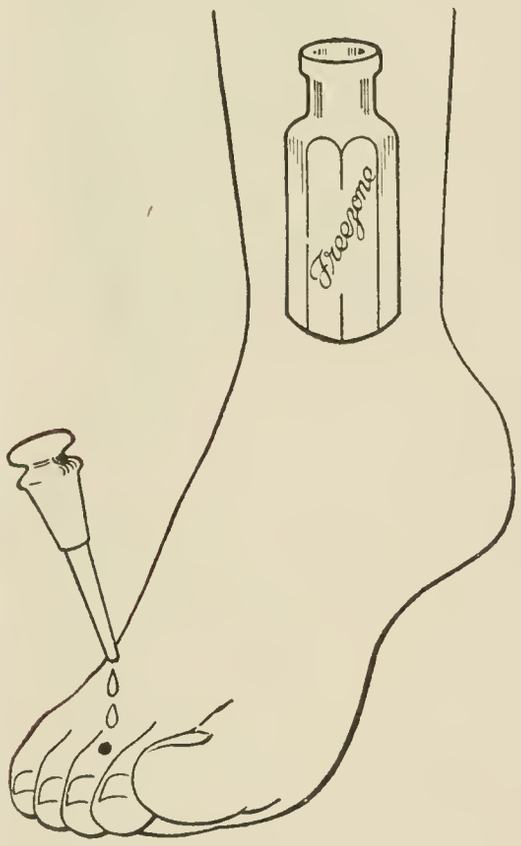
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LUDEN'S

MENTHOL COUGH DROPS GIVE QUICK RELIEF

OTHER VIEWS ARE SHOWN ON PAGE 30



4758 4725 4744 4762 4740 4251 4736

4758—Plaits are the new trimming for a slip-over dress of crêpe de Chine, sheer, medium or light weight silk crêpe, satin crêpe, Georgette, silk voile, chiffon—plain or printed, or foulard. The dress closes under the left arm and may omit the plaited cape collar, and the accordion or side plaited flounced straight skirt is joined at a low waistline.

36 bust requires 4¾ yards 39-inch crêpe satin. Lower edge foundation skirt 48 inches.

The dress is new for ladies 32 to 40 bust.

4744—10102—The tiered front and tucked back on the draped skirt of this slip-over dress is very new. The dress closes under the left arm and the skirt is joined at a low waistline. Use crêpe satin, charmeuse, satin crêpe, silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine. The embroidered bag is a useful accessory. Work it in colors.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 46 inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 40 bust.

4740—4251—Clusters of plaits decorate each side of the front and back of this slip-over blouse in silk crêpe, satin crêpe, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, silk voile or chiffon—plain or printed. The accordion or side plaited straight skirt of crêpe de Chine, Canton crêpe, satin, charmeuse, satin crêpe, etc., joins a camisole body or 1¼-inch inside belt.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2¼ yards 40-inch Georgette and 3¼ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge, plaits out, 2⅞ yards.

The blouse and skirt are for ladies 33 to 44 bust and 35 to 42½ hip. The blouse is also for misses.

4725—10961—New coats wrap closely around the hips. This straight-line coat has a straight lower edge, a slight fulness at the neck and the sleeve is slightly pointed at the top. Use duvetyn, soft pile fabrics, novelty or striped woolens, broadcloth, wool reps, soft twills, cashmere, borders, etc. The embroider is effective. Work in color.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 54-inch soft pile fabric.

The coat is attractive for ladies 33 to 46 bust, also misses.

4762—The accordion or side plaited straight pinafore front is very French for a slip-over one-piece dress with a choice of plaited cape collar. Use satin crêpe, sheer, light or medium weight silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, silk voile or chiffon—plain or printed, or foulard.

36 bust requires 5⅜ yards 39-inch satin crêpe. Lower edge 51 inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4736—4748—A hand-fagoted yoke and short sleeve in one and clusters of plaits are good points of a slip-over one-piece dress in plain satin crêpe, light or medium weight or sheer silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine with hand-fagoted, lace or embroidered yoke, or plain Georgette, silk voile or chiffon, etc. The wrap-around turban is smart.

36 bust requires 4¼ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine; and the turban for ladies requires 1 yard 36-inch metallic cloth. Lower edge, plaits drawn out, 2 yards.

The dress is good for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses, the turban for ladies or misses.

OTHER VIEWS ARE SHOWN ON PAGE 31



4782 4779 4745 4753 4760 4763 4776 4774

4782—10186—One may wear this as a jacquette or a blouse. The embroidery gives a new effect. Work the design in self or contrasting color. Use crêpe satin, crêpe de Chine or taffeta with embroidery, or velvet, velvet brocade, charmeuse, Canton crêpe, duvetyn, printed silk crêpe, printed crêpe de Chine or printed linen.

36 bust requires 2 yards 39-inch silk crêpe.

The jacquette blouse is for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

4779—For this slip-over blouse with straight lower edge use printed crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe, printed fine cotton crêpe or cotton voile, crêpe satin, silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, Georgette with beading or embroidery to give body and weight to the material, cotton crêpe or cotton voile with embroidery to give body and weight to material.

36 bust requires 2⅛ yards 39-inch printed silk.

The blouse is new for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4760—The new straight-line coats often have the circular flounce and kimono sleeve. Use soft pile fabrics, duvetyn, broadcloth, wool reps, soft twills, wool cashmere; or plush, velvet or fabric fur for Winter.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch soft pile fabric.

The coat is good style for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4776—Slightly circular tiers are excellent style on a slip-over, one-piece dress with a casing and elastic across the sides. Use wool reps, wool poplin, wool crêpe, soft twills, serge, gabardine or heavy silk crêpe.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch wool rep. Lower edge 48 inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4745—4753—10157—A slip-over blouse of printed or plain crêpe de Chine, printed silk crêpe or silks, crêpe satin, etc., with a two-piece skirt of camel's-hair, tweeds, homespun, etc., make a new costume. The beading is effective on the blouse. Work in color.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2¼ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine and 1⅛ yard 54-inch velours. Lower edge 49½ inches.

The blouse and skirt are for ladies 32 to 44 bust and 35 to 52 hip.

4748—Wrap-around turbans are very smart this season. No forms or frames are required. Use brocades or satin crêpe, with an ornament of jet or colored glass beads, silk crêpe with wooden bead ornament, or velvet with cut-jet, cut-glass or pearl beads, metallic cloth with pearl or cut-glass beads.

The turban requires for view A 1 yard 36-inch velvet; for view B 1 yard 36-inch silk crêpe.

The turban is for ladies and misses alike.

4763—One wraps this straight-line coat with a square armhole closely around the figure to get the new French effect. The circular ruffles may be omitted. Use soft pile fabrics, duvetyn, broadcloth, wool reps, soft twills, wool cashmere, etc.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards 54-inch duvetyn.

The coat is smart for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4774—The collar and tie in one, long close sleeves and slash pockets are tailored parts of a slip-over, one-piece, straight-line dress. Use wool reps, wool poplin, wool crêpe, soft twills, serge, gabardine or cheviot.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 54-inch serge. Lower edge 48 inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.



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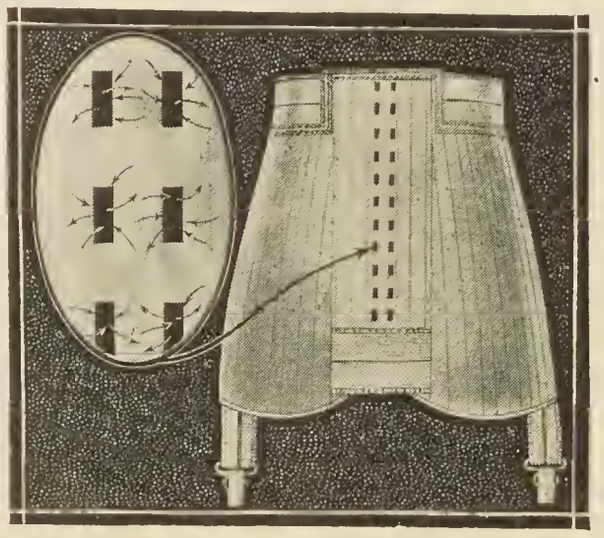
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THE LAST WORD

A Page of Shop-Talk, Gossip, and Comment

Exercises for Women

Like anything else that is pushed to extremes, physical exercise can be overdone, and athletic effort that may be performed with ease by a man may be useless, if not actually harmful, to a woman. In preparing the set of exercises suitable for home use that Mr. Yost presents with his article in this issue, you will notice that he has consulted a woman expert, Miss Marion O. Wood, supervisor of physical training of girl students at the University of Michigan. Exercises prepared by two such responsible authorities may be accepted with confidence that they are especially adapted to the non-athletic woman of average physical capacity. Further modification can be made, if necessary, by reducing the number of times each exercise is repeated. The test is the way you feel after trying them. There is nothing to be gained by pushing them to the point of distressing fatigue, and as the muscles become accustomed to the movements, the number of repetitions may be increased. Miss Wood and Mr. Yost have wisely divided their setting-up exercises into two groups—the second one, intended for the use of women of from thirty-five to fifty years of age, will appear in next month's DELINEATOR.

Since Sports Became Fashionable

Apropos of exercise, there is evidence on all sides that Americans of both sexes and all ages are coming to recognize its value as an aid to health. Within the memory of our own readers golf and tennis, for instance, were played by relatively few. A recent estimate places at two hundred and fifty thousand the number of Americans who are constant—if not consistent—performers on the links, and at half a million the number who play tennis eight months in the year. A great many reasons have been advanced for the suddenly increased vogue of athletics, among them the war and its enforced lesson on the benefit of outdoor life on over two million young American men, the shorter working day, daylight saving, the convenience of the automobile as a means of transportation, compulsory physical training in schools and the constant preaching of common-sense health measures by physicians and the press. Business and professional women brought enthusiastic support to the movement when they discovered that regular exercise helped them retain youthful spirits, appearance and mental vigor. The younger generation will reap most of the benefit (it is significant that thirty-two States now require physical education as part of the school program), but it is never too late to start a healthful habit, and daily callisthenics for adults will help noticeably when regular outdoor exercise is unobtainable.

At Home with a Humorist

All readers of that delightful story, "The Behind Legs of the 'Orse," will remember Ellis Parker Butler as the author of "Pigs Is Pigs." He long ago gave up the idea of living down the popularity of that humorous classic and has even adopted a tiny porker as a sort of trademark which he appends to his signature. Mr. Butler, who is a native of Iowa, later elected to make Flushing, Long Island, his permanent home and there he has ample opportunity to indulge what he calls his favorite sport and agony—acting as an executive of clubs and organizations. Perhaps his most active job of the kind is his position as President of the Author's League of America, although various financial, civic and recreational institutions and organizations demand much of his time. Mr. Butler is married and in addition to his stories is the author of four children, including twin girls. We are not sure that he ever sleeps, for his devotion to gardening reached the point this Spring where he grew two thousand tulips, planting them and taking up the bulbs, and in addition he found time to continue adding to his collections of postage-stamps and early American humor. A kindly man, as a humorist must be, he nevertheless confesses to some pet hates, among them poker, surf-bathing, the stock market, the prohibition amendment, carro-peas and purple typewriter ribbons. Another of Mr. Butler's unusual stories will appear in an early issue.

Next Month's Fiction Feature

When the opening of King Tutankhamen's tomb was the sensational news event of a few months ago, the dispatches mentioned the finding of a small glove, apparently dropped there carelessly when the body of the young Egyptian king was laid to rest and remaining undisturbed throughout all the intervening centuries. A fiction-story that we think you will remember for a long time is "A Lodging-House," by Dixie Willson, which will appear in the November issue. Miss Willson is a young Western writer whose work has already appeared in THE DELINEATOR, notably "For Graham Brady," which was in the March, 1923, number. She has taken this incident of the glove and about it has woven a romance highly imaginative but plausible, laid in the land of the Pharaohs and filled with the glamour and color of the golden age of Egypt. It is an unusual story—one that you may look forward to with high expectations.

New Plans for the Home-Builder

It is no secret to architects and builders or, indeed, to any one in the confidence of a prospective home-owner, that he always has in his mind a dream-picture of the ideal house—the kind he intends to build some day for himself and his family. In an effort to get and preserve whatever might be of permanent value in such dream-plans, THE DELINEATOR offered a prize of fifty dollars for the letter containing the greatest number of unique, practical and helpful suggestions for a house costing not more than twenty thousand dollars to build. By way of suggestions we asked all readers who had an ideal house in mind to consider the following questions: What type of house is it (Colonial, English, French, Italian, etc.); of what building-material is it made (stucco, brick, wood or a combination of materials); is it a bungalow or two-story house; how many rooms; any built-in features (closets, cabinets, etc.) and is there a breakfast-nook, sleeping-porch, etc.? As announced last month, the prize was awarded to Mrs. Paul E. Clausen, Ferndale, California, for the best letter and all the suggestions received were tabulated in the order of their popularity and turned over to Mr. Donn Barber, Fellow of the American Institute of Architects and THE DELINEATOR's home-building expert. A house that represents a composite picture of the ideal home of hundreds of readers will be illustrated and described in detail in the November issue and arrangements will be made for supplying the plans at a moderate price.

More Good Things to Come

Among other features that will help to make the November issue an unusually interesting one is a timely article on women in politics by the late Helen Ring Robinson—probably the last thing she wrote before the pen that had been so vigorously employed in advancing women's interests was laid aside for the last time in July. Mrs. Robinson was the first State senator of her sex in the country—she held office in Colorado—and was the first woman to cast an electoral vote for a presidential candidate. The study of public questions occupied most of her very busy life and she gave liberally of her time, money and influence to organizing women for successful attacks on unfair discrimination against their sex. In this thought-provoking article she has discussed with characteristic courage and clarity the question: Do women really want to be treated as political equals? Whether or not you agree with her conclusions, you will be impressed by the opinions of a pioneer woman office-holder who had ample opportunity to observe both sexes in the political arena.

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MIX *and* SERVE

Edited with Willing Hands and a Mean Pencil by the Only Mere Man on the Staff

EVERY time a scientist turns his attention to women we usually manage to pick up a few pearls of wisdom for our fair pewholders ◈◈◈ This time we ask them to turn an attentive ear to the findings of *Dr. Josiah Oldfield*, a distinguished British physician who in a recent London address said that "far more homes are made miserable by envious women than by dominant or brutal men." "Women," he added, "have been tinklers on the mandolin and piano through all the ages, but it is among men that the creative musicians are found. In the sphere of art women have been busy painting their lips and faces, nails and eyelashes, but if one seeks paintings which create emotions of the highest and best character, one has to go to paintings done by men" ◈◈◈ *Dr. Oldfield* concluded his remarks by saying that men were superior and should be reverenced and until women were taught to become junior comrades in the copartnership of the sexes there would be no peace in life ◈◈◈ Butter has become so expensive in *Germany* that wealthy restaurant patrons carry their own butter-boxes ◈◈◈ The lieutenant-governor of the State of Washington, *W. J. Coyle*, likes to cook for recreation. Waffles are his specialty ◈◈◈ We wonder what would happen if all the stylishly dressed women who wear "King Tut" printed materials could read the ancient inscriptions that have been copied verbatim by modern designers ◈◈◈ A learned professor who is a specialist in reading ancient Coptic saw a woman on a street-car with a waist on which was the advertisement of an Egyptian publisher. It read: "We wish to announce that a new and much larger edition will make its appearance in the near future" ◈◈◈ A man in *Berlin, Germany*, who was suing his wife for a divorce, sent out hundreds of elaborately engraved invitations to the hearing, intimating that the recipients would be entertained with some snappy evidence ◈◈◈ This month we celebrate the anniversary of *Beegum the Potter*, inventor of the cradle ◈◈◈ It seems that *Beegum's* spouse was given to stepping out evenings, leaving her husband at home to mind the baby ◈◈◈ *Beegum* devised rockers for the child's bed so he could manage to keep it quiet with one foot while he darned his own socks ◈◈◈ One night Madam Beegum stumbled over a rocker in the dark and in a fit of anger slew the estimable potter in his sleep ◈◈◈ She was tried for murder, promptly acquitted and later married the foreman of the jury ◈◈◈ *Paris* has a new "Institute of Beauty for Dogs," where canine pets may be taken to have ears and tails altered, coats dyed, superfluous hair removed, etc. It is said to be doing a thriving business ◈◈◈ Last month we said that our notion of a perfect lady was one who mentioned THE DELINEATOR when writing to advertisers ◈◈◈ Our notion of a *perfect angel* is a lady who mentions THE DELINEATOR when writing to advertisers whether she sees their ads in THE DELINEATOR or not ◈◈◈ This is the time of year when haberdashers begin to lose sales because "married men's shirts" are being taken out of the moth-balls. This variety of shirt, in case you don't know, is a faded or laundry worn garment that the thrifty housewife saves until the time of year when its departed glory may be inconspicuous when concealed by a coat and vest ◈◈◈ A *Kansas City, Missouri*, woman who sued her husband for divorce, declared that for twelve years he had slept until four o'clock every afternoon, then arose, bought a nickel's worth of candy and a six-cent novel and went back to bed ◈◈◈ A wealthy widow with a mania for shopping died recently at the age of seventy-five in *Galion, Ohio*. A search of her house brought to light four hundred boxes of candy, ninety wash-tubs, an unpacked piano, a thousand pairs of unworn mittens, several hundred unused rugs, boxes of diamond jewelry and gold coin and thousands of artificial flowers ◈◈◈ So many envious women came to see the spoils that the police were busy night and day guarding the property ◈◈◈ Miss *Thelma Lull*, a native of Bozeman, Montana, and a graduate of Cornell, is earning her way while studying the British drama by selling home-made pies to homesick Americans in London ◈◈◈ One of our fair pewholders who is not adverse to a witticism at the expense of her own sex points out that the *Amazon* has the largest mouth of any river in the world and that it was named after a race of wild women



GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK
REMOVE SEAL WITH DAMP CLOTH
COPYRIGHT 1917 AND 1920, CONGOLEUM COMPANY, INC.

Don't Fail to Look for this Gold Seal

There is only one guaranteed Congoleum and that is *Gold-Seal* Congoleum identified by the Gold Seal shown above. This Gold Seal (printed in dark green on a gold background) protects you against imitation floor-coverings, and gives you the protection of our money-back guarantee. It is pasted on the face of every genuine *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug and on every few yards of *Gold-Seal* Congoleum By-the-Yard.

CONGOLEUM COMPANY
INCORPORATED

Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago San Francisco Kansas City Dallas
Minneapolis Atlanta Pittsburgh Montreal London Paris Rio de Janeiro

"Modern Rugs for Modern Homes," an interesting booklet showing all the patterns in full color, will be sent free on request.



Pattern No. 524

Pattern No. 321

Pattern No. 518

"When I was young, my dear, we didn't have easy-to-clean rugs like this"

It's not so many years ago that she was young! But in those days floors were covered with heavy, dusty, unsanitary carpets. Now modern housewives are replacing these old-fashioned floor-coverings with dirt-free, sanitary Gold Seal Congoleum Art-Rugs.

Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rugs are easy to clean; whisk a damp mop over their smooth, waterproof surface, and they're spotless. Easy to lay, too; need no fastening whatever for they never curl up at the edges or corners. And though their patterns are as beautiful as those of expensive woven rugs, they cost much less.

Popular Sizes—Popular Prices

6	x	9	feet	$ 9.00	1½	x	3	feet $ .60
7½	x	9	feet	11.25	3	x	3	feet 1.40
9	x	9	feet	13.50	3	x	4½	feet 1.95
9	x	10½	feet	15.75	3	x	6	feet 2.50
9	x	12	feet	18.00				

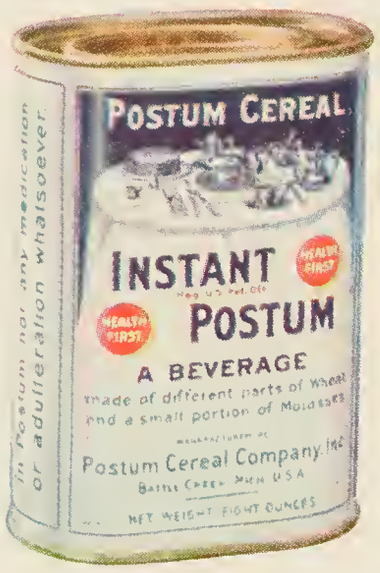
The rugs illustrated are made only in the five large sizes. The smaller rugs are made in other designs to harmonize with them.

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

Gold Seal CONGOLEUM ART-RUGS



Wouldn't a *Wholesome* hot drink at breakfast make the day brighter~for everybody?



SO EASY TO MAKE

Merely pour boiling water on a level teaspoonful of the Instant Postum granules in a cup. Stir thoroughly; then add sugar and cream.

Your grocer also sells Postum Cereal (in packages) for those who prefer the flavor brought out by boiling fully 20 minutes.

The cost of either is about one-half cent a cup.

Sold by Grocers Everywhere

Your intuition tells you when there is the slightest change in the well-being of your loved ones.

How often you have wondered whether coffee or tea was to blame for that indigestion, headache or fit of "nerves"! Why not find out?

Unlike coffee or tea, Instant Postum can be depended upon as a healthful drink—absolutely harmless, even for children. Young and old enjoy its delicious flavor and delightful aroma, and it has a "body" that is truly satisfying. Instant Postum is a wholesome cereal beverage, with a flavor quite like coffee, but it does not contain a particle of coffee, drugs or any other harmful ingredient.

Try Postum, with its genial warmth, today—a delicious, *helpful* drink for "the tired hour" late in the afternoon, and splendid for the children, too, at breakfast and with their bedtime meal.

POSTUM *for* Health *and* Satisfaction

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Inc., Battle Creek, Michigan.
Canadian Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

THE DELINEATOR

MRS. WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY Editor

W. MARTIN JOHNSON Art Director

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FROM *the* EDITOR'S POINT *of* VIEW

THE FIRST LADY OF THE LAND

SHE was born of sturdy, hard-working Vermont country folk.

She went to college in her native State.

She became a teacher to support herself. She chose the hardest work in her profession—teaching the deaf.

She fell in love with Calvin Coolidge, a young lawyer of Northampton, Massachusetts.

When she married, she knew history well enough to realize that no public servant can make money and that some of our best national leaders had been forced to retire to private life in order to pay their debts.

She has lived within the small income of a public servant. She has proved that life can be enjoyed and adorned without extravagance.

She has never owned a car and never wasted an hour envying people who do.

She has always had to live on a limited purse—and she has done it well.

She has done her own housework most of her life.

She is a good cook—and is proud of it.

She is one of the best-dressed women in Washington. And her husband helps her buy her hats.

She is the mother of two sons, fifteen and seventeen years old.

She knits their socks.

She is a good dancer, a regular church-member and leads in the community sings.

She can talk politics or history or baby care in two languages.

Men like her. Women love her.

Men say: "She has a head on her and she knows how to use it."

Women say: "She is a wonderful mother. And she has no affectations."

She is the sort of woman who has old friends.

She has much charm, and beautiful eyes that soften with sympathy at the suffering of man or beast.

She has sat in high places for fifteen years and it has not dizzied her head.

She meets life with the same enthusiasm, the same kindliness and pure unaffected manner that made the young teacher of the deaf beloved at Northampton nearly twenty years ago.

She believes fervently in her God, her country and her family.

TEN GREAT SONGS

IN CONNECTION with the 1923 "Better Homes in America" campaign, conducted under the auspices of THE DELINEATOR, a home-music contest was carried on. Thousands of people entered the contest. When all the letters were in and the results tabulated, the program was a reply to the cynics of the world.

Among the ten songs most frequently mentioned by American home people there is not a single piece of jazz. They are simple melodies and hymns. If this list be an index, we are still a religious people, thank God. Two of the selections were the comforting hymns we choose for our last earthly songs, "Nearer, My God, to Thee" and "Lead, Kindly Light." First in popularity was "Home, Sweet Home," next, "The Star-Spangled Banner" and then "America." The list follows:

"Home, Sweet Home," "The Star-Spangled Banner," "America," "Ave Maria," "Nearer, My God, to Thee," "Love's Old Sweet Song," "A Perfect Day," "Silver Threads Among the Gold," "Lead, Kindly Light" and "The Rosary."

These songs, the choices of the greatest number of people, reveal a little of the soul of America. Close to our hearts are God and country and clean love. It is something for which to be grateful on this Thanksgiving Day.



MRS. CALVIN COOLIDGE—*From a portrait by Leonabel Jacobs*

THE HARD THINGS

AN OLD lady, who spent fifty years of her life teaching, offers this philosophy at the end of the road:

"One of the most tragic things in life is the determination of human beings to remember the hard things. Men are associated for years and then separate because one or both of them can not forget some impassioned word said under stress of anger or irritation or fatigue. There are times when the worst of us comes to the surface. Let us try to skim off that froth and discard it, for down underneath there is the clear, fine substance."

How rich life would be if we could see it at the beginning of the road with these wise eyes looking back from the gate!

HOME

FEW adults can think as honestly as children. Our grown-up lives are so cluttered that we can not always see the truth. It was one reason why the Master said: "A little child shall lead you."

THE LITTLE DELINEATOR offered a wonderful doll-house—an architect's model of a famous house—to the child who should write the best letter on "What I Like Best in My Home."

Hundreds of dollars were offered to adults for thoughts on better homes, but not one of them came as near earning high praise and reward as the nine-year-old girl in New Britain, Connecticut, whose prize-letter follows:

DEAR MISS EAGER:

I have thought and thought what I like best in my home and it is the fireplace, because we do so many things there that are fun. It seems important, too, because we think about it so much when we are away. It almost seems like one of the family. In the Summer we bring flowers and ferns to fill it. When we are down at the shore, we try to find pieces of driftwood to feed it with, and when we are in the woods we gather cones for it. I sometimes think it is like a very old cozy grandmother who can not go any place, so we bring things to her and we all gather around her in the Winter-time to be entertained. The fire cozies us Spring and Fall when it is not cold enough to have other fires, and in the Winter the baby's toes are warmed there and we toast marshmallows and roast apples. We have our good-night stories here and we see castles and fairies in the flames and tell each other all about them. I keep house here, too, because I have to keep the hearth swept and dusted. I am nine years old and love you very much, Miss Eager, for giving us such a nice LITTLE DELINEATOR. Your friend,

BETTINA BALDWIN.

It was a difficult task the judges in this contest had. These children really *thought* about the home, its contents, its spirit and its meaning.

THE CHRISTMAS DELINEATOR

WE HAVE been working for months on a Christmas present for you. It will carry our earnest wish for your pleasure, and we hope that it will be of real service to you.

Kathleen Norris has written a great novel for you. She told the Editor of THE DELINEATOR that she considered it the best serial she has ever done. It begins in the Christmas DELINEATOR.

Zona Gale contributes a beautiful Christmas story; Frances Gilchrist Wood, whose Western tales have won for her repeated places in the O. Henry prize collection, gives you another Christmas story.

Brand Whitlock's great serial comes to a powerful and dramatic close.

Because cynics cry that Christmas has no meaning, we asked some of those whose work you love to tell the story of the Christmas that had meant most to each of them. Read what Booth Tarkington, Edith Wharton, Joseph Conrad and Ida M. Tarbell have to say about Christmas.

And there are Ethel Barrymore, Doctor Holt, Margaret Widdemer, Martha Van Rensselaer, Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders, Mrs. Celia Caroline Cole and other authors and artists—each with a message for you and all wishing you a Merry Christmas.

A COMPLETE TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 98

SEX EQUALITY AND BRASS TACKS.

Some thought-provoking questions for the woman voter

By HELEN RING ROBINSON







DO WOMEN really want to be treated as the full equals of men? Then they will be some fair day. It's merely a question of wanting it hard enough. Bernard Shaw, in his Methuselah mood, points the way as he describes the primitive giraffe, longing so ardently to crop the tender tops of trees that it stretched its neck and stretched and stretched till at last a giraffe evolved that was able to reach them. (It may be assumed the giraffe understands it can not reach the tree-tops with a neck like that and at the same time cover it with a two-inch jeweled dog-collar—though there are still women who have not learned you can not eat your cake and have it, too.)

So I muse, more or less by parable, as I sit "on the fence" and observe the two opposing women groups contending over legislation conferring "the same rights" on women and men. The zeal—and heat—of the two opposing forces recall the good old days of suffrage and anti-suffrage argument. Yet both groups, the National Woman's Party on one side with the National League of Women Voters and various affiliated organizations on the other, declare they wish to bring about "the full legal, political and civil equality of men and women."

That is a suave and pleasant phrase, "the equality of men and women." But to-day, in marriage as elsewhere, it is merely a phrase, not a fact. Women are handicapped by legal and social disabilities; they are granted special privileges. By law and by custom they are treated both better and worse than men, and through this very crisscross of better and worse a sludgy sort of justice obtains.

It is on the question of "better and worse," as also of methods, that the two women groups divide. The National Woman's Party, after some preliminary timidities, now declares, with clear, cold logic, for getting rid of both better and worse, for giving men and women full equality, with equal protection for both and special privileges for neither. Following their success in 1921 in placing on the Wisconsin statute books a law declaring "Women shall have the *same rights* and privileges under the law as men in the exercise of suffrage—freedom of contract—jury service—holding and conveying property—and *in all other respects*" (the italics are mine), the Woman's Party is now carrying on intensive campaigns in various States whose legislatures are in session to secure the passage of laws modeled on the Wisconsin "blanket equality law" but varied to meet the peculiar requirements of the different States. They have also in reserve a tentative equality amendment to the Constitution of the United States "to be introduced in Congress if necessary."

THE National League of Women Voters and other groups opposing the Woman's Party "blanket equality legislation" are not, it must be granted, so logical. (Life is far from logical, too!) The leaders protest that they, also, wish to secure for women equal opportunities with men. But they wish no "blanket" get-equal-quick laws. "The best way," they declare, "is to make a survey of existing discriminations against women in the different States and then get rid of them by specific laws." As for existing discriminations in favor of women—that is a different story. Leaders declare plainly for doing away with the "worse" but still keeping the "better." And they bring forward excellent reasons for wishing to eat their cake and have it, too.

One of the last things written by the author, before her death a few weeks ago, was this common-sense article on equality legislation. Mrs. Robinson's interest in public affairs began when she was a school-teacher. Later her work as a newspaper correspondent both here and abroad widened her opportunities for observation and helped prepare her for a distinguished political career. Thanks to the voters of Colorado, she became the first State senator of her sex in this country and was the first woman to cast an electoral vote for a presidential candidate. In and out of office Mrs. Robinson worked unceasingly to remedy unfair discrimination against her sex, but she was not one to blink facts, and in this last message she has put down in uncompromising fashion the difficulties in the way of unthinking women who look upon equality as if it were something to be obtained only by writing new laws. Her warning is timely.

Thus at a meeting I attended lately of one of the largest woman's clubs in the world a prominent member of the League of Women Voters expressed her fear that if "the rough-shod equality legislation" sought by the Woman's Party should prevail, "women would soon have no more rights than men!" "So long as women bear children," she protested, when there was a subdued titter at that remark, "just so long they must have greater rights than men." Equality, she implied, must be tempered with biology.

Another speaker added a long and somewhat debatable list of privileges for women that might be destroyed, or endangered, by blanket equality laws, the one most stressed being protective legislation for women in industry. The fear was also expressed that under such laws husbands need no longer support their wives.

Thus briefly and impartially—as befits an observer "on the fence"—I have set down the essentials in the views of the two groups now contending on the subject of equality—and the best way thither. The case is certainly arguable on both sides. And if the arguments occasionally seem blurred, no wonder. For the word itself—that sweet word "equality" — is mythical enough and misty enough when used as between man and man. When the equality discussed is between man and woman, it is apt to become a thick fog.

To take it out of the fog: As employed by women leaders, equality means "an equivalence of status for men and women in order to make possible an equality of being." It means the right of men and women to equal consideration—a right, surely, which should be a fundamental principle of government.

Almost this fact persuades me down from the fence.

But, on the other hand, *the equality of men and women is not something that can be granted by law. It must be evolved.*

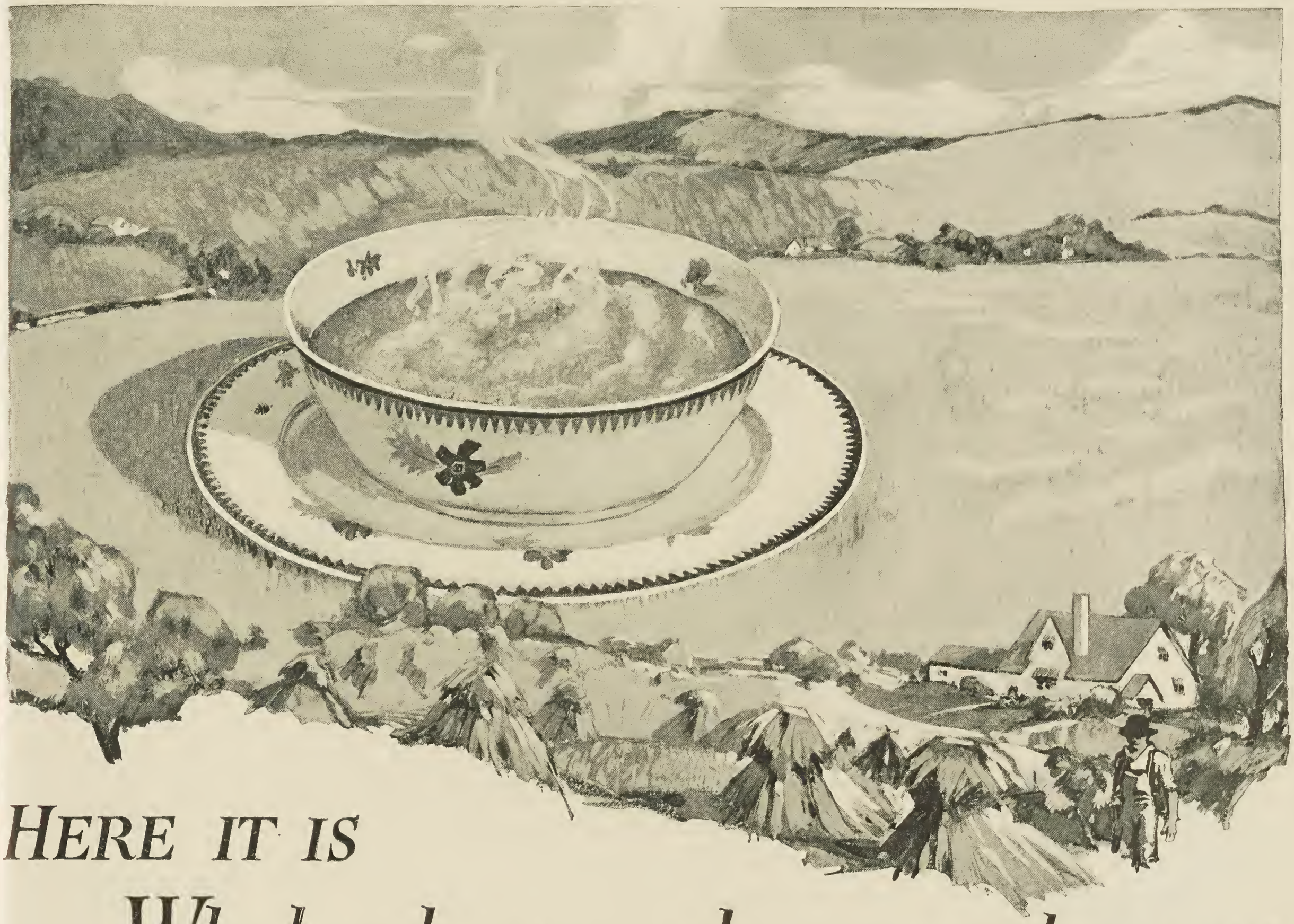
So I settle down on the fence again—not greatly concerned with the methods and arguments of the opposing forces, but very earnestly intent on some basic facts which should be pondered by those who would build a bridge to the practical regions of equality.

I HAVE said that the equality of women and men is a phrase, not a fact. But to write a phrase into a law is a favorite diversion with lawmakers. Witness the devout legislator in a Western State who, not long ago, introduced a bill reading: "Whoso shall have another god shall be fined one hundred dollars."

It should therefore be comparatively easy, unless the opposition of the "other women" prevents, for the Woman's Party, working through its organized State groups, to secure the legislation it seeks, "giving women the same rights and privileges under the law as men." But every such general statute will muster its host of law-breakers. And the most efficient of these law-breakers will be our conventions, our customs, our habits of thought.

The real equality of men and women, I repeat, can not be granted. It must be evolved. It is not an abstraction. It is brass tacks. Such equality, when it comes, will be a condition in which men and women have to live—not merely a sounding something to be talked over at the club or contemplated as we view a mountain range from the window of a train. To reach that condition there must be changes in our laws. But far more sweeping must be the changes in our attitude of mind, in our conventions, our customs, our traditions. It will not be enough "to abolish civil, political and legal discriminations against women." We must abolish also many of our present ways of thinking about women—abolish a

Continued on page 66



HERE IT IS

Whole-wheat, nut-brown and sweet!

Start the day right. Sit down to a generous dish of piping hot Wheatena and enjoy all the delightful sensation of delicious whole-wheat served at its best.

Some folks like it plain—some use sugar and pour cream or milk over it, and still others stir in a bit of butter to further accentuate the deliciousness.

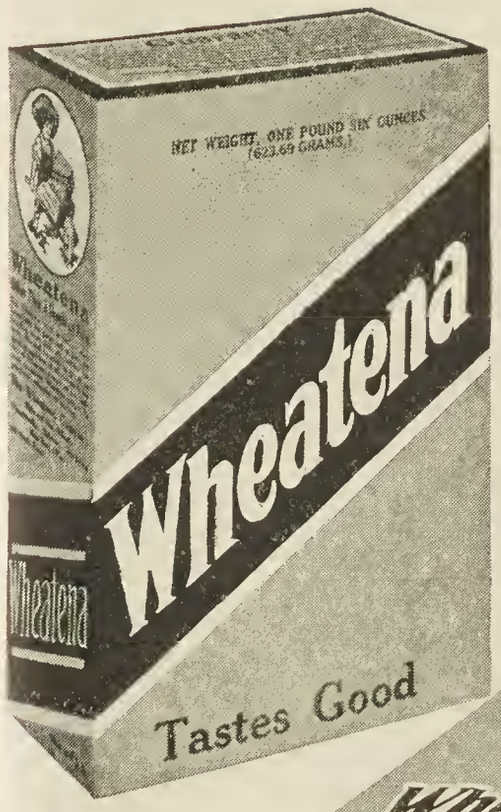
For over forty-four years Wheatena has been the favorite of the family breakfast table everywhere. Children love it for its taste. Doctors recommend Wheatena because of what it does *for you.* Brain and brawn workers are conscious of the great body-building, health-giving value of its whole wheat elements—perfectly balanced elements that have made wheat the world's greatest food for ages.

Just the golden grains of choicest winter wheat are selected for Wheatena. They are sterilized and roasted by the exclusive Wheatena process. *The heart of the wheat is retained.* This gives Wheatena its rich natural flavor, and makes it so appetizing and healthful.

Serve Wheatena for tomorrow's breakfast. In three minutes it is ready. Try it for muffins, cookies and desserts; for breading chops, cutlets and oysters. You will find many delightful ways to vary the daily menu with Wheatena.

Leading hotels, restaurants, and dining cars serve Wheatena. All good grocers have it or will get it for you. Get it today—for breakfast tomorrow!

The Wheatena Company, Wheatenaville, Rahway, N. J.



Wheatena Muffins

½ cup cooked Wheatena
1 cup of sour milk
Stir well together and let stand half hour
½ teaspoon baking soda dissolved in 1 teaspoon hot water, add to Wheatena and milk
1 egg well beaten
2 tablespoons melted butter
½ saltspoon salt
1 tablespoon sugar
¾ cup sifted flour
Bake in muffin pans twenty minutes

Write for sample package and recipe book, free.

FIRST THING IN THE MORNING SINCE 1879



"You always did have good taste, Alicia," Mrs. Latham is saying, "and you got beautiful wedding presents, but what amazes me is how you keep them all looking so *new!*"

"There's not much of a secret about it, Emily," laughs Mrs. Jollyco. "When I first started housekeeping, I ruined some of my best things with strong soaps—remember those silk bed-spreads my sister gave me? They simply faded away. I finally decided to stick to Ivory Soap for everything, even the woodwork and rugs and curtains. I use two or three of the laundry-size cakes every week. And what you see is the result."

How to bring out the natural beauty of your skin safely and simply

"To keep it clean, the face needs at least one good washing daily with soap and water, and a wash-cloth or soft flesh-brush," says Dr. Pusey.*

In other words, if you would make sure of that perfect cleanliness which is the foundation of all skin beauty, *you must use soap.* Nothing else will so effectively remove the film of oil and dust or powder which accumulates during the day.

But *what* soap will you use, and *how?*

You should choose your soap carefully. Choose it for *cleansing* and for *safety.* Do not expect more than safe-cleansing from *any* soap. All our years of experience in making many kinds of soap have proved to us that a soap which promises more than this for your complexion *cannot keep its promise.*

A soap that keeps its promise

If you choose Ivory Soap, as so many millions of women have, you will never be disappointed. Ivory Soap promises safe-cleansing, and *keeps its promise,* absolutely!

Because Ivory is pure *soap*—it contains no coloring matter, no medicine, no mysterious or magical ingredients. We could put such materials into Ivory if we liked, but Ivory doesn't need them.

When you use Ivory, you have only to use it in the perfectly common-sense way suggested by Dr. Pusey. Ivory requires no help from prolonged rubbing—the soil-film disappears quickly and naturally from the surface and pores of your skin.

After rinsing, finish with a dash of cool or cold water, and you will find your skin not only clean, but refreshed and enlivened. Furthermore, there will still remain behind enough of the natural oil to keep your complexion soft and clear.

Do this at least once a day. Then, except perhaps for a little cold cream on windy or cold days, you will need nothing else to maintain that clean, glowing healthfulness which means real beauty.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

*Dr. William Allen Pusey, Author of "The Care of the Skin and Hair," Professor of Dermatology, University of Illinois.



SCENE: West Point, where they make army officers.

Mother and father and Sally Jollyco are struggling through a formal reception, but tea and cakes and even ice-cream can't draw Bobby away from his cadet friends, whose example he hopes some day to follow, provided only—but let Bobby ask the question:

"Say, d'ya have to *bathe* much up here?"

"*Do* we!" replies the taller cadet. "Look here, son, — the day a plebe sets foot on this sacred spot, they issue him three cakes of Ivory Soap, and from then on he doesn't do *anything* but bathe!"

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100% PURE IT FLOATS

"Me next, me next!"

"All right, Polly dear. Come on," says the nurse at the Children's Home.

"Bathe each child with Ivory Soap every day," said Dr. Verity's first order when he was appointed head physician of this institution. "This is the best way to keep them healthy, for Ivory Soap lather is one of the best antiseptics you can use."

Did you know that most hospitals use Ivory Soap?





NEW! Guest IVORY

What a welcome this dainty new cake of soap is receiving everywhere!

Wrapped in fresh new blue and white. Of just the right size for slim feminine hands.

Pure, mild and gentle for the most sensitive skin.

Creamy white, as Ivory always is.

Guest Ivory will acquit itself becomingly on your wash-stand.

As fine as soap can be. Yet five cents is Guest Ivory's modest price.

Copyright 1923, by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati

NOBODY CAN BOSS MOTHER

A delightful story of an incorrigible mother

By HELEN TOPPING MILLER

MOTHER sat on the stairs. Through the banisters she could see into the dining-room, where there were candles—her candles—and flowers—she had hoed and planted them—and silver and glass and the shining of youthful shoulders—girls' shoulders—her girls!

Dorothy Anne was having a dinner for the wedding party—Emily's wedding party. Dorothy Anne and Emily were mother's daughters, and mother sat on the stairs in old khaki trousers and an untidy man's shirt, her shapely calves covered with high buckskin boots. Mother was staying away from the party on purpose because she did not like the bridegroom.

"You can marry John Armond's boy if you want him," she had told Emily cheerfully, "but don't ask me to have anything to do with him. And keep him out of my sight!"

"Oh, mother!" Emily had wailed. "Why can't you forget that old quarrel about the dam! It all happened fifteen years ago!"

"If I forgot the dam, I'd be remembering the line survey," argued mother, "or else the time old John Armond wheedled the Thunderhead colt out of me and then beat me on the Empire track with him. You go ahead and marry that boy—I don't believe in interfering with young folks. But don't nag at me to dress up and be pleasant, because I won't do it."

SO MOTHER sat on the stairs. Through a chink she could see the square shoulders and sleek head of her son-in-law to be, Jack Armond, son of her ancient enemy.

Young laughter reached her ears. Hattie Ann, her black face agrin, her cap on crooked, was serving the ice. Mother could see her tray wavering.

"If she spills anything, I'll fire her," threatened mother to herself. "No Armond is going to see a party turned into a mess in my house!"

She slipped down the stairs and into the kitchen. There Matt, the hostler, was licking the freezer with long lifts of a spoon and succulent smackings. At sight of him mother instantly forgot the dinner-party.

"Listen, Matt," she said. "I'm going to start the Diavolo colt in the morning. You fix me up a good stout bridle with a Pulver bit—hear?"

Matt allowed a trickle of melted ice to flow up his knotty arm. "That hoss'll jerk the head off of you, Miss Em," he declared.

Mother stiffened. "I broke colts before you were born, Matt Higgins!"

"All right. All right. I'll gear him up. But he's got a worse temper than old Diavolo and he's tricky like his dam. I ain't anxious to see you get dragged all over the country, Miss Em."

"I'm fifty-six and I haven't been dragged yet," bragged mother. "You talked that way about Thunderhead."

"Yeah—and look what he done! Broke a good jockey all to pieces down in New Orleans and give old man Armond's string a black eye that nobody won't never forget!"

"You hush," cautioned mother, trying to be autocratic and failing, as she always did with Matt. "You've croaked at me about every colt I've raised for fifteen years. If I listened to you, we wouldn't have a ribbon on our blanket."

"All right. All right. You say you want a Pulver bit? Now——"

But mother was gone. Up-stairs in her room she kicked off the old khakis and put on a mannish dressing-gown, very worn, which had been father's. Dorothy Anne and Emily found her later, stretched across the foot of the bed asleep, a copy of the *Turfman's Gazette* dropped over her face.

"Did you have a good time?" she mumbled sleepily as they wakened her.

"Wonderful!" declared Emily. "Oh, mother—can't we have some silver candlesticks for the wedding? Everybody has them."

"Hattie Ann was dreadful," complained Dorothy Anne. "She laughed out loud at the boys' jokes. When can we have a Jap, mother?"

"Never!" dismissed mother firmly. "I can't have any more men deviling my life out. Matt's enough to run another woman crazy. When is this wedding?"

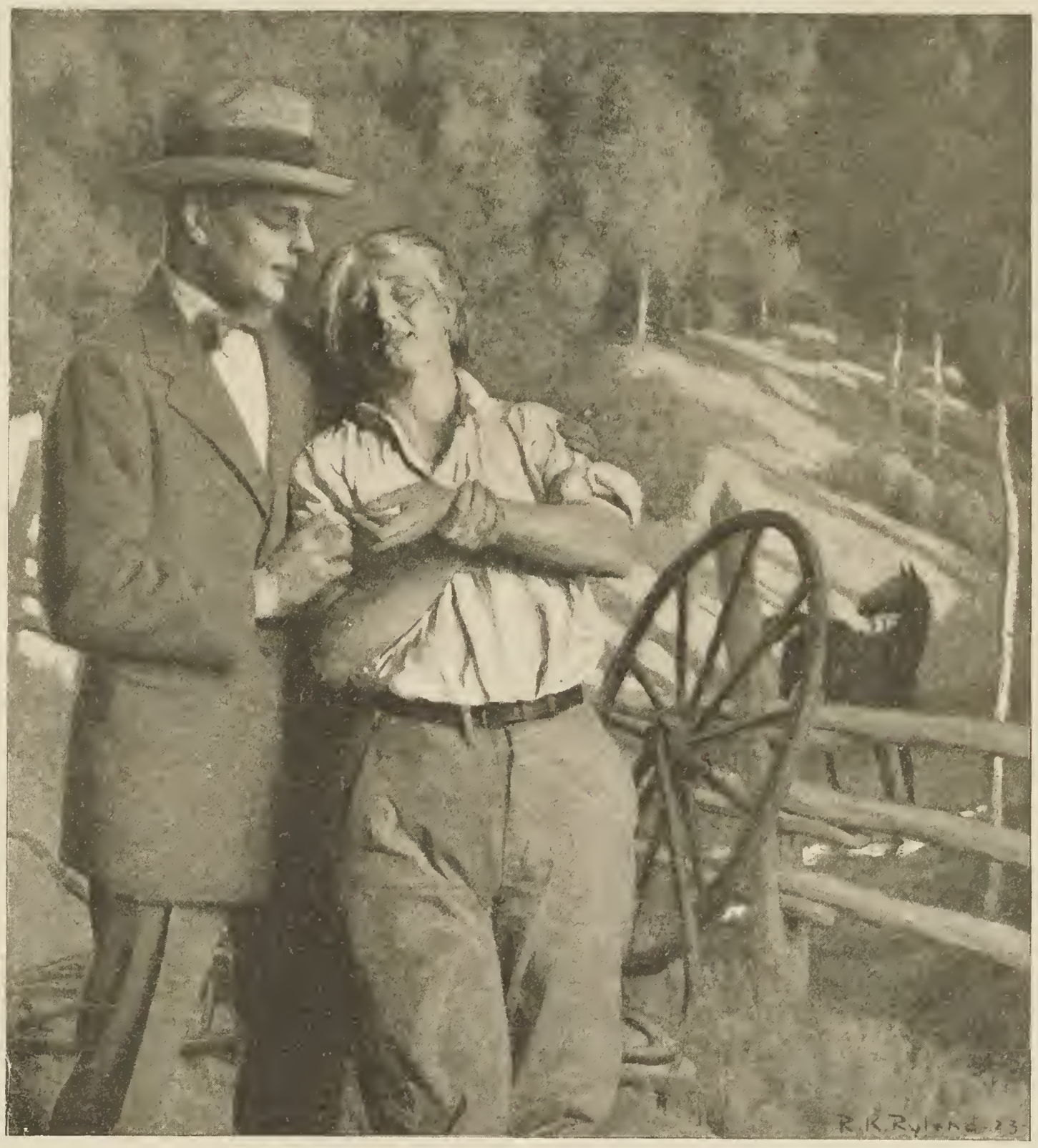
Emily was shocked. "I've told you, mother—it's the twentieth."

"Well, I had that date in my mind, but I got a notion it was the day the white mare was due to foal. Go ahead and get anything you want—only don't pester me about dressing up."

"Oh—but you'll have to have some new things for the wedding!"

"Why will I? I've got a sight of clothes I've never had on in my life."

Emily shook her pretty head. It was no use talking to mother. She was dear and unusual and quaint—everybody said that mother was quaint—and she was amazingly fearless and strong and capable, but she was so unadaptable. She persisted stubbornly in living in what Dorothy Anne called "the black-mud age," the period in which she had helped father to conquer the prairie and build the farm and the big gray house with red chimneys. She would not play bridge, or marcel her hair, or wear a decent corset. She *would* doctor cut ankles on horses, and hoe the garden, and talk to dreadful old horsey men who smoked pipes and smelled of leather and liniment.



"NO — I'M ALL RIGHT. I'M BEING SAVED FOR THE FOOL KILLER!" DECLARED MOTHER TERSELY

"MOTHER isn't even interested!" wailed Emily when they were back in their own room. "Only yesterday she met Jack in the driveway. She couldn't escape very well, so she looked queer and said, 'Oh, are you the one my girl's going to marry?' Imagine how I felt!"

"I know how it will be," declared Dorothy Anne. "She'll buy us anything we want and then at the last minute she'll come stalking down the aisle in that awful old purple silk, with the hat on that looks like a hen's nest."

"We might have a home wedding," suggested Emily weakly.

"Oh, but think of the Armonds! You can't have your husband's family condescending to you. Not when they happen to be Julia Armond and her mother."

Emily bridled. "I'm sure Mother Armond wouldn't——"

"Oh, of course she wouldn't. She's a marvellous person, but even blind love ought to see that she's as hard as a monument. One contemptuous look through her lorgnon and you would be forever after a mere barnacle attached to the Armond ship of state. Imagine Mother Armond swishing a beaded-net train over this old Brussels carpet!"

"Maybe mother——"

"She won't. Remember Governor Newman?"

"Oh, that was different! He was a man, and he really didn't notice her wearing those old bedroom-slippers in to dinner. He was too much interested in hearing about her row with the railroad and the day when she chased the surveyors off with a shotgun——"

"And her chicken pie!"

"I told you men were different," said Emily. "A gray silk would be lovely for mother, wouldn't it—with her gray hair and her high color? Silver lace in long pointed panels at the sides and one of those scrumptious silver combs, and a platinum chain for her neck—mother has a beautiful neck if she wouldn't let it burn so——"

"She'd have to have a hat at a church wedding. I

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"MY LORD, PERHAPS YOU FORGET THAT THOUGH YOU MAY HAVE A FAVORITE YOU HAVE ALSO A QUEEN!"

A LODGING-HOUSE

"The world begins and finishes where we love"

By DIXIE WILLSON

You only walk where the world has walked for ages. Who can count the suns and stars that have passed since men have been traveling? Yet the world is not old! *Men* are old, but the world is not. Grain is coming up to-day, young and new, green and gold, in fields sown by hands that are dust of the centuries. The *hands* are dust, but the *grain* is growing. Life is only a lodging-house for the soul—a little while.

Hands are to-day—soul is forever.

ALONG the edge of the Mokotam desert, in the valley of the Nile, were shelves of rocks and clumps of palm-trees. From the rocks, day and night, came the ring, ring of hammers on iron bars — the Israelites cutting great papyrus flowers for the temple of Ptah at Memphis.

In the palm-trees, where brown-green grass grew in patches around sunken springs, were the gray-white tents and the sun-baked huts of these slaves of the king of Egypt. By day in the white sun, by night in the flickering light of floating wicks in pots of oil and salt, they lived, worked and loved with their flocks and their children in the sweet peace of family and labor and shelter which is like only one thing: like God coming nearer.

One day a naked boy with two wine-skins tied together with grass went from the tent of Ismer-amal, his mother, to the rocks where his father had not seen the light for twelve suns.

At first he went along where palm-trees hid the desert—lazy—young—sun-brown white, swinging the wine-skins against his legs, but when he came out in the open, where the desert went away like a sea, he suddenly let go the skins and dropped to the sand as if a trap had caught him, staring with quick horror at something crouching almost in reach of him!

Black as *wet* black—slender body—claws closing and opening—tail swishing softly—lips drawn back over white teeth—a black leopard—eyes like green fire in the satin of his head!

The boy dug his fingers into the sand and bent forward. He stared, hypnotized by that jungle softness. Wine from the skin trickled out in a red line on the sand—like blood. The boy shivered. The hammers rang—rang——

Up in the village only long shadows on mud houses—open tents moving a little with breath of the trees—children, dogs and old men lying drowsing in the dust. Would he *die* and nobody know it! He saw trailing from each side of the beast a long gold chain with jewels in the links like drops of light and the chains fastened to a collar so jeweled it reflected a thousand sun-spots on the sand.

This was no desert cat! *Who* had sent it to kill him? Would his body drag over the desert in gold chains? Could nobody *feel* his fear trying to reach them? He began to cry softly.

The beast, its body against the sand, came dragging nearer. The ends of the gold chain clinked softly together. The sun-spots of those jewels were everywhere, like eyes with no bodies. The boy shut thin hands on the skin of his legs. The gold chains came dragging.

On the roof of a mud house a black man was stringing figs. He looked down past the palm-trees. He spoke in soft quick surprise to a woman sitting beside him. She scuttled to her feet, caught out a long bow from under a couch, pushed open a side of the roof, thrust him the bow as he dropped to the ground and watched as with thick, silent feet he ran among the tents, past the old men asleep——

The time was but seconds till the man crouched with drawn bow to aim for that sleek head—but there, with its body stretched slim in the sun, the leopard lay fawning against the boy's flesh, jewels making quivers of sunlight over them both! The boy's eyes were wide—his hands trembling against his lips.

The man crept across the sand—nearer—and nearer—then, with quick purpose, threw his bow across that silk black body, pinning it to the ground.

Startled, the thing drew its feet together. The boy flung himself up and caught one chain—gold—heavy—the man slid backward with the other chain in his hands, and between them, a captive, was the leopard snarling! It was beautiful.

The boy braced his feet and laughed. His fingers streaked tears down his face. In the sand the wine-skin was upside down in a pool of red wine. Through the palm-trees, in the shade of the tents, he saw his mother by the well, brown robe, bare feet—he saw her white arm swung up on the water-jar. He smelled corn-bread cooking. How sweet a thing is safety!

SO, BY chains set with jewels, those two took a leopard into the camp. Padded feet, perfect body, limbs moving like velvet.

In a crooked small place a twisted date-tree spread thin



"YOU WILL CHANGE NOTHING BY GOING," HER MAJESTY SAID. "HE KEPT YOU, KNOWING ISRAEL SHOULD SUFFER FOR IT"

leaves over where three old men kept milk-goats and their women stoned corn. When the boy came chattering, telling all of it over, the old men were dozing, hunched with their backs to the sun, the goats at the bark of the date-tree. One old man woke, grumbling at the noise—then he saw and got up with shrill surprise! His gibbering questions woke all the others—brought old ones and young ones out of their tents. The boy's mother heard and came with swift feet. An Egyptian in an old shop of beans, peas and lentils scattered two pots of beans in impatience to see.

The leopard crouched, snarling. The old men got close together like withered old children. Ismer-amal ran to her son and caught him in her arms.

"What is it!" she begged. "Where hast thou gotten this?"

The boy accepted the soft kisses and words against his face, but his eyes were only on the beast, hands holding that chain. Then behind Ismer came the old Egyptian merchant. Shells of beans hung to his dress. The wind blew his beard. His hands were old with gaining, his *eyes* old with losing. The boy turned to the old man. The jabbering ceased.

"As it leaped on me here," the boy said, his hand to his breast, "the black came and saved me."

Ismer smothered a cry. The old man went nearer. His little eyes looked sharp at those jewels in the beast's collar. They were letters. Emerald, topaz and jasper—six letters. The old man mumbled them over—mumbled them over, then he pushed off the scarf from his head and drew his old limbs up straight.

"This," he said, "is the cat of Zeanii, queen of Egypt!"

The son of Ismer-amal took his hands from his mother's and folded his arms and smiled a little.

"So my beast came away from the court," he said.

Ismer watched him sharply, feeling the pain of a mother when first a child begins to see with eyes of its own.

"I must take it back," the boy said. "Mother, it is pleasant to have business with the king!"

So, among the Israelites came to be a boy who wore an amulet set with the seal of Egypt. A reward—and a sign that gave him leave to the presence of the king! Men touched it curiously. Women's tongues wagged about it and the boy wore it proudly, while by sun and torch still hammers rang. Goats—the date-tree—old man selling beans—till the boy grew so tall he had to bend *down* for his mother's kiss!

Time happens—so quietly.

THE king of Egypt had a friend, a Babylonian, who, to pay the king a debt, sent to Thebes three gifts: some rare honey, a piece of silk—and a girl.

Thebes!

Camels stalking through the bazaar. Streets like bad figures going every way, right and wrong. Water-sellers, making a thin nasal cry. Bread-sellers—fruit-peddlers—trampled spice—rows of market roofs swaying over bamboo sticks—bars of the brass doors of houses of rich men, with trees weighed by dust showing over high walls—buzzing flies—flaming wind—the thick smell of too much life—this was Thebes!

But after all, Thebes only as a few dirty children might have been Thebes. For the Thebes of the world was the court of the king. Past the bazaar, with its narrow doorways crowded with hawking venders and throngs of life, the rich men's houses, with slaves tending their tall gates, faced toward a great garden of fig and acacia, beyond where lay the palace—vivid white—vivid gold against a blue as intense as only *one* blue: sky of Egypt.

Perhaps there never has been splendor like the splendor of the court of Egypt then. Tall columns carved with a thousand lotus-flowers led through great doors into a maze of color and design. Silk roofs were over fountains where white peacocks trailed. Chariots were chained beneath archways. Black slaves were bearing palanquins—the tall majesty of palm-trees—the hush of great things—a Thebes as apart from the voice of the city as a star from the world—or the world from a temple.

And it was to this court the friend of the king sent his gifts. The queen, beautiful—as lightning in a sky is beautiful—watched as they were brought in.

The honey was from Casacar, from insects which gathered honey from wine. It was tied in a jar blown of sand-blue glass.

The silk was Assyrian, woven with perfumed thread. It was laid in a chest carved of ivory and cici.

The girl was like narcissus—white—little. She was fragrant, as if flowers were crushed on her skin—her body a slim, supple stem of narcissus—her face white narcissus against soft gold of her hair. Her gown was breath-green touched with silver.

The king looked at that girl.

"Come here," he said.

The jewels on her feet made a little sound as she went to him. Her hands were dressed in small white gloves.

The king was a tender king. His lips—sensitive lips—drooped a little, as though need for wisdom had weighed down the corners of his smile, and in his face it seemed life had gotten ahead of years, for he was young—without youth.

"Shall you be happy here?" he asked the girl.

"With bowed head Israel serves thee, king," she answered. "I pay the debt of my master to thee."

The king took her hand in his.

"Then go back," he said, "and tell your master the debt is paid, since for one hour I have possessed such a flower of Israel!"

She looked at him, seeming to wonder what he meant. She said his words over with her own lips.

"Thou—dost not *want* me?" she asked at last.

The king watched her.

"No; not for a debt," he told her.

"But if the debt in this hour is paid," she said slowly, "*then* dost thou not want me?"

The queen raised herself on her elbow and watched them closely. This king had once been just a man of the court—no power, no line to the throne—but he had married Zeanii, the only daughter of a ruler who had died without sons, because by Egyptian law his marriage to her had secured him the throne. *He* had married *her* for this. *She* had married *him*—because she loved him.

The slave-girl's fingers lay on the king's open hand.

"Do you *wish* to stay?" he asked. Her fingers were warm through the little white glove.

"A slave does not live by desire, my lord," the queen put in. She moved her head with impatience. "No doubt your friend in Babylon will exchange this girl for more silk."

The king did not answer. The girl looked up at him.

"Then—I return?" she asked.

He seemed to *feel* her voice. It seemed to *touch* him, and somehow in her eyes seemed to be all of Egypt—the dreaming Nile—the endless wilderness—the peace of

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MY REMINISCENCES

The life-story of America's foremost character actress

By ETHEL BARRYMORE

The three Barrymore children begin to come into their inheritance in this instalment, which is devoted to the people and events that were contemporary with their first glimpses of enduring fame



ANNIE RUSSELL GAVE MISS BARRYMORE A SMALL PART IN "CATHERINE"

AT THIS STAGE OF MISS BARRYMORE'S CAREER, MAUDE ADAMS LIVED IN THE SAME BOARDING-HOUSE; CHARLES FROHMAN MADE HER A STAR; CLYDE FITCH WAS AMERICA'S MOST SUCCESSFUL DRAMATIST



MISS BARRYMORE AS *MADAME TRENTONI*, HER FIRST STELLAR RÔLE



COMPANIONS OF EARLY HOLIDAYS ABROAD WERE LADY GRENFELL, THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND (PORTRAIT BY SARGENT), AND MARGOT ASQUITH, PHOTOGRAPHED WITH A BABY WHO IS NOW PRINCESS BIBESCO

PART THREE

WHILE I was having the best breakfast I had had for many a long day, at the Waldorf after my first season in England, they telephoned me from the office that my Uncle John was staying at the hotel. I immediately called him at his room, and I remember saying: "Hello, Uncle Jack!"

"Who on earth is this?" he asked. "It sounds like Ethel."

"It is!" I said.

"But you're in England!" he insisted.

I said, "No, I'm upstairs in the hotel, and I'm coming down to see you!"

"Of course," he said. "But I don't understand!"

He could not believe that I was in the hotel. I told him that I had come home to try to get an engagement and asked him if he would take me to see Mr. Frohman. Although I had been under the latter's engagement all the while I was with my uncle, I did not know him at all and was very much in awe of him. I would not have dared go to see him alone, so I begged Uncle Jack to take me in and ask him to give me something to do.

It was the first time I had ever been in the office where I was destined to spend so many, many hours in the years to come. Mr. Frohman was very nice to me, said I looked like my mother, who had played with him and of whom he was always very fond, and he added:

"I must find something for you to do. There is a part in Annie Russell's new play, 'Catherine.' It isn't much of a part, but it is something."

I replied that I would be satisfied with anything; that I was very much "broke" and that anything would mean a great deal to me. So I was told that I was to be at rehearsal the next day at the Garrick Theater.

On reaching the theater I found it was indeed a very small part, calling for two beautiful dresses but not much else! I discovered to my delight that times had changed and that now Mr. Frohman provided all the clothes for the women of his companies. I summoned courage to ask for an advance on my salary, not even knowing what it was going to be, so I could get out of the Waldorf and move to a boarding-house I had lived in before.



LIONEL BARRYMORE'S FIRST IMPORTANT PART WAS THAT OF THE ORGAN-GRINDER IN "THE MUMMY AND THE HUMMING-BIRD"

I shall never forget that boarding-house. I lived in every room in it as my fortunes rose and fell. It was a very interesting place. Maude Adams had been there for a long time, and so had several other well-known girls on the stage at that time. It was kept by a Mrs. Wilson, who was also a dressmaker and made all Maude Adams's clothes during the time she played with Uncle Jack. Upon receiving an advance on my salary I moved into the hall bedroom, for I was told that my salary was not going to be very much; the part did not call for it.

Well, "Catherine" was produced. That awful first night! I came on the stage quite early in the play. There was a wonderful audience and to my surprise and horror they gave me an enormous reception. It was kind and generous of them, but all I kept thinking at the time was, "Oh, it is terrible! I have nothing to do. I have only about two lines in this act and two in the next. But how kind, how nice of them."

Annie Russell, who was the star of the play, was supposed to be a pianist and, at the end of the first act, she was seen playing a nocturne by Chopin. As Miss Russell herself could not play, somebody off stage had to do it for her—and I was the somebody. One terrible night I failed to hear the cue. I was down-stairs in my dressing-room reading and I did not know we had come so near the end of the act, when suddenly to my horror I heard the curtain fall. Miss Russell was sitting at the piano, but no sounds came from it. I shall never forget the look she gave me as our eyes met. I could only gasp, "Oh, I am so sorry! It is terrible!" All she said was, "Yes, it is," and went to her room. I sometimes think of it now with horror in the middle of the night.

It was during the run of "Catherine" that I heard Mr. Frohman was going to produce "His Excellency, the Governor" in America. I had seen it in London and was fired with ambition to play Irene Vanbrugh's part in it; and, although frightened to death, I managed to muster up enough courage to see Mr. Frohman and ask him about it. I was really shaking all over. I remember having to hold my hands together tightly so that

Mr. Frohman would not see how I was trembling, and I said: "I hear you are going to do 'His Excellency, the Governor.' I want to play *Stella.*"

Mr. Frohman replied: "Do you, indeed? So does Ellen Terry."

"Oh!" I gasped.

He seemed very much amused and said: "Well, I don't think you could play a part like that quite yet, but if you like you can study it and rehearse it for me some day."

So they gave me the part and I studied it. One morning I told him that I was ready for the rehearsal he had promised me. Although I think he had forgotten all about his promise, he very kindly and patiently went down-stairs in the Empire Theater and sat in the dark, empty auditorium while I went on a fairly dark stage. As there was only one little light, the stage-manager, who was holding the book and giving me the lines, could scarcely see. I had to attempt a performance of a brilliant, sparkling comedy part almost in the dark, to an audience of one! An awful occasion! After it was all over, Mr. Frohman was very nice and again told me that I reminded him very much of my mother—in fact, that I was amazingly like her and that he saw a future before me. This naturally made me happy.

About two days after my rehearsal before Mr. Frohman I read the announcement of the play's forthcoming production at the Empire and I need hardly say that I was not in the cast. But later on in the season, when the play was through its New York run and Mr. Frohman was about to send it on the road, he told me that he would let me play the part if I really thought I could. Of course I said that I was sure I could, and so we started off on tour.

The part I was playing was that of a comedy adventuress. I was, of course, much too young for it, so I got myself a beautiful red wig and a black-spangled dress and thought myself quite the real thing. It was a strenuous tour, with a stretch of one-night stands eight weeks in succession. But I thrived on it, since I was playing a rôle I loved and everything was very nice. I was getting eighty dollars a week. Mr. Frohman was much pleased with my notices; everywhere I went the critics were as kind as they could be. The week we were playing in Brooklyn Mr. Frohman let me have a special matinée in New York—an invitation performance. I really can not remember very much about it—not even what the object was or what came out of it. But as my memory of it is fairly comfortable, I suppose it was all right.

DURING the run of "His Excellency, the Governor," I had managed to save enough money for a holiday, and so, at the end of the season, I went back to London to spend my Summer vacation. I had a heavenly time playing about, seeing all my old friends and making many new ones. At the end of the Summer I returned to America as happy as could be and determined that in the future America would be my place for work, but that every Summer I would go back to England and enjoy myself.

Of course I went directly to Mr. Frohman as soon as I returned from England; it never entered my head to go to see any other manager as long as he lived. At that time Clyde Fitch was becoming more and more popular and successful as a dramatist. He had already several successful plays running in New York. Mr. Frohman told me about a new play of Mr. Fitch's he was going to produce, "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," which had a most wonderful part in it; but he was not at all sure that I could play it; nor was Mr. Fitch—particularly Mr. Fitch. However, Mr. Frohman decided to take a chance with me, and we began rehearsals. It was a wonderful rôle, that of *Madame Trentoni*, and very taxing for so young and inexperienced an actress. There were comedy, pathos and dancing in it. I was more worried about the dancing than about anything else.

We introduced the play in Philadelphia, at the Walnut Street Theater, and had a memorable first night. There were cheers and cries from the gallery of "Ethel, you're all right! We remember your grandmother. We love you." I got many flowers and it was all a very beautiful occasion. When I got back to the Stratton Hotel, where I was living, some of my friends assured me that everything had gone splendidly. I said, "Yes, I feel so too." But I wondered what the papers would say the next morning. Even at that early date I knew more or less what to expect from the press. The notices were amazingly bad—fairly bad for the play and very bad for me. I remember one lady critic saying that if the part of *Madame Trentoni* had been played by an actress possessing charm or beauty or talent, the play might have been successful; but as the young lady possessed none of these qualities, the play was doomed to fail. I was very unhappy about it, but for some reason—I don't know why—not at all surprised.

During its two-weeks run in Philadelphia, I think there was some idea that we would close, because everything pointed to a failure. But we went on one-night stands for another week and during that week we heard that we were to come into New York for a fortnight only. Mr. Fitch wanted it. He already had two plays running successfully in New York at the time, so I suppose he thought he could afford to chance a failure. We opened at the Garrick Theater on February 4, 1901. The advertisements announced: "For two weeks only. A play by Clyde Fitch called 'Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines.'" We stayed there for eight months, the houses never varying but always filled to capacity until some time after the Fourth of July!



ETHEL BARRYMORE TO-DAY—*From a new portrait by Leonabel Jacobs*

I NOW moved from the hall bedroom to the second floor front. A very grand move indeed, as I had an alcove to my bedroom and this made me think I had a sitting-room. I was getting one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week and thought myself very fortunate. The fact that several other members of the company were getting much bigger salaries did not worry me.

My boarding-house was on Thirty-sixth Street and the Garrick on Thirty-fifth Street. I used to walk around to the theater every night along Sixth Avenue. One evening as I approached the theater—I had only been playing about a month—the lights in the front of the house looked different to me. I did not pay very much attention to them as I was thinking very hard about something else. But I sensed that there was a change somewhere and I happened to glance up and suddenly stood frozen to the spot—for there, in front of the theater, in large electric lights, blazed the name "Ethel Barrymore." I had never had the faintest idea of being a star; I didn't think that such a thing would be for many years to come. But the public had done it, Mr. Frohman had accepted their decision and here I was being presented with it.

During this time my brother Jack, who had been to school in England for two years, had come back to America and was living with me at the boarding-house. He had not yet thought of going on the stage, but was drawing cartoons for the New York *Evening Journal*. Lionel had gone on the stage about the same time that I did, and after that I did not see him for years; he was away on the road. I had seen Jack, because father brought him to England while I was there.

New York was very kind to me all that Winter. I was young and healthy, so I was able to combine work and play pretty well. Although I enjoyed going out very much, I still was just as happy in the theatrical boarding-house. I think I really had more completely enjoyable evenings over milk and crackers, talking to my cousin, Georgie Drew Mendum, who had come on from Boston to go on the stage, and to Mr. and Mrs. Kearney, than I had going out in what is called society. Mr. Kearney was my stage-manager and Mrs. Kearney played the German ballet-dancer in "Captain Jinks," and they both had been with uncle Sidney Drew when I made my début. For many years afterward Mr. Kearney was my stage-manager and Mrs. Kearney was always with me whenever there was a part that suited her.

AS SOON as the season closed, I fled to London again. I felt as though I had not left it for an hour. Life was very full and very interesting. In all the years that I did go back, none of my friends—who became most intimate friends—ever took my theatrical life seriously. They thought I was on the stage for a pastime; it sort of amused them that I should be doing anything like that. When any of them came to America, they were surprised to find that I was more or less prominent.

I remember an incident of a very grand young man in London asking Elsie Janis if she had ever heard of a friend of his in America who did a little acting occasionally named Ethel Barrymore. Elsie, who had been imitating me, and principally me, since she was a small child, threw him such a look of indignant horror that I doubt if he ever recovered. I am sure he has no idea to this day what was wrong with his remark.

My London friends at that time were real friends. When I returned from America they always acted as if I had just been to the country for a week-end, and it made me feel as if it were really true. The people I saw most of were "Uncle Ben" Webster, the actor; his wife, whom I called "Maisie Dreams" (her professional name was May Whitty); Anthony Hope, the novelist; Milly, the Duchess of Sutherland; Margot and Henry Asquith; Didi and Alfred Littleton; Winston Churchill and Etty and Willie Grenfell. These I saw most and loved most. As I look back on it now, they were very wonderful to me—so wonderful in every way that I didn't realize at the time my good fortune in being allowed to know them so well and so intimately. I was still fairly young and took these honors as a matter of course. I suppose I liked them so much that I didn't see any reason why they should not like me. At any rate, they did like me, and all treated me as though I were truly one of them. Never for one moment did I ever feel that I belonged to a different world, which, of course, as a matter of fact, I did not.

Such wonderful dinners at Margot's with those interesting and exciting people of London! I nearly always sat next to Henry Asquith at these parties; on the other side of me would be Chesterton or Balfour—once, I remember, Lord Rosebery. I can't think of them all now, but I know that when you go out to dinner in England you must take with you all you have in the way of mentality, for you are sure to need it.

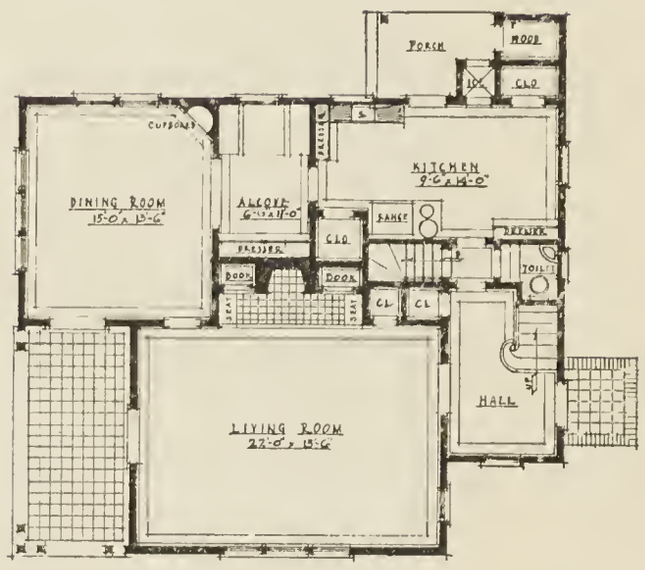
Continued on page 54

OUR READERS' IDEAL HOUSE

The fifth of a series of plans for better homes

Designed by DONN BARBER

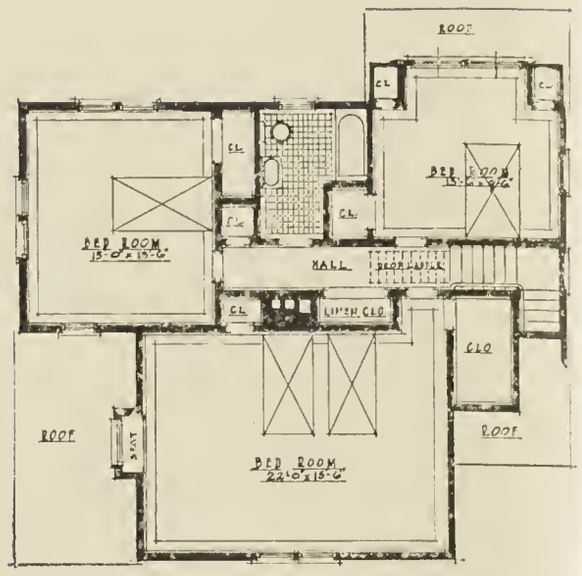
Fellow of the American Institute of Architects



FIRST FLOOR PLAN

THE DELINEATOR
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS

Mr. Donn Barber, architect, has designed for THE DELINEATOR a series of houses in which the six-room contest house, known as House Plan Number Five, is the fifth. We will supply floor-plans with elevation for one dollar each. Plans with working figures of any one of the three built-in features, the breakfast-nook, corner cupboard or linen-closet, may also be purchased for one dollar each. All plans may be developed into complete working-drawings by your local architect



SECOND FLOOR PLAN

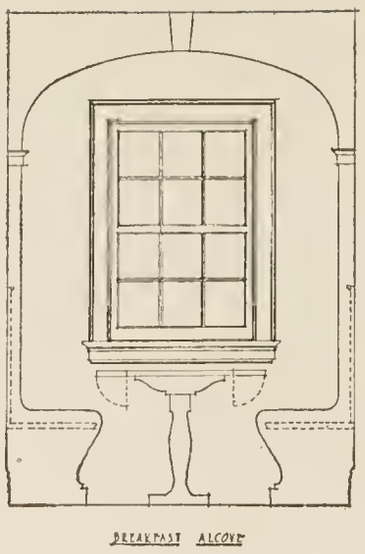
THERE appeared in the May DELINEATOR an invitation to our readers, in the form of a prize contest, to join the Department of Home-Building in deciding upon what is truly an ideal American home. Hundreds of carefully prepared plans and many descriptive letters were submitted. After a painstaking analysis of these, the most practical and buildable suggestions were embodied in one plan, which incorporates the best ideas contributed and is arranged on the most popular-size floor-plan designed to save time and steps for the housekeeper. No doubt this plan and perspective will not meet with the approval of every home-builder—certainly it should not if individuality in home-building is to be maintained. Neither will wood as a building material be appropriate for all sections of the country, but the type was carefully selected so that it may be built of brick or stucco and not lose any of its charm or dignity of line.



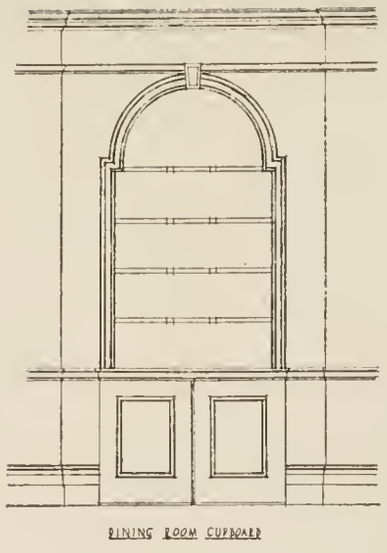
IT DID not take long for the judges to discover that a "modern, convenient house" is the choice of type and that the modern Colonial, and houses true to type, are second and third choices respectively. With the increasing use of stucco and brick it was interesting to note that wood is still the favorite building material, especially in the East, Middle West and South. In California and the Far West, however, stucco and cement blocks for the bungalow type of house are by far the most popular. The two-story, six-room house with a bath, breakfast-nook and a laundry in the cellar or just off the kitchen is unquestionably the preference in size and shape.

With the mention of the living-room, the suggestion invariably followed that fireplaces, built-in book-shelves and wood-closets should be planned for. There was a decided tendency among a great many of the contestants to eliminate the dining-room entirely and make the living-room large enough for both dining-room and living-room, but where the dining-room was retained, opinion favors it should be situated so as to get the morning sun. Corner cupboards and built-in buffets, copied from the early American furniture, which is so popular to-day, are much in demand, as are also radiators provided with hot-plate racks and disguised to imitate small cabinets. Breakfast-nooks, which are both labor and time savers, proved themselves one hundred per cent. popular. For the breakfast-nook, as well as for kitchen and laundry, great stress was laid on the provision of plenty of electric outlets. Breakfast-porches for Summer use were as popular as sun-rooms for Winter use. In the plan, a happy combination has been struck in showing one sizable porch which is accessible from both dining-room and living-room.

Even in the very smallest houses, down-stairs lavatories and kitchen telephones were asked for, two of the greatest time-savers and conveniences. The architect has not only provided for these but for a large coat-closet at the foot of the stairs.



BREAKFAST ALCOVE



DINING ROOM CUPBOARD

Good ventilation and convenient built-in features for bedrooms were by no means overlooked. There were suggested full-length mirrors in closet doors, cedar-lined closets and window-seats for Winter wraps and furs, adjustable shelves and rods in closets with built-in boxes for hats, etc., and now and then a mention of a combination shoe-tree and shoe-rack for all closet doors. A small closet for the up-stairs cleaning equipment was so frequently mentioned that one has been planned for in the upper hall.

Bathrooms came in for a considerable amount of unique and helpful suggestions. Medicine-chests, soap-dishes and paper-racks are decidedly more popular built into the wall, while a small window-seat or built-in stool may serve also as a covering for a soiled-clothes chute to the laundry. A small electric heater to relieve the chill of a cold Winter morning and an outlet for a curling-iron were suggested in many letters.

It is interesting to note that the most carefully planned room in the house in nearly every letter submitted was the kitchen. Besides the mention of innumerable built-in features for this popular room, there were suggested dumb-waiters from the kitchen to the cellar—some descending into the ground to keep perishable food fresh—ash-dumps from the kitchen stove to cellar, built-in ironing-boards, kitchen tables on casters, composition cement kitchen floors with drains in center, ice-boxes which may be reached from inside and filled from out, pass cupboards to dining-room, built-in kitchen-cabinets, clothes-chutes and grocery-boxes on the rear porch.

Besides these various suggestions, frequent mention was made regarding the finish of walls and woodwork of the kitchen. The majority say that these should be decorated in pleasing soft colors, but of a finish easy to sponge and keep clean. The sink should be of a material and type as good to look upon as any fine bathroom fixture, with, of course, double drain-boards, and it should be placed at a height not less than thirty-two inches from the floor or set purposely to fit the height of the person to use it. All pots and pans should be stored in cupboards.

THE outstanding bit of knowledge gained by the contest is the tremendous desire for built-in features. With the passing of domestic help, the housewife realizes that the house is her workshop, and scarcely a letter or plan reached the judges without some mention of some "ideal" built-in feature. The most popular of these is the breakfast-nook. Next in popularity is the fireplace and mantel, with built-in book-shelves on either side, and then the dining-room corner cupboard and a linen-closet with drop shelves for the upper hall.

To meet with the request and growing demand for these built-in features, the most suitable places for building them has been indicated on the floor-plans. Separate plans in detail have been designed, with working figures, to assist those who desire to install these features in houses already built. These plans may now be obtained from the Department of Home-Building, THE DELINEATOR.

JUDY

"The female of the species——"

By INEZ HAYNES IRWIN



"I THINK YOU HAD BETTER BEGIN THE SEASON BY CALLING ME HORACE," MR. INNESS SUGGESTED

OUTSIDE on the wide, glassed-in piazza, Judy Colladay, the only remaining unmarried daughter of the household, was dusting and decorating. Inside in the pleasant living-room, three women sat and talked. They were old Mrs. Lindell, vigorous in spite of her eighty years, visiting in Belaize from Silver Springs, Ohio; Marie Nast, very elegant and still striking, visiting in Belaize from Florence, Italy; Julia Colladay—publicly, Mrs. Joseph Colladay—the most impressive of the three and the mistress of the house. The three women were discussing the younger generation in America. Judy, passing back and forth, caught wisps of conversation floating out to her through the long open French windows. She did not listen because inwardly she was brimming with a sense of social triumph, and the contemplation of that triumph monopolized all her thoughts. But when their phrases struck on her consciousness hard enough to adhere, she experienced the scorn usual to youth with the opinions of middle age.

"On the whole," Mrs. Colladay was saying, "I'm for them. Of course their insolence and cocksureness madden me as much as anybody. But we must accept the defects of their good qualities along with those good qualities. And they *do* see things straight! And they *do* know where they're going!" She raised her voice: "O Judy!"

"Yes, mother," came perfunctorily from Judy.

"Daisy Cady's back. I met her at Colfax this morning."

"That's nice," came—still perfunctorily—from Judy.

Mrs. Colladay addressed herself to the two women: "Daisy Cady's typical of the best we have. She's such a vital, original creature, with such an interesting, clever face!"

"Mother's adjectives!" Judy thought with a fine disdain. "How could a face be *clever?*"

"She had a young man with her," Mrs. Colladay went on, "and I brought them over to Belaize in the machine. His clothes looked as though he were working on the railroad, and it turned out he was. He is Ellery Faunce, nephew of the president of the road. Faunce works like a day-laborer. I heard him tell Daisy, though, that the day before he made twenty-two dollars playing poker with the conductor and lost it all playing craps with the brakeman. But I liked him—such an amusing type; tall and lanky and red-headed. I invited him—O Judy!"

Again Judy turned her face, a film of impassivity veiling its impatience, toward the three women.

"I invited a young man I met to-day to your dance. Be sure he gets an invitation. He's an awfully nice lad."

"I loathe nice lads," Judy declared viciously. "Just as I hate nice girls—like Dorothy Ellton and Molly Fogg. They're always dumbbells."

"You won't loathe Ellery Faunce," her mother assured her. "He's too handsome and gay."

JUDY had an instant's amused perception of her mother's idea of "handsome" and "gay"; but she said nothing. Perhaps, though, the three tiny slams with which she shut the windows betrayed her impatience with interruption.

"I don't know what I'm going to do with Judy," Mrs. Colladay said. "She's the baby and, of course, we've spoiled her. I want her to go into the shop and learn the business from the ground up. But she doesn't want to do that. She insists that all she wants is a good time—and she doesn't care when or where, or who gives it to her."

"I should say that was like most young folks," Mrs. Lindell declared sturdily.

Mrs. Colladay laughed. "Of course! And, bless her, she shall have it! Secretly, I'm glad. She's my baby, and my cowardly maternal instinct is to keep her a baby as long as possible. Well, I must write a few letters before we start for the club-house. I do wish I could get Judy to go this afternoon, but I can't."

Mrs. Lindell watched the easy flow of Mrs. Colladay's big-bodied exit from the room. But Marie Nast's eyes were on the piazza.

"I wonder if she'll ever be the woman her mother is," Marie Nast said thoughtfully, watching Judy's swift, nervous movements.

"It's hard to say," Mrs. Lindell answered. "Nobody thought that her mother—that Julia'd ever be the woman she became."

"Yes—I know. I'm certainly old enough not to judge any girl by the aspect she presents to the world in her 'teens." Marie laughed her famous rippling laugh. "When I think of myself at eighteen—what a harum-scarum hoiden I was! But at sixteen, Julia was all character. She was as steady as she is now—quiet, self-contained. We all knew that. What we didn't know was that she had power and ability."

"That's why," Mrs. Lindell pointed out, "we can't tell anything about Judy."

"She's a pretty thing," Miss Nast observed. "Much prettier than Julia ever was."

"Yes, Julia was never *pretty*," Mrs. Lindell observed. "She was too stout. And yet Julia was the first one of us to get engaged, the only one of us—of the girls, at least—to have a career."

"Judy's not plain enough to be interesting," Miss Nast said thoughtfully, "or lovely enough to be a beauty. She's just pretty girl."

Judy's moving figure outlined itself against this window and then against that as she moved chairs, rearranged tables. She had a delicious round-outlined slenderness of figure and a delicious round-chinned ovality of face. Her bobbed brown hair, thick with sunny ripples, slanted out from the milky central part like the hair of a page of the Renaissance—almost as though her head were winged. Her eyes put deep blue notes between those wings and her lips a dash of scarlet. The rest was what Marie had described as just pretty girl: clear skin, unformed features, a questioning look, half-wistful, half-laughing.

"Julia was smart, though," Mrs. Lindell went on. "She thought everything out. Why, that time early in their marriage when Joe Colladay failed, he would have been down and out if it had not been for her. She called his creditors together for a conference and guaranteed them that she'd pay back every red cent that Joe owed if they'd give her time. They say that speech she made was wonderful. Joe's creditors said they'd give

her all the time she needed. Julia put a housekeeper in here and for two years she went right down to the shop every day and worked with Joe. Oh, there was plenty of talk about her neglecting her family! Joe is no fool, but everybody says that Julia made The Colladay the store it is. Why, folks come from miles around to shop there!

"All the time, too, she was doing a great many other things: making this house the most popular one in Belaize; becoming president of the woman's club; developing it into the biggest club in the State; vice-president of the association, then president. And when you think of the fuss the newspapers make over her—and of the famous people she's entertained—and how they like her——"

"What makes her so popular?" Marie Nast asked, frankly curious.

"Several things," Mrs. Lindell answered, glancing briefly at the delicately vivid face that Marie Nast presented to the world. "She listens. She is really interested. She remembers."

"Perhaps Judy will do and be all those things," Miss Nast said, "but I confess it doesn't look like it at present. Somehow, though, I don't expect anything from her generation. I haven't the sympathy with them that Julia shows. The twenty and twenty-one-year-olders—especially the boys—are quite odious. They have no manners and no reverences."

"They're spoiled," Mrs. Lindell explained briefly. "I guess maybe it's the same after all wars. I remember very well what it was like during the Civil War and after. I was about twenty when war was declared."

FROM the outside Judy lifted the three long windows, one after another, very softly that the two women would not notice and again interrupt the triumphant flow of her thoughts. She knelt on the hearth of the piazza fireplace; began to lay the fire. She was very near to her mother's guests and sparks from their conversation flashed through the open window to her. They blazed their brief light in her mind—vanished. For more than in anything else, Judy was absorbed in the fact that, on the receipt of her mother's invitation to the dance, Horace Inness—*Horace Inness*—had written, asking her if he could call this afternoon.

Horace Inness was the rich, socially powerful, socially autocratic figure of her young-girl world. Judy was eighteen now. This Winter she was to have a real social season. This was to be her first big dance with flower decorations—an orchestra, a caterer and—everything! Horace Inness could make a success of it. Horace Inness last year had made a success of Joan Jeffrey's and before that of——

"—the older boys were all away at the war," came Mrs. Lindell's husky, breathy old voice. "The girls had to have somebody to dance and flirt with, so the seventeen and sixteen and even the fifteen-year-old lads were pushed forward—spoiled by girls sometimes ten years older than themselves. Later some shook off that influence, but it ruined plenty. I mean, they remained spoiled all their lives. We had a tragedy grow out of it in our town—Nelly Fay. I don't suppose you ever heard of Nelly Fay? Of course you haven't!"

"I'm very interested to hear about her, though," Miss Nast politely assured the older woman.

And Judy found herself kneeling immobile on the hearth, listening to the story of Nelly Fay.

"Well, it seems that a crowd of these immature boys in Silver Springs got together one night and decided that they were going to run the social doings in that town. They made an agreement that they'd dance only with the girls who toed the mark—I mean by that, who took program from them—and to stand by each other in everything. Well, Nelly Fay was only seventeen, pretty as a picture: great blue eyes; hair all curls and the color of gold. She was a great favorite, the gayest, happiest, sauciest little trick! There was an Ed Robbins in town who began to be attentive to Nelly. I don't suppose Ed was worse than any other young lad who's feeling his oats, but Nelly didn't seem to take a shine to Ed—wouldn't dance with him—or go off on sleigh-rides——"

"Sleigh-rides!" Marie Nast murmured in amused comment. "My grief, how I'd like to go on a sleigh-ride!"

"So, it appears, Ed told her that if she didn't accept attentions from him she wouldn't get any from anybody else. As I heard the story, Nelly stood right up to him and defied him. She went to the dances right along for a while, but not a single boy danced with her. She wouldn't give in to Ed—she just couldn't seem to do that. But after a while she began to stay at home from the dances and mope. Well, I guess it wa'n't all Ed. A lot of things happened: her father was sick for a while and she was up at all hours nursing him—and one of her brothers was wounded— Well, the long and short of it was they found Nelly's body in the Painter River one morning. She'd left a letter—that's how it all came out. Ed Robbins had to leave town. They said he became a regular tramp——"

NELLY slipped out of Judy's mind after a while, for presently her mother, Mrs. Lindell and Miss Nast were departing for the woman's club. The piazza was all in order—a spot of warmth and color in the pale cool September day; bayberry and rose-hips in the huge brass bowls; the gaily painted willow furniture all dusted; the gaily painted tea-table all shining; the utterly unnecessary fire all sparkling. She slipped up-stairs, bathed and changed into the almost sleeveless navy-blue charmeuse—her longest green earrings. Then the door-bell was ringing—she was flying down-stairs into the hall——

"Why, you could almost give a dance out here!" Horace Inness was saying in another instant, gazing about the piazza. His manner was extremely easy—just as though, Judy reflected with a quivering jubilance, they were old, old friends.

"Yes, I could," Judy agreed. Her manner was far from easy. She could feel the color shifting back and forth in her face. Her eyes burned and her lips were taking strange, trembly shapes. "But—but—I could invite only a few. It's rather nicer, I think, to keep it for sitting-out between dances. We can throw our two rooms into one inside, and that makes it possible for me to invite everybody. How do you like your tea, Mr. Inness?"

"I think you had better begin the season by calling me Horace," Mr. Inness suggested. "I'm sure we're going to know each other pretty well before it's over—cream and one lump, please—especially as I'm going to call you Judy."

"All right, Mr. In—Horace, I mean!" Judy murmured. It seemed to her that no word ever came so hard to her tongue as that "Horace." But perhaps that was the vibration from the colossal thrill of his asking her to use it. She was glad she had something to do with her hands because then—it was very strange—her mouth did not tremble so much. She tried not to pour the tea sloppily, not to apply sugar and cream with such violence. "I'm going to have a lot of dances this Winter," she went on feverishly. "Big ones, and little ones too. But I *do* want everybody to come to this first one, and I *do* want it to be a success."

"Oh, it will be a success all right," Horace assured her in the most casual manner. "And I flatter myself that I'm going to be the one to make it so. You're a beautiful dancer," he remarked suddenly.

Judy fluttered, sparkled, her flickering color stayed still long enough to make a blush. The wonderful thing had happened: Horace Inness had picked her out of all the girls for his favorite. "Oh, thank you!" she exclaimed. "*Thank* you! I do so love to dance. And yet one never knows if they—if she—" She reconstructed her sentence on less hazardous grammatical lines: "You never really know whether you're a good dancer until somebody who's an expert tells you."

"Well, I'll tell the world you're a good dancer," Horace declared. "You're the best of your vintage—and Milly Darlington's pretty good too." He paused and surveyed with an immense composure the rotating colors in her face. "You're the prettiest of the lot, too," he announced with his perturbing casualness.

"Oh, Mr. Inness—Horace—" was all Judy—and very falteringly—said.

"Sit down here," Horace ordered, rising as Judy advanced with his tea.

Obediently, Judy sat down beside him on the great cushioned couch, her thick lashes curling away as far as possible from the surprised blue fire of her eyes, her velvety lips making a wondering scarlet quiver about the pearly glisten of her teeth.

MRS. COLLADAY brought her guests back just in time for dinner. If Judy had really looked at her mother, she would have known that the afternoon had been a success. There was always a serene, moonlike glow about Julia Colladay when things went well. The only way her family knew when things had gone ill was that that glow was missing. Judy did not look at her mother, however. Marie Nast did, though, and with an accelerating wonder.

Julia Colladay had grown from the stout, plain, inarticulate girl of Marie Nast's remembrance to a stouter woman. But she was neither plain nor inarticulate now. She was quite lovely with her rippled, silver-specked hair. On the platform she had been almost majestic; afterward at the tea her conversational poise was astonishing.

If Judy did not look at her mother, her mother looked at Judy—wondered a little at the blaze in her cheeks which, with so high a scarlet, contradicted the blue preoccupation of her eyes. "Did you have a nice call, Judy?" she asked affectionately. And then, with her superb tact, in case Judy preferred not to discuss that subject, added a remark which offered her conversational escape: "Some of the girls were at the meeting this afternoon."

Judy asked with what seemed a fair degree of interest who were the girls who went to the lecture. Apparently, however, she did not deceive her mother, for by carefully casual stages Mrs. Colladay turned the

Continued on page 70



DOROTHY ELLTON WALKED INTO THE MIDST OF THE DANCERS — TAPPED HORACE INNESS ON THE SHOULDER. THE EFFECT WAS INSTANTANEOUS

J. HARDIN & SON

Love knows no law beyond its own sweet will

By BRAND WHITLOCK

The coming of "Laurie," the new milliner, to Macochee upset all the dull and ordinary routine that had meant life to Paul Hardin. Paul had married Winona Dyer, daughter of Malcolm Dyer, the rich man of the town, sincerely believing that he loved her; but it was not long before he realized that there could be no congeniality between them. Winona liked gaiety and social activity and hated the repression and absorption in business which were Paul's heritage from his stern, puritanical father. Paul had been his father's partner in the carriage business and when it was ruined by a trust, J. Hardin began to spend all of his time in anti-saloon work and Paul went into business for himself. When "Laurie" opened her shop in Macochee, Paul was one of the town's richest men. She rented the shop from Paul, the owner, through her lawyer, Clyde Sturrock. It was when Paul called to see about repairing the chimney that he found she was the little Evelyn Walling who had been the one spot of color in his drab boyhood. Paul had seen the show-people who stopped in Macochee the night she was born, had known of the death of the little actress mother, had heard that the child had been left behind in the town, and had not seen her again until he and Malcolm Dyer rescued her years later from the taunts of a mob of children. She had gone away to live with her father, and now she had come back just at the time when Paul's relations with Winona were coming to a crisis. Parton, a lawyer Winona had known before her marriage and agent of the combine which had ruined J. Hardin, had come to Macochee to lead the wet forces in a local-option election. On election day, when J. Hardin, leader of the drys, was injured by a mob, Paul learned by chance that Winona had been meeting Parton at Mrs. Winship's house



"WELL, WHAT DO YOU MEAN, COMING ROUND OF A SUNDAY?" MRS. SIMPSON DEMANDED

PART FIVE

GO HOME to Winona! Had it been only that morning that Winship had awakened in him those dark, ugly, half-jealous suspicions? He went home, leaving one trouble behind, his tired brain trying to adjust itself to that other trouble which was waiting for him. He found Winona in the sitting-room beside the table, a book unheeded in her lap. She looked up at his entrance, idly, as though his coming and going were alike indifferent to her.

He scented the odor of roses and glancing about he saw a large bouquet of them in a vase on the center-table. He thought it rather strange that such splendid blooms should be here, bouquets of that importance not being common in Macochee.

"Where did the flowers come from?" he asked.

"They were sent to me."

"By whom?" he demanded bluntly.

"Mr. Parton sent them to me."

Parton! Paul looked at his wife, then at the roses.

"So Parton sent them, did he?"

"Yes."

"How kind of him! That's the second remembrance our family has had from him to-day!"

"What do you mean?"

"Haven't you heard about father?"

"No," she said, without looking up, speaking with something more than her customary indifference to J. Hardin. "What about your father?"

"He was assaulted this afternoon by some of Parton's sluggers in Lighttown!"

He saw her black brows twitch with annoyance.

"Was he hurt?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Seriously?"

"Well, at his age any injury may be serious."

"I'm sorry," she said.

He stood leaning against the chimneypiece, looking down at her as she sat calm, motionless, with that cold, exasperating indifference. The silence was oppressive with the dark and malignant elements of the mute struggle that was going on between their wills. Then he was aware of the fragrance of the roses again.

"Flowers for the wife, brickbats for the father," he said, and he laughed.

"You needn't insult me!"

"I haven't insulted you. I was merely remarking on Parton."

"He's at least a gentleman," said Winona.

Paul made an effort to control himself. "Have you seen him to-day?" he asked in a voice that he tried to keep even.

"No."

"You saw him yesterday?"

"No."

"Well, then, the day before?"

"Did I?"

"Yes. You met him at the Winships'."

"Well, what of it? Can't one meet an old friend at a dinner—can't an old friend send one a flower without your creating a scene?"

"I am not creating a scene," he said.

"What do you call it, then? You come home from goodness knows where and because an old friend has sent me a bunch of flowers you fly into a passion and begin to catechize and cross-examine me."

"Listen a moment, Winona," he said. "Listen and be reasonable!"

She gave a petulant shrug of her shoulders and turned away.

"In the first place," he began, "I have not flown into a passion and I have not catechized you. No—listen," he insisted as she started to interrupt him, "let me finish. You say that I come from goodness knows where, and that isn't fair. I come from my father, old and broken, beaten up by ruffians in the pay of Parton—yes, Parton! And when I come home, I find that that very man has been seeing my wife and sending her flowers! Do you wonder that I——"

"I wonder at nothing any more," she interrupted.

He glanced over his shoulder at the little marble clock ticking evenly away whether things went right or things went wrong. There were Parton's roses, so still, so self-sufficing in their pure beauty; and there was Winona, leaning her head on her hand, looking tired and rather old. He felt an immense weariness. How long the day had been! Would it never end? She began to say something, but he interrupted her.

"Oh, Winona," he said, "I'm too tired to-night to quarrel." And he went to his room.

THE moral sentiment of the community having been released for the moment from its general preoccupation with the election, it could find a new, if personal, subject in the new milliner. She had been almost immediately successful; her hats were popular and in the race for local supremacy she seemed likely soon to overtake and distance her old employer, Mrs. Mumm. The magic influence of the Spring and the subtle attraction of those hats that came from her deft fingers drew the ladies of all Macochee to the show-window in Cedar Street and business there flourished at a rate that made the little shop no place for Paul.

Now and then as he passed she would have for him a lift of the eyebrow, a smile, a discreet flutter of the hand, and he had to content himself with these. To see her thus prosperous rejoiced him, and yet he felt a little envious, if not jealous, of those ladies who were always there preening themselves before her mirror. They could enter the shop at will and stay as long as they chose in her bright company. It was, he knew, quite as well so; it were better not to see her, not to think of her. But he could not get her out of his mind.

One of those customers who were always preventing Paul from dropping in for a little chat was Mrs. Simpson, who lived on a small holding of her own a mile east of the Barlow farm. It was hardly large enough to be called a farm; a mere insignificant piece of twenty acres on the edge of a section of land belonging to Paul. But it was of importance to Paul, because it was the only part of that section that did not belong to him. He had often tried to buy this missing piece, but Mrs. Simpson was stubborn and would not sell. She was a strong-minded, capable woman, as big as a man and severe in manner. She wore hats with streaming plumes, like a cavalier, and great leather gauntlets as she drove her skittish horses fearlessly in and out of town. She lived with her son in a small white frame cottage on those twenty acres of hers. Latterly she had struck up an acquaintance with the new milliner, who happily had induced her to modify her hats.

On one of his trips to the country, Paul had been kept so late on Saturday night that he had slept at the Barlow farm, and on Sunday afternoon as he started to drive home he decided to go round by Mrs. Simpson's to see if she had changed her mind and was at last willing to sell her place. When he drove in at the gate, he was not so very much surprised to see the new milliner standing on the little porch taking the mild Spring air. Mrs. Simpson, Paul felt, was not especially glad to see him.



PAUL AND EVELYN STOOD AND GAZED, BREATHLESS, THEN SLOWLY WENT DOWN INTO THE WOODS

"Well, what do you want coming round of a Sunday?" she demanded in her barytone voice.

"I was just driving by," said Paul, "and I thought I'd drop in and see if you had changed your mind about selling your farm."

"No, I haven't!" Mrs. Simpson snapped at him. "And what's more, ain't goin' to. Besides, Sunday's no day to do business."

"Better the day, better the deed," said Paul speciously as he sat down on the porch. In their desultory talk, which was hardly a conversation, it developed that the new milliner was spending Sunday with Mrs. Simpson.

"It does her good to have a breath of air after being shut up all the week in that little shop," she explained.

"But it makes you a lot of trouble," said the new milliner, with a grateful smile for her hostess.

"Trouble? What trouble?"

"Well," she rather hesitantly suggested, "the trouble of driving me in, for one thing. I ought to get back tonight, you know, so as to open my shop in the morning."

"Why," said Paul, "you can drive in with me."

Mrs. Simpson at first demurred, and Paul, feeling that his offer was all that could be expected of him, did not insist. But the new milliner did and in the end had her way.

Paul was glad that the way home lay by the Ludlow, an old military road, and not by the turnpike. The Ludlow, having never been macadamized, was less traveled than the turnpike and it wound for a part of the way through woods. They drove along over the soft, moist earth. The road ran between zigzag rail fences; the ditches were flowing deep with the pellucid waters of Spring and there was the smell of brown, newly turned earth and an occasional field of young wheat, vivid in its green. Overhead the high pale sky filled with the luminosity of Spring. The orchards were in bloom, the gnarled and twisted branches of old apple-trees decked with pinkish white blossoms; in a fence corner the delicate boughs of a thorn were hung in white and the air was laden with fragrance.

PAUL, sitting well over on the whip-hand side, one foot hanging outside the buggy, wondered what to say to her, how to give the conversation the light, pleasant tone suited to a casual meeting like this. But he could not, even to himself, divest this association of the significance that would be imparted to it by the vigilant public opinion of Macochee, ever alert and on the watch for evil. He had a sensation of being somewhat too physically aware of her nearness. His glance wandered to the new milliner's feet, thence to her knees and her gloved hands, lying idle in her lap, then he looked at her face. She was gazing out over the land with a look of contentment, a rather happy look.

She must have felt his glance, for she turned with a smile and said: "It's pleasant to drive like this, isn't it, in the Spring?"

"I'm glad you like it."

"I'm glad you happened along," she continued, "and gave me a lift. Mrs. Simpson is ever so kind and awfully nice, but I'm not used to the country. I'm not at home there. It is so frightfully still at night it gets on my nerves; it scares me. You think it's still, but as a matter of fact it's noisy: dogs howl, there are strange sounds in the trees, awful things seem to be happening—little tragedies. I heard a bird scream with terror in the night; there was a flutter, a struggle, a little 'Peep! Peep'—like that—then it was all still again. It was awful!"

A slight shudder passed through her, and then she went on:

"This morning, early, the chickens began to squawk and all the birds began to sing. I couldn't sleep any more. No, give me the city. Don't you like the city?"

"I don't know much about it," Paul confessed.

"That's funny. You like the country, then?"

"Yes."

"Why?" She looked up with a naive expression, like a child.

"Well, I don't know," he said, in that difficulty he had in analyzing his emotions. "I suppose because it is quiet there; at least, there are no people."

"Don't you like people?"

"I like some people!"

"Do you like me?"

He was disconcerted by this categorical question; he wondered why all the women he had ever known asked him pointblank, soon or late, if he liked them. But he answered promptly:

"I like you, yes!"

She burst into a little laugh and it nettled him; he had a sudden objective vision of himself, a middle-aged man, being made a fool of by a milliner who was trying to wrap him round her little finger. He had an immense horror of being made ridiculous, even to himself.

"Look here," he began. He turned half about, facing

Continued on page 78

KEEPING FIT AT HOME

Second article: Exercises for middle age

By FIELDING H. YOST

Director of Intercollegiate Athletics, University of Michigan



Position Eight



Position Three



Position Seven



Position Two



Position Six



Position Nine

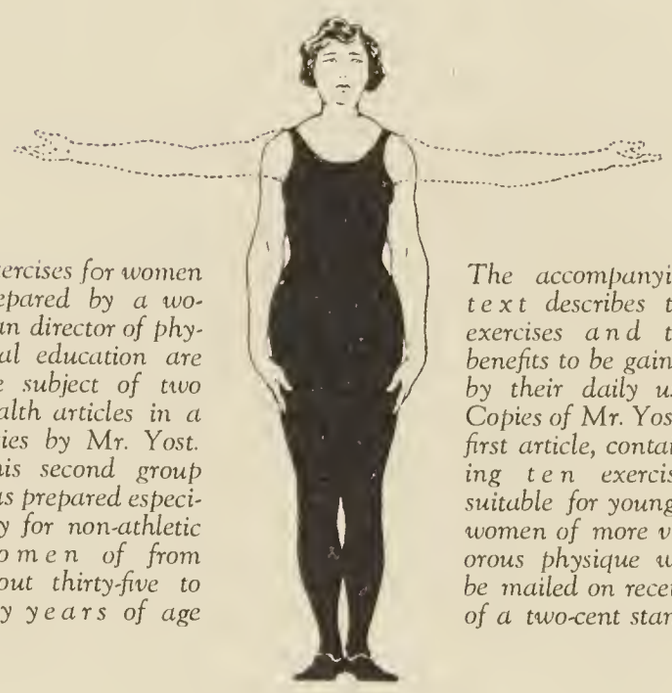
WHEN Mrs. Caleb Fox, sixty-two years of age and grandmother of ten children, won an important golf tournament in Florida last Winter—beating, among others, Miss Glenna Collett, the American champion—she opened the eyes of many women to the fact that proficiency in some forms of sport does not necessarily cease when one enters the down-hill stage of life. Mrs. Fox has played in every big golf tournament held in this country and has never failed to qualify and make a creditable showing. To-day she plays a game that many strapping young men would be glad to call their own. Her scores on difficult courses are frequently in the eighties, and when a man gets into the eighties he begins to think himself a real golfer.

Mrs. Fox's ability to turn in these good cards means just one thing: that she has kept steadily at the game and has never permitted her physical condition to deteriorate through lack of exercise. She took up the game at an age when many women consider themselves too old for strenuous exercise—that is, I assume this to be the case, for the history of women's golf in America is a short one.

It is a well-established fact that a man can play a fair game of golf until he is well past sixty—in fact, some of the veterans who confess to more than sixty are still playing to low handicaps. At "father and son" tournaments it is a common occurrence to have the senior administer a sound beating to the junior. But, for some reason, it is too often accepted that when a woman is "fair, fat and forty" it is useless to continue to exercise. This is, on the face of it, an absurdity, for the feminine body responds just as readily as the masculine to proper exercise and training.

THE saying "A woman is as old as she looks" is now passé, for while it is impossible to completely stay such ravages of time as wrinkles and gray hair, it is entirely possible, and, in fact, easy, to arrest general decay. For that matter, a woman can retain her youthful appearance many years after her sedentary sisters have begun to "show their age" if she will pay attention to a few simple rules of diet, posture and exercise. Beauty specialists are a help of course, but they are most successful when they work in conjunction with a course of physical exercises that build up the body, hold the flesh down to normal and keep the circulation good.

Very often we see women with white or gray hair who have youthful faces. It is generally accepted that these women have had the advantage of treatments of various sorts. Possibly they have had this advantage, yet the fundamental reason



Exercises for women prepared by a woman director of physical education are the subject of two health articles in a series by Mr. Yost. This second group was prepared especially for non-athletic women of from about thirty-five to fifty years of age

The accompanying text describes the exercises and the benefits to be gained by their daily use. Copies of Mr. Yost's first article, containing ten exercises suitable for younger women of more vigorous physique will be mailed on receipt of a two-cent stamp

Positions One and Ten

for their good health is found in a well-conditioned body and not in lotions or massages. One may perhaps dispense with the "beauty doctor" but never with exercise if she wishes to grow old gracefully in the physical sense.

It seems that every woman has a horror of getting fat, and that after the time has passed when even her most polite friends can continue to refer to her as merely plump, she always has visions of some day making a really serious effort to regain *svelte* proportions. The trouble is that it is so much easier to get fat than to get thin again that very few of those who succumb to "adipose tissue" ever have the courage and the persistence to reduce to their former weight.

The unpopularity of fat has its foundation in the fact that our standards of beauty do not favor personal architecture of too liberal a mold. In some countries fat is a mark of beauty, but in America it is fashionable to be thin—that is, to-day's fashion seems to call for slenderness, though I have recently read in the papers that fat is going to be very much *de rigueur* in the near future.

Regardless of the looks of superfluous flesh, there is no doubt that it is physically bad. The perfectly conditioned body does not clog itself up with fat. There is a general belief that fat people are always jolly and that fatness is a sign of a good disposition. The real cause of the jolliness of fat people, however, is that they are generally too lazy to be anything else and their reputation for being "sunny" is just the outcome of a non-resisting character. It is supposed that if you never worry you will inevitably get fat. I believe, however, that mental calmness and perfect happiness can be achieved without permitting the body to pile on a lot of useless materials. The only thing needed is to take some method that will offset the tendency to put on flesh, instead of meekly, or merrily, surrendering to it.

It is not fair, of course, to put all large persons in the same general category. There are some individuals who are naturally large. They put on real firm flesh in spite of the most strenuous exercise—or because of it—and they continue to put it on no matter how little they eat, short of actually reducing their meals to a point below the safety mark. The people belonging in this class of natural flesh producers have no remedy for their condition. They are perfectly healthy and, being healthy, they are big. I personally see no reason why any one in this class should give a moment's thought to her size. It may be that she does not come up to fashion's specifications as to weight and contour, but there is a great deal of beauty in a healthy human body, regardless of its size and shape. Nature did not intend that all members of the human race should look exactly alike. It would be a calamity if they did.

To those who are lugging around a lot of flabby flesh, my advice is: Do something about it at once. If you don't, your organs will deteriorate faster than they should, you will be uncomfortable and your capacity for both work and play will be curtailed. In cases where the fat has become excessive my advice is to consult a physician and follow his instructions.

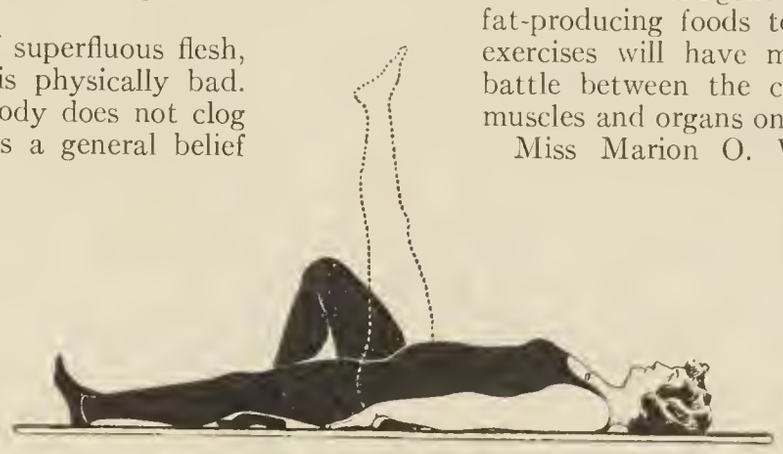
THE table of exercises included in this article is designed to fit the average case. It is in no sense a reducing course for aggravated cases. Its main purpose is to keep the body healthy by proper use of the muscles. Incident to this development of the general health, the exercises will prevent the accumulation of flesh and help to reduce it, provided, of course, they are taken in connection with an intelligent diet. If one is to go on eating fat-producing foods to excess, no course of home exercises will have much chance in the unequal battle between the calories on one side and the muscles and organs on the other.

Miss Marion O. Wood, Director of Physical Education for Women at the University of Michigan, who kindly compiled this table for readers of THE DELINEATOR, did not have in mind the needs of fleshy or fat women in particular. She has evolved a course that any

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Position Four



Position Five

SCIENTIFIC BABY CARE

THE DELINEATOR is placing at the disposal of mothers the knowledge of America's foremost specialists in baby care and child welfare. Preceding articles have covered prenatal care, the care of the baby at birth, general care, maternal nursing, artificial feeding, feeding after infancy, the place of sweets in the child's diet, early childhood and the health education and mental hygiene of the child of school age. Articles to come will have to do with equally important steps in development and the completed series will comprise the most up-to-date scientific information accessible to mothers. Dr. L. Emmett Holt, baby specialist, Physician-in-Chief, the Babies' Hospital, New York City, and author of "The Care and Feeding of Children," is chief editorial adviser in THE DELINEATOR'S Child Health Campaign



"THE WORLD IS MINE"

PAMPHLET REPRINTS

Seven of the most helpful articles are available in pamphlets: "The Expectant Mother and the New Baby," by Dr. Ralph Lobenstine, Chairman of the Medical Advisory Board of the Maternity Center Association of New York City; "The General Care of the Baby," "Maternal Nursing" and "Artificial Feeding," all by Dr. L. Emmett Holt; "Early Childhood," by Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw, ex-President, American Child Hygiene Association; "The School Child," by Dr. William Palmer Lucas, Professor of Diseases of Children, University of California and "The Mental Health of the Child," by Dr. Thomas W. Salmon, ex-Medical Director, National Committee for Mental Hygiene. Any one of these pamphlets will be mailed on receipt of ten cents to cover cost of printing and postage

THE HAPPY CHILD

Permanent teeth and their relation to general health

By DR. HARVEY J. BURKHART

Director, Rochester Dental Dispensary, Rochester, N. Y.

THE problem of greatest significance in health work to-day is the education of the public to a proper appreciation of the benefits to be derived from the maintenance of a clean and healthy mouth. The wisdom of early attention to insure proper mouth condition is recognized by leading medical and dental authorities. Infected and decayed teeth, abscesses about the mouth and diseased tonsils are causes that produce disturbances in various parts of the body. It is a well-known fact that the mouth is the portal of entry and the breeding-place of various forms of bacteria that are liable to cause systemic disorders of a serious character. Eye and nose infections, rheumatism, anemia, inflammation of the glands, heart disease, disorders of the liver and kidneys and many other complaints are frequently caused by germs of disease which have their origin in unclean mouths. It is quite probable that appendicitis, ulcers of the stomach and other abdominal lesions may be the direct result of infections which might have been prevented by proper attention to the oral cavity.

Dental diseases often impair the health and vitality of the child, and because of this weakened state there is an interference with intellectual and physical development. A child who is ill is more likely to contract contagious diseases and can not keep up with school work. Extremely nervous children, those with irritable dispositions who are difficult to manage in school, are in many instances greatly relieved and improved by the removal of nerve irritation caused by infection in the mouth and from aching and decayed teeth.

WHILE it is most essential to properly care for the temporary teeth, the period from the sixth to the twelfth year, when the permanent teeth are being erupted, is the time when most careful and watchful attention should be given. Mistakes made at this time are liable to cause trouble and discomfort. Probably the most important tooth of the permanent set is the sixth-year molar—the one which, through ignorance and neglect, is more frequently lost than any other. This tooth does not take the place of any baby tooth, but erupts just back of the last double tooth of the temporary set. It is, therefore, often confused with, and regarded as, one of the first teeth.

The sixth-year molar may be regarded as the keystone to the arch, and its loss is liable to cause an endless amount of trouble, principally in the contraction and narrowing of the jaw so that there is not sufficient space for the other permanent teeth to come in in regular order. This tooth is also most important for masticating purposes, being larger than any other molar. As soon as this tooth is erupted, the child should be taken to the dentist and serations, or crevices in the top, filled with copper cement or treated with nitrate of silver to protect it from decay. The same practise should be followed when the bicuspids erupt between the ninth and eleventh years and the second permanent molar about the twelfth year. If this practise is observed and cavities in other teeth attended to promptly until the child is sixteen years of age, there is very little liability of trouble from tooth decay after that time, barring some unusual conditions, the result of continued illness or physical breaking down—providing, always, that the teeth are regularly brushed and kept clean.

Without doubt some of the most distressing conditions are malformations of the jaws and irregular and crooked teeth. The causes are many and various—thumb-sucking, narrowing of the jaws due to mouth-breathing, the result of enlarged tonsils and adenoids, premature loss of the sixth-year molar and other temporary teeth, and heredity. It is possible now to correct, with the aid of modern dental appliances, every case of overshot or undershot jaws, or irregular teeth of any kind, so that the face may be made normal in appearance and the teeth regular and serviceable. When any of these conditions are observed, the dentist should be consulted and no time lost in following his advice. Probably the best period for the straightening of crooked teeth and the remaking of faces is between the ages of twelve and sixteen. Most astonishing and wonderful results can be obtained and many otherwise ugly and unattractive faces made attractive and beautiful. There is probably no service that the dentist renders that is more appreciated, nor one which adds so much to the comfort and happiness of both the parent and child, as the beautifying of the face by regular arrangement of teeth where there is any considerable facial deformity due to this cause.

There are few habits more injurious or harmful to the teeth and jaws than the cracking of nuts with the teeth, biting threads and chewing the ends of pencils and penholders. Very frequently teeth will be weakened, split and broken. The enamel and dentine will be cracked and leave openings for the lodgement of germs of decay. As the person becomes more mature, teeth are liable to be forced apart, leaving pockets for food to collect and decompose, resulting in an inflammation of the gums that causes a loosening and loss of the teeth. These are most pernicious, dangerous and unclean habits.

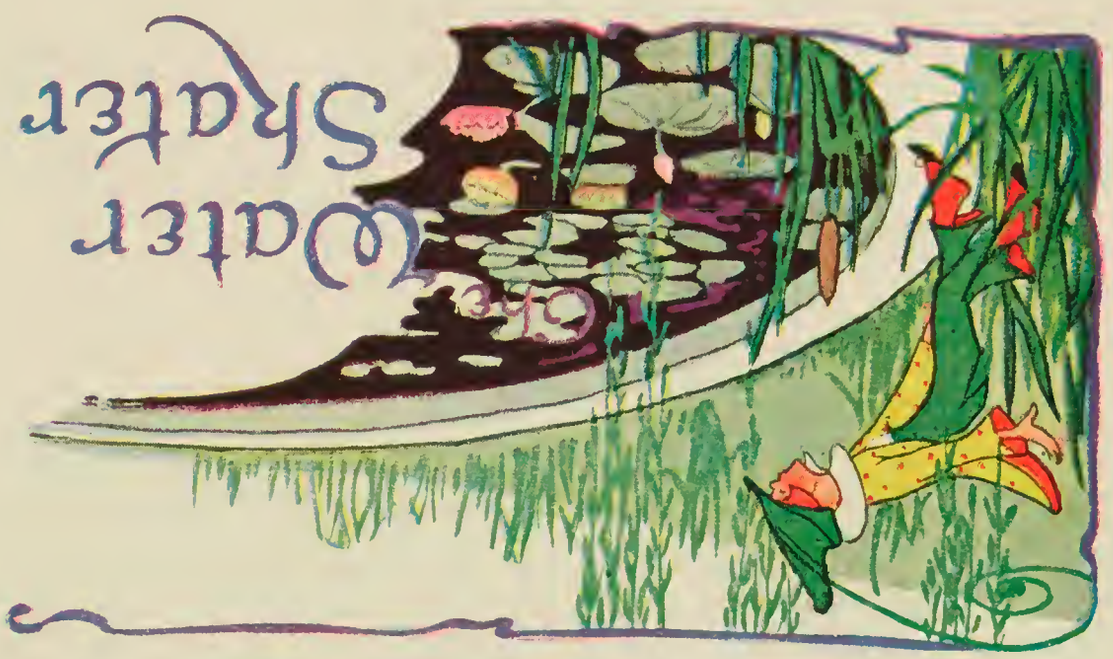
IT HAS become a well-recognized fact that teeth with dead and diseased pulps or nerves are a menace to health, and many obscure troubles are cured by their treatment and removal. This has led to wholesale extraction. It has been the practise of physicians to send patients to professional X-ray photographers to have pictures of the roots of the teeth taken and upon their interpretation of the photograph have ordered the extraction of many teeth that were not the cause of the trouble. There are filled dead teeth that have rendered years of valuable service and are in no way responsible for systemic disturbances, and the needless extraction of teeth necessary to proper mastication and the maintenance of good facial appearance should not be permitted. The final interpretation of X-ray photographs of the teeth should not be left to a professional photographer. Often a darkened area or shadow in a picture does not indicate the real condition. Competent as many physicians are to read X-ray photographs, they should not order extraction of teeth until after a conference and a discussion of the individual cases with the family dentist.

Every reliable dentist keeps accurate records and charts of operations that will be found of much value in determining a proper course of procedure. There should be a closer cooperation between the physician and dentist. Without cooperation and a good understanding a tremendous amount of harm will result and many valuable teeth be needlessly sacrificed. No conscientious dentist will risk the health of his patient by permitting diseased or decayed roots or teeth to remain in the mouth, and he should be trusted to make a final decision in disputed cases. There is no doubt but that the extraction of teeth often relieves or cures many ills, but that is not a sufficient reason for their removal until a careful diagnosis and an examination of the history of each case is made. Susceptibility to colds, intestinal troubles, heart lesions, sore throat and many other ailments are often relieved by tooth extraction, but because that may be so it is not a sufficient warrant for the hasty and ruthless extraction of every suspected tooth.

SOME of the most distressing of physical deformities are cases of harelip and cleft palate. If the child can be operated upon during the first few months after birth, really wonderful results may be obtained with little or no scar on the lip, as is the case when the operation is performed later. Occasionally cleft palate occurs without the harelip. Many times parents, through ignorance or lack of observation, do not discover the defect until the time when the child should begin to talk. The opening through the palate and into the nose prevents the child from using the muscles necessary for proper articulation. The attempt of young children with this affliction to make themselves understood or to talk as normal children do is most distressing and painful to themselves and their parents. No cases of oral defects arouse more genuine sympathy or demand a higher degree of skill in their correction. There are many persons with cleft palate who are not aware that relief may be obtained by the insertion of a mechanical appliance. Most satisfactory results are gained by wearing a plate, or obturator, which provides an artificial roof and palate and closes the opening. With strict attention given to articulation and enunciation, the speech soon improves and often becomes practically normal.

The skill of the present-day dentist has been developed to a very high degree. Appliances of various kinds can be supplied that will be comfortable, useful and satisfactory in appearance. It is desirable to retain as many healthy teeth as possible as a means of attachment for bridges. Very satisfactory results, however, are obtained by the use of partial plates and removable bridges. It is often much more desirable to use substitutes that may be removed for cleansing purposes than fixed attachments about which food may lodge and cause inflammation of the gums and an unsanitary condition. The use of plates should be avoided as long as possible, but when they become necessary little time should be lost in

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TOMMY TIPTOE'S FOURTH ADVENTURE

Written by your Editor

OF COURSE, as soon as he had eaten breakfast the next morning, Tommy Tiptoe ran back to the pond.

But the dragon-flies paid no attention to him. Here they flew, there they flew. But not one of them spoke to Tommy.

Then Tommy noticed dozens of little black bugs racing on the pond. They took funny long steps with their long thin black legs. They ran so lightly that their feet barely made dents in the water. Where the pond was shallow, Tommy could see their shadows racing about on the bottom.

"Water-skaters!" thought Tommy. "Wouldn't it be fun to ride on a water-skater's back!"

Presto! he turned little again! *Bingl* there he sat on a big water-skater!

The air whistled past his ears as they raced from one end of the pond to the other. Tommy saw that his water-skater's back was not black: it was covered with brown fuzz. Now and then a drop as big as Tommy's head splashed on the brown fuzz, but it splashed off again, like water from a duck's back.

"Why, Mr. Water-Skater," cried Tommy, "you're not *skating* with your legs! You're *rowing* with them!"

Sure enough, the water-skater's long middle legs and his long hind legs were pushing against the water like oars. His body was the boat.

"Excuse me!" said the water-skater suddenly. "I must do my marketing." *Whiff!* he made such a jump that Tommy nearly fell off his fuzzy brown back. He had caught a small insect in his short forelegs.



"Now I'll eat my lunch," said the water-skater. "This is the first course. Will you join me?"

"No, thank you, sir," said Tommy Tiptoe politely.

The water-skater stuck his sharp beak into the insect and sucked. That was the way he ate. Then he began to race back and forth as before.

"Mr. Water-Skater," said Tommy after a minute, "would you please stop moving your stomach up and down? It makes me feel funny."

"Silly boy!" cried the water-skater, rowing more quickly with his long legs. "Would you please stop breathing?"

"I—I can't," answered Tommy.

"Neither can I" said the water-skater. "When I move my stomach up and down, I'm breathing."

"Oh, are you? Oh, Mr. Water-Skater," cried Tommy, almost standing on his tiptoes in the air, "and do you have funny little nostrils in your feelers, like katydid grasshopper? And does the fresh air come in through them?"

"Great jumping grasshoppers!" cried the water-skater crossly. "You people are stuck up! You think everybody has to be made like you. Of course I have nostrils on my feelers, like all insects. But nostrils are to smell with. I don't breathe with them. And I don't breathe through my mouth, either. That's to eat with. I have something very special for breathing. Look-a-here!"

Tommy saw openings, like buttonholes, along the water-skater's sides. Little hairs grew all around each opening like a fringe.

"Those things you are looking at are my spiracles," explained the water-skater. "All insects breathe that way. Now, when I move my stomach in—the way you don't like—I'm pushing out all the used-up air and taking in new air. When I move my stomach out—the way you don't like—my spiracles close and then the air runs around through little air-



DEAR young bookworms: I call you that because I hope you are! I hope you all love to read. From November eleventh to seventeenth is Children's-Book Week, so your editor wants to talk to you about books.

Good books will be your best friends all your life. Don't be afraid of big words—look them up in the dictionary. If you don't understand what the dictionary says, ask mother or father or your teacher. Once you make friends with a dictionary, it is lots of fun.

Have you ever been stuck in the country, so hungry for something to read that at last you tried books you had always thought were too old? And didn't you enjoy them after all? Try every now and then to read a book that seems hard. (Of course I don't mean novels that mother thinks are not best for you yet.)

And don't just gobble up one book and grab another. Read slowly. Think about what you read. Talk about it to your friends or your mother or your father. Even if you are little and read only easy books, you can think about them and act out the story.

If you want two lists of good books—one for older boys and girls and one for younger—send a stamped envelope addressed to yourself, to me—care of THE DELINEATOR, New York City. Good-by now till the Christmas number.

Your loving editor-friend,

HARRIET IDE EAGER.

P. S. I hope you don't think I have been too serious this month!

FOR NEW READERS: Cut out this sheet, fold across the middle, then fold again and cut across the first folded line.

THE COVER CONTEST

The most helpful letter, telling your editor what you like best in THE LITTLE DELINEATOR this month and why, will win a big framed picture like the cover.

THE LITTLE DELINEATOR

NOVEMBER 1923

EDITOR—HARRIET IDE EAGER

PICTURE EDITOR—ROBERT GRAEF



IF YOU WANT TO WIN A BIG FRAMED PICTURE LIKE THIS, LOOK ON PAGE 8



veins inside of me and keeps my blood nice and clean."

"But what are the hairs for, Mr. Water-Skater?" asked Tommy.

"Oh, that's a little filter to keep out dust and things. You've got hairs in your nose, haven't you? They're your dust-filter."

"Oh, Mr. Water-Skater!" cried Tommy. "Oh!"

"Hold on tight!" cried the water-skater suddenly. And with that, down he dived, grabbed an insect off the bottom of the pond in his front legs and was up again in the air.

"Next October," explained the water-skater, while he sucked the second course of his lunch, "we'll all go down and hide in the mud on the bottom till Spring."

"*Whew!* And hold your breath all Winter?" cried Tommy.

"Stupid!" said the water-skater crossly. "Of course not! We have extra breathing-gills, like fish. Any more questions, boy?"

"Er — er —" began Tommy timidly. "Er — er, I'd like to know, sir, if you have a skeleton inside of you, like mine?"

"Yes," said the water-skater. "No," said the water-skater. "Yes and no, boy," said the water-skater. "I have a skeleton, but it's not inside. You're looking at my skeleton now."

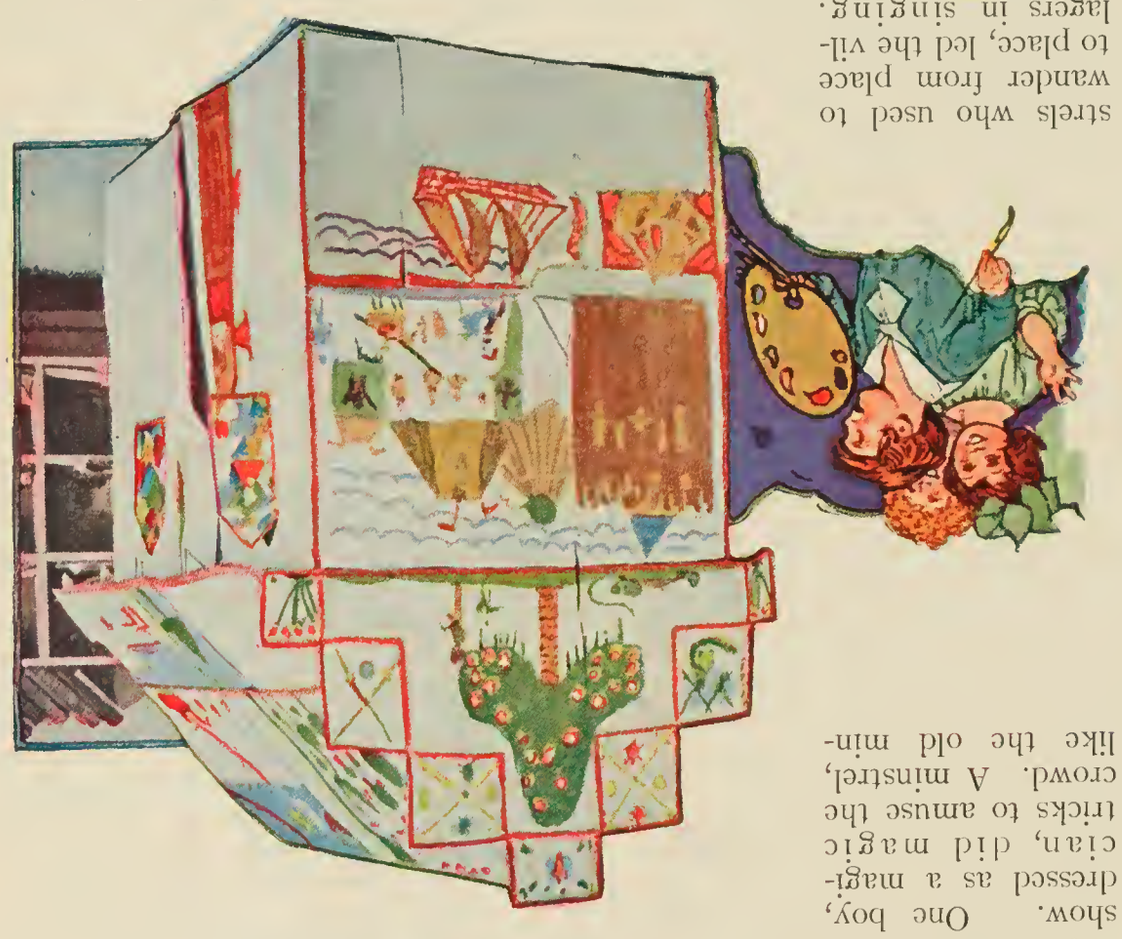
Tommy looked and looked and looked till his eyes hurt.

"I don't see any skeleton, sir," he said at last.

"Oh, no, of course not!" answered Mr. Water-Skater. "Listen, boy. An insect's body is like a lot of rings stuck together. My outside skin is soft between the rings, but all around my rings it's hard like bones. And those hard places are my skeleton. So, you see, my skin is my skeleton and my skeleton is my skin."

Bing! the water-skater slid Tommy off his fuzzy back, and *presto!* Tommy was big again. Dozens of little black water-skaters were racing about the pond, as busy as ever.

"To-morrow! To-morrow!" they seemed to say.



A CHILDREN'S MEDIEVAL FAIR

PERHAPS you remember the butchers' guild in the story of *Robin Hood* and the Guild Hall where they ate? In medieval days, you know, workers belonged to clubs called guilds—the potters' guild, the weavers' guild, the goldsmiths' guild, all kinds of guilds—and each guild had its own meeting-hall.

A class of children in an interesting school in New York City, the City and Country School, read about those medieval days and decided to divide into two guilds, the weavers and the potters. The weavers embroidered a beautiful *Robin Hood* tapestry. All the children worked on it at different times. The potters modeled cups and plates and teapots of clay. Then each guild built a hall. First they made a wooden framework and tacked pasteboard on it, and then they decorated the outside walls. Each child painted what he liked. On the front of the weavers'-guild hall one weaver painted a giant and a dragon; another showed knights riding; another made a ship. On both of the halls the children painted lovely stained-glass windows and all sorts of interesting, gay pictures.

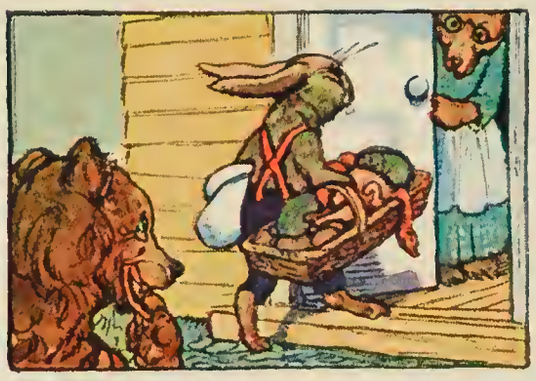
And now the class made ready for a big medieval fair! They studied books and pictures about medieval times and planned their fair and made their own costumes. The fair was held around the two halls as if in a real medieval village and each guild sold its own work in front of its hall—the weavers sold tapestries and the potters sold pottery.

Some of the children had made a little theater where they gave a marionette show. One boy, dressed as a magician, did magic tricks to amuse the crowd. A minstrel, like the old minstrels who used to wander from place to place, led the villagers in singing.

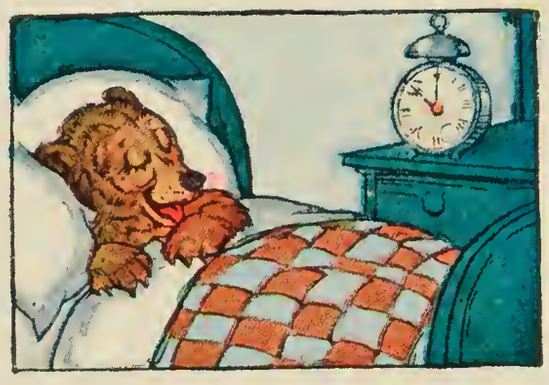
Why don't you take THE LITTLE DELINEATOR to school and ask your teacher to let your class have a medieval fair? The teacher of the class in the City and Country School gave us this list of helpful books:

"Our Ancestors in Europe," by Jennie Hall (Silver, Burdett & Company, Boston); "Medieval and Modern Times," by J. H. Robinson (Ginn & Company, Boston); "The Golden Fleece," by Morris and Wood (Oxford University Press, New York City) and "In the Days of the Guild," by Louise Lamprey (F. A. Stokes Company, New York City).

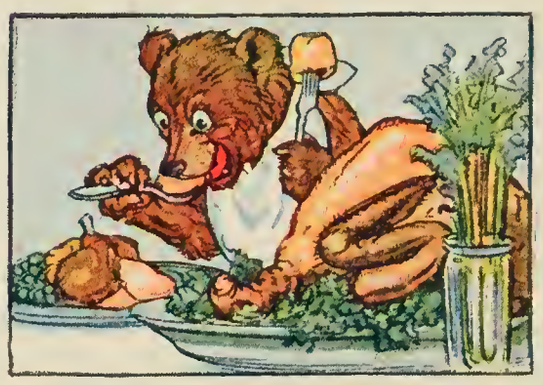
DELI-BEAR'S THANKSGIVING LESSON



The day before Thanksgiving Day, the grocery-boy has come,
Our DELI looks and sniffs and thinks: "To-morrow! Yummy-yum!"



And now, alarm-clock at his side, he's fast asleep in bed,
As hungry for Thanksgiving Day as if he'd never fed!



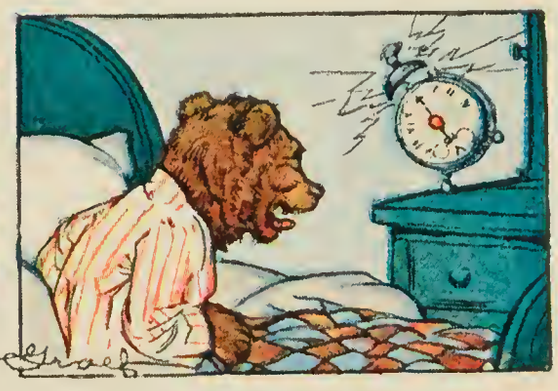
Whew! What a turkey! What a plate! The celery—oh, how good!
And what a greedy DELI-bear is stuffing down his food!



Now where's the turkey? Who can guess this very easy riddle?
And who can guess how DELI feels around his DELI middle?



For every foolish thing we do, we always have to pay.
Poor DELI — *ouch!* — is paying — *ouch!* — for greediness to-day.



B-r-r-ring! Ha, ha! 'Twas all a dream. Our happy DELI wakes.
Thanksgiving's here. He's glad he's learned the trouble gobbling makes.

THE HOME-MAKERS' DEPARTMENT

EATING FOR HEALTH

MEAT is one of our most popular foods. In earlier ages meat-eating was associated with success in the chase; in more recent times, with success and prosperity generally, and always with muscular stamina, vigor and initiative.

Meat contains extractives that not only give it a characteristic flavor which has been and is enjoyed by people of all times and races, but that stimulate the flow of the digestive juices and have a stimulating effect on the body generally. It is easily cooked and may be served in an endless variety of dishes, and in general it is easily digested.

Meat is rich in valuable proteins and may be considered as a muscle builder. It is also an excellent source of iron and phosphorus, blood and bone builders. The glandular organs—that is, the heart, liver, brain, pancreas and kidneys—are composed of nucleated tissue and contain vitamins A and B and slight amounts of C.

Since meat is low in lime, in vitamins B and C, and contains no carbohydrates, potatoes, cereals, leafy vegetables and tubers should be served with it in order to make a well-balanced diet. A word of warning should be spoken in regard to the taking of meat in excess. There is no reason why a healthy person of active habits should forego the pleasure of eating so excellent a food, but people of sedentary habits, and especially those handicapped with a delicate digestive apparatus, should cultivate moderation in meat-eating.

Meat is indeed an excellent food, but it should be used, not abused.

FOOD CALENDAR FOR NOVEMBER

DON'T forget that the proper seasoning for your Thanksgiving menu is a genuine spirit of thankfulness.

Be sure there's cranberry, grape, currant or tart-apple jelly for the roast-turkey dinner.

While the cranberry season is on, remember to can sauce and make jelly for other days. Cranberries are as good with Summer meals as Winter.

Start a jar of left-over slices of bread to have some ready for the turkey stuffing.

If you are so fortunate as to have partridge, pheasant or other game, you will need to use a stuffing rich in fat to relieve the dryness of these otherwise delicate meats.

For your Thanksgiving centerpiece try a low Indian basket filled with fruits—oranges, pears, apples, bunches of grapes—and decorated with Autumn leaves.

Another suitable centerpiece is a low bowl of oak leaves or short branches mixed with sprays of bittersweet.

Still another gay centerpiece may be made from a third or half of a small pumpkin hollowed out to form a boat-shaped dish to hold fruit and Autumn leaves.

Cabbage salad served in the shell made from the outer leaves of half cabbage is a seasonable dish. The center of the cabbage is removed, shredded and combined with diced apple, celery and French dressing. The shell may be used later in soups or scalloped.

Apple sherbet, cider ice or mint jelly in the shells of bright-red apples from which the pulp has been removed is a Thanksgiving dessert for those whose dietary omits the time-honored pies and puddings.

If fruit cake or pudding is to be part of the feast, it should be made well in advance and allowed to ripen.

Get the fireless-cooker habit for the hot breakfast cereals, sleep later and have better-cooked cereals.

Add steamed dates or prunes or raisins to the hot cereals occasionally for variety as well as adding iron to the diet.

The family will be thankful for the gathered hickory-nuts when they taste hickory-nut shortcake.

Who doesn't like marketing in November, with an array of pumpkin, squash, cabbage, turnips, beets, celery, endive, peppers, cauliflower, grapes, pears and cranberries to choose from, each vying with the other in color and flavor?

Corn-meal dishes go well on cold days. Try hot spoon-bread and bacon for breakfast.

Don't discard the fat from your Thanksgiving fowls. Clarified, it is an excellent shortening and may well be used in making white sauces to use with strong-flavored vegetables.



Edited by

MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER

Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

THE movement for better homes has a sound basis. Once a woman becomes interested in the fundamental principles of home-making, to that woman home-making will always be interesting.

When I was a girl, I hated housework of all sorts. I went to school-teaching to escape it. Later it caught up with me and I was forced to study it. It was when I began to know what I was doing that it became a pleasure. This will surely be the case with all women who possess the faculty of learning.

In the May DELINEATOR a prize of fifty dollars was offered for the letter which in the opinion of the Home-Building Department contained the greatest number of unique, practical and helpful suggestions for a house costing not more than twenty thousand dollars. The prize has been awarded to Mrs. Paul E. Clausen, Ferndale, California. For the benefit of the many housewives who may find in it suggestions they can adapt to their own needs, we are printing her letter in part.

"A house must be planned to meet certain requirements," Mrs. Clausen writes, "and the 'house o' my dreams' is planned to meet conditions in northern California.

"First of all, the house is built on the curve of a hill, with at least one tree on the front terrace. The living-room has a hardwood floor stained a dark gray, with gray rough plaster walls and a beamed arched ceiling. This room is to be the entire height of the house. A stairway at one end leads to a large balcony which contains built-in book-shelves, thus providing the family library. The furnishings of the living-room include two davenports and a grand piano, with a long refectory table and an old Welsh dresser at the kitchen end of the room so that one can dine in the living-room upon state occasions. A formal dining-room is omitted on purpose to leave room for the large living-room, which will be used for dancing when my little daughters are older.

"Opening from the side of the living-room at the rear is the kitchen. The floor of this room has a dark-gray composition flooring with a drain in the center so that it can be flushed by attaching the hose to the sink faucet. The woodwork is enameled in white and the wall is finished with white tiling to a height of four feet. The rest of the walls and the ceiling are covered with oilcloth.

"As we use wood exclusively for fuel, the plans include, in a part of the kitchen convenient to both the cooking-stove and the living-room with its fireplace, a closet large enough to hold a week's supply of fuel. The fuel is brought up from the cellar on the dumb-waiter, which is located just next to the fuel-closet. The dumb-waiter opens into the sun-porch as well as into the kitchen and is built with two compartments, one being finished in white enamel to serve as a storage-place for butter, milk, etc. The shaft is constructed so that it goes several feet underground. When the dumb-waiter is lowered to the bottom of the shaft, the food in the enameled compartment is kept cool even in hot weather.

"Back of the kitchen and living-room and opening into both is a sun-porch, designed to serve as work-room, rest-room, dining-room and children's play-room. A gate-leg table provides a place for serving meals for the family and for one or two guests. Along the wall are built-in closets for the children's toys, a folding ironing-board, clothes-racks and base-plugs for an electric iron and an electric sewing-machine. The clothes to be ironed are brought up from the laundry on the dumb-waiter.

"As the house is built on a hillside, the cellar door is not underground. One steps from it out on to a paved porch. This porch is provided with a table upon which vegetables and flowers can be sorted and arranged before being brought into the house."

Mrs. Clausen illustrated her ideas with many well-selected and easily understandable drawings which, together with other interesting parts of the letter, we are obliged to omit. The sections quoted, however, show that Mrs. Clausen has caught the spirit of real interest in the work of home-making.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S PRIMER

Q. WHAT do you consider the most common causes of: (1) curdled custard; (2) cloudy boiled coffee; (3) soggy baked potatoes; (4) flat omelet; (5) dry, tough steak; (6) stringy cheese; (7) poor mashed potatoes?

A. 1. Curdled custard may be due to too-long cooking, or to cooking over too-hot water, or to pouring the egg mixture into hot milk instead of the hot milk into the egg, or to lack of stirring either when the milk is added to the egg or during the cooking, or to allowing the custard to remain over the hot water after the cooking is finished. The container should be removed from the heat as soon as the custard coats the spoon.

2. Cloudy coffee may result because the coffee has not been thoroughly mixed with a small amount of cold water or with cold water and egg or eggshell before the full amount of hot or cold water is added, or because it has not been given sufficient time to settle after the boiling of the coffee before it is poured into the cups.

3. Soggy baked potatoes may be due to overcooking, or to allowing them to stand before serving without breaking the skins to permit the steam to escape (a baked potato should be eaten the moment it is done), or to poor potatoes, or to cooking the potatoes in a slow oven.

4. A flat omelet is the result of cooking too slowly, so that the egg is not sufficiently hardened to prevent the escape of the expanding air; or to cooking too quickly, so that the egg forms a case which prevents the enclosed air from expanding; or to insufficient cooking. If the omelet is removed before the egg is hardened all through, the expanded air escapes and the omelet falls. In almost all cases an omelet falls if not served as soon as it is cooked.

5. The cause of a tough, dry steak may be because the meat chosen was tough and dry in the first place. Or the steak may have been cut too thin. A good steak should never be less than one inch in thickness. And even if the cut chosen be above reproach, the steak may be ruined in the cooking either by starting the cooking at too low a temperature, thus allowing the juices to escape, or by cooking the steak too long at too high a temperature, which causes the fibers to shrink and toughen and the juices to evaporate. A steak should be seared first on both sides in order to form a coating that will retain the juices and then cooked at a moderate temperature.

6. Stringy cheese may result when the cheese is green—that is, not thoroughly ripened or cured. Another cause is cooking it at too high a temperature. Cheese should be cooked below the boiling-point of water. A third cause is cooking it too long. It should be cooked only a sufficient time to melt it and brown it.

7. Poor mashed potatoes may be caused just by the type of potatoes chosen. Mealy, not waxy, potatoes should be used for mashing. Another reason for poor mashed potatoes is carelessness in mashing. Potatoes put through a ricer will be free from lumps. Perhaps one of the most frequent causes of poor quality in mashed potatoes is failing to add hot milk and melted butter and insufficient beating. Milk and butter should be heated together and added while hot. The potatoes should then be beaten until they are white and fluffy and served hot.

Q. How can tough cuts of meat be made tender?

A. One way to make a tough piece of meat tender is to sear it on all sides in a hot pan or to plunge it in boiling water. The meat is then put in a covered container with little water and simmered, not boiled, until it is tender.

Another way to make meat tender is to immerse it and let it stand for several hours in a mixture of salad-oil and vinegar before cooking, using two parts of oil to one of vinegar.

A third method is to cook it in tomato-juice instead of water.

A fourth is to grind it and add a small quantity of fat, as in making hamburger steak.

Perhaps the best way of all is to cook it in a pressure cooker. This takes from one to one and three-quarter hours under ten pounds pressure, according to the size and toughness of the cut of meat.

NEW DISHES FOR AN OLD FEAST

By Lucile Brewer and Alice Blinn

Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University.—*Martha Van Rensselaer*

THERE never was a Thanksgiving dinner without as many as possible of the harvest foods appearing on the table. Now the question comes how to give due honor to all the fruits of the harvest without committing the dietetic sin of serving pumpkin, apple and mince pie atop of a long list of other "repeaters." A new idea is not amiss even at an old feast, and a time-honored custom will not be sacrificed if the apples and onions appear together in a succulent salad to give variety to the meal. Other possible innovations are suggested in the recipes below.



A well-trussed roasted rabbit makes a good appearance at any feast

ROAST RABBIT

Dress and clean rabbit. Stuff with chestnut dressing and truss. Rub the entire surface of the rabbit with salt. Mix one-half cup of butter with one-quarter cup of flour and spread the mixture over breast and legs. Place in a roaster in a hot oven and as soon as the flour mixture begins to brown reduce the heat. Baste the rabbit frequently with drippings in the roaster. Add boiling water during the cooking to prevent burning. Turn rabbit frequently to brown evenly. Cook until tender.

CHESTNUT DRESSING

2 cups chestnuts
¼ cup butter
1 tablespoon minced onion
2 cups stale bread-crums
1 teaspoon salt
Pepper
½ cup milk
2 tablespoons minced celery or celery leaves

Shell and blanch the chestnuts. Cook them in boiling salted water until soft. Drain and mash them. Melt the butter and mix with the bread-crums. Add other ingredients and mix well.

TURNIP TUMBLE

Cook white turnips in boiling salted water until tender. Drain, dice and place in a layer in a buttered casserole. Add small pieces of cold pork or veal, then another layer of turnips and another layer of meat. Make a medium white sauce and to each pint add two egg-yolks, one teaspoon of onion-juice, salt and white pepper. Mix well and pour the sauce over the turnips and meat. Cover with buttered crums. Bake in a moderate oven (350 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit) for thirty minutes.

BEET SALAD TORRIDA

1 pint diced cooked beets
2 tablespoons vinegar or lemon-juice
1 tablespoon sugar
Salt
Paprika

Mix all the ingredients together well. Heat thoroughly and just before serving add one-half cup of sour cream. Serve at once.

BEET CUPS

Select small beets of uniform size. Cook until tender. Cover with cold water. Slip off the skins and drain. When cold, scrape the surface with a fluted knife. Trim off one end to make each beet stand level. Remove the centers and chop the parts removed. Cut celery and pineapple in small pieces, using one-half as much pineapple as celery. Add the chopped beet. Marinate with French dressing. Fill the beet cups with the mixture. Place each beet on a lettuce leaf. Garnish with curls of celery and serve with mayonnaise dressing.

SWEET-POTATO DUMMIES

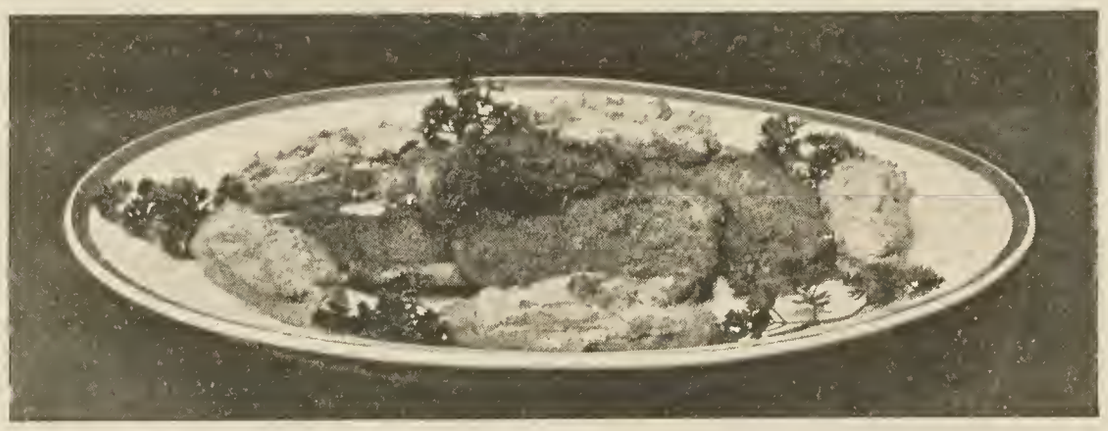
Select sweet potatoes of medium size with smooth skins. Scrub well and bake until thoroughly done. Remove from the oven. Roll lightly in a cloth to soften. With a sharp knife, cut the skin from one side of the potato. Remove the pulp with a spoon. Mash the potato-pulp. Moisten with hot milk and add salt and white pepper to taste. Beat until smooth. To each pint of potato fold in the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs.

Fill the cases with the mixture, piling lightly so as to leave a rough or uneven surface. Brush lightly with melted butter and brown in the oven. Serve at once.

SWEET-POTATO SOLDIERS

1 pint cold mashed sweet potatoes
1 egg, beaten
2 tablespoons melted butter
Salt
Pepper
½ cup chopped walnuts
Bread-crums

Mix the ingredients in the order given, adding crums until the mixture is stiff enough to handle. Form into croquettes of any shape desired. Roll each croquette in sifted bread-crums and then in a mixture of a slightly beaten egg and two tablespoons of milk or water. Roll again in the crums and let stand at least thirty minutes before frying. Fry in deep fat and drain on soft paper.



Stuffed sweet potatoes and pork chops make their contribution to the meal

CORN CONES

To one pint of cold boiled hominy or hominy grits add two tablespoons of butter, one-fourth cup of grated cheese, and salt and paprika to season. Shape into cones, roll in sifted bread-crums, then in beaten egg diluted with two tablespoons of milk and again in crums. Fry in deep fat, drain on soft paper and serve on a hot platter with parsley sauce.

PARSLEY SAUCE

1 pint white sauce
2 egg-yolks
1 tablespoon lemon-juice
1 teaspoon minced onion
4 tablespoons minced parsley

Add the beaten egg-yolks to the white sauce and cook in a double boiler until creamy. Add the parsley, onion and lemon-juice. Pour around the cones and garnish with bacon ribbons.

SPANISH-ONION-AND-APPLE SALAD

1 pint diced tart apples
Salt
1 cup diced sweet Spanish onion
Paprika

Mix well with mayonnaise dressing. Serve on lettuce and sprinkle generously with chopped English walnuts.

CHESTNUT SALAD

Boil and blanch the chestnuts. Cook until tender in boiling water. Plunge into cold water, remove and drain on a cloth. Cut each chestnut in two parts. Combine the chestnuts with an equal portion of oranges and pineapple cut in small dice. Serve in lettuce cups.

To one cup of mayonnaise dressing add one-half cup of whipped sour cream. Place a teaspoon of the dressing on each salad and garnish with grated orange-rind.

CABBAGE-AND-RAISIN SALAD

Remove outside leaves from a small, firm head of cabbage and cut it in halves. With a sharp knife, cut in very thin slices or shreds. Cover with cold water for twenty minutes. Remove from water and drain on a cloth.

To each quart of finely sliced cabbage add one-fourth cup of minced celery or celery leaves, two tablespoons of minced white onion and three-fourths cup of seedless raisins which have been washed and steamed for thirty minutes.

Marinate with French dressing and serve on lettuce leaf.

CRAB-APPLE PIE

Line a deep pie-plate with good plain pastry. Mix two cups of sugar and one-third cup of flour thoroughly and sprinkle about one-half the mixture over the bottom of the crust. Wash, core, but do not peel the crab-apples. Cut them in thin slices and add them to the crust. Fill the pan entirely full of apples, piling them high in the center. Add the remainder of the sugar and flour mixture and one tablespoon of butter cut in small pieces and placed over the top. Add two tablespoons of water. Brush the edges of the crust with water and place the top crust on the pie, pressing the edges well together. Bake in a moderate oven (350 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit) for about one hour.

CIDER PUNCH

1 quart cider
½ cup sugar
Juice of one lemon
3 sprays crushed mint

Mix well and serve with chipped ice.

CIDER SHERBET

3 cups cider
1½ cups sugar
1 cup water
⅓ cup lemon-juice
Whites of two eggs

Boil the sugar and water together for ten minutes. Cool and add cider and lemon-juice. Freeze to a mush and add beaten whites and continue freezing.

MINT ICE IN APPLE SHELLS

Select bright red apples of a uniform size. Polish well. Cut off the blossom end and carefully scoop out the apple-pulp. Fill with mint ice. Sprinkle with chopped blanched almonds and garnish with a spray of mint.

MINT ICE

3 cups cider
1½ cups sugar
1 cup water
⅓ cup lemon-juice
Oil of peppermint

Boil the sugar and water together for ten minutes. Cool and add cider, lemon-juice, a few drops of mint to give desired flavor and enough green vegetable-coloring to give good color. Freeze.

HICKORY-NUT SHORTCAKE

1 cup sugar
⅓ cup butter
2 eggs
1¾ cups flour
½ cup milk
4 teaspoons baking-powder
½ teaspoon vanilla
¼ cup chopped hickory-nut meats

Cream the butter and sugar together and add the other ingredients in the order given. Bake in small muffin or cake tins. Serve warm or cold with hickory-nut sauce.

HICKORY-NUT SAUCE

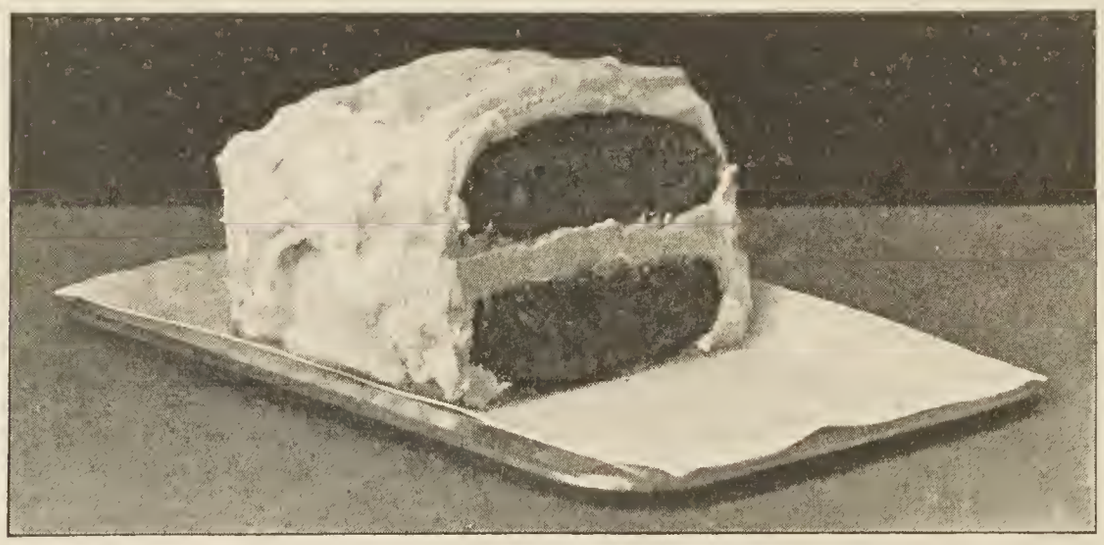
2 cups brown sugar
1 cup water
Vanilla
2 tablespoons corn-starch
2 tablespoons butter

Cook the sugar and water together without stirring until the mixture forms a heavy sirup. Moisten the corn-starch in two tablespoons of cold water and add it to the sirup. Cook until thick and clear. Remove from the fire. Add butter and vanilla. Beat well. Pour over the cake while hot. Place a spoon of whipped cream on top of each cake and sprinkle well with chopped hickory-nuts.

PUMPKIN CAKE

1 cup light-brown sugar
½ cup granulated sugar
½ cup fat
Yolks of two eggs
¾ cup sifted pumpkin
½ cup sour milk
2 tablespoons caramel
¼ teaspoon soda
4 teaspoons baking-powder
¼ teaspoon salt
2 cups flour
⅔ cup chopped, floured walnuts

Cream the sugar and fat and add the other ingredients in the order given. Bake in loaf or layer tins. Frost with a boiled or a marshmallow icing.



Pumpkin cake lacks only tradition to make it the equal of pumpkin pie

AVOIDING THE COMMONPLACE DINING-ROOM

Some simple decorative treatments that lend distinction

By Agnes Foster Wright

WHEN one wishes to furnish the dining-room, one goes as a matter of course to the nearest, or the least expensive, or the most exclusive furniture-store and buys a dining-room set.

To show how closely we are compelled to keep to the beaten track of a set, until very recently large stores refused to break a suite; whether we had suitable glass or not, we were forced to purchase, and at a high price, a glass-cabinet. This in spite of the fact that glass-cabinets had "gone out," as it is not considered good taste to expose our glass or china any more than it would be to show off the extent of our table-linen or silverware.

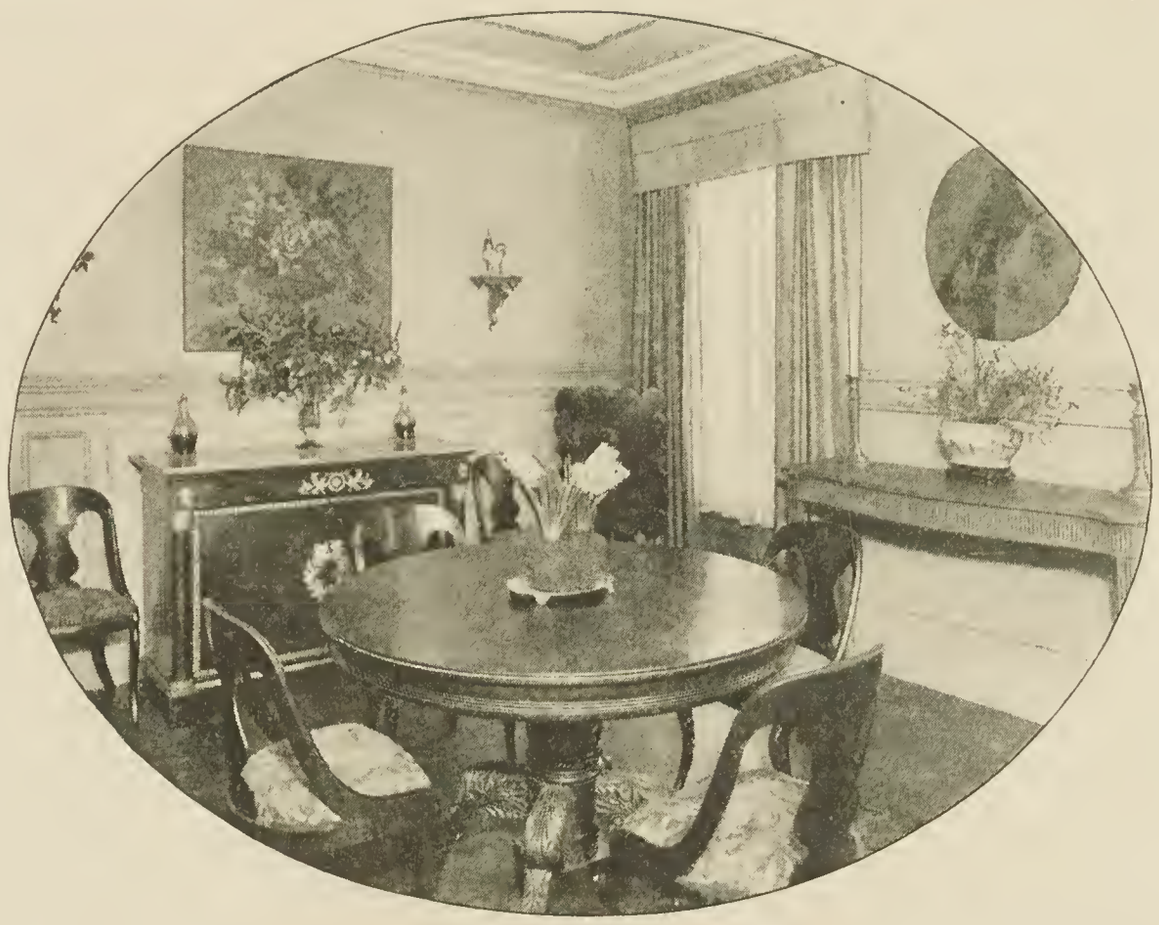
Sometimes, in desperation, we have to turn to the cabinetmaker or carpenter in order to get exactly what we want. If we have on hand a fine old table, he will match up a sideboard to go with it, just the size to go between our windows. Or he will make two nice corner cupboards in one's own way, or a simple, serviceable serving-table. Or we may find all the tables we look at too elaborate for our simple country dining-room or our tiny modern apartment.



Here the stone floor, Colonial furniture and Italian ornaments make for individuality



Combined periods of furniture and hand-blocked print curtains in a country dining-room



In this dining-room a fine old carved mahogany table is matched up to an Empire sideboard and chairs of interesting and individual design

WHEN oak is used in the dining-room, it should be stained and waxed and made in very simple, straight lines, rather heavy in construction. Refectory tables, the type once used in monasteries, are in great vogue now. A suitable proportion for such a table is six by three feet, which will seat from two to eight persons. A simple chair in early Italian style would go with a refectory table, but it would be truly scandalous to use with it a china-cabinet! A simple hanging shelf with a few pieces of pewter or brass or very old-looking pottery dishes would be in keeping; or a still better idea is to have the walls in a dining-room in which we plan to use a walnut or oak refectory table left in a rather rough plaster finish and have two niches cut into the wall about eight inches deep, three feet high and two feet wide, with the tops round or pointed, and put shelves for dishes, etc., in these niches. This gives a real old-Italian look to the room. A serving-table or buffet for such a room could have a long top of wood and a simple, graceful base of wrought iron. Add to this a pair of high ivy stands and one would get a really beautiful room. Curtains with a design in yellow, orange and blues would still further carry out the idea, or a soft, blue-green cotton-velvet curtain would give a rich tone to the room.

For an English room, an oak William and Mary or Jacobean dining-room set would be most appropriate. One could paper the walls in a warm tan, and linen curtains with a Jacobean crewel-work design for a border would be extremely attractive, unusual and in perfect keeping with Jacobean or any other heavy furniture. These designs are always to be had or could be made up, copying the pattern from a good design of figured linen or wall-paper. The needlework could be easily done and would be very effective.

An inlay effect can be given to a walnut set by staining a dark band around the top of the table or sideboard and then staining a narrow band black and leaving the center of the top in a medium-tan stain of walnut, and with the handles and knobs of good-patterned old brass an extremely fine-looking set can be turned out. A variation from the plain stain or paint can be had by a combination: the legs and drawers of the pieces may be painted in two tones of dark green and the tops of the tables and buffet stained walnut. The frames of the chairs should be painted, but the back-slats should be stained walnut and the seats rushed.

In place of the conventional buffet, use a Welsh dresser, which gives a great deal of distinction and sometimes can be made just the size to obliterate a large doorway. In the drawers one can put silver and table-linen, and above china or high silver.

A long, simple serving-table, with a drawer for silver, will be found adequate for a small dining-room, as a china-closet or a sideboard is really not necessary. The silver should be kept in the dining-room, but the pantry drawers may hold the linen.

A gay cretonne with meadow flowers and green stripes would be pretty with this walnut set, using a checked two-toned brown reversible wool rug and painting the walls a soft gray-green. Little walnut lighting fixtures with mirrored backs would go well with a walnut dining-room set. To get the maximum of light for the dining-room, it is well to always select side fixtures with mirrors, thus the light is thrown back into the room.

BETTER HOMES IN AMERICA
THE DELINEATOR
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS

Of course the determining factor in choosing the color for the walls and curtains is the exposure of the room. Rooms facing north need warm colors while those facing south need cool colors. A good color scheme for a small dining-room is to use roller-shades with a pattern of big, luscious, old-fashioned roses and lilacs and trailing morning-glories, like an old garden, and set these off by a prim little pair of green taffeta side-curtains and a valance; paint the walls lilac color and use mahogany or gray-and-rose painted furniture and do not attempt to decorate it except by lines of a contrasting color. Personally, I feel that nothing is more lovely for curtains than a gay-flowered slightly glazed chintz, unlined and made up simply, with a narrow gathered valance. When they are drawn at night, the artificial light thrown on them will bring out all the brilliance of color that the sun does during the day. By the necessity of good taste the dining-room walls are kept fairly free of pictures, so we are dependent upon the curtaining for any gaiety of pattern or color in the room.

Blue seems to be the favorite color for the dining-room. Blue rep curtains with a one-and-one-half-inch binding of changeable gray-and-blue taffeta and blue rep seats piped in the taffeta would make a conservative, quiet dining-room if used with mahogany Colonial furniture. For the country dining-room nothing quite has the charm of bright yellow walls and white woodwork. China-cabinets with rounded tops are in perfect place in such a room. An excellent background for the china may be made by pasting old-fashioned paper in the back of the cupboards and shellacking it; marbleized papers are very effective, or little repeat patterns. For curtains, a small-patterned hand-blocked print or a striped cretonne with lots of rose and green looks well; a linen with two tones of blue is also excellent with the yellow walls, especially if the china in the cabinet is blue.

IF ONE'S sideboard is one of those heavy affairs that has been in the family for years, it may be greatly improved by removing the mirrored top with all its shelves and jimcracks, taking the glass out and, if beveled, having this cut off. Have a picture-framer make a large plain frame and place the mirror in the bottom of the frame and fill the top space with a deep rich copy of an old flower or fruit painting. Then put this over the mantel, as shown in the upper left illustration on this page, or back again over the sideboard and see the difference in the general character of the room. It gives the room a certain dignity and balance—especially if wall-brackets are placed on either side of it—and takes away the feeling of stodginess a heavy sideboard gives the room.

Another way to add to the dignity of the room is to have the table big enough for the family. A family dining-table is generally a thing of confusion when the places have to be very close. If a large table looks too long and bare between meals, place a flower-bowl at both ends instead of one in the center—this breaks the length. At the center put any little amusing or decorative pottery or china bit.

A rug in a dining-room should be figured with small unobstrusive figures; a plain rug shows crums and spots. The rug should not go under the sideboard and serving-table, as it makes it too hard to clean and fold back when the wood border is to be polished.

If a chair-rail is used in the dining-room, panels may be used above the rail and wall-paper set in the panels. If the main walls and woodwork are in a soft, warm gray, paint the molding of the panels a soft, deep tan and use a decorative paper with birds and foliage in deep, rich colors. This should be shellacked to keep it in good shape.

For a breakfast-room, a simple oblong table with semicircular drop ends and square tapered legs would be appropriate. The chairs could be repainted common kitchen chairs or Windsor chairs. A suggestive color scheme may be to paint the furniture scarlet and have the walls pure white and the woodwork black with a little gloss. If curtains are to be used, Turkey red would be appropriate.

Large square colored curtain-nets are excellent for a breakfast-porch when used with tiny painted valance-boards, on which may be painted fruit or flowers.







HANDS, THE REVELATORS

By Celia Caroline Cole

A complete manual on the care of the hands—nails, skin, flesh, contour, texture and "personality"—is compressed in this article. Mrs. Cole spares no pains to find up-to-the-minute beauty aids for well-groomed women and will gladly answer personal letters if a stamp is enclosed for her reply

"HANDS that haven't worked for a thousand years." Can't you see them? Long and slender, like lovely lilies, with tapering, pointed fingers and a glow under the skin, like thin silk stretched over flowing mother-of-pearl? And you can scarcely look away from them, so charming is their every movement. Indeed, they are not merely hands: they are mysterious, enchanting, new kind of *persons!*

We once knew a girl who had one of the loveliest faces we've ever seen: an exquisite oval with long, shining, gray eyes and a red, dreaming mouth, and thick, sleepy hair—like a Rossetti picture. And then we looked at her hands: unsensitive, pudgy, laboring kind of hands. We don't mean by "laboring hands" hands that have worked (our cook had the hands of an aristocrat and is an aristocrat in every impulse and reaction), but hands that have never thought, have never demanded beauty out of life.

We puzzled over her, rebellious. We didn't want her to have that kind of hands. They didn't belong to her face; they didn't belong to her mind, so far as we could find out. And it was months before we ever saw a sign of those hands in her soul—and then suddenly it was revealed, that spot in her soul that matched her hands, fat and pudgy and wrong!

One doesn't need to be a palmist to know that hands are revelatory: one needs only to have lived a few years with her eyes open. Their shape and texture tell tales of tendencies, weaknesses; the condition in which they are kept reveals secret limitations as to refinement, private lack of daintiness and grace of daily living.

Hands have even more wear and tear than your face. All the open, coarsened pores in the backs and the funny, unbecoming, wrinkly lines, and bad cuticles, and corners of the nails, and the white spots on the nails, and the look of age in the knuckles—all that reveals that there is in yourself one spot unsensitive to beauty. And Thoreau says, you know, that "God is on the side of the most sensitive."

LIFE drives away at one all the time trying to make one a little less open, to dull one with expediency and compromise and half-truths, half-desires. The fight is to stay open and sensitive—not that *self*-sensitiveness that is made up of easily bruised feelings and pride and egotism, but the sensitiveness that is responsiveness and idealism and sympathy.

A baby's hands, like a baby's tendencies, can be molded into something nearer loveliness, if that great god of beauty happened to be absent at the birth. The little fingers gently manipulated from the base of the finger out to the nail to give the finger more taper, more point. Nails that were born ugly can be made presentable and still stay true to the character of the person they belong to.

Philosophers say that it does no good to either warn or correct people after the days of infancy are passed; whatever they learn afterward they learn from life and from living with the right kind of people.

And that's true of their hands. It's difficult to reshape grown-up hands, but fingers that are blunt or spatulate or square can be molded a little "nearer the heart's desire" if in idle moments one would take the thumb and forefinger of one hand and beginning at the base of the finger work out to the point, pressing the tip into more of a point—sort of fuss away at it—you'll find your fingers taking on more of an oval.

Swollen knuckles can be greatly reduced, say the "fine London ladies" who make a practise of doing it, by rolling a marble around the palm of the hand with the fingers and thumb.

The healthy, cared-for nail is pale pink and glossy. As nails are simply a continuation of the skin, they need good circulation of the blood to keep them healthy and beautiful. Polishing them every day for five minutes with a good clean buffer is the best way to exercise them and bring the blood up in them, but over-polishing—that little way of polishing your nails every time you are left alone for a minute—is bad for them. Nails have a natural finish of their own; don't wear it off.

So many liquid polishes are injurious—but we know of at least two that aren't. Often they not only look greasy and "bad taste," but they injure the nail with the acid in them—bad for the cuticle, too. The safe thing is never to let any one put them on your nails, unless you are perfectly sure of the quality. Put cream on the nail first always, just as you do on other parts of your skin when you are going to put something drying on it, then a bit of powder on your buffer and polish with steady, not-too-heavy strokes across the nails. Then if you have liquid polish that you are sure is pure 'n' good, put a few drops on the buffer, not on your nails, and polish a little more.

A nail should occupy half of the space between the tip and the first knuckle. All nails have half-moons, and if they don't show, your cuticle needs training. The proper proportion of the half-moon is one-fifth of the whole nail. Short nails, say the palmist, are a sign of a critical, mocking temperament. That's true, quite often, we think, but it's oftener true that the person who owns them is lazy about her hands.

CUTTING the cuticle only piles up one's troubles: it gets thicker and thicker and never gets any lower except just after it's cut. Every time you wash your hands, gently push down the cuticle with the towel as you dry them—*coax* it down. Once a day at least, and always at night after washing, take your orange-stick, run it around under the cuticle to make sure that at no place is it sticking to the nail, then rub a good cuticle cream all around, on top and under the cuticle, and leave it on ten or twenty minutes to soften up the skin and then push down the cuticle gently to where you wish it would stay all the time.

Long, long ago hang-nails were called hag-nails. (You can see what they thought of hags in those old days! Not content with describing them as snaky-haired and one-toothed and dirty, they made them have their cuticles hanging down here and there.) Hang-nails are caused by abuse of the cuticles in manicuring and by a nervous condition of health. Don't cut them off with scissors and don't try to clean up the corners of your nails by cutting. Have some fine pincers and pull out the hang-nails and pull off the rough edges.

Use the cuticle cream faithfully every night and push the cuticles down every time you wash and you'll have eternal half-moons and a look of grooming in your hands.

WE ASKED one delightful, astonishing manicurist in New York what caused the white spots on nails. She looked up over her glasses at us—she's been manicuring for nearly fifty years, and the great in America, at least in Washington and New York, have had their fingers shaped only by her; eight presidents and any number of ambassadors, and finally one of the queens of England sent for her through Adele Grant, the Countess of Essex, and kept her there for ten years for the hands and feet of England's elect—well, she put down her cuticle-knife: "I don't know. And nobody knows. It's uric acid in the system; it's nerves; it's bruises. One of those things is probably right; maybe two of them; maybe all three. It's like the wind that listeth, cometh no one knows whence and goeth no one knows where. You can't do anything for them—only it's *always* safe to drink all the water you can and to tell yourself every so often: 'Now go slow, let down. Life isn't a race: it's a story you're writing, and it needs light and shade and relief and quiet and beauty. You can't make it big scenes all the way through or you lose all your values in it.' I don't know. But whatever you do, don't let anybody scrape your nails. Nails are your *skin*, and Nature finished it up just the way she wanted it. Rub them with a rough towel to get dead particles off—don't scrape."

Your nail-file should be supple and have a rounded end, not sharp. Don't cut your nails, but file them. And don't follow the prevailing style in nails, but shape them to fit your fingers. If your fingers are oval at the point, have oval nails just a bit more pointed than your fingers are; if square or spatulate, make the nails a rounding oval. Try to make the fingers a little more shapely through the shaping of the nails. Pointed fingers should have pointed nails of course, only never that sharp, emphasized point. It is thought quite chic to have your nails very, very long beyond the end of the finger, like the Chinese, but that's not very practical, nor, we think, very attractive either.

There are all sorts of stain removers for under the nail—many of them good, many of them not so good. We like the creams better than the liquids, but the point of your orange-stick wrapped in cotton and then dipped into peroxide is a very effective remover. Everybody should have powdered pumice-stone. Wet the flat end of your orange-stick, dip it into the pumice-stone and clear up the rough edges and skin particles.

It's no good, of course, trying to manicure without soaking the nails first to soften them up. Then while you do one hand, have cream on the cuticles of the other.

The order of a home-manicure is: first, file; then soak for ten or fifteen minutes in warm soapy water; clean with file; free all cuticles from clinging to the nails with your cuticle-knife or your orange-stick and pumice-stone. Don't cut the cuticles, but push them down. Then take your pincers and clean up all the little ragtails and make your corners strut with pride over their impeccable beauty. Then the cream on the nails rubbed in, then the powder on the buffer and polish until the nails blush pink with blood, not powder, then a good liquid or none. Lastly, a nice little shower of delicate perfume over the hands and you feel like a lady!

The coarsened pores of the hand need astringents, but the constant washing of them has a drying-out effect, so one has to be a bit conservative about using astringents, as they, too, are drying. The perfect lotion for the hand has an astringent quality combined with an oil. A pet home-made combination is lemon-juice and glycerin, or rose-water and glycerin, and this does whiten and soften and refine the texture of many hands; but there are on the market any number of reasonably priced better lotions not so messy and which give much better results. You find them in the drug-stores, made by reputable firms, and in beauty-shops, where they have been tested out for years.

PALMS should be firm and pale pink and like silk instead of leather. Be careful about drying lotions; keep the palms like the palms of a child. A good pore cream will give the backs of the hands that silken, poreless texture, but the hands need a softening lotion as well.

Never put them in very hot water; it roughens and coarsens them and swells up the veins.

That interesting Italian philosopher who said "God gave you your other features but you make your mouth yourself" should have said a word or two about hands. It's really amazing, when you look for it, how much personality hands reveal. Watch hands for a while and see how much you learn. The way they move—little flying hands that are like butterflies. The way they lie in one's lap—dreaming, artist hands; peaceful, restful hands; dynamic, exciting hands; strong, warm, understanding hands; able hands that you know you can trust; patient, waiting hands.

"Hands that haven't worked for a thousand years." Hands that have worked and are proud of it. Hands that have brains in every finger. Don't you see: hands are a kind of people living among themselves, revealing to one another secrets that the face and tongue can hide!







THE NEW IN NEW YORK

By EVELYN DODGE

EVENING dress this Winter will be rather splendid, greatly given to metallic fabrics and laces, restlessly brilliant with the sparkle of rhinestones and crystals or the vivid color of beads. Lace will be used a great deal—black lace over silver cloth, gold or silver or ciré lace over black crêpe de Chine.

THE new evening gowns are decidedly more formal, entirely sleeveless and with greater length, to the ankles and touching the floor in the points of panels, sashes and draperies.

The newest evening wrap is the cape of black or ruby velvet embroidered and tasseled in silver and lined with silver cloth or even more magnificent in rich and fanciful metallic fabrics sometimes shot with vivid blue or green.

The best-turned-out women are dressing their hair very close to the head, either parting the hair or drawing it straight back, but in either case leaving the forehead bare. The hair is no longer bobbed except for the very young girl. Many women wear it "shingled," cut close to the head at the back and covering the ears at the sides.

PEARLS are worn in double or multiple strands of rather large pearls. Bracelets are narrow and are set with diamonds, onyx or emeralds or are of cut-jet or crystal. There is no limit to the number one may wear, but they should all be on one arm.

Handkerchief bracelets are made of silver-edged ribbon, of pink ribbon set with tiny rosebuds, of jade-green suède sewn with steel beads, of black grosgrain ribbon with an ornament of brilliants or marcasite.

Handkerchiefs are squares of picoted Georgette in prints or brilliant colors and are worn tied around the wrist or slipped through a handkerchief bracelet.

For evening small oval or oblong vanity cases covered with black moire or grosgrain and with a monogram in brilliants are new. Young girls carry bags of colored shells set one over another to form a large rose, or tiny finger bags in the shape of small dolls in ruffled skirts or Pierrots.

Earrings are long and picturesque and are made of crystal, jade, marcasite, emeralds or sapphires, pearls or diamonds.

Fans are very large and usually of ostrich feathers in charming colors.

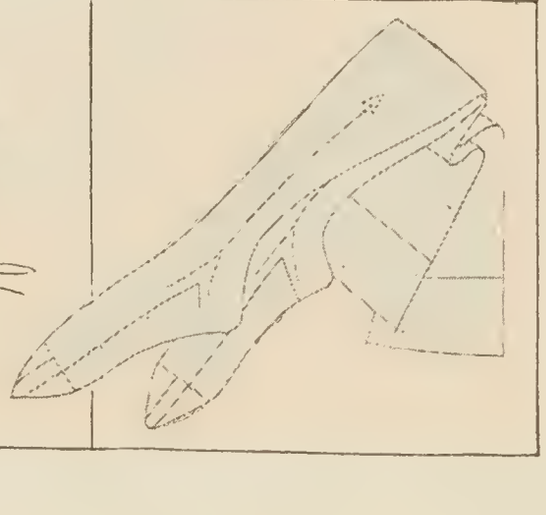
THE correct evening slipper is a sandal, a strap slipper, or French Louis slipper of silver cloth or brocade, of bronze satin or occasionally a sandal of bright-green kid worn with sheer "nude"-colored silk stockings with the drop-stitch clock at the side. The slipper can be worn with a rhinestone buckle or ornament, or without any ornament whatsoever. On the strap slipper the button is hidden by a round ornament of rhinestones or jet and brilliants. Silver slippers will not tarnish if they are kept wrapped in tissue-paper in a box. They are shown in the shops on wooden shoe-forms, but to preserve their shape they should be kept stuffed with tissue-paper or on light flexible metal shoe-trees.











BETWEEN THE LINES OF THE STRAIGHT OF THE FASHIONABLE INTEREST IN FUR SILVER LAMÉ SPLENDIDLY

Soulié's Own Designs, Sent from THE



Soulié's coat design swings away from the tube-like silhouette in a costume of rust-colored velours de laine, banded together with black fur. The three-quarter-length coat is used a great deal for the new three-piece suits

The straight unbelted princess line of the body and the circular movement of the flounce is a style that has appeared in many of the French collections. Soulié uses it for a coat of green cloth trimmed with fox



The evening wrap can be either a coat or a cape. Soulié chooses the former for a manteau de soir *of silver lame embroidered with many colors and trimmed recklessly with fur*



Gray moire faces itself with black fur in a straight coat worn over an even straighter skirt of black velvet

The length of the suit coat varies from the short box-jacket to the full-length manteau that entirely covers the dress, and includes all the lengths between. Soulié designs an almost long coat for a costume of gray velours trimmed with petit gris *and plaits*

SILHOUETTE ONE CAN READ THE STORY AND FLOUNCES, IN SILVER LACE AND EMBROIDERED IN COLOR

DELINEATOR'S Paris Establishment



Rose colored crêpe and silver lace follow the new line which suggests a tunic and which has made its appearance in long Russian blouses as well as in evening dresses

Hair and hides have been known to take to strange colors so that green fur on a white velvet evening dress is not entirely unprecedented. The roses are crimson





Gazelle-colored cloth and velvet of the same shade in a deeper tone are used by Soulie for a dress with a two-tiered flounce effect at the front, and the smart long close sleeve

The new models keep to the fundamental principle of the straight silhouette though they break its lines in many cases with flares and flounces. Soulié uses mouse-gray crêpe with a sash collar and flare of black

Velvet in the new shade of ruby that is used so much with silver for evening wraps is also used by Soulié for an evening gown with a flounce across the front held by a jet cord and ornaments. The back is flat

Dress 4833
Embroidery
design 10945

Dress 4823

Dress 4825
Embroidery
design 10155

Dress 4793

Coat-dress
4795

Dress 4803

Dress 4762

Other views and descriptions are shown on page 94

Cape 4777
Embroidery
design 10186

Evening dress 4791
Slip 4778

Dress and slip 4676
Embroidery design 10163

Dress 4803

Dress 4758

Evening dress 4813

Other views and descriptions are shown on page 94

Suit 4808

Dress and bloomers 4749

Dress and bloomers 4783
Embroidery design 10934

Coat 4818
Hat 4834
Leggings 4076

Dress 4806

Dress 4794

Dress 4802
Hat 4761
Embroidery design 10186

Dress 4814
Embroidery design 10977

Dress 4792

Other views and descriptions are shown on page 95

Straight-line coat 4796
Hat 4838

Box-coat 4810
Dress 4799
Embroidery
design 10163

Dress 4799

Dress 4821

Dress 4764

Dress 4819

Evening
dress 4780

Other views and descriptions are shown on page 96

Dress 4781

Dress 4807

Dress 4817

Dress 4815
Turban 4748

Dress 4811

Dress 4787

Straight-line coat 4788
Dress 4789
Embroidery design 10132

Other views and descriptions are shown on page 97

Dress 4789
Embroidery design 10819



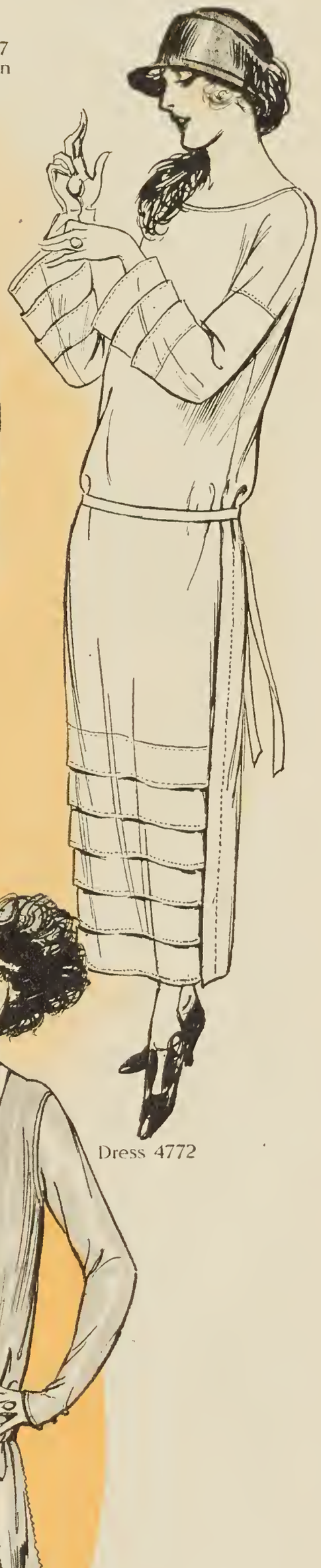
Jacquette blouse and skirt
4801



Dress 4841



Coat-dress 4827
Embroidery design
10177



Dress 4772



Coat-dress 4845



Dress 4839



Dress 4837

Other views and descriptions are shown on page 97



BECOMING COSTUMES IN A COAT DRESS, A STRAIGHT OR PLAITED PANEL FROCK, BLOUSES AND SKIRTS

4828—For the new French *gilet* (pronounced jee-lay) blouses one should use embroidered silk crêpe, broché silks, printed silk jersey, fancy shantung or novelty silk eponge for the front, collar and cuffs and plain crêpe de Chine for the blouse; or use piqué, embroidered cotton voile, fancy cotton crêpe or novelty cotton ratine for front, etc., and plain cotton voile blouse or plain crêpe de Chine or cotton voile with the front embroidered.

36 bust requires ¾ yard 39-inch broché silk and 1½ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The *gilet* blouse is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4847—The plaited front and back panels of this slip-over one-piece dress may be accordion or side plaited and the dress has a straight lower edge and set-in sleeves. Use satin, plain or printed silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine for the body with panels and sleeves of Georgette, or make the entire dress of satin crêpe, printed or plain silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine or printed silks, etc. Lower edge 1⅜ yard.

36 bust requires 3 yards 36-inch satin and 3⅝ yards 39-inch Georgette.

The dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 52 bust, also misses.

4816—4804—10910—One may wear this slip-over blouse of crêpe satin, crêpe de Chine or Georgette with beading or embroidery to give body and weight to the material, embroidered taffeta, printed silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine, silk eponge, silk jersey, etc., over a three-piece skirt with a circular flounce and 1¼-inch inside belt, of velours, duvetyn, checks, etc. The beading is smart. Work in colors.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2⅛ yards 39-inch silk crêpe and 1½ yard 54-inch wool rep. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

The blouse and skirt are for ladies 32 to 44 bust and 35 to 52 hip.

4805—10175—The new coat-dress of wool rep, wool poplin, wool crêpe, soft twills, serge, gabardine or heavy silk crêpe will find a welcome place in any wardrobe. It has a straight skirt which joins the body at a low waistline and may have a body lining. The braiding design is an attractive trimming. This design may also be done in couching or outline.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch wool rep. Lower edge 48 inches.

The coat-dress is smart for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

4812—Some of the newest blouses are in favor of square necks and a slight fulness at the hips. For this slip-over blouse use plain or printed silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, chiffon velvet, plain Georgette with beading or embroidery to give body and weight to material, printed fine cotton crêpe or cotton voile, or plain cotton crêpe or cotton voile embroidered, etc.

36 bust requires 2½ yards 36-inch printed silk.

The blouse is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4824—4743—10146—With a slip-over blouse of printed or plain crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe, crêpe satin, beaded or embroidered Georgette, printed cotton voile or fine cotton crêpe, wear a two-piece skirt which joins a camisole body or 1¼-inch inside belt; for the skirt use wool rep, wool poplin, wool crêpe, serge, tricotine, gabardine, wool cashmere, soft silk alpaca, etc. The embroidery is effective. Work in cross-stitch.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2¼ yards 39-inch silk crêpe and 1⅜ yard 56-inch wool rep. Lower edge 51 inches.

The blouse and skirt are for ladies 32 to 44 bust and 35 to 47½ hip.

4797—A smart tailored one-piece dress is quite simple to make of checks, wool rep, wool crêpe, twills, gabardine, kasha, light-weight velours, light-weight tweed, homespun, sports flannel. The pockets above and below the belt are new. It slips on over the head and has set-in sleeves.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 54-inch line-check wool. Lower edge 48 inches.

The dress is attractive for ladies 33 to 48 bust; it is also nice for misses.

THE NEW RUSSIAN BLOUSE, THREE-PIECE COSTUMES, AND A NEW LINE IN A SHORT COAT



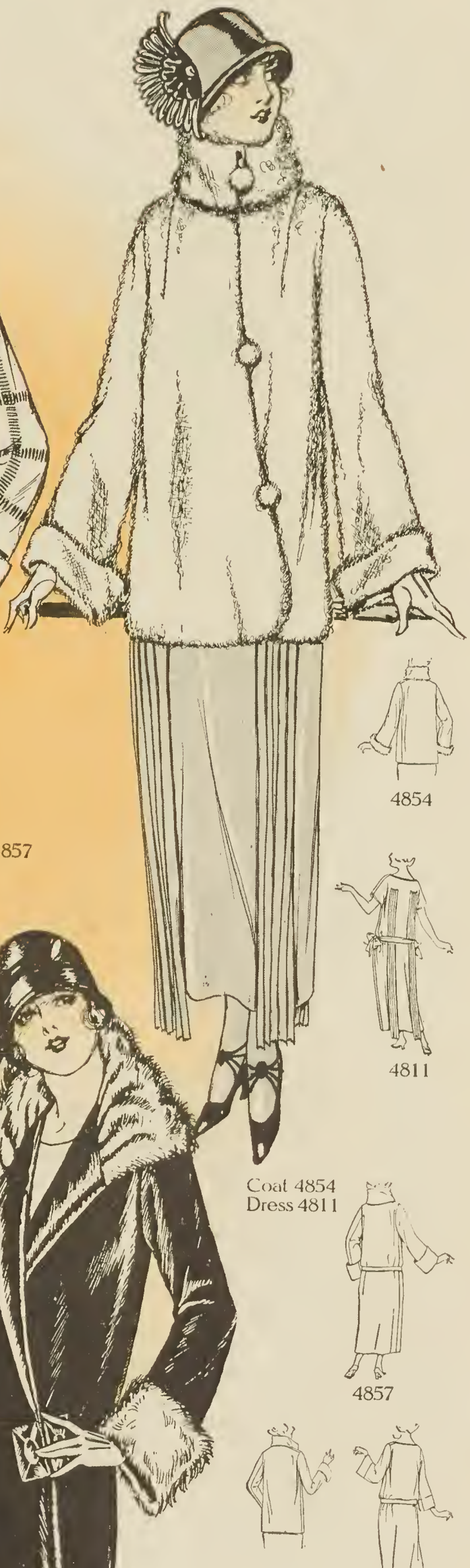
Coat 4858
Dress 4789
Embroidery design 10163



Box-coat 4810
Dress 4613
Embroidery design 10163



Coat 4857



4854

4811

4858



4789



Tunic blouse and slip 4855

4855

4855—One of the very attractive costumes consists of a long tunic blouse in Russian effect which slips on over a separate two-piece slip. Make this costume of velvet, heavy silk faille or heavy satin; or use wool crêpe, wool rep, wool poplin, corded wools, soft twills, gabardine or serge.

36 bust requires 4⅛ yards 36-inch velvet. Lower edge of slip 46 inches.

The blouse and slip are very new for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4858—4789—10163—A suit of soft pile fabrics on the velours order, duvetyn, broadcloth or velvet has a very new coat with a circular flounce and a slip-over dress with two-piece skirt joining in an unusual outline a long body of crêpe satin, etc. The embroidery is smart. Work it in a color.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch broadcloth. Lower edge 49 inches.

The coat is smart for ladies 33 to 40 bust, also misses; dress for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4810—4613—10163—Box-coats are a smart accompaniment to a slip-over dress, and for this three-piece costume use velvet, soft pile fabrics on the velours order, duvetyn, wool rep, twills, kasha, serge, with the body of the dress in printed silk crêpe, etc. The embroidery gives a band effect. Work it in satin-stitch, outline, etc. Lower edge 53 inches.

36 bust requires 4⅝ yards 40-inch velvet and 1¾ yard 36-inch silk Paisley.

The box-coat is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; the dress for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4857—For the motor, hacking or general wear this is a becoming and useful coat and is new in plaids. Use plaid coatings, camel's-hair, Teddy bear, tweeds, basket weaves, fleeces, mixtures or soft pile fabrics on the velours order, or plush, velvet or fabric fur.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 54-inch wool plaid. Lower edge 54 inches.

The coat is attractive for ladies 33 to 48 bust, also misses.

4854—4811—For this coat of fabric fur one may use plush, velvet, novelty pile fabrics, novelty velours, soft pile fabrics on the velours order or duvetyn. The slip-over one-piece dress has a straight lower edge.

36 bust requires 2½ yards 50-inch fur fabric for coat. Lower edge of dress 1½ yard.

The coat is for ladies or misses 33 to 44, the dress for ladies or misses 33 to 46 bust.



4856



Straight-line coat 4856

Coat 4854
Dress 4811

4857



4810 4613

4856—The wrap-around straight-line coat has been acclaimed by smart women everywhere. The plaited or gathered collar is very becoming. Use plush, velvet, fabric fur, soft pile fabrics on the velours order, novelty woolens, duvetyn or broadcloth, etc. It is held by an ornament or by one hand at the hip.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 50-inch plush.

The coat is becoming to ladies 33 to 48 bust; it is also very becoming to misses.

PICTURESQUE FOLK FROM EVERY WALK IN LIFE LEAD GAY NIGHT LIVES



3847—The geisha girl adds a picturesque touch to the masquerade party. This Japanese kimono or dress is attractive in crêpe de Chine, China silk, Oriental silks, cotton crêpe or black sateen embroidered in bright colors. Lower edge 58½ inches.

The Japanese kimono is for ladies, misses and girls 24 to 44 bust.

4308—The habitué of the Latin quarter steps into the ball with his smock of linen-finished cottons, chambray, chintz, sateen, pongee, washable satin or crêpe de Chine, and a tam-o'-shanter of sateen, velvet or washable satin.

The smock and tam-o'-shanter are suitable for artists 32 to 44 bust or breast.

6301—The Spanish dancer in her peasant cap, tasseled bolero, a wide hip sash and airy skirt does a gay fandango with castanets. In gay reds and yellows this will make a becoming costume. Bells on the bolero add to the gaiety.

The Spanish dancer's costume is gay for ladies, misses and girls 26 to 38 bust.

4809—An inexpensive fancy-dress costume which can be worn to any fancy-dress party is the one-piece romper with inside pockets. Use check gingham or chambray, with a sash of the same material or of organdy, and organdy collar and cuffs. This costume can be made quickly.

The romper is suitable for ladies, misses and girls 26 to 38 bust.

6352—All Holland milkmaids are not serious as this light-hearted young lady bears witness. Her bonnet with laps, laced bodice and apron are quaint and becoming. This is an inexpensive costume to make.

The Dutch peasant costume is very attractive for ladies and girls 26 to 38 bust.

3373—A Grecian gown is graceful and easily made, since it consists simply of artistic folds and a girdle. Make it of white silk crêpe fabrics, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, fine cotton crêpe or cotton voile. Lower edge measures 52 inches.

The Grecian gown is for ladies, misses and girls 24 to 38 bust.

3607—3692—Under her bright-red circular cape of serge, soft twills, tricotine, broadcloth, etc., Red Riding Hood wears a dress of organdy, sheer lawn, pin-dot swiss, cotton voile, etc., which can be used as can the cape, for other wear. It has a straight skirt joined at an Empire waistline.

The cape is for girls 2 to 14, the dress for little girls 1 to 8 years.

4832—10197—For the Turkish costume use bloomers and blouse of cotton marquisette or cotton voile over silk mull with sateen bolero, sash of striped gauze curtain drapery material, net veil, sateen head-dress, etc. Beading decorates the head-dress. Work the design in colors.

The Turkish costume is for ladies, misses and girls 26 to 42 bust.

A JACQUETTE BLOUSE AND SKIRT AND FLOUNCED, TIERED OR DRAPED FROCKS ARE IMPORTANT ON THE YOUNG GIRL'S HOLIDAY PROGRAM



4835

Dress 4835

4829



Dress 4829



4811

Dress 4811



4819



Dress 4819



Dress 4851

4851



Dress 4817
Embroidery design 10159

4817

Straight-line coat 4763

4763

4835—Now is youth's season when the young people come flocking home from schools and colleges. Holiday festivities call for new frocks and the young girl will find this a lovely dress in satin crêpe, silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, printed silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine. It closes under the left arm, has a draped waist and a straight skirt with plaited tiers which joins a long body lining marked for a camisole top. It slips on over the head.

16 years requires 4½ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge foundation skirt 47 inches.

The dress is lovely for misses 15 to 20 years.

4829—The young girl who is eager to wear the latest style will welcome this costume which the French wear either as a suit or a dress. From the slit pocket of the slip-over jacquette blouse peeps a bright printed handkerchief, and the wrap-around skirt is straight. Use wool rep, wool poplin, wool crêpe, soft twills, gabardine, serge, tricotine, kasha, wool pile fabrics, wool jersey or silk alpaca, heavy silk crêpe or silk jersey. Lower edge 47 inches.

16 years requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch wool rep and ⅜ yard 36-inch contrasting material.

The jacquette blouse and skirt are smart for misses 16 to 20, also small women.

4811—The sort of frock which one can wear for afternoon engagements, informal teas, etc., is welcome at this season. The plaited panels of this one-piece dress on the slip-over order hang below the hem of the dress. It has a straight lower edge, an elastic and casing at the low waistline and may have a body lining. Use crêpe satin, satin crêpe, plain or printed silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine, or cotton voile for extreme Southern climates.

17 years or 34 bust requires 4 yards 40-inch satin crêpe. Lower edge 1⅜ yard.

The dress is attractive for misses 16 to 18 years or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

4819—Two uses for one dress is a good economical argument, for this frock may omit sleeves for evening wear. It closes under the left arm, slips over the head and the four-piece straight skirt with straight ruffles across the sides is joined at a low waistline. Sleeves are sewed or snapped in and the neck may be cut for day or evening wear. A long body lining marked for a camisole top is possible. Use taffeta or crêpe de Chine or crêpe de Chine with lace ruffles and collar, etc. Lower edge, plaits out, 1⅜ yard.

16 years will require 3½ yards of 39-inch taffeta.

The dress is becoming to misses 16 to 20 years.

4851—Side drapery is very fashionable for the dress with a two-tiered straight skirt. It closes under the left arm and slips on over the head. The skirt is joined at a low waistline and the long body lining has a camisole top arrangement. Make the dress of crêpe satin, satin crêpe, plain or printed silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine, printed silks or chiffon velvet. Lace makes a smart little frock.

16 years requires 2½ yards 39-inch chiffon velvet. Lower edge 48 inches.

The dress is graceful for misses 16 to 20 years. also small women.

4817—10159—By the holidays, wardrobes need replenishing with fresher styles. This one-piece slip-over tiered dress is attractive in soft twills, wool rep, wool poplin, wool cashmere, soft wool crêpe, gabardine, serge or heavy silk crêpe. Tiers and an elastic and a casing are at the sides and the sleeves are sewed into a body lining. The embroidery is decorative. Work the design in a combination of outline and one-stitch with a few beads, etc.

17 years or 34 bust requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch wool rep. Lower edge 45 inches.

The dress is becoming to misses 16 to 18 years or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

4763—The coat is an all-important part of the young girl's wardrobe and she will delight in this straight-line coat with circular ruffles and a square armhole. It should be worn wrapped closely about the hips and held with one hand. Make it of soft pile fabrics, duvetyn, broadcloth, wool reps, soft twills, wool cashmere, plush, velvet or fabric fur. One may use stuffed tubing trimming in place of more expensive fur, and omit the ruffles.

17 years or 34 bust requires 3½ yards 54-inch duvetyn.

The coat is smart for misses 16 to 18 years or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

THE YOUNGER WORLD IS ENTRENCHED AGAINST WINTER IN WARM COATS, GAY LITTLE HATS AND SCHOOL SUITS



Suit 4849



Coat 4822
Hat 4759
Leggings
4076



Coat 4846
Hat 4834
Leggings 4038



House coat 4836



Coat 4826
Hat 4761



Coat dress 4739



Suit 4840

4849—A surprise is in store for the boy who gets this suit with plaits, yoke and collar and pockets. For the blouse and straight trousers use serge, gabardine, linen, linen-finished cottons, chambray, galatea, rep, madras, poplin or pongee.

4 years requires 1⅝ yard 44-inch serge.

The suit is for little boys 3 to 8.

4822—4759—4076—She wears her coat of soft pile fabrics on the velours order, duvetyn, broadcloth, cheviot or soft twills with a hat with gored crown of velours, broadcloth, duvetyn, velvet, etc., and leggings to match the coat.

4 years and 19¾ inches head measure require 2¼ yards 54-inch duvetyn for coat, hat and leggings.

The coat is for little girls 1 to 6, the hat for girls 2 to 14 and the leggings for children 2 to 8.

4826—4761—For the wrap-around straight-line coat with kimono sleeve and hat use soft pile fabrics, broadcloth, duvetyn, soft twills or velvet. One may use fabric fur for the coat.

12 years and 21¼ inches head measure require 4 yards 36-inch velvet for coat and hat.

The coat is for juniors and girls 8 to 15, the hat for girls 2 to 14.

4840—For the growing boy this suit with a coat to be worn over straight trousers or knickerbockers is practical. The coat has well-tailored lines and the pockets please a boy. Use tweeds, mixtures, homespun, worsted, cheviot, serge, corduroy, etc. For a wash suit use crash, linen suitings, etc.

10 years requires 2 yards 54-inch tweed.

The suit is new for boys 6 to 16 years.



4849



4822



4826



4840



4846



4836



4739

4846—4834—4038—In a coat and hat of broadcloth, soft twills, etc., and leggings to match the coat, or of heavy stockinette, or a coat of cashmere or henrietta one is warm.

4 years and 19¾ inches head measure require 2⅛ yards 54-inch velours for coat, hat and leggings.

The coat is for little girls 2 to 6, the hat for girls and tiny boys 2 to 12, the leggings for children 2 to 14.

4836—Father or brother will find this house coat comfortable and it is an excellent solution for their Christmas gifts. Make it of double-faced cloth, quilted silk matelassé, velvet, brocaded silk, oxford or flannel.

38 breast requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch double-faced cloth.

The house coat is suitable for men or youths of 34 to 48 breast measure.

4739—Tiers and the diagonal closing are chosen by the junior for her new frock. This smart coat dress on the wrap-around order and with tiers may be made of serge, wool crêpe, twills, tricotine or gabardine, linen or linen-finished cottons.

12 years requires 2¼ yards 54-inch wool rep.

The coat dress is smart for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.



View A



View B
Hat 4834



View D
Embroidery design 10156



View C

4834—10156—One may use or omit ear laps from this hat with a gored crown. Use material to match coat such as duvetyn, broadcloth, chinchilla, corduroy, camel's-hair or tweed or a kid body square, etc. The dog on View D is quaint. Work in appliqué, etc.

6 years or 20½ inches head measure requires ⅜ yard 54-inch material for View A or B, ¼ yard 54-inch duvetyn for View C and ½ yard 36-inch corduroy for View D.

That hat is for girls and tiny boys 2 to 12 years.

JUNIOR FESTIVITIES AND SCHOOL HOURS REQUIRE ADORABLE FROCKS WITH TIERS, RUFFLES, PLAITS, COLLARS, SEPARATE BLOOMERS OR PANTEES



Dress 4767

Dress 4848
Embroidery
design 10889

Dress and bloomers 4852
Embroidery design 10934

4773

Dress 4773
Doll 422

4852

4848

Dress 4842
Hat 4838
Embroidery
design
10175

4842

4850

Dress and bloomers 4850

4767

Dress
and
pantees
4844

4844

Hat 4838

View A—Embroidery 10998

View B

View C

4773—422—For the very new slip-over dress with a straight lower edge use crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, pongee, chambray, cotton crêpe or cotton voile; or without the belt and collar use printed crêpe de Chine with velvet for lower part, bright colored crêpe de Chine with dark velvet, etc. The dolls clothes are simple for a girl to make.

10 years requires 2½ yards 32-inch pongee.

The dress is attractive for juniors and girls 6 to 15 years, the doll set for a doll 14 to 30 inches high.

4848 10889 This one-piece slip over dress is becoming in serge, wool crêpe, twills, wool eponge, or tweeds. The embroidery is a smart trimming this season. Work this design in bugle beads, one-stitch embroidery or a combination of one-stitch and bugle beads. For school wear one may use linen, linen-finished cotton, cotton ratine, heavy cotton prints, gingham or chambray for the dress.

13 years requires 2¼ yards 40-inch velvet.

The dress is suitable for juniors and girls 6 to 15 years of age.

4767—Birthday festivals are the gayer for a new frock like this one. A draped basque and circular ruffles across the side of the straight skirt of this slip-over dress are very smart. The skirt is joined to an underbody at a low waistline. Use taffeta, gros de Londres, silk crêpe, or silk crêpe or silk which is printed in a small design.

13 years requires 3 yards 35-inch taffeta.

The dress is very lovely for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

4842—4838—10175—Tiers at the side are smart on this one-piece dress which slips on over the head. Make it of wool crêpe, cashmere, soft twills, serge, wool taffeta or heavy silk crêpe. The braiding is effective. Work it in self or a darker color. Her little hat is trimmed with hand-made flowers.

12 years and 21¼ inches head measure requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch serge and ⅝ yard 36-inch velvet.

The dress is attractive for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years, and the hat is smart for girls 2 to 12 years.

4850—A lovely little dress for first parties has separate bloomers and slips on over the head. One may use blue velvet with beige, crêpe de Chine for bloomers, frills, etc., brown velvet with tan or orange crêpe de Chine, wool crêpe or wool jersey embroidered in wool, taffeta with écru lace, cashmere, challis, gingham or chambray with plain to match.

4 years requires 1⅜ yard 36-inch velvet and ⅞ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is new for little girls 2 to 6 years.

4852—10934—A square yoke gives an adorable effect to this slip-over dress with separate bloomers and a straight lower edge. Make it of jersey tubing, pongee, taffeta, crêpe de Chine, or of pin-check gingham, chambray, cotton prints, cotton crêpe, pin-dot swiss or dimity. Pussy heads are used for pockets. These pocket motifs are done in outline or appliqué.

4 years requires 1⅜ yard 54-inch jersey tubing for this dress.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

4838—10998—A cluster of hand-made flowers is a French touch to this little hat. A figure may be used on the crown as on View A. Work it in outline or appliqué. Make the hat of duvetyn, wool jersey, serge, soft twills, gabardine or velvet to match the coat in color only or in both color and material.

4 years and 20½ inches head measure requires ⅜ yard 54-inch camel's-hair or duvetyn for View A or B, and ⅝ yard 36-inch velvet for View C.

The hat is becoming to girls 2 to 12 years.

4844—Tiny girls feel very much grown up in so dainty a party dress with plaits and side ties. This plaited frock has hand-made flowers for trimming and separate pantees. It slips on over the head. Crêpe de Chine, taffeta, or without the flower trimming, these materials or pongee make an adorable little frock.

5 years requires 2½ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine for this frock.

The dress is most attractive for little girls 2 to 8 years.

TIMELY HINTS FOR EARLY CHRISTMAS PLANNING



4843—For the wrap-around breakfast coat or negligée with accordion or side plaited or gathered straight flounce and frills use crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine lined with albatross for warmth, or of Georgette, or crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine or Georgette with lace plaitings and ribbon trimming and flowers, etc.

36 bust requires 4⅞ yards 40-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge, plaits out, 3 yards.

The breakfast coat is graceful for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4820—10100—A shoulder bow and a surplice effect make this a quaint apron. Use black sateen, unbleached muslin or chambray; or use chintz, printed sateen, cotton prints, fancy cotton crêpe, gingham, checked or dotted percale. The appliqué is gay. Work it in bright colors on black sateen.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 36-inch black sateen.

The apron is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4831—A cap accompanies this wrap-around one-piece house dress which may be used as an overall apron. Make it of chambray, gingham, percale, madras, cotton poplin or linen-finished cottons.

36 bust requires 5¼ yards 32-inch line-check gingham. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

The house dress is very practical for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

4798—The square yoke of this nightgown is a becoming style to little girls and it may open either in front or in back. Make it of nainsook, long-cloth, cambric, muslin or outing flannel.

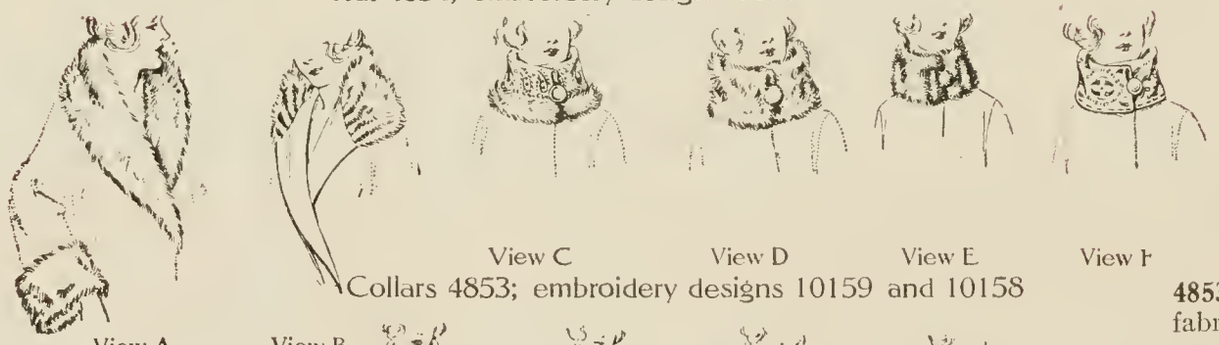
9 years requires 2¾ yards 36-inch nainsook.

The nightgown is useful for girls and little girls 1 to 15 years.

4800—These knicker drawers are well-shaped, comfortable to wear and very simple to make. Nainsook, cambric or muslin may be used for them.

8 years will require 1 yard of 36-inch nainsook.

The knicker drawers are practical for girls 8 to 15 years.



422—For the doll's dress and hat use pin-dot cotton voile or lawn; for the coat use flannel, albatross or cashmere, and make the slip, combination and nightgown of nainsook, lawn or batiste. This is a very attractive set.

A 22-inch doll requires ⅞ yard 36-inch dotted swiss for hat and dress, ¾ yard 36-inch cashmere for cape and 1¼ yard 36-inch nainsook for slip, combination and nightgown.

The set is for a doll 14 to 30 inches high.

4830—10978—These boudoir caps make dainty gifts. The bandeau cap is of cream lace edging with light-blue ribbon and pink flowers, and the poke bonnet cap is of net with lace edging. Copenhagen or orchid ribbon, rose-pink flowers and leaf-green leaves. Embroidery may be used on View B-1. Work in satin-stitch, etc.

View A requires 2⅞ yards 1½-inch lace edging and 3⅝ yards 1-inch ribbon and View B, ⅜ yard 72-inch net and 1¾ yard 4-inch ribbon.

The boudoir caps are delicate and lovely.

4834—10156—A hat with gored crown and with ear-laps if desired is suitable in material to match the coat, such as velours, duvetyn, broadcloth, chinchilla, corduroy, camel's hair or tweed, or of a kid body square, etc. Work an appliqué on View D.

6 years or 20½ inches head measure requires ⅜ yard 54-inch material for View A or B, ¼ yard 54-inch for View C and ½ yard 36-inch for View D.

The hat is for girls and tiny boys 2 to 12 years.

4853—10158—10159—These collars and cuffs of fabric fur or material to match the coat are the new shapes for Winter coats. It is quite simple to make the shawl collar (Views A, A-1), the plaited or shirred collar (Views B, B-1, B-2), the shaped muffler collar (Views C, C-1), the straight muffler (View D), the shaped chin collar (View E), and the straight chin (View F). The embroidery adds to View C and View F. Work in colors.

The collars are for ladies and misses of small, medium or large proportions.

SOUP MAKES THE WHOLE MEAL TASTE BETTER

To make him taste the best—



Oh I am a cook and a hunter bold
And my feast is now complete
For your appetite, here's a vision bright
With Campbell's first to eat!

The great national bird is worthy of a royal introduction. Let your appetite fairly sparkle at this Thanksgiving feast. Touch it off to an eager start with fragrant and delicious spoonfuls of Campbell's Tomato Soup, served piping hot. They will give a happy glow to the whole dinner—add new zest to every dish on the table.

Cream of Tomato à la Campbell's

What is there so tasty and appetizing as the puree of rich tomato juices blended with golden butter and seasoned by Campbell's master-chefs? For this is sheer perfection in soup. Or cream it (after the simple directions on the label) and you have a delightful variation which makes you appreciate once more that Campbell's Tomato is the king of soups!



21 kinds 12 cents a can

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

EMBROIDERIES FOR HANDKERCHIEFS, LINENS, TOWELS, BUTTON BAGS AND BABY BIBS

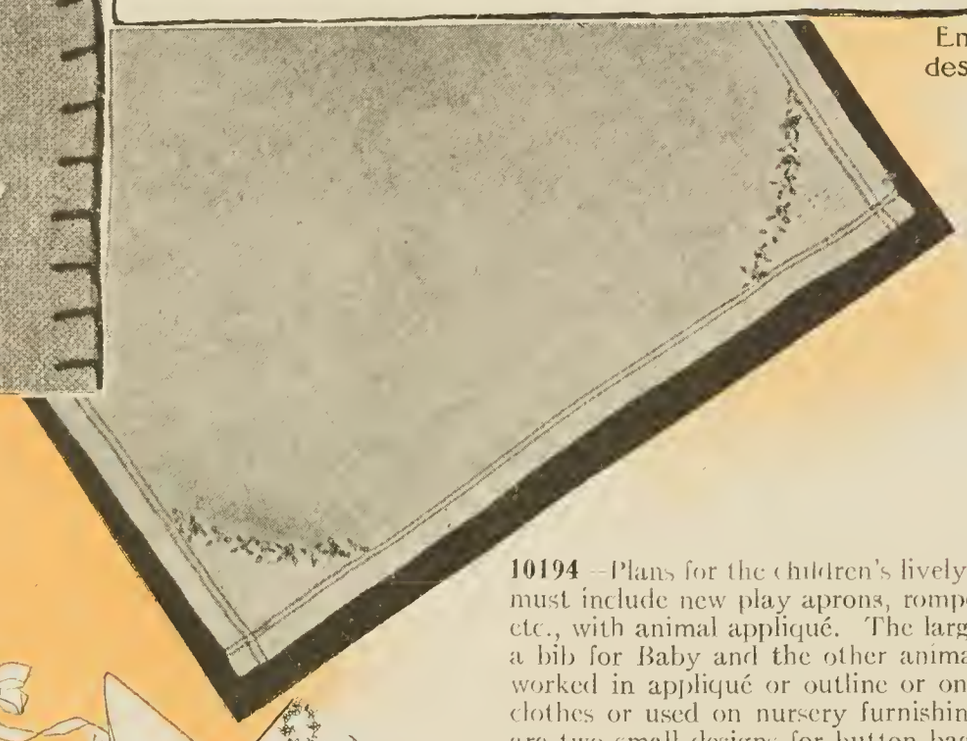




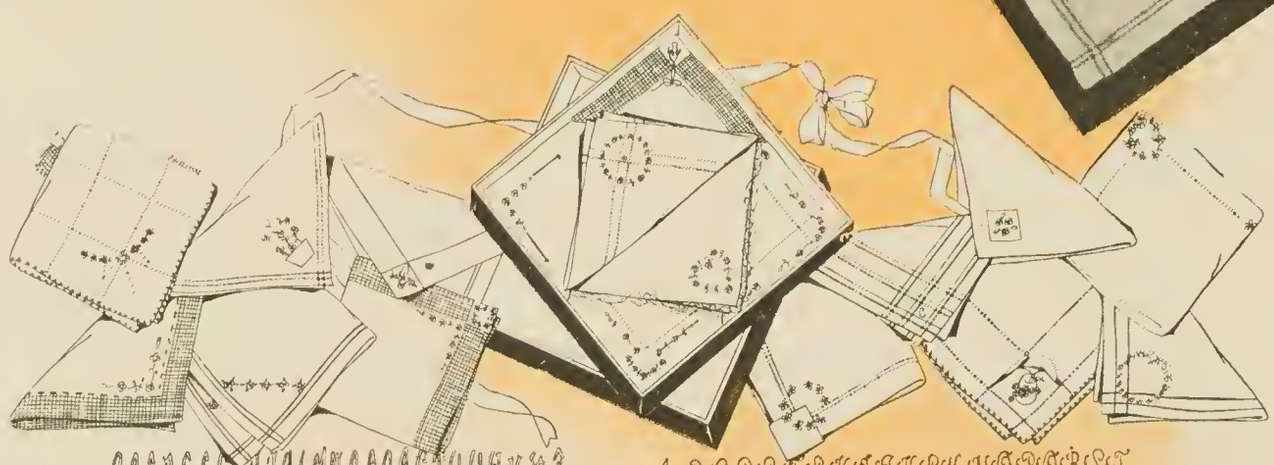


Embroidery design 10194

Embroidery design 10196



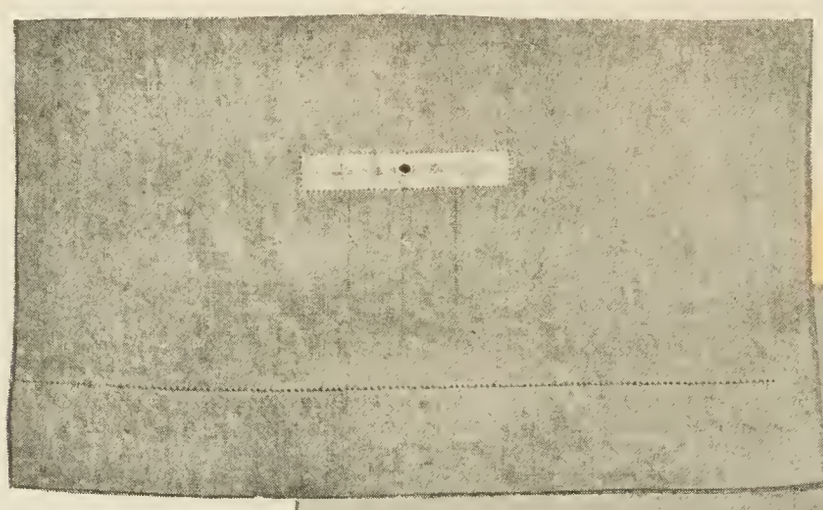
10193—As gifts which are quickly and easily made, and greatly appreciated, handkerchiefs have no equal. Monogrammed handkerchiefs carry a personal touch and this design contains one alphabet for monogramming a man's handkerchief and two alphabets very small in size for monogramming women's handkerchiefs, (the letters may be used singly or two combined) embroideries for corners to be worked in drawn threads, worm-stitch, lazy-daisy and outline. The design can be adapted to 36 corners in 16 assorted styles, 2 round and 2 square handkerchiefs, one 3-letter monogram alphabet ⅝ inch high and two 2-letter monogram alphabets ⅜ inch high.



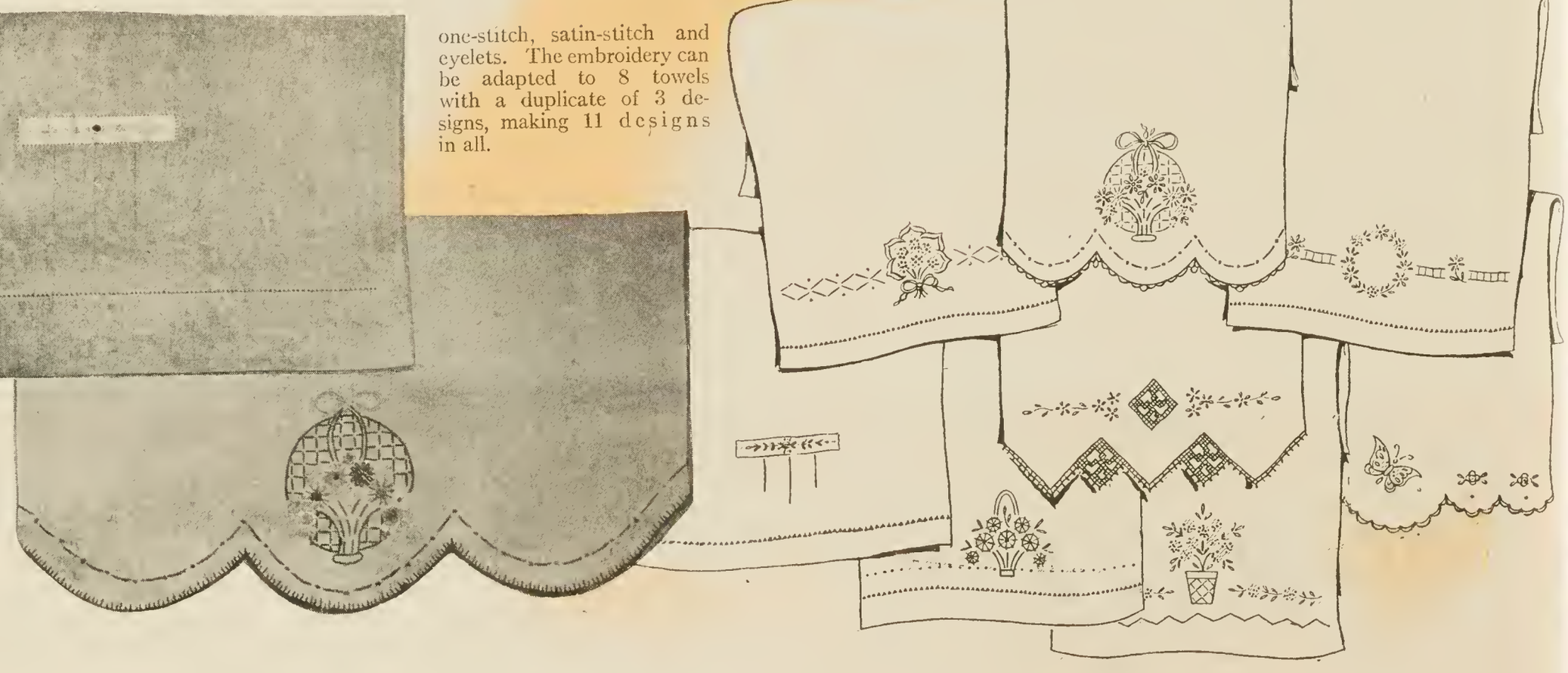
Embroidery design 10193

10194—Plans for the children's lively Christma must include new play aprons, rompers, frock etc., with animal appliqué. The large bunny i a bib for Baby and the other animals may b worked in appliqué or outline or one-stitch on clothes or used on nursery furnishings. There are two small designs for button bags with the button family in various poses on the outside. The design can be adapted to 2 rabbits' head for bibs, 1½ yard banding and 58 animal motifs in 9 assorted styles and 2 sizes.

10196—The embroidery on this three-piece buffet set may be quickly and easily done on linen or linen-finished cotton in a combination of one-stitch and lazy-daisy embroidery. It will make an attractive new set for the Thanksgiving dinner party. The design can be adapted to 1 oblong doily 24 by 12 inches and 2 doilies 12 inches square.



10195—Some fresh towels to hang upon the rack! This embroidery is especially attractive for gift towels and three of the designs may be used for pillow-cases to match the towels. The designs should be worked in outline, lazy-daisy, French knots, one-stitch, satin-stitch and eyelets. The embroidery can be adapted to 8 towels with a duplicate of 3 designs, making 11 designs in all.



Embroidery design 10195



Kitchen towels soon get gray and stained—regular washing with P and G will keep them fresh and *white*. P and G removes grease instantly.





Baby's bibs and dresses are sweet and *white* after washing with P and G.

What does Mathilde see?

Clothes that reveal the whiteness of skilful laundering

or —?

THOSE night-gowns she draws from the week-end bag, those under-garments, and handkerchiefs — *white?* Or *not quite?*

What the maid sees, the hostess sees. What the hostess sees, the whole world sees.

"Not quite white" clothes are a compromise with one's standards of perfection, and a wholly **unnecessary compromise.**

You should select the soap

The laundress is to blame? Wait—what *soap* is she provided with? Even the best of laundresses will produce "not quite white" results with many seemingly good soaps.

The selection of the soap should be reserved as your own special right and duty. It is too important a matter to delegate to anyone else.

P and G The White Naphtha Soap —a white soap—is not a "magic" soap, but it possesses certain unique properties which endow it with power to wash *clean-white*. With P and G there is no need for compromise in the matter of white results.

Safe for colors and fabrics

P and G completely extracts soil without affecting either fabrics or colors. When clothes are systematically washed with P and G, *all* the soap and *all* the soil come out—no soapy odor, no grayness, remain.

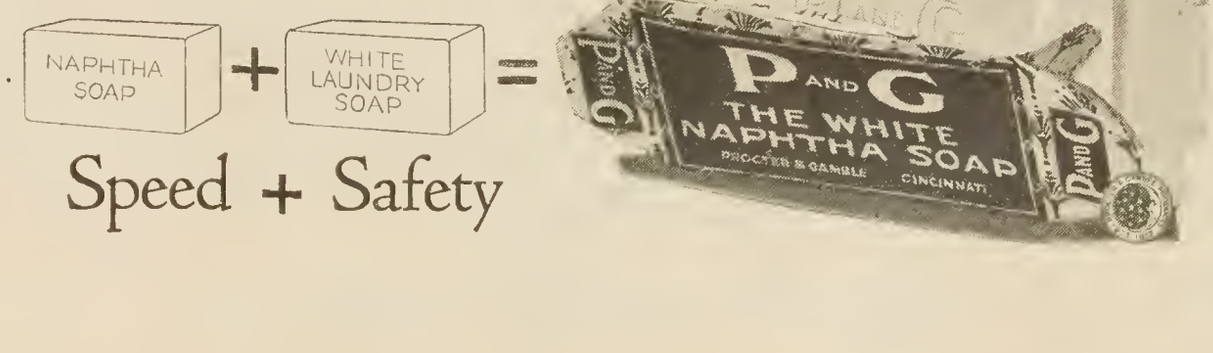
Your laundress may boil the clothes with P and G, of course, but we suggest that she boil less often than usual. Less rubbing, also, will be required. The result will be a considerable saving of the laundress's time and a *noticeable saving of your clothes.*

Watch the results as soon as your laundress begins to use P and G—see the marked improvement week by week until, after three or four washings, that fresh, clean, new-whiteness reveals itself.

Then you will know why P and G is by far the largest selling laundry and household soap in America.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

Not merely a naphtha soap,
Not merely a white laundry soap,
But the best features of both, combined.



Speed + Safety

Copyright 1923, by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati

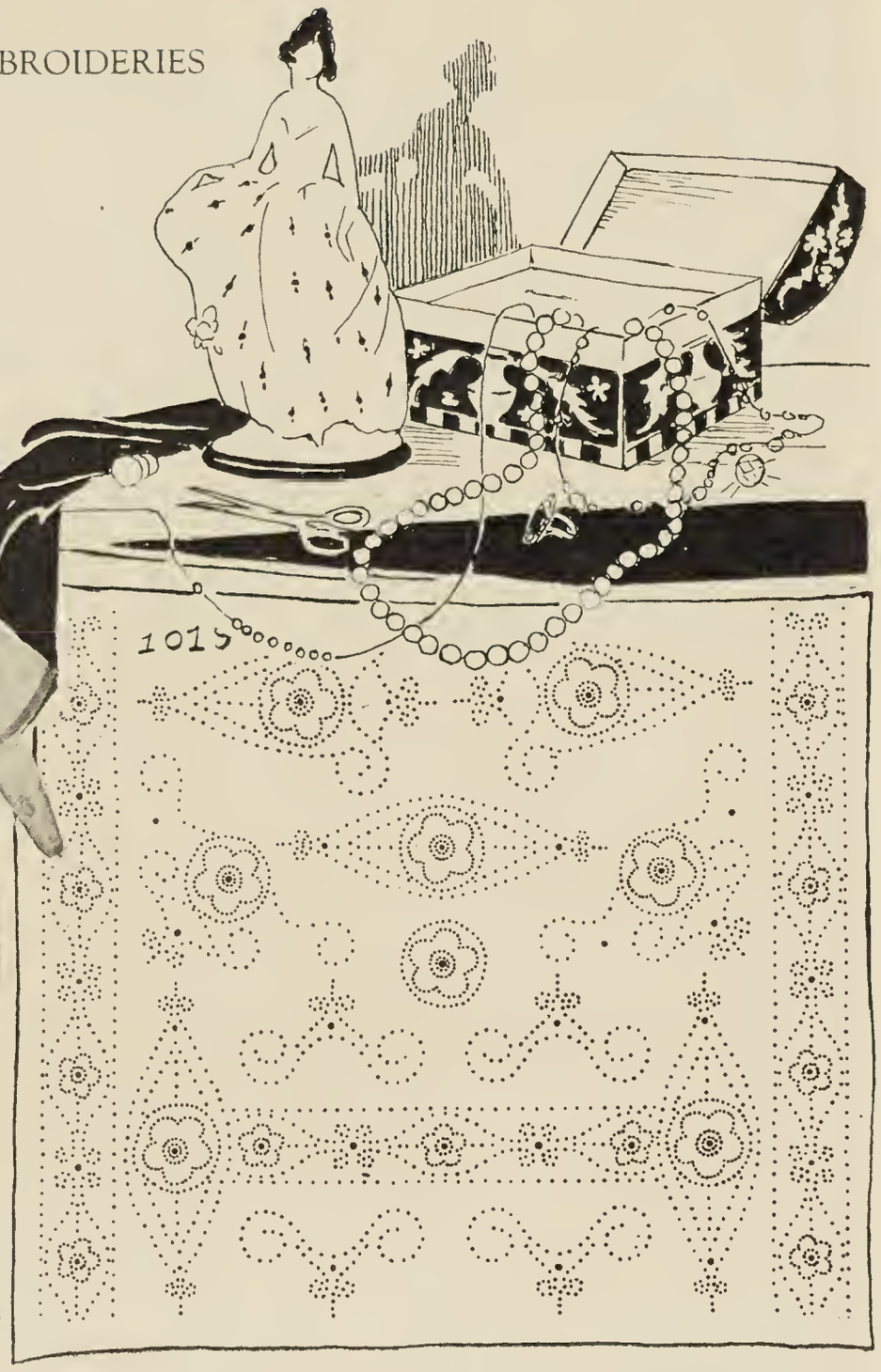
RAG DOLLS FOR CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS AND NEW COSTUME EMBROIDERIES



Rag doll 10192



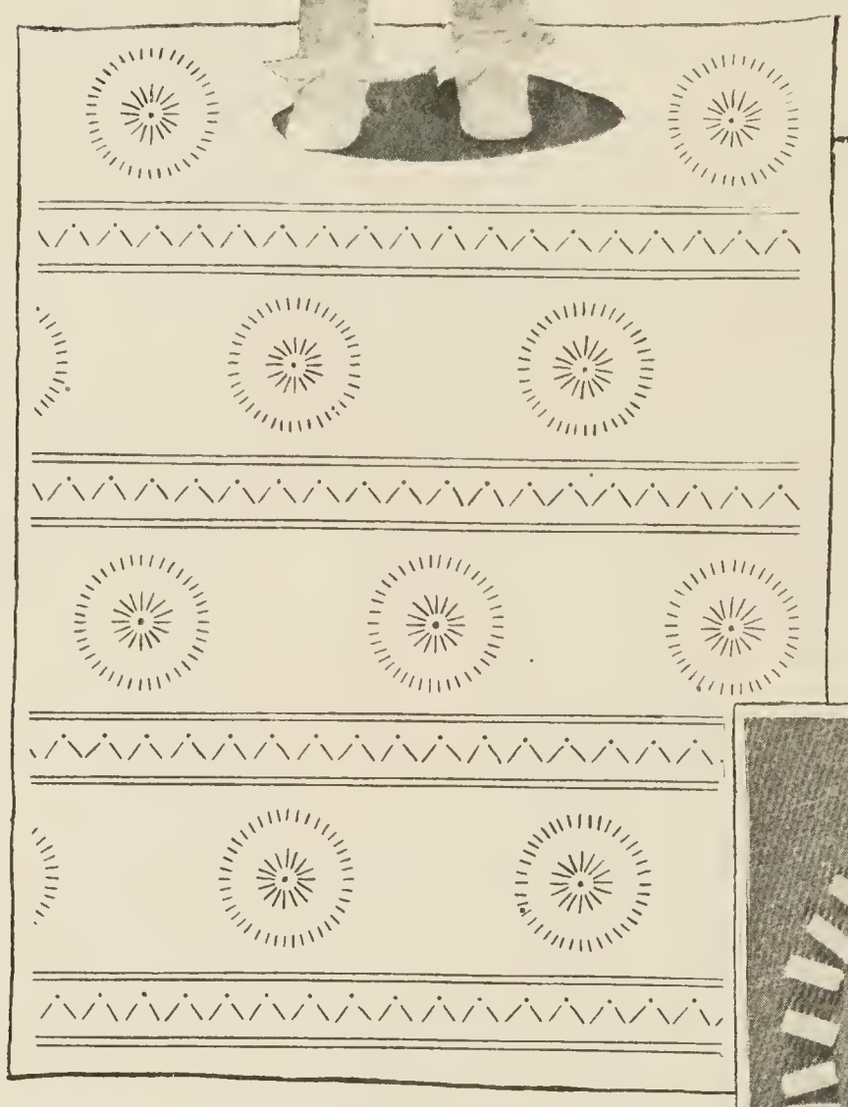
Rag doll 10192



Embroidery design 10198

10192— Poor indeed, is the tiny tot who must grow up with no rag doll to love! Baby girls and even boys will like these rag dolls. They are very easily made. The bodies are flesh colored sateen, the hair red wool and the design for the face can be embroidered on the sateen in floss the color of eyes, lips, etc. The same wool that is used for the hair may be used for eyebrows. For the curly hair wind red wool around your needle and sew it on to the doll's head. The blue chambray dresses with yellow ducks in outline are piped in yellow. The design for the doll can be adapted to one body and two heads for a doll 13 inches high and a dress and bloomers.

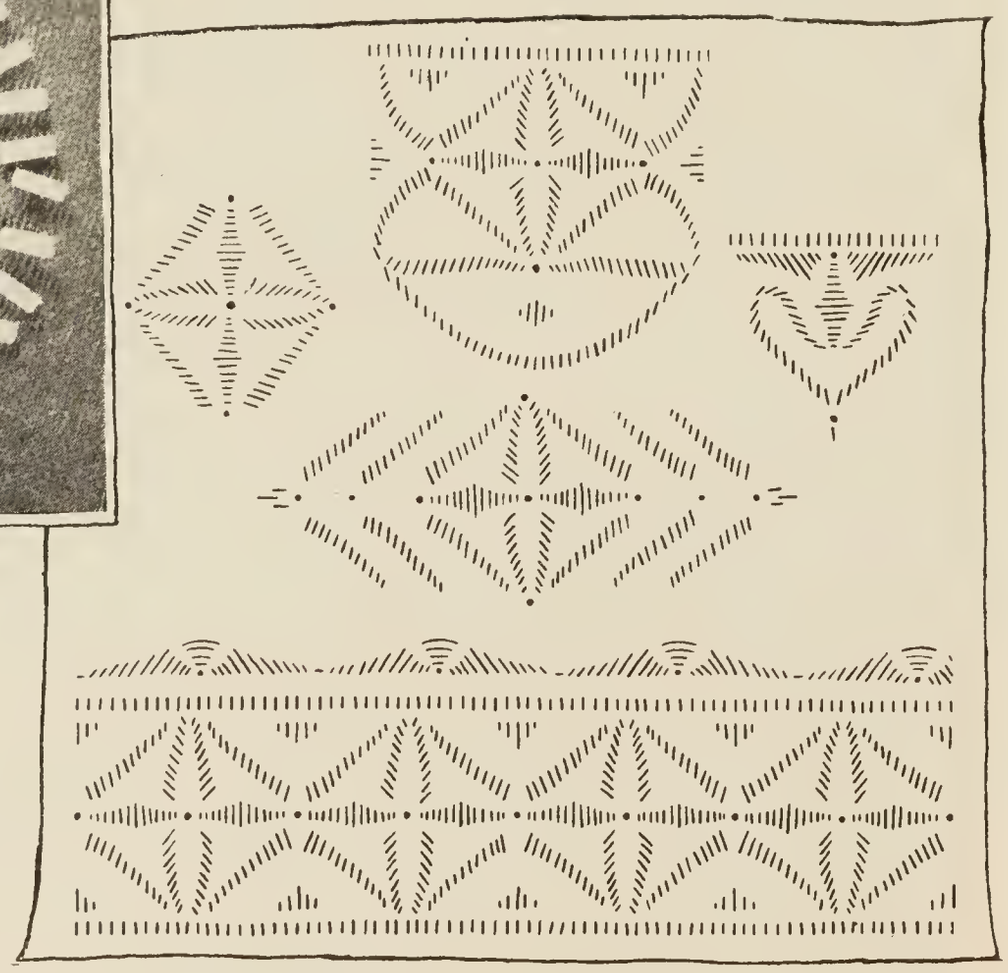
10198—For so many of the new blouses worn this season with handsome suits, it is desirable to use beading. Beads offer the best opportunity to introduce color whether it be on the new hats or on blouses, dresses, etc. The banding and motifs of this embroidery design may be worked in the same color beads or a harmonious color scheme used. The design can be adapted to 2¼ yards of banding 8¾ inches wide, 3¾ yards of banding 2 inches wide, eight motifs 8⅞ by 1¾ inches, six motifs 7½ by 4⅜ inches, four motifs 7¾ by 4¾ inches and ten motifs 2¼ inches in diameter.



Embroidery design 10197



10197—In trimming the new dresses, blouses, coats, hats, etc., very often one desires to use a single part of the banding. This new embroidery design contains all-over banding which may be used separately if desired or used complete as the very wide banding. This design should be worked in one-stitch, beads or French knot embroidery. The design can be adapted to 5⅛ yards of banding 10⅛ inches wide, which, if one desires, may be cut into 1¼ or 4-inch banding.



Embroidery design 10199

10199—Borders about the hems of box-coats to three-piece costumes, wide bandings on dresses, motifs and bandings on blouses, an all-over design for a coat—for these and many other places you will want an embroidery design which works up quickly and easily. This new embroidery is done in one-stitch and goes very rapidly. It may be worked in self-color or a contrasting color if preferred. The design can be adapted to 3⅜ yards of banding 4¾ inches wide, 3⅛ yards of banding ¾ of an inch wide, six motifs 4⅝ by 4⅜ inches, six motifs 4¼ by 4¼ inches, four motifs 11 by 4⅜ inches and two motifs 7 by 7 inches.



Is your skin oily— your nose shiny?

You can overcome this condition by the right treatment

Many women suffer all their lives from an oily, shiny skin, without knowing that it is easy to correct this trouble.

A certain invisible amount of oil in your skin is necessary to keep it soft and supple. But too much oil not only spoils the appearance of your skin; it very much increases the danger of infection from dust and dirt.

Don't let your skin get the habit of always being shiny with too much oil. Use this treatment once or twice a day, and see how helpful it will prove in keeping your skin in just the right condition:—

CLEANSE your skin by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and lukewarm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now with warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it thoroughly into the pores with your finger tips—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

This treatment will give your skin a firmer, fresher look the first time you use it. Follow it persistently and see what a wonderful improvement it will make in your appearance.

What is your particular skin problem?

Perhaps excessive oiliness does not happen to be your skin problem; perhaps the trouble with your skin is too great dryness and sensitiveness; or perhaps you are troubled with blackheads—blemishes—conspicuous nose pores.

No matter what kind of skin you have—you will find the treatment that especially meets its needs in the booklet, *"A Skin You Love To Touch,"* which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

"WITH warm water work up a lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub thoroughly into the pores with your finger tips . . . ." The rest of this treatment is given in the first column below.

Special treatments for each different type of skin are given in this booklet. By following these treatments thousands of women have overcome the faults in their complexion and built up a fresh, clear, lovely skin.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today, and begin tonight the right treatment for *your* skin. You will be astonished to see what just a week or ten days of this special care will do for your complexion—how much softer, smoother, more brilliant it will become.

A 25 cent cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap lasts a month or six weeks for regular toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common troubles make it ideal for regular use. Woodbury's also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

Three famous Woodbury skin preparations —guest size—for 10 cents

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.
1911 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 10 cents—Please send me a miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing,

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1911 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario. *English Agents:* H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.

Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State .....

Cut out this coupon and send it to us today

Copyright, 1923, by The Andrew Jergens Co.

Eating for Health

IT is much more important to eat for health than for the mere pleasure and satisfaction of eating. But why not plan your meals for both?

For Easier Digestion

An extended scientific investigation, just completed by high scientific authorities proves that Knox Sparkling Gelatine has a remarkable "colloidal action" which means that it helps natural digestion by softening the food eaten.

For Beneficial Delight

It is so easy to eat for health as well as for pleasure, by often serving for lunch or dinner one of the many delicious desserts and salads, a jellied consommé, or meat, fish and vegetable dishes easily and economically made with

KNOX
SPARKLING
GELATINE

And science has gone even further in proving that Knox Gelatine is naturally rich in Lysine—the valuable protein element which promotes healthy growth.

For Child Health

For this reason, Knox Sparkling Gelatine—being a plain, unflavored, edible Gelatine—should be given freely and regularly to the children in their daily diet of pure fruit juices, soups, milk, eggs, cereals, and desserts.

Important Book—FREE

This investigation disclosed so many important facts about the health value of Knox Sparkling Gelatine that they have been recorded in a book, "*The Health Value of Gelatine,*" which everyone should read—especially mothers. This (together with recipe books) will be sent free, on receipt of 4c for postage and your grocer's name. Address:

Health Dept.

Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co., Inc.
166 Knox Avenue Johnstown, N. Y.



THANKSGIVING SWEETS

By Guido Brusati

Pastry Chef of The Ambassador Hotel, New York City

THE housewife who can make a good pie crust, a good custard and a good meringue has at her command the possibility of numberless combinations. Here are reliable methods of making all three:

PIE CRUST

1 pound flour 2 eggs
½ pound sweet butter Pinch of salt

Sift the flour in a mound on the molding-board and make a hollow in the top. Into this hollow put the butter, the egg and the salt. With the fingers work the flour from the outside of the mound, rubbing it lightly into the butter and egg until the ingredients are thoroughly mixed. Add a little water but be careful not to make the paste too soft. Set it away in a cool place for an hour. Then roll it out quite thin—about one-eighth inch thick—and put on a pie-plate. Roll out a long thin piece and lay it around the edge of the crust, pressing it with thumb and finger, with a fork or with a fluting-iron so that a border is made.



Marzipan confections

CUSTARD FILLING

1 quart milk (scalded and then allowed to cool before using)
5 eggs
½ pound granulated sugar
A few drops of any desired flavoring

Mix the eggs with the sugar. Add the milk and flavoring and pour into the crust. Put into a moderate oven and cook for twenty minutes, or until the custard is set.



An apple tart from The Ambassador

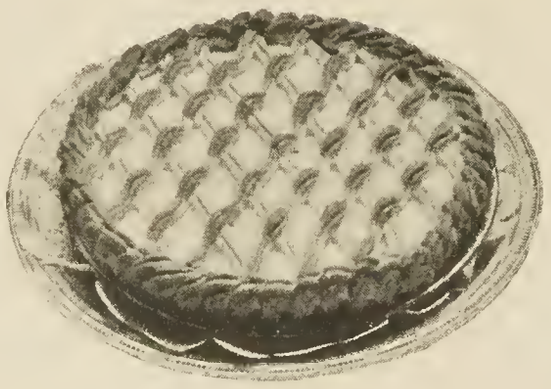
MERINGUE

½ pound granulated sugar Whites of 4 eggs

Whip the egg-whites very stiff and then stir the sugar into the egg and put into a pastry-bag. Decorate the top of the pie in any desired design and set it into a hot oven for two or three minutes until the top of the meringue is a delicate brown.

THE same custard can be used to make cream-caramel custard pudding and small cup custards flavored with any desired flavoring. Mixed with equal quantities of mashed pumpkin and flavored to taste, it makes creamy pumpkin pie.

The pie crust is excellent for fruit tarts of all kinds, large or small, and by taking a little care in the arrangement of the fruit an effect can be secured that will turn the plain apple pie of the family meal into an apple tart suitable to serve at the most formal table.



Meringue pleases eye and palate

MARZIPAN

½ cup heavy sugar-sirup
¼ pound almond paste
½ pound confectioners' sugar

This is a sweet that is good at any time, but particularly appropriate for the Winter holidays.

Warm the sirup slightly and mix it well with the almond paste. Add the sugar and work it thoroughly into the paste. Add a few drops of any desired flavoring extract—vanilla, orange, lemon, strawberry, pineapple, etc.—and mold the paste with the hands into various shapes—apples, oranges, strawberries, carrots, beets, peaches, pears, etc. The paste may be slightly tinted by touching the outside with a coloring dissolved in water. Where stems or leaves are needed, they may be made of angelica and stuck into the fresh paste. These confections may be kept indefinitely in a cool place.

THERE are many little arts in the making of fancy pastry that, when viewed in the finished product, seem difficult, but which are in reality comparatively simple when the method of doing them is known. For instance, a small round sponge-cake decorated with a fancy icing and some chopped nuts can be turned into a picturesque basket by the addition of a chocolate handle. The method of making this handle is simple. Press the melted chocolate through a pastry-tube on to a piece of heavy waxed paper, following the shape of a croquet-hoop. Let the chocolate get perfectly cold and then pull it from the paper and insert the two ends into the cake.

Again, an elaborate-looking mottled frosting may be achieved as follows: Spread a cake with soft white fondant. Across this put streaks of soft chocolate about one inch apart. While the frosting is still soft, take a rather dull knife and run it lightly through the frosting across the chocolate streaks. As the knife is drawn through the frosting, the chocolate streaks will be drawn into points. Repeat this at intervals of an inch all across the cake. Then draw the knife in the other direction between these lines and the result will be a white icing with streaks of chocolate running in zigzags all across it.

A simple method of making dry peppermints to serve at the end of the Thanksgiving dinner is this:

½ ounce gelatin melted in ½ cup hot water
2 pounds confectioners' sugar

Mix and knead thoroughly on a hard flat surface. A marble slab is best for the purpose. Add peppermint essence, a drop or two at a time, working it well into the paste, until the desired flavor is secured.

Roll the paste back and forth over the slab, pressing down lightly with the palms of the hands, until it is rolled out into a long stick and then, with a sharp knife, cut off pieces one-quarter inch wide. Lay these flat on waxed paper and allow them to stand in a dry place for several hours.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Mr. Brusati is not only an adept at making delicious desserts—he is a veritable artist in sugar. The tall compotier illustrated is one of the many beautiful pieces he has made entirely from sugar. The average housewife, of course, could not compete with Mr. Brusati in work of this sort, but she can make the charming little marzipan fruits that fill the compotier, and the recipe for which is given above.

Something NEW in the jam jar!



HERE'S a new kind of jam—a delicious jam—a jam that is good for the children—because science says it actually promotes healthy growth. You can make up a week's supply and keep it in the jam jar ready for the school lunch or as a spread for that "between-meals filler" of bread or crackers.

It is also delicious on the morning toast or muffins, or with the breakfast cereal. It makes the most delicious cake filling you ever tasted! And besides its appetizing charm, it is a healthy aid to digestion. It's simple and very economical to make with

KNOX
SPARKLING
GELATINE

Mother's Gelatine Spread

2 teaspoonfuls Knox Sparkling Gelatine
⅔ cupful orange juice
3½ tablespoonfuls juice from orange peel
A few grains of salt
1 cupful Karo Syrup (Red Label) or any crystal clear syrup

Soak gelatine in strained orange juice for five minutes. Set cup containing this in boiling water. When gelatine is dissolved, remove cup from hot water and stir in syrup, salt, and liquid from orange peel, keeping in refrigerator until it congeals or reaches a "spreadable" consistency.

Make the orange peel liquid by shaving off the yellow rind of ½ orange (do not use the inner white part), add ⅛ cupful cold water; cover and boil about ten minutes. Drain and use this liquid as directed above.

A Valuable Book—FREE

Science has discovered some very remarkable facts about Knox Sparkling Gelatine. As a plain, unflavored, edible gelatine it has proved to be one of our most beneficial foods in aiding digestion and in promoting child growth.

Everyone, especially mothers, should read our book,—"The Health Value of Gelatine." It will be sent free, together with the recipe books, "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy," on receipt of 4c for postage and your grocer's name.

Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co., Inc.
166 Knox Avenue Johnstown, N. Y.

"Always Highest Quality"

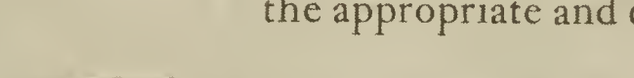


COMMUNITY PLATE



Which Fork?

Or Which Spoon? The variety of modern table equipment makes the service of any meal a delightful art. Here are some of the appropriate and distinctive pieces included in COMMUNITY



OLIVE SPOON

Patrician design illustrated

Placed in the dish of olives (or salted nuts), and served to each person in turn. *Each* $1.75



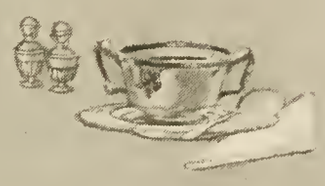


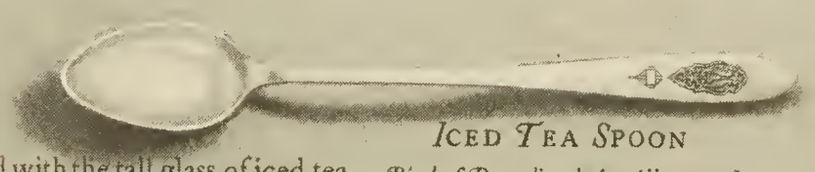
BOUILLON SPOON

Bird of Paradise design illustrated

Used when bouillon or consomme is served in cups. It is placed on the table beforehand, laid crosswise just above the plate.

Set of six $7.00





ICED TEA SPOON

Bird of Paradise design illustrated

Used with the tall glass of iced tea, lemonade, grape juice, loganberry or other iced drinks.

Placed on right-hand side of plate holding the glass. *Set of six* $6.00





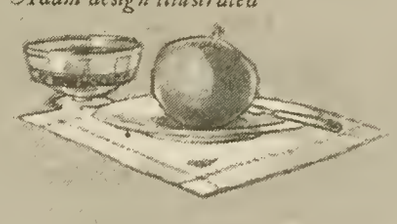
STAINLESS FRUIT KNIFE

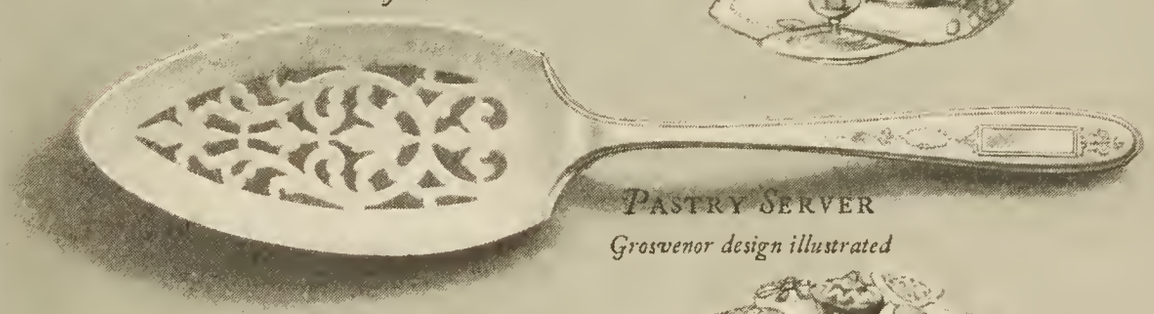
Adam design illustrated

At breakfast, laid at the right hand of the breakfast knife.

At dinner, placed on the plate that bears the finger bowl.

Set of six $10.00





PASTRY SERVER

Grosvenor design illustrated

Placed before the hostess with the pie, or laid convenient to her hand on the serving table or dinner wagon.

Also convenient for serving *French Pastry*. *Each* $4.00





COLD MEAT FORK

Grosvenor design illustrated

When the host prefers to serve the cold fowl or meat, the *Cold Meat Fork* is placed at the right of his place, or just above it. May also be laid on the platter, which is then passed to each person in turn.

Each $2.25



¶ Our dainty booklet on Correct Table Service–edited by Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont's social secretary–may be had from your dealer, or from us on receipt of ten cents. Oneida Community, Ltd., Oneida, N.Y.



More Beauty Now

Millions show prettier teeth

Nowadays women take care of their beauty, and beauty has multiplied as a result.

One method is a new way of teeth cleaning—a way that combats the film. Millions now employ it. You see the results wherever you look. Teeth are whiter now, and people smile to show them.

This is to offer a ten-day test to those who don't know this method.

Don't leave the film

You feel on your teeth a viscous film. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. No ordinary tooth paste effectively combats it.

As a result, the film absorbs stains. Then it forms dingy coats. Tartar is based on film. Those cloudy coats hide the luster of the teeth.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. That's why few escaped tooth troubles.

Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So that became alarmingly common.

Curdled and removed

To meet this situation, dental science sought ways to fight that film, and two were found. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these methods by many careful tests. Then a new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. These two great film combatants were embodied in it.

That tooth paste is called Pepsodent. For years, leading dentists the world over have been urging its adoption.

Effects on saliva

Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for the acids which cause decay.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Certain elements in our diets can do the same. Races which largely employ them are almost immune to tooth troubles. With our average diet, the tooth paste should bring them.

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

It leaves no doubt

Pepsodent quickly proves itself. You can see and feel that it is doing what never before was done.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Watch the other good effects.

In a week you will realize how much this method means to you and yours. Cut out coupon now.

Ten-Day Tube Free 1177

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 318, 1104 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

.....

.....

Only one tube to a family.

PAT. OFF
Pepsodent
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

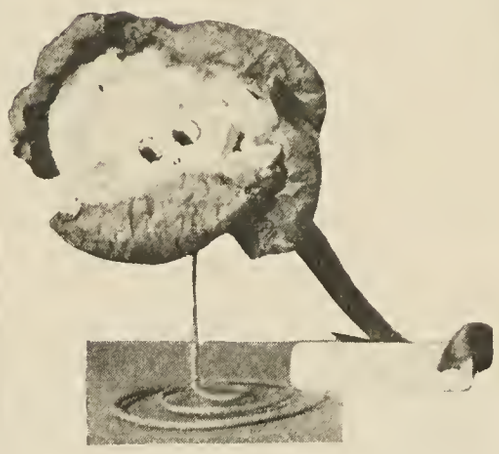
Canadian Office and Laboratories:
191 George St., Toronto, Canada

THANKSGIVING FAVORS

Tissue-paper and other inexpensive materials make these decorations for the Thanksgiving table. If you want complete directions for making them, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Home-Makers' Department.



A pumpkin carriage drawn by turkeys makes a charming centerpiece



A coquettish little cabbage place-card



A blossoming bonbon-box



Gay, but not talkative this time



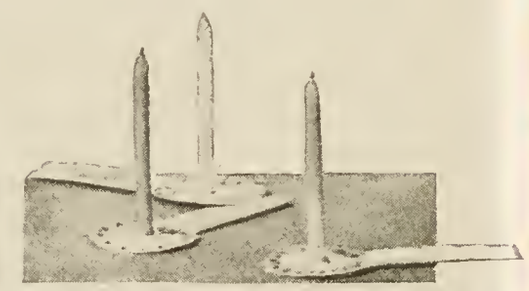
A pen-wiper with a wish-bone skeleton



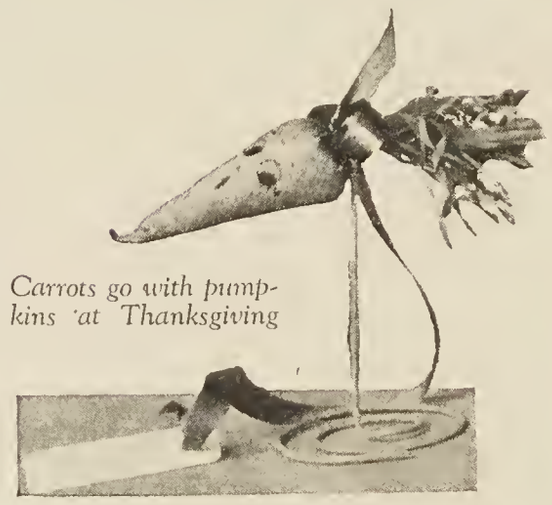
A beet adds a touch of brilliant color



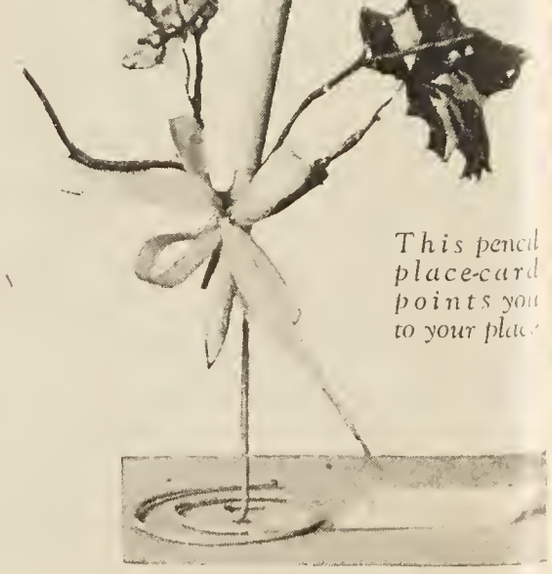
An easily made container for nuts or candy fruits



These small candlesticks make dainty little place-cards



Carrots go with pumpkins at Thanksgiving

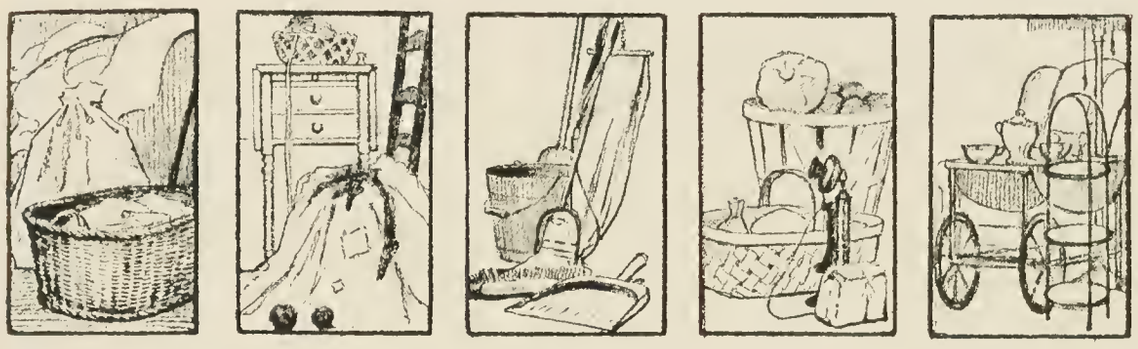


This pencil place-card points you to your place

SAVE A DOLLAR

The thrifty use of good things makes a better home

Each suggestion has been tested and approved by the Home-Makers' Department



THE DELINEATOR is interested in good suggestions for saving the housewife's money, labor, food or fuel and will pay five dollars for each item used in this department. (*NOTE: The offer of ten dollars each month for the best suggestion received is now withdrawn.*) Unavailable manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Please write on one side of the paper only and address: "Dollar-Savers" Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York City

SAVE ON ICE-BAGS

In an emergency when an ice-bag is very much needed, a satisfactory home-made one can be made quickly by filling a bathing-cap with chipped ice and fastening the cap with an elastic band or a long flat metal hair-curler.—ETHEL BUSHNELL, New York, N. Y.

SAVE WORK IN CLEANING THE GAS-RANGE

A small steel-bristled brush, such as is often used for a motor-car, and sand-soap furnishes the necessary equipment and supplies. A small amount of the sand-soap applied to the greasy grates with the steel brush dipped in hot water will remove the grease quickly and easily. The burners may be cleaned in the same way.—MRS. DUNNAM, Chicago, Ill.

USE APPLE FOR MERINGUE

Cream for whipping is sometimes difficult to secure. I have found a substitute for whipped cream which is very satisfactory to my family. It consists of an apple and the white of an egg. First the apple is grated and two or three tablespoons of sugar added. The white of egg is then added to the apple and sugar and beaten until it is light.—LENA BAKER, Rushville, Mo.

SAVE LAUNDRY WORK

A rubber apron for each member of the family who works about the kitchen will greatly reduce the number of cotton aprons which must be washed and ironed each week. As the ironing of aprons takes considerable time, the saving realized by the use of rubber aprons is quite an item.—MRS. WATTS, Braintree, Mass.

SAVE RENTS AND RUST STAINS

Clothes hooks and hangers are not to be found in many a camp and small hotel. The nails that are furnished for clothes are sometimes rusty and in any case are not satisfactory for dresses. An empty spool slipped over the nail will protect the clothing from the sharp edge and prevent rust discoloring. A few empty spools are always a part of my equipment when we start off for trips.—BARBARA REUMAN, Brooklyn, N. Y.

SAVE ON OILCLOTH

When a table is to be covered with oilcloth, place several layers of newspaper over the table first, folding it over the ends of the table well, then fasten the oilcloth over the papers. The oilcloth will wear much longer than it would if there were no padding between it and the table.—MRS. O. W. MATZKE, Western, Nebr.

SAVE POLISHED TABLES

Vases, bowls and other crockery which are placed on polished surfaces often mar the wood. This can be prevented by gluing pieces cut from old felt hats to the bottom of such pottery.—MRS. JESSE H. LIDE, Corinth, Miss.

SAVE ON SWEATERS

When the elbows of sweaters begin to wear thin, reenforce them with yarn of the same color and weight. Use a large needle for this and follow the thread of the knitting back and forth and in and out. A darn is unsightly on a sweater, but this reenforcement does not show at all and lengthens the life of the sweater considerably.—KATHARINE R. GREEN, Amoy, China.

SAVE ON STEEL KNIVES

When the steel table-knives get thin and chip or break easily from constant use and sharpening, do not throw them away. Take them to the scissors-grinder and for a few cents he will cut the blades to four or five inches and point the ends. You will have better paring-knives than you can buy.—MRS. M. SPRINGER, San Francisco, Calif.

SAVING EMBROIDERY FLOSS

A very satisfactory system of keeping left-over embroidery cotton or silk is to slip it into old envelopes that have transparent fronts; it is possible to see at a glance which embroidery silk is in the envelope. I pin the open end of each envelope with a needle the right size for the thread.—MRS. L. L. LONG, Toulon, Ill.

SAVE ON MEAT

When you have a chance to get an extra heavy leg of lamb, buy it, even though it may be more than you usually get. Have the butcher cut off quite a bit from the foot part and take it for soup. That piece and half a pound of dried Lima beans which have been soaked overnight will give you the famous soup "à la Jackson" of the French chefs.

Have the butcher cut off several leg chops, which can not be bought otherwise in American markets. The French prepare these as follows:

Brown them in the pan with a very little butter and when almost done put half a dozen leeks, peeled and halved, into the pan, cover tightly and put on a low fire for twenty minutes; this cooks the leeks and makes a fine sauce in the pan for the dish. The flavor is entirely different from all other forms of the lamb chop.

Try pot-roasting the leg of lamb on a very hot day when you want a roast but do not want the heat of the oven. Use a deep, heavy pot that can be covered tightly. Put four tablespoons of olive-oil in and when it just begins to smoke, drop in the lamb. Let it brown on one side and then turn it over. When both sides are quite brown, add two cups of boiling water, put on the cover and let it cook until very tender. Take care in turning it that you do not pull the meat apart. The steam will form a fine gravy. When the meat is about half done, salt and pepper generously. The leg should keep its shape just as it does when roasted; the taste is slightly different.—LOUISE RICE, Pt. Ste. Eustoche, Quebec, Can.



A Striking Blend of Beauty and Warmth

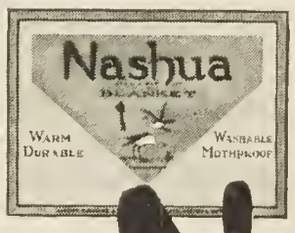
Put Nashua Blankets in the guest-room. Your friends will feel your hospitality more certainly, and carry away a more lasting sense of the luxury of your home. And here's a test to prove their warmth. Rest your hand on one of them and feel the heat urged back upon itself by the soft, fleecy nap.

You can sense the "feel" of these blankets even before your eyes take in their distinction.

They are generous and roomy in size—for example, 72 x 84 inches for double beds—their hospitable folds come up well about the neck. They'll stand repeated washings—look and feel like new when off the line—and their price is most attractive.

Amory, Browne & Co.

Dept. 605, Box 1206, BOSTON, MASS.



A toy blanket for Dolly brings delight to the junior housewife and her friends. A doll's pink or blue plaid Nashua Blanket 16 x 20 inches will be sent for 25 cents (coin or money order). Please specify color.

Nashua

REG. U.S. PAT OFF.

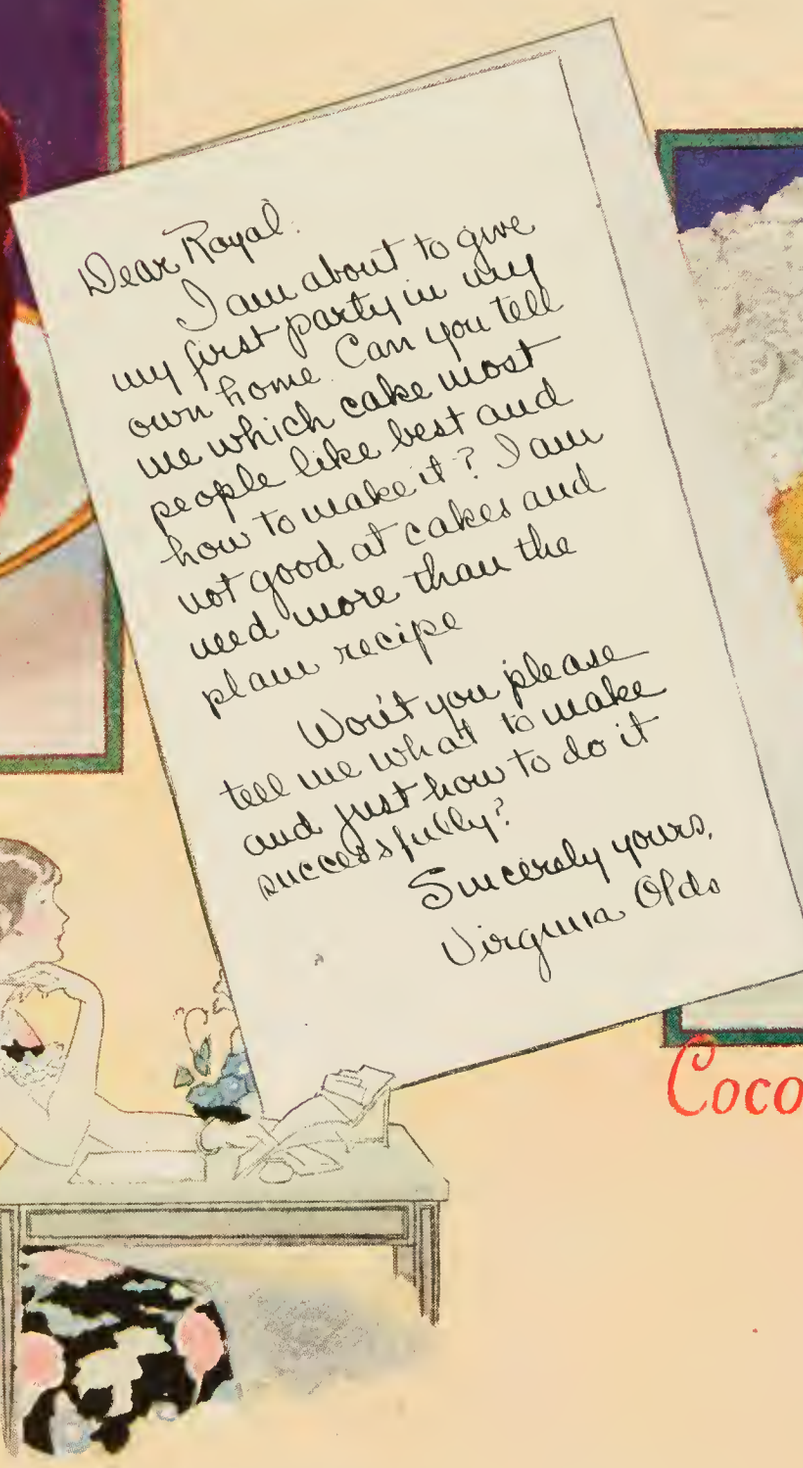
Blankets

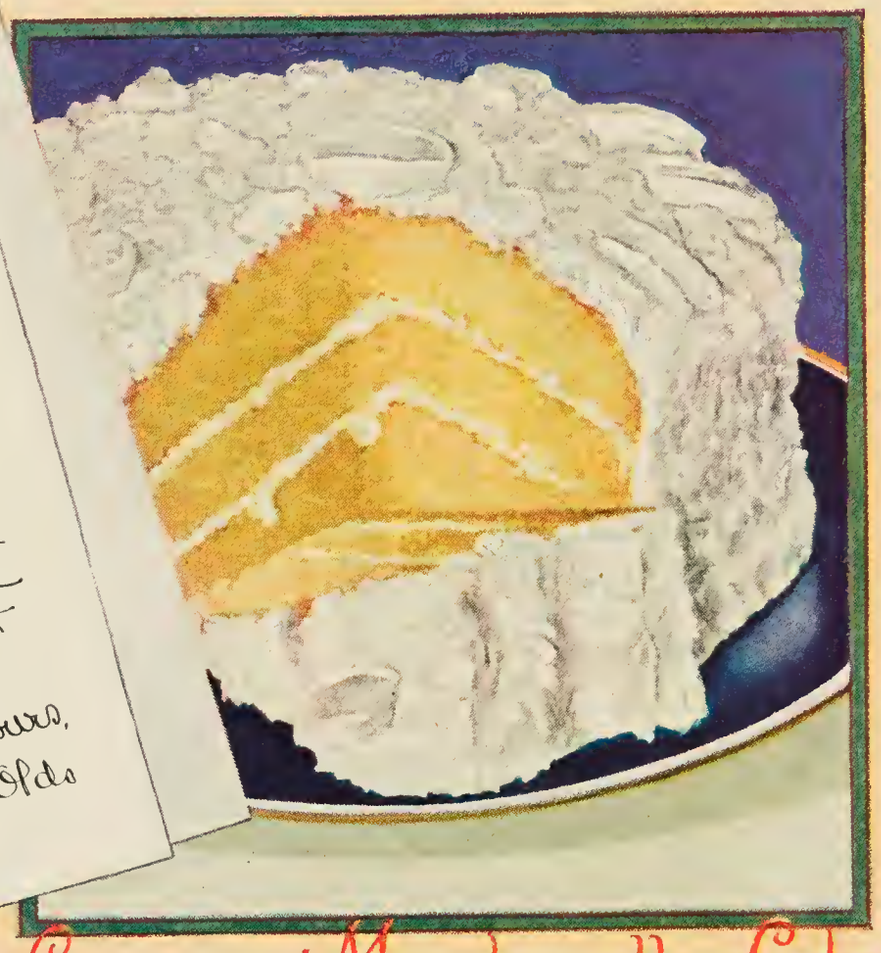
Warmth without Weight

Which is the most popular Cake *in America . . . ?*



Chocolate Layer Cake





Cocoanut Marshmallow Cake

$1050 IN PRIZES *to those who help most in answering Virginia Olds' letter*

$250 first prize; $150 second prize;
$100 third prize; $50 fourth prize;
100 prizes of $5 each

WE are asking you to help Virginia Olds because we think this problem of hers is one which perplexes a very great number of young women. We want you to tell from your own experience just what you would do if you were making a cake for your first party. Which kind of cake would you serve? Just how would you make it light, tempting?—a cake you would be proud to offer your guests? Everyone who answers Virginia Olds' letter has 104 chances to win a money prize!

You know, as Virginia Olds—and so many other young women know—that the recipe isn't the whole secret of making a successful cake. We have many good cake recipes—what we want in this contest is to have you give your own particular methods for mixing and baking cake.



Devil's Food





Orange Layer Cake

?

There isn't room enough here to show all the popular cakes in America. If your favorite cake is not illustrated it makes no difference in your chances for the prizes. We want you to write about your own favorite cake whatever it is.

Try making your favorite cake. From the time you mix up the batter till your cake comes out of the oven and is made ready to serve note everything you do which you think contributes to its success. Then sit down and write Virginia Olds all about it.

Talk to her in your letter just as if she were in the kitchen with you and you where teaching her how to make cake for the first time! But make your letter as short and simple as possible.

The most helpful letter wins the grand prize of $250 in cash. For the second best letter $150 will be paid. The third best letter wins $100 prize. $50 will be paid for the fourth best letter. 100 additional prizes of $5 each will be awarded for the next best letters. Each letter counts as one vote for the cake it describes. The cake which gets the largest number of votes will be judged the favorite cake in America.

1,782 Domestic Science Experts recently canvassed agree "Cream of Tartar Baking Powder is the best." Royal is the cream of tartar powder made from grapes grown in the vineyards of Southern Europe.

Contains no alum. Leaves no bitter taste.



CONTEST *closes January 1. Send in your letter early.* All letters will be judged by a committee of experts. Contest closes finally Jan. 1, 1924. Letters bearing a later postmark will not qualify. Send in your answer to Virginia Olds' letter. Send it early. You have 104 chances of winning a prize! The Royal Baking Powder Co., 104 East 42nd Street, New York City.

The recipes for the delicious cakes shown here and the new Royal Cook Book will be sent you free on request. Write for them.

You may use this coupon or make a copy to attach to your letter

Royal Baking Powder Co.
104 East 42nd St., New York

My favorite cake is.....
Attached is my answer to Virginia Olds' letter in which I teli her just what I do to make it a success. Please enter it in the great cake contest.

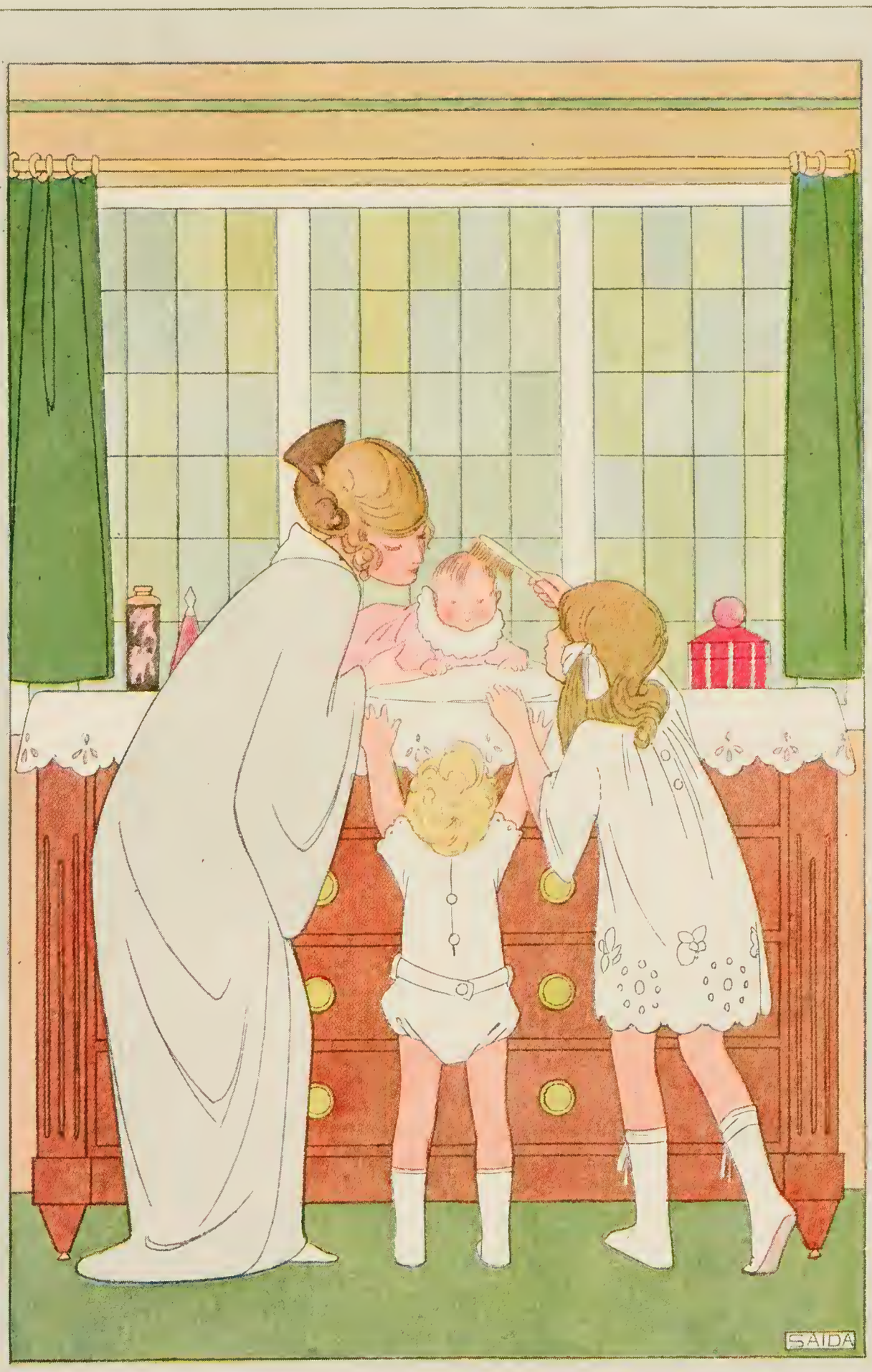
Name .....

Street.....

City..... State.....

Check here if you want the free Royal Cook Book.....

Send in your answer to Virginia Olds' letter-Win a prize



Everyone enjoys making baby clean and happy. Mother herself washes little bibs and diapers. Baby is comfortable in diapers washed in Fab suds and Mother's lovely hands keep smooth because there is cocoanut-oil in Fab's soft white flakes.

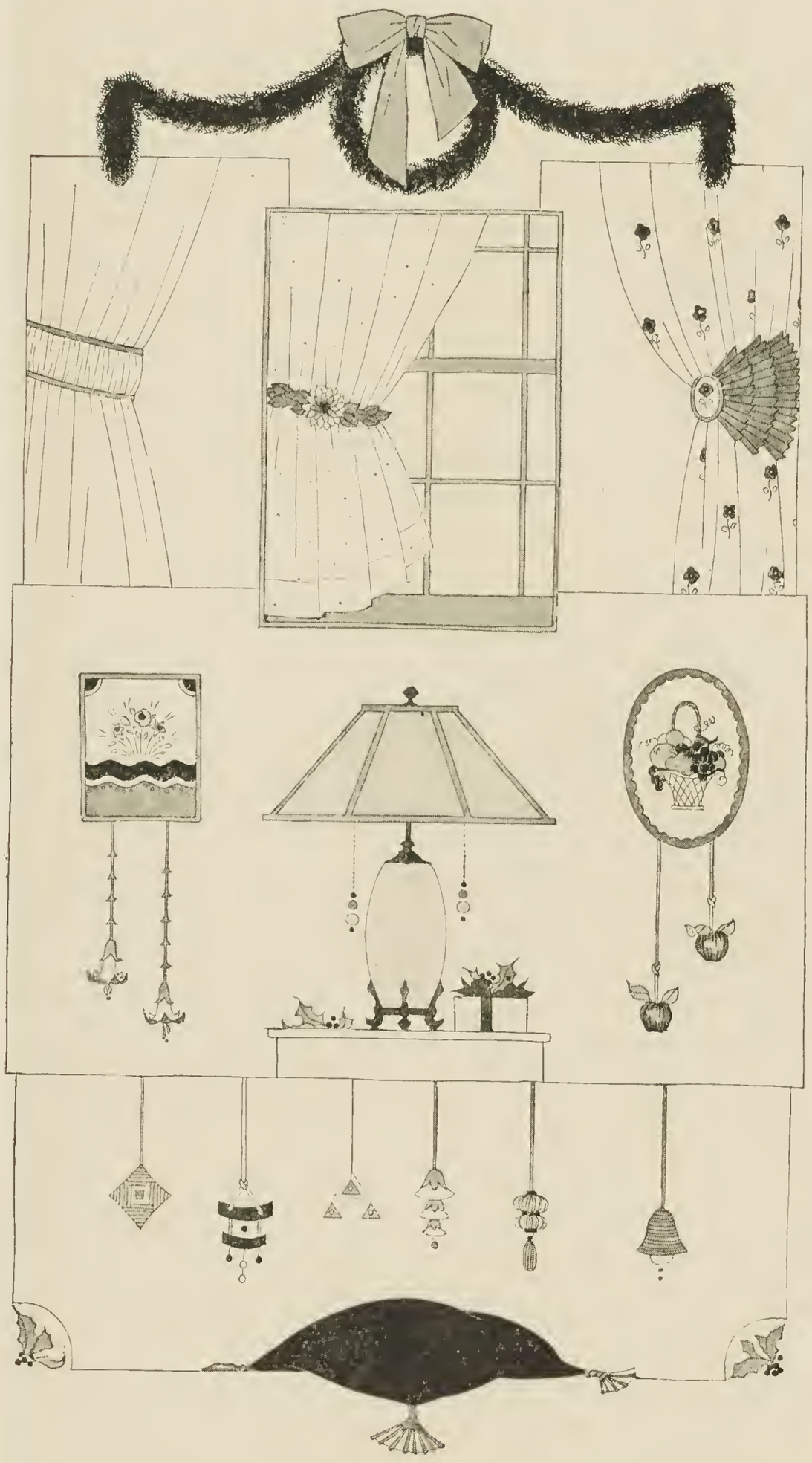
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We will send you a trial package of FAB for 4c in stamps. Address Dept. F-53, 199 Fulton St., New York.

©

TASSELS AND TIE-BACKS

By Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders
Editor, Department of House Decoration



THE tale of the tassel is not as long as some might have you believe, and thereby hangs the secret for the increasing vogue for tassels. Tassels for lamp-pulls, light-pulls, window-shades, picture-cord and cushion trimmings seem to be never-ending in their variety. These fascinating bits of braid, silk and muslin are timely suggestions for Christmas gifts. A pair of curtain tie-backs made to match a friend's curtain color scheme or tassels for shade-pulls would be a most welcome Christmas gift.

True, the heavy silk tassel with special braiding and weaving at the top can oftentime be bought more cheaply than made. The bargain basements have much to offer in light-colored tassels which can be dyed to match any color scheme or bit of fabric for house decoration. To make the more unusual tassels which are illustrated above, small bits of stiff buckram, wooden buttons and balls, pieces of silk, wood and some braid are necessary. Besides these, the best glue and some gilt or silver paint will also be needed. Fan-shaped or square buckram can be covered with any color soutache braid by first covering the buckram with silk and gluing the braid thereon. Silver or gold thread lends a sparkle if used for any necessary stitching. For light-pulls, wooden balls or buttons painted with colored or gilt paint may be strung in graduated sizes on a silken cord, and if the very last ball is painted with a luminous paint, it would aid in finding the tassel on dark nights.

THE evolution of the curtain tie-backs is a big step toward individuality in curtain-draping, and what could make a more acceptable gift for a friend's home! Sheer dainty organdy or swiss curtains look their prettiest if held back by equally dainty tie-backs. A wreath of pale-green leaves sewed carefully to a band of pale-green ribbon, with a small muslin flower to finish the strand, would be most appropriate in a dainty green-and-white bedroom. Medallions for the decoration of tie-backs may be made of the same material as the draperies or curtains themselves. If glazed chintz or cretonne is used, it is well to make the medallions by stretching the figured material over large round or oval wooden molds, sewing across the back of the mold. Sew to the edge of the covered mold small knife ruffles of a plain-color glazed chintz. For velours, damask or sunfast materials, dainty tie-backs may be made of the same material shirred top and bottom on heavy cotton cord. Heavy silk cords in colors to match the draperies are often finished with tassels or wheels made from the cord itself.



Are you overlooking the most reconstructive force in the world?

OF all the forces that make for health, strength and vitality there is none more important than *sleep*.

Anything that interferes with sound restful sleep is a thing to avoid.

Many people find that coffee—especially when taken at night—causes wakefulness. The stimulating effect of the caffeine in coffee irritates the nerves, and may keep you tossing for hours and hours—when you should be sound asleep, building up health and strength for the next day.

Why take chances? Why not stop coffee and drink healthful Postum instead? It's a pure cereal beverage that many prefer for its own delightful flavor and aroma.

Postum is guaranteed to be absolutely pure—free from any injurious element—as safe for little, delicate children as for the sturdiest man or woman.

Sold by grocers everywhere!

Postum FOR HEALTH
"There's a Reason"



"—the Nap lasts longer. when a Hoover is used"

In the attractive home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Roe at 25 Piedmont Court, Piedmont, California, the floors are softly carpeted by a dozen rugs—Orientals, Wiltons—all in excellent condition today because, *for twelve years*, they have been regularly beaten, electrically swept and air-cleaned by The Hoover.

There are some twenty-year-old rugs in the Roe collection, yet we doubt if you could pick them out, so well has this efficient cleaner protected them from wear. Some are cleaned every day, some twice a week, which is more often than usual.

These rugs are never sent out for cleaning; Mrs. Roe saves herself this bother and expense because she finds that The Hoover removes all kinds of dirt thoroughly, keeps the nap erect and preserves the brightness of colors.

"I have had people who don't own Hoovers tell me that vacuum cleaners wear off nap," relates Mrs. Roe. "I tell them my experience of twelve years has been that the nap lasts longer when a Hoover is used."

Gritty dirt, which ordinarily escapes removal, is what really wears out rugs; gently beating *all* dirt out of them, as only a Hoover does, cannot but increase their life—as it is doing for Mrs. Roe and more than a million other satisfied users.

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO
The oldest and largest makers of electric cleaners
The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

The HOOVER
It BEATS ... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

BRAIDED RUGS

By Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders

Editor, Department of House Decoration



AMONG house furnishings of the past for which there is a present-day demand, the braided rug has perhaps come into greater favor than all other objects. The task of making a braided rug may seem tedious to the inexperienced, but it is well worth the time and labor involved, as there are few floor coverings which can boast such excellent wearing qualities.

Old materials from the scrap-bag are usually used for the foundation of braided rugs. The best materials to choose in making rag rugs are thin flannels or light-weight woolens, though calicoes and muslins may be used alone or in combination with woolens and make good rugs. If you use new materials, make certain that the colors are fast and that all starch and sizing has been removed, otherwise the materials will shrink and the colors run when the rugs are washed.

There is no fixed width to cut rags for braiding, but two and one-half inches for thick materials makes a good stout braid. In joining thick and thin cloth, you can get the same thickness for each strand by cutting the strips of the sheer material wider and turning them in to a thickness that will equal that of the heavier cloth in the same strand. To join strips of thin materials, a small seam should be made with a firm backstitch. In the case of very heavy woolen cloth, the seams may be lapped and a running stitch used.

TO PREPARE a strand for braiding, the raw edges of the material should be turned in and the strand folded to a width of about one inch. Then this strand should be pressed and rolled in a ball or on a card to keep the edges in place. Some persons sew the turned edges together, which makes a splendid reversible rug when the work is finished. To start your braid, sew three strands together and fasten the strips where they are joined to a hook or nail; this will help to keep the strands taut and make your braid firm and tight. The next step is to braid in the ordinary way, keeping one strand shorter than the other two to prevent tangling. Because of the color scheme, it is best to start putting your rug together before you do all the joining and braiding of your materials. It is wiser also to go several times around a rug with one color before introducing another.

To start an oval rug, take a length of about fifteen inches and double it, sewing the two strips together straight before turning to start your circular sewing of braid. Round mats may be started by simply turning the end under and sewing the edges together in a circular fashion. The most durable and appropriate thread to use is carpet-thread or a heavy waxed linen thread.

There are two ways of sewing the braids together: top sewing, which shows on the wrong side, and reversible sewing, in which the stitches are unseen but which necessitates slipping the needle between each braid. While you are sewing the rug, it is a good idea to place it on a small table or stand to keep it from puckering or being uneven when finished.

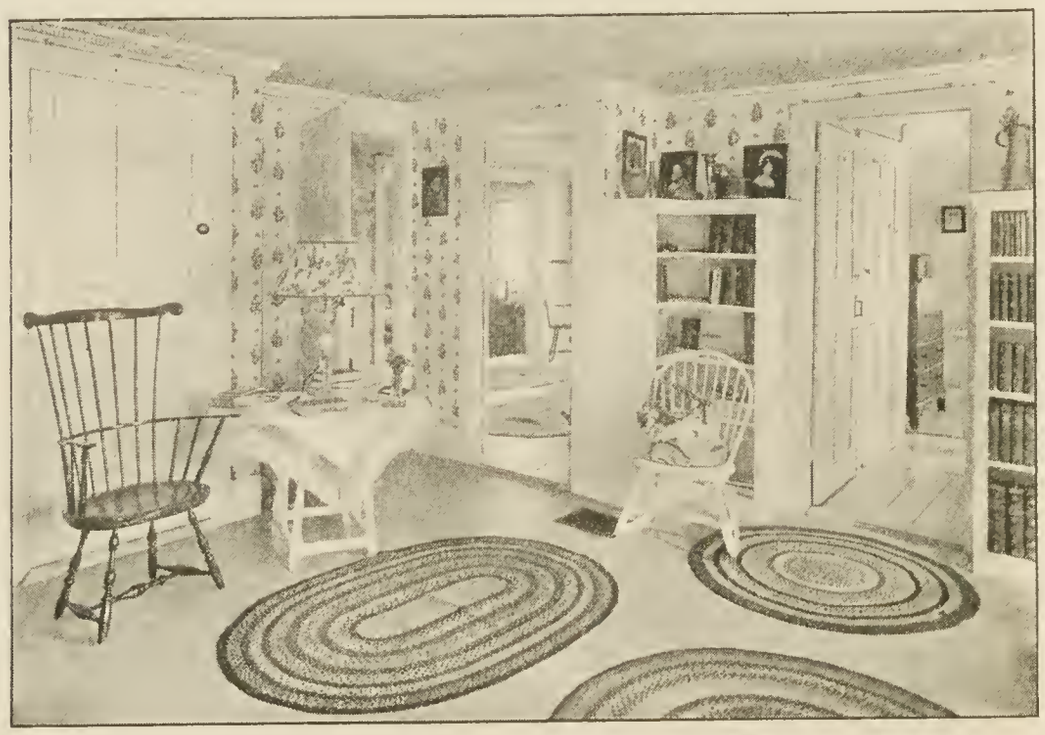
Braided rugs may be made in several shapes, such as round, oval or square. Four squares may be joined to make a still larger square, but two or three rows of plain braiding should outline the entire mat composed of joined squares. Three small circular mats may be joined together to make an oblong rug. These circles should then be outlined with several rows of continuous braiding. This finish will give the effect of three large scallops with perfectly round centers.

THE choice of colors may be left to the individual taste, but a few suggestions may be in order. The popular "hit-and-miss" is a combination of all colors in one braid and several joined braids of "hit-and-miss" should be outlined with one or more braids of plain color.

It is a good plan to start your rug with a plain dark color and then introduce several rows of lighter color or of the "hit-and-miss" combination. It is considered best to frame or outline braided rugs with three or four rows of plain black, dark green or gray; these colors, combined with old blue, yellow and rose, make very interesting and unusual rugs.



Hand-braided rugs of excellent workmanship may be purchased nowadays



Old materials were dyed and made into braided rugs which match the color scheme and type of furnishing of this charming living-room



The re-created dining-room

New wall paper, fresh paint, a rug that with its mingled rose and blues and browns catches mellowed sunlight through crisp window draperies. Furniture that Messrs. Chippendale, Sheraton and Heppelwhite might not blush to claim. And yet, something lacking! Some barrenness on the sideboard; and the table, set for dinner, not quite in tone with all the rest. Not enough silverware or the right kinds of pieces—that was it! She must get new silverware!

Is your home adequately supplied with silverware?

IN that last, swift glance at the table set for dinner perhaps you, too, have been conscious that the rich beauty of *enough* silverware was lacking. You have realized the important part that the soft gleam of silver plays in the furnishing of a room, quite aside from the utilitarian need for it in serving all meals smoothly. Yet you despaired of providing all the pieces you knew you ought to have.

But you need not! In "1847 Rogers Bros." you can purchase the silverware you need most reasonably—either knives, forks and spoons or a coffee or tea service of matchless grace. A half-dozen coffee spoons in the exquisite Ambassador pattern, or any other, costs only $3.75. Other refinements of the table—bouillon spoons, ice cream forks and serving pieces—are priced as moderately.

On a later occasion, moreover, you will be able to add to your treasure of 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate. Leading dealers everywhere are sure to have the newer patterns in stock.

Send for "HOW MUCH SILVERWARE," booklet L-17, which outlines the table service families of different sizes should have for gracious, comfortable living—every day and for entertaining. We also furnish handsome illustrations of the Ambassador and other patterns.

International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn.

AMBASSADOR PATTERN
Oyster Fork and After-Dinner Coffee Spoon



AMBASSADOR BOWL AND CANDLESTICKS

Pieces like these may be purchased to match the knives, forks and spoons of 1847 Rogers Bros. patterns. They add immeasurably to the charm of the dining-room, and are most practical for every-day use—whether platters, vegetable dishes, compotes, gravy boats, bread trays, or complete dinner sets.

1847 ROGERS BROS.
SILVERPLATE

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

Ready to Serve
A new cooked food deliciously prepared



HEINZ
COOKED
Macaroni
WITH CHEESE AND MUSHROOM SAUCE

You do not have to cook Heinz Macaroni. Heinz makes it and then cooks it with Cheese and Mushroom Sauce. It is only necessary for you to heat it and serve.

Another Ready-to-Serve *Heinz food*

HEINZ
COOKED
SPAGHETTI
in Tomato Sauce with Cheese

57



MY REMINISCENCES

Continued from page 9

What heavenly times in Scotland staying with Margot and Henry! One Summer they rented a beautiful castle from some millionaire. Henry was Prime Minister then, I think. The castle was near North Berwick, where we used to play golf. It was all great fun and never to be forgotten. Lady Lister Kaye, who, in America, was Natica Yzgana, and her husband, "Sir Johnnie," as we called him, were most tremendously kind to me. I am grateful for all those days I am writing about; while I may have been too young, as I have said, to appreciate them fully at the time, I can now make up for it with a feeling of real gratitude that I have had the experience.

ON MY return to America I played a second season in "Captain Jinks" on the road. My salary was doubled. We did an enormous business and went back to Philadelphia for two weeks, where we broke the record of the new Garrick Theater in the same play and with the same cast that had met with such a cool reception two years before. Then we played a week of one-night stands after we left Philadelphia. One of the men of the company became suddenly ill and I telegraphed my brother Jack to come on and take his part. Jack had not yet been on the stage and took it all as a great joke. He had a very short part and was very funny in it. After the end of the second act, where I did the celebrated dance with a hysterical breaking down at the end of it, there were always a great many curtain calls, when I took the whole company on the stage with me. When the curtain went up at the first curtain call on the first night of Jack's appearance, much to my surprise Jack walked out from the crowd right to the footlights and bowed low—quite alone. It was the silliest thing I have ever seen done, and, at the next curtain call, all of us were laughing hysterically at him. But he was not to be outdone; he graciously came forward, led me by the hand, bowed to me and then to the audience, as if he were introducing a shy débutante. It was not difficult then to realize that Jack would be a grand comedian.

At the end of that season I went back to London again, where I saw "The Country Mouse," the play that I was to do the following year. It was a delightful farce-comedy and I enjoyed playing it very much. This was the first season that Bruce McRae was with me as my leading man. He was with me for six years, a most lovable and dear man. With "The Country Mouse" I gave a little one-act play called "Carrots," in which I took the part of a little boy. It was a beautiful thing and I loved it. The next year it was "Cousin Kate," by Hubert Henry Davies. It was a great success.

I went back to England in the Summer, where I had a very funny experience while staying at Warwick Castle with a large house-party. It seems that it was customary to open the castle one day a week to visitors—all of which I knew nothing about. On this particular day my maid had told me that my bath was ready down the hall, and I had put on a dressing-gown, screwed my hair up tight on top of my head, and, with a sponge in my hand, started down the famous corridor for the bathroom. Turning a corner, I suddenly ran into a group of Cook tourists. As I fled through them into the bathroom, I heard a very American voice say, "Why, mother, it was Ethel Barrymore!" What on earth they thought I was doing in the ancient corridors of Warwick Castle with a sponge in my hand, when they were hoping to see a ghost of Queen Elizabeth, I shall never know. What an extraordinary story for them to take back!

Speaking of Warwick Castle: Lady Warwick, who was Milly's half-sister, was very kind to me. I had pneumonia once in London and was all alone. It was in August and everybody had left town. I was in a nursing-home recovering. Daisy heard about it in some way or other and came to the hospital and insisted on my being removed to her lovely place in Easton to recuperate.

Then there was one August when Jack and I went to Scotland to stay with Milly at Dunrobin, that wonderful place of the Sutherlands' on the sea. It was a very big house-party—the Grenfells and all their children—Julian and Billy were then about fifteen and sixteen, two of the most glorious boys I have ever met, both of whom were killed during the first few months of the war. I remember Jack's delight the first night at dinner when the Earl of Mar and Kellie appeared in a gorgeous kilt. Just after we had been seated—there must have been forty of us at table—a most piercing shriek came from behind the duke's chair. Nobody paid any attention to it but went on talking—all except Jack and me. We glanced at each other with expressions of horror and wondered if we were in a madhouse, when we saw something move back of the duke's chair. It was the piper. He began to stalk majestically around the table, piping the most pitiful sounds. As no one paid any attention to him, Jack and I realized that it must be a well-known custom not to be noticed.

We had splendid swimming up there. As a great many of the tenants were fishermen, and as it is a surprising fact that but very few fishermen can swim, Milly was anxious that they should all learn and had imported a magnificent Swede to act as their instructor. The Swede made a large diving-float for us and we used to have wonderful exhibitions of diving by the Swede, Constance Mackenzie and Florence Chaplin. Constance was the most beautiful swimmer I have ever seen. Jack, incidentally, was very good. He had never dived from any great height before, but he could not bear to see two girls doing it, so off he went one day and made the best dive of anybody—a way Jack has.

THEN, in September, back home to America for work. This time I think it was "Sunday," which I loved very much. It was during the play's run in Philadelphia that my father died. He had been ill for some time—for several years, in fact—and it was perhaps well that he should die. But, of course, I didn't think of that at the time; it was hard to realize that he was gone and I was miserable. I always remember him as he was—his brilliant, adorable, witty self. One could fill a book entirely of his sayings; some day I hope to do it. A typical example of his ready wit is his reply to a young dramatic critic in New York. The critic, who was on the staff of the pink paper usually seen in barber-shops, had written an extremely unpleasant notice of my father. They met in a restaurant a day or so afterward and the young critic, bold and self-important, went up to my father and said:

"Well, Barrymore, did you see what I wrote about you?"

"No," answered my father; "I shave myself."

The second year of "Sunday," Jack joined the company and played the part of *Jackie*. He was awfully good sometimes, when he wanted to be, but he was not taking the theater very seriously then. He was rather what is known as a handful. I knew then that he was eventually going to be an actor of serious rôles. That's why, when I had a special matinée of "A Doll's House," in Boston, I had Jack play *Doctor Rank*, in which he was very, very fine. This was even before he attempted the light-comedy parts in which he was so successful, like "The Fortune Hunter" and "Kick In." People thought that they discovered him when he played in "Justice," but I discovered him long before in "Sunday" and in "A Doll's House."

In the meantime, my brother Lionel, playing with my uncle, John Drew, had made an enormous success as an Italian organ-grinder in a play called "The Mummy and the Humming-Bird." No one has ever forgotten him who saw him in it. I was able to attend the opening performance of that play, and I shall never forget the cheers that rang out for him. It was a real ovation—the first part of any consequence he had ever played in New York, and he was quite unknown. From then on his star rose steadily.

The three Barrymore children were beginning to come into their inheritance. As we grew and progressed, it seemed to me very sad that my grandmother and my father and mother could not have been here to be glad about it. But perhaps they know and are glad anyway.

Continued in the December DELINEATOR



JELL-O

America's most famous dessert

THIS Jell-O Plum Pudding is made in a very few minutes by the easy Jell-O way. Dissolve a package of Lemon Jell-O in a pint of boiling water, and while it is still hot stir in three-fourths cup Grape Nuts or one cup coarse dried and brown bread crumbs, three-fourths cup stoned raisins, three-fourths cup English walnut meats, three-fourths cup cooked prunes and one-fourth cup citron—all cut fine; one-half teaspoonful cinnamon, one-fourth teaspoonful cloves. Salt to taste. Mix and let harden. Serve with whipped cream or pudding sauce.



The GENESEE PURE FOOD COMPANY, LE ROY, N.Y.

Canadian Factory at Bridgeburg, Ontario.

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Prices quoted do not obtain in Canada or Foreign countries

The manufacturers of Royal Society Needlework products have long enjoyed a reputation for originality in artistic production and superfine quality, both of which are noticeably revealed in the Current Line, which features new, colorful materials in many artistic novelties, fancy gift items, delightful garments for infants and children, sheer dainty under things, negligees for women, articles for men and decorative pieces for the home.

Send for illustrated booklet describing a variety of beautiful and useful articles

Just try one package, whether you embroider or not. The wonderful stitch diagrams and careful making in these packages have worked miracles in changing the old-fashioned idea that one must be skilled in needlecraft to embroider.

The facility with which you can follow Royal Society lesson charts and the convenience of having "everything in the package" has revolutionized the art of embroidering.

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A LODGING-HOUSE

Continued from page 7

green valleys—*everything*. He dropped her hand as though her fingers said *too* much.

"You will stay," he said. "I want you."

The queen lifted her shoulders slightly.

FROM a great window, an arch of stone, the girl slave watched the caravan that had brought her traveling back to Babylon on the ribbon of white road while the sun was going down behind Thebes. Around her she heard the soft moving of barefoot servants on the tile floor. They were bringing couches—pillows—rugs—flowers.

When the sun was gone and Thebes was flat-gray shadow, she sat on the floor like a curious child to watch them hang the stone walls with pale silk.

They brought a green bird, his neck feathers ruffed, his eyes small and sharp. He whished against the silk with awkward feet and pecked at bars across the bronze doors. The girl laughed at him. She made a clucking noise in her throat and put her hand to him.

"We belong to the king," she said, with a smile on her lips like a little dream. "It is *joy*, not *prison*, that barreth our door, peacock!"

The slaves hung swinging lamps that made circles of light and by these she saw tales of wizards and pictures carved on the ceiling. A black girl was filling lamps with perfume.

"Wilt thou read me those?" the little Israelite asked, pointing to the ceiling.

The black girl instantly left the lamps and sat down on her heels on the floor. In a flat voice—just words for what the eyes saw—she read on and on till twilight was night, till the slaves went away, till the bird strutted into a dark corner—and that was what the king found when, after moonrise, he came into this place: the little white girl on the floor by the other—the amber flame above making amber light on her face and her hair.

When she saw him, she came to her feet with quick, confused little words.

"Thou art so good, my lord," she said. "Thou hast given me *everything*, I think. Under my window the stars are so white in the Nile it seems the sky has come down close to drop them into the water."

They stood in that window together. The smell of damp lilies was thick and over-sweet. On the acacia-trees, moonlight seemed wet—like dripping silver. Down in the streets of Thebes people passed like shadows carrying lanterns.

The king took a gold chain from his neck and hung it over the girl's shoulder.

"Your face has been with me all day."

"I thank thee," she smiled. "How wonderful that the king should think of *me!*"

"I have been wondering who you are. Will you tell me all you remember?"

Curled in the pillows at his feet, she told him the little there was—she was only an Israelite. She laced his gold chain between her fingers, it lay on her hand like gold thread embroidered on satin.

"Life is only like the windmill at Rascleen," she said. "It must go as it goes. No hand can set a net for the wind. But still—I have only asked one thing of life." Her face was young white beauty against the night. "I have asked only—to be thine," she said softly. "And—now I am here!"

The king touched her fingers where they lay on the gray stone.

"And I ask only to keep you," he said quickly. "Tell me what I can give you."

"I wish nothing," she sighed, like a child *too* happy, "unless, perhaps, some time—I might touch thy throne!"

The king forgot Thebes—forgot Egypt. To every man comes the time when the depths of some one's eyes is all there is. He called to a black slave crouched at the door like a dog whose only reason for life is to have a master. "Rhaan," he said shortly, "make the throne-room empty of people!"

The girl caught at his fingers. "*To-night?*" she said in a frightened little way.

The king smiled at the bewildered look in her eyes. "With everything you desire, I would keep you as beautiful as you *are*," he said. "Why *not*—to-night?"

"Oh, my lord," she whispered, "I dare not *take* such happiness!"

She slipped to her knees beside him and touched her lips to his fingers.

THERE was no sound but water trickling on marble, no light but colored flames burning thin as smoke when the king and the girl, her feet bare, her veil sheer as moonlight, opened the great door into the room where ruled the king—"God of Egypt."

The fountains caught light, as if the water were burning. Glittering like live things watching from the dark, jewels were everywhere. The walls were tapestries lifetimes had woven. The floor, black cypress, was crusted with silver Arabian traders had *died* to get. Against the walls were the king's chests and chariots. Beside the fountain, slim figures of dancers and a harp. From an open wall a wind came in and touched the strings.

And apart in a light of its own—the throne—steps leading up in conscious majesty.

The girl seemed to stop breathing as she walked across that silvered floor. On the steps of the throne, in glass crystals, burned a mist of purple, and beside, chained, were the royal tigers. They made a thick, purring sound from the shadows. The girl saw their tawny bodies moving—moving. She touched a cord on the steps of the throne with the tips of her fingers. She held her hand into a ray of purple light.

The king watched her. In his helmet an asp glittered with a single topaz. His body was bare to the waist, his skirt linked with silver, his sandals strapped to the knee. Now in the forgetting of his kingdom, somehow he seemed more king than ever before, as strength unconscious of itself is always most strong.

The girl, with a childish little movement, put out her hand to him.

"What are you thinking?" he asked quickly. "Are you—*crying?*"

A man may count his whole life in only the one hour or another when the years that have been are nothing and the years that are coming are forgotten. A king, after all, is just you or I. Day—night—hope—friends—love. We only walk where the world has walked for ages.

She was so little—so like a mist in her white veil—she seemed scarcely more than the wind that came in—just some odd drifting spirit of night. Her eyes drew him toward her in the magnificent dusk.

"I weep that life made thee king," she whispered in quick, half-crying words. "It is only pain to love thee—so!"

He reached for her—held her.

"Who cares where life finds me," he whispered against her lips. "Life is only a lodging-house for the soul. A little while here—then somewhere else I shall find you!"

And then came a broad strip of light through an open door—and with it—the queen, tall and young, dark and beautiful.

The king turned to her as she came. The girl did not move.

"My lord, perhaps you forget," her majesty said, "that, though you may have a favorite, you have also a queen!"

She came to him—put her hands on his shoulders and kissed his lips twice.

The king took the little slave's hand in his.

"Rhaan will take you to your own room now," he said. "Peace—and good night."

Without looking at him again, she crossed the floor like a white shadow. The doors opened and closed. Water on marble dripped into the silence again.

The king turned angrily to his queen.

"Do you rule," he asked sharply, "or do I?"

"By name," the queen answered, "you rule, my lord, yes. But after all, only by my choice in wedding you. My father, through me, still is king. The girl returns to Babylon, or Israel shall suffer as long as you live!"

Her voice in that place was like a scar.

"You would strike Israel," the king said, his words short with anger, "for your hatred of one girl? Yes—your father would have done that!"

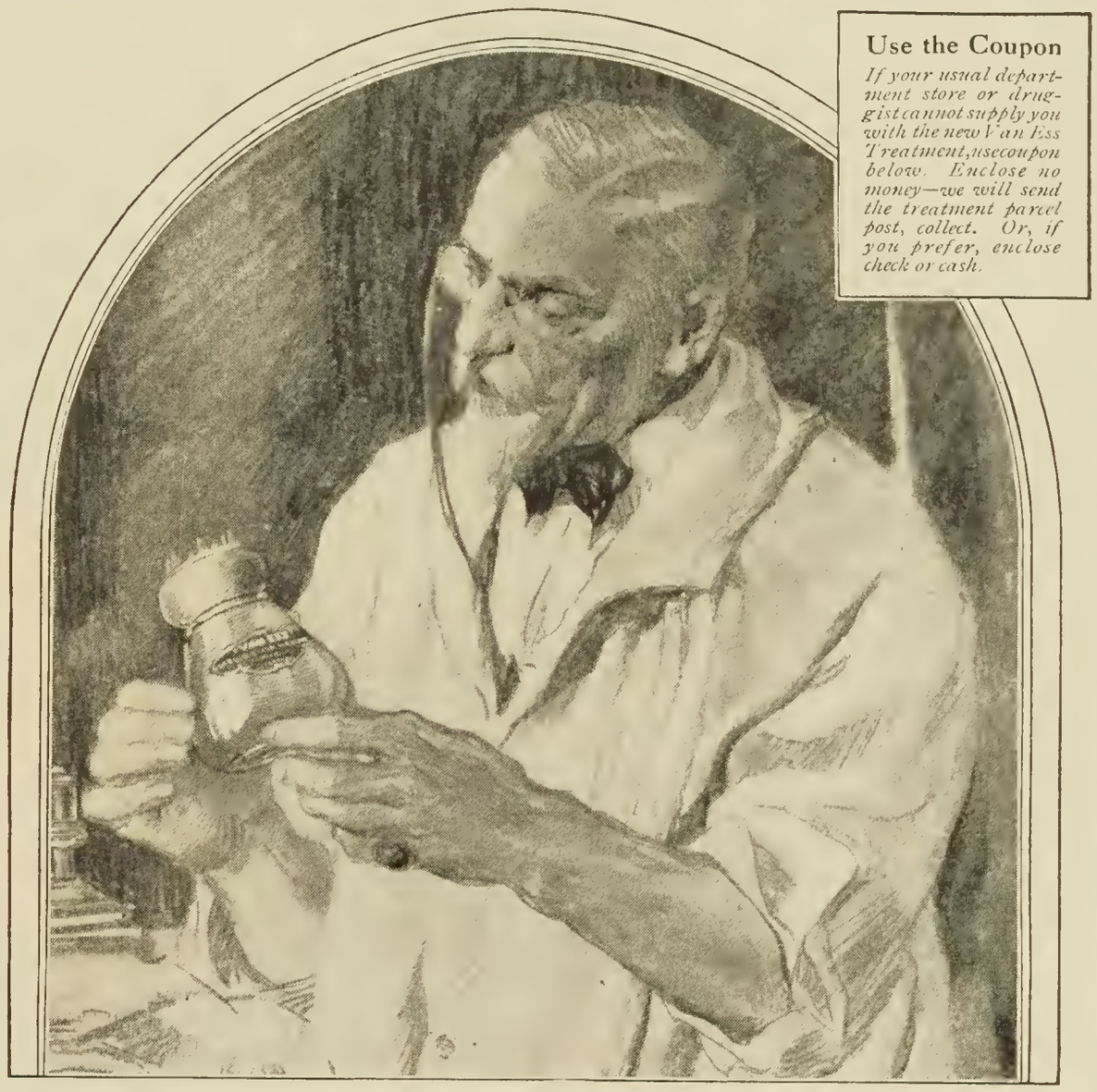
"My father gave no honor to slaves," she replied, "nor do I. And if in your name Israel is honored above the queen, in your name also shall Israel wither!"

The king's eyes were flashing.

"You can not wither Israel," he said. "The present heir to the throne—neither your son nor mine—is himself of Joseph's line. In *his* heart Israel is sacred as Egypt. When he follows me to the throne, one will fare as the other."

Continued on page 58

Discovers Way to Revive Hair Roots!



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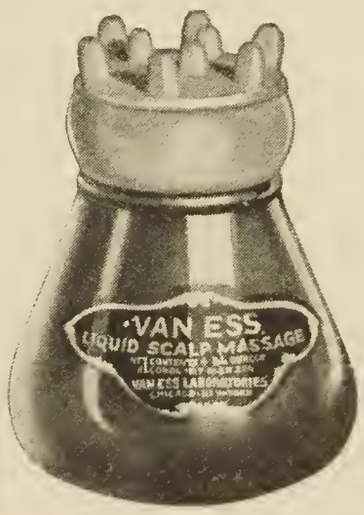
Van Ess thus guarantees the method, simply to overcome skepticism. Few persons believe, without seeing, that hair can be grown.

Why 6 Women in 8 Have Dull, Unattractive Hair

Van Ess traced the source of most hair troubles to a simple infection of a scalp oil called Sebum.

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FAIRY SOAP



A LODGING-HOUSE

Continued from page 57

The queen snapped the staff she carried against a glass vase. A little crash in the silence.

"When *he* is king is *then*," she said, her voice like her eyes, "but *you* are king *now*, and, my lord, by the armies of my father, the girl returns to Babylon to-night or Israel suffers *as long as you live!*"

The door had opened and closed again. Rhaan had returned.

"Rhaan," the king said quietly, "to-night you will add to my list of goods—one Israelite girl—sixteen—Athyra!"

WHEN dawn breaks like a wash of light over the desert, day is so close behind that dawn *is* the day. On the edge of the sand shepherds drive out their flocks, frowzy children scramble out of mud cups, people call to each other and night is forgotten before it is gone.

Once, while it was yet cool with that first light of morning, a shepherd on the Mokotam drove out his flock of ewes and goats. It was the month of Mesoré. The shepherd sang to himself. The day was warm and cool as flowers. He wore a smock of gray cloth and sandals of hide. A cord on his head kept his hair clear of his eyes.

Across the streak of sand was a valley. The goats smelled the river and hurried. But when the green edge of that valley was just ahead and the tents of the camp gray blotches behind, the shepherd saw riders coming from the distance. The sand made a cloud of them. The shepherd, curious, stopped to watch. He saw the pale early sunlight shining on helmets and shields. They were soldiers. Their horses were coming like a storm across the little desert. Then, suddenly, they turned and came straight toward the goat-flock.

The goats ran sideways stupidly. The shepherd waited. The horses stopped. Two of the men came to meet him.

"These are your goats?" one asked.

"Aye," the boy answered, with his smile—a boy's smile. "They are mine. You a soldier—I a goat-tender."

"Tie your goats," the man said bluntly. He threw a long cord to the shepherd.

"What meanest thou?" the boy asked, looking up—his eyes a question—the cord a mark on the sand at his feet.

The man puffed his lips out. "This will show you," he said. In his hand was a thong. He stung the boy's shoulder.

The boy drew up angrily, his face flushing crimson. "Who art thou?" he cried. "*Take* thy cord!"

The soldier struck the lad's mouth with a thick, ugly hand. "Cord the goats," he said bluntly. "By the king's orders."

The boy, his fingers trembling, took the cord and from hoof to hoof tied the goats to each other. Over the desert the sun came breaking through and in that pink light the shepherd saw the flash of a knife in the soldier's hand—a spurt of blood—one little ewe crumpling red and gray on the sand. He cried aloud. The goats bleated their frenzy and tore at that cord, but one by one, every little throat dripping, they fell— The soldiers rode away—in a cloud of sand again.

The shepherd, pale, streaked with welts, bewildered, went back along the trail where eager little goats had pebbled in the sand.

The first sorrow of Israel.

AND across the sunshine of that Israelite valley came the great dark blot of the power of a king. Masters with the lash—big brutes of Egyptians.

Days were weary pain—nights only the anguish between one day and another.

The old men—the date-trees—goats—corn-bread—voices singing—it was gone like a candle-light snuffed into a black wick.

In that great wilderness between the Nile and the Red Sea the souls of little children blew away like seed wings in the wind. They were starving. At night women, gaunt in the torchlight, crouched over little dead things of children—tiny bodies—clutching fingers— And men, driven with whips past strength—past life sometimes—saw lips they would have died to kiss parching with famine and fever—saw hands they loved reaching out for pity where none was. They saw this happen in the name of the king.

Women made mud brick all day in the white heat. Old men dragged great stones—their feeble hands chained to them — children beat corn-meal—little hands — wasted bodies—and whoever were too old, too weak, were driven out wandering where jackals wailed over bones on the empty sand.

Across the miles of that wilderness a nation was dying.

But among them was a tall young sun-brown boy who had, in a hole in the sand, an amulet with the king's promise of favor.

In the pain of all this he thought many times of the voice that amulet might give him, but he took lashes on his back like streaks of fire and let the days pass into heavy midsummer and only suffered with the others, till one day this son of Ismer-amal heard his mother beg for the peace of death—saw her eyes bright and dry staring from one thing to another.

He stole water for her from the slave-driver's jar. He put it on her lips, her hands, her face. He whispered where he was going, trying to make her understand—then, in the darkness, he dug out that amulet and behind the shadows of the rocks he figured from the stars the distance to Thebes.

WHEN midsummer brought long yellow days, Athyra had forgotten there was any world but four beautiful walls, a wide window and the favor of a king. Whoever we are, the world begins and finishes where we love.

One day late—at sundown—the king came home to Thebes from many days in Tel-el-Amarna.

From her window Athyra had watched all the long afternoon for his chariot and train to come in sight on the road beyond the city. It seemed a lifetime since she had felt his hands close around hers.

A fête of lanterns was happening in Thebes for the king's return. The streets were crowded with people—musicians trailing out long notes for processions with flags and lanterns squeezing through the streets, and, at last, along the farthest wall of the city the girl saw the flash of the armor of the king's guards. She clapped her hands on the window and laughed like a child.

"Sardis, do thou my hair," she called, but without looking in from the window. "Put on lotus and 'cacia and my white dress and gloves!"

At her window, watching the king's train coming nearer, she dressed in her fairest, tinted elbows and eyelids, and waited—her heart bounding.

She heard the crowds cheering as the king came through the streets. She heard the clang of the gates swinging open—heard horses up the drive—the chariot wheels—

But when she had waited too many minutes, she wound a white scarf about her face and head and went out into the long hall, down past the throne-room, past the closed door of the queen's apartments—way down the corridor.

At the foot of stairs that led into the council-room, Rhaan was standing.

Athyra, close to the stone wall, went under the great archways—down the steps—across the stone court.

The door into the council-room was open and she saw that just inside the door the king was standing, talking to some one—but only a tall bare-limbed boy—a slave.

Catching the jewels on her arms so they would make no sound, Athyra slipped closer—closer—to put her hand in his before he would know she was there.

Then she saw that the slave was an Israelite. She stopped a minute against the stone wall. The boy was pleading for something. His eyes were suffering. He was ill. Somehow her hands grew cold as she watched him. In queer contrast to his thin poor body was an amulet on one arm, dull and beautiful, set with the seal of Egypt.

Athyra could not hear what he was saying, but presently she heard the king.

"I am powerless to help you," he said. "I—I am powerless!"

"But thou art king!" the boy cried suddenly, almost in defiance. "How can'st thou be powerless, when in thy name we die!"

"It is the will of the queen," the king answered, with bitterness that answered the boy's eyes, "from whose father my throne comes."

Concluded on page 60

Brushing cannot *keep* your teeth clean

Only these six little glands can do that

Your tooth paste must do more than clean your teeth—
it must keep the mouth glands active

BRUSH your teeth as thoroughly as you can, in a few minutes the mouth acids are beginning to collect again all over your teeth.

And these acids are the greatest cause of tooth decay.

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These six little glands should send forth all the time a copious flow of fluids to neutralize the dangerous acids and wash them away.

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A LODGING-HOUSE

Concluded from page 58

The boy looked with scorn at that king.

"But is it not true," he demanded, "that this cometh to us because thou hast one Israelite girl beloved above thy queen? Is it not true that for this one pleasure of thine—we suffer?"

The king put a hand on his sword.

"Do you know to whom you speak?" he asked shortly.

"Yes," the boy answered. "Thou art king. But a king is a man first of all—and we suffer!"

Then, like a drop of cold water, that boy felt a hand on his arm. And white as a white flower, he saw Athyra standing there.

The king, surprised, stepped toward her—but she put her hand to stop him.

"I—do not understand you," she said to the boy. "*Who* suffers?"

He put his head back against the wall. It brought his face, ill and drawn, into the light above the door. His eyes were closed—tears bright on his cheeks. On his shoulders the welts were like scars.

"Men—children—my mother," he said, his voice breaking. And in that boy there lived again the sorrow and pain of the miles of that wilderness as he told her of Israel—suffering because of *her*.

Athyra stared at the king as at some one she saw for the first time, then with one little cry she slipped down against the wall—to the floor.

The king caught her—but she put his hands away. Then, after a minute, reached out to the boy, her face like a face that is marble.

"I never knew—this," she said, whispering. "Will you take me back—to bear it—with you?"

The king caught at her shoulder.

"Athyra," he said sharply, "you shall not go out there to—to die!"

"Israel is my people," she answered, her voice colorless as her face, "and thou hast given me freedom long since."

They heard the rustle of silk behind them. They smelled the heavy perfume of the clothes of the queen.

"You will change nothing by going," her majesty said, looking at Athyra. "He kept you, knowing Israel should suffer for it as long as he lived—and Israel *shall* suffer as long as he lives." She looked at the boy. "Grief becomes you," she said.

Could this be a *woman*—this cold, passionless some one!

Athyra stood by that boy and put her hand in his hand.

"Will you come?" she said. "I can not breathe here—much longer!"

She was piteous—so little—such a child-girl—great dark eyes——

She felt the king's hand on her hair.

"Please don't!" she said. "You only make sorrow harder!"

"But you are my *heart*," he said. "*Can't* you ask something of me by which to forgive me, dear beloved?"

Athyra drew her fingers out of one little glove. She gave it to the king.

"If somehow you save Israel, I forgive you," she said, her voice like a husk that is left of a beautiful thing, "and then I will send back the other glove as a sign that my hands will be in your hands—always."

His lips trembled against her face with one kiss. She stood still—her eyes closed. The queen moved impatiently.

The boy dropped that amulet from his arm—a metal sound on the stone floor—and went past them all down the great hall. He did not look for the girl or wait for her—but she followed him and put the hand from which the glove was gone—into his.

They went out of that palace. Her feet were tender. The stone pavement cut them. They went out of the gate—into Thebes, into life passing back and forth. Donkeys—fat merchants—veiled women—beggars— The marks of the king's chariot wheels were still on the street where they went through.

By his door where Athyra left him the king held that glove in his hand—its fingers—just the curve of *her* fingers.

What is love? The supreme torture.

ISMER-AMAL still lived. Athyra sat with her fevered hand. Pale wicks of lamps, misshapen shadows of the tents—the people still as tombs and things already dead. The desert night made heavy dew on her arms and her head—but she felt no cold—no hunger—no pain of bleeding feet.

The boy watched her—her beauty so like a flower. He knew now what those men had suffered who had seen lips they loved cry for pity where none was.

When day came, the slave-master drove Athyra out with the others to the brick pit, where women worked, like her, feeling nothing. She did not care that he drove her.

What is suffering? There is only one suffering—love.

When the sun was high in its merciless noontime, there came the sound of horses thudding across the desert. The slave-master watched them come. It was soldiers. What was coming? He went out a pace to meet them. Weary hands stopped moving in the mud pots. Athyra saw the short silver skirts of the guards like those always outside the palace gates.

Then she saw them come off their horses—stand with hands arm high—palms open.

Athyra caught at her throat—one little choking cry——

Those open palms meant only *one* thing! She hardly heard what the soldiers said—but the others heard—words like a miracle of life come back to them:

"*The king is dead!*"

LIKE trembling children, the Israelites went into their homes again. The master, his whips and his lashes, rode out with the soldiers. Loved ones held to each other with tears where no words would come. Athyra, her little scarred feet—her white face—went out across the sand, alone. But the boy followed after her.

So thus—the king had saved Israel. For *her* had saved Israel, which had been marked to suffer *as long as he lived!*

"I must go find him now," Athyra said over and over to herself, taking in her hand one little glove.

In the majesty of standing alone in a desert a great tomb had been building for years and for years.

Desert at the close of day is like the coast of a purple ocean—and one day, then, in the last fire of sunset, Athyra, watching in the distance of that tomb, saw a hundred camels in gold and silver going out across that sand and sky like gray boats with burning sails.

A chariot carried in a golden hammock—priests and virgins walking solemnly—a great boat hung with flowers—and the sarcophagus of the king.

Seven hours by sun and torchlight that train surrounded the tomb and then—waiting—Athyra saw the long silent caravan of camels go back—saw the people throw themselves face down on the sand wailing for the king's soul.

She went swiftly across the sand till, like one of the shadows of the tomb itself, she slipped into the great passageway. The king's guards knew Athyra. She passed unquestioned.

A great room—that hush—that majesty—his chariot—the throne she had touched—the rugs he had walked on—and Athyra part of it—like incense in the place.

She went close to him—close as she could—and beside his hand put that little glove—her love and forgiveness.

Outside she stood a minute, for strength, against the wall of that tomb, her hands white against gray stone—her face like a flower. From all over the sand she heard those Egyptians wailing: "The king is dead—the king is dead——"

She smiled a little.

"Dead—" she said to herself. "Dead is nothing. Life is only a lodging-house for the soul a little while!"

She saw Ismer-amal's son coming to take her home.

FIND GLOVE AMONG VAST TREASURES

Copyright, English-American Newspaper Syndicate

Luxor, Egypt, January 23, 1923.—The interest of the entire world has been centered upon the opening of the tomb of Tutankhamen in the Valley of Kings, which has been sealed for more than three thousand years. The cavern is crowded with a bewildering collection of treasures, but without doubt the most interesting object of all is a little glove in which the curve of girlish fingers still remains. Much comment is aroused as to how and why it may have come there.

Time happens—so quietly.



DELICE RAISIN CAKE: *½ cup butter or shortening; 1½ cups granulated sugar; 2 eggs; ¼ teaspoon salt; 3 teaspoons baking powder; 2½ cups flour; ⅔ cup milk; ½ cup Sun-Maid Raisins; 1 teaspoon vanilla*



RAISINS are dried in the sun in beautiful clusters, just as they come from the vine. For your convenience they are then stripped from the stems and packed, seeded or seedless, in cartons, ready for use

They add to old familiar foods a bit of stored-up sunshine

IN golden California, in the fertile valleys of San Joaquin and Sacramento, the vineyards grow heavy with clusters of wonderful grapes.

At the moment of perfect ripeness they are cut from the vines and placed on trays in the sun.

And then the sun, which has stored within their delicate skins so much of health and fruity goodness, completes its work—and gives us Sun-Maid Raisins.

They make it easy to give the good old foods NEW *goodness*

Have you learned what magic you can work in the daily menu with this delicate fruit?

Do you know how easy is the way to please and benefit your family by simply adding raisins to the old, substantial foods like good white bread, oatmeal, Cream of Wheat, cup custard, and famous old B. P.?

These morsels of stored-up sunshine make it possible to give so many of these foods a *new* appeal to your family's appetite. They make it so easy for you to provide the variety that every family craves. And to provide it inexpensively, too, for raisins are cheap this year.

Raisins offer, too, so much besides their tempting goodness. As the sun is rich in health, so are raisins. They are high in fruit energy units in a form practically predigested by the sun. Their fibre forms a "roughage" which helps to make laxatives unnecessary. Their iron and other valuable minerals supply urgent bodily needs.

Here for once, we are urged by those who know to eat more of a food we really love—a food delightful as well as healthful and nutritious! And that is why, today, we are using *more than twice as many* raisins as we did ten years ago.



Because it's good, because it's wholesome, because it gives variety to the daily menu—serve raisin bread often!

Once we all bought raisins on largely blind chance. Now, twelve years of effort on the part of thousands of California growers has changed all that, has given us a guide to all that is best in raisins—the name Sun-Maid.

With vineyards averaging only 20 acres each, the 14,000 Sun-Maid growers are today supplying 80 per cent of all the raisins used in this country. Their strict grading and inspection assures you always of obtaining the most perfect raisins in the Sun-Maid package.

Send for free recipe book

Give your family their favorite raisin foods more frequently. They supply variety to the daily menu; they give the good old foods *new* goodness. And they provide added nourishment in a delightful, inexpensive form.

The surest and easiest recipes for many tempting dishes, new and old, are given in the free book, "Recipes with Raisins." Fill out the coupon and send for this free book today. Address: Sun-Maid Raisin Growers Association, Department, A-211, Fresno, California.

Sun-Maid Raisins

Seeded—Seeded—Clusters



Sun-Maid Raisin Growers Association
Dept. A-211, Fresno, Cal.

Please send me a copy of your free book, "Recipes with Raisins."

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Put Sunshine Into Your Kitchen —with Valspar Enamels

With a can of Valspar Enamel the dull or worn woodwork and furniture in your kitchen can be transformed to fresh new beauty—all at trifling cost.

And after that it's easy to keep the kitchen clean and sanitary. Just wash it with soap and water. For Valspar Enamels are Valspar Varnish combined with the finest of pigments, giving you Valspar durability and waterproofness plus beautiful and lasting colors.

Anyone can apply Valspar Enamel. It brushes easily and freely, dries dust-free in two hours and hard in twenty-four. If desired, it may be rubbed down to a beautiful dull finish.

Valspar Enamels come in the twelve beautiful and permanent colors shown on our Color Card: Red—*light or deep;* Vermilion; Blue—*light, medium and deep;* Green—*medium and deep;* Ivory; Bright Yellow; Gray and Brown. Also in Black, White, Gold, Bronze, Aluminum and Flat Black. Send for the free Color Card, today.

By mixing two or more of the Valspar Enamel colors in varying proportions, an infinite variety of beautiful shades may be obtained.

For a sample can, fill in the coupon below, specifying the color you require.



Send for Sample Can and Color Chart

This Coupon is worth 20 to 60 Cents

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I enclose dealer's name and stamps—20c apiece for each 40c sample can checked at right. (Only one sample of each product supplied at this special price.) Print full mail address plainly.

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Del. 11-23



NOBODY CAN BOSS MOTHER

Continued from page 5

saw a perfectly slick one at Dame's! It was ruinously expensive——"

"If we got her things, do you suppose we could persuade her to wear them?"

"We could try," Emily sighed. "And it would be easy to find a dress to fit her. Her figure is magnificent."

"But if she thought we wanted to do it, she wouldn't. You can't boss mother—nobody can!"

In the barn at dusk the next day Dorothy Anne and Emily discovered mother perched on a wooden bench dexterously mending a harness with brass rivets. A disreputable old hat was pulled over one ear, but its flopping brim could not hide the fact that mother possessed an eye undeniably discolored and that one side of her face was plastered with red mud.

"*Mother!*" Emily was horrified. "You haven't been driving that dreadful colt?"

"Need a new set of breeching," remarked mother, deftly clipping a rivet. "That polish rots the leather. My lands! what are you staring at? I've been breaking colts all my life!"

"But you've been hurt, mother! You didn't let him throw you?"

"Jim Burnett left a tractor standing in the road. No business leaving it there. This is nothing but mud—it'll wash off."

"But your eye!" Dorothy Anne felt a sick sort of despair. Mother at the wedding with an inebriate-looking eye like that!

"Beefsteak will fade it out. Hand me that brad-awl, will you? I'll fix this surcingle so that colt won't go through it."

"We bought you a new dress, mother," suggested Emily, faintly. "Won't you come in and try it on?"

Mother swung off the bench. Her cheeks were glowing, her eyes were bright, a lock of her soft gray hair swung against her cheek from beneath the dreadful old hat.

"A dress! What on earth do I want with any more dresses? I've got a clothes-press full of 'em now, all with two hundred hooks apiece and a hundred-odd eyes and no time to sew any of 'em on. What did you buy me a dress for?"

"For the wedding." Dorothy Anne essayed firmness. "You *must* have a decent dress for the wedding." Dorothy Anne often began firmly with mother, but firmness never availed very much.

"I keep forgetting that wedding. I can't come in now—I've got to tend to that colt's heels. He rasped himself some kicking the sulky to pieces."

"Oh, please, mother—it's the only wedding I'll ever have and I want you to be lovely! You *are* lovely, mother, when you want to be!"

"Shucks!" Mother closed her lips sternly, but a keen observer might have detected a trace of a quiver in them.

"It's no use," declared Dorothy Anne when they were back in Emily's room, where the silvery froth of the new gown lay like mist upon the bed, flanked with a hat like a Spring cloud and long, delicious, crinkly gloves. "She won't even look at the things. If she'd try it on, I know she'd adore it—but she won't!"

"Hush, she's coming."

MOTHER tramped in in her high leather boots, a barely perceptible stable odor entering with her. Hands on her strong hips, old hat pushed back, she surveyed the finery on the bed.

"Good lands! Did you expect me to wear a flimsy thing like that? At my age? Where's the rest of the front? How would I ever cover up my collar-bone?"

"Oh, mother, please don't scold! Please try it on! You'll love it, I know. It suits you perfectly."

"If that spun-sugar thing suits me, I must be about a hundred pounds lighter than the feed scales show. I'd go through that the way the Diavolo colt went through the breeching. I'd ruin it just trying it on. I've got to have substantial things, not cobwebs like this. How much did it cost?"

"We bought it ourselves. We wanted you to look lovely." Emily was almost in tears. Mother's lips tightened.

"I've got to have a shower," she declared bluntly, "and get some arnica on my bones. If that Diavolo colt is half as good as I think he is, he'll crowd his father's reputation mighty close. You pack up that stuff and send it back. Take the money and buy some pretties for yourselves. Young people ought to look lovely—not rawboned old codgers like me."

In the bathroom mother kicked off her clothes. Standing with magnificent chest bared, she consulted the bathroom scales. "These things are wrong. Anyway," she decided, "I couldn't wear that fussy dress to save my life. Folks would say I'd lost my mind or was hunting another husband." But she fell to musing as she snapped the rubber cap over her ears and spun the shower. The walls were rather thin and mother thought she heard a faint choky sob through the partition. Emily *was* a baby.

The twentieth came nearer. Young people were always about and Emily's room became a place of mystery, of youthful laughter and trails of thread and pins, of tissue-paper and parcels opened and notes half-written and left, of flowers and slippers on chairs and frilly things pinned on curtains.

Jack Armond was continually about, and though mother avoided the house as much as possible, she saw him occasionally from a distance. "I wouldn't know him close," she thought grimly. "And land knows I don't want to until I have to! The Armonds can have Emily—if she loves him, and I reckon she does—but they can't have me!" To her daughters she was brief and vague. "Order whatever you want and have a good time, but don't bother me till I get this Diavolo colt broken. Hattie Ann will fix what you want—if she don't, I'll fire her."

"But mother, the wedding is day after tomorrow!"

"Is it? Well, you remind me of it in the morning, because I might get off some place training the colt on a gravel road and forget to come back in time."

"But mother, it's at the church! What will you wear?"

"Good sakes, I've got plenty of clothes! I'll find something."

"Not that awful old purple——"

"What's wrong with it? It's good taffeta, and I paid Ophelia Rand enough to make it!"

"The sleeves, mother, and the old, long, sagging skirt——"

"Who's going to look at an old body like me? Nobody. Everybody in this country knows me. They know if I want a dozen satin dresses I can have 'em."

"That's just it—mother——"

"Emily, you get more peevish every day. If you nag a husband like you nag me, the Lord pity him!"

OUT on the road, holding the reins over the Diavolo colt's nervous, silken skin, mother promptly forgot every small annoyance. It was June and the road was dustless and smooth and perfect. The bay colt's feet cupped daintily over its soundless surface. Mother rested her heels on the iron steps of the sulky and pushed her hat back. Light came, goldenly, through the orchards. A breeze drifted past over the fields and carried the breath of new hay. Mother's thoughts drifted back, as they were prone to do, to a day when that road had been a mere rutty track, when the fenced and ordered farms on either side had been a wilderness, when the land had been hard and grim and life had demanded of women that they be more than women.

It was then, as she mused on that grim pioneering time, that mother felt the sharp ache of a desolate loneliness. She missed the touch of a hand, strong, calloused, upholding. She missed a voice, speaking seldom, but then with gentle dominance and a laugh that was the richer for being rare. She wanted father—wanted desperately to show him how daintily the Diavolo colt lifted his feet; wanted the silent strength of him who was gone forever.

And with the pain came a resentment for this younger blood which possessed the land, dancing in satin slippers, polluting the prairie air with gasoline, crying down old primitive honest things, demanding silver candlesticks and marcel waves and jazz.

"And silk shimmies!" snapped mother.

Continued on page 64



What does HIS health mean to you?

YOUR husband's health—it means *everything* to you. It is the very foundation of your home, your happiness, your security. Keeping *him* fit and cheery is the biggest task you have.

Start him off at breakfast with a dish of stewed Sunsweet Prunes [with cream or without] and you give him the morning "set-up" he needs for a winning day!

There is no mystery about Sunsweet Prunes—or what they will do. Nature has singled them out as the fruit-food that keeps us fit through natural means. Nature has made them a body-builder and body-regulator.

Quick-to-use *energy* comes from their rich fruit sugar. Body *tone* comes from their tonic iron and other mineral and vitamine elements. But, more important than all—prunes supply a *natural laxative* that the body needs and needs every day.

That's why Sunsweet Prunes are so *essential*. Nothing can take their place. They are *health-insurance*. And with Sunsweet Prunes priced as low as they are today, they offer the cheapest health-insurance you can buy.

Ask your grocer for these rich, meaty, flavorful prunes—the pick of California's pack—either in bulk or in the handy 2-lb. carton. And send for the Sunsweet Recipe Packet. It will show you how to guard the health of your household in new and tasteful ways. And it's free—use the coupon below.



There's a right way to stew prunes:

Try this method worked out in the Sunsweet kitchen by our own Domestic Science Director: Soak Sunsweet Prunes over night, if possible; but, if not, for several hours at least. Cook *slowly* until tender in water in which they are soaked. Use plenty of water so fruit will be "loose." Do not cook too long lest fruit becomes too soft. Flavor with inch stick of cinnamon or some lemon or orange juice. No sugar is needed.

SUNSWEET

CALIFORNIA'S NATURE-FLAVORED

PRUNES

60 delicious health-recipes free!

California Prune and Apricot Growers' Association, 2511 Market Street, San Jose, California

Please send me, without cost, the Sunsweet Recipe Packet

Name_____ Address_____



The secret *of* having beautiful hair

How famous movie stars keep their hair soft and silky, bright, fresh-looking and luxuriant

NO one can be really attractive, without beautiful well-kept hair.

Study the pictures of these beautiful women. Just see how much their hair has to do with their appearance.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

You, too, can have beautiful hair, if you care for it properly.

In caring for the hair, proper shampooing is the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out all the real life and lustre, the natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

When oily, dry or dull

If your hair is too oily, or too dry; if it is dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy; if the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, or if it is full of dandruff, it is all due to improper shampooing.

You will be delighted to see how easy it is to keep your hair looking beautiful, when you use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water is sufficient to cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly.

Simply pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather which rinses out quickly and easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil—the chief causes of all hair troubles.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want to see how beautiful you can make your hair look, set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and healthy, the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet-goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for Children—Fine for Men



Mulsified
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Cocoanut Oil Shampoo



NOBODY CAN BOSS MOTHER

Continued from page 63

"And rolled stockings! And cigarets!" She gave the reins an involuntary twitch.

She thought of Emily's beautifully pointed nails, of her little silken heels, her bright burnished hair. Emily had never known what it meant to ride a land-roller on corn-ground. Emily had never trodden hay in a dusty loft with the heat beating her down till every nerve and muscle shrieked for rest. And Dorothy Anne, with her audacious up-turned nose and her long lashes—what did Dorothy Anne know of life?

"Spoiled," mourned mother. "Soft and flabby and petted. Little silken bullies. Trying to put a dress on me with no front on it and not much skirt. And a hat like sillibub with a feather in it. As though my clothes weren't good enough for old John Armond's son!"

She jerked upright and snapped the reins tight. Instantly the Diavolo colt reared. And mother, perturbed by her mood, scarcely realizing what she did, gave him a flick with the whip.

Like a bright bay comet, the colt leaped. Never in all his cup-winning days had Diavolo senior run as his son ran now. Orchards and corn-fields swam by in a green haze. The sulky fairly floated in air, with mother grimly astride, sawing with all the strength in her arms, her hat gone, her gray hair flying. To the colt the bit and curb and ruthless rein were as nothing. He tossed his handsome head and there was fire in his eyes. His tail flung out like a crinkled banner.

Mother twisted her feet under the sulky sills and held fast. Ahead lay a long fill with a steep ravine on either side, the road protected only by flimsy rails. Like a streak they gained it—and just then there flashed upon the fill a long gray roadster trailing smoke. Instantly the colt leaped—sidewise. Mother felt herself rising in air. The sulky turned and black panic gripped her. Her feet—her feet were caught under the sills!

She waited through an interval that seemed endless for the crash of broken bones, clutching madly for help where there was no help, wondering hazily if there were rocks in the ravine and if anybody would find her before dark and if she would spoil Emily's wedding by being killed—too bad—too bad—poor little Emily! She had been a pretty baby—soft—round——

She was down! Was she dead? There was an arm under her. Somebody was talking.

"Hold still a minute—" A man's voice drifted into her ear through blackness. "Now move your foot. Can you pull it out? Lean on me, I'll hold you. Can you stand up?"

MOTHER thrust off the black dream and moved her right foot. Amazed that it responded, she experimented with the left and discovered that she could stand, though her head reeled and every joint was racked and aching. Then she pushed her hair out of her eyes and saw that a miracle had happened. The colt had plunged down the fill into the ravine below, but the sulky had turned over and clung to the flimsy guard-rail beside the road. Down in the ravine, his flanks smeared with mud, the Diavolo colt was drinking from a rock-bordered trickle. Mother looked at those flinty points upreared and shuddered and buried her face in the coat of the strange person who was holding her up.

"I'm all—right," she gasped. "Soon as I can get my breath."

"You got a nasty fall and a twist," said the young man. "Does your back hurt?"

"No—I'm all right. I'm being saved for the fool killer!" declared mother tersely. "Who are you, anyway?" She saw that her rescuer was young and somehow familiar.

He laughed. "Day after to-morrow," he said, "I'll be your son-in-law!"

"Good lands!" exclaimed mother. "I'm going to put a cross mark on you so I'll know you. You're sort of like your father, now I look at you. I guess you know I don't like you much—don't you?"

"I thought it was dad you didn't like."

"Well, I was liberal: I included the whole family. But I suppose I'll have to except you—it wouldn't be exactly polite to go on despising somebody after they had saved your life, now would it? Did your father ever tell you about that time we had a fight over the water rights on my grazing eighty? I dammed the creek and he dynamited the dam. Then I built another and sat on it with a shotgun. But he came at night and blasted that one out—so I fixed him. I put in a brick dam and then I got me a good big hornet's nest and hung it on a tree right over it. That settled him."

John Armond's son laughed till the Diavolo colt lifted his aristocratic ears in amaze. "No wonder dad never told it. Why didn't you use your shotgun?"

"Well, I tried that once and ruined a good stable-hand. Can you catch that colt? I guess the sulky's ruined."

"Not much damage done," estimated Jack Armond. "Suppose you let me take you home and then come back after the colt? Can you stand alone? I'll back the car down close and lift you in."

"You'll do no lifting me. Just because I've got a few gray hairs, I'm not dead yet. You leave me alone. I can walk as well as you can." Mother flung off his hands and took a brave step forward. Instantly the world grew black and was filled with singing.

"What happened?" she gasped when she awoke to find water running in her ears and the hard ground under her head.

"You fainted. That fall was worse than you thought."

"I'm an old fool," sighed mother. "But if you dare to tell Emily or Dorothy Anne, I'll murder you!"

"We'll have it for our secret," agreed mother's son-in-law.

Mother smiled to herself as she was lifted into the gray roadster and made comfortable. She was wondering how such a nice boy happened to be the son of poisonous old John Armond and his arrogant wife, Julia. There had been times when she had longed for a son, and she decided that had the Lord been moved to give her a lad of her own she would have liked him to look like this brown young chap who was going to marry her daughter.

"I'm glad that colt hung me on the fence," she began cheerfully, "since I'm not killed. I might never have got a chance to talk to you—and land knows what you would have thought of me. You see, I've kept thinking about all those rows I had with your father. I had a hard time, left alone with this big place on my hands and two babies—and it isn't easy now, with no decent help and fertilizer so high and the stock-buyers so impudent. But I guess maybe I've done wrong. I thought about Emily while I was hanging on that fence—about her little baby mouth and how she came running once long ago and wanted me to kiss her—and I told her to go 'long, I had to plaster up a mule that had got into a dispute with a barbed-wire fence. And she never has offered to kiss me since of her own accord. I guess I've lost something—something the Lord gave to mothers and to nobody else. And now I've hurt her feelings about this wedding—and she's going away from me—and I've lost my chance——"

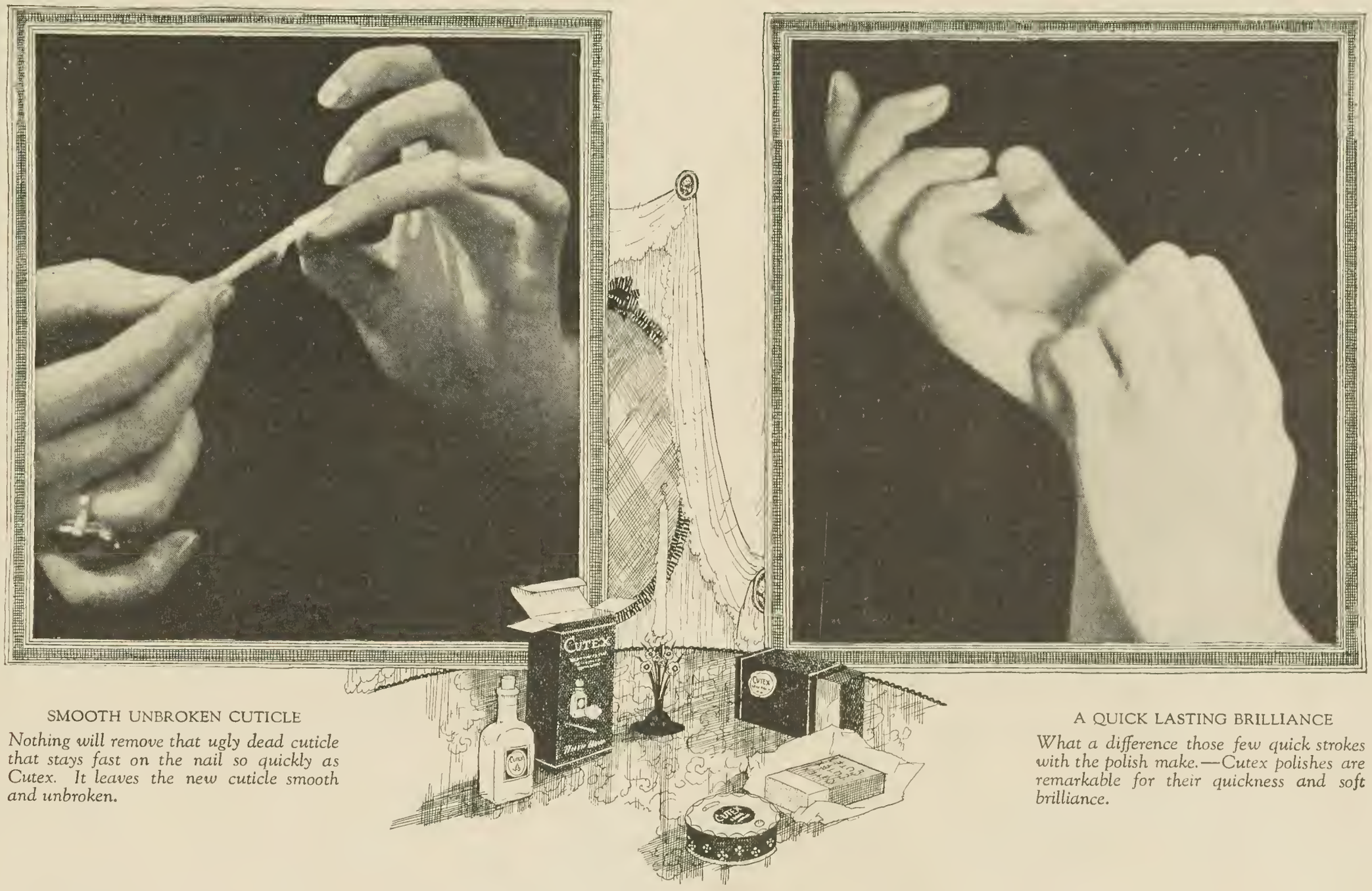
"Maybe you've found it instead," suggested Jack Armond cheerfully. "You see, you aren't losing Emily. You're getting me!"

"Maybe I'm lucky," mother agreed. "I might be down in that ravine right now with that Diavolo colt stepping daintily on my face." She stopped suddenly. She was thinking about the purple dress. "Look here, son Jack," she said abruptly. "I've decided not to go home. You take me to town in this flivver. I've got to do some shopping—and I've got to begin it right away. The wedding's day after to-morrow."

IN THE little brown church every pew was glorious with a spiky lily. The wedding-arch drooped with white blossoms, tall candelabra held aloft white candles glowing like the eyes of little virgins. From a dim, hidden place sounded a tune, the old, old tune which will never die because joy and not sorrow marches to its measures. Women, beautifully gowned and hatted, sat erect with tightened throats. Men stiffened their necks as men do whose hearts are softening. The old, old tune.

Down the aisle came Dorothy Anne. A

Concluded on page 66



SMOOTH UNBROKEN CUTICLE

Nothing will remove that ugly dead cuticle that stays fast on the nail so quickly as Cutex. It leaves the new cuticle smooth and unbroken.

A QUICK LASTING BRILLIANCE

What a difference those few quick strokes with the polish make.—Cutex polishes are remarkable for their quickness and soft brilliance.

Even the busiest woman . . must have exquisite nails

JUST TWO THINGS TO DO · AND THE SAFE QUICK WAY TO DO THEM

There is no one so busy as the young mother. Housekeeping—the endless demands of her adorable babies—her own interests—and the social partnership with an ambitious husband. And besides all this, she herself must be always well groomed—attractive—ready for the unexpected.

Thanks to Cutex she can, with only a few moments each week, have lovely well groomed nails. The two simple steps in the Cutex manicure take only five minutes. Performed twice a week they keep the nails exquisite.

First all ragged dry cuticle must be removed and a soft and unbroken rim left in its place. Cutex does this easily and banishes the dangerous scissors forever.

Just dip an orange stick wrapped in cotton into the bottle and with it work around the base of each nail. The dead dry cuticle is softened, loosened—rinse the fingers and it wipes away leaving a smooth shapely nail base. Just pass the moist Cutex orange stick under the nail tip and the nails are white and transparent.

Then—bewitching touch for lovely hands—polished gleaming nails. Cutex has lately perfected a wonderful new Powder Polish that gives a charming delicate lustre quickly and easily. A few quick strokes of the nails across the palm leaves them lovely—glowing like jewels. And this rose pearl lustre lasts and lasts.

In five minutes these two operations have transformed your nails—even the most neglected ones, to lovely, gleaming things that add to the charm of your whole personality.

If you prefer liquid, cake or paste polishes, Cutex has them too. Each is the best of its kind and costs only 35c. Complete manicure sets come for 60c, $1.00, $1.50 and $3.00, at all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada and chemist shops in England.

Two interesting letters

Dorothy Gray, Fifth Avenue beauty expert, says:—"American hands are the best groomed in the world. To Cutex must be given a large part of the credit. For the woman who manicures her own nails it has proven a godsend."

Mary Nash, famous for her lovely hands, writes:—"Cutex is so easy to use, so quick and makes my nails look so much better. They are really lovely."

Introductory Set—now only 12c

Fill out this coupon and mail it with 12c in coin or stamps for the Introductory Set containing trial sizes of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Powder Polish, Liquid Polish, Cuticle Cream (Comfort), emery board and orange stick. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., New York, or if you live in Canada, Dept. D-11, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 12c TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. D-11
114 West 17th St., New York

I enclose 12c in stamps or coin for new Introductory Set containing enough Cutex for six manicures.

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When the gums bleed, be on guard

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The odds are overwhelmingly in its favor.

Dental records show that four persons out of every five past forty, and thousands younger, contract it.

Tender, bleeding gums are the danger signal.

When Nature's kindly warning is unheeded, the gums recede, the loosened teeth drop out or must be extracted, pus-pockets form at their roots, and the poison in them floods the system to breed neuritis, rheumatism and other diseases.

After you have gone to your dentist for tooth and mouth inspection, brush your teeth, twice daily at least, with Forhan's For the Gums. It is an efficacious, healing dentifrice, the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.

Forhan's For the Gums, if used consistently and used in time, will prevent Pyorrhea or check its progress. It will keep your teeth white and clean, your gums firm and healthy.

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Forhan's

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More than a tooth paste —it checks Pyorrhea

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York
Forhan's, Limited, Montreal



NOBODY CAN BOSS MOTHER

Concluded from page 64

flower in palest gold, her dark, beautiful head high, her eyes demure, flowers in her arms, flowers in her hair. After her walked Julia Armond, imperious in orchid tulle. Young men walked beside them, but nobody looked at them.

The old, old tune. Came Emily——

Soft white azaleas, like angels' breath, around her hair. Her little feet stealing from beneath a sheath of silken miracle, her girlish face very white, her lips inclined to quiver, her bouquet tremulous as she clung to Uncle Henry's arm.

Dorothy Anne glanced nervously about as she moved slowly down to the altar. Mother was late. She had said, as she went up to dress, that she would not be there till the last minute, and Dorothy Anne was dreading the inevitable stir when mother should come down the aisle in that old purple silk, hooked up carelessly, and the hat built like a hen's nest. She kept her eyes straight in front of her and perhaps this was why she missed the drama that occurred when a little side door of the church opened and mother came in—a drama that made Emily gasp and clutch at her flowers and stop dead still at least a yard from the rehearsed spot. Through the door came mother.

But was it mother?

Mother in purple—not the old shapeless, styleless, prayer-meeting dress abhorred of old, but an iridescent, utterly insolent, shimmering robe; short in front to show a little pair of buckled slippers, trailing magnificently behind, with a low round neck where was an amethyst chain clasped in dull gold.

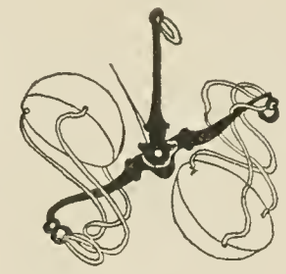
Mother, her hair dressed in wonderful puffs under a saucy, wide-brimmed amethyst-colored hat with feathers dripping from it like berry-tinted rain. Mother, walking with that easy grace which is so often erroneously attributed to queens, wearing long white gloves and—incredible—a lorgnon, golden, haughty.

Dorothy Anne, visualizing all this glory at once, gave a startled little "Oh!" and clapped her fingers over her lips. Emily woke from her trance and stirred at last. Then Jack came in. Between mother and her son-in-law there flashed a swift look and hint of a smile. Then the solemn silence fell.

In the vestibule they fell upon her. Mother laughed, but her eyes were wet and her throat hurt. Over and over Emily kissed her.

"Oh, mother—it was wonderful! You are the most beautiful thing!"

"Shucks!" scoffed mother. But her eyes were very gentle.



SEX EQUALITY AND BRASS TACKS

Continued from page 2

lot of cynicism and taradiddles and cheap facetiousness and stale confectionery—if legal equality is to become real equality. A seemly task, then, to hammer away at the brass tacks. And if in this attempt I seem bent on explaining what every woman knows, so much the better, for those are the only explanations that count.

CAN we put man on one side and woman on the other and get an equation? Hardly. But at least some comparisons of their relative values are possible, some survey of the revaluation of values that must be brought about if legal equality is to become an actual working fact. "Things equal to the same thing are equal to each other." That's a proper axiom—if Einstein has spared it to us—a proper hammer to use with the tacks. Are men and women of the same value physically? Then they are, so far, equal to each other.

There is no question, though every other basis of comparison may be stoutly arguable, that the average man is stronger in body than the average woman and that men are less handicapped, physically, in the game of life. Those engaging story-writers who are having a flutter with the cave-man hero just now borrow this, at least, from realism: that the average husband, even in the very best society, could beat his wife if he were really keen about it.

Still, physical values, except in the prize-ring and in cave-man fiction, are not to-day chiefly concerned with fists. Fists have been superseded by machines. Witness the young woman lately appointed deputy sheriff in a New Jersey town whose worth the press acclaimed as "A crack shot! Able to hit a dime at a distance of fifty feet." And every one of the women sheriffs elected in recent months with the help of men's votes could easily disperse a mob of two-fisted males—with the proper tear-gas machine.

It is not an equality of fists: it is an equal freedom of personality that women must attain before legal equality can become real equality. Not long ago a certain clergyman addressing a young-people's assembly declared unctuously: "Going to church makes a girl more beautiful and a boy more manly." There's a vicious double standard for you! The reward of churchgoing for a young man is character, manliness; for a young woman it is to become a more fetching showpiece. Yet that mild-minded clergyman was merely following a glue-pot track, a ruling doll-house convention. Or, better say, a harem convention. I grant there is this significance back of the convention: that, "with such a being as man in such a world as this present," as quaint old Jeremy Taylor used to put it, it may be more important for the purposes of the race that a young woman be skilful in making up her face than practised in making up her mind. And her own fulness of life may be the better assured.

There is no urge for the woman in search of equality to lapse into the dinginess of a mud-hen or she-moth. The world needs more beauty, not less. It is good news from a recent barbers'-supply convention that men are becoming very profitable customers for various "aids to beauty." And may they become so decorative they will be pictured equally with women on magazine covers!

But to return to the brass tacks—to the question of equal freedom of personality for men and women. It is plainly an attitude of mind, not an attitude of laws, that must be changed—that attitude of mind which is eternally twiddling over the looks of women, their physical appeal, the general assumption that a woman's figure, her complexion, her walk, her dress, her way of doing her hair are always, because of her sex, a matter for public appraisal.

"Freedom of personality" is a large phrase. It has many aspects. But this at least is certain: the real equality of the sexes is possible only when both share alike in its freedom. And such equal sharing is unthinkable while our conventions say, in effect, that a man is independent of the length of his nose, that his looks, relatively speaking, are his own affair, while a woman's looks, be she young or old, are everybody's business.

"THINGS equal to the same thing are equal to each other." Is the intelligence of men and women of the same value? Then they are, intellectually, equal to each other. This is an easier comparison than any physical one—the comparison in which women should stand the best chance, since the opportunities, educationally, of the two sexes are more nearly equal than in any other line of endeavor, and recent records of our American coeducational universities seem to show that the attainments of male and female

Concluded on page 68

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What happens when you brush your teeth

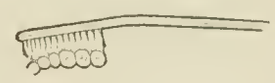
Brush your upper teeth downward.



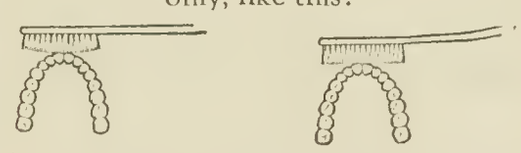
Brush your lower teeth upward.



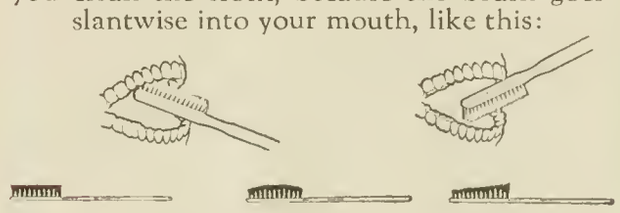
The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is curved to fit the jaw like this:



Instead of touching the teeth at a few points only, like this:



With the ordinary tooth brush, you cannot brush the backs of the teeth the same way that you clean the front, because the brush goes slantwise into your mouth, like this:



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SEX EQUALITY AND BRASS TACKS

Concluded from page 66

students have, practically, the same length, breadth and thickness.

"Mmh—" my friend Miranda, who had been looking over my notes, murmured at this point. "Speaking of brass tacks," she went on: "Women are plainly not so intelligent as men. College women may be all right. And women leaders, generally. The 'exceptional woman,' in other words. But the mass mind of women is still more or less a jellyfish. Women in general have a narrower range of thought than their men folks. I suppose that is because they have so little actual contact with the vital questions of the day—and even less interest in them. Think of the talk you hear among a bunch of just regular, ordinary women."

"Yes," I answered, "I'm thinking." And I recalled how, a few Summers ago, at the annual outing of the sons and daughters of something, I joined a group of middle-aged women. It was at a time of tremendous crisis in world affairs, a time, it seemed, when all women, keepers of the gates of life, must be searching and praying for the way out from a world's agony. Yet this particular group of "just regular, ordinary women" were chiefly preoccupied with the coming-in of longer skirts and the nuisance of having to lengthen "perfectly good new Summer dresses." There were some nibbles at one of the most enjoyable of salacious divorces in high life, with passing references to the difficulty of making currant jelly jell such hot days.

Later I humbly joined a group of middle-aged men. (Humbly, because American men do not like to have women about when they are considering really serious matters.) This group were discussing politics. Most seriously. Party politics. The difficulty of making voters "jell" in those disordered days. Using naive and childlike party catchwords with no apparent knowledge of the fact that both the leading political parties were at that very moment lying in the morgue.

Still, there's a good deal in what Miranda said. She missed my point, however. I am not attempting to compare the massed intelligence of men and women, but, rather, the relative values put upon their possession of intelligence.

It must be granted in passing that high intellectual powers in men—at least in America—rank below facility in money-making. But in women such gifts, as distinguished from easy cleverness, must usually sit below the salt. Every woman knows that a trained intelligence in a woman is a serious handicap in the marriage market, and no other market quotes it at par. (Man being par.)

In general, among both men and women, there is a lower standard of judgment and intelligence for women than for men. So long as that double standard exists, legal equality will not be real equality.

"THINGS equal to the same thing are equal to each other." What are women equal to economically? And men? It is easy to answer, with a certain college professor: "The value of women, like the value of turnips, depends entirely upon the demand." But that good old law of supply and demand is rather groggy to-day, what with cold storage and various forms of business manipulation. Moreover, the position of women workers is affected by circumstances which have nothing to do with demand: by fusty old phrases about "the many women who work only for pin-money," by the natural unfriendliness of men's labor-unions and by the impertinent way in which old traditions and discriminations rise out of new conditions.

Occasional facts emerge throwing some light on the relative market value of men and women, although, for the reasons enumerated and some others, we hardly see these facts straight unless we look at them crosseyed. Thus a survey was lately made of one hundred and seventy-seven manufacturing-plants in New York employing twenty-five thousand women and a larger number of men. Only seven per cent. of the women were receiving as high pay as the men employed in equivalent work. No one has yet measured the relative thickness of the pay envelopes of men and women doing equivalent work. That's mostly guesswork. Some guess the woman's, in general, holds half as much as the man's.

But all this does not answer the question.

Even when the equal-rights bills sponsored by the Woman's Party become more-or-less-equality laws and fall in due time into the courts—where almost anything is rather more than likely to happen—even then, should the courts construe them to mean equal pay for equal work, that question about relative economic values will persist. For the essential value of women economically does not lie in the shop or factory.

Our whole social order, with marriage at its base, is built on the domesticity of women. All our conventions are saturated with the thousands of years in which the domesticity of women—and more especially the maternity of women—has meant the economic dependence of women. Moreover, though late census reports show one-fifth of all wage-earners are women and girls, for every female thus employed two and one-third women may be classed as housewives. It is plain, then, that economic equality should begin at home, where, to-day, some women make marriage the greatest graft of the ages while other women must beg their husbands for a lean dime.

There is no doubt that if equality of income between husbands and wives were the rule, their relations would be profoundly altered. And that some alteration is desirable the records of our divorce courts prove. It is safe to say one-half the cases would never have been entered if economic freedom were the civic right of all married women.

But here there is danger of getting tripped up in words. "Economic freedom." "Economic independence." What is it? It is merely paying one's way. Many housewives and mothers do that—and pay—and pay. Others, mothers also, it may be, pay nothing and get far more than they can possibly be worth to anybody. A perplexing situation. Occasional feminists still find the answer to it in sending married women into the labor market. When growing children are concerned, the cure is worse than the disease. "Two jobs are not a council of perfection for women." Moreover, no married woman, driven by poverty, who must return home after factory hours to scrub and cook and wash and tend babies ever talks about the equality of men and women. She knows better, while doing three-quarters of the work of a citizen on one-half the pay!

Something may be done through legislation to modernize marriage economics by making the just sharing of the family income a matter not of favor or of the individual sense of justice but a legal part of the marriage contract. But, speaking of equality, if a husband can be haled into court, as now in many States, for non-support, how about the woman, under the new dispensation, who "window-shops" till half-past five and then rushes home to open a few cans for the family dinner?

SO WE might go on with other phases of the question of equality. They would merely clinch the truth that, astonishing as has been the progress of women during the past fifty years, nevertheless, for the true equality of men and women, far more must be conquered than has yet been won; conquered in our conventions, in our ways of thinking; conquered by legislation, by education, by changes in the attitude of men and the attitude of women. If it is objected that all this means changes in human nature, the answer is "Of course!" Poor old Human Nature! Many people have a footless way of talking as if it were a mere changeless stick-in-the-mud, whereas it is constantly changing, though slowly, very slowly. It has been cudgeled upward by changing conditions. It has been talked forward. For, does not a wise philosopher assure us: "The human race has talked itself forward"?

Here, then, is the benefit in the present controversy between groups of women, which some deprecate. It gives occasion for ventilating the whole question of equality, for arguing it through, not in spluttering generalities, but in concrete details, an occasion for the education of opinion, an opportunity for talking ourselves forward.

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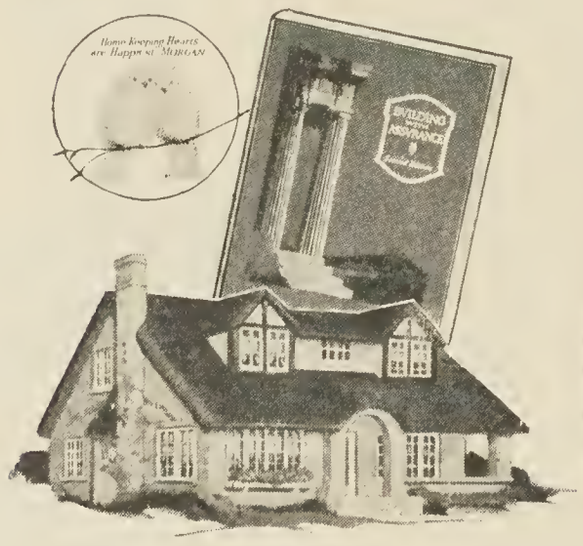
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KEEPING FIT AT HOME

Concluded from page 15

woman not actually an invalid can take with perfect safety and with an assurance that it will benefit her. The exercises can be taken in even the restricted space of a hall bedroom. They should always be done with the window open, for one of their principal benefits is that they compel deep breathing. Naturally, deep breathing of foul air is not beneficial. The ten exercises follow:

1. Standing, take deep breath while raising arms sideways to shoulder height, palms up. Exhale with arms sinking to sides. (NOTE: *Count ten slowly, five on inhalation and five on exhalation.*)

2. Sitting, hands on hips, stretch spine by stretching as tall as possible. At same time press down on hips with hands. Avoid raising shoulders. Hold stretched position while taking hands from hips and extending them straight down at sides. Relax and repeat. (Four times in all.)

3. Standing with feet apart and hands on hips, bend trunk with circling motion forward to left and back to upright, then forward to right and back to upright. (NOTE: *Do NOT lean back when coming to upright position. At all times, keep head up, chin in and shoulders flat. Go as far as possible in each direction EXCEPT back.*) (Five times each way.)

4. Lie on back, bend knees and pull them tightly to chest with hands. Relax and repeat. (Ten times in all.)

5. Lie on back, bend one knee so that foot rests on couch. Raise other leg, with knee straight, as high as possible while counting ten; lower leg slowly while counting ten. Bend this knee, straighten other and repeat. (Four times with each.)

6. Standing, with hands on hips. Bring knee up as high as possible toward chest and return it immediately. (Five times with each knee.)

7. Sitting, raise rod above head, with arms completely stretched; hands on rod a little farther apart than width of shoulders. Lower rod behind head and raise again above head. (NOTE: *At all times, sit tall, with chest up, head up, chin in.*) (Five times.)

8. Standing, with hands on hips, bend knees and stretch spine. (NOTE: *Knees APART when bent.*) (Five times.)

9. Practise standing in correct position, with weight on balls of feet, chest high, abdominal muscles firm, not relaxed, head up and chin in. In other words, stand tall, with weight on balls of feet.

10. Standing, take deep breath while raising arms sideways to shoulder height, palms up. Exhale with arms sinking to sides. (Five times.)

Whenever possible, it is well to supplement indoor exercises with outdoor sports, either of a competitive or purely recreational character. Golf is the best of all outdoor games for women of this age, because it is strenuous enough to keep them in fine condition and not so strenuous as to threaten injury, provided it is not overdone. Exercise and sport must be taken in moderation, otherwise they will do more harm than good. Never try to see how many holes of golf you can play in a day or how far you can go in anything else. Stop before you are tired out. When it becomes an effort to play, nature is warning you that it is time to stop.

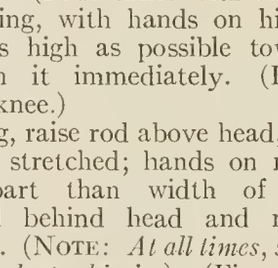
Swimming is a fine sport that many older women are finding enjoyable and beneficial. However, swimming is one of the easiest things in the world to overdo. There is a stimulation about the water that makes it hard to detect the early signs of fatigue. Walking and skating are sports that can be enjoyed all through a long life. Tennis I do not recommend for women over thirty-five. A great many play it well beyond that age and apparently are benefited by it; but tennis is a very strenuous game and the chances are that in her love of the game the average woman in the class I am now discussing would not put low enough the limit of games she allowed herself at each session.

Volley-ball is an excellent indoor game for women of almost any age. This sport has become very popular at the Detroit Athletic Club and a goodly percentage of those playing it are women around the forty-year mark. The physical director of the club, E. V. Tomlinson, has modified the rules of the game slightly so as to adapt it to the feminine player. Instead of requiring the ball to be batted, he permits the women to catch and throw it. This slows the game down a little, but there is still plenty of excitement and action. Attendance at the volley-ball sessions is better than it is in any other activity maintained by the physical department of the club.

Basketball, even under the most restrictive rules, is too strenuous for the average woman of thirty-five. There are a number of exceptions, of course, and every woman will have to decide for herself whether she thinks she can stand the pace. One who has been playing a number of years would be foolish to break right off short just because she happened to reach her thirty-fifth birthday. She can keep right on playing until she is one hundred if she feels strong enough to do so. But a woman just beginning the game at thirty-five, especially if she never had indulged in vigorous sports before, would in all probability be making a mistake.

I suppose that women who have reached their thirty-fifth milestone have formed fixed habits of dress, so there is no use in my discussing improper shoes, tight and ill-fitting corsets and things of that sort. Fortunately the few older women who insist upon sacrificing comfort and health in order to be fashionable now have for their model a type of girl who doesn't go in for tight lacing and who is usually satisfied to make some concessions to nature's original plan in footwear. The flapper may be somewhat scantily clad, but she is more comfortably clad and more hygienically clad than her grandmother was at the same age, and if her grandmother is now trying to look like a flapper, it isn't hurting her health a bit.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The next article in Mr. Fielding H. Yost's series on keeping fit will appear in THE DELINEATOR *for January.*



JUDY

Continued from page 12

conversation toward other things. "Oh, by the way, Joe," she asked of quiet, stout, bald-headed Joe Colladay, "have you met young Faunce yet? Daisy Cady introduced him to me to-day. I took a great fancy to him. What do you think of him?"

"Oh, yes," Colladay answered with unexpected heartiness. "I meet him often at the Rotary Club luncheons. I like him. He's an amusing youngster and an able one. His uncle has given him complete charge of the Colfax branch of the B. B. D. He calls it 'the baby B.' He's working hard at the job and is certainly putting in all kinds of improvements. He gave a little talk at one of the luncheons about his experience. He's just a kid, but he was as easy and natural— He said 'the baby B.' was going to have all the comforts of home."

"He's an awfully good-looking lad," Mrs. Colladay commented approvingly; "those pink cheeks and that amusing red hair with all the cowlicks in it. He made me think of Baldwin apples and the horse-chestnuts I used to hunt for in the Fall."

"Eyes just the color of fresh-made cider," Mr. Colladay remarked.

"I really took a great fancy to him. I invited him to Judy's dance."

Continued on page 72

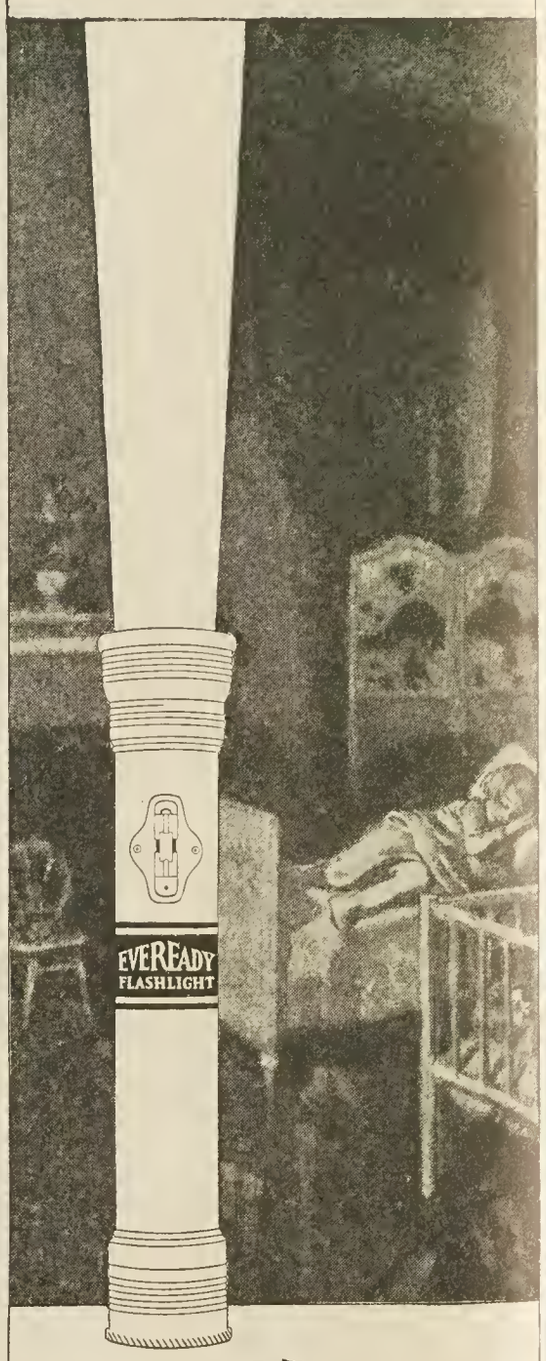
HAVE THE CHILDREN TOSSED OFF THE COVERS?

An Eveready Flashlight tells you without breaking their sleep.

A touch of your thumb! Instant light right where you want it — *and nowhere else.*

Flameless. Cannot set fire to anything.

A kindly light too in the sick room. Keeps light out of the sick one's eyes, and protects much needed rest. Every mother should have an Eveready Flashlight. The cost is so small—65 cents to $4.50, complete with batteries.



EVEREADY
FLASHLIGHTS
& BATTERIES
–they last longer

Your Child's Health

Ready for Bed



This picture is on the trade mark tag attached to every genuine Dr. Denton Garment.

Depends on the Fabric

used in making the garments in which the little one spends the long, recuperative hours of sleep.

Dr. Denton *Soft-Knit* Sleeping Garments

are made of our *hygienic fabric,* knit from special yarn spun in our own mills from *unbleached* cotton, with which is blended some soft, natural-colored wool.

Every Mother Should Know

that *bleached* and *unbleached* cotton are as different as black and white.

Bleached cotton is COLD, absorbs and holds perspiration like a sponge—a ready conductor letting the vital body-heat escape, and conveying cold to the skin. It is ideal for summer, but clammy and cold for winter wear.

Unbleached cotton, used in Denton fabric, is WARM. Each fiber is still covered with the natural cotton wax and will *not* absorb water. Perspiration is carried off *on the surface* of the loose-spun fibers and the child's skin is always *dry and warm.*

To secure the utmost softness and durability, we use only high-grade cotton and wool, *double carded.*

Our loosely twisted yarn, knit in an open stitch, and the natural smoothness of unbleached cotton, give our unique *Soft-Knit* feeling.

The hygienic qualities of Dentons are spun and knit into the fabric.

No dyes or chemicals are used, only new materials washed with pure soap and water. *Our washing process avoids stretching.* Dentons do not shrink when washed at home but keep their original shape *and elasticity.*

Body, feet and hands are covered, protecting the child from cold, even if bed coverings are thrown off.

Our patented, extra-full seat provides ample room in seat and crotch.

Dentons are well made in every way: *elastic outside seams,* collars double thickness, good buttons, strong button holes, facings all stayed.

Ideal for fresh-air sleeping, camping or touring.
(We also make Soft-Knit Hoods for out-door sleeping.)

Dentons have a mottled, light-gray color that does not readily show soil. *Each size is amply proportioned.*

Denton quality is rigidly maintained.

Our prices are always low *in relation to quality* as we are the largest and only exclusive makers of knit sleeping garments.

Sizes 0 to 6 have turn-down cuffs; sizes 7 to 14, plain cuffs.
Sizes 0, 1 and 2 are extra large at hips to allow for use of diapers.

Insist on genuine Dentons. Our name is on neck hanger and our trade mark is on tag attached to each garment.
If you cannot get Genuine Dentons from your dealer, write us.


REAR VIEW.

Over 5,000 Leading Dry Goods and Department Stores Sell Dentons.

Dr. Denton Sleeping Garment Mills,

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Makes hair radiant

YOUR hair requires more than just washing—if you would have it thick, soft and radiant. It needs to have the natural oil replaced and the scalp kept soft and healthy.

By doing that for thousands of women, Wildroot Taroleum Shampoo is giving them loveliness they never dreamed of.

Its creamy, abundant lather cleanses.

Its purified crude oil and tar feed the scalp.

Its antiseptic qualities keep the hair healthy.

Sold everywhere





JUDY

Continued from page 70

Judy was apparently interested neither in young Faunce nor in her dance. Her eyes maintained their blue preoccupation. Very soon after dinner she announced that she was so tired that she was going to bed. Mrs. Colladay opposed no objection, made no comment. But she gazed after Judy's retreating figure, a look of speculation in her eyes.

Judy was not really tired—though immediately she slipped out of her evening gown—only dazed. For, having removed her gown, she ceased suddenly to be interested in the process of undressing. She sat on the bed in her pale-pink underthings, her gleaming, wide-clocked stockings, her sparkling, silver slippers still on, the warm marble of her round young throat and her round young arms bare. She was dazed because her thoughts spun so. And her thoughts spun so because she had had such a dizzying contact with reality.

SO THAT was why Joan Jeffrey had been such a success! And Ellen Farmer before Joan! And Marion Hilton before Ellen! Horace had swung in behind them with his big income, his beautiful house, his stable, his clubs, his three motors—had, with all the additional charming detail of flowers and candy, rushed them. But in return he demanded—you had to dance with him always when he wanted it. And when you were alone with him, he expected—privileges—privileges of unlimited kisses. Of course he had not said that exactly, but that was what he had implied. What was his idea? He was rich, and rich men, even Judy knew, could buy caresses. But with Horace, Judy was sure, the matter went deeper than the mere desire for caresses. Horace was not handsome like Bobby Carter, nor fascinating like Noel Darlington, nor a wonderful dancer like Tom Pray. But he possessed a social astuteness that none of these others had. He could make a girl's season not only a success but a sensation. And having achieved that, he wanted to be a sensation with her. Every year, too, he wanted a new sensation. Horace was not the only one who worked this scheme. She got that from Horace's—well, not *threats* exactly—prophecies. They formed a ring—Horace and Bobby and Noel and Tom. Those other three were certainly in the ring; how many others she could not guess.

A girl was of course powerless in a situation like this. At least, no one girl could fight four such social favorites; and no girl could be a success in the face of their neglect. Judy knew well enough what would happen if she said no to Horace's proposal. Judy wanted powerfully to be a success: to rush from engagement to engagement; to come home from one just in time to dress for another—packages arriving—callers—telephone demands—motor-rides; to have to sleep all the morning that she might dance all the night. And Judy considered that she was already seriously handicapped, without interference from Horace. Her mother's house was a famous one in Belaize, but it was famous in a highbrow way. Judy wanted to remove that highbrow hoodoo. She had many times planned how gay her season was going to be—the pep she would put into it, the jazz. What a help Horace could be! He had turned Joan Jeffrey's mere costume-ball into an "Arabian Nights" entertainment.

He was full of ideas.

As he stood saying good-by to her in the big living-room, he remarked: "Here's just the place for me to put over what I've always longed to do some Winter—a country circus. Everybody to come in circus costume. I should want you to wear the costume of a bareback rider: pink silk tights and pink tarletan skirts, with those heelless slippers they wear—you know—cross-gartered with ribbons."

That picture of herself, like an old-fashioned bouquet, placed in the center of concentric films of rose-colored tarletan whirled around in her thoughts like a piece of pink tissue-paper caught in a carriage wheel. And all she had to pay for it were a few kisses—not a few, to be honest—many—but only kisses. And what were kisses after all? She need not pretend to herself that she hadn't been kissed before. She had—only then it had come about accidentally—not the result of what you might call a *bargain*. And she had not minded being kissed. She rather liked it—in the case of Perk Morton, she liked it awfully. But she did not especially want Horace to kiss her—not at all, in fact! If Horace at twenty-one hadn't so much the air of being fifty-one, if he hadn't such pop-eyes and such a long thin nose— But, on the other hand, was not his dressing, as Daisy Cady once said, a daily hint from London? Still, Horace wasn't a good dancer—she would hate to be tied indefinitely. But he insisted on dancing only with good dancers. Judy suspected that Horace knew a poor dancer would show up his deficiencies. Somehow she could not imagine herself letting Horace kiss her. But, after all, wouldn't that antipathy—no, not antipathy, *objection*—wouldn't that objection make it a perfectly decent arrangement? If she were crazy to have Horace kiss her, why *that* might be wrong. But as long as she didn't care, why wasn't it just like shaking hands?

Judy considered this aspect of her problem for a long time. And for that long time it seemed to settle the question. And then suddenly conviction snapped through that superficial certainty. *Kissing Horace like shaking hands with Horace?* Not at all! It would be quite a different matter. It would be absolutely distasteful to her! She had a sudden picture of Horace as she had seen him at the club dances, returning with Joan from the decorously shrubbed lawn, his cheeks all dry, reddish patches, his forehead wet. Still, she must say yes—she must make herself say yes.

Judy sighed. She arose from her bed and listlessly finished her undressing, put her light out and crept between the sheets. It was a long time before she fell asleep, for her thoughts still whirled. And with every revolution a picture of herself in rose-colored tarletan entering the ballroom came flashing past like a piece of pink tissue caught in a wheel. But after a while the wheel slowed—the pink tissue dropped away——

She awoke twice in the night.

Some time after midnight she came out of a sound sleep, shocked broad awake. She was looking at— There, hanging in her mind, hideously distinct, horridly concrete, was a picture: a drowned girl—dripping—with wet golden hair clinging in drabbled curls to her head—marble lids down—Nelly Fay! Nelly Fay could not beat Ed Robbins's game. But she had tried to beat it. No—no—no more than Nelly could she lie down to a hold-up game. She might not be a match for Horace—but she could give him battle. No, she owed it to Nelly——

Just before dawn she awoke again—only for a minute though. This time it was with a feeling that she had just had a long comforting talk with a gay conversational young person—hair the color of a horse-chestnut—eyes the color of fresh cider.

The third time she awoke it was to the summons of the breakfast-bell. And this time Daisy Cady's image was in her mind. Before she ate she went to the telephone.

"I'VE no scruples about telling you," she was saying later in the seclusion of Daisy's room. "Horace did not ask me to keep our talk a secret. Of course he thought he didn't have to."

"You may be sure he didn't have to tell Joan Jeffrey to keep it a secret," Daisy assured her, "or Ellen Farmer. I did not know Marion Hilton so well. But those two girls fell on his neck when he put that proposition to them."

"I don't know why I come to you, Daisy," Judy went on, "unless it is that I have a sort of instinct to tell somebody who's a little apart from the situation. And your having been away to college for four years gives you a point of view. I could not—somehow, I could *not*—go to my mother or father."

"Of course not!" Daisy agreed. "We never can tell our own people, as much as we love or trust them, about anything so personal. I don't know why that is. And you have such a wonderful mother, too."

"You know, Daisy," Judy went on, "I'm not like you—interested in society only

Continued on page 74



When he says goodnight

EVERY evening, no matter how wonderful, must come to an end.

And when he leaves, he will carry away a mind's-eye picture of you as he last saw you.

Perhaps the one thing that can leave the greatest impression of any woman's loveliness is her hair.

And thousands of women have learned the way to lovely hair with Wildroot Hair Tonic. They know it keeps hair always soft, fluffy and attractive.

No matter if one's hair may be dull, lifeless or even full of dandruff, she, too, can add so much to her charm.

After your Wildroot shampoo, massage Wildroot Hair *Tonic* into the scalp. Then notice the immediate results. Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

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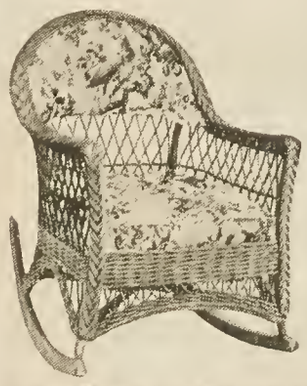
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You will love the rich, mellow tone of this Console Phonograph. Let us send it to you for Auto Knitting only 36 dozen pairs of socks.



6 dozen pairs of socks will bring you this charming porch chair. Perhaps you would like to Auto Knit for the whole suite—three attractive pieces. Send at once for your free copy of the Home Makers' Reward Book and select the rewards for which you will Auto Knit.

SEE an attractive phonograph in the living room, a new Reed rocker on the porch, a new chest of silverware in the dining room—the lovely, home-making things you have always wanted. All bought with double-value money—the new kind of money now paid to men and women who work at home in their spare time on the Auto Knitter.

See a handsome white enamel Kitchen Cabinet, earned by Auto Knitting only 16 dozen pairs of socks. See a splendid new sewing machine, earned by Auto Knitting only 19 dozen pairs of socks. See new comforts and luxuries added throughout your home—made possible by turning spare hours into dollars that do double duty in buying the things you want.

Why Every Auto Knitter Dollar Is Now Worth Two

The Auto Knitter Hosiery Company has devised this unique plan for the purpose of giving its workers the greatest possible return for their spare time. By utilizing hours and half hours during the day that otherwise might have been wasted, you can now earn in a double-quick way the things you have always wanted.

As an Auto Knitter worker, you will choose the hours that are most convenient, work when you like and precisely as much as you like. For every dozen pair of standard socks you make at home on your Auto Knitter we will pay you a standard price. The wage-rate now guaranteed Auto Knitter home workers is greater than ever before in the history of this organization.

And now, every Auto Knitter dollar you earn will be worth TWO. If you make $60.00 a month in your spare time, as Mrs. Patsy Ferraro, of Pennsylvania does, that $60.00 will have a $120.00 purchase value. If you earn $500.00 on your Auto Knitter in six months, as has Mrs. Alice Bowen, of Utah, that $500.00 will have a purchase value of $1000.00.

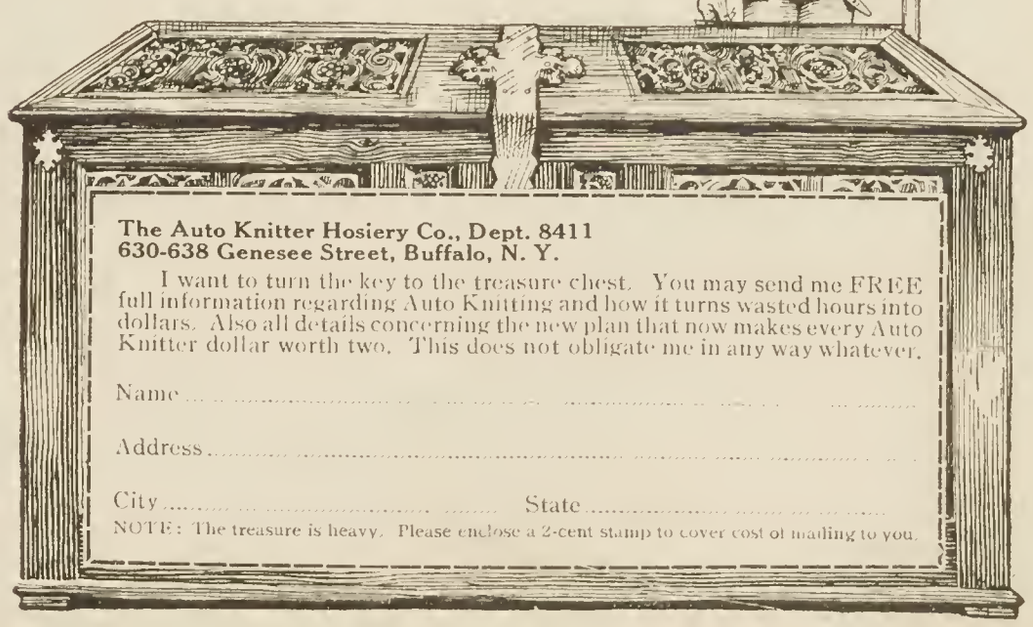
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We will be glad to send you full details free. Just send the coupon—it will bring you all information in a day or two. We will include a copy of our big REWARD BOOK which illustrates the many attractive and useful things you can now earn right at home, the new double-quick way.

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There comes a time in the life of every woman when that first gray hair—the sign-post of age—appears. To some, gray hair creeps in prematurely, stamping them old before their time. Perhaps Nature has been unkind to you. If so, don't fret about it.

Tint Gray Hair Safely

Safely, quickly, easily overcome that tell-tale gray with Brownatone. No matter what the original color of your hair, Brownatone will match it perfectly. Thousands of women with gray, faded or bleached locks have been made happy by this remarkable hair tint. In just a few minutes, without fuss or muss, your gray hair will be harmlessly transformed to its youthful color and splendor.

BROWNATONE

Tints Gray Hair Any Shade

For many years Brownatone has proven the most satisfactory immediate hair tint on the market. Druggists everywhere attest to its popularity and wonderful results. Women who try it once will have no other.

Beware of Imitations

Many so-called color restorers and hair dyes appear from time to time. Women are induced to try them, often with injurious results to their hair or skin. Don't be misled. Follow the example set by thousands of satisfied women. They know that Brownatone, guaranteed absolutely harmless, is the best. Try it and you will know it, too.

For Sale at drug and department stores. Two sizes: 50c and $1.50.

Trial bottle with valuable booklet on the hair will be sent on receipt of 10c to cover postage and packing.

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NaTone Lemonated Shampoo, nature's hair wash, cleanses and beautifies. At dealers or direct, 50c.



JUDY

Continued from page 72

incidentally. Mother wants me to take a year off now and go into the shop to get some sort of business training and then have my season later if I like. But that idea bores me to death. I want to have a good time. And I want to be a success. Indeed, I'd like to be a sensation. So much so that all night long I tried to argue myself into falling for that trick scheme of Horace Inness's. But somehow I couldn't. I simply couldn't! I don't know why——"

"Probably because you're your mother's daughter!"

"Perhaps. Anyway, I can't. And of course I know that Horace can put my season on the blink easily enough. And he will, of course. I'm beaten before I start. I don't want to run away from him. And I'd like to give him a real battle. I don't know how to do it though. That's why I came to you."

Daisy ran her hand through her thick bobbed flaxen hair. Why, mother's adjective was right, Judy suddenly discovered. Daisy did have a *clever* face, with all its up-leaping curves and its alive look.

"This whole business is unjust," Daisy said. "Girls waiting round for partners! Do you know why I gave up the whole social game? It was because I realized that I was not pretty enough or a good enough dancer to make a success. Perhaps deep down in my heart I didn't care much. Anyway, I kept seeing a picture of myself sitting through dances with the forced smile on my face that girls put on when nobody comes near them—you know, the way Molly Fogg does. And Dorothy Ellton always furtively watching Horace Inness!"

JUDY nodded, sighed. "Sometimes I feel ashamed for the men and sometimes I feel ashamed for myself—to think that I stand by and let it go on."

"I simply could not endure the thought of it," Daisy said, "and suddenly I made up my mind to cut it all and go to college. My word, how glad I am I made that decision! I've had four wonderful years. And I've made such wonderful friends. Oh, there's one of them here in Belaize whom I met at college. I want you to know him—Ellery Faunce. Your mother invited him——"

"I know. I sent him an invitation just before I left the house this morning. He's working on the railroad—his uncle's given him the Colfax branch to play with."

"I think you'll like him, Judy. He's a long string-bean of a brat with a fiery red head and eyes the color of——"

"Father said of fresh cider," Judy finished for her.

"That's it exactly. He's an able kid, too," Daisy went on, with the patronage inevitable to four years of seniority. "We'll all be saying 'I knew him when' some day." She reverted to the subject of their conversation. "Do you think that those other three men are putting this same proposition to other girls?"

"I'm not absolutely certain," Judy answered. "Horace did not say they were. And yet I'm as sure as I can be without actually knowing."

"Suppose you tried to organize a strike against it, how many girls could you depend on to stand with you?"

"Three. At least, I think three. Joyce Satterlee I'd be sure of. Milly Darlington I'd be *almost* sure of. Laurian Dade—Laurian's an awful flapper. But I think I could depend on her to go through with it."

"Three wouldn't be enough," Daisy said, "to defy that gang openly. There ought to be some more subtle way. It's all so ridiculous," she went on in a musing tone. "From time immemorial girls have not been able to dance, no matter how much they wanted to, until the men condescended to ask them. It's awfully ignominious, just sitting around and waiting. And it's awfully unjust. It doesn't mean that the best girls get partners."

Daisy was talking in generalities now. Inwardly, still desperately considering her problem, Judy waited patiently for her to run down. But perhaps in her clever way Daisy was getting somewhere. Judy tried hard to listen to what she was saying.

"Or even the prettiest. Or the best dancers for that matter. All the things that make a difference in everything else make a difference in this. Social position. Social pull. Money. Clothes. Even motors!"

Still Judy waited. But her thoughts began to get away from her. She was only half-listening now.

"In college——"

Judy hoped that Daisy would stop talking about college. She could not for the life of her concentrate on what Daisy was saying. She heard phrases.

"—quite a different attitude. You get a sense of—equality—poise. Men came up for the week-ends. When we danced——"

Suddenly Judy's mind leaped to one of those phrases, whirled a frenzied moment, then clamped down hard. "Daisy Cady!" she interrupted. "Daisy Cady, don't you say another word! Don't you realize what you've done? Don't you see that you've just given me the answer?"

Daisy simply smiled. Why, Daisy had known all the time what she was doing! That slow approach had been premeditated. "Do you think you could put that over in Belaize?" she asked.

But Judy was fox-trotting about the room, snapping her fingers. "Put it over!" she exclaimed. "You watch me! I'll invite Joyce and Milly and Laurian to lunch tomorrow and try them out."

EXTRAVAGANT rumors coursed continuously through adolescent Belaize the week before Judy Colladay's dance. They were highly unsatisfactory, even as rumors, for they never seemed to tell a complete story. One report said that Horace Inness would not be present because Judy Colladay had quarreled with him. A second report had it that a whole group of Horace's friends had espoused his quarrel and would not, in consequence, attend the dance. A third report hinted that the affair was going to be original in some extraordinary, some unexpected way. "Original?" people said. "Well, of course! What else would it be with Mrs. Colladay running it?" But no, it had nothing to do—this unusual feature—with decorations or stage-settings. Everybody discussed the dance and discussed it everywhere. There were those, of course, who maintained that they were so bored with all this talk that they were meditating not going. But when the evening actually arrived, everybody who had been invited who was not bedridden appeared at the Colladay house.

No extraordinary feature manifested itself, however, in that first half-hour or more in which the guests were arriving, greeting their hostesses and each other. Mrs. Colladay presented her normal air of a pleased serenity. The decorations—great branches of yellow and scarlet maple leaves, enormous bunches of deep-green laurel, distributed with that sense of fine effect which characterized Mrs. Colladay—were certainly not unusual enough to justify the rumor. Yet, in spite of Mrs. Colladay's detachment, there was something electric in the atmosphere. For one thing, Judy Colladay's gown of silver lace—tight-fitting in the bodice and hooped out at the hips in obvious imitation of Velasquez's "Infanta"—could not seem to confine the excitement which so palpably blazed within her. Three of her girl friends, Joyce Satterlee, Milly Darlington, Laurian Dade—mere fluffs of girlhood in their exquisitely colored thin gowns—as palpably shared that excitement. Judy had the air of one who is watching for an expected moment, an expected event. And her friends had the air of watching her, as though she was to give the signal for that expected moment and that expected event. But nothing happened. Groups of young people gathered, talked with a forced vivacity, glancing sidewise at Judy and at each other. Mrs. Colladay conducted a long, lean, gangling youth, his red hair set thick with curls and his cheeks the color of apples, from group to group until he had been introduced to everybody. The musicians came in and took their seats in a huge bower of maple boughs at one end of the two big rooms. They tuned their instruments, then stopped short and waited, their eyes on Judy. Judy raised her hand. There came a ruffle from the drum. Instantly Judy, Joyce, Milly and Laurian detached themselves

Concluded on page 76



A New-Type Corset *of Exceeding Comfort*

Thousands of women are now wearing this new-type corset for the first time. Women who discarded corsets have found even greater comfort with it than without any corsets. Its name is *La Camille*—remember it.

Famed For Comfort

La Camille is justly known as "the most comfortable corset in the world." Women who have always worn corsets and the thousands of women who have again resumed them both agree to this fact.

La Camille has a row of rectangular apertures, following the natural curve of the spine. These permit a natural "breathing" action with every bodily movement. This constant, yet imperceptible flow of outside air keeps bodily temperature constant, prevents adhesion, and, consequently, the binding and chafing caused by adhesion.

And so that comfort might be within reach of every woman, we have priced our new-type corset as low as $3!

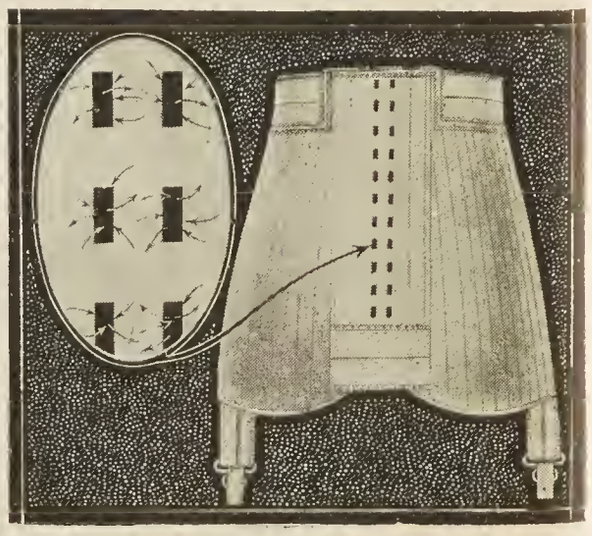
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It would astonish women to learn what happens to the uncorseted figure. Our investigation uncovered many startling things. These facts are in a free book called "PRESERVATION OF BEAUTY." It tells of certain discoveries which everyone should know—especially the younger women. Write for it now.

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"THE CORSET THAT BREATHES"





If your rheumatism comes on again this year—

How can a medicine that is applied on the outside of the skin reach a pain deep down in the joints and muscles? This treatment acts by stimulating the brain to send new blood to the affected area

DON'T suffer unnecessary pain. Get relief at once. It may be splendidly courageous to just "grin and bear it"—but it is a frightful waste of the very vital resources you need to help you get rid of the cause of pain.

Your doctor will tell you that pain should always be relieved—just as quickly and as completely as possible.

And this relief is easily at hand. However deep-seated, however hard to reach the pain may seem to you, it can be stopped—quickly and permanently.

Nearly fifty years ago a remedy for muscular pain was given to the world that has brought relief to so many sufferers that today you will find it in one home out of every three.

This remedy is Sloan's Liniment—probably the foremost household remedy in America, used all over the world and recommended by doctors everywhere.

No matter where the pain is, no matter how deep down in joints and muscles, *it can be reached* if the natural curative powers *inside* the body are only aroused.

When you use Sloan's, it stimulates the nerves on the skin. They arouse the brain, which in turn causes the blood vessels to expand throughout the painful area, *under* the place where the liniment has been applied. Rich new blood rushes in.

This new blood coming, freshly purified, from heart and lungs, with all its marvelous germ-destroying, upbuilding powers brings to sick, pain-ridden tissues just what they need to heal them.

If the pain is rheumatic, it means that disease germs are attacking the joints and muscles. In the tide of pure, new blood that is brought straight to the affected spot when you apply Sloan's, are millions of germ destroyers. So when you send this increased blood supply to the place where the germs are, you also send the very forces that alone have the power to destroy them.*

If the pain is due to over-exertion, to a sprain or a bad bruise—it is because muscle fibres have been stretched to the point of actual injury. The damage must be repaired. The blood supplies the materials out of which the new tissue must be built up—and it washes away the "fatigue poisons" produced by over-exercise.

This is the scientifically correct way to relieve pain. It doesn't just deaden the nerves. It gives your own natural bodily defenses the aid they need to drive out the cause of pain.

Don't wait until you are in actual need. Get a bottle of Sloan's this very day, and have it on hand—35c at all druggists. Just apply it—no rubbing is necessary. Immediately you will feel a gentle warmth—then a pleasant tingling of the skin—then, almost magically, relief from pain. There is no burning, no blistering, only quick, lasting relief.

(*) If after one attack has been cured, another comes on, it may be that there is in your body some obscure breeding-place of rheumatism germs—possibly a decayed tooth—which the blood cannot reach in sufficient quantities. In this case, see your doctor.

SLOAN'S Liniment—*Kills pain*

"Pink-Tooth-Brush"



is abroad in the land

THERE IS no question about it—tooth troubles, due to weakened gums, are on the rise.

The records of the clinics, the histories of thousands upon thousands of cases, point to the undeniable fact that gums are softer and less robust.

Does your *toothbrush "show pink"?*

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JUDY

Concluded from page 74

from the groups with whom they had been talking and walked toward the front of the room. Followed complete, astonished—expectant—silence.

Then it was noticed for the first time that above the window-tops lay a wide roll of white paper from which hung four long cords. Working in unison as though the act had been rehearsed, the four girls seized each a tasseled end, pulled lightly. The paper unrolled until it covered the wall-space between the windows and displayed, printed in big red letters, the following statement: "At this dance the girls alone have the privilege of cutting in."

There was an interval of stupefaction. Then came a low, surprised, muted murmur—a staccato giggle—incredulous laughter—roars—an enormous burst of applause. In another instant Judy had opened the dance with the tall, gangling, redhead youth; was floating with him on the waves of music as only those float whose dancing steps are in perfect accord. Just once around the room, however, and Judy disengaged herself from Faunce, tapped Tom Pray on the shoulder and continued the dance with him. At the same instant Joyce, Milly, Laurian cut in on new partners. A second time the quartet made the round of the room. But as yet, although all eyes were on them, no girl guest had followed their example. Again the four girls left their partners and sought others. Now came—it was as palpable as the calm before the storm—an interval of indecision. Then, with great deliberation, Dorothy Ellton arose from her seat, walked into the midst of the dancers, tapped Horace Inness on the shoulder. The effect was instantaneous. Suddenly everywhere girls stopped dancing with partners who had chosen them in favor of those they chose for themselves. Thereafter the whole dancing mass was constantly disintegrating, constantly recrystallizing.

PEOPLE said all the evening that Judy Colladay's dance was the most successful that Belaize had ever seen. The laughter was continuous. The institution of the wall-flower, of course, disappeared completely. No girl sat out any dance, gazing with wistful eyes at a gaiety she could not share. Mingling in that gaiety was all in her own will. And no youth lounged on the outskirts of terpsichorean activity, deciding whether he would or would not dance. He had no choice in the matter. Moreover, these youths soon discovered that certain members of their sex were rapidly becoming belles. Bobby Carter was in constant demand of course; Tom Pray was besieged. But the stranger, Ellery Faunce, who had the lightness of a faun, did not once succeed in making two revolutions of the room with the same partner. The spirit of rivalry began to burn as deeply in the masculine soul as ever it had blazed in the feminine heart.

The comic by-product of the occasion was that many girls danced with men they had never danced with before. They made the astonishing discovery that not all these men were good dancers. Conversely, the men discovered that some of the girls whom they had systematically neglected gained an unexpected charm with the acquisition of social initiative.

"Judy," Laurian whispered once between giggles as she whirled past with Bobby Carter, "do watch Dorothy Ellton. This is the first time in her life that she has ever danced with Horace Inness. She's cut in on him twice."

Later Laurian said, again in passing: "My goodness, Judy, Horace is asking Dorothy to dance! They are probably the two worst dancers in captivity; but, honest, their team-work is good."

Later still, Laurian emitted in an awed voice: "They've danced six times together. Judy, I bet he rushes her for the rest of the season!"

But Judy, assured now that her dance was a success and that her innovation was bound to become an established convention for one season at least, was bothering very little about her guests. For one reason she had found herself cutting in, shamelessly often, on Ellery Faunce. When the intermission came, they took their salad and sandwiches and ice-cream, found a desirable tête-à-tête spot in the wide, cushioned window in the second-floor hall. Outside, the deep shadow of the maples quivered radiantly under the bombardment of a full moon. Inside, the checker-board reflection of the huge window put an argent inlay on the polished floor. In the glittering white light, Judy looked like a white marble statue dressed in silver filigree.

"This is the first dance I've been to in a long time, Miss Colladay," young Faunce was saying. "You know, I work like a day-laborer. My uncle's a terrible martinet, and he put me right through the mill. I've done everything on 'the baby B.' from greasing wheels to punching tickets."

"Do you wear blue jumpers and a paper hat?" Judy asked. "And do you carry a lantern?"

"You bet I do—or have. I wish you could have seen me scrubbing my hands to get them clean enough to come here to-night." He held out the chapped and reddened members for her inspection. "You've no idea how hard it is to get grease out from under your finger-nails."

"Tell me everything you've done," Judy suddenly demanded, "from the first instant your uncle put the Colfax branch in your hands to this moment!"

YOUNG Faunce needed no prod. He plunged head foremost into his narrative. Had he required urging, however, Judy's questions would have proved sufficient spur. The intermission ended and the music struck up. Judy continued to question and he continued to talk. One dance went by—two—three—and still Judy drew him out. When at last he came to the end of his story and, very sobered, they started down-stairs, Judy suddenly sighed.

"Will you take me round and show it all to me some day?" she asked.

"Sure!" Faunce answered. "I can't tell you how wonderful it is to find anybody—especially a girl—who's really interested."

"Why," Judy suddenly burst out from a sudden quiet, "I dreamed about you one night!"

"Dreamed about me!" Faunce repeated. "How could you dream about me when you'd never seen me. Did I look like myself?"

"I don't remember what you looked like. You see, mother had spoken of you to me that day, and I just remember that in my dream I seemed to be discussing with you something that troubled me."

The young man asked no questions. He appeared to attach as little importance to this occurrence as Judy. In a moment they were in the swing of the dance again; but Judy carried a preoccupied look all the rest of the evening. When the last guest left, she started up-stairs, still in a muse. But half-way she changed her mind, turned toward her mother's door. Her father and mother were still up, still discussing the dance.

"Mother," Judy ruthlessly interrupted, "and father, I've made up my mind to one thing and I can't go to sleep until I've told you about it. I'm going into the shop to-morrow and begin at the very bottom and work my way up until I've learned the whole business! I want to know about everything from how to tie up a bundle to going to Paris, if necessary, to buy gowns. And father, if by Christmas-time you feel I'm competent enough, I want you to put me in charge of the toys in the basement. I want you to advertise it as The Colladay Junior and I'm going to put over the biggest Christmas sale you've ever had there!"

"Well," her mother declared, "I keep thinking I know my children, but of course I don't. No mother does. But could you give me any idea, Judy, what brought you to this decision, when nothing I could say had the slightest effect on you?"

Judy's sparkling eyes grew quiet under an instant of self-analysis. "Mother," she said, "I know and yet I don't know. Some day, perhaps, when I've worked it all out myself—But now I can only tell you what was the beginning: Nelly Fay, of Silver Springs, Ohio."

"*Nelly Fay*," her mother repeated, "*of Silver Springs, Ohio!* Who in the world is Nelly Fay?"

But Judy only smiled and kissed her a happy good night.



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J. HARDIN & SON

Continued from page 14

her. She was sitting quite erect and, as he observed, between her back and the cushion there was just room enough for his arm; and there were her lips, that little mouth, half-open in an amusement that was gradually changing into surprise, that short upper lip. He had an impulse to seize her about the waist, to bend forward and kiss her—but he checked the impulse. He thought that he had gone too far and said instead: "Don't laugh at me!"

Her eyelids drooped. "I wasn't laughing at you," she said faintly.

"Who were you laughing at, then?"

"But you were so grave!"

It would be so easy even then, he thought, to take her in his arms; but he told himself that, since the other moment had passed, perhaps it were as well not to do so; no use running deliberately into complications, getting tangled up with a woman at his age. He gave Dolly a sudden flick of the whip and she sprang forward.

The new milliner, shrunk into her corner, seemed to be pouting; but he let Dolly trot on over the soft dirt road, through the woods and out again into the open, conscious all the while that his mare was fleetly reeling off that last league of the drive on which he had set out with such pleasant anticipations. The precious moments were passing and that which had promised to be a joy had been spoiled by his clumsiness, his stupidity and now by his stubbornness. And yet he was bound by the inhibitions of his own nature.

"I do hope you don't mind—" he was rather startled to hear her say, her voice coming as though from a distance.

"Mind?" he said. "Mind what?"

"My having made you drive me home."

"But you didn't make me drive you home." And after an awkward hesitation, he added: "Do you know, that was all bluff, my asking Mrs. Simpson if she wanted to sell her place. I—well, I hoped that I might find you there!"

"Did you—really?" she exclaimed, her eyes raised to his.

"Yes," he said, looking down into them. And he might have kissed her then, but a buggy was coming toward them out of Macochee.

"You are sure you don't mind?" she repeated. "You are not afraid of what people will say?"

"Not if you aren't," he said recklessly.

"Oh, it don't matter about me. People will talk about me anyway, no matter what I do."

"They're always gossiping in Macochee," he said. "You mustn't pay any attention to it."

"It's hard sometimes for a woman alone—" She did not complete her phrase, save by a sigh. And then she added: "If you think best, I can get out and walk the rest of the way."

"You'll do no such thing!" he protested, and put out a hand to restrain her. It touched hers and rested there an instant.

"You're awfully kind," she said softly. "It's good to feel that one has, after all, a friend." She looked up at him with that half-pathetic appeal which came now and then to her face. "You are the only one in Macochee to whom I feel that I could go if I needed help."

She had withdrawn her hand almost instantly, but the contact still thrilled him.

However, they were already in the edge of the town. They sat as far apart as possible, the new milliner trying to blot herself out of sight in her corner. And Paul, even in the concern that he concealed under the severest expression of the Hardin manner, was saying to himself—if he only had the ride to take all over again——

THOSE odd little accidents of propinquity which had thus far favored them now for a while seemed to fail and he had no chance to see her, or at least to talk with her. All he could do was to think of her, to ponder on the curious chain of circumstances that had brought them together after so many years, as though life after all had some pattern which, with the inexhaustible patience of the years, slowly revealed itself. And life became all at once what he had never known it to be before: an extraordinarily interesting and vivid experience. He found a new stimulus, a new impulse driving him on to he knew not what, but something fascinating and beautiful. He felt capable of anything, he felt surging within him the tides of renewed youth, abundant, puissant, inexhaustible, a part of that Spring with its swiftly vanished beauty and of the Summer that came with June.

It was a Summer that promised to be unusually hot, even for central Ohio, and one morning Winona told Paul that she had an invitation to visit the Winships at the cottage they had taken at Mackinac. He felt for a guilty instant a feeling of relief, almost of elation, in the freedom that would be his; and then a doubt that became a fear. He was sensible of the dangers that might lurk in that freedom. And he did not like the Winships or trust them; he feared the result of their influence, always inimical to him. With the polygamous instinct of the male, he did not see why things should not go on as they were. Though he did not like the idea of her going, Paul did not feel quite justified in opposing her. He did say however: "I don't see what you want to go there for."

"Well," she answered, "perhaps you don't. You never proposed our going away in Summer."

"You know that I can't get away in Summer."

"There's no reason why I can't, is there? Do you begrudge me a little trip up the lakes?"

He thought of the break in the old comfortable domestic arrangement that would occur with her going; of what the house would be without her, even though it had been filled with the silence of their estrangement.

"It will be lonely without you," he said.

The remark, as he instantly felt, charged the moment with possibilities; he wondered whether it would touch her, whether it would open the way to an understanding that might solve their difficulty, which, after all, seemed to be so slight. He looked at her, waiting to catch her eye. She did not turn, the moment passed and they were once more out on those bleak, arid steppes of cold aversion. Her lip, with the little shadow of black down upon it, was curling.

"I guess you won't miss me so very much!"

"But I shall," he insisted. "The house will be desolate without you. And think what people will say!"

"Well, I never!" she exclaimed. "What people will say!" Her dark eyes flashed an indignant shaft at him.

"But really, you misunderstand," he said, realizing that his remark had been unfortunate, "I should miss you, I should be lonely."

"Oh, well," she flung at him with an airy indifference, "if you are, you can go take the new milliner out buggy-riding!"

And with this Parthian shot, she swept out of the room.

IT WAS lonely without her. The old house seemed suddenly to have grown strange and unfamiliar; it seemed to be no longer his home; he felt like an intruder in it.

Paul had no friends or intimates; he lacked the resources common to the men of Macochee, whether the church or the lodge or the saloon and the midnight poker-party. He tried to read, but the evenings were too warm; he might sit on the veranda or now and then pass an evening with his parents, but in general he was lonely, unoccupied and he would go early to bed, glad when morning came and he could drive off to his farms.

And always in the back of his mind was the thought of the new milliner. It was absurd, when he was lonely and she so near, that he could not go and have a little chat with her. There could be no harm in walking downtown and passing her shop.

But the shop was closed. He went on to the corner and was about to enter Ogle's drug-store when he saw her, seated on one of the stools of the soda-fountain with a tall glass out of which she was eating ice-cream. Paul stepped cautiously back out of the light and stood watching the scene within. She seemed to him incomparably pretty, sitting there eating ice-cream. The sleeves of her white dress fell away from her slender arms; she was bareheaded and the coils of her brown hair shaded the upper part of her face, rosy in the light.

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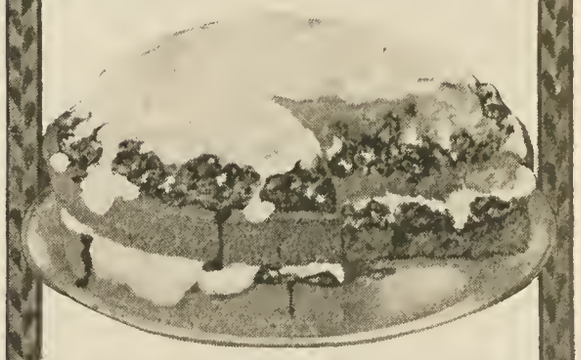


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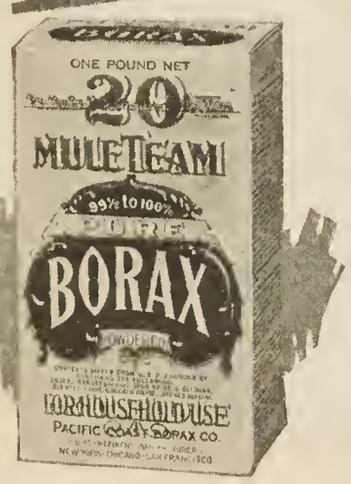
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J. HARDIN & SON

Continued from page 78

He glided around the corner into Cedar Street and waited in the deeper shadows. Once he stole forth and risked a glance through the window. She was still there, but she had finished with the refreshment and was dipping her fingers into her purse for her money. He hastily withdrew and waited.

She came out and when she saw him he was glad to note that she did not show any surprise.

"I hope I didn't startle you?" he said.

"Oh, no," she replied. "I saw you when you came up to the door."

She let the simple observation bear whatever slight reproach it might and for an instant it confused Paul, who would have liked to ask her if Jordan had seen him. However, he only stammered: "Well, I——"

"Oh, I understand," she said wearily. "I had just run down to the corner to get a glass of ice-cream soda-water. It's so hot in my little house."

They commented on the weather and as they neared the door of her shop she said:

"I believe the ice-cream made me warmer than ever."

"Then," Paul managed, "we might stroll on a little way."

AND they strolled on, past the dark church, past the old shop, shrouded for Paul in memories, out Cedar Street under the trees, past the dark, silent houses with the indistinguishable figures on verandas, past the schoolhouse. And as he talked with her, or what was better, listened to her voice, there was for him an undercurrent of memories: the church, the shop, the school—they were symbols of a phase of his existence that had determined in him that nature which would not let him know light, careless joy.

He tried to convey some sense of it all to her, but he found the thought easier to conceive than to express.

"You don't know what an unhappy youth is!" she said abruptly, almost bitterly. She began to talk of her childhood, of those early days at Mrs. Hobbs's and of her life with Mrs. Mumm, when she was a milliner's apprentice. Then she went on talking about her youth, relating to Paul bits of experience in that strange and, to him, unreal life which she had led away from Macochee, falling into a serious strain he had not suspected in her.

"Unless one can have beauty and joy in childhood," she was saying, "I doubt if one can ever have them afterward. It's a trick one must learn young."

"You believe, then——"

"In destiny?" she asked, picking up his thought before he had uttered it. "Yes. One is what was determined in the beginning; I think it's that way."

"And one can't change?"

"Not much—without an immense will. One remains what one was born."

"And so," said Paul, "once in Macochee, always in Macochee!"

"Essentially, yes. One may go away, but one comes back—like me. You see, I haven't any will. I put things off—decisions, I mean—and just drift."

"Why did you come back to Macochee?"

"Why? Oh, I don't know. I thought I knew; I think now, sometimes, that I know. But I'm not sure. I read once in a Sunday paper an article about seals in Alaska. It said that every seal goes back every year, in the Spring, to the rock where it was born—the very identical rock. Well, I suppose it's that way with me. I was born in Macochee. And my mother is buried here, you know. But we can't find her grave." She was silent an instant and sighed. And then she said: "What a dismal strain I've fallen into! Let's not talk of that any more—not just now, anyhow. I'll tell you more some day, if you are good!" And she laughed and took his arm and gave him a playful little propulsion forward. "You don't know how good it is to have some one to talk to!"

They walked quite to the end of Cedar Street. Over the valley through which Possum Run ran to join Mad River there was a high piece of trestle-work—or a trestle-work that in his childhood had always seemed high to Paul—and on it just then a train was running, the Chicago Limited. The train trailed a shower of sparks after it, sweeping by in superior, high disdain of Macochee, as though the lives, the loves, the hopes it bore were far more important than those in the little town at which it never stopped. They stood and watched it sweep by and disappear behind the dark woods. Its rumble died away and the stillness of the night descended again, pierced by the shrill notes of young frogs in the depths of the valley. And Paul thought of the limited train: what if they were on it together?

Such thoughts, however, alarmed him; he determined not to go out Cedar Street any more. And yet he was always venturing on sly little propulsions, in a half-unconscious effort to influence events in a way that would leave on them alone the responsibility for what he did—as on that evening when he went to see his father and mother: They were not at home—he had forgotten that it was the night of prayer-meeting—and he went on to Ogle's drug-store for a cigar. The drug-store was filled with a group of boys and girls, crowded about the fizzing soda-fountain, all talking at once, laughing at everything. He sauntered into Cedar Street, smoking his cigar. The door of the new milliner's shop was open; no light showed within, but there was a soft whitish blur in the darkness. He walked more slowly, peered into the darkness. The pale blur stirred and he heard a voice:

"Good evening!"

She was sitting just inside the door, evidently seeking some fresh air in the cool of the evening that was so very little less stifling than the day itself had been.

"Won't you come in?" she asked.

"Oh, no, thank you," said Paul, but he stepped inside the shop door tentatively, as though that were not precisely coming in.

"I won't make a light," she said, "for fear of the mosquitoes. But do sit down. Hasn't it been a hot day? Do sit down, please. There, you can smoke in peace."

He could not see her expression. She was to him a soft blur of white garments, mysteriously attractive. He chose a subject familiar to him and in his own line.

"How's business?" he asked.

"Falling off," she said.

"I suppose it's the season."

"Oh, I hardly think so. Maybe that has something to do with it. But—haven't you heard?"

"Heard?" he repeated. "Heard what?"

"Why—about my hats!"

"What about them?"

"You don't know? You haven't heard? It isn't—well—nice—to buy hats of me. I thought you knew that. My hats, it seems, are not moral!"

"You mean—" he began.

"Just that!" she replied.

"I'm sorry," he said. He felt embarrassed, if not exactly culpable.

"Oh, Mr. Hardin," she hastened to add, "don't think that I blame you! It's that horrid old frump of a Mumm woman, with her hideous nightmare hats. If they're not moral, they're ugly enough to be! And she is trying to ruin my business. I shouldn't care if my hats weren't pretty, but they *are* pretty; I know it and everybody knows it. They're too pretty for this horrible little town, that's what they are!"

The people coming away from prayer-meeting were drifting slowly by on the pavement, talking in low tones. Some one sniffed.

"I smell cigar smoke!" said a voice indignantly.

"So do I!" was the reply.

She leaned toward him and he had a delicious, troubling sensation of the proximity of those soft, filmy white garments.

"You'd better go," she whispered, "as soon as they pass!"

THEY contrived for a while, by a sort of tacit understanding, to give their evening meetings the adventitious and innocent air of mere casual encounters.

If in the soft black shadows of the trees they strolled as lovers might, they talked of subjects other than that which lay nearest their hearts—though, like lovers, they talked always of themselves and sought to bring up the long arrears of absence and separation, as though laying the ground for more significant experiences to come.

Continued on page 82

This Fall a pattern owes you more than just general directions

Tier effects, plaits, circular flounces—the styles this Fall demand the Deltor service other patterns fail to give you

THE new long tubular coat Paris is wearing, the coat frock with its circular flounces, the tailored suit with its waist-coat blouse—you can make every one of them!

Tier draperies are in,—your frock, the first one to appear at the country club dances—made every bit yourself! It was so easy with the individual guidance of the Deltor.

First of all, you cut your pattern by the individual cutting chart—your size pattern laid on the width material you are using. By exactly meeting your own needs it saves you material as no ordinary general chart can. You save from ¼ to 1⅜ yard on every dress you make with the Deltor.

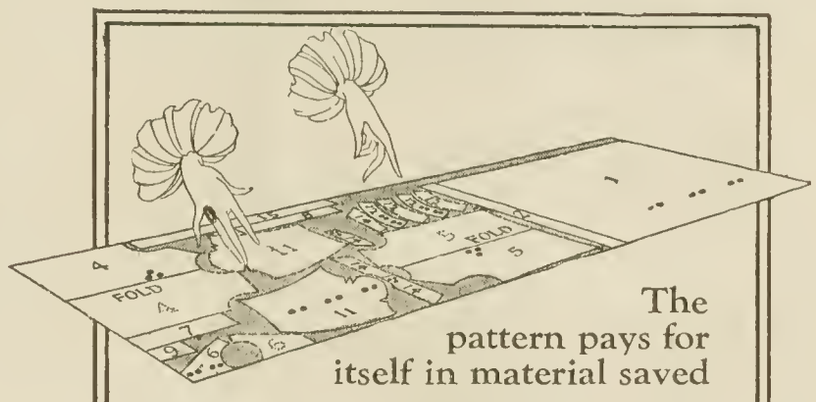
You put together the newest type of dress as easily as if you had made it a hundred times when you have the Deltor. It shows you, step by step, the way a great dressmaker would put that dress together.

This season the finish is certainly half the costume. With the Deltor you give your costumes a perfection of finish you never could before, for it shows you exactly how.

The Deltor is really a complete illustrated dressmaking course for the new costume you are making.

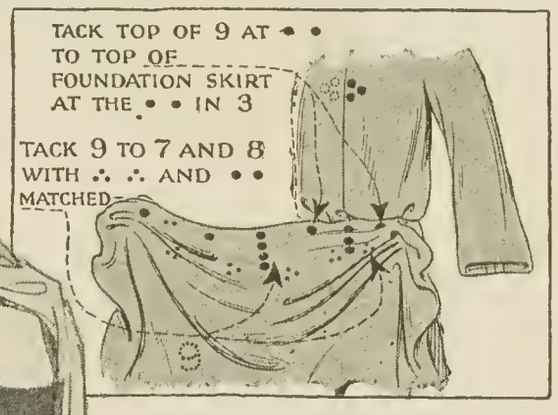
Between the results of just the general directions most patterns give and the individual guidance of the Deltor lies the difference between a dress that is frankly home-made and one that you are proud to wear. Hundreds of women know this. They know, too, the time and the money the Deltor's personal cutting layout saves them. They appreciate the helpful suggestions as to materials and newest color combinations.

They are no longer satisfied with just the pieces of paper and some general directions when they buy a pattern. They insist on their money's worth of service—they specify the Deltor.



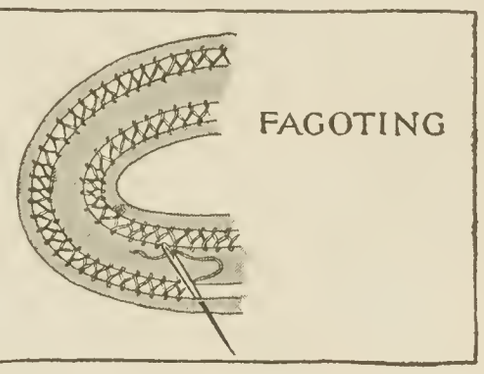
The pattern pays for itself in material saved

You do not waste an inch of your expensive material when you have the Deltor individual cutting layout. It is made to fit your needs and so saves you money as the general charts of most patterns can not possibly do. "I bought my material before I bought my pattern and I found I had 1⅜ yard more than I needed with the Deltor cutting layout," writes one woman. "At $5.50 a yard that meant $7.50 for unnecessary material."



The professional way to make your dress

The style secrets of the world's great fashion centers are in your Deltor! It shows you exactly how your frock would be made in the atelier of some great dressmaker. You work swiftly, easily, and your dress is perfect when it is finished.



The real French finish

All the newest ways of finishing your dress are there in the Deltor for you. The newest touch of lingerie, such as imported dresses show, the new bound pockets, the way Paris is using buttons and buttonholes this season—it is all there for you. No wonder your frock is admired.





Plaits are everywhere this Fall and nowhere more charming than in the long panels that make one look so very slender.



Paris is enthusiastic about buttons and buttonholes this season! The naive simplicity of this frock is very useful.

The tiered frock, not content with its own charm, adds a bow for good measure.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS WITH THE DELTOR

Reduced 53 Lbs. in Nine Weeks!



Mrs. JESSICA PENROSE BAYLISS *of Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, did not find it hard to go from 191 lbs. down to 138. Do you see a single sign of gauntness, or any flabby look?*

Society Leader Takes Off Every Bit Of Excess Flesh; Mrs. Bayliss Tells Here How She Did It

"I NEVER dreamed you could do it, Mr. Wallace," wrote this well known young matron of Philadelphia's social elect. Her letter is dated in February, and refers to reducing records purchased late in November. A reduction of more than fifty pounds in a few weeks! But read her own story:

"Here I am, back to 138 lbs. after my *avoirdupois* had hovered round the impossible two hundred mark! Your perfectly wonderful music movements—nothing else—did it. You have reduced my weight from 191 to 138, and lightened my heart as no one can know who has not had activities and enjoyments curtailed for years—and suddenly restored.

"Thanks to Wallace I am dancing, golfing and 'going' as of yore, and wearing styles I would have had to forego with my figure what it was. Because I once laughed at the idea of 'getting thin to music' I offer in humble apology this letter, my photograph and permission to publish them should you desire."

It's SO Easy To Do!
No Starving, No Punishment

Most women of bulky figure would make almost any sacrifice to attain the symmetry Mrs. Bayliss' photo reveals. But you need not sacrifice your health, comfort or even convenience. The process is *enjoyable*. You use Wallace's records but ten minutes a day! Yet the reduction is felt within five days of starting; the second week will bring a noticeable improvement; the third or fourth week will find you lighter by many pounds.

The beauty of Wallace's method is its absolutely *natural* reduction and *redistribution* of weight. Unlike the drastic dieting and drugging methods, there is no loss of flesh where you cannot afford to lose it.

How long will it take? Some lose seven or eight pounds in the first five-days test period; others but two or three. Much depends on the individual constitution. But you *can* and *will* lose *steadily* by this method—as fast as is good for you. And everyone who ever reduced this way will tell you it's downright *fun*.

Free Proof—Send No Money

Just try Wallace's way for five days. That's all he asks. Don't send any money; don't promise to pay anything now or later. The trial is *free*. If you don't see surprising results in even these few days—simply mail back the record and you will not owe Wallace a penny. Let the scales decide. Here is the coupon that brings first week's reducing lesson complete, record and all:



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Address .....



J. HARDIN & SON

Continued from page 80

She gave him, in her desultory way, bits of her own experience so that he was able to reconstruct her life almost from its infancy. Of her mother she knew, of course, nothing, but she had so vividly imagined her that she had created for herself an image worthy of her adoration. Her father Evelyn knew as the kindest man in the world, with something of the artist in him, too; full of great schemes, yet always wrecking himself on some foolish, impracticable theatrical venture and a perfect child in money matters.

"Poor father!" she said. "I can see him now: He would come bursting into my room crying: 'Oh, Evelyn, I've got it now! This will be a go! This will be a hit! This is bound to knock their eye out!' and he was as happy as though he had it, as though he had made his hit, as though he had knocked their eye out. And since one scheme no sooner failed than he had another in its place, he was happy all the time. They all failed, and he never remembered one of them as a failure for five minutes. Well, he made at last, as though it were original, the discovery that he was no business man. Business details were beneath his dignity; they were vulgar things; they diverted his energies, took his mind off his real work, his art, his acting. The thing was to have a manager, a business man—practical and all that, but one who at the same time appreciated and respected artistic talent. And he had at last found the man—Jim Laurie.

"I wish I could make you see Laurie—I wish that I could describe him. There should be some word for him, but if there is one, I don't know what it is. A certain kind of woman would consider him handsome. You see, he was all physical, with nothing spiritual about him. But he had a personality, as actors would say; he had some strange power, a compelling sort of way. He imposed himself. It was a kind of domineering, bullying force. He beat you down, while all the while he was pretending that he was doing nothing of the sort. He had a manner that somehow fascinated you. You did whatever he asked, fearing him, loathing him all the while, yet not daring to do otherwise. He was, in fact, a bully and a cad. Any one, it seems to me now, should have seen through him at a glance. But my father never saw through him. No more did I. I married him!"

IT WAS the first time that she had ever spoken to Paul of her husband. He had not thought of her as married, though of course there was her name on the lease. To him she had been merely and all sufficiently Evelyn, though he had never so intimately addressed her. The thought of this delicate and charming creature bound to a brute filled him with pity for her and resentment that such a monstrous thing could be, and he was glad when she told him that she was contemplating divorce. She spoke of it with difficulty and reticence.

"Do you know a good lawyer?" she asked.

"I thought that Sturrock was your lawyer?

"Don't mention that horrid man to me!"

"But——"

"Don't speak of him! He's a creature too vile for words!" She spoke with bitter feeling. "I want a different lawyer. I want a sympathetic lawyer."

"A sympathetic lawyer?" exclaimed Paul.

"Don't laugh," she protested. "You know what I mean: one who understands women."

"Worse yet!"

"Well, anyway, one who can appreciate a woman's point of view."

"Wade Powell," Paul suggested.

"I thought of him," she said. "I believe that he sympathizes with people in trouble."

The divorce proved to have been the practical, determining reason for her coming to Macochee. Sturrock had advised her that her residence was there and that by settling down she would avoid many difficulties of a legal and technical nature. And then, as she said, her mother was buried at Macochee, and by one of those strange illusions that the perspective of time sometimes creates Macochee appeared to her as a quiet, peaceful place where one wearied and frustrated by life in the larger world outside could find rest and a calm retreat.

THE exiguity of life and of social convention in Macochee made it increasingly difficult to find each evening a new expedient for meeting, and Paul, growing more and more infatuated, became more and more reckless until at last he could not let an evening go by without seeing her. He would pace up and down Cedar Street until Evelyn appeared and they would stroll away under the trees.

But one evening she did not appear. It had been one of those hot days that came to central Ohio in July and August. As Paul walked down Cedar Street he glanced up at the sky where in an ominous blackness heat lightning shimmered. It had been flickering in the distance ever since darkness fell and now the sheet of its flame was growing brighter, lighting up the whole sky. The trees were motionless, the air heavy and there was a brooding silence. A great drop of rain splashed in the dust of the road. He had reached the church and he took shelter in the portico. A moment later the storm broke in a great crash of thunder and blaze of lightning. He could not remain where he was and he plunged into the storm, ran down the street and burst into the shop. The bell jangled its alarm and he was standing in the doorway, blown by his spurt and dashed with rain, when the startled milliner appeared between the curtains at the back.

"Oh," she cried, "it's you! Come in! Quick! Don't stand there! Come in here!"

And just then there came such a vicious flash of lightning and such a crash of thunder that she clapped her hands to her face and hid in the curtains. He had never been in her sitting-room since that first day when he had gone to inspect the chimney.

"In there?" he asked.

"Yes, in here!" she insisted. "I can't bear it out there! You can see the lightning!"

He could not see it in the sitting-room and he felt that he could scarcely breathe, for she had shut the room up so tightly that it was hot and close.

"Whatever brings you out on such a night?" she exclaimed, seating herself on the divan.

"You!" he said. He had taken a chair by the fireplace.

"You mustn't sit there," she cried; "so near the chimney!"

He went over and sat beside her on the divan and turning to face her caught her hands in his.

"You!" he said again. "You brought me out, Evelyn!"

She turned away from him and tried to withdraw her hands.

"Don't!" she said.

"Why not?"

"You know. This—well, this can't go on!"

"Why, Evelyn," he said, "what do you mean?"

"I mean that we must not see each other any more." And then she looked up suddenly with a rather wan little smile and he saw tears glistening in her eyes. "You know," she went on, "it is hard to say this. But it must be said; and, well—there, I've said it!"

She looked down a moment.

"It's not safe for you to be here. It's a risk for you."

"And you?" he asked.

"Never mind me. I'm not of importance.

Continued on page 83

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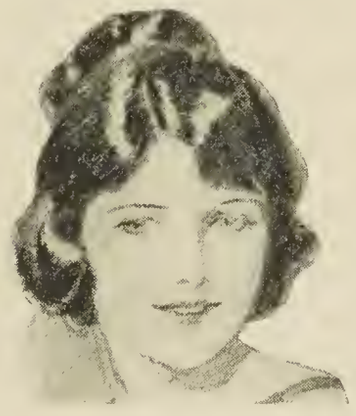
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J. HARDIN & SON

Continued from page 82

But you know how they will talk—are talking already."

"But I don't care for them. What can they do?"

"Ah!" she exclaimed. "What can they do!" Her eyes flashed and her lips were set tightly. "You ask that of me!"

"Oh, come, come," he said. "Don't be so serious and depressed! It's the storm."

"No, no," she protested, "it's not that! You remember those awful little children pursuing me, calling out that horrid, hideous word? I know them! They are grown up now, but they haven't changed!"

She winked hard to keep back her tears; then, as they overflowed, she sat there twisting her hands in her lap.

"I haven't forgotten them," she said, "or you—and what you did that day. You see, you were a great hero in my eyes all through my girlhood. But I've already told you that, haven't I?" and she looked up suddenly, smiling through her tears.

"That's all very well, Evelyn," he said. "As a matter of fact, it was Malcolm Dyer who pulled you out. But you would never give him the credit for it."

"Oh, it wasn't!" she persisted. "It was you. Do you think I could forget that? But there is one thing I must tell you before we part."

"Don't say that!"

"Oh, yes; it must be! But there is one thing I want you to know: It wasn't true—what those little brutes used to yell after me. I did not know what they meant when they used to make faces at me and mock me—I didn't even know for a long time the meaning of that word they shouted. When I did learn, I thought for a long while that it was true—I accepted everything any one said as true—and I thought that I should die of shame and mortification. It was one of the few happy moments in my life when my father, after he had taken me away, told me that it was not true. He gave me her wedding-ring. There it is. See?" And she held up her hand to show him the ring. "It's all I have of my mother—that and her picture."

She raised her eyes to a faded old theatrical photograph on the chimneypiece.

"Not much, is it, to have of one's mother? You know, I can't even find her grave here. But Mr. Powell is going to try to have it identified for me."

"Oh, you have seen him?"

"Yes. And do you know, that odious Sturrock was all wrong. I have to live in Ohio a year before I can get my divorce. Something about my residence and—Laurie's. Sturrock either did not know or he lied. You remember the night you first came in here and you ran into him? Well, he had—insulted me!"

They sat until the storm passed. The lightning flashed no more and now and then the thunder rolled far off in harmonious resonance.

"You must go now, Paul," she insisted.

PAUL was going to the country on Monday to superintend the harvesting and was to make his headquarters at Barlow's. But he must see her once more before he went, for he would be absent the better part of a fortnight. She had said, to be sure, that they must not meet again, but that was absurd; she could not mean that. And so before going to his office he passed by the milliner's shop. She was there before the counter, trying a large hat on her own head for the benefit of Mrs. Simpson, who was thus to see just how the hat was going to look on her. Evelyn was standing before the long mirror, her arms to her head, tilting the hat at the proper angle. She made a charming picture and admiration was plainly revealed in Mrs. Simpson's ruddy face. And then Evelyn turned and looked at Paul, whom she must have seen in the glass. As she removed the hat, she gave him a droll little wink, as though at Mrs. Simpson's expense, and then

Continued on page 84



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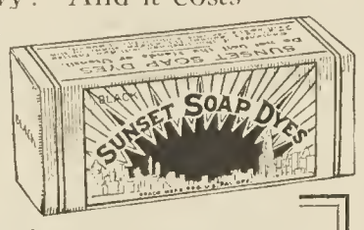
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J. HARDIN & SON

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raising her arms reverently she stood on tiptoes and crowned Mrs. Simpson with the hat. It was all too charming. And during the rest of the day, at the bank, at his office, he had that picture before his eyes. He could hardly wait for evening; he was sure that she would be expecting him. But when he arrived that evening, the shop was closed and on the door there was a placard: "Out of town."

THE fiery suns of those July days flaming up and down the Marmon Valley had ripened the grain earlier than usual and the farmers found themselves taken unawares by the precipitate necessity of harvest. Paul, however, on his arrival at the farm, found Barlow ready to begin on the morrow. From his other farms nearby word came that they too were ready.

He was coming in one evening from the Price farm and was making a short-cut across the fields, tired from his walk over the prickly stubble in the blazing sun, when he saw some of Barlow's men riding home in an empty hay-wagon. They saw Paul and one of them called out: "Want a lift, boss?"

The wagon was rumbling along the edge of a field not far from a narrow lane and as they proceeded Paul caught a glimpse now and then of a white hat in the angles of the rail fence—probably of some laborer going home from the fields. But in a clearer view he saw that it was not a man's hat: it was a wide, white leghorn and its brim hid from view the face it shaded. Paul's heart began to throb with a violence from which it had been free during these tranquil days in the country. As they drove past, the white leghorn hat turned and out from under its wide, graceful brim there glanced up at him the blue eyes of Evelyn.

He could not be sure, but he thought that she had seen him; and after supper, on the chance of meeting her, he went across the fields toward Mrs. Simpson's house. But she did not appear and he dared not go too near. The next evening he repeated the maneuver, venturing a little nearer, waiting in the long twilight smoking his cigar and then walking back, disappointed, that long mile to the Barlow farm.

On the following evening he was again leaning over the fence, looking down toward the dark mass of the trees that sheltered Mrs. Simpson's cottage. Would she come? His heart beat high; he was thrilled with a sense of expectancy, and the evening itself, as it brooded over the earth, seemed to betray a rapturous expectancy of its own. If she would only come! He went out into the lane, keeping close to the high, unkempt hedge of osage, and giving himself the character of the landlord inspecting his lands, he sauntered down toward the clump of trees that hid Mrs. Simpson's cottage. He saw a figure, and then suddenly, almost before he was aware, there was Evelyn coming toward him, a finger to her lips.

"Sh! Mrs. Simpson doesn't know that I am out. I ran away. It's been three days and you didn't come!" she said.

"I've been trying to find you ever since I saw you," he replied, drawing nearer to her. "I have been here every evening—I have haunted this place, but *you* didn't come!"

"Did you?" she said, looking up with a sudden smile. "Did you really?"

He took her hand and tucked her arm into his and turned to walk away with her.

"Really, Paul," she began, "Mrs. Simpson——"

"But Mrs. Simpson isn't your mistress!" he said. "Come!"

"You don't know her. And then, you know, it isn't safe for you; the countryside buzzes worse than the town."

"Don't talk of all that!" he said, shaking his head impatiently. "You came out to see me, didn't you?"

He was looking down at her eyes.

"I thought you might come," she began, and then she turned half away from him.

But he took her by the arms and turned her about, facing him again. "Look at me!" he said.

She raised her face to his; it was pale and grave.

"But this is madness, you know!" she whispered.

"Well, I am mad!" he said, and he seized her in his arms and pressed her closely to him and kissed her long upon the mouth.

The twilight was deepening; the shades were already heavy about the lower branches of the trees, and over the fields and down the lane there was diffused a violet light that slowly deepened into the purple of evening. The light went out of the sky but the heavens, dark and deep, were filled with a faint prescient glow that paled all but the brightest stars. Low in the West hung the evening star, a pearl of light, liquid and tremulous, as though at any instant it might fall. The earth was still warm; the heat lingered in the air, heavy with the perfumes of the fields at evening. In silence, his arm about her, they drifted down the lane between the hedge of the osage and the sumac bushes toward the lower slopes of the Marmon Valley.

Paul opened a gate that gave into a wheatfield where the men had been working that day, and as they entered the field, there, over the little hills just across the valley, rose a round, enormous moon, slowly suffusing the air with its golden light, spreading its radiance through the valley, flooding it with romance and enchantment. The low shocks of wheat stood out distinct and bright on the yellow stubble, each in the round blot of its own soft shadow. In the bottom of the valley the waters of the Mad River's narrow stream glinted silver, and beyond rose the dark purple masses of the woods. The rising moon had cast its spell upon that unseen life which a moment before had been so vocal, hushing it into silence deep and mystical; and then, after a few seconds, the myriad tiny voices of the night took up their chorus again.

Paul and Evelyn stood and gazed, breathless, then slowly went down into the woods. The moonlight, which grew more dazzling white outside, filtered through the branches of the trees, mottling the grass and leaves with sequins; the warm still air was laden with the perfume of the fields. They became a part of the midsummer night, throbbing with its passion, pulsating with that mysterious, vital force, puissant and ardent—the mighty urge of life. She was so pale, so white in the moonlight! She yielded to his embrace and their senses were drowned in ecstasy.

WHEN Winona came home, Paul was rather surprised that nothing immediately happened. The only feeling she showed during those first days was that dull, vague dissatisfaction which one always has on returning from a holiday. She had little to say, except as to her memories of Mackinac.

"I wish we might have a cottage up there," she said. "Couldn't we?"

The question startled him. This calm reliance on the future, on the permanency of things—this was rather terrible. Heavens! did she not know, then? It seemed to him that every dale in the Marmon Valley was ringing with it, that all Macochee was buzzing; he could see it in the eyes of every one he met, feel it in the tones of their voices. The very atmosphere of the room where they sat seemed to be charged with it; he felt that at any second the vibrations of his own consciousness might spontaneously discharge it electrically into her ears.

To be sure, she had not been home many days as yet. When she did hear of it, as inevitably she would—Macochee being Macochee—it would not be as of some white, heavenly flame of purest, perfect love! At any rate, he would not tell her; it would be best to let things drift on naturally to——

To what? He had not thought of that; he rather impatiently put it aside, and, strangely enough, during the placid days of that Autumn, they got on better than they had in a long while. Winona's Summer at Mackinac had ripened her friendship with Mrs. Winship and her attitude toward Paul was one of complete disinterestedness, though whether by accident or design he could not tell.

Paul, in the glamour of his passion for Evelyn, was quite ready to take advantage of this condition. At home, if he was not assiduous to please, because that might have awakened suspicion, he nevertheless did

Continued on page 85



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J. HARDIN & SON

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everything to avoid occasion for discussion and disagreement. It was a part of this same canny shrewdness that led him to appear unchanged to the world; he was the same gray, rather roughly dressed, somewhat dour man. But interiorly he was strangely elated—almost exalted. He felt a flush of youth, a warmth like that in the brilliant Autumn days, a gladness of maturity that glorified him.

IT WAS an evening late in October. He had remained with Evelyn later than usual—in fact, he had been staying later and later each night. They were sitting before the little grate in which Evelyn had laid a fire. The fire burned slowly and reluctantly, the chimney, despite Brethitt's efforts, never having drawn very well. There had been a little mist of rain that day, dismal and depressing, marking the end of the fine weather, that stately procession of glorious Autumn days in which they had been happy. It was not, perhaps, complete or perfect happiness, though they liked to think it such, and when for a second they could isolate it, it was that. The little sitting-room, tucked away in that old house, cozy with Evelyn's taste, could shut out the world quite effectually for a while. But not for long.

This feeling, however, they had not expressed. Paul was ever acutely aware of it, but he had never spoken of it to Evelyn. He had noticed, however, on this evening, that she was depressed. She sat for a while gazing into the smoldering fire, her face grave and wistful. Paul had risen to go, and as he stood up, tall in the little room, she looked up suddenly with a troubled expression in her eyes.

"Paul," she said, "I'm afraid."

"Afraid?" he repeated. "Of what?"

She got up and going to him laid her two hands on his shoulders and looked up into his eyes.

"For our happiness. It can't last."

It was hardly to be expected that a statement so in accord with his own philosophy should be contested by him.

"You know it can't," she went on. "You know it can't!"

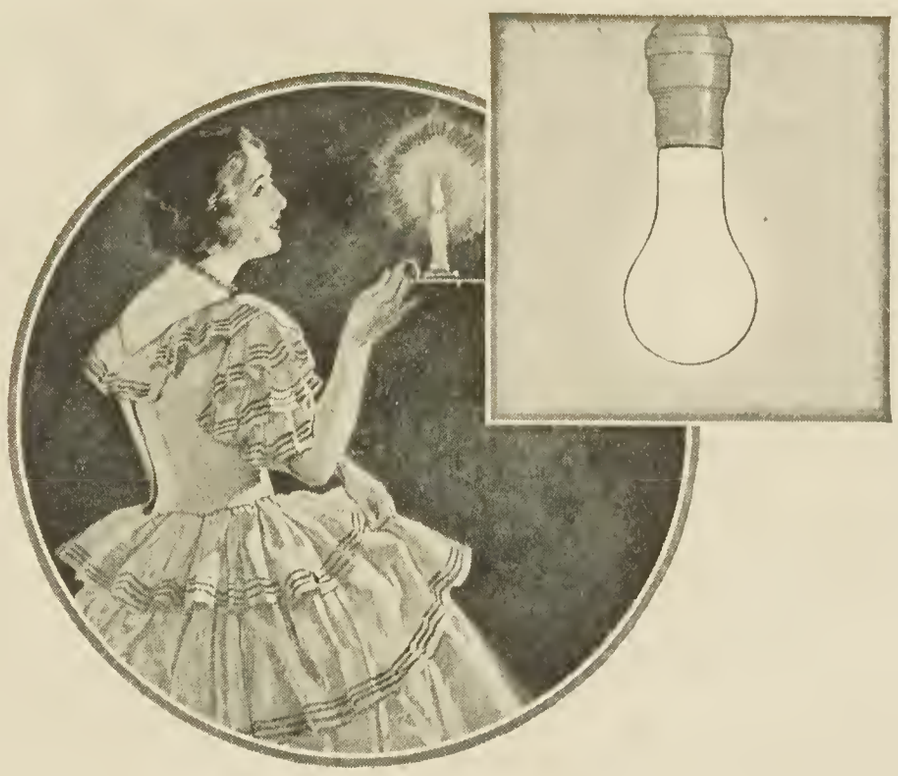
It was plain enough that she wished him to contradict, to reassure and convince her, but he could not.

"You don't say it can," she said. "You think, then, that it can't last. I knew it! I knew it!"

It was already late and he must go. It was only another addition to his pain that he knew not how to comfort her. Protestations were of no use—they were like lies; he was too clumsy to make them well and too downright to indulge in those stagy tricks beloved of lovers. The chilling conviction was pressing itself upon him that this was not what it might have been, that it was his destiny not to find joy. And he began going back over his life, retracing the steps he had come, trying to find the place, the very spot, the precise moment where the paths had diverged. Their imaginations had been profoundly impressed by the curious relation he had borne to her life from the moment it had begun. Paul was trying to discover why they had missed happiness in their youth. He could not determine where he or where destiny, if it was destiny, had been at fault. To Evelyn it was sufficient that they had been brought together again and she was all for a grateful acceptance of the present rather than any futile examination of the past or any audacious questioning of the future.

He left her in tears and went, still morbidly preoccupied with his problem in destiny, which soon became a problem in morals. To one reared and environed as he had been, it was bound, sooner or later, to become that, though until now whenever it had given the well-known signs of presenting itself to him in that form he had put it from him.

Continued on page 86



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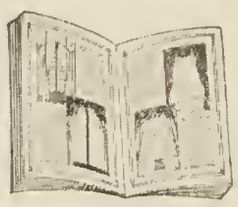
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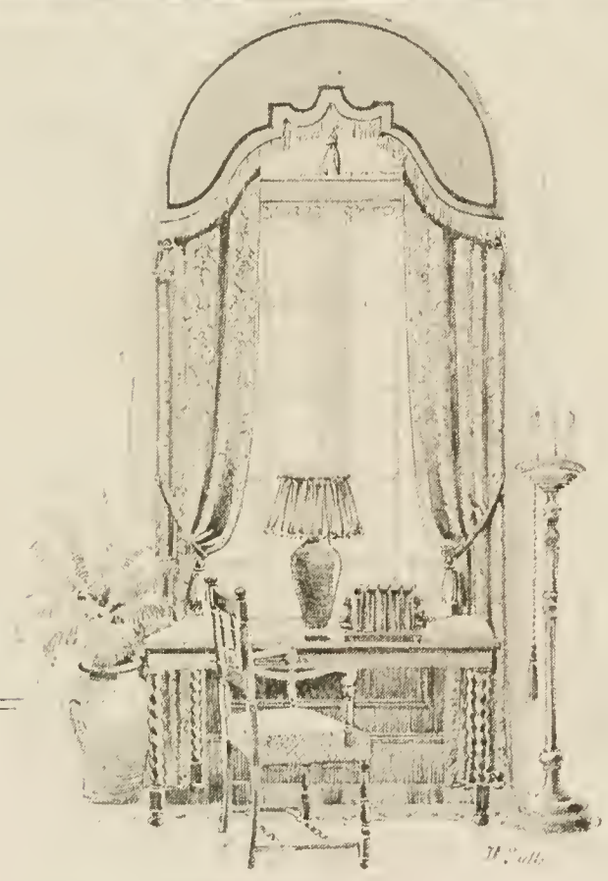
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J. HARDIN & SON

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But this night, when Evelyn had spoken her fears for their happiness and her words had fallen with such conviction on his ears that he had left her without even a formal protest, something had happened. In his eagerness to draw forth all those long-forgotten details for Evelyn, he had thought so intently of his boyhood that he had evoked many another image out of the past, those spectral forms that peopled Macochee again for him whenever he was thus turned in upon himself. And while all these memories might have now for him new or altered values, they brought back one sensation that was unchanged, the only thing out of those years that had resisted the operation of the tooth of time: that was the irritant which he had been taught to know as conscience. Something extraordinarily minute seemed to steal into his mind, like a tiny worm, that bored and bored and bored. It put a little question to him very softly, very insinuatingly and insidiously. After all, it was very like a still, small voice as it asked: "Is it right, what you are doing?"

And it was not enough that he be subjected to the torture of this inward doubt that was slowly undermining his life: he began to feel the pressure of an external element. Winona, who, according to the current view, was the most nearly concerned, had chosen to remain silent—but the town had not. Paul could feel it in the very air. There was he knew not what subtle enmity gathering about him. It intensified that old unpopularity due to that old envy of his worldly success and to that heritage of dislike which he had of his father—though now, oddly enough, J. Hardin himself was no longer unpopular in Macochee; he was no longer scoffed at as the dreamer, ridiculed as the crank and hated as the reformer; the people were coming round to his point of view.

THEY were sitting at dinner, Paul and Winona, in that habit of stale indifference which had carried them on to a rainy November evening; and the question which he knew must be on Winona's mind, since it was on every tongue in Macochee, had not been raised. The weather was foul; the rain lashed the window-panes with sudden gusts of fury and they could hear the bare branches of the trees in the garden tossing in the wind. Paul did not relish the idea of turning out on such a night. He would have preferred to stop at home and smoke and read before the fire in the library and at a late hour go off to bed respectably. How long it had been since he had done that! He thought of the long line of street-lamps down Winter Street, shimmering in the rain; he seemed to have been tramping along that same wet, uneven brick pavement all his life long, one way or the other, to see a woman. She was always at the other end and he was always going with a heart laden with care. The moments of joy had been few indeed; he wondered why he continued to tramp it back and forth.

Winona had been to the biweekly meeting of her club that afternoon and he noted the symptoms of nervous fatigue which always followed these gatherings. Perhaps they were a little more marked than usual on this evening, for he thought that it was with a peculiar effort at self-control that she said to him calmly after dinner: "You're not going out to-night, are you?"

"Why," he said, casting about in his mind for an excuse, "I've some accounts at the office that——"

"They can wait," said Winona in a dry tone. "You've got more important accounts to settle with me!"

It had come, then, at last. He was rather glad, rather relieved. Evelyn—well, she would have to wait, that was all. Perhaps before the evening was gone he would go out of this house and, at a later hour in the rainy night than had been his wont, be tapping at her door! The thought gave him pause, made him deeply serious. Suddenly out of all the triviality of the circumstances in which he had become enmeshed there rose something very solemn and dignified, for now he perceived that he was facing one of those crises in life that demand grave decisions.

"Let's go into the sitting-room," she said, and led the way to the room where so many years ago he used to sit as a youth with her and her mother.

Winona closed the door and seating herself in her mother's chair clasped her hands in her lap. He noted that her hands were tense with nervous strain.

"I think that we had better talk it over calmly and see what is to be done," she began. "You know what I mean?"

He nodded.

"It's too painful. It can't go on this way." She was twisting her fingers with little writhing motions; her lips were twitching and she was already struggling to keep back her tears. "I'm so nervous!" she said. "It's too foolish!" And her voice faltered on a nervous laugh.

"Perhaps you'd better wait until you are calmer, dear," he said gently and in pity, realizing that she had suffered.

"Don't call me dear!" she said. "And I am perfectly calm. It can't wait." She cast down her eyes and bit her lip and twisted her fingers again, and then continued: "You've humiliated me!"

"I! Humiliated you!"

"Please don't interrupt. Yes, you've humiliated me. I could stand it all but that; but when it gets to the point where other people begin to pity me and to notice me and to say nasty things, cutting things——"

"But see here, Winona," said Paul, "I don't know what you're talking about. How am I responsible for what others——"

"How are you responsible? Who is responsible, then? Not I, surely?"

"No, you're not," he said. "But tell me what you mean. What and who said nasty things, and where and when?"

"When? Why, this afternoon."

"At Mrs. Winship's?"

"Yes, at Mrs. Winship's!"

"I suppose *she* has been saying nasty things about me?"

"She is my best friend," Winona protested. "The only friend I have, the only one to whom I can turn for a word of comfort or sympathy. Don't say anything against her, if you please!"

"But I've said nothing against her."

"Yes, in your looks you have, and in your tone. You don't like her."

"Well, she doesn't like me, so there's no love lost between us. Who was it that said those cutting things?"

"You won't understand, but I shall try to tell you. I don't like even to think of it. It was this afternoon, at our club, after the paper had been read and the business meeting was over and we were having tea. Mrs. Cushing was there. You know she's been away and has just come home, so she doesn't know about things. She had on a new hat—and when some one asked her where she had got it, she said that she had got it—you know where. And then Mrs. Staymate said: 'Why, don't you know that nobody ever goes there for hats any more?' And with that some one said 'Sh!' and suddenly it grew very still and they all looked at me and then looked away. It was terrible! Then they all began talking at once, and I saw Mrs. Staymate and Mrs. Winship leaning over and whispering to Mrs. Cushing—explaining to her. I was never so humiliated, never so mortified in my life! It was too terrible, too ghastly!"

The recital of the little drama, the scene of which in those familiar parlors of Mrs. Winship's he could so easily evoke for himself, touched Paul.

"I came away as soon as I could, decently. And how am I to show my face there again? How am I to show my face anywhere in Macochee to be pitied, laughed at, pointed at, people always whispering behind my back?"

She paused, making those writhing movements with her hands. The tears were falling in her lap and her voice was broken. He pitied her; he saw that the blow had hurt her pride and that the wound was deep and serious, and he regretted it, for he had an innate sense of the respect due to another's self-esteem.

"I don't know what to do," she went on. "I could get a divorce, but you know that in our church we don't believe in divorce."

Continued on page 87



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J. HARDIN & SON

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The words, or the one significant word, smote him cold. A silence fell.

"Those are awful words, Winona," he said.

She made no reply and the silence fell again, deeper than before.

He broke it by asking: "Would you like me to go away?"

Winona waited a moment, and then, without looking up, she asked: "Why can't *she* go away?"

He paused long enough to give the effect of considering the suggestion, and then said: "I have no right, I fear, to suggest that to her."

"Why did you ever let her come here in the first place?"

"I had nothing to do with her coming here!"

"Why did you buy a house next to your own building, on the most prominent street in town, to install her in? It's too revolting!"

"Winona!" he cried. "Do wait a moment and let me explain! Let me tell you how it all came about!"

She waved away his offer with a gesture of disdain. "Oh, pray, don't!" she said. "Do, please, spare me the details at least! I know quite all I care to!"

"But Winona," he pleaded, "do hear me! Do be calm and listen just a moment or two and let me explain——"

"I am perfectly calm. And I don't want any explanations, I assure you," she sobbed. "I want only to be left quite alone and not to be mixed up in your vulgar affairs or to hear anything about them!"

HE LOOKED at her helplessly. The pity he had felt was being absorbed in the resentment her own anger was producing in him. And yet he must be calm and control himself. He remained silent and waited. After a while she spoke:

"You know," she began, "that you did!"

"Did what?"

"Bought that house, secretly, without letting me know a word about it, and that you brought her here and installed her in it and went to see her, and even took her to church and went walking and driving on Sundays with her, and then when I wanted to go away you couldn't go because you were so busy! You took her to the country with you."

He could only stare at her.

"And even that isn't the worst. You got me to go there and buy hats of her, and get all my friends to buy hats of her!"

"Oh, Winona!" he cried. "This is too ridiculous!"

"Well, then, tell me why you kept it secret from me that you had bought that house?"

"Why," he replied, "I have a dozen transactions a day that I don't tell you about simply because, or chiefly because, you never had any interest in them; you always said that such things bored you. I didn't see anything so very important in the buying of a little shop—anyway, that was long before she came to town."

"But you put her in there!"

"No, I didn't put her in there. I let the shop to her through a lawyer."

"Then why did you pretend to me that you didn't know anything about her—didn't even know that there was a new milliner in town?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," he replied in a despairing tone.

"No; you've forgotten!"

"What?"

"The night I had the new hat and you said you liked it. I thought then that you liked it because I looked nice in it; you said you did. Now I see that it was because she made it! Poor fool that I was!"

It went on, thus, inconclusively—went on until Paul got up and stood leaning against the chimneypiece. The little clock that had

Continued on page 88



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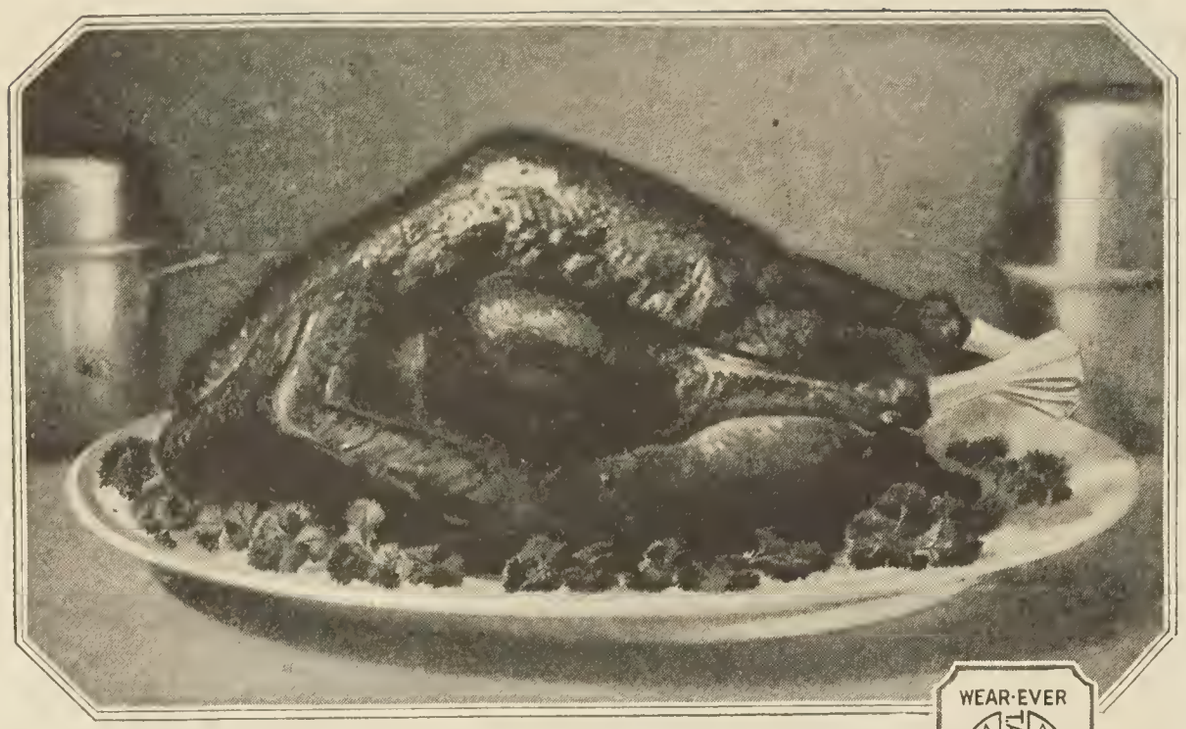
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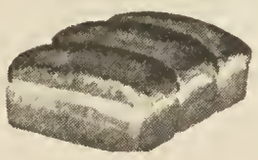
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J. HARDIN & SON

Continued from page 87

filled all the pauses and periods of heavy silence with its bright, impertinent ticking was pointing to midnight. He stood there, looking down at her.

"Winona," he said, "this is getting nowhere! It's late, I'm tired and I'm—going to bed. I'm sorry all this has come about—but it's come, and there you are. When you want to talk it over calmly, I'm ready. When you come to any conclusion, I'm ready to do anything to give you satisfaction. Whatever you will!" And he went to his room.

They had decided nothing. The ineffectual discussion was renewed and then intermitted and resumed again and again. And Paul realized that by mere words they never would reach a decision. That could be accomplished only by the compelling force of some external event beyond their power to control. He waited, in that numb fatalistic way of his, for something to happen; and they drifted on, as do most persons in life.

He thought, as they went thus into the long Winter, that, when Evelyn began her suit for divorce, the fact alone would be an event sufficiently objective and decisive to serve as the precipitant; and as the time drew near for her to begin her suit, he began to dread it and the scandal it would cause. It was an ordeal that meant freedom for Evelyn and one complication the less in her life, but it meant one complication the more in his own.

IN JANUARY Evelyn completed her year's residence in the State and Wade Powell was drawing up the petition. Now that the day for which she had so long waited was at hand, Evelyn herself began to dread it; she had, she told Paul, a presentiment that something dreadful was going to happen to frustrate her plans.

"Oh, I know it," she exclaimed, shaking her head and putting away his protestations. "I know it! Don't talk to me!"

He was not so very much surprised, therefore, when, one evening not long after, she met him at her door with: "What did I tell you?"

"What has happened?"

"Why—I've heard from Jim!"

"Jim?" he repeated.

"Yes, Jim—my husband. He says he will make trouble for me and for you," she said. "Unless—unless—I come back to him!"

She stood beside the chimneypiece, looking at the letter which was propped against a vase.

"Isn't it loathsome!" she said. "I hate to touch it! Think of being bound to a creature like that! And he wants me to go back to him! It would kill me!"

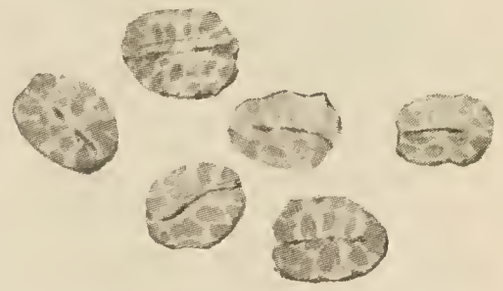
She turned to him a face drenched with tears and drawn with fear.

"And yet," she went on, looking at Paul, "I mustn't drag you in! I mustn't drag you in!"

Paul was secretly—and, as he guiltily felt, rather basely—glad of the delay this new complication assured him; the scandal was at least postponed. He had, too, another consolation, slight though it was, in the fact that the local-option election to be held that Spring would largely absorb the moral interest of the town to the neglect of him and his private affairs—if there were any *private* affairs in Macochee.

MORAL interest, indeed, was greater in Macochee that Spring than it had ever been before. To Paul there was something pathetic, almost alarming, in the enthusiasm of his father. The old prohibitionist was so active, so constantly in motion that Paul scarcely ever saw him, and when he chanced upon him he found him so preoccupied and absorbed that he seemed to take no notice of anything outside the periphery of his own prepossessing interest. Parton was coming

Continued on page 89



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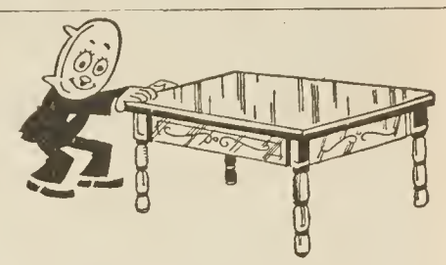


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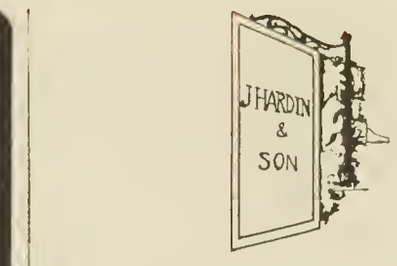


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J. HARDIN & SON

Continued from page 88

back, so J. Hardin said, to direct the forces of the wets in the last desperate forlorn hope.

The battle of the wets and the drys. Paul was glad to spend several days in the country and so escape the din of the conflict in town. The week ended, he drove home in his lonely way over the road he knew so well, thinking of Evelyn and how he would see her that evening as soon as he could get away from home.

Somewhat to his disappointment, he found Winona in a mild, conciliatory mood. She had a smile for him when he went into the house and even showed her interest in the work on the farms by asking a number of questions. He ventured to inquire if she had any news of his father and mother, especially of his father, who had not been feeling very well when he went away. But no, she had none; she supposed that he was well, or they would have sent her word.

"I must drop in and inquire this evening," he said.

"You're going out this evening, then?"

"Oh yes."

"There is one evening you must reserve for me," she said, "and that is election night. I don't often ask you."

"Election night? Want to hear the returns? Well, I'll tell you the result now: The drys win!"

"Oh, I know. It hasn't anything to do with the election. It only happens to fall on that night."

"Well, what is it?" he asked, trying to be pleasant and agreeable.

"Why, Mrs. Winship is going to give a party that night. She's got a young woman poet from Louisville who gives an entertainment—reads her own poems. Mrs. Winship has to pay her fifty dollars. She's going to have a supper afterward. She particularly asked me to bring you. And you'll go, won't you? I don't often ask you any more."

"Why—yes, I guess I can go," he said, "if nothing happens."

"Don't let anything happen," said Winona, with a peculiarly illuminating emphasis. "Do you realize how long it has been since we have been seen anywhere together?"

He was taken aback.

"Oh, I'll go!" he said.

"WHAT have I been doing while you have been in the country?" said Evelyn, bending over absent-mindedly to poke the reluctant fire in the grate and repeating Paul's question.

"Well, I've been writing letters and burning them up."

The small, uncertain flames, gathering force, blazed up, casting a ruddy glow over her face and gleaming in the fluff of her brown hair, forming an aureole about her head.

"Letters to whom?" he asked.

"To you!"

It was one of the odd circumstances of their relation that they had never exchanged notes, having no one whom they dared trust to deliver them.

"It's too bad that you burned them," said Paul. "I never had a letter from you."

"Oh, I will write you as many as you wish," she replied.

"But why did you burn them."

"Because—I changed my mind."

"What was in them?"

"Oh, that isn't fair!" she said. "I might just as well not have burned them!"

She stood the poker in its place and sat gazing into the fire with a look that Paul realized was far more serious than her tone had been.

"What is the matter, Evelyn?" he asked in concern.

"It was a decision that I had made and didn't dare tell you. I wrote it and then I wished I hadn't—it was so irrevocable, so

Continued on page 90



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4598	35	4648	35	4698	45	4748	25	4798	25	4848	30
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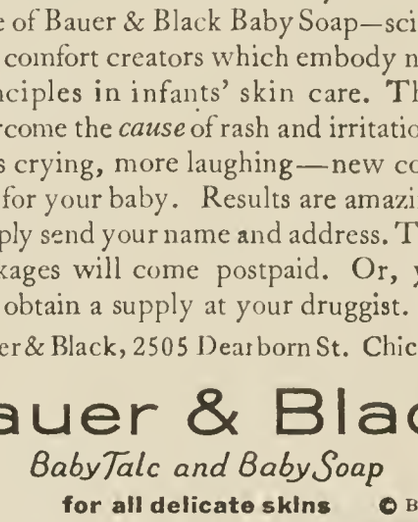
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J. HARDIN & SON

Continued from page 89

final. I can't bear irrevocable things. I was weak. I knew my duty, but when the test came I just couldn't."

"Couldn't what?" he demanded.

"I'm so weak that I can't even keep it from you!" she said. "Well, it was this: I had decided that I must go away and leave you."

"Leave me?"

"For your good, you know." And then she turned about in her chair and buried her face against her arm and wept.

Paul got up, went to her and put his arm about her. "Don't!" he pleaded. "Don't cry!"

She clung to him passionately. "But I can't!" she cried. "I can't! Tell me that I don't have to! To return to him would kill me, and I have no place to go!"

She sobbed a moment and then said: "I had made up my mind to go without seeing you again, but I couldn't, and—now I'm going to stay here." Presently she sat up, smoothed her hair and said: "This is too silly. Go sit down over there."

"But Evelyn——"

"No. Do sit down and listen. After all, we might as well face this thing now; we shall have to sooner or later. I see plainly when I am calm. I was weak a moment ago. Suppose we go on, what then? Why, he's bound to do some terrible thing—he's that kind. He knows that you have money. I wish you hadn't—it would be so much simpler! He wouldn't let a chance like this slip! And then you would be ruined—on my account. We couldn't go on, not in Macochee—perhaps nowhere else: Macochee would find us, follow us. To do that we should have to be great, independent souls and—well, I am not that."

"You mean *I* couldn't!" said Paul bluntly.

"I only mean, dear," she said, "that with our traditions——"

"But you were not brought up that way——"

"Well, I think it's somehow different with women. We're more pagan than men. Haven't I told you all this before?"

"Something like it," said Paul.

"Well, it's true. You and I were not made for happiness. You were bred in this dreadful atmosphere of Macochee. Pleasure is wicked——"

"I don't think that it is wicked."

"No, you don't think it is, but you *feel* that it is. You can't help it; you were reared that way; you can't change. Joy, fun, gaiety—all that—you can't help distrusting it. That's—Macochee. And I—well, I just wasn't born for it, that's all; and so it's our fate. We can't change it. It was decided for us before we were born!"

"By whom?" he asked.

By way of reply she shrugged her shoulders and then, suddenly, in a way that startled him, she sat up straight and began to sniff the air suspiciously.

"I smell something burning!" she exclaimed.

They sat rigidly and sniffed, both of them, rather absurdly he thought.

"It's your imagination," he assured her.

THE situation could not quite regain the intensity of feeling it had held a moment before, but they continued to discuss the future; and though Paul did not say it explicitly, what he conveyed was that they should drift on as he, at least, had done so long.

Evelyn was hardly of that mind. "You have only to look at this town now," she said, "with this campaign on, to see what it would be. They would hunt me out of the town. I can hear them shrieking and howling after me as those children—" She paused abruptly and sniffed again. "Paul" she said in quite another tone, "something is burning surely. Listen!"

In the stillness they could hear a low rumble in the chimney, gradually increasing to a

Continued on page 91

ROBINSON'S "Patent" Barley

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UNDER the gum line pyorrhea gains its foothold. The gums become tender, bleed easily, start to recede. The infection spreads to the root sockets which hold your teeth in place. If the root sockets become infected, the teeth usually loosen and fall out—or must be pulled.

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Pyorrhocide Powder keeps the teeth white and clean. It has a tonic and healing effect upon the gums. It corrects bleeding gums—strengthens tender gums—hardens soft gums. It helps healthy gums to *keep* healthy.



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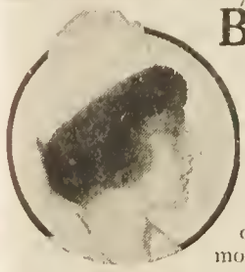


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J. HARDIN & SON

Continued from page 90

roar. Evelyn sprang to her feet. Somewhere out-of-doors there was a shout; it was repeated and followed by another, and then they heard a cry of fire and a moment later the patter of running feet on the pavement. The roaring in the chimney increased.

"The chimney must be on fire!" cried Paul.

Then over the town the fire-bell clanged its brazen alarm.

Paul started up, but almost before he could move they heard the clamor of the gongs on the fire-machines, the galloping of horses, the fire-engines in Cedar Street; then a hammering at the door and the sound of broken glass. A second later the door into the shop opened and there stood Chief Springer of the Macochee fire department, accoutered as for the conflagration of an entire metropolis, his eyes flaming with excitement. About him were clustered the red helmets of his men and behind these pressed the well-known faces of all the loafers of Main Street, gaping upon Paul and Evelyn with a gloating, evil curiosity.

"Mr. Hardin," said Chief Springer, "your building's on fire!"

It was Evelyn who, before Paul could move or reply, stepped forward, almost with a gesture of protection. As she brushed past him she whispered: "Take the side door!" He had an impulse to follow her suggestion and fly, but he restrained it and remained.

"I think it's only the chimney burning out," he heard Evelyn say. He was glancing at all those faces in the door, with their expressions of malignant, diabolical pleasure at having thus surprised him.

CHIEF SPRINGER stalked into the little sitting-room, followed by his men, who almost filled it. The shining white helmet of the chief had lowered itself to the level of the grate and seemed to be about to thrust itself up the chimney in its study of the fire. Presently it was raised to its normal height again and the chief said: "Best have a look outside."

"This way," said Paul, and, with the chief, followed by the red helmets, he went out into the alleyway. There was a ruddy glow in the blackness and a spray of bright sparks spouting from the chimney. They stood there in the sharp cold of the Spring night and watched. The shower of sparks diminished until by threes and twos they floated away and were gone.

"I guess she's out," said the chief reluctantly. He lingered a while with an air of taking every precaution and then at last withdrew with his men. The fire-machines moved off down the street slowly, their bells tolling now and then.

And the crowd—the crowd remained after them, talking, laughing, finally shouting; and Paul stood there, enduring it, and Evelyn waited just inside the door. The crowd grew noisier, rougher, at last gave vent to yells of derision, hoots, catcalls, booing.

Paul stepped into the cover of the door and Evelyn clung to him, shivering with nervousness and dread.

"I'll drive them—" Paul began, furious.

"Sh!" she said. "Don't! Let them alone! The mob! Oh, if I had only gone, this wouldn't have happened!"

Concluded in the December DELINEATOR

A new serial novel by

KATHLEEN NORRIS

will begin in the December DELINEATOR, *on the newsstands November first. "Rose of the World" is the title of what Mrs. Norris calls "the best serial I ever wrote." It is the story of the struggles of an attractive and ambitious girl against poverty, social obscurity and the aftermath of a shattered romance*

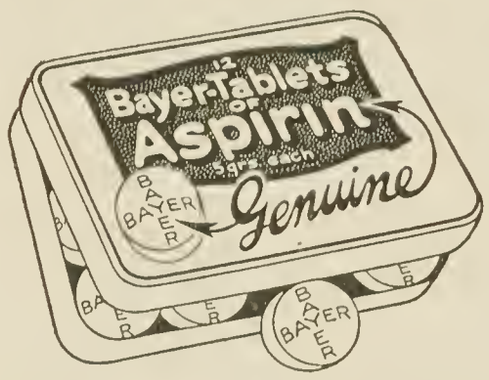
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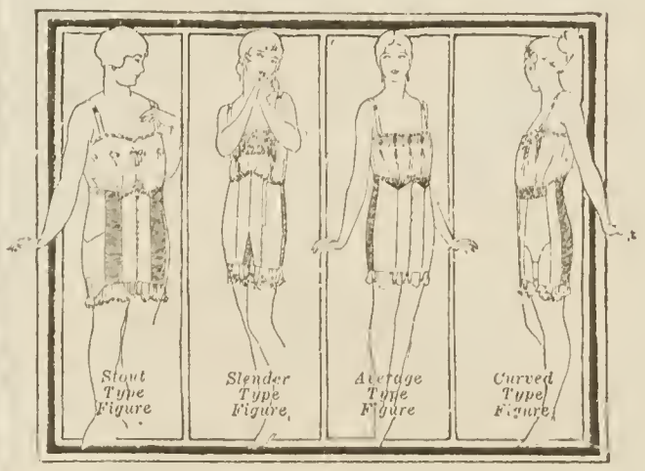
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Send for folder of Warner's Wrap-arounds for stout-type, slender-type, average-type and curved-type figures.

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FIGURFIT
KNIT UNDERSKIRTS AND KNIT UNDERSLIPS





When you learned how to cook

Do you remember when your mother taught you how to cook? What care you took in mixing the ingredients so that you would truly enjoy eating the resulting cake or candy (everything was cake or candy then)! And now you take just as much care in cooking the meals of every-day life. You are keenly on the alert to learn new recipes and new cooking devices to make the most of them.

The advertising pages are the graduate school of your cooking education. Glance at the pages in this month's DELINEATOR, for instance, and see the new items of information, the new tricks of kitchencraft they offer.

Read—and answer—the advertisements. Send for the interesting and informative booklets that are offered by DELINEATOR advertisers.

You may repose perfect confidence in DELINEATOR advertisers. You need have no fear of loss from patronizing these advertisers—if the advertiser does not make good, THE DELINEATOR will.



THE HAPPY CHILD

Concluded from page 16

obtaining them, both for the purpose of improving the personal appearance and providing effective means for masticating.

Constant watchfulness and care of the mouth are vitally necessary at all times if the natural teeth are to be preserved. Tartar forms about the roots in large and increasing quantities after maturity. Fillings, crowns and repair work of various kinds are more generally needed between the ages of sixteen and forty. After that time there is usually not so much work of this nature necessary, but another danger presents itself: the danger from pyorrhea, or Riggs's disease, due to an inflammation of the membrane surrounding the roots, and which, if not promptly checked, results in a loosening and loss of the teeth.

There is much speculation about the cause of pyorrhea and many theories of treatment for its cure advocated. It may be said without fear of contradiction that pyorrhea will not be found in a mouth where strict attention has been given to proper cleaning and care of the teeth. There are no medicines that will cure pyorrhea. The dentist, by removing deposits and polishing the roots and restoring normal articulation, can, with the cooperation of the patient, cure the trouble when taken in time. If, however, the teeth have become badly loosened and there is a general weakened physical condition, their prompt removal is imperative before others become affected. Pyorrhea is primarily a disease of neglect, due to a lack of observance on the part of the patient of ordinary precautions for keeping the mouth clean and not infrequently unskilful dental service.

CANCER of the lips and tongue frequently results from the irritation caused by the sharp edges of roots, teeth and artificial appliances. Broken or roughened and ragged teeth should not be permitted to remain; there is much danger of irritation to the mucous lining of the mouth, and particularly the tongue. Sores, swellings, tumors or any points of irritation about the lips and mouth should receive immediate attention from the dentist or oral surgeon.

It is necessary for the preservation of the teeth and the maintenance of healthy mouth conditions that the teeth and gums should be properly and regularly brushed, particularly after meals. Silk floss should be drawn between the teeth and all particles of food removed. Regular visits should be made to the dentist for prophylactic treatment or tooth-cleaning work.

There is probably no poorer investment than bad dentistry. The monetary waste is the least of the resulting ills. Poor and unsatisfactory dental work is a menace to the health and comfort of the individual. Imperfect and leaky fillings, badly fitting crowns and bridges hasten the process of decay and cause a breaking down and loss of the teeth. Gold caps on front teeth are unsightly and in most cases unsanitary. There is little or no reason to justify this disfigurement. Dentists advertising low prices and claiming unusual skill or knowledge should be avoided. Honest, skilful and reliable professional men do not need to appeal for patronage by pretending to do impossible things; conscientious and honest service is the true professional man's best recommendation. In all matters having to do with the well-being of the individual, only those medical men and dentists should be employed who are known to be well educated and skilful in their specialties. To do otherwise would be taking a risk which is not justified and might prove to be exceedingly harmful.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Requests for advice or information about baby care should be accompanied by a two-cent stamp for return postage and be directed to the Editor, Department of Infant Hygiene.



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The Universal Household Oil

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BABIES

The Happy Child is the healthy, properly brought-up one. Give your child the benefits of the expert advice of the greatest child specialists in America. Dr. L. Emmett Holt is the Chief Adviser of THE DELINEATOR'S campaign for healthier children. Any one of eight pamphlets may be obtained for ten cents in stamps: "The Expectant Mother and the New Baby," by Dr. Ralph Lobenstine; "The General Care of the Baby," "Maternal Nursing" and "Artificial Feeding," all by Dr. L. Emmett Holt; "Early Childhood," by Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw; "The School Child," by Dr. William Palmer Lucas; "Mental Health of the Child," by Dr. Thomas W. Salmon, and "Correct Posture," by Dr. Alan De Forest Smith. "The Baby's Record Book," by Dr. Bird T. Baldwin, in cloth binding, is one dollar, including postage.

BETTER HOMES

THE DELINEATOR is the General Headquarters and Bureau of Information of the "Better Homes in America" movement. A plan book, telling the scope of this work, how to organize a local campaign, conduct a Demonstration Week and outfit a demonstration house, will be sent for ten cents.

HOUSEKEEPING

The Home-Economics Department has prepared, under the direction of Martha Van Rensselaer, a list of leaflets which will lighten the housewife's burden and make scientific home-making an easy art. These leaflets range from milk recipes to the technique of laying the table. Mention specific subjects or write for a list.

HOUSE DECORATION

Make Your Problems Clear by listing your questions and by giving dimensions, exposure and full description of the rooms you wish to decorate. Four printed bulletins entitled "Good Floors," "Curtains and Draperies," "Walls, Woodwork and Ceilings and "Furnishing the Home," price twenty-five cents each, fully cover decoration problems in their respective fields. Any *one* letter addressed to Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders, Editor, Department of House Decoration, should ask not more than five questions or advice about the furnishing and decoration of not more than two rooms.

CHILDREN

The Story Hour: Do you know what to read to your children? The Children's Department has prepared lists of books for children of all ages, which will assist in the parental job of forming good reading habits. Write in to the Children's Department, too, for a Page of Prayers for children to learn.

BEAUTY

You Can Improve Your Complexion with a little time and careful study. The Beauty Editor will answer special questions and will send folders prepared by experts on the care of the hair, skin and hands, lotions and cosmetics. Tell us what subjects interest you most.

ETIQUETTE

Are You Uncertain about the ways of the social world? Mrs. John Cabot Kimberley will send you a number of useful leaflets on manners and form, covering every social quandary. "Weddings," "Calls and the Use of Cards," "Letter-Writing," "Etiquette at the Table," are some of the titles. She will answer any puzzled inquirer.

ENTERTAINMENT

The Entertainment Department has a new party, "Scarecrow," which is appropriate for Hallowe'en. It includes an original song with music. Copies of THE DELINEATOR that contained the pageant "The Making of America" may be had for twenty cents in stamps. Directions for music and costumes will accompany each copy. Tell us about the party or dinner or dance or church fair you are planning and we will help you out.



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Ingram's Milkweed Cream has an exclusive, an individual therapeutic property that serves to "tone-up"—*revitalize*—the sluggish tissues of the skin. It soothes away redness and roughness, banishes slight imperfections, *heals and nourishes the skin cells.* Used faithfully, it will help you to gain and retain the beauty of a clear, wholesome complexion—just as it has helped thousands of attractive women for more than 35 years.

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Ingram's Milkweed Cream



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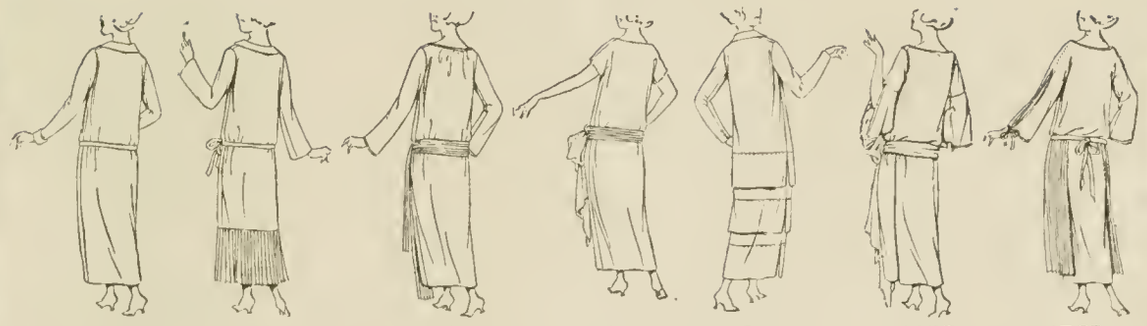
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WRITE FOR COMPLETE CATALOG

OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 26



4825 4833 4823 4793 4795 4803 4762

4825—10155—For this attractive one-piece slip-over dress use wool rep, wool poplin, wool crêpe, soft twills, serge or gabardine, with collar, etc., of silk crêpe. An embroidery decorates the collar and trimming. Work it in the bright colors. For other seasons use linen, linen-finished cotton, etc.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 54-inch wool rep. Lower edge 49½ inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4823—The tight-fitting sleeves, the fulness at the neck and a hand-made ornament make this one-piece slip-over dress very new. It has an elastic and a casing at a low waistline and may have a body lining. Use velvet, crêpe satin, printed or plain silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine or satin crêpe.

36 bust requires 3 yards 40-inch velvet. Lower edge 50 inches.

The dress is suitable for ladies 33 to 44 bsut, also misses.

4795—For the street or practically any daytime engagement one may feel perfectly costumed in this straight-line coat dress. Make it of wool rep, wool poplin, wool crêpe, soft twills, serge, gabardine or heavy silk crêpe. It has a choice of body lining. Braiding binds the tiers, etc., and the dress is extremely smart. Lower edge 48 inches.

36 bust requires 4 yards 54-inch wool rep.

The coat-dress is smart for ladies 32 to 42 bust.

4833—10945—This one-piece straight-line dress of the slip-over type has an accordion or side plaited flounce. Use serge, wool crêpe, gabardine, soft twills or wool cashmere. It has an elastic and a casing at the low waistline. The embroidery is effective. Work in outline, etc.

36 bust requires 2½ yards 54-inch serge. Lower edge, plaits out, 3⅜ yards.

The dress is new for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4793—For a very simple but graceful one-piece dress use satin crêpe, plain or printed silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine, printed silks, foulard, Georgette beaded or embroidered, etc. It has a straight lower edge, slips on over the head and has an elastic and a casing at a low waistline.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards 39-inch satin crêpe. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is attractive for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4803—A slip-over dress of heavy satin crêpe, heavy silk crêpe, moiré, velvet with metallic fabric or silk crêpe girdle and bow, brocaded silk crêpe with plain silk crêpe girdle, or of metallic fabrics for evening, closes under the left arm and the wrap-around straight skirt is joined at a low waistline.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 39-inch heavy satin crêpe. Lower edge measures 48½ inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4762—For the one-piece slip-over dress with an accordion or side plaited pinafore front and a choice of plaited cape collar use satin crêpe, sheer, light or medium weight silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, silk voile or chiffon—plain or printed, or foulard.

36 bust requires 5⅜ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 51 inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 27



4777 4676 4803 4758 4791 4813

4777—10186—In black or vivid-colored velvet with silver metallic embroidery and lined with metal fabric, silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine or satin to match the embroidery this three-piece cape is very elegant for evening. It may have shirrings in pointed yoke outline and plain interlining. The embroidery is effective. Work as suggested above.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards 40-inch velvet. Lower edge 2 yards.

The cape is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4803—This slip-over dress is particularly lovely in velvet with girdle and bow of metallic fabrics or silk crêpe. It closes under the left arm and the wrap-around straight skirt is joined at a low waistline. One may use metallic fabrics, moiré, heavy silk crêpes or heavy satin crêpes for entire dress or brocaded silk crêpe with plain silk crêpe for girdle and bow.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 35-inch velvet and 1½ yard 36-inch gold cloth. Lower edge 48½ inches.

The dress is new for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4791—4778—This slip-over gown has a draped waist with a bias front, tying at the left side and joined to a wrap-around skirt. Use lace, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin or silk crêpe over the slip with a wrap-around straight skirt with shadow-proof panel in back. Use slip of crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, radium, satin, etc., or metal fabric for evening. Lower edge 44 inches.

36 bust requires 4⅜ yards 39-inch all-over lace for dress.

The evening dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, the slip for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4676—10163—Chiffon velvet and silver cloth make a smart alliance in this slip-over one-piece dress with a separate one-piece slip. The embroidery is effectively arranged. Work it in vivid colors. One may use metal brocades with chiffon velvet or satin crêpe sash, etc. Lower edge 50½ inches.

36 bust requires 3 yards 35-inch silver cloth and 1⅜ yard 39-inch velvet.

The dress is attractive for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4758—Plaits take their place in accordion or side plaited flounces and a plaited cape collar on a slip-over dress of crêpe de Chine, sheer, medium or light weight silk crêpe, satin crêpe, Georgette, silk voile or chiffon—plain or printed, or of foulard. It closes under the left arm and the straight skirt is joined at a low waistline. The cape collar may be omitted.

36 bust requires 4¾ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge of foundation skirt 48 inches.

The dress is new for ladies 32 to 40 bust.

4813—This evening dress is sleeveless, closes under the left arm, has a two-tiered draped skirt and shows a glimpse of silver cloth at the upper part of a long camisole lining. Use crêpe satin, satin crêpe, silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine and lace or metallic fabric for upper part of camisole and China silk or crêpe de Chine for lower part. Make the under part of skirt of China silk, etc.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards 39-inch satin crêpe. Lower edge 48 inches.

The evening dress is for ladies 32 to 46 bust.



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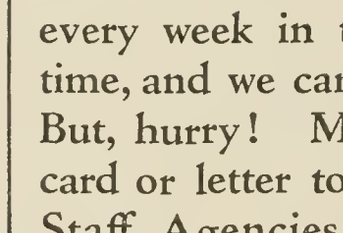
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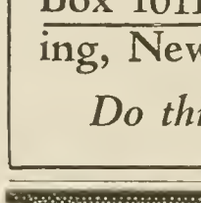
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OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 28

4808—A suit of linen or cotton in two colors has straight trousers buttoned to the waist. Rep with chambray trousers, madras with silk poplin, etc., are practical.

4 years requires ⅞ yard 36-inch linen for waist and ⅞ yard 36-inch linen.

The suit is for little boys 2 to 6 years.

4749—Chambray, heavy cotton crêpe, pin-check gingham, dimity, linen-finished cottons, etc., make a becoming dress with Russian closing and separate bloomers.

5 years requires 2 yards 32-inch gingham and ⅜ yard 32-inch chambray.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

4783—10934—Pin-check gingham, dimity, chambray, cotton crêpe, cotton prints, pin-dot swiss, wool jersey, pongee, crêpe de Chine, etc., make a new one-piece slip-over dress with straight lower edge and separate bloomers. The appliqué is quaint in colors.

5 years requires 2½ yards 32-inch chambray.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

4818—4834—4076—With a coat of chinchilla, Teddy bear, fleece or plaid coatings, etc., lined with flannel in a matching color and with a cuff joined to a one-piece sleeve, goes a hat with gored crown and ear-laps. The wool-jersey leggings are warm.

4 years requires 1⅜ yard 54-inch chinchilla for coat and hat.

The coat is for girls and small boys 1 to 6, the hat for girls and tiny boys 2 to 12, the leggings for children 2 to 8 years.

4802—4761—10186—A circular skirt of velvet joins a long body of bright-colored crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe with a Russian closing. Her velvet hat is embroidered.

12 years requires 1½ yard 39-inch silk crêpe and 1⅛ yard 40-inch velvet for dress.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15, the hat for girls 2 to 14 years.

4806—Hand-made flowers are on a slip-over dress of taffeta, crêpe de Chine, organdy, dotted swiss or cotton voile with straight ruffles across the sides of a straight skirt.

11 years requires 2¼ yards 35-inch taffeta.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

4794—A charming party dress of the slip-over one-piece type in crêpe de Chine, taffeta, Georgette, point d'esprit, net, organdy or cotton voile, etc., has a straight lower edge.

8 years requires 2⅛ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for girls 2 to 12 years.

4792—This slip-over one-piece velvet dress with straight lower edge has sleeves of plain or printed crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe. Taffeta with plain or printed crêpe de Chine sleeves is attractive.

9 years requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch velvet and ½ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for girls 2 to 12 years.

4796—4838—The slight fulness at the neck is new in a straight-line coat of soft pile fabrics, duvetyn, broadcloth, wool reps, soft twills, tricotine, serge, velvet, etc. Her hat matches the coat in color and material.

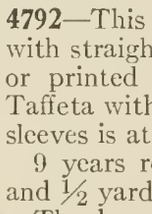
12 years and 21¼ inches head measure require 3⅜ yards 36-inch velvet.

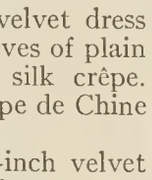
The coat is for juniors and girls 8 to 15, the hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

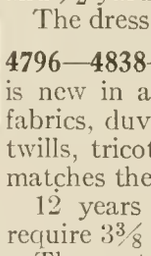
4814—10977—Crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe make a new one-piece slip-over dress with the side and sleeve in one and a cluster of plaits at each side in front and back. The embroidered buds are quaint in colors.

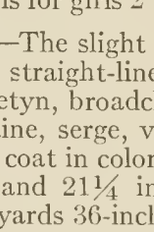
10 years requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch silk crêpe.

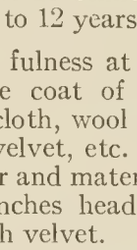
The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

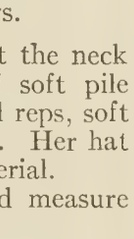

4749


4783


4808


4802


4806


4818


4794


4792


4796


4814



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OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 29

4821—Crêpe satin, heavy silk crêpe, satin crêpe or moiré make a smart one-piece dress of the slip-over type with a tiered lower part. A casing and elastic are placed at the low waistline and the body lining is marked for a camisole top. Lower edge 47 inches.

16 years requires 4¼ yards 39-inch satin crêpe (tiers cut crosswise).

The dress is becoming to misses 16 to 20, also small women.

4810—4799—10163—A fashionable three-piece costume of velvet, soft pile fabrics on the velours order, duvetyn, wool reps, etc., consists of a box-coat and the dress described below. The embroidery is smart.

17 years or 34 bust requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch velvet for coat.

The box-coat is for misses 16 to 18 or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies; the dress is for misses 16 to 20, also small women.

4799—As two parts of the three-piece costume this slip-over dress with a two-piece skirt joined in a decorative way to a long body is new. With velvet and the body of plain metallic fabric embroidered, or of printed or plain silk crêpe, or with soft pile fabrics on the velours order, etc., use silk crêpe. Lower edge 46½ inches.

17 years requires 1⅜ yard 35-inch metallic cloth and 2½ yards 36-inch velvet.

The dress is attractive for misses 16 to 20, also small women.

4764—For this slip-over one-piece dress use satin crêpe, medium or light weight silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine—plain or printed, or foulard. Sleeves may be sewed into a long body lining.

16 years or 33 bust requires 3 yards 40-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 51 inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 18 years or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

4819—A soft and lovely dress of taffeta or made entirely of crêpe de Chine or with lace ruffles and collar is sleeveless for evening. For day wear sleeves may be sewed or snapped in and the neck adapted for day. This slip-over dress has a four-piece straight skirt with straight ruffles across the sides.

17 years requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge, plaits out, 1⅞ yard.

The dress is smart for misses 16 to 20 years.

4780—A quaint evening frock with draped basque and frill of taffeta or gros de Londres and Georgette skirt closes under the left arm and has a full straight skirt and a choice of straight drop skirt.

16 years requires 4 yards 35-inch taffeta (including drop skirt) and 2⅞ yards 39-inch chiffon. Lower edge of drop skirt 1½ yard.

The evening dress is attractive for misses 16 to 20, also small women.

4781—For this slip-over dress with tiered straight skirt use silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, Georgette or taffeta or ribbon tiers with crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe waist, or taffeta waist and tiers with Georgette or crêpe de Chine skirt. For day wear sleeves may be sewed or snapped in.

17 years requires 3½ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 1⅞ yard.

The dress is new for misses 16 to 20 years.

4807—A fan ornament adds a smart touch to a slip-over dress of metallic fabrics, taffeta, gros de Londres, moiré, satin or chiffon velvet, etc. It closes under the left arm and the neck may be cut for day wear. The full straight skirt joins a fitted body at a slightly low waistline.

16 years requires 3⅝ yards 35-inch metallic cloth. Lower edge of skirt 2½ yards.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20, also small women.



4821 4810 4799 4764

4819 4780 4781 4807



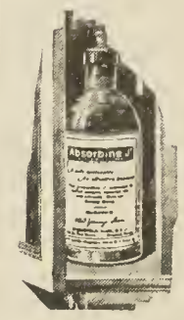
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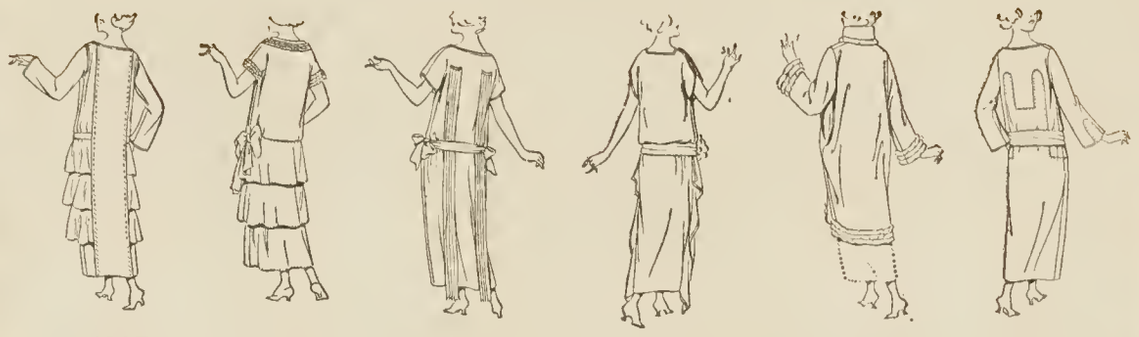
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OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 30



4817 4815 4811 4787 4788 4789

4817—For this one-piece slip-over dress with tiers use soft twills, wool rep, wool poplin, wool cashmere, soft wool crêpe, gabardine, serge or heavy silk crêpe. It has an elastic and a casing at the sides and the sleeves are sewed into a body lining.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 54-inch soft twill. Lower edge of the dress measures 49 inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 40 bust, also misses.

4811—Plaited panels are graceful on a one-piece slip-over dress with straight lower edge, an elastic and casing at a low waistline and a choice of body lining. Use crêpe satin, satin crêpe, plain or printed silk crêpe, plain or printed crêpe de Chine.

36 bust requires 4¾ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge of the dress measures 1½ yard.

The dress is attractive for ladies 33 to 46 bust, also misses.

4788—4789—10132—As the outside of the three-piece costume this is a graceful coat for a suit of velvet, soft pile fabrics such as wool velours, duvetyn, wool rep, wool poplin, broadcloth, wool cashmere, heavy wool crêpe, soft twills, kasha, gabardine, serge, etc. The embroidery is effective. Work in couching, outline, etc. The dress is described across.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 40-inch velvet.

The coat is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; the dress for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4815—4748—This is a very French one-piece dress in crêpe satin, silk crêpe, satin crêpe or moiré. It has a tiered lower part, slips on over the head and has a body lining marked for a camisole top. For the wrap-around turban use metallic cloth with pearl bead ornament, etc. Lower edge 48 inches.

36 bust requires 5⅛ yards 40-inch crêpe satin (tiers cut crosswise) for dress.

The dress is new for ladies 32 to 40 bust, the turban for ladies or misses.

4787—For this slip-over one-piece dress with an elastic and casing at a low waistline use plain or printed silk crêpe, plain or printed crêpe de Chine, printed silks, plain satin crêpe or charmeuse, or chiffon velvet, velvet brocade on sheer ground, moiré or lace. Lower edge 54 inches.

36 bust requires 4¼ yards 39-inch brocaded crêpe de Chine.

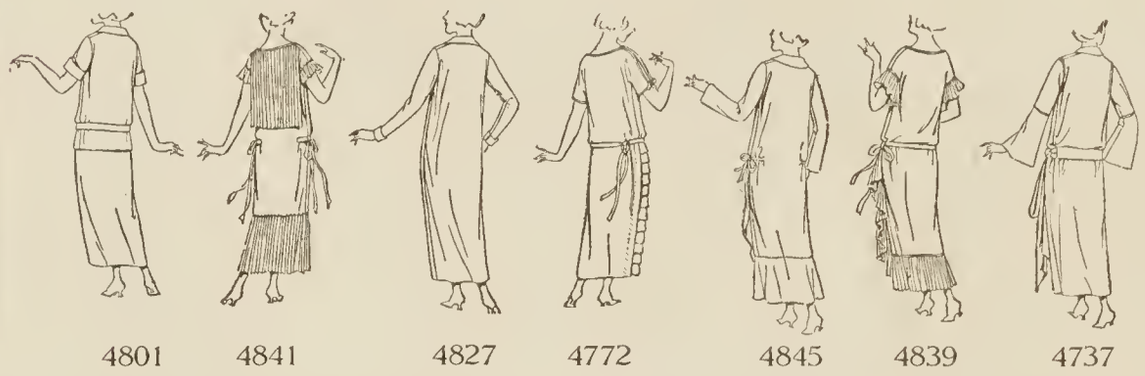
The dress is suitable for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4789—10819—Under the coat (described at the left) one wears this slip-over dress of velvet with body of plain metallic fabric embroidered, metal brocades, crêpe satin, printed or plain silk crêpe, etc. It has a two-piece skirt which joins a long body in a decorative way. The beading is smart. It is in a flower design. Lower edge 49 inches.

36 bust requires 1½ yard 35-inch gold cloth and 2⅝ yards 36-inch velvet.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 31



4801 4841 4827 4772 4845 4839 4737

4801—The French are wearing this jacquette blouse and wrap-around straight skirt with a fur piece either as a suit or as a dress. It is very smart in wool rep, wool poplin, wool crêpe, soft twills, gabardine, serge, tricotine, kasha, wool pile fabrics, wool jersey, silk alpaca or heavy silk crêpe. Lower edge 48 inches.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards 54-inch wool rep and ½ yard 39-inch contrasting material.

The jacquette blouse and skirt are for ladies 32 to 40 bust.

4827—10177—This one-piece coat dress of the straight-line variety is very new for this season. The dress entirely trimmed with double the quantity of the all-over braiding makes a smart costume. Use self color or contrasting braid. Wool rep, wool poplin, wool crêpe, soft twills, kasha, serge, gabardine, cheviot, etc., are suitable for the dress.

36 bust requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch soft twill. Lower edge 48 inches.

The coat-dress is smart for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4845—The circular flounce is the new addition to the wrap-around coat dress of wool rep, wool poplin, soft twills, wool crêpe, wool cashmere, gabardine, serge or heavy silk crêpe. It has set-in sleeves and the diagonal line.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards 54-inch wool rep.

The coat-dress is very attractive for ladies 34 to 46 bust.

4841—For a new slip-over one-piece dress with straight lower edge and accordion or side plaitings use satin crêpe, plain or printed silk crêpe, plain, printed or novelty crêpe de Chine, printed silks or foulard, etc., all one material, printed with plain or in two shades of one color. Beige or tan with brown plaitings or almond with dark green is smart.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge, plaits out, 2⅞ yards.

The dress is graceful for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4772—The trimming in front and the plain back are new and tiers make a pleasant variation from the plain sleeve on this one-piece slip-over dress with a tiered front and elastic and a casing across the sides at a low waistline. Use wool rep, wool poplin, soft twills, wool crêpe, wool cashmere, gabardine, serge or heavy silk crêpe.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 51 inches.

The dress is lovely for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4839—This one-piece slip-over dress with accordion or side plaitings is attractive in satin crêpe, plain or printed silk crêpe, plain, printed or novelty crêpe de Chine, printed silks, foulard, etc., all one material, printed with plain or in two shades of one color.

36 bust requires 5 yards 39-inch satin crêpe.

The dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4837—This new dress has a wrap-around straight skirt which is joined at a low waistline and the sleeves are sewed into a body lining which closes at the left side in front. Use silk crêpe, satin crêpe, crêpe de Chine, broché silk crêpe or moiré with vestee of lace edging, or with vestee and the lower sleeve of chiffon.

36 bust requires 4¼ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

The dress is new for ladies 36 to 48 bust.



THE TREO Elastic Girdle, which made possible present-day modes, has found new and even more exquisite expression in its latest models of "*Treotex.*" This newly-invented surgical elastic web, upon which its creators worked for years, enables all women, of whatever type of figure, to enjoy the figure-freedom and dress-distinction that only the *Treo Elastic Girdle* imparts.

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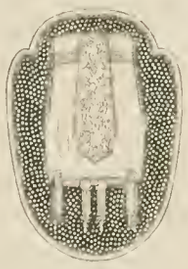
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The New Panel Back Treotex Treo Girdle

The new Treotex Treo Girdle Models are designed for the heavier figure, which seeks the comfort so long enjoyed in the Treo Girdle by women of slender and medium figure.



Note the Panel Back in illustration at left—it flattens the figure at the back into the new silhouette. Ask for "Treotex" Treo Girdles if yours is above-the-average figure.

TREO GIRDLE

The All-Elastic Corset

The more elastic to the corset —the more grace to the figure

THE LAST WORD

A Page of Shop-Talk, Gossip, and Comment

She Wrote Three Hundred Stories

A delightful personality is reflected in a brief autobiographical note from Helen Topping Miller, author of "Nobody Can Boss Mother," in this issue. "Writing something interesting about myself," says Mrs. Miller, "is about as difficult a job as writing a thrilling biography of the Irish potato. Both of us have done mighty little all our lives but stick to our jobs with our eyes on the ground.

"To begin at the beginning," she continues, "I was born in Michigan and began my wild career early by telling lies to my mother. Since, I taught school in the northern pine-woods and entertained a company of Chippewa squaws every Friday afternoon. The schoolhouse was small and hot and unventilated. The redskin ladies wore five calico wrappers each, besides a pair of men's corduroy trousers, two shawls and felt boots. Bathing being a lost rite in that tribe, the weekly visit lingers in my memory. It was in this school that I once removed a rattlesnake forty-two inches long from the lukewarm ashes of the wood stove. Stupefied with cold, he had wriggled through the draft and curled himself on top of the embers, too miserable, in that forty-below clime, to protest when I fished him out with the tongs. I haven't any hobbies except boys of any age, dogs of any breed. barring poodles, motors of any lineage, barring Fords, swimming, fishing and reading in bed. My one dream is to own a house with forty bedrooms on the shore of a southern island. For thirteen years I've looked a remorseless typewriter in the teeth seven hours a day. Some day I hope to carry this slave-driving machine out on a long pier and gently let go of it. After that I suppose I'll employ a diver to fish it up again. I've written probably three hundred short stories. Of this number three hundred have been accepted—ultimately. I love old people and quaint characters, but love-stories are difficult for me. Machinery fascinates me, solitude lures me, I have never experienced fear that I remember and I have never met a person whom I could not like and who did not give me, at some time, something to cherish and remember."

A Poetic Plea from Dixie

It is nothing uncommon for Celia Caroline Cole, THE DELINEATOR'S beauty editor, to be asked to recommend hair-dyes for readers who want the outward seeming of the youth they feel within, but the following lyrical request from a subscriber in Fort Deposit, Alabama, is something new in her experience. The writer's allusion to "Kindling" has reference to an article in which Mrs. Cole described a number of essential toilet requisites as the kindling for beauty's altar fire. Here it is:

"Dear Celia Cole: I'm growing old—my years are forty-seven; if from my face, lines you'll erase, I'll sing your praise to Heaven. I'm sad to say my hair is gray, which once was warmly brown; it's wispy, now, above my brow, though once it was a crown. Praises were sung, when I was young, to all my girlish beauty; it fled with youth (to tell the truth, becomes my painful duty). 'Kindling' indeed I sorely need to keep my home fires burning; help me restore the charm of yore—for this I'm sadly yearning. Now, my dear mate does surely hate hair that's lost its color; 'Every day, in every way' mine gets duller and duller. What's the best dye that I can buy to make it brown once more? If this you'll tell, I'll love you well, and praise you evermore."

Be Your Own Editor

A letter that was intended as a compliment to the "Only Mere Man on the Staff" throws open for discussion the whole matter of the value of THE DELINEATOR'S department of time-and-money-saving hints, published regularly under the title "Save a Dollar." First, the letter, which is from a San José, California, reader:

"Your little fling at the 'Save a Dollar' column is top notch. Do you write them all? I have been suspecting that some one person did them because surely no real home-economics specialist ever really pays for some of the things they print."

The Only Mere Man solemnly places his right hand over his heart and swears that any dollar-saving suggestion used by him in his "Mix and Serve" column was apparently submitted in good faith by some woman eager to share housekeeping knacks of her own with her less-enlightened sisters. Such suggestions as he has seen fit to use came from the "Save a Dollar" editor's mail, sometimes with and sometimes without that worthy lady's knowledge and consent.

Seriously, the letter from San José may be representative of a point of view held by other readers who have not written to us. If it is, we should like to hear from them.



KATHLEEN NORRIS

has finished a new novel, "Rose of the World," a love-story that introduces a most appealing newcomer to the group of heroines created by this favorite novelist of American women. The author calls it "the best serial I ever wrote." It begins in

THE DELINEATOR

for

December

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MIX *and* SERVE

Edited with Willing Hands and a Mean Pencil by the Only Mere Man on the Staff

FROM an eagerly awaited report issued by the *Smithsonian Institution* we learn that there are five red-headed women to every two red-headed men, that one out of every fourteen women has blond hair and one out of every twenty red, but only one out of every hundred has solid-black hair ◈◈◈ The nondescript in-betweens are in the majority—the mousy browns, the dish-water grays and the hairless ◈◈◈ Our hat is off to the *Whitinsville, Massachusetts*, woman who secured a court order requiring prohibition agents to return eighteen bottles of home-brew beer that had been seized in her home. She told the judge she was nursing a child and that the beverage was indispensable in her diet. The judge let her have the beer and fined her fifty dollars ◈◈◈ This month we honor the memory of the *Troy, New York*, blacksmith's wife who became so tired of washing and ironing her husband's shirts merely because the collars were soiled that she made detachable collars and thereby laid the foundation of an important industry employing thousands of women who might otherwise be up to all kinds of mischief ◈◈◈ Speaking of collars, *Sidney Smith*, proprietor of a big laundry in *Chicago*, advertised for deaf-and-dumb women employees. "I am tired to death of the endless clatter of tongues and the consequent slowing down of business," Mr. Smith is reported as saying. "One deaf-and-dumb woman is worth two of the other magpies" ◈◈◈ In the *Morrisania, New York*, police station a "well-dressed, pretty, young married woman" who had given a fictitious name tried to hang herself in her cell to escape the discovery of her arrest after a Saturday-night drinking-party. When the item appeared in the newspapers, *fifty* husbands telephoned to the police for a more detailed description ◈◈◈ *Shortsville, New York*, claims the world's champion strawberry-picker. *Mrs. Albert Crowley* picked two hundred and fifty-seven quart baskets in seven hours and fifteen minutes, carried all the baskets to the ends of the rows and crated them ◈◈◈ A recent canvass made among two hundred and fifty-two girls of *Ohio University* showed two hundred and seventeen liked bobbed hair best ◈◈◈ A *Bayshore, Long Island*, man testified in the New York Supreme Court that he had spent over one hundred thousand dollars fostering his wife's political ambitions, which so absorbed her that she completely neglected her household duties and hadn't spent an evening in her home in five years ◈◈◈ From *Hungary* comes a report about *Antonia Lippai*, whose authenticated age is one hundred and twenty-five years. She says she wore glasses until she was ninety-five, but since then has been able to see clearly without artificial aid. *Antonia* has been a widow for fifty years and earns a living by giving medical advice to her neighbors ◈◈◈ Our "Save a Dollar" editor has barred us from access to her mail-bag with the excuse that our fair pewholders are sensitive about seeing their offerings printed in this column, even when we suppress the name of the contributor ◈◈◈ The only one we have left should make a most fitting close to this popular series. It comes from *Covington, Ohio*, and reads thus: "On a table where you eat three meals a day I find you can use a table-cloth for a month without washing if you will spread newspapers on top and as they get soiled burn them up or use them for other purposes about the place and apply clean ones on your table. I also find a great protection to my table oilcloth on my dish-table is to use mats cut from old hot-water bottles or syringes to set hot-water bottles on or to put under my dishpan while washing dishes" ◈◈◈ Our candidate for *Secretary of State* in the cabinet of the first woman president of this land of equal political opportunity is the young man who is reported to have exasperated his sister to the point where she expressed the wish that men and women could live on separate continents with an ocean between. "But if they did, my dear," was his charming comment, "think of how many women would be drowned!" ◈◈◈ *Eddie Mallon*, New York detective assigned to watch suspects on transatlantic piers, says that women are replacing men gamblers on ocean-liners. "Men passengers who have lost," he explains, "either won't admit a woman could outwit them or they won't complain. The women are getting away with it simply because they are women" ◈◈◈ The same old story!



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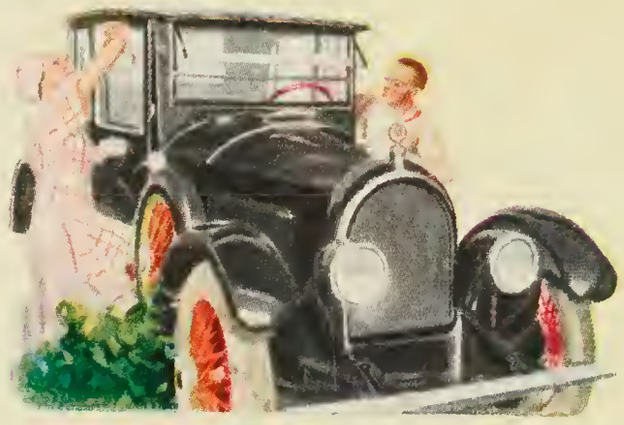
for glass kitchenware



for mirrors



for bathtubs and tiles



for glass and nickel

Do You Use it For All These Things?

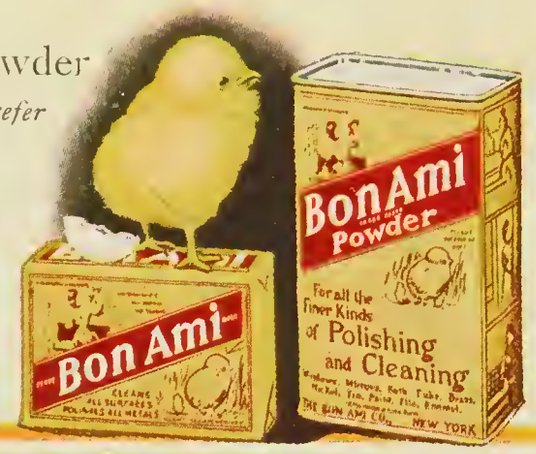
It would take several pages like this to show all the ways in which Bon Ami turns work into play for the busy housewife. But here you see a few of the more important uses—a *few* of the things which respond to its magic touch.

Bon Ami doesn't scratch as coarse, gritty cleansers do. The soft white powder has a wonderfully gentle absorptive power. It quickly blots up grease and grime. And when you wipe off the Bon Ami—all dirt goes with it, leaving just sparkling, lustrous cleanliness! Even your hands can neither be roughened nor reddened by Bon Ami!

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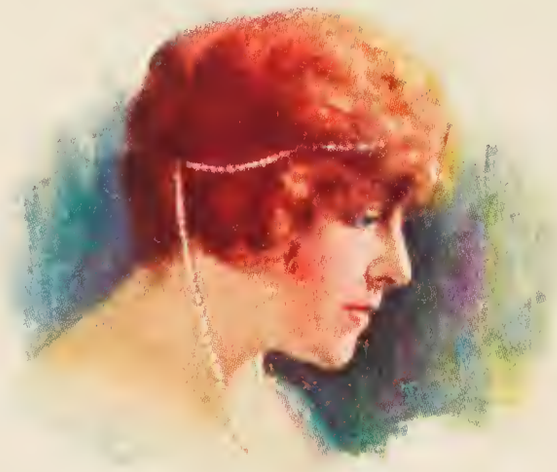


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WERRENRATH—Victor Artist

Because of the merit of his interpretations and the beauty of his voice, Werrenrath ranks among the great artists of today, and he is a Victor artist because his Victor Records exactly parallel his public performances. Among his twenty-two Victor Red Seal Records are:

	Single-faced		Double-faced	
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Deep River (with Orpheus Quartet)	64687	1.00	527	1.50
By the Waters of Minnetonka	64908	1.00		



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HEIFETZ—Victor Artist

Heifetz is numbered with the really great among violinists. Every one of his thirty-six records is a perfect transcription of his art—and for that reason Heifetz is a Victor artist. Some of his records are:

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La Ronde des Lutins	74570	1.50	6159	2.00
Scherzo Tarantelle	74562	1.50		
Valse (from "Serenade for String Orch.")	74635	1.50	6155	2.00
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THE DELINEATOR

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W. MARTIN JOHNSON Art Director

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FROM *the* EDITOR'S POINT *of* VIEW

THE CHILDREN'S DAY

PEACE on earth, good will—oh, my friends, let it be to children! All the other days of the year may belong to men, but let Christmas be the day of the children—kept sacred in the name of a Holy Child.

This Christmas Day in the United States more than one hundred thousand little children will call in vain for their mothers. Many others, with the blessing of a parent's love, will feel the pinch of poverty. Even in this prosperous country on this Christmas Eve children will go to bed hungry. Faith in good old Santa will keep many of them believing until the empty hour arrives; the faith of children dies hard—it wants to believe. Children are without malice—but they suffer, and nothing in life is more tragic than a child's helpless sorrow.

Out on the west coast lives a man who is called great in his city. He made his own fortune, and it is a big one. He has done many fine things for his State. He has fought bad legislation; he has improved living conditions, working conditions; he has created opportunities for the handicapped. This man once made this statement: "There is only one thing I have done in all my life which I consider real service—making Christmas for poor children. When I was only seven," he said, "I was working on the river-front, doing a big boy's job. I made twenty cents a day. I stood a lot of hardships that Winter, believing in the reward of Christmas; I worked late Christmas Eve carrying packages for people. When I reached home, the house was dark and one of the neighbors told me my mother was sick. I slept alone that night, but I believed that Santa would come.

"The next day was Christmas. It was an empty day—drab and hungry like all the rest. My throat ached. I couldn't swallow. I went down to the river-front. It hurt to hear people say 'Merry Christmas!' Somebody gave me a little money. But that wasn't Christmas. I have been hit pretty hard in my life—I have lost people I loved. But that was the hardest day I ever knew. On that day my childhood began to pass and faith died.

"Christmas to me means making children happy. I try to find the neglected ones in town. Sometimes I am imposed upon, but I never take a chance of passing by some unfortunate youngster on Christmas."

Once again Christmas is coming. It is the children's day.

We are planning joy for those we love. But what of institutional children? What of poor children in your own neighborhood who look longingly into the show-windows and write futile letters to "Mr. Santa?" Thousands of such letters lie in the dead-letter office every year. In some cities committees have been formed to take care of these misspelled pleas from little believers. What is your town doing? What are *you* doing?

Christmas Day is coming. Oh, my friends, let it be the day of peace on earth, good will to—children!

PRIDE OR RELIGION

IN THE editorial mail-bag there is always a certain percentage of letters of appeal for help from baffled wives. Some courageously sign their names; other timid women finish their letters with: "It is in fear of my husband that I do not sign my name."

The tragedy of the homes from which these letters come lies in the fact that the women earnestly desire to do the right thing.

A wise mother said to her daughter the night before her wedding: "The time will come when nothing but pride or religion will keep you living with your husband." Where is the bride who believes this? And yet the prediction applies to every bride in the world.

It is not human to walk the road of life, hand in hand, without misunderstandings and heartaches. It happens to the closest friends; it is inevitable in the most devoted households.

Jealousy, injustice, bitterness are the original sins of married life. We stand together under the June moon of courtship, but when the partnership has become one of sharing problems and daily trials, we look across a chasm. The cynic who says "Marriage is a game of give and take, where the woman does the giving," sounds a destructive note.

There are three things the successful wife never gives: her conscience, her pride and her determined adherence to the faith which was the root of her love.

It takes courage to say "This thing is right and just, and so I shall do it," and to say it without a whine of anger or hysteria.

The woman who hasn't the courage to say, "This is my father and mother and these are my friends—I can not be entirely separated from their lives," will not retain her husband's confidence. There can be no love without respect, and respect is born of character.

The husband may not be conscious of it, but deep in his soul will lie the fear that the wife who can cut old ties may not have strength to be true to new ones. Love is never strengthened by a sacrifice based on injustice.

The successful wife is the one with the intelligence and the character to retain her own dignity and bring up her husband as she does her children!

A CAROL OF THE STAR

White Star shining all across the sky,
Do the shepherds follow still as you pass by?
"Yes, the simple shepherds go still where I guide—
If thou hast a simple heart, thou too shalt walk beside!"

White Star gleaming over lands afar,
Do the Wise Men ride still where your shadows are?
"Yes, the Wise Men travel where my long ray lies—
Thou mayst bring thy gold as they, if thou too wouldst be wise!"

White Star lighting all the clouds on high,
Do the angels sing yet, spread across the sky?
"Yes, the angels hover, singing as of old—
Lift thy heart away from earth and touch their wings of gold!"

White Star guiding down a singing wind,
Is there still a Stable that poor men may find?
"Yes, the Stable waiteth, low and wide of door—
Stoop thine head in humbleness and find its myrrh-laid floor!"

White Star standing yonder overhead,
Is the Christ-child lying still beneath His shed?
"Yes, the Christ-child waits His own, pure of heart and mild—
Whoso loves as Jesus loved hath found the Holy Child!"

MARGARET WIDDEMER.

THE MAN WHO MADE US LAUGH

THE death of a clown is like the death of laughter. Recently the king of clowns dropped out of the line. Al Miaco, whose name was unknown to the world but whose antics had amused millions of people for sixty-six years, kissed his fingers to the crowd and slipped out of life.

Behind that gay make-up, that fantastic chalked face with its smiling lips, real suffering had been hidden from the world for at least the last two years of his never-failing appearances.

In the ring Al was the spirit of youth—turning his somersaults, falling off his donkey, getting in everybody's way, being slapped and knocked down and bumped over. Out of the ring he was an old man living quietly with his old wife, to whom he had been married since 1867.

The day before his final curtain dropped some one asked Al if he thought it had been worth while.

"Making them laugh isn't the *easiest* thing in the world," was his reply. "And if you don't believe it, try it yourself."

But there's a deeper philosophy than that back of the antics of the clown—if you will remember what the great French writer Beaumarchais said: "Praised by some, blamed by others, ridiculing the fools and irritating the wicked, I am compelled to laugh at everything for fear of being forced to tears!"

THE PIN IN THE CANDLE

THERE was an old French peasant law which held the wisdom of Solomon. This law was called "The Pin in the Candle," interpreted by the English as "The Right to be Heard."

In the old days if a man and his wife disagreed, the official to whom an appeal was made put two pins in a lighted tallow candle, equal spaces apart. The husband was allowed to talk until the flame burned down to his pin; and then he had to listen, while his wife talked, until the flame reached her pin.

This law passed into oblivion long since, but its influence became a part of the family life of France. It is a tradition—particularly among the peasants—when a family dispute arises and one member prolongs a scolding or complaint for the rest of the family to say: "It is now mother's pin in the candle," or, "It is now father's pin in the candle!"

So simple a legend as this has brought peace to a multitude of people. How many of us might apply it to our daily living and hear both sides of the story!

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"WE JUST HEARD ABOUT YOU," THEY SAID. "MERRY CHRISTMAS — OH, MERRY CHRISTMAS!"

TO SPRINGVALE FOR CHRISTMAS

"Her children arise up and call her blessed"

By ZONA GALE

Author of "Faint Perfume"

WHEN President Arthur Tilton of Briarcliff College, who usually used a two-cent stamp, said "Get me Chicago, please," his secretary was impressed, looked for vast educational problems to be in the making, and heard instead:

"Ed? Well, Ed, you and Rick and Grace and I are going out to Springvale for Christmas. . . . Yes, well, I've got a family too, you recall. But mother was seventy last Fall and— Do you realize that it's eleven years since we've all spent Christmas with her? Grace has been every year. She's going this year. And so are we! And take her the best Christmas she ever had, too. Ed, mother was *seventy* last Fall——"

At dinner, he asked his wife what would be a suitable gift, a very special gift, for a woman of seventy. And she said: "Oh, your mother. Well, dear, I should think the material for a good wool dress would be right. I'll select it for you, if you like—" He said that he would see, and he did not reopen the subject.

In town on December twenty-fourth he timed his arrival to allow him an hour in a shop. There he bought a silver-gray silk of a fineness and a lightness which pleased him and at a price which made him comfortably guilty. And at the shop, Ed, who was Edward McKillop Tilton, head of a law firm, picked him up.

"Where's your present?" Arthur demanded.

Edward drew a case from his pocket and showed him a tiny gold wrist-watch of decent manufacture and explained: "I expect you'll think I'm a fool, but you know that mother has told time for fifty years by the kitchen clock, or else the shield of the black-marble parlor angel who never goes—you get the idea?—and so I bought her this."

At the station was Grace, and the boy who bore her bag bore also a parcel of great dimensions.

"Mother already has a feather bed," Arthur reminded her.

"They won't let you take an automobile into the coach," Edward warned her.

"It's a rug for the parlor," Grace told them. "You know it *is* a parlor—one of the few left in the Mississippi valley. And mother has had that ingrain down since before we left home——"

Grace's eyes were misted. Why would women always do that? This was no occasion for sentiment. This was a merry Christmas.

"Very nice. And Ricky'd better look sharp," said Edward dryly.

Ricky never did look sharp. About trains he was conspicuously ignorant. He had no occupation. Some said that he "wrote," but no one had ever seen anything that he had written. He lived in town—no one knew how—never accepted a cent from his brothers and was beloved of every one, most of all of his mother.

"Ricky won't bring anything, of course," they said.

But when the train had pulled out without him, observably, a porter came staggering through the cars carrying two great suitcases and following a perturbed man of forty-something who said, "Oh, here you are!" as if it were they who were missing, and squeezed himself and his suitcases among brothers and sister and rug. "I had only a minute to spare," he said regretfully. "If I'd had two, I could have snatched some flowers. I flung 'em my card and told 'em to send 'em."

"Why are you taking so many lugs?" they wanted to know.

Ricky focused on the suitcases. "Just necessities," he said. "Just the presents. I didn't have room to get in anything else."

"Presents! What?"

"Well," said Ricky, "I'm taking books. I know mother doesn't care much for books, but the book-store's the only place I can get trusted."

They turned over his books: Fiction, travel, biography, a new illustrated edition of the Bible—they were willing to admire his selection. And Grace said confusedly but appreciatively: "You know, the parlor bookcase has never had a thing in it excepting a green curtain *over* it!"

And they were all borne forward, well pleased.

SPRINGVALE has eight hundred inhabitants. As they drove through the principal street at six o'clock on that evening of December twenty-fourth, all that they expected to see abroad was the pop-corn wagon and a cat or two. Instead they counted seven automobiles and estimated thirty souls, and no one paid the slightest attention to them as strangers. Springvale was becoming metropolitan. There was a new church on one corner and a store-building bore the sign "Public Library." Even the little hotel had a rubber-plant in the window and a strip of cretonne overhead.

The three men believed themselves to be a surprise. But, mindful of the panic to be occasioned by four appetites precipitated into a Springvale ménage, Grace had

Continued on page 76



Now is the time to select your Victrola for Christmas

Victrola Instruments and Victor Records are so much in demand for gifts that there is a shortage every Christmas. Place your order now while all the twenty-one instrument styles at from $25 up and complete record stocks are available.

Ask your dealer or write to us for illustrated catalogs.



Victrola

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Look under the lid and on the labels for these Victor trade-marks

Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N.J.

Let your answer to this question protect your delicate garments

TO test a soap by actually *washing* a delicate silk or wool garment is to run a serious risk.

We believe, therefore, that you will gladly welcome this simple, but conclusive, test of a soap's safety, which can be made without endangering anything you own.

Here is the test:

Ask yourself: "Would I be willing to use the soap on my face?"

See how quickly and easily your answer clears up all your doubts! It is at once evident that if a soap is too harsh for your delicate skin, it must be too strong for delicate textiles.

When you apply this test to Ivory Flakes, your mind leaps at once to an inevitable conclusion—of *course* Ivory Flakes must be safe, because it is the flaked form of the same Ivory Soap which has cleansed and protected lovely complexions for more than 44 years.

Use this simple method

To wash fine things with Ivory Flakes is as simple as it is safe. A *tea*spoonful, instantly dissolved in a quart of hot water and diluted until lukewarm, gives an overflowing bowlful of gentle, yet thorough, swift-working, cleansing suds. A few moments of dipping and squeezing, and your blouse or sweater or sheer silk stockings are daintily clean again.

Though Ivory Flakes possesses a margin of safety beyond other soaps, it is so inexpensive that you can use it economically for all the other things in your home that deserve careful laundering, and for dishwashing as a protection for your hands.

We should like to have the pleasure of sending you a free sample of Ivory Flakes, and a copy of our illustrated booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments." The note in the right-hand corner of this page will tell you how to send for them.

Ivory Flakes is for sale in grocery and department stores everywhere—in both 10 cent and 25 cent packages.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

IVORY SOAP FLAKES

Makes dainty clothes last longer



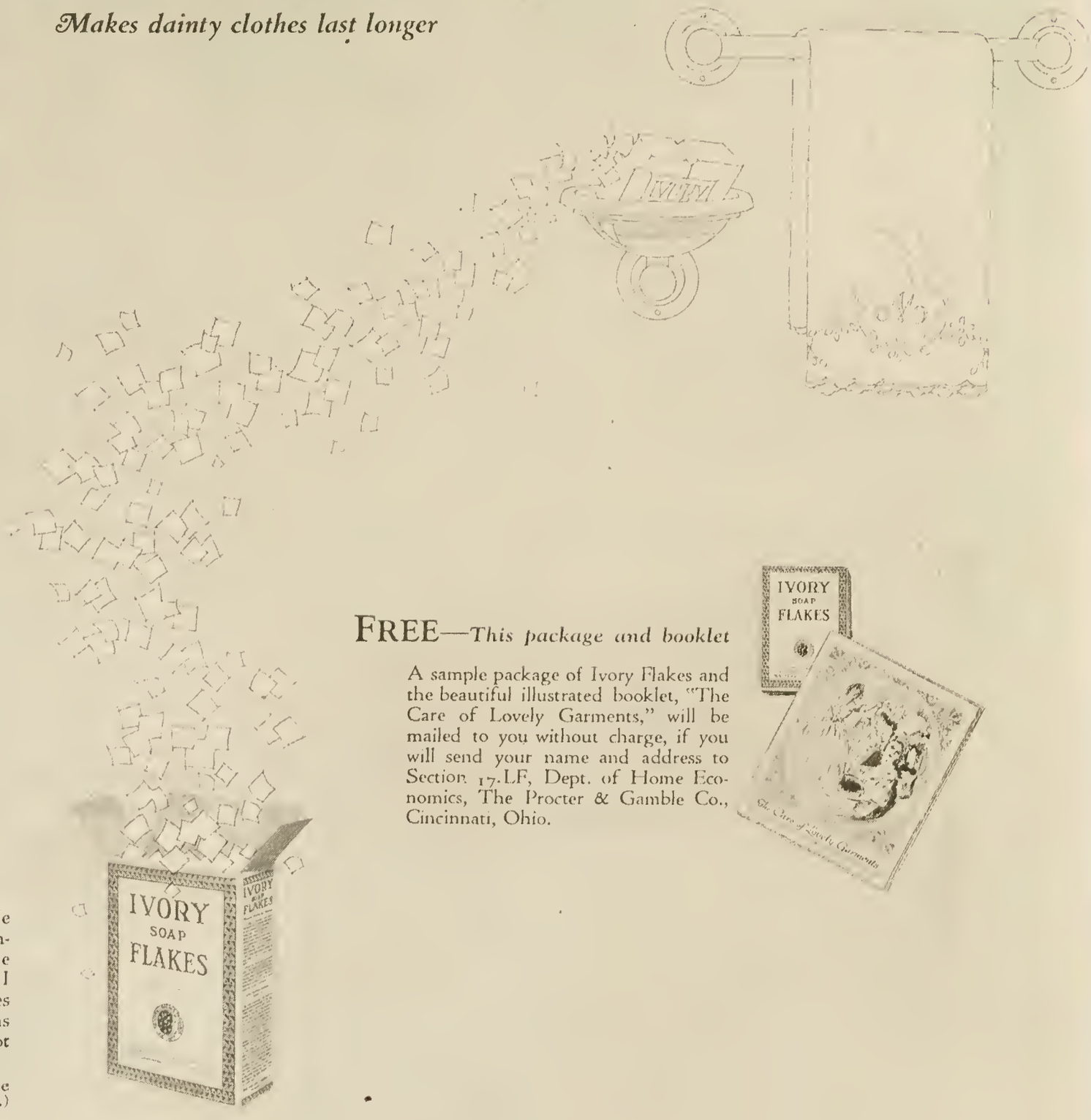
Valenciennes lace and radium silk

WASHED 19 TIMES

THIS delicate pink nightgown, of radium silk and valenciennes lace, was washed in Ivory Flakes on the recommendation of its owner's grandmother, who had been using Ivory Soap for delicate things ever since her girlhood.

"The color didn't fade a single bit," says the letter that accompanied the nightgown, "and the lace was not harmed either. I washed the nightgown 18 times after that and each washing was so successful that I feel I can not praise Ivory Flakes too highly."

(Garment and owner's letter on file at the Procter & Gamble office.)



FREE—*This package and booklet*

A sample package of Ivory Flakes and the beautiful illustrated booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments," will be mailed to you without charge, if you will send your name and address to Section 17-LF, Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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"WAIT A MINUTE, MAN! IS THAT THE BABY? WE'LL LEAVE HIM WITH ALICE IN THE SHACK HERE"

"AND HEAR—THE ANGELS—SING!"

A powerful story of Christmas on the frontier

By FRANCES GILCHRIST WOOD

AT THE end of the row a bronzed man turned his team about in a half-circle, flung his weight forward on plow-handles and shoved the point of the share into virgin sod. A ribbon of root-bound earth ripped and tore from the dun mantle of the prairie and widened the black square patch. Continually the mules strained, sweated and balked as the tough sod bound the plowshare, and the man staggered above jerking handles.

They halted for a breathing-spell and stood panting in the chill Autumn wind. Before them lay the Dakota plain, brown and empty, except for a moving speck down the long swale. The frontiersman stared for a moment, then grinned. "Peterson's kids!"

He clucked to his team and pushed forward to make the Great American Desert blossom into frontier homes. Struggle, strain, halt and go on again as the black ribbon sheared loose and coiled over against the brown. At the end of the row the moving speck waited: a half-grown Scandanavian boy and tiny girl mounted on an Indian pony.

"Hello, Mr. Copley!"

"Hello there, Jan; howdy Olga! Aren't you two a long way from home?"

A wide grin lighted the freckled faces. "We been on an errand. We ask you can we put this on your sight-mound—" the boy hauled into view the bleached skull of a longhorn and pointed to a guide-post cairn of piled-up sods, surmounted by a whitened skull—"put this on and have that one?"

Aaron Copley nodded. "If you'll tell me why, Jan."

"That's a buffalo-skull. The horns we would like for the Christmas."

At the man's puzzled frown the tiny girl broke into the happy chuckle of superior knowledge: "To make them clean, and scrape off the dirt with knives and a piece of glass——"

It was Jan's turn: "You can make something to hold matches out of horns, and pegs to hang your hat on for the Christmas tree. Are you coming, Mr. Copley?"

Again the minor chorus: "We're going to sing the carols of Christmas. Like this it goes—" A soiled, stubby forefinger beat time in approved singing-school fashion and a well-intentioned voice lifted.

"It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old——"

Aaron winced before the unmelodious attempt but acknowledged the enthusiasm.

"Why don't you come ever, Mr. Copley? Maybe they could learn you to sing too. Everybody comes for Christmas!"

The frontiersman lifted his reins and nodded to the boy. "Take the buffalo-horns, Jan, and you'd better hurry home; looks like a storm. Good-by!"

"Good-by! Good-by, Mr. Copley! Thank you!" Olga clutched Jan's coat in one-handed precarious hold to turn with a last invitation: "Come to the Christmas, Mr. Copley!"

DOWN the black patch, the plow tearing off strips to widen its stretch, and back again until the sun dropped toward the horizon. Wearily the man unhitched, drove to a wagon, loaded the plow inside and climbed up on the high seat. Slowly he turned the lagging mules toward the west and a distant sod shack.

Absently he hummed Olga's carol; he lifted his eyes to the sunset glory and instinctively the drooping shoulders straightened. A golden tenor voice rang above slow-coming shadows.

"It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold."

A girl pushed open the door of the shack and waved in welcome. She stooped for a tub, carried it out on the prairie, emptied it with a splash and rolled it down the incline of a root-cellar. Lithely she straightened a slender body, pushed back braids of dusky hair and stood listening.

As the team halted by the sod stable, she lifted misty eyes. "Aary, you sounded like the heavenly host itself! I know all the cherubim sing tenor!" She leaned forward eagerly. "Don't take the harness off. Let's drive in to the post-office to the sing to-night!"

The answering shadow of a frown vanished in a laugh. "Yes, Olga told me if I came over, they might 'learn me to sing!' "

The girl smiled and nodded. "They were here. Jan brought the pick home."

"And Hear—the Angels—Sing!" copyright, 1923, by Frances Gilchrist Wood



ONCE AGAIN THE SPELL OF SILENCE HELD THE AUDIENCE AS CAROL AFTER CAROL FILLED THE FRONTIER ROOM

Aaron Copley's face darkened. "Nancy—you loaned my pick? You know I never——"

Nancy's eyes met his pleadingly. "But neighbors loan—they may have to borrow some day. This is the frontier." Her voice dropped to a coaxing note. "Aary, let's go to the sing. You know they've no leader, and you had all that training in the choir back home. Why don't you want to help? They've so little——"

The frown deepened. "Sing! There isn't a voice among them, except Graham's two girls. What makes them want to torture the very soul out of music the way they do? Besides, I didn't pioneer to Dakota for that. I came out here for land and to make money—and I'm tired!"

The girl laughed up at him. "And you've all the hall-marks of a cliff-dweller still. Did you ever really 'neighbor' with anybody in Pittsburgh, Aary?"

"I knew all the people I wanted to." He twisted uneasily about under her searching eyes and looked off at the horizon. "Besides, it's going to storm."

She followed his glance. "Oh! oh! the clouds are all black!" A moment longer she hesitated, then leaned toward him earnestly. "But if it doesn't storm, let's go! You can't live on the frontier without neighbors—having them and being one too." With a last look at the skyline, she ran toward the shack.

INSIDE the tiny sod house a rosy two-year-old baby crowed at her coming. Quickly she lighted a lamp in the growing dusk and turned to the stove. A snow-squall lashing against the one-sash window startled her. She picked up the child and stood by the window looking up the long slope behind the shack.

"Why, sonny—see the biddies blowing up-hill with all their feathers wrong side out! Poor things!" She watched the hens struggle into the leeway of the shed.

A round rolling something shot by the corner. The girl gasped. "My new tub! I——"

She dropped the baby into his chair by the window and snapped down the tray. The child gurgled: "Mama—tub? Mama—tub?" Hurriedly she nodded, caught up a coat and ran.

The tub was bounding up the hill like a thing possessed. Swiftly she pursued it, almost touched it, missed it a second time, ran on and disappeared in the darkening smother.

The wind hammered against the sod walls and shook the window with the increasing fury of a hurricane. A black curtain of snow flailed along the earth. High up on a corner shelf a small tin clock struck six and ticked along the flying minutes.

With a crash the door opened; Aaron Copley slammed it behind him and braced against it. "Gee, it's a norther all right!" He shook the snow from his cap, turned toward the stove and made a swift survey of the eight-by-ten shack. "Nancy?" He stepped to the window. "Where's mother, sonny?"

The baby spatted his hand against the pane. "Mama—tub! Mama—tub—*run!*"

"Out there?" Aaron pointed to the squall driving loose tumbleweed up the slope.

The baby nodded his head. "Mama—run!"

Aaron was out of the door and around the corner of the shack, hands cupped about his mouth. "Oh, Nancy! Oh, Nan-cy!"

Again he called and listened; called again and rushed with the wind up the hill. Ahead of him he stared at a black wall of snow, behind him at a lighted window and bobbing silhouette within. Once more he called, fought his way down the hill and out to the stable. He had taken the harness off. Swiftly he flung it over the broad backs, buckled straps, led the team to the wagon and snapped the tugs.

He ran to the shack, bundled the baby warmly and carried him out to the wagon. Into the thick wall of snow the team plunged along the road up the hill.

The nearest neighbor was four miles away. Through the darkness Aaron sent his cry: "Nancy! Nancy? Nancy!"

The terror in the man's voice brought a sobbing "Mama!" from the child. Aaron patted the wailing bundle, humming a reassuring lullaby. The young eyes, dark with torment, stared into the wall of snow. "Nan—" He looked down at the baby, then a golden tenor voice lifted in familiar hymn through the driving flakes.

"Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide.
The darkness deepens——"

Above the sleeping child Aaron's voice rang out across the prairie. Where was he going? What could he do? There was no one to turn to but—Nancy's neighbors; *he* had never made any.

The Clarks lived four miles across the hill; they were the nearest. The reins hung loosely over the dashboard; no man could guide a team through this storm. A line of hymn—a listening wait—"Nancy?" Another line—silence—"Nancy!"—and again the song.

THE four miles seemed multiplied by ten; Clark's guide-light ought to show, if it were burning. The wind was dying down, the snow thickening underfoot; it was growing bitterly cold.

A faint glimmer blurred like a star high up in the snow. The mules struggled toward it; still Aaron sang and called. A latch rattled and a lighted square flashed from the center of a dark rectangle. Clark's voice came through the storm. "Hello! That you, Copley?"

"Yes. Is—is Nancy there?"

A slow century of waiting, then a heart-destroying "No. What's the matter?"

There was no answer.

Clark floundered through the drifts. "What's the matter, Copley?"

The lines were lifted to turn the team. In a slow, dead voice: "She ran out—after a tub—chasing it up the hill—this way." He pulled the left rein. "I've got to find her."

"Wait a minute, man! Is that the baby? We'll leave him with Alice in the shack here." His neighbor reached for the bundle. "I'll hitch up and drive over east to Smith's and get him out. She—" he looked back in the heavy storm—"she couldn't have walked farther than this, could she?"

The bent head turned slowly. "No."

"If you'll drive west to Granger's and get him, we'll make the circle 'round toward your shack. Leave a light burning?"

Aaron nodded.

Clark's voice lifted hopefully. "She may be there time you get back, and——"

The plainsman's wife stood beside him; he laid the bundle in her arms. "Nancy started out in the snow, Alice, just as the squall blew up. I'm going out——"

A frightened face lifted. "Oh, not in this storm——"

He looked at her with steady eyes. "I'm going to get Smith and help our neighbor look for his wife. Run in with the baby and bring out some hot coffee—" He lifted his hand at Aaron's gesture of protest. "You couldn't have had supper by the time the squall came, and you can't beat this storm on an empty stomach." He moved toward the sod stable. "There's Alice coming now. After you get Granger, wait at your shack until we get in." The wall hid him.

Aaron took the plate from the woman's outstretched hands, gulped the coffee and picked up the sandwiches. "Thank you, Mrs. Clark. I hope the baby won't trouble——"

Alice Clark shook her head. "Babies aren't trouble. If—when you find Nancy, bring her here," with a cheering nod, "to her neighbors!"

THE mules had turned west and were struggling through the storm. Dark eyes strained at the white curtain as the man took up the call, "Nancy? Nancy!" The despair in his own voice begot an unendurable terror and he choked and strangled over the repeated cry.

With a wrench, he squared his shoulders and lifted his head.

"I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless——"

Doggedly the mules plodded through deepening drifts and bitter cold hour after hour and the golden voice grew hoarse and thick. There was no road to follow, neither fence nor house to guide, but instinct held the mules in the familiar direction. If they lost the trail, they would perish; it was the daily risk of the frontier.

A faint, blurred halo high up through the snow, Granger's guide-light at last. Wearily the team floundered toward it. The shack was dark, but the wagon had hardly stopped before the door opened. "Who is it? What's the matter?"

Dully Aaron told his story. Before he had finished Granger had him indoors, the fire going and coffee-pot on while he dressed. Under orders the chilled man tried to drink a steaming cupful while his bachelor neighbor hitched up.

Granger headed his own fresh team toward Aaron's shack and rigged a long leader for the tired mules to follow in a broken track. "Ride with me, Copley. It's not so—lonesome."

They faced the never-ending snowfall. Aaron stirred and spoke hoarsely. "I've thought—she might be near enough to—hear me if I called. I've been—singing; I can keep it up better."

Continued on page 78

Beginning a new serial

ROSE OF THE WORLD

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

Author of "The Secret of Margaret Yorke," etc., etc.

PART ONE

IN THE streaming level rays of a late April afternoon a rakish-looking gray roadster turned into Old Mill Lane and worked its way carefully among the gossiping women, the baby-carriages, running children and all the disorder of a small and congested thoroughfare into which a populace long rain-bound had turned itself for the first taste of real Summer warmth.

Old Mill Lane was narrow and ended after two twisted blocks of dingy houses and cottages, straggling fences and huddled small stores upon the banks of the river. Here there was a small brick factory or two, tottering warehouses and the patched and decayed old building that gave the place its name.

Across the muddy currents of the Potrero Creek, dignified by the residents of Gates Mill as "the river," lay straggling fences, rising fields where barley and wheat waved in Summer and the humble scattered roofs of small farmers, shaded by willows and eucalyptus-trees. And only one block back of Old Mill Lane, and at a right angle to it, was River Street itself, the real business district of Gates Mill, where there were plate-glass shop fronts lettered in severe gold, and the awninged windows of Rogers's bank, and the specialty-shops.

All the world was abroad now, in the gracious, lingering close of the enervating day, and from the time that Bond and Howard had run up the big window-shades upon the sun's departure from Carondelet Street, at five minutes past four, a crowd of women had gathered on the sidewalk to stare in rapture at the June bride shown within.

There were only two persons in the gray roadster when it turned into Old Mill Lane, and one of these was a girl, and she was talking about the June bride in Bond and Howard's window. There was an excellent probability of her being a June bride herself, and the subject was, naturally, to her the most fascinating in the world.

Her companion was the man whose wife she had promised to be, a fine, tall, loose-built young man with a florid, firm skin, fair hair sleeked back under his cap, large white teeth that gave his big mouth a somewhat humorous look, and clothes that, if somewhat dirty and rumpled, were unquestionably correct—homespun, fine linen and heavy driving-gloves soiled but not worn.

He brought the car to a standstill before a certain dilapidated dwelling crowded uncomfortably between an encroaching fruit-and-soda shop and a cheap and disorderly block of six small dwelling-houses badly in need of carpenter and painter, and for a few minutes he and the girl sat where they were, murmuring and laughing before the inevitable minute of parting.

"Yep, you like that veil and orange-blossom stuff in Bond's window well enough," he said now in a half-laughing, half-teasing voice, watching the glowing face near him as though he cared more for the changing expression there than for any opinion of his that influenced it, "but when it comes to yourself, by golly, then you want to slip off some morning and get married in your bathing-suit!"

"Jack, darling, but imagine my trailing all that glory into this house!" the girl countered, unruffled.

There was a slight pause, time not lost to the pair, however, for Jack had pulled off his glove and her bare soft little left hand was held in his big right one. Now, with her other hand, Rosalind suddenly pushed back her small close hat and smiled at him wearily, a little tired and warm after the long day.

Jack smiled back, as well he might, for Rosalind Kirby, with all sorts of troubles and responsibilities heaped high upon her slender twenty-one-year-old shoulders, was of that challenging and indisputable beauty that sometimes sets one girl apart in a small town from all the other girls who count their merely comparative charms by the standard she has quite unconsciously set.

The hair she had partially uncovered was of burnt gold, soft as corn-silk where the little hat had crushed it, curling into crescents and rings over her broad forehead and about her ears and plastered into little feathers here and there against the white skin where the heat of the day had dampened it. Her eyes were burning, sapphire blue, edged with upcurling thick lashes that the sun to-night was turning to bronze, and her skin had the healthy fairness of an apricot. Jack loved to see it pale, when she was unusually earnest or concerned, and to see the bright flame color surge through the warm cream of it when he praised it. Rosalind's nose was straight and her mouth wide and clean and finely red over small, white, even teeth; but what gave the whole face its elusive quality of distinction and beauty was the indescribable line of cheek-bones just a hint high, upper lip just a hint short, chin and jaw exquisitely modeled, throat pure and round, and aristocratic carriage of the whole head.

"Jack, it's an awful mess for you to marry into!" she said now, not for the first time, nor for the fifty-first.

Jack made no answer; he had her hand tightly, but he was dreaming, his eyes far across the river.

"Grandpa's less than useless," mused Rosalind. "Mother—well, she says she'll take roomers. Cecily will have to work, I suppose. Maybe it'll turn out all right, but it seems so selfish, just walking out on them!"

"In the first place," said Jack, coming suddenly out of his dream, "it's only for a time; we know that. You'll soon be able to help. I get two hundred now——"

"Jack Talbot, you don't!"

"I do—since the last directors' meeting. Old Bainbridge suggested it. Dad thought it was awfully decent of him. And my mother has always said that she would give me a house when I got married."

"I get forty-five," said Rosalind slowly—her job in the Talbot Iron-Works, as stenographer and clerk to Jack's father.

"I know—it's rotten. But then, you're going to get married anyway, and what's the diff? I know I'm not worth two hundred, but, after all, dad owns the whole shebang." Jack was watching her expressive face uneasily. "I wasn't going to tell you, but we could live on that, couldn't we?"

"Oh, heavens!" said Rosalind, shaking the odd look of musing resentment from her face and brightening suddenly. "Live on it? My dear, there's many a month when my money is all *we* live on, Grandpa Tallifer and the girls and mom and all. Of course we own the house, such as it is—or rather, I do. My father left everything to me, you know, on the very day he died—everything in this case representing the dear old home, value about two thousand eight hundred and forty-six dollars and eleven cents, and a five-hundred-dollar life-insurance policy!"

"What was the idea of leaving it to you? Didn't it make your mother mad?" Jack asked curiously.

"Mom? It was her idea. She begged and pleaded and fussed until it was done. My father was a darling, of course, but he never could make money at anything. And mother had a brother, you know, Uncle Ed, who wasted what little was left *her*. I think that's why she wanted me to be responsible for whatever was left when daddy died. She trusts me. Poor mom! And, by the way, I've got to go in! Good-by, darling, until—about eight?" finished Rosalind, suddenly bestirring herself and jumping from the car with only a farewell pressure of the hand to gratify watching Old Mill Street.

"Good-by, you little exquisite sweetheart," Jack said reluctantly. "My golly, I could talk to you all night!"

"Oh, by the way—" she turned suddenly back—"by the way, did you tackle your mother?"

"Well—isn't it the darndest thing the way we leave the important things until the last minute? Hanged if I know what you and I talk about! We never get anything *said*, anyway. Yep, I kind of tackled my mother—in a way. I'll tell you all about it to-night."

"How do you mean 'kind of' and 'in a way'?" Rosalind asked straightforwardly and anxiously.

"Well, I said that you and I were always together, and she said—she said: 'Oh, I know *that* all right.' And then I said that for months—since before Christmas, we had been regularly engaged—and she said: 'Oh, it's definite, is it?' And I said yes. And then she said she



Photo by Charlotte Fairchild

KATHLEEN NORRIS

Twelve years ago Kathleen Norris, a "new writer," published her first novel, and the public that is always waiting to welcome sincerity, freshness and charm took her to its heart. From that day to this her sure place in the affections of her readers has never been challenged. She has grown steadily in sympathy and breadth of vision, and she has kept her unmatched ability to tell a real story with wholesome naturalness and dramatic power. In these twelve years she has written many remarkable novels—in "Certain People of Importance" she gave us what critics have called "an American epic." But of her newest story, "Rose of the World," Mrs. Norris says: "This is the best serial I have ever done"



"THAT VOLUME OF THE ENCYCLOPEDIA, NOW," SAID THE OLD MAN UNEXPECTEDLY. "THAT WAS IN MY OFFICE."

thought it was the limit. I'm not using her words, of course."

"Of course!" Rosalind echoed impatiently, with a worried laugh.

"So then—well, she said not to be in too much of a hurry—something like that. You know, I always said she wouldn't be pleased—not at first—not if it were any girl, anywhere!" Jack added uncomfortably.

"Yes, I know. And she's right!" Rosalind said slowly. But she was stabbed to the heart. The cruelty, the selfish, cold snobbishness of a fortunate and happy woman, herself still young, who could meet her only son's confidence in this spirit! "Well, then, tell me everything to-night," she ended abruptly, and with a somewhat strained little smile she pushed the shabby old weather-stained wooden gate and vanished in the tree shadows and overgrown bushes of the disreputable old dooryard.

IT WAS always with a lightened heart, yet with a little conscious buckling of the domestic armor, that Rosalind got home. To her the dinginess, the decay and disorder only spelled a comfortable familiarity; she had never known any other environment than these faded, old-fashioned, gloomy rooms, these porches with their fat, peeling balustrades and chipped planks, this kitchen with its rusty old sink and battered tin, its great black range whose cracked top showed a merry flaming of coal between sunken and dilapidated iron plates.

Mrs. Talbot was a pretty forty-five, faded and mild, and with her once magnificent burnt-gold hair, like Rosalind's, long ago streaked with gray and made lifeless through neglect. She was a loving, willing slave to the whole family, but singularly ineffective and given to amazing complacencies. The house, built by her husband's uncle, the long-dead Uncle Jim Kirby, who was the older of two astonishingly successful brothers fifty years ago, had once been the handsomest in Gates Mill. The Tallifers and the Kirbys had been the aristocrats of the place.

To Mrs. Kirby nothing had changed. She had been a belle and a beauty; she felt herself still one. The home had been valuable and magnificent; to her it still was so. No matter how prosperous any newcomer in Gates Mill was, it was enough for her that he was neither a Tallifer nor a Kirby.

Rosalind went straight through the side passage into the kitchen to-night. Cecelia was sauntering back and forth with the airy superiority of sixteen, strewing forks and napkin-rings indifferently upon the crumpled tablecloth. Ned, idling upon a collapsed lounge in the dining-room, occasionally gave her directions, which she studiously ignored. Audrey, aged eight, was in disgrace because she had been driven to the last stages of exasperation by the tight elastic in a bloomer leg and had cut it deliberately: "Deliberately cut through that good new elastic that Miss Sally put in there!" Mrs. Kirby kept reiterating severely.

Completing the group was Grandpa Tallifer, a magnificent old giant of seventy-five who for thirty-five of those years had been gently, harmlessly insane. Grandpa Tallifer stood six feet three in his stocking feet and was broad in proportion. His face had the long cheeklines and heavy jaw that suggest a mastiff, and a leonine mane of milky-white hair enveloped the handsome old head and fell in majestic locks on the broad shoulders. His complexion had the bright clearness of a child's and his eyes were sky-blue.

Grandpa invariably wore a spotless white shirt, open at the throat, and a baggy old corduroy suit that was always shabby but always scrupulously clean. His manners were those of a gentleman, a somewhat bewildered gentleman who finds himself for no good reason supplanted as the head of his household. He talked well and could recall persons and events in connection with Gates Mill's early history long forgotten or outlived by all the rest of the world. He had been a power in the early development of the town, an earnest, clean-living, far-sighted and public-spirited citizen. He seemed unable to realize what had happened to displace him.

Did he remember the sweet September morning thirty-five years ago upon which he had started with J. Wittinger Talbot, Jack's father, the present president of the iron-works, which were then in their very infancy, to inspect a site out toward the cemetery neighborhood for the county farm? Talbot had been driving his white stallion, and sometimes even now Rosalind, listening to her grandfather's earnest, meaningless talk, would wonder if his last speech as a sane man had not been, "This is a pretty fresh horse, Si." At all events, he said this now, over and over. 'Si Talbot drives the meanest horse in this town!" he would say mildly to little Audrey or to restless Ned.

Talbot had been smashed to the wreck of a man when the stallion bolted; he limped still; suffered a reminiscent ache here, a treacherous catch of the muscles there. Tallifer had lain for but one irrevocable minute beside the road, the mane of hair—golden then—motionless against the rock. He had gotten immediately upon his feet, physically untouched, but with the delicate machinery of the brain forever unbalanced. Sometimes he called Rosalind "Molly," confusing her with her mother, sometimes "Abby," thinking himself a half-century younger and the girl her own grandmother.

TO-NIGHT grandpa was happily outlining a plan to buy a large tract in River Street from some person unknown, named "Injun Jim." "That'll mean that we own what's practically the heart of the town," he said triumphantly.

"Sure we will!" Ned assured him cheerfully.

Rosalind wasted no comments upon what was the usual home atmosphere. She was not critical. Her buoyant disposition, her ambition and imagination, her capacity for making friends, her health, youth and beauty were her unconscious armor against depression or criticism.

She went up-stairs. Her clothing was rapidly changed and she ran down-stairs again in her thin cotton kimono and instantly busied herself with soap-flakes and hot water. She was busily pressing a linen skirt when her mother announced dinner, and she urged the others to commence without her.

But she was presently among them, playing with the heavy food, but pleased to find a chilled sago custard added to the menu. "Mom, this is delicious. Say, listen, grandpa. I was in the library at noon to-day and Miss Gatley was showing me all of your old books—lots of them with your name written in them."

"Oh, my, yes! I suppose he gave the town thousands of dollars' worth of books," Mrs. Kirby said, wearily proud.

"The encyclopedias are there," Rosalind further contributed, "but the fourth volume, G-o-d to D-e-m, is gone, mom. It's never been there."

"God dem it!" said Ned, with a roar of laughter.

"Mom, do you think he ought to say things like that?" Cecily complained smoothly. "Do you think he and the Bowdish boy ought to follow Agnes Parrot and me around the way he does and call us names? He calls us terrible names——"

"*Brother*—" Mrs. Kirby began patiently.

"That volume of the encyclopedia, now," said the old man unexpectedly. "That was in my office the time all River Street burned up. Yessir, I had that volume there. I was working up some business at the time," he went on importantly, "and s' I—s' 'I—I'll make sure of what I'm doing!' I was lookin' up law—that's what I was doing. Roe Jackson was right there in my office. I had real handsome offices, with my name on the door——"

"Eat your pudding, papa," Mrs. Kirby said, as he paused. "I remember those offices," she added in a tone of mild melancholy. "Now, don't you do that, darling—aren't you going out with Jack?" she questioned, as Rosalind began to pile spoons and scrape plates.

"Yes'm. But it's only twenty minutes past seven." Rosalind's heart brimmed with joy at the mere reminder of the always amazing fact. She went into the kitchen with her eyes shining like stars.

WHY, only this time last year she had been eternally sifting facts, worrying, persuading herself now that of course Jack Talbot—the richest and the most popular boy in the village—wouldn't look at her, and then veering to the other view-point and frightening herself with the indisputable evidence that he cared—was beginning to care.

And then came the three consecutive evenings of the church bazaar at Thanksgiving, a golden time always to shine in Rosalind's memory with a glory not of earth. Ah, wasn't it enough felicity to be twenty, and not ugly, and popular, and a good dancer! Wasn't it enough to have a new dress, white lace and pink, pink ribbons, put together by Miss Sally Towsey just for this occasion!

How full to running over had been Rosalind Kirby's cup when Jack Talbot not only came to the dance, but came there unquestionably to see her, to dance with her, to flatter her, to remain by her side until all Gates Mill was talking! The compliments, the presents, the unequivocal speeches followed each other so thick and fast now that Rosalind could hardly tabulate them.

She mounted straight from earth to heaven. The Kirbys had been snubbed, they had been ignored and despised and pitied for all of Rosalind's lifetime. Parties at which her mother's daughter should have been an honored guest went on brilliantly without Rosalind; life brimmed with humiliations and inhibitions for them all. Certain doors were closed, certain eyes were turned away, certain old obligations were forgotten when the Kirbys came by.

Rosalind had asked the world no favors; it is doubtful if the full measure of her privations, of her exact position, had ever fully dawned on her. But her sudden restoration to favor now, when Jack Talbot's car brought her home to shabby Old Mill Lane day after day, brought

exquisite balm and solace to her soul. As his wife she would hold a position second to no young woman in Gates Mill.

But first and last and always, primarily and fundamentally, Rosalind, who had never been in love before, was deeply and truly in love. She told Jack, and truthfully, that if every reason in the world had been against her loving him, she must still have given him her whole heart, every wish and thought and hope and prayer of her life.

She had taken love before; she had never given it. The difference amused and astonished her. To find herself always breathless, always absent-minded except for the comparatively brief times of their being together, always conscious of him, whether she was brushing her hair or adding a column of dry figures in his father's office, to find the world grown oddly thrilling, everything significant and herself eternally dreaming, eternally hearing his voice, was a new experience to Rosalind.

She saw her blue eyes gleam with a new and liquid light in her blotched mirror; she saw the flaming color in her cheeks; she saw her beauty deepen and glow with a new charm; she was giddy with felicity, answered absently and yet tenderly when her mother spoke to her.

WELL, this in the beginning. But they had been engaged for five months now, and if none of the joy and glory had worn off the fact, some of the novelty and astonishment had, or perhaps they had merely been replaced by the necessary things that creep into every human relationship. She and Jack were happier, they agreed, every time they met. But there were considerations.

For example: when he had better tell his mother. In the beginning, for reasons she had forgotten, it had seemed good to both to keep the thing secret. But now Rosalind had taken her mother and Cecily into her confidence, and Jack had at last reached the point when he was a little impatient of further delay. If his mother wanted to fuss, he said hardily, let her fuss. People never married to please their mothers anyway, and his Rose of the world would win her like a shot!

Rosalind maintained a certain girlish dignity in the matter. It was natural that Jack should take his mother's false standards seriously, even though he did not himself share them—natural that he should feel sorry that his girl did not come from the Heights neighborhood or dignified, sleepy old Harrison Street.

And it was equally natural that she, burdened from her actual little girlhood with poverty and worry and struggle, should feel herself still answerable for grandpa's welfare, for mom's and Ned's and Cecy's happiness. She had never taken it as a grievance, or even as a burden, but it had always been close to her heart nevertheless. Rosalind had taken it courageously for granted that she was one of the girls born to play a man's part in her family, to be bread-winner and head to the forlorn little group, to eschew pretty gowns and happy times until "things"—those mysterious things upon which half the world is waiting—"should change for the better."

Sometimes she longed just to slip down to the City Hall with Jack and walk the three blocks to St. Mary's, license in hand, and be married. Rosalind would lie awake in the sweet Spring night planning the little costume for the occasion. Her blue dimity with the red dots, her blue straw hat with the red roses, her tan pumps—she must get a pair of the eighty-nine-cent silk stockings at Bond's——

To-night, for the Elks' annual concert and benefit dance, she wore the blue dimity and the rose-covered hat, and Cleopatra herself might have turned to look at her when Rosalind Kirby came with Jack Talbot into the barnlike space that was called the Grand Opera House.

All Gates Mill was at the concert, and of course the Talbots were there, bored but dutiful. Rosalind thought disrespectfully that her prospective mother-in-law always treated the people of Gates Mill as if she were the lady of the manor and they tenantry at the most, if not actual serfs.

"Do you think I ought to go up to your mother afterward and just say something?" she asked now, when Jack and she were seated and could speak to each other unheard.

"Well, she's with the Rogers and Aunt May. It might—she mightn't like it," Jack decided, after a moment's worried consideration.

Rosalind felt a twinge, a little prickle of the skin. But no matter, the facts remained the facts, and Mrs. Talbot's liking them or not liking them was of no real importance.

Later, when the dance had thinned, Rosalind and Jack had a few minutes of serious talk. The girl could have danced all night, but there was the early start for the iron-works to-morrow to think of, and it was only midnight when she came down to the gray car with Jack, settled herself in it and said suddenly and irrelevantly:

"The thing is, Jack, there's some attitude a girl ought to take about her husband's mother—there's *something* I ought to do, but I don't know what! Suppose on some Sunday afternoon you come for me at about four and we call on your mother? We needn't say anything about getting married, but I *could* say, if I got a good chance, something about our plans—just as a sort of aside, maybe. Doesn't that seem to you more dignified than to have every one talking about it and my own people knowing it—and your mother taking no notice at all?"

"Yep," Jack agreed, after a slight pause. "I guess that'd be a good thing to do. They can't say then that we slipped anything over on them." He bunched her soft fingers against his lips and kissed them. "Do you love me, Rose of the world?" he asked.

EXCEPT for the Terry Flour-Mills, the Talbot Iron-Works were the most important element in the business life of the town. They were familiarly known as "the works," and they had a sentimental as well as commercial value. The Talbots had made every penny of their fortune in Gates Mill—had, as their official letterheads modestly claimed, "put Gates Mill on the map."

The famous "Centipede," the little steam tractor that was to-day pulling half the cultivators and plows and harrows over the fertile fields of the Golden State, was a product of Talbot's works. Timidly launched a generation ago, when the actual cultivation of these same fields was in its infancy, it had been growing steadily in favor, and there was no sight the loyal citizens of Gates Mill liked so well as the sight of flat-cars loaded with the neatly crated "Centipedes," bound for Portland and Los Angeles, Seattle and Virginia City. The Talbot Iron-Works produced other things it is true, but it was the famous little "Centipede" that had built the Talbot Building in River Street, that had established the Talbot mansion in the Upper River district.

The iron-works themselves were the usual insignificant jumble of low wooden roofs, panting furnaces, odd fences and sheds and one respectable cement building, standing four-square in the confusion, with six tall chimneys belching heavy smoke over the King Street district across the river. Rosalind had only to turn from the southern

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"YOU — GO — AWAY! SHE SAID BREATHLESSLY. "DON'T COME NEAR ME. DON'T SPEAK TO ME. I DESPISE YOU!"

I REMEMBER A CHRISTMAS

Stories from the lives of four celebrities

CHRISTMAS DAY AT SEA

By Joseph Conrad

THEOLOGICALLY, Christmas Day is the greatest occasion for rejoicing offered to sinful mankind; but this aspect of it is so august and so great that the human mind refuses to contemplate it steadily, perhaps because of its own littleness, for which of course it is in no way to blame. It prefers to concentrate its attention on ceremonial observances, expressive generally of good-will and festivity, such, for instance, as giving presents and eating plum puddings. It may be said at once here that from that conventional point of view the spirit of Christmas Day at sea appears distinctly weak. The opportunities, the materials too, are lacking. Of course the ship's company get a plum pudding of some sort, and when the captain appears on deck for the first time the officer of the morning watch greets him with a "Merry Christmas, sir!" in a tone only moderately effusive. Anything more would, owing to the difference in station, be not correct. Normally he can expect a return for this in the shape of a "The same to you" of a nicely graduated heartiness. He does not get it always, however.

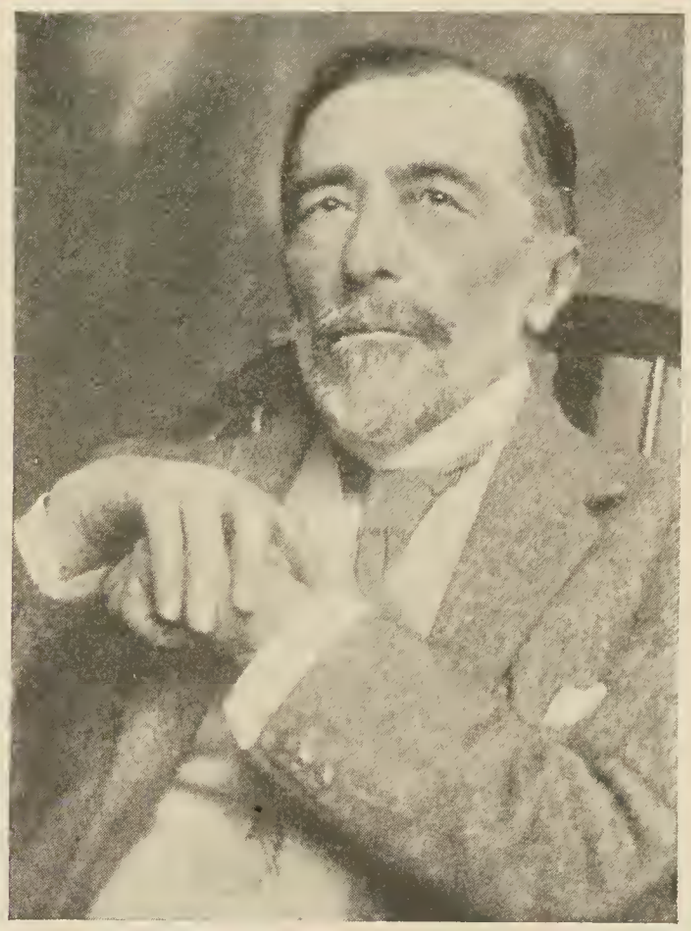
On shore a calamity at Christmas-time would hardly take any other shape but that of an avalanche—avalanche of unpaid bills. I think that it is the absence of that kind of danger which makes Christmas at sea rather agreeable on the whole. An additional charm consists in there being no worry about presents. Presents ought to be unexpected things. The giving and receiving of presents at appointed times seems to me a hypocritical ceremony, like exchanging gifts of Dead Sea fruit in proof of sham good-fellowship. But the sea of which I write here is a live sea; fruits one chances to gather on it may be salt as tears or as bitter as death, but they never taste like ashes in the mouth.

In all my twenty years of wandering over the restless waters of the globe I can only remember one Christmas Day celebrated by a present given and received. It was, in my view, a proper, live-sea transaction—no offering of Dead Sea fruit—and, in its unexpectedness, perhaps worth recording. Let me tell you first that it happened in the year 1879, long before there was any thought of wireless messages and when an inspired person trying to prophesy broadcasting would have been regarded as a particularly offensive nuisance and probably sent to a rest-cure home. We used to call them mad-houses then, in our rude, caveman way.

The daybreak of Christmas Day in the year 1879 was fine. The sun began to shine some time about four o'clock over the somber expanse of the southern ocean in latitude fifty-one; and shortly afterward a sail was sighted ahead. The wind was light, but a heavy swell was running. Presently I wished a Merry Christmas to my captain. He looked still sleepy but amiable. I reported the distant sail to him and ventured the opinion that there was something wrong with her. He said "Wrong?" in an incredulous tone. He took the glasses from me, directed them toward her stripped masts, resembling three Swedish safety-matches flying up and down and waggling to and fro ridiculously in that heaving and austere wilderness of countless water hills, and returned them to me without a word. He only yawned. This marked display of callousness gave me a shock. In those days I was generally inexperienced and still a comparative stranger in that particular region of the world of waters.

The captain, as is a captain's way, disappeared from the deck; and after a time our carpenter came up the poop ladder carrying an empty small wooden keg of the sort in which certain ship's provisions are packed. I said, surprised, "What do you mean by lugging this thing up here, Chips?" "Captain's orders, sir," he explained shortly. I did not like to question him further and so we only exchanged Christmas greetings and he went away. The next person to speak to me was the steward. He came running up the companion stairs: "Have you any old newspapers in your room, sir?" There were several old Sydney *Heralds, Telegraphs, Bulletins* in my cabin, besides a few home papers received by the last mail. "Why do you ask, steward?" I inquired naturally. "The captain would like to have them," he said.

And even then I did not understand the inwardness of these eccentricities. I was only lost in astonishment at them. It was eight o'clock before we had closed with that ship which, under her short canvas and heading nowhere in particular, seemed to be loafing aimlessly on the very threshold of the gloomy home of storms. But long before that hour I had learned from the number of the boats she carried that this nonchalant ship was a whaler. She was the first whaler I had ever seen. She had hoisted the Stars and Stripes at her peak and her signal-flags had told us already that she was the *Alaska*. Two years out from New Bedford. Last from Honolulu. Two hundred and fifteen days on the cruising-ground. We passed, sailing slowly, within a hundred yards of her; and just as our steward started ringing the breakfast-bell, the captain and I held up aloft, in good view of the figures watching us over her stern, the keg, properly headed up and containing, besides an enormous bundle of old newspapers, two boxes of figs in honor of the day. We flung it far over the rail. Instantly our ship sliding down the slope of a high swell left it far behind in our wake. On board the *Alaska* a man in a fur cap flourished an arm; another, a much bewhiskered person, ran forward suddenly. I never saw anything so ready and smart as the way that whaler, rolling desperately all the time, lowered one of her boats. The southern ocean went on tossing the two ships like a juggler his gilt balls and the microscopic white speck of the boat seemed to come into the game instantly, as if shot out from a catapult, on the enormous and lonely stage. That Yankee whaler lost not a moment in picking up her Christmas present from the English wool-clipper. Before we had increased the distance very much she dipped her ensign in thanks and asked to be reported all well, with a catch of three fish. I suppose it paid them for two hundred and fifteen days of risk and toil, away from the sounds and sights of the inhabited world, like outcasts devoted beyond the confines of mankind's life to some enchanted and lonely penance.



JOSEPH CONRAD has been called "the most arresting and the most romantic figure in English literature." Born a Pole, he became the greatest living master of the English language. Reared in an inland country, his passion for the sea made him first a sea captain and then the writer of sea tales judged worthy of a place among "the greatest of English story-writers of this or any other age." "Lord Jim," "The Shadow Line," "Victory"—there are many more, each one a masterpiece. The books of Joseph Conrad belong not to England alone but to the literature of the world

THE GAME OF HAPPINESS

By Ida M. Tarbell

IT WAS Christmas Day, and Bobbie—Bobbie was my most "nintimate" friend—had been invited to come with her presents and take dinner with me. For two long, precious hours we had been going over the treasures Santa Claus had brought. We were only seven, and that is a long time ago, so I hardly could be expected to remember what I "had." Of only one thing I am sure, and that was my first muff and tippet. How many years that muff was to go in and out of the fur-chest, treasured long after its usefulness was over because of its connection with the Christmas that meant most to me!

We had played and played until finally we fell into the delicious relaxation that follows hours of perfect happiness and, of course, to discussing the mystery of Santa Claus. What did Bobbie think? What did I think?

Now, we were seven, as I said, and there was a dawn of knowingness in us. As we talked there grew a sense in both of us that this splendid Santa Claus enjoyed more human cooperation than one of his rank would be supposed to need. We whispered to each other what we had seen in the days just past, and then, as light floods a room when you push the electric button, revelation came. "What if it were mother!" "What if it were father!"

Never did two discoverers discuss with more excited eagerness the evidences before them. How could Santa Claus ever have known that I wanted that muff more than anything else in the world? Who but mother ever knew the fervency of Bobbie's prayers for a *real* party-dress? And then those locked drawers—that closed parlor—the sternness with which peeping was treated—the homilies that were read to us on curiosity and pushing our way in where we were not wanted! It must be. *It was!*



IDA M. TARBELL gave us "The History of the Standard Oil Company," which has become a classic in its line. She has had years of experience as a journalist and editor of magazines. She has written "The Life of Abraham Lincoln," "The Business of Being a Woman," and many other books and articles of equal importance. Her profound insight into business, political and economic problems, and her sure touch in writing, have made her one of the really outstanding women of our day

I know that it is considered proper for a child discovering Santa Claus to be a myth to feel that he has been the victim of a wicked deception. But not Bobbie and I. No sooner were our souls flooded with the certainty of our great discovery than we swooped down upon the family, gathered for dinner—two o'clock in the afternoon, if you please, just like Sunday—piled ourselves into a big, old-fashioned—not then!—haircloth chair and began wildly rocking back and forth, shouting joyfully: "We know! We know! It's you! It's you! *You* are Santa Claus!"

I can see my mother's half-frightened eyes, alarm struggling with amusement. Would I hold her guilty? I can see her seeking help in my father's steady gaze. He understood. Here was no wound—only joyful exultation.

And so it was—a joy that was inexpressible. It was they, the dearest ones in the world, who had been playing this wonderful game. And I—I had understood that they did not approve of make-believes. My make-believes were the realest things in the world to me—those hours when I was little *Miss Muffet*, or a fairy godmother, or a pirate, or anything I had ever heard of—much more real than the daily round of getting up, dressing, eating and going to bed. Big people then had their game, and a game played for love, to give happiness!

It was a glorified father and mother into whose eyes I looked. Never, never had they meant so much to me. They had suddenly taken on the attributes and marvels of one of those superior beings so real in my mind, the best loved of whom had always been Santa Claus.

"And all the fathers of the world are Santa Clauses!" Bobbie and I cried. And at that moment a wise mother put in a word, helping us to get our first grasp of the true inwardness of Christmas giving. It was the time, she told us, when men and women and boys and girls all over the world who had taken the Christ-child for their leader secretly and joyfully planned on a certain day, in memory of Him, to make others happy. She and father loved above all to make us happy; but now that we knew the game, we too were expected to play it, to pass on happiness. Another revelation! We were taken into the game!

Many, many Christmases have passed since that day, but not one of them has left a memory so clear, so joyous. I can see the room—its furnishings—the faces—feel the excited sway of the big horsehair rocker! And why should it not be so?—what greater discovery could I have made than that it lies with human beings to pass on happiness?



EDITH WHARTON is one of those recently selected as the twelve greatest women of America; she is the first woman to receive the degree of Doctor of Letters from Yale. Upon that occasion she was presented as one in the front ranks of the world's living novelists; author of many notable novels, such as "The House of Mirth," "Ethan Frome" and "The Age of Innocence"; and as one who has "elevated the level of American literature"

CHRISTMAS TINSEL

By Edith Wharton

MY MOST memorable Christmas? It was in Paris, in 1916. We had been struggling for months with the insoluble refugee question: how to lodge, feed, clothe, doctor them, how to stop their squabbling and being ill and getting double rations, and slandering and beating each other, and wanting to go home when they had no homes and to stay in Paris when rescued and refurnished homes awaited them. Of course I allude only to the recalcitrant, impenitent and irreducible refugees; the others, the good ones, we had by the thousand too, but they caused us no gray hairs or sleepless nights and consequently are not stuff for drama.

Well: Among the refugees there were children innumerable, all likewise requiring to be clothed, fed, doctored, lodged—and also schooled and dentisted. And there were moments when, at grips day and night with this stern problem and struggling to get money, food, practical help in any shape, we used to be exasperated by little parcels of pop-corn and pink ribbon, of jacks-in-a-box, fancy pinafores and chewing-gum, each with a note from a "Happy Home in Oklahoma" or a "Bright Little American Girl," asking the recipient to send back a word of appreciation. (Of course such gifts were not the rule, any more than the bad refugees were; but we got too many of both.)



BOOTH TARKINGTON by unanimous consent has succeeded to the title of "Dean of American Letters"—the title worn for so many years by William Dean Howells. Twice the Pulitzer award has gone to Mr. Tarkington "for the American novel which shall best present the wholesome atmosphere of American life and the highest standard of American manners and manhood." There are few of us who do not know and love some or all of the long list of his books. From "Monsieur Beaucaire" and "The Gentleman from Indiana" to "Penrod" and "Alice Adams" and "The Magnificent Ambersons" they are representative of all that is finest and best in American literature

The result was to make us sternly utilitarian. The children must be clothed and fed before they had toys, even broken ones. But when the second Christmas came, we had got so fond of many of them that utilitarianism had to give way and everybody in the office said: "We *must* give them a Christmas tree!"

We did. We began to clamor for futilities and inutilities and in they poured at a rate the useful gifts never reached; and we got a big hall and a big tree and a big table groaning with presents, and everybody in the office was instructed to dole out a given number of tickets to the smallest, poorest, most pathetic of our children. It must have been one of the first Christmas trees in Paris since the war, and we were all thrilled by the preparations. So were the refugees, their children, their friends and the children of their friends. Applications for tickets poured in faster even than the gifts, and all the children who applied were apparently the smallest, poorest and most pathetic. Such at least was the defense afterward put in by the officials in whom the choice of candidates was vested.

The day came. Our ambassador, the ambassadress, all our honorary members, our benefactors and our well-wishers were there; and when they were seated, the doors were opened to the children. In they swarmed, small and poor, but not pathetic—not that day! Every face expressed a pent-up Christmas greed that made them look like little cannibals. And we had not known that there were so many refugee children in Paris, or even in the whole of France.

They came by twenties first, then by fifties and hundreds. Presently haggard helpers passed the word around: "No more toys." We stripped the tree, distributed stars, spangles, lanterns, tinsel and finally candle ends and tin candle-holders. One child got the crowning angel and barely escaped with its life.

By that time all the barriers were down. Some of us were forming a bodyguard around our valiant but bewildered guests, others battling with infuriated parents, silencing rapacious howls or dashing out to snatch more toys from the fast-closing shops. These emissaries, returning, reported that the street was packed with more children and the police expostulating about obstruction. Finally, through the raging mob, we fought a way out for the ambassador and his party, double-barred the doors to the approaching army and sat down aghast among the ruins. Then some one hysterically recalled that we had said: "Poor souls—we'll show them what an American Christmas tree is like."

They had turned the tables on us with a vengeance and shown us what a Franco-Belgian one is like when it is offered to people, young or old, whose lives have been uprooted, whose skies have been changed, who for two bewildered years have hung on the bitter edge of hunger, sickness and sorrow with their normal surplus of enjoyment suddenly cut off. If not a pretty sight, it was an instructive one; and when, for weeks afterward, aggrieved children in larger and larger numbers called to claim their quota of toys, they all received them, though at some cost to the useful part of our work; for we felt that once a year, and even on the brink of ruin, human nature needs Christmas tinsel more than coals and blankets.

THE CHRISTMAS THAT MEANS MOST

By Booth Tarkington

WHEN we were children, we began looking forward to "next Christmas" almost as soon as Christmas was over. Next Christmas was always to be the great, the perfect Christmas, the best of all Christmases. No matter how merry the Christmas just passed might have been, *next* Christmas would be merrier; no matter how splendid the gifts brought to us by *this* Christmas, the Christmas of next year would bring us finer ones. By that time we should be taller and wiser; our parents would do more for us, would trust us to be equal to greater responsibilities, and so would set magnificent opportunities before us. If this year we were given roller-skates, then *next* Christmas we should have bicycles; and when a little boy displayed a toy gun as his richest garnering from the luminous tree, he would say; "*Next* Christmas my papa's goin' to give me a real gun!" And we heard the same voice in the old wistful song of the negroes, so many of whom are so much like children: "Ev'ry day'll be Chris'mus by and by!" To the child's mind, the really great good time is always for the by and by.

In the reveries of old people the merriest Christmases are those long past, of course; and although the memory of past merriment is not itself merry, but is a chuckle that must turn into a sigh, age will ever maintain that the best of Christmases is not next Christmas, nor any Christmas of the by and by, but a Christmas that came long, long ago, in youth or in childhood, or perhaps in young middle age. Yet, when that best of Christmases came, those who lived it did not know that it was the best; for as a gentle philosopher has told us, when we are happy we do not know it. But afterward we say: "Ah! I was happy then!"

So, at the two ends of life, there are the two Christmases: the Christmas remembered by the old and the Christmas prophesied by the young, and both of these Christmases are such stuff as dreams are made on; yet they are the best Christmases, because the best that is in man is made of that stuff—all that he has done best has been made from it and all that he will do best will be made from it. It is the old man's sigh for Christmas past that proves life has been kind to him; and it is the child's dream of *next* Christmas that carries on the world.

For next Christmas, like to-morrow, never comes; yet it is always the Christmas that means the most to all who believe that the world does move, and to all who, thus believing, hope for the gifts of strength and wisdom to aid the moving. Alas, indeed, for him

who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-trees!

And alas for him who never sees them shining from his Christmas tree! "Where are the snows of yester-year?" They are in the sky, of course, and falling again to give good coasting on the hills. This Christmas is a good Christmas, but *next* Christmas—ah, the world will light a brighter tree next Christmas!

J. HARDIN & SON

In which Paul reaches his valley of decision

By BRAND WHITLOCK

PART SIX—CONCLUSION

PAUL was going back to the country after the fire in the new milliner's shop, but he feared that it might look like running away, and so he stayed in the town that had suddenly become unbearable to him trying to brave it out.

He had seen Evelyn but once since that night. The shop was closed; the door, demolished by Chief Springer, was boarded up with pine, stopping business and keeping the scandal alive. Evelyn was nervous and unstrung, afraid to remain alone in the shop any longer. She insisted that Paul stay away, and she herself was making preparations to go to Mrs. Simpson's for a few days—provided Mrs. Simpson, after what had happened, would take her in. She was only waiting for word. And she was filled with bitter self-reproach.

"Can you forgive me?" she asked again and again.

"Forgive you for what?"

"I should have gone; this that has happened, and all that is going to happen, would have been avoided if I had not been weak!"

She would not let him stay, and he went away, bearing with him a vivid picture of her standing there in tears, trying to smile and waving her hand.



THE HAND THAT HELD EVELYN'S LETTER FELL TO HIS SIDE AND HE SAT THERE IN THE COLD ROOM, IN HIS OVERCOAT, AND STARED BEFORE HIM

WINONA had not left her room for three days, when she finally sent Paul word by a servant to come to her. She was in a dressing-gown of that deep red to which she had always been partial and was reclining in an armchair beside her table, on which stood a lamp with a rose shade. There were circles under her dark eyes, but the reflection of the lamp overcame the sallowness of her skin. The curtains were drawn at the bay windows and beneath the partially lowered blind Paul could see the shadows cast by the arc light at the corner swaying and shifting over the wet street; he could hear the steady, dismal drip, drip, drip of the pine-trees in the yard.

"No," Winona was saying, rather languidly, though her dark eyes had flashed their resentment as he entered an instant before, "I am not ill—unless you call being sick at heart ill." She bit her lip and raised her hand to her eyes. "I haven't been out of the house, hardly out of this room, since—I heard. I couldn't. I didn't dare show my face. You don't know how you have mortified, crushed me. I thought that I should die!" She was already weeping. "I wonder that you can sit there as though nothing had happened, that you can be so calm——"

"Well, Winona," he said, "I am not sitting here as though nothing had happened. I'm very sorry, very——"

"I don't want your sympathy! You needn't be sorry for me. It isn't that."

"Well, then, what is it? What do you wish me to do?"

Paul's nerves were on edge. He got up, thrust his hands into his pockets and took a turn or two up and down the room.

"Do sit down and be still," said Winona. "Let's talk about this—about what we are going to do."

He sat down on the little chair by the dressing-table, resting his elbow on its ruffled edge. After all, he suddenly reflected, he had wronged her, he had caused her to suffer in her pride—more, doubtless, than in any affection she had ever had for him. She had always had her social ambition, however provincial. He might have spared her pride; she had a right to that.

"Winona," he began, "I don't know just how to put it—but I'm sorry that this has happened. I'm sorry that your pride——"

"Who said anything about pride?" she demanded. "Surely not I. Pride! I'm sure whatever pride I ever may have had was crushed, broken, long ago. This thing has been a scandal in town for a long time; you knew it and I knew it. I endured it because I had to—I couldn't help myself. But now, after this public exposure—oh, it is too terrible! It's impossible to go on. The things people are saying! Laughing, mocking, ridiculing me!"

"But they aren't ridiculing *you*," he interrupted.

"Yes, they are—for enduring it. You don't know what they are saying, what stories they tell. I should think you'd be ashamed. I don't see how you can hold up your head, show your face——"

He got up and walked to the window, drew aside the edge of the blind and peered out into the dark, wet night.

"I don't wonder at your not wishing to hear it," Winona was saying. "I don't wonder——"

"Oh, Winona!" he cried. "For God's sake! All this does no good! There's no need in going over it! You couldn't understand it if I were to explain it to you!"

"Oh, I understand it already, and I don't need any explanations. I know quite enough as it is——"

She talked on and on excitedly, weeping as she talked. And Paul stood in the embrasure of the bay window, peering out. He began to drum on the window-pane with his fingers.

"Don't do that!" he was presently aware of Winona saying.

"Don't do what!"

"Drum on the window-pane that way! You are doing it on purpose! You know you are!"

"I was not!" He clenched his fists, digging his finger-nails into the palms of his hands, and turned away from the bay window. And then, suddenly, as he saw her huddled in her chair, the tears raining down her face, her hands twisting her moist handkerchief, she became pathetic to him.

"WINONA," he said gently, sitting down before her, "listen. You are nervous and unstrung. I don't wonder—so am I. I'm sorry—but what's done is done. The thing is, what are we going to do? I shan't say anything in my own behalf or in excuse of myself—only this, that I knew your affection for me was long since dead. I didn't suppose that what I did made the slightest difference to you. But I wouldn't cause you pain willingly. We've made a mess of it—made a mess of our lives—but that's done, too. What are we going to do?"

She was silent in the effort to regain control of herself.

"I suppose," she said presently, "that you will—want—to go away—with her?"

He felt, with almost a gasp, something like a hope spring within him. Oddly enough, he had never considered the possibility of such a thing. His life was circumscribed by Macochee; he had never imagined himself away from it.

"I had not thought of that," he said.

"You have no such plan?"

"No."

"Do you think that we might— You said we had made a mess of it——"

"Yes, and so we have."

"Is it my fault?"

"Oh, no!" he said. "I suppose it's mine."

"I'll tell you whose it is," she said. "It's—hers. And the first thing is, *she* must go away."

"Go away?"

"Yes, go away, at once. I told you that before, but you paid no attention. If you had, this would have been avoided. But now you must send her, you must put her out of that house—into the street, where she belongs!"

"But, Winona, that is impossible! I can't treat her that way! I can't be capable of such brutality. I have no right to do that. She rents the house, for one thing——"

"Don't talk to me about her renting the house!"

"But I couldn't do that, Winona!"

"Then," she said, "I will go."

"You'd better think it over."

"I have thought it over!"

"Then sleep on it," he advised.

"Sleep!" she exclaimed, and she smiled wanly, as at some patent absurdity.

HE AWOKE the next morning out of a deep sleep. Bells were ringing and they sounded sweetly as he lay in the drowsy interlude between sleep and waking; they must be the church bells, it must be Sunday, and very late. Then the full tide of consciousness came running in and he remembered. He was glad that he had overslept; he had that, at any rate, to be thankful for.

Winona, Millie said, had gone to church. It had taken

courage to appear in public, in church, after what had happened! He could not withhold from her a certain admiration.

He went down-town as soon as he had breakfasted. When he opened the door to his office, the chill of the room suddenly struck him; the fire in the stove had gone out. He could not stay there, but from force of habit he thrust his hand into the little mail-box on the door and to his surprise found a letter there. It was a large gray envelope and the letter exhaled a slight scent, which he knew was Evelyn's. His heart gave a painful throb of apprehension. He tore open the envelope, drew out the letter and ran his eye over its dozen pages, trying at a glance to seize out its meaning.

Yes, she had gone—nor merely to Mrs. Simpson's, but definitely gone; where, she did not say. He sat down in his chair and read the letter through, slowly, carefully. Then he read it through again.

"You have just gone, my dearest, and I am writing what I should have written long ago but dared not, and what I should have told you half an hour ago and could not; I could not bear to see you suffer. . . . Did you not feel in my good-by something that told you? But it has to be, doesn't it, dearest? And it is the only thing I can do to help you now."

The hand that held the letter fell to his side over the arm of his chair and he sat there in the cold room in his overcoat and stared before him.

HE HEARD the town clock strike and looked at his watch; it was noon. He got up and with numb fingers manipulated the combination of his safe and locked his letter carefully away. He went out into Cedar Street, passing her door, stabbing himself with memories: that slight form, and the brown head, and the oval face suddenly lifted, and the blue eyes, and the freckles on her little nose, and the smile. All that was over now, that was done for; the one and only real joy he had ever known in his life was gone. He settled his overcoat about his shoulders, tugged at the brim of his hat and with a sardonic glance for the patching of new pine boards on the door covering the hole left by the broken glass, advertising his shame, doing its best to keep alive and fresh this scandal in the town; he went on to the old house in Cedar Street. He was surprised to have his mother open the door to him.

"Why," he exclaimed, "you are not at church! And father?"

"Paul," his mother replied soberly, "your father is pretty sick."

"Sick?" He knew that he had not been feeling well when—how long ago had it been since he had seen him? He had lost all count of time. "I didn't know. Is he sick in bed?"

"Yes. He is sleeping now. The doctor was here this morning." She went on in her mild way, describing his father's symptoms. He had taken to his bed three days before—"Wednesday that'd be, wouldn't it?" Mrs. Hardin placed her hand to her head in confusion. "Yes, Wednesday, I guess. I don't seem able to keep track of things any more. I'm so glad you've come!"

At the old house in Mad River Street there was the gloom of sickness, of conquered age, the foreboding of finality. Paul took turns with his mother watching J. Hardin, who lay there making his last fight, too weak to speak, following them as far as he could with his feverish eyes.

Late in the afternoon Doctor Staybolt came.

"Well?" Paul put all his questions into the one little word.

Doctor Staybolt looked at him an instant and Paul liked him, because in his glance there was not that meaning which every other eye in Macochee just then had for him. Doctor Staybolt lived in another world, combating the cruel processes of change and decay, too close to the supreme tragedy of existence to have interest in any smaller thing.

"He is very low," he said. "You had better prepare your mother for the worst. I shall come back late this evening." And he went out on his tireless rounds to visit other scenes where the complexities and complications of existence had been reduced to the final interrogation.

Paul watched throughout the night. Now and then, treading softly, he would steal to the door of the room and listen to his father's breathing and the ticking of his great silver watch, which lay, its lid open, amid the bottles and glasses of medicine on the table, ticking loudly, alertly, incessantly, on and on and on.

The dawn came, gray and still, its silver light slowly expanding in the world. He heard his mother stirring; she went down-stairs and came back presently bearing a cup of coffee to him.

"You must get some rest now," she said, patting him somewhat awkwardly on the shoulder with her thin, trembling hand.

THE day somehow wore away, and when late in the afternoon Doctor Staybolt had come and had seen J. Hardin, he said to Paul: "It won't be long now."

Paul went home early in the evening to get a change of clothes and hurried up to his room, thinking that he might avoid seeing Winona. But when he came down-stairs she was waiting in the hall, and seeing her he knew that her mood had softened.

"How is your father?" she asked.

"He is low," he replied. "Very low. I doubt if he can last through the night. He has been sinking all day." He felt unstrung, strangely near to tears; his eyes burned from sleeplessness and the long strain; he was afraid that he would show his weakness. "It's good of you to ask," he added.

"Can't you stop and have dinner?"

"Oh, no!" he said. "I must get back. I'll get something with mother. I don't want much anyway." He was about to go, but he saw that she still had something to say. She had an expression that verged on a smile, was almost tender.

"I'm awfully sorry about your father, Paul," she said. "Thank you."

"There's nothing that I can do?"

"No."

"It's too bad." And then presently, in another tone, she added: "Do you know what day this is?"

"No," said Paul; "I've lost all track. Is it Monday?"

"It's election day."

"Election day! That's funny." He bit his lip and stood in a brown study, thinking of his father. "I had forgotten."

"It's the night of Mrs. Winship's party, and we were to have gone together. Of course, now, I shouldn't think of it—but, Paul," she went on, drawing nearer to him, "I like to think that we should have gone if it hadn't been for this illness of your father."

He looked at her in an astonishment he tried to conceal, not knowing how to account for this altered attitude.

"WHY—yes," he managed to say.

"You see, I heard something only to-day which pleased me. I want you to know that I appreciate it at least."

"What?"

"Your sending her away."

"Her?"

"That woman. I heard only to-day that she had gone. You never told me."

"Yes, she's gone." And then he realized instantly that he had betrayed himself by his tone. "But I didn't send her."

Winona's face fell.

"She went of her own accord—" But he checked himself and did not finish the phrase that had already exposed his wound when he was off his guard. He regretted it sincerely, but he realized that he had inadvertently conveyed to her what he had never avowed or owned in words: how much he loved Evelyn.

"Oh!" Winona exclaimed. Her face had grown white; she was making an effort to control herself.

"I must be going," he said, not without reluctance, for he would not willingly leave her in a moment like this, a moment of pain for her and for him. But he could not pause then and enter upon discussion. "You know my father is lying very low——"

"There is nothing, of course, that I can do?" asked Winona again in her cool, calm tone.

"No," said Paul. "Thank you." And he went out the door.

Paul thought for a short while that evening that his father's condition had improved; he was breathing more easily; he had come out of that stupor in which he had lain for days; his eyes were open and looked up with a mild, intelligent gaze. His mind was clear, but his weakness was intense; he could not speak. Paul stood by his bed and asked if he wanted anything, but the shaggy gray head on the pillow gave a slight negative shake. Then his lips moved and Paul bent close to hear. J. Hardin was whispering with an effort, but Paul could not understand what he was trying to say. He was alarmed; would the doctor never come? It was quite dark. His mother came up the stairs and softly entered the room.

"He wants something," Paul whispered to her, "but I can't make out what. He seemed to mention some one's name. I don't know who he means."

Mrs. Hardin lighted the gas. Then she bent over her husband, laying her hand on his forehead. He whispered painfully.



IF HIS MOTHER WAS AWARE OF ANY PROBLEM IN HIS LIFE, OF ANY ANOMALOUSNESS IN HIS POSITION IN THE COMMUNITY, SHE GAVE NO SIGN

Continued on page 59



SIR JAMES M. BARRIE, WITH HIS INEVITABLE PIPE, AND HENRY JAMES, THE NOVELIST



CONGRATULATIONS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD FOLLOWED THE ARRIVAL OF MISS BARRYMORE'S FIRST BABY



IN "THE SILVER BOX" MISS BARRYMORE STARRED IN THE FIRST GALSWORTHY PLAY IN AMERICA

MY REMINISCENCES

The life-story of America's foremost character actress

By ETHEL BARRYMORE

PART IV

I REMEMBER the time when Mr. Roosevelt, then President, amazed me by his extraordinary memory. I was playing in Washington at the time, and after Mr. Roosevelt had seen me at the theater, I dined at the White House, sitting next to the President. During the meal he repeated to me verbatim line after line of the play! Another member of the Roosevelt family possessed of a vital brain and a charming personality is Alice Roosevelt, a friend of mine and a person for whom I have a tremendous admiration. One day at the White House we had gone up-stairs after lunch to put on our hats—we were going to a matinée. We got into the elevator, which we ran ourselves, and the children, Quentin and Kermit, who were little boys at the time, thought it would be funny to open the doors so the elevator couldn't move. They kept us between floors for over an hour while they roared with laughter. We could not make anybody hear us. I shall never forget the little Roosevelts dashing around the lower floor of the White House on roller-skates, so when I read Mr. Roosevelt's "Letters to His Children" it did not surprise me at all to learn that they had pillow fights on the upper floors.

At the end of the season of "Sunday" I went back to London. "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire" was playing there at the time, with Ellen Terry taking the mother's part and Irene Vanbrugh in the part of the daughter. I remember going to see the play, and a little one act piece also, by Barrie, "Pantaloon," played by Gerald Du Maurier. This one-act play so devastated me and made me cry so hard that I could not stay that night to see "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire." I remember going to Gerald's dressing-room and bawling on and on. I had to come back another time to see "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," all by itself, without seeing "Pantaloon" first.

Of course Mr. Frohman had these plays for America, and he wanted me to take the part of the daughter in "Alice," as I was



MISS BARRYMORE POSED FOR THE FIGURE OF JUSTICE IN THE MURAL BY KENYON COX IN THE NEWARK COURT-HOUSE

then about twenty-one or twenty-two years of age. But, greatly to his and my surprise, Barrie insisted that I play the part of the mother. I could not understand why Mr. Barrie wanted me to play this part so I asked him, and he said: "Because I can see you playing it and hear you saying all those things in the last act." So, in spite of my youth and seeming unfitness for the part, because of Barrie's insistence, I played it and the play was a wonderful success.

Lionel and Jack played "Pantaloon" and "The Clown." Lionel was simply magnificent as *Pantaloon*. And Jack also was with me in "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire." That is the only time we all were together in the same theater, but even then not in the same play.

I remember how Barrie and Mr. Frohman used to sit together hour after hour in Mr. Frohman's rooms, in the Savoy Hotel in London, sometimes talking and sometimes not uttering a sound for, oh, spaces of time. Often I would be with them and would wonder what they were thinking about, if anything—Barrie eating his little pipe and Mr. Frohman smoking many cigars while weighty thoughts swirled about.

Barrie used to have a cricket week for artists and authors down at his place in Surrey every Summer. Some of us stayed at his house and the overflow stayed at an inn. We all ate at the house—in the garden, in the sitting-room and in the dining-room. There were a great many of us—artists and authors and their wives; Edwin Abbey in white flannels, rather fat, dashing around catching cricket-balls, or rather not catching them; and Maurice Hewlett playing cricket rather romantically. And, of course, Barrie himself. It was a wonderful party. Who were they all! If I could only find some one who could remember!

After cricket, when we came back to the house, Barrie used to play croquet on the lawn. Little Michael Davies, the grandson of George Du Maurier, never left Barrie's side. He was about four or five years old. Barrie, with his pipe in his mouth, holding a



LIONEL BARRYMORE IN THE TITLE RÔLE OF BARRIE'S "PANTALOON"



A TRAGIC PART OF GREAT POWER IN PINERO'S "MID-CHANNEL" WAS THE TURNING-POINT IN MISS BARRYMORE'S CAREER



A TOUR IN "LADY FREDERICK" WAS MISS BARRYMORE'S HONEYMOON

croquet-mallet in one hand and the other clasping the little boy's hand, would walk quietly and silently all over the lawn. The little fellow never left him and he never left the little boy if he could help it. Michael's mother, Sylvia Du Maurier, was one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen. She had skin like a camellia, a tilted nose and a crooked smile like the *Grizel* of Barrie's novels. She had an amazingly handsome husband and her six sons were the original characters in "Peter Pan," *John*, *Peter*, *Michael* and so on. I remember going out one night with them to a dinner in London at which Ray Lancaster, the scientist, was present. After dinner Mr. Lancaster took us into the garden and showed us the first piece of radium I had ever seen. There was just a bit of it in the rock, yet it burned brightly through his coat. Major Du Maurier drove me home from that dinner. It was he who wrote "An Englishman's Home," which foretold so much of what was going to be. He was killed in the late war.

There was one Summer that I spent in London when I saw Henry James quite often. We got on tremendously well together. I loved to ask him questions and hear his long, rambling answers. He went on and on, just as he wrote. My appearance always seemed to amuse him; he said I was rather Gothic and reminded him of a cornice on a Gothic building. I don't know whether it was a compliment or not, but I guess he meant it to be a compliment. After that Summer in London, I did not see Henry James again for several years, when one day as I was walking along New York's Fifth Avenue I was very much thrilled to have some one stop his hansom near me suddenly and jump out almost at my feet saying, "Hello!" It was Henry James!

During the season that Lionel was playing "Pantaloon," he got a nervous terror of the theater and became almost obsessed with the idea that he was going to forget his lines. He never did forget them, but the fear was so strong in him that he came to me one day and said he could not go on—that he must stop. He did stop acting for several years and went to live in Paris to study painting, but eventually, I am glad to say, he came back to the theater, where he belonged. He was only a fairly good artist but a really great actor, so I was very happy when he came back to his own field, in which I have always felt he was supreme.

WHEN I was playing "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire" in Boston, Jack left me to join Willie Collier, who was going to Australia with "The Dictator," a play by Richard Harding Davis. The night before the boat sailed the terrible San Francisco earthquake occurred. They were all in San Francisco, and Jack wrote back the most intensely amusing letters about it. I wish I had them. I remember in one his saying how he was hurled by the tremendous shock from his bed right into the bathtub. As he was leaving San Francisco, trying to get down to the country to visit some friends, he was detained by the United States Army and put to work by the soldiers. This called forth the remark from my uncle that it took a convulsion of nature to get Jack into a bathtub and the United States Army to make him work.

When Jack left the company, my uncle, Sidney Drew, was engaged to play his part; but unfortunately he never did, as I was suddenly stricken with appendicitis and we had to close for the season. We had only another two weeks to run anyway, all of which time I spent in a hospital in Boston.

While I was playing in "The Country Mouse" in Boston, Sargent came to see the play with Mrs. Sears. He was working on his "Prophets" for the Boston Public Library at the time and was staying with the Montgomery Searses. He sent word back stage and asked if he could do a drawing of me, which, of course, was the most exciting thing. I went to the Sears' house and he did it there. Oh, he was delightful, humming about the room while he worked! He would sit down occasionally while in the midst of drawing and play little snatches on the piano and then come back to his work again. He found it very hard to draw my mouth. He would say: "I try to draw a delicate line and I produce a beam." He gave me the drawing, much to my delight, and, of course, it is quite my most treasured possession.



THIS PORTRAIT BY JOHN SINGER SARGENT, A GIFT FROM THE ARTIST, IS MISS BARRYMORE'S MOST TREASURED POSSESSION

The year of "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire" I didn't go abroad. I took a house in Cornish, New Hampshire, that beautiful place where so many artists have their divine homes and gardens. I believe Saint-Gaudens was one of the very first to go there. My place was most charming, with a swimming-pool in the garden surrounded by a brick wall. The house belonged to the Harry Fullers, she being Lucia Fairchild, who painted such beautiful miniatures. I had an enormous studio. Richard Harding Davis and his wife came to stay with me, and also my friend, Mrs. Wolcott, from Buffalo.

Kenyon Cox made a painting of my head that Summer for a figure of "Justice," which he was painting for the Newark, New Jersey, Court-House. I was fascinated by his enormous studio and by his climbing up on ladders to do his huge canvases. I had never seen any one doing a big mural before.

I liked Percy MacKaye very much that Summer, and also the Jesse Lynch Williamses and their children. All the children did "Rose and the Ring," and of course I helped. They were charming. I can not remember all the different children's names, but I do remember little Clara Fuller, who was splendid, and so was little Ruth Hapgood. William Vaughn Moody read me the original version of "The Great Divide" and Harry Fuller did a charming drawing of me that Summer. Mrs. Houston, Charlotte Fairchild's mother, who had a house at Cornish, also painted me.

I loved going over to see Mr. Saint-Gaudens. He was then doing his wonderful Lincoln, and he used to let me watch him work. The head was finished, and I never could look at it without wanting to cry. Saint-Gaudens was very ill that Summer—in fact he was dying. I have always felt it a great privilege to have known him at all.

I also saw much of Maxfield Parrish and his father, Stephen Parrish, that Summer. The latter had one of the most beautiful gardens I have ever seen—even more beautiful than the Charles Platts' and the Norman Hapgoods', which is saying a great deal. It was a most interesting Summer.

I WENT over to Dublin, New Hampshire, which is about fifty miles from Cornish, to visit Joseph Smith, the artist. They were having some kind of garden fête and I was to be a sprite coming up from a fountain. As I had only one night in which to prepare for my part, I could not remember my lines, so Joe Smith had the two verses which I was to recite printed in large black letters on pieces of cardboard and hung behind some bushes with a light shining on them. I had more confidence in rising from the water because I knew my lines were going to be there. Mark Twain was one of the guests that night. He was always very nice to me. It was the first time I had seen him in white evening clothes. I met him with Bob Collier at dinner in New York shortly afterward, and he was still in his white evening clothes. I saw him again at some big benefit at an opera-house where there were booths. He was sitting in the book-stall signing things when I passed by. I didn't know if he would remember me, but he called out, "Oh, there's the water-sprite."

The next year I went on tour with "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," and I think it was that Spring that Mr. Frohman took me to London to play in a piece by Hubert Henry Davies called "Cynthia." I remember being very terrified and wishing that I had not done it.

Continued on page 80

SCIENTIFIC BABY CARE

THE DELINEATOR is placing at the disposal of mothers the knowledge of America's foremost specialists in baby care and child welfare. Preceding articles have covered prenatal care, the care of the baby at birth, general care, maternal nursing, artificial feeding, feeding after infancy, the place of sweets in the child's diet, care of the teeth and the health education and mental hygiene of the child of school age. Articles to come will have to do with equally important steps in development and the completed series will comprise the most up-to-date scientific information accessible to mothers. Dr. L. Emmett Holt, baby specialist, Physician-in-Chief, the Babies' Hospital, New York City, and author of "The Care and Feeding of Children," is chief editorial adviser in THE DELINEATOR'S Child Health Campaign



"THE WORLD IS MINE"

PAMPHLET REPRINTS

Articles available in pamphlets are: "The Expectant Mother and the New Baby," by Dr. Ralph Lobenstine, Chairman of the Medical Advisory Board of the Maternity Center Association of New York City; "The General Care of the Baby," "Maternal Nursing," "Artificial Feeding" and "Diet Problems of Childhood," all by Dr. L. Emmett Holt; "Early Childhood," by Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw, ex-President, American Child Hygiene Association; "The School Child," by Dr. William Palmer Lucas, Professor of Diseases of Children, University of California and "The Mental Health of the Child," by Dr. Thomas W. Salmon, ex-Medical Director, National Committee for Mental Hygiene. Any one of this series of eight pamphlets will be mailed on receipt of ten cents to cover cost of printing and postage

THE HAPPY CHILD

Child labor as a menace to health and growth

By DR. OWEN R. LOVEJOY

General Secretary, National Child Labor Committee

AN ASTONISHING number of people are still unaware that child labor exists in the United States. Twenty years ago almost every one in this country thought child labor an English sin, or German, or French, or Italian. While close students of the problem know that it has existed during the past two decades to a greater extent in America than in any other so-called "civilized country," the general public still lives under the impression that all American children are free.

It should be understood at the outset that in discussing child labor we are not talking about the useful activities of children around home, either on a farm or in the city. No sane person can object to having children busy. The development of usefulness in the moral and physical growth of the child is essential, and all students of child health know that children have to be busy. We here make the distinction between working and being worked, between those children who are under the care of parents or others interested chiefly in their health, happiness and educational well-being and those who are exposed to the hardships, hazards and monotony of child labor.

According to the census reports of 1920 just issued, this latter group includes not less than one million, sixty thousand children. This means that approximately one-tenth of all the children in America between ten and fifteen years of age are at work. They are at work in industries which the United States census euphoniously calls "gainful occupations." This means that they are engaged in occupations that are of a monetary value either to themselves or those they support. The classes of occupation in which these children are engaged include manufacturing and mechanical pursuits, mining, quarrying, domestic service, street trades, tenement home work and agricultural pursuits.

So far as the public has become interested in the employment of children, it has been chiefly in the textile-mills of New England and the Southern states, in the anthracite coal-mines of Pennsylvania, in the glass-factories extending from the Atlantic seaboard to the Middle West and in the tenements of New York and other large cities. But these, after all, constitute only a fraction of the army of children whose lives are devoted to toil.

What the Census Doesn't Show—In fact, the director of the census makes it clear that the tabulation of 1920 does not include all children who work. It does not, for example, include children less than ten years of age, because these figures were limited to those between ten and fifteen, yet there are thousands of children in America in sweat-shops, street trades, domestic service and on truck-gardens less than ten years of age who are employed as regular laborers. In the second place, the census does not include children who are in school for more than half their time. These are listed as school children. The child who is in school six hours of the day and works five, or is in school seven months of the year and works five months, is tabulated as a school child and not as a worker. In the third place, the 1920 census figures were gathered in January, when, as every student of rural life is aware, agricultural operations are practically at a standstill—therefore, the thousands of children who work in the wide beet-sugar fields of Colorado, Michigan, Utah and Nebraska are not included, for their work does not begin until April and ends in November; if they are ever in school, they are there in January. The children who toil in the onion-fields of southern Ohio and the rich flats of Pennsylvania are not included, for onions are not cultivated in January. The child who works in the New Jersey cranberry-bogs and comes back to the Philadelphia schools two months late and struggles all the year to try to catch up is not included, for cranberries are not gathered in January. The thousands of children who work in the fields and canning-sheds of New York, Delaware, Maryland and other Atlantic seaboard States are not included, for this work does not exist in January; neither are the thousands of children employed in the cotton-fields extending from the Carolinas and Georgia west through Texas to the Imperial Valley of California. Therefore, the census statement that one million, sixty thousand children are at work is extremely conservative. No one knows the actual number of young children who spend the better part of their childhood in exhaustive and monotonous labor, who are practically debarred from all educational opportunity so that if they receive any schooling it may not be for more than four or five months during the year.

Child Labor and Agriculture—There is a popular impression that if children live on a farm, there is no need to worry about them. This has been the stock defense or justification of child labor in agriculture and partly accounts for the fact that to-day over seventy per cent. of all working-children are in agriculture. The theory that child labor on the farm is not harmful will not bear analysis. We speak now not of the old type of employment of boys and girls on the individual farm—with father and mother, in an atmosphere that made education, health and moral development the chief activities of home life, with work as a promoter of all three—but we speak of child labor under the newer, industrialized processes that have invaded rural life in numberless sections of America. An investigation of child labor in the beet-fields of Michigan during the entire season of 1922 revealed facts so striking that their defenders have attempted to divert public attention by impugning the motives of the National Child Labor Committee, which conducted the investigation. But this will prove a futile defense; the public is interested in the facts, and the facts gathered show that over half those who work regularly in these fields are children sixteen years of age and under, that the age at which children begin to be regularly employed is five years, that the average age of the child employed under sixteen is nine years three months, that the hours of labor, especially during the thinning and blocking season in the Spring and during the pulling and topping season in the Fall, range from eight to fourteen daily, and that children of eight, nine and ten years of age have actually worked during these excessive hours. The facts show that hundreds of these children, with their parents, are housed in places unfit for human habitation,

Concluded on page 82

AN INTRODUCTION BY DR. HOLT

A multi-millionaire tobacconist in the South expressed himself to me in the following terms concerning child labor: He had seen nothing but good from it; it formed habits of industry and kept children out of mischief. He himself had been put to work when only a little past seven, and he had worked ever since; and now, looking back from the age of seventy-four, he knew it had been good for him.

Such is the point of view of not a few who profit by cheap child labor.

For children to have duties about the home, and, as soon as they are old enough, to aid father with the outside work on the farm is one thing; but for children as young as eight or ten years to be exploited either by parents or employers in factories, in canning establishments, in cotton-fields or on beet-sugar plantations is quite another. As carried on in many places, this comes mighty near being slavery.

Work does not harm children provided two things are not interfered with—health and education. The first demands that no child should do a kind of work beyond his strength; that the hours should be such that plenty of time remains not only for rest and sleep, but for play, without which normal child development is impossible; and finally, that the kind and amount of food needed for healthy growth should be furnished. The conditions and hours of most child labor make all of these things impossible. The consequence of all this is a race of stunted, undersized boys and girls who develop into physically inefficient men and women. In places where child labor is largely used the children do not get during a whole year two months in any kind of school, and the schools available for most of them are a disgrace to our country.

The protection of the child in industry of whatever sort is one of the great questions before the American people. More knowledge of its extent, its character and its effects is greatly needed.

L. EMMETT HOLT

said the girl walking-stick. "And I'll get married. And I'll lay some black eggs, like that one I came from."

She began to nibble and chew again.

"Do you eat insects for dinner, the way dragon-flies do?" asked Tommy.

"No, indeed," answered the girl walking-stick, with her mouth very full. "Breakfast, dinner, afternoon tea and supper—all I eat is green things. That's why I'm colored green, so you can't catch me eating up your oak leaves."

"Oh ho, Miss Walking-Stick!" cried Tommy, feeling very smart. "But when the leaves begin to turn brown, in the Fall, then we'll catch you!"

"Oh ho, Mister Tommy!" answered the walking-stick. "When the leaves



turn brown in the Fall, then I turn brown, too! Ha, ha!"

"Oh," said Tommy Tiptoe. "I see. Well, Miss Walking-Stick, will your husband's suit turn brown, too?"

"Oh, maybe it will and maybe it won't," answered the girl walking-stick carelessly. "It doesn't matter much about him. I'm the important one. If I get caught and die before I lay my eggs, then there won't be any little new walking-sticks in the world. And that's all that counts, you see."

"Oh," said Tommy, "I see!"

"Jump!" cried the walking-stick suddenly. "That leaf next door is just getting ready to fall!"

Tommy jumped. He held on tight to the stem of the big green leaf. *Whiff!* off it floated gently, like a green magic carpet. Slowly they settled on the ground. The minute Tommy's feet touched—*bing!* he was big again!

"I wonder what will happen tomorrow," said Tommy Tiptoe.

NOTE—Last month the Big DELINEATOR *printed on its editor's page Bettina Baldwin's prize letter that won* THE LITTLE DELINEATOR *model house. Be sure to read it. This month, look for Bettina's letter of thanks on the first Big* DELINEATOR *page.*

He's tired, he's hot, he's out of breath, but DELI doesn't care—
Three shovels more, two more, one more—aha! at last he's there!

"Woo! Auntie Shur-1n. Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas Day!"
Now, which is happier: DELI-bear or auntie? Who could say?

Old auntie at her window is crying: "Boo, hoo, hoo!
"No Christmas tree, no holly wreath. Alone, and snowed in, too!"

Now what's that rascal doing? How hard he works—whew, whew!
What mischief is he up to? What is he going to do?

Hurray, hurray! It's Christmas Day and little DELI-boy
Is full of DELI-dinner and full of DELI-joy!

With brand-new shovel out he runs. But what is this—hello!
Poor Auntie Shur-1n's little house is buried deep in snow!

DELI-BEAR'S CHRISTMAS SURPRISE

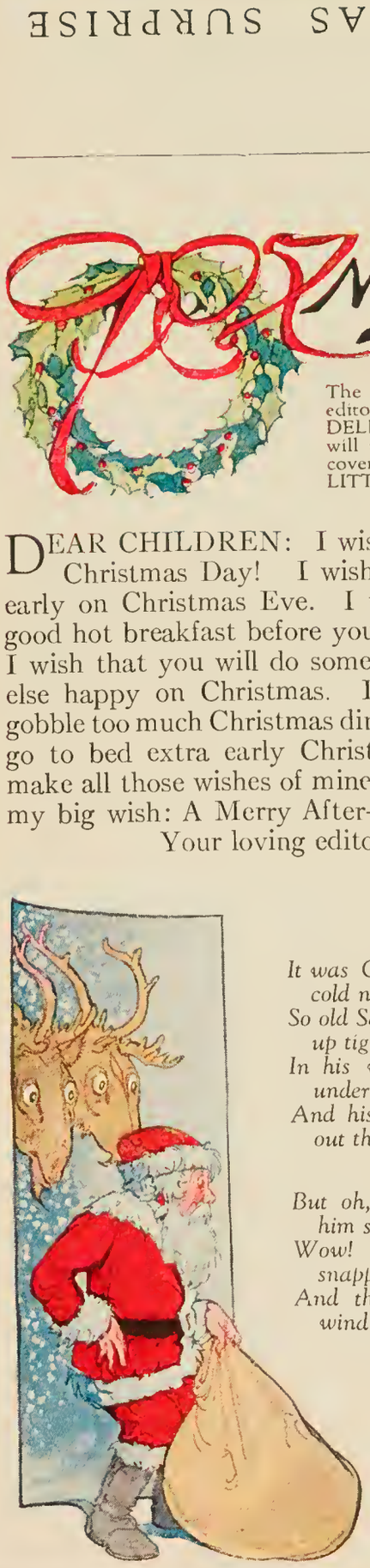
MY LITTLE PAGE

The most helpful letter, telling your editor what you like best in THE LITTLE DELINEATOR this month and why, will win a big framed picture like the cover. Address Cover Contest, THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, New York City

DEAR CHILDREN: I wish you all a Merry After-Christmas Day! I wish that you will go to bed early on Christmas Eve. I wish that you will eat a good hot breakfast before you touch a piece of candy. I wish that you will do something to make somebody else happy on Christmas. I wish that you will not gobble too much Christmas dinner. I wish that you will go to bed extra early Christmas night. And if you make all those wishes of mine come true, you will have my big wish: A Merry After-Christmas Day!

Your loving editor,

HARRIET IDE EAGER.



It was Christmas Eve and a cold, cold night,
So old Santa Claus, he had wrapped up tight
In his warm wool socks and his underwear
And his fur-trimmed coat to keep out the air.

But oh, when his reindeer pulled him south,
Wow! An alligator stared and snapped his mouth,
And the sun beat down and the wind blew hot,
And the fat old man nearly died on the spot.

Now, the trouble that troubles him most, poor dear,
Is, "What, WHAT, WHAT! shall I wear this year?"

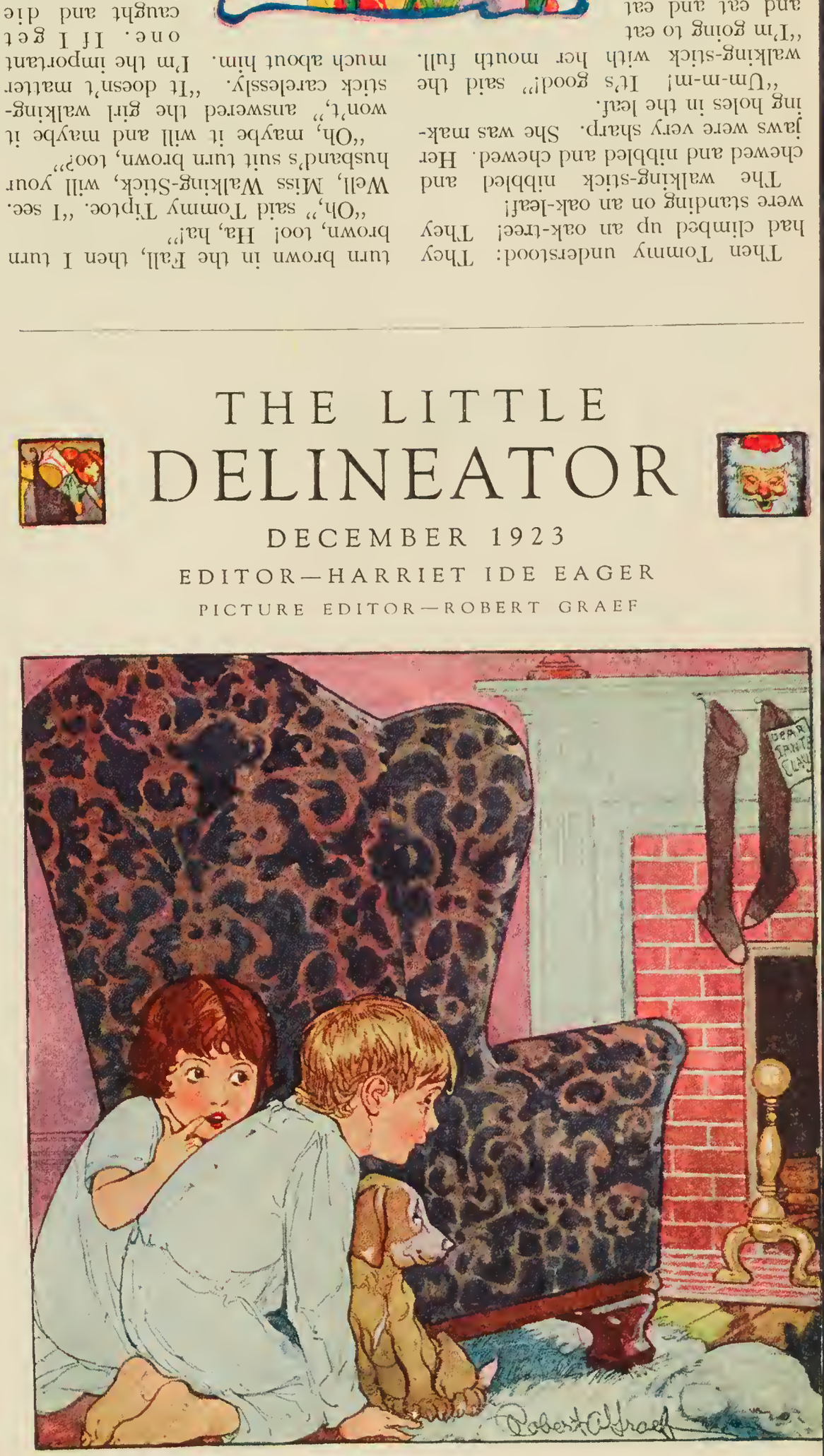


THE LITTLE DELINEATOR

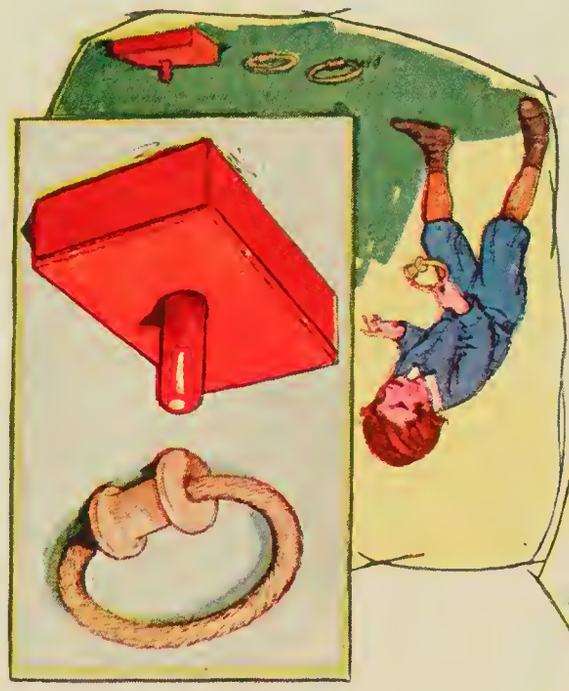
DECEMBER 1923

EDITOR—HARRIET IDE EAGER

PICTURE EDITOR—ROBERT GRAEF



DO YOU WANT A BIG FRAMED PICTURE LIKE THIS, "LOOKING FOR SANTA CLAUS"? TRY FOR THE COVER CONTEST ON PAGE EIGHT



CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR YOU TO MAKE

Boy and Girl Prize-Winners in Last Year's Christmas-Present Contest

A BURNT-MATCHES HOLDER

FIRST, I got an empty coffee-tin and bored twenty holes in the top with a nail. I made each hole big enough for a match to drop through easily.

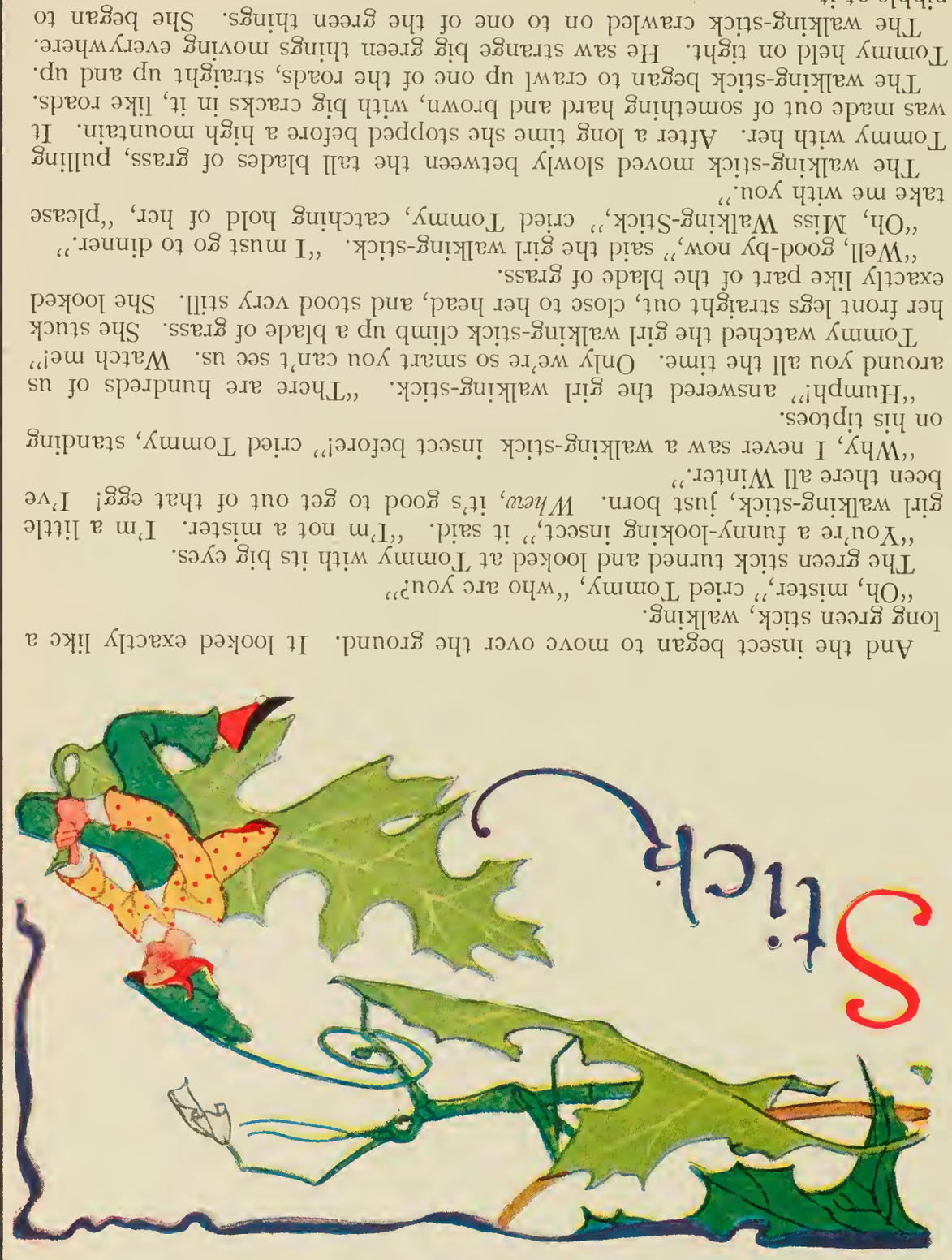
Second, I painted the can and the can-lid with black enamel. (I bought a little can for twenty-five cents.) I let this dry overnight.

Third, I cut bright-green letters out of an old magazine advertisement. The letters were M, A, T, C, H, E, S.

Fourth, I glued the letters on the side of the black-enameled can, put on the lid and mother's burnt-matches holder was ready.—EVELYN THOMPSON. (*First girl's prize, ten dollars.*)

A GAME FOR A FRIEND

HERE is what I made my boy friend for Christmas: I got a cigar-box and painted it red. Then I took a hot poker and burnt a hole in the lid and put a piece of a broom-stick about five inches long in the hole. I painted the broom-stick red, too. Then I took a piece of stiff rope and put each end in the end of a spool and glued it there. This made a circle of rope. I made three of them. We had lots of fun pitching them to see who could throw them on the stick the most number of times. You could also use jar-rubbers to pitch with.—W. EARLE MILLER. (*First boy's prize, ten dollars.*)



TOMMY TIPTOE'S FIFTH ADVENTURE

Written by Your Editor

NEXT morning, Tommy Tiptoe played out-of-doors. "Oh, I hope," he said to himself, "I hope—" *Bing!* there he was little again!

Once more the blades of grass were tall like skyscrapers. The tiniest pebbles looked as big as his head. Among the pebbles Tommy saw something round and fat. It looked like a shiny black seed. There was a white stripe on one side.

Then—you could never guess what happened! The top of the black seed began to move! Then the top came off like the lid of a sugar-bowl! Something alive was coming out!

First came two long green feelers; then came a green head with big eyes; then came two long, thin green legs; then, slowly, slowly, came a long, thin green body. After a while came two more long, thin green legs. The body was almost all out now. But it seemed to be having a hard time with its hind legs—they stuck to the egg. (For, of course, the black seed was not a seed at all. It was an insect egg!) The body wiggled and wriggled and jerked.

Then— "Oh!" cried Tommy.

The body was all out of the egg, but one hind leg had broken off!

"No matter!" Tommy heard the insect say cheerfully to itself. "I'll grow another in a few weeks, when I shed my skin."

The green stick turned and looked at Tommy with its big eyes.

"You're a funny-looking insect," it said. "I'm not a mister. I'm a little girl walking-stick, just born. *Whew*, it's good to get out of that egg! I've been there all Winter."

"Why, I never saw a walking-stick insect before!" cried Tommy, standing on his tiptoes.

"Humph!" answered the girl walking-stick. "There are hundreds of us around you all the time. Only we're so smart you can't see us. Watch me!"

Tommy watched the girl walking-stick climb up a blade of grass. She stuck her front legs straight out, close to her head, and stood very still. She looked exactly like part of the blade of grass.

"Well, good-by now," said the girl walking-stick. "I must go to dinner."

"Oh, Miss Walking-Stick," cried Tommy, catching hold of her, "please take me with you."

The walking-stick moved slowly between the tall blades of grass, pulling Tommy with her. After a long time she stopped before a high mountain. It was made out of something hard and brown, with big cracks in it, like roads.

The walking-stick began to crawl up one of the roads, straight up and up. Tommy held on tight. He saw strange big green things moving everywhere.

The walking-stick crawled on to one of the green things. She began to nibble at it.

And the insect began to move over the ground. It looked exactly like a long green stick, walking.

"Oh, mister," cried Tommy, "who are you?"

The green stick turned and looked at Tommy with its big eyes.

"You're a funny-looking insect," it said. "I'm not a mister. I'm a little girl walking-stick, just born. *Whew*, it's good to get out of that egg! I've been there all Winter."

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The walking-stick crawled on to one of the green things. She began to nibble at it.



Christmas-Present Contest

FLOATING DUCKS FOR LITTLE BROTHER

I COPIED some little ducks on stiff paper and cut them out. Then I got some corks and cut each of them into about three pieces. I made a slit in each piece and stuck the ducks in. They float in the bathtub.—JAMES SKOW. (*Second boy's prize, five dollars.*)

PRESENTS TO GIVE EVERYBODY

LAST year I had only a quarter to spend for presents, so I bought a can of Chinese-blue enamel with it. I already had a little white enamel and I had six empty coffee-tins, one empty tin honey-pail and my box of school paints. I enameled all of them white but one. I stenciled a design on four of the coffee-tins and printed "Barley," "Rice," "Corn-meal," and "Beans" in blue. This made a nice set for my mother's pantry shelf.

I copied a funny Captain Kidd design on the honey-pail and wrote on it: "Treasure-Box." I painted the handle blue. Baby puts all her little toys and things in it.

One of the tins I marked "Auntie's First Aid" and put a lid on it. My aunt keeps it in her pantry for nails, screws and thumb-tacks.

The other tin I gave to a boy my own size. That was painted blue, and I put on a home-made stencil in black of a boy followed by a dog, then a cat and then a rabbit. Roy keeps his skate-key and wire and such things in it.—EUGENE SCHMALL. (*Third boy's prize, two dollars.*)

THE HOME-MAKERS' DEPARTMENT

EATING FOR HEALTH

IN PLANNING the day's dietary, a good rule is to include some fruit in every meal. But what are we going to do in December and the rest of the Winter months when fruit is both scarce and high in price?

Well, there are several possibilities. First, Winter is the season of the citrus fruits—oranges, grapefruit, lemons—all exceedingly valuable in the dietary; second, there are apples, cranberries and bananas; third, the canned fruits of all kinds; and last, but by no means least, the dried fruits—the apricots, peaches, apples, figs, dates, raisins, currants and prunes.

Although the dried fruits can not in all respects take the place of fresh fruits, they have many good qualities which have not been fully appreciated by the average housewife. For instance, while fresh fruit is nearly all water, dried fruit contains very little, hence the latter is a concentrated food containing much sugar and furnishing much more energy than fresh fruit. They are therefore an excellent source of sugar—in fact, one of the best ways of taking sugar in the diet.

Besides containing a large amount of sugar, dried fruits are rich in the mineral salts which are so important in regulating body functions. All these dried fruits contain some iron, but prunes and raisins are particularly rich in iron, and the iron-containing foods are not so many that we can afford to treat any of them lightly. Dried fruits contain other mineral salts and considerable roughage, both of which are valuable in keeping the alimentary tract in good condition.

On the whole, the dried fruits are not so valuable as a source of the vitamins as the fresh fruits are. In the matter of flavor, also, the balance is perhaps in favor of the fresh fruits. But if a few cloves, a stick of cinnamon, a bit of orange-peel or a slice or two of lemon be added in cooking the dried fruits, the flavor is much improved.

There are many ways of utilizing these dried fruits. The trouble is that too many of us have been content to make them up into a sauce, neglecting the many other dishes that are not only delicious to eat but easy to make and fair to look upon.

NOTE—The Home-Makers' Department has prepared a leaflet entitled "Ten Suggestions for Using Dried Fruits," which may be had upon request accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address the Home-Makers' Department, THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York City.*

FOOD CALENDAR FOR DECEMBER

IN MAKING the Christmas candies, remember some wholesome sweets for the children. Turkish paste made from fruit-juices, fruit pastes of dates, figs or home-dried fruits, and stuffed prunes are old standbys.

Marshmallows lend themselves freely to the exercise of one's imagination and, with the aid of melted chocolate for marking eyes, nose and whiskers, may be pinched into the shape of mice, rabbits or what not, to the delight and amusement of the children.

Fondant is best when it is nine or more days old. Standing gives it time to ripen and it becomes smoother. It is melted over hot water for dipping cranberries, grapes or nuts and for making colored mints.

Seize upon cranberries at this season. They are a most useful and healthful fruit as well as a colorful one. Some of the Summer cans of fruit will be empty by now and this is an excellent time to fill them with cranberry sauce for use when the berries can not be obtained in market.

Try mashed and seasoned sweet potatoes baked in the shells of tart apples sometime when you want to ring a change on the sweet-potato list.

Poinsettia, the Christmas flower, is fortunately an easy design to make either in colored icing with a leaf pastry-tube or with strips of pimiento. The centers may be made from yellow candies or grated egg-yolk, depending on whether the dish to be decorated is dessert or salad.

A carrot pudding is a wholesome change, on occasion, from the rich fruit-cakes and puddings.

Don't let the salad habit pass with the Summer. Winter vegetables make delicious salads. Shredded cabbage or celery and grated carrot may be used raw. Cooked beets or turnips go well in salad mixtures. Chinese cabbage and endive were made for salads alone.



Edited by
MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER
Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

IT WAS in a romantic village in Wales at an early hour in the morning before other industries were stirring that I saw from my window in a little inn a woman on her hands and knees scrubbing the steps and sidewalk in front of a bank building. Other women were similarly occupied in making their own premises spotlessly clean.

No wonder the streets were clean, when they received this careful attention. But one stops to think of the cost in personal effort. Cleanliness is obtained only at the expense of woman's strength; the old-world villages do not know the devices for saving labor so familiar to the American.

Driving on from village to village through the mountains and down the coast, I saw the village and farm women standing in the doorways of pretty timbered houses and stone cottages with tile or slate or thatched roofs. The women, in spite of their hard work—or perhaps because of it—looked comely and healthy. They and their mothers and grandmothers have lived in these homes generation after generation, rearing their families in the simplest way. Through the doorways, back into the low-ceiled rooms, I could see the attempt at decoration in the form of a geranium or a crude piece of work, showing the natural longing of the woman to beautify her surroundings.

For generations the stone floors which are found everywhere have been scrubbed by the women on bended knees; for generations these women have bent to the task of cooking food at the open fireplaces. It is here that the daily cup of tea is brewed, that mark of cheer and hospitality which the cottager offers her friends. No convenient American stove simplifies the task of meal-getting in these homes.

Thousands of sheep on the hillsides told the story of the industrial life of this mountainous district of Wales. Even where the rocky hills gradually give way to a little more fertile country the tendency seems to be to limit industrial activity to the raising of sheep and but little planting is done. It seems to take space as well as time to change accustomed pursuits.

Throughout this fascinating country there are signs of the philosophy from which these people have developed their contentment. It expresses itself in what seems to us, coming from a rushing, hustling new world, the most thoughtful, gracious kindliness and gentleness. Inquiries by strangers are promptly and cheerfully answered by the inhabitants, and they often go further and explain the points of interest in the vicinity. This they do as proudly as they would show their own homes and children to their old friends.

On the tombstone of Robert Owen, Welshman and socialist, in the little village of Newport, we found the written expression of the same philosophy: "Each for all." Robert Owen tried, in the middle of the nineteenth century, to bring this spirit into the manufacturing interests of Great Britain. He even ventured to America to form a cooperative movement. Little understood then, he now has a monument erected to him by the cooperators of the United Kingdom.. On it is inscribed in his own words the expression of simple hospitality extended with the life of the community: "It is the one great and universal interest of the human race to be cordially invited and to aid each other to the full extent of their capacities."

It leads us to wonder whether there is a balance to be struck in our American life which will recognize the more advanced working standards as well as retain the hospitality and courtesy which old-world customs have given us.

Martha Van Rensselaer

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S PRIMER

Answers to questions that are asked by home-makers

Q. How do you clarify a soup?

A. First, strain the soup stock into a bowl and leave it uncovered until the fat hardens in a cake on top. Remove this cake of fat. (If you are in a hurry and can not wait until the fat hardens, skim off as much as possible with a spoon and remove the rest by putting in lumps of ice; the fat hardens on the ice and may be removed in this way. Or if you have no ice, remove the fat with sheets of tissue-paper as you would blot up ink.) After the fat is removed, measure the stock and put it in a saucepan. Allow one egg-white and one shell for each quart of stock. Beat the egg slightly, crush the shell and add both to the stock. Put over the fire and stir constantly until it begins to boil. Continue boiling for two minutes, lower the heat and let it barely simmer for twenty minutes. Strain through two thicknesses of cheese-cloth placed over a fine strainer.

Q. How can I make good toast?

A. If your family likes toast soft, put the bread close to the flame, brown one side and then turn and brown the other. Butter while hot and serve at once. If a crisp, dry toast is desired, put the toast on the rack some distance from the flame. When it begins to dry on one side (just before it begins to curl), turn and dry out on the other. Continue turning frequently until the toast is sufficiently dried out. Then hold the rack close to the flame and brown the toast on each side quickly. Butter and serve at once. If you desire toast without crust, remove it before toasting the bread.

Q. Will you please give directions for making a good stew?

A. Cut the meat in pieces suitable for serving. Dredge each piece in seasoned flour. Try out some fat and, when it is hot, drop in the pieces of meat and brown thoroughly on all sides. (This is the first secret of making a good stew.) Add the desired seasoning, onions, if desired, a bit of bay-leaf and a few peppercorns. (Proper seasoning is the second secret.) Then add a little water or sufficient tomato-juice to cover. Lower the heat and just simmer until the meat is almost, not quite, tender. (This simmering with a small amount of water is the third secret.) Now add the desired vegetables cut into rather large pieces. Continue the cooking until the vegetables are done. Remove the meat to the center of a hot platter and garnish with the vegetables. Thicken the gravy if it is not already thick enough, pour over the meat and serve at once. (The fourth secret is to arrange the stew attractively and have the gravy of the right consistency.)

Q. How do you prevent soggy rice?

A. For one cup of rice allow at least two quarts of water—more if you have a larger cooking-kettle—and add one teaspoon of salt for each quart of water. Let the water boil violently. Add the rice to the water gradually so as not to stop the boiling. (This prevents the rice sticking to the bottom and the particles from sticking together.) If the water does stop boiling on the addition of the rice, stir the rice with a fork. Boil vigorously until the rice is done. (It is done when a kernel pressed between thumb and finger is soft throughout, showing no hard center.) Now drain the rice by turning it into a strainer or colander with fine holes. Rinse the rice thoroughly with cold water, drain well, shake thoroughly and set to reheat over hot water. Each grain of rice will be separate.

Q. How shall I blanch and salt almonds?

A. Cover the almonds with boiling water and let them stand for two minutes. Drain and plunge in cold water. Rub off the skins and place between towels to dry. They are now ready to salt. For each one-fourth pound of shelled almonds allow one-third cup of olive or salad oil. Put the oil in a small, deep saucepan. When the oil is hot, add about one-fourth the nuts and cook, stirring constantly, until they are of the desired color. Remove with a skimmer, put on brown paper to drain and sprinkle with salt. Cook the remainder of the almonds in the same way. If olive or salad oil is not to be had, use a mixture of equal parts of clarified butter and lard, or coconut butter.

THE ART OF CARVING

By Lillian Alder

With special directions for carving a turkey by Charles Faissole

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University



Charles Faissole, maître d'hôtel of the Ambassador Hotel, New York City, carving in one of the beautiful dining-rooms of the hotel. *(Mr. Faissole is a master of carving, having received his training in a famous Paris restaurant where carving is done in the presence of the patrons. The method of carving the Christmas turkey illustrated on this page was demonstrated for* DELINEATOR *readers by Mr. Faissole who calls it the home method.)*

SATISFACTORY carving depends first upon a knowledge of the anatomy of that which is to be carved, and second, upon good tools with which to work.

Sharp carving-knives of different sizes are needed for different meats; strong, two-pronged forks with guards must be provided; a serving-spoon for the gravy must be at hand and the platter must be large enough to give adequate room to the meat itself and the portions which are carved.

The carving-board has recently come into use in some homes for carving at the table. It offers a better surface for holding the meat than does the platter.



Without removing the fork, lay the leg flat down and insert the knife between the tines of the fork

The carver should remain seated. Enough meat should be carved to serve all at the table before the serving is commenced.

Beefsteak—Separate the meat from the bone by cutting along the edge of the bone with the thin point of the knife. Then, beginning with the wide or bone end and following the grain of the meat, divide the steak into sections an inch or slightly more in width. In porterhouse and similar beefsteaks, the tenderloin and the wider section of the steak are most tender and have the finest flavor and texture. For this reason steaks of this kind are carved in small sections and a serving of the finer quality meat with one less choice is given to each person.

Roast beef—To carve beef fillet or tenderloin, hold the meat firmly with a fork grasped in the left hand. Cut squarely across the grain in slices slightly less than one-half inch in thickness. Serve one slice to each person.

Loin, round or rump roasts are carved in the same way as tenderloin, except that the slices are cut as thin as possible, since the meat is less tender than the fillet.

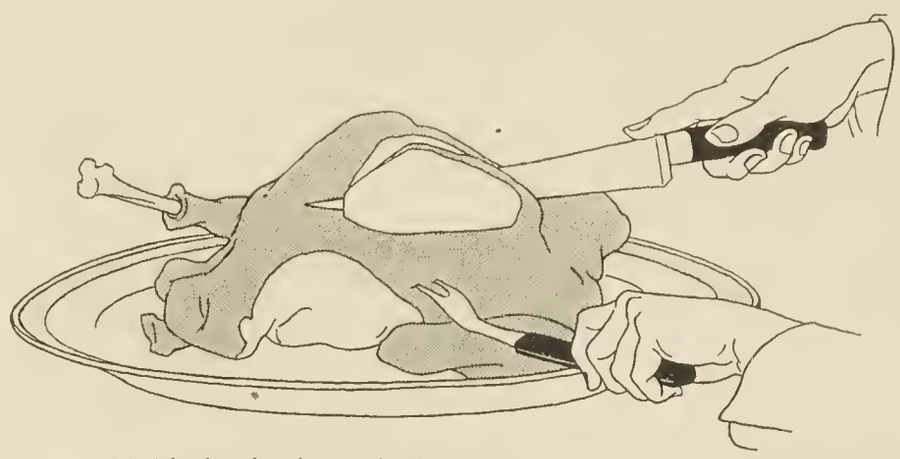
In rib roasts containing the bones, place the roast on the platter with the ends of ribs to the left and the skin side uppermost. Thrust the fork into the thick center of the roast and cut very thin slices across the grain at the thick end until the knife meets the bones. When several slices have been carved, draw the point along the edge of the bone.

In carving rolled roasts from which the bones have been removed, hold them by thrusting the fork firmly into the meat just below the slices that are being cut. Move it downward in the roast as the carving proceeds. Cut very thin slices across the grain. Remove the skewers or cords that hold the roast together one at a time as they are reached in carving.

Leg of lamb—Place the roast on the platter with the small end to the left of the carver and the curved side of the leg uppermost. Hold the roast with the fork placed firmly in the center muscle. Cut thin slices across the grain of the meat to the bone. Insert the point of the knife beneath the slices and cut along the surface of the bone to release them.

Loin roast—The backbone of the loin of lamb, veal or pork should be cut through at each rib before the loin is roasted. Place loin on the platter with the bone downward and the smaller end of the roast at the left. Carve by cutting between the ribs, serving one rib to each person. Crown of lamb is carved in the same manner.

Saddle of mutton—Place the roast on the platter, bone down, with the end diagonally toward the carver. Make a long cut the entire length of the backbone. Remove the meat from the bone by running the point of the knife underneath close to the surface of the bones. Carve same as a fillet or tenderloin roast.



Hold the bird steady by inserting the fork through the carcass, rather low down, and carve the breast

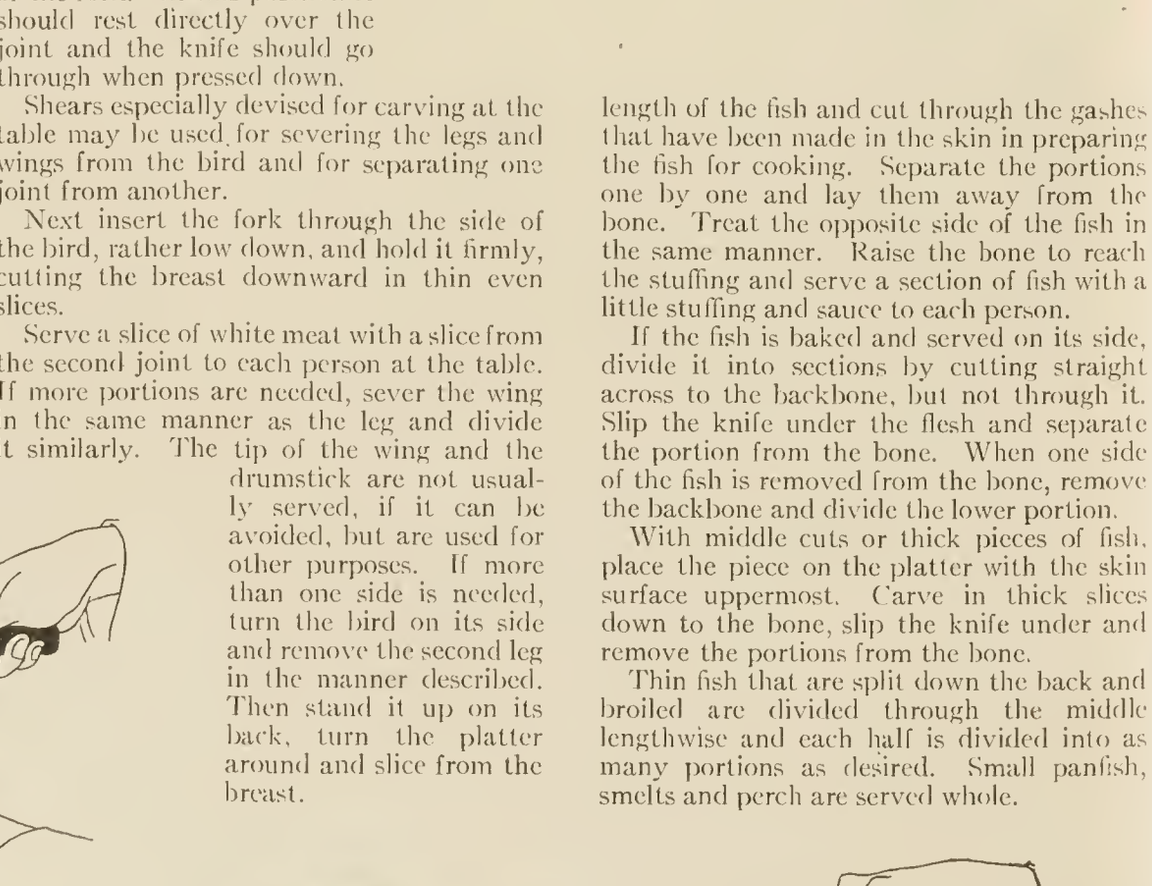
Roasted poultry—Place the bird on its back on the platter or board with the drumsticks at the left. Grasp the carving-fork firmly in the left hand with the tines pointing toward the bird's neck and the tips turned away from the bird. Insert it into the leg in this position, being sure that one tine goes diagonally through the drumstick and the other through the second joint. With the knife cut all around the bone. Press against the side of the bird with the flat of the knife and use the fork as a lever to bend the leg back. This will separate the hip joint and the leg can be lifted off without difficulty.

Without removing the fork, lay the leg down flat, with the open end pointing to the left, and insert the knife from right to left between the tines of the fork. In this position it should rest directly over the joint and the knife should go through when pressed down.

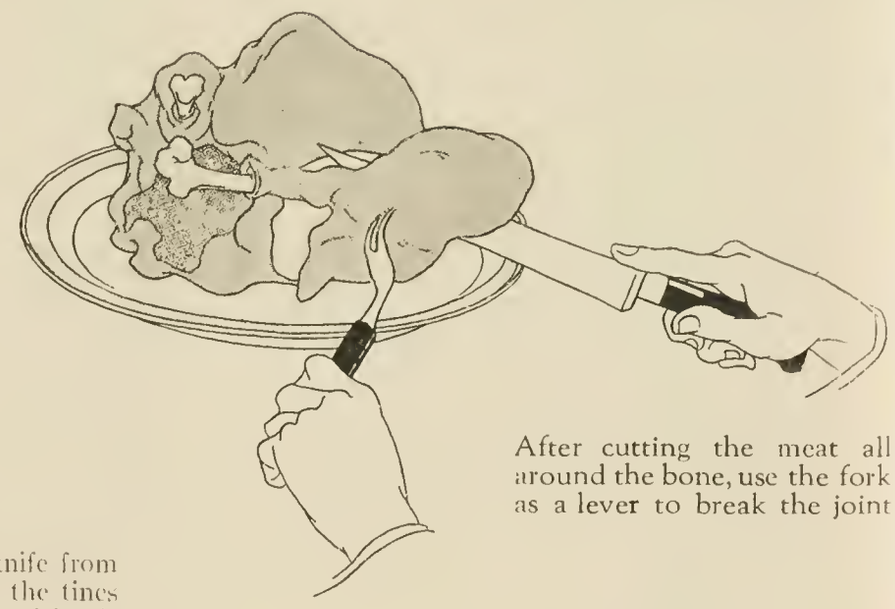
Shears especially devised for carving at the table may be used for severing the legs and wings from the bird and for separating one joint from another.

Next insert the fork through the side of the bird, rather low down, and hold it firmly, cutting the breast downward in thin even slices.

Serve a slice of white meat with a slice from the second joint to each person at the table. If more portions are needed, sever the wing in the same manner as the leg and divide it similarly. The tip of the wing and the drumstick are not usually served, if it can be avoided, but are used for other purposes. If more than one side is needed, turn the bird on its side and remove the second leg in the manner described. Then stand it up on its back, turn the platter around and slice from the breast.



The position in which the fork is inserted is important in removing and dividing the leg



After cutting the meat all around the bone, use the fork as a lever to break the joint

Joints of duck are found much farther toward the back than those of turkey or chicken. Only the breast meat of a wild duck is served. Half a breast is usually served to one person.

Broilers—Insert the fork in the leg, cut around the hip joint, bend the joint over sharply with the knife and sever it from the body. Split the breast in two. Serve half the breast and a leg to each person. The drumstick may or may not be cut from the second joint before serving.

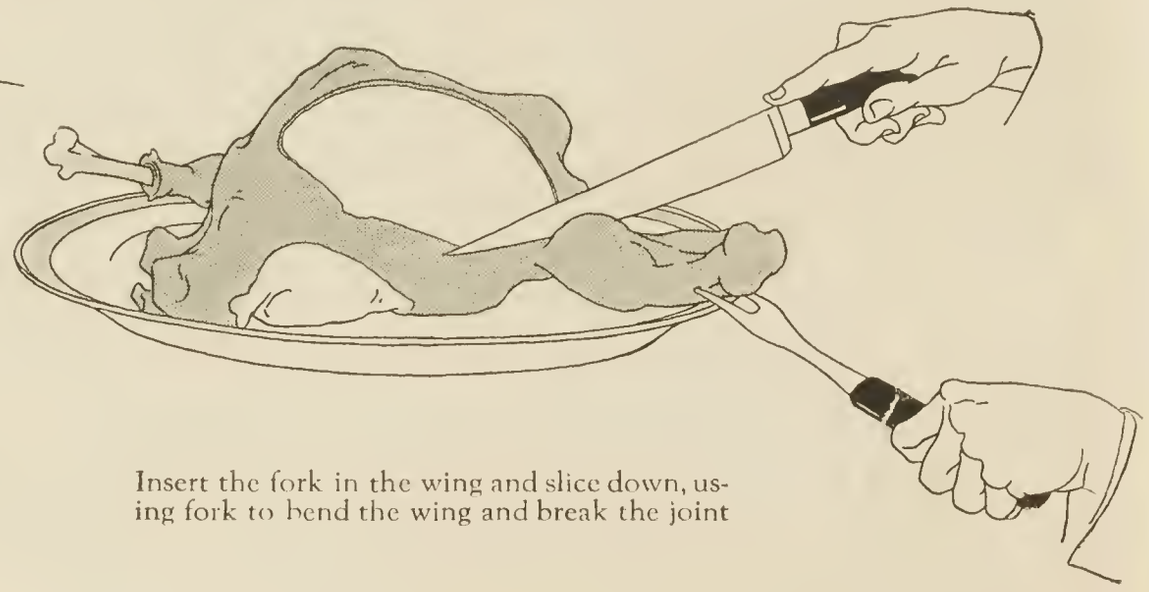
Fish—There are special carving sets for fish. Care should be taken that as little bone as possible is served and that the flakes of fish are not broken.

When baked or planked fish, such as cod, haddock, shad or bass, is twisted into an S shape and cooked and served whole, place the fish on the platter with the head at the left of the carver and the convex curve of the fish on the farther side of the dish. Make a cut along each side of the backbone the entire length of the fish and cut through the gashes that have been made in the skin in preparing the fish for cooking. Separate the portions one by one and lay them away from the bone. Treat the opposite side of the fish in the same manner. Raise the bone to reach the stuffing and serve a section of fish with a little stuffing and sauce to each person.

If the fish is baked and served on its side, divide it into sections by cutting straight across to the backbone, but not through it. Slip the knife under the flesh and separate the portion from the bone. When one side of the fish is removed from the bone, remove the backbone and divide the lower portion.

With middle cuts or thick pieces of fish, place the piece on the platter with the skin surface uppermost. Carve in thick slices down to the bone, slip the knife under and remove the portions from the bone.

Thin fish that are split down the back and broiled are divided through the middle lengthwise and each half is divided into as many portions as desired. Small panfish, smelts and perch are served whole.



Insert the fork in the wing and slice down, using fork to bend the wing and break the joint

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS FOR THE HOME-MAKER

Gifts of utility which add beauty and comfort to the house

Full directions for making any article on this page may be had on request from Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders, Editor, Department of House Decoration. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for her reply



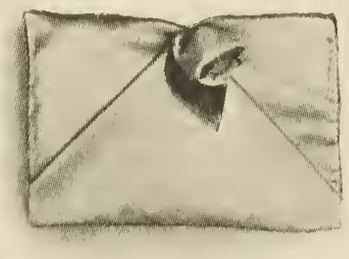
This dainty pink and lavender silk bag holds a bolt of lingerie ribbon. The ribbon, with bodkin attached, is drawn out as needed through an eyelet in the side of the bag



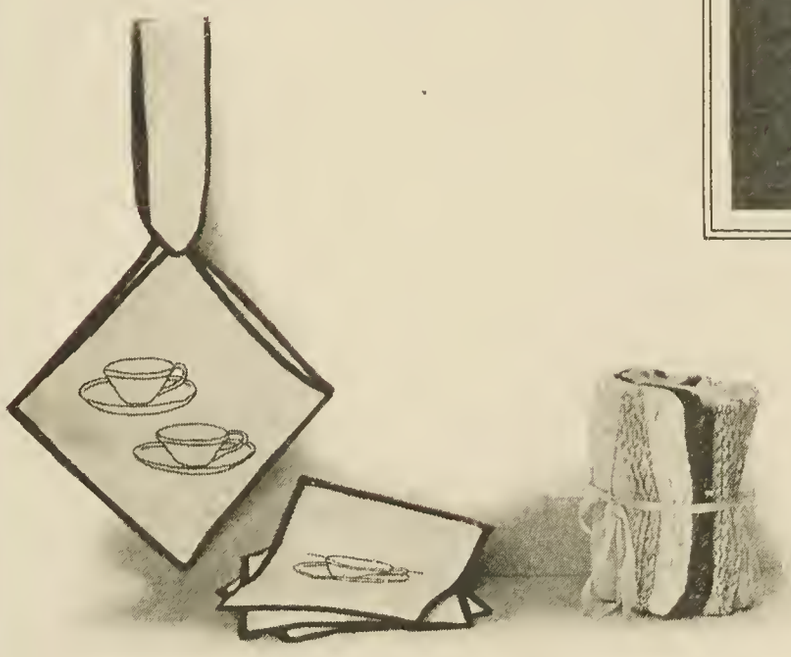
Photo by A. P. Mione



Squares of blue and violet organdy filled with English lavender make crisp and dainty sachet bags for the boudoir or linen-closet



A simple envelope of yellow ribbon sealed with a pink-ribbon rose contains a generous amount of toilet sachet powder



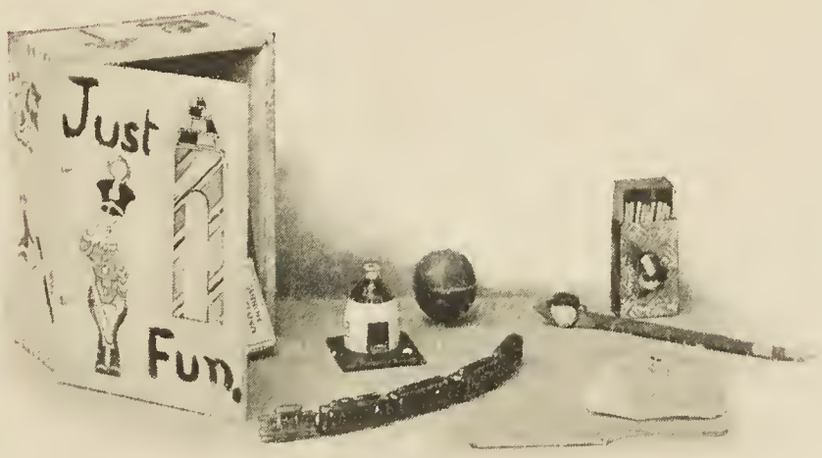
A neat little bag of hot-pot holders assures one of always finding them when needed. Colored squares of hand-hemmed cheesecloth tied with a ribbon make a practical gift package of pretty dusters



A coaster for plants, a shade-pull and an unusual match-box would make interesting accessories for the living-room, while a bouquet containing sewing necessities would be a welcome addition for the guest-room



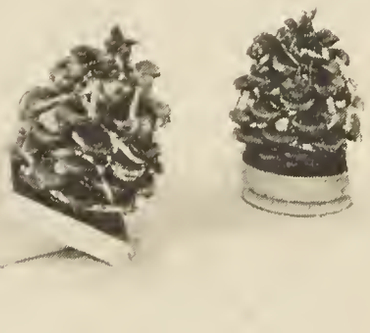
Earthen bowls and cast-off olive-bottles, when decorated, make pretty containers for candy or flowers



Filled with a choice assortment of small toys, this decorated wooden box would cause any youngster's heart to fill with joy. The match-box, pencil and pad are decorated with paper and paint

Kitchen kinks for Christmas include a decorated bread-board, grapefruit knives and a practical tool. Provided with the tool, the home-maker seldom needs aid from male members of the household





For milady's purse, what could be more appropriate than a bill-fold of brocade ribbon and taffeta? Two little pine-cones decorated to represent Christmas trees and glued on small boxes suggest one way of giving Christmas money



TYPES AND ILLUSIONS

By Celia Caroline Cole

To keep everlastingly awake mentally and emotionally is the secret of the lasting kind of beauty that Mrs. Cole says is every woman's birthright. Her Christmas message to you is about the cultivation of individuality—how to discover your type and how to make the most of your discovery. Questions directed to Mrs. Cole should be accompanied by stamps for her reply

'WAY, 'way back, as far back as in that garden "eastward in Eden," there seems to have been a little misunderstanding about what really happened. One version is that the Great, Glad Maker of man swept through the business of creation like a triumphant orchestration, motifs mounting up and up, from the "earth without form and void" to a final transcendent climax, "male and female created He them." (Note that female comes last as the highest note in the crescendo symphony.)

Then either the gentleman who wrote that first chapter of Genesis weakened on his story and rewrote it or a censor, or somebody, looking about at the world, decided that that version was a risk, that life would be a safer investment for this excessively human race if it believed that the All-Wise Sculptor hadn't made woman along with man—or even worse, after man, as a little improvement on man—but had, rather out of compassion upon man's loneliness, pinched off a *soupçon* of clay, one of man's quite unnecessary ribs, and made him a playmate.

At the time of the writing of that Great Book woman didn't matter much anyway—why shouldn't they be made of ribs!

But times have changed. Woman has stepped out of her helpless, love-cloistered place in the background and put up her chin. You see, we believe—every Eve of us who is any good at all as an Eve—that first version of Genesis: yes, where woman was made *after* man because man, like the trees and the whales and the beasts and the birds, wasn't quite what the Unlimited Sculptor meant to express. So he tried once more. And made woman. And stopped.

FANCY Eve, slender and shining, with eyes like a lovely child's, cheeks like soft apple petals, red, adventurous mouth, wandering about Eden, poking into things, wondering what it was all about. And then, exasperated, perhaps, by this superior Adam person, nice but incurious, flinging herself into the diastrous, dramatic apple episode which landed them outside of the garden in the midst of toil and trouble.

Woman—beautiful enough to make beauty a demanded attribute of her sisters throughout the history of the race. Woman—the climax in the great orchestration, the big third act in the drama of life. How *do* we do it?

We don't—unless we keep everlastingly awake mentally and emotionally. We aren't all born with straight, fastidious, small noses, skin like silk gossamer webs, eyes like two bottomless pools of light and mystery, gay, wistful mouths, and hair that never for a moment is just hair but a shimmering cloud of enchantment, and then brains and power and personality besides—oh, no! Ever so many of us aren't born at all like that. Some of us are not even born curious, and that's almost the worst fault of all: not to be curious enough about life to find out how much we can do with it.

We can, however, extract perfectly good results out of life if we put in place of all these nice born things imagination and humor—as much as we can muster of them—sense of values and no wasteful pride and self-consciousness.

A delightful Englishwoman we know wrote: "Play your best, whether you're likely to win or not" (Robert Browning said that, too); "never let any one down for the sake of your own convenience; never lie; face disaster readily, even if you could, by exercising a little ingenuity, evade your share of it; back whatever you believe in except your own mistakes, and let the end of your task have the same quality as its beginning." That would be a rather nice person—wouldn't it?—even without any physical beauty at all.

But physical beauty, you know, is like matrimony—anybody can have it who is willing to pay the price for it: a bit of intelligence, a little money, a scrap of time and a force of character enough to do it regularly. (That's for beauty, not matrimony, that last.)

Suppose you think that you are one of the people born without imagination. Then go right inside yourself and pull down the blinds so that you'll feel quite private. Now, what kind of a person do you think you could be if you had a little more ambition, just enough to really want to be a thrilling, altogether satisfying human being; and if you had a little more courage, just enough to make an effort toward being that kind—what kind do you think you could be? Shut your eyes and think about it, and then look in the eye all those things in you which bind and cripple your charms and personality and say to each of them: "That's over. You can not get hold of this new me—you can't even touch me or 'get in my way! That's over!" And mean it.

Build an illusion about yourself. Woman ought to be a strange and lovely arabesque—not just a neat 'n' clean, good, human woman that nobody could ever write poems around. Take as your foundation for that illusion the type you are now and lift it, with the sky as the limit, to the very most exciting, delightful you you can build out of the materials you have. And then stick to it! Don't tell anybody; just remember that to live it into visibility you have only to make it *show!*

THIS is what I mean: One of the "youngest" and best-loved actresses on the American stage is forty-something—and she looks twenty-four! She has a boy in college and a daughter whose clothes she can wear. And the public doesn't dream that she has even so much as one baby. They think of her as laughter and elusiveness and probably a little, just a little, wickedness, like a perfume, haunting and exquisite, but a bit too provocative, a will-o'-the-wisp living in an enchanting little house somewhere on a mysterious side street. She has no firm foundation for them—a floating, beckoning delight, illusion, mystery—all that they want an actress to be.

As a matter of fact, she lives in an apartment-house, bosses her family like a general and never has a single wicked mystery among her whole able, wide-eyed, whole self.

The whole secret of it is that twenty years ago she had sense enough to know her type and sufficient imagination to know what she could mean to the public. So she set to work and, using as a foundation every attractive thing about her, carefully built an illusion around herself, with the result that not only to the public on the other side of the footlights, but to her friends and her family—even to herself!—she *is* that illusion. Above and around and beneath all that solid, wife-mother self floats glamour—the laughing, wistful, opalescent will-o'-the-wisp that she coolly and cleverly decided to be twenty years ago.

No interesting woman talks about how many times she has had the "flu"—unless she can make it so amusing that people will shout with laughter over her suffering and so turn her hours of pain into a triumphant waving of banners—or about her wonderful cook or her gallivanting husband or any of those every-day, self-centered things. She plays up to that illusion—if she's clever—and her coming into a room is like the coming of the ice-cream into a children's party: the party's begun!

Woman, a strange and lovely arabesque.

EVERY now and then we go a little mad and buy a handsome gown. And not even when we're eighty and the most celebrated beauty-editor in the whole world, not even then shall we be imposing enough to "carry off" a handsome gown. We were born to wear chiffons—raggle-taggle, fly-in-the-wind, don't - trust - our-wearing - capacity chiffons. And we are always quite dreadful in our behavior when we have on that handsome gown. We've missed our type, and we aren't strong-minded enough to rise above it.

Suggestion is the secret of all beauty. Your clothes should suggest—only suggest—all that you are; they should look as though they had floated on you and stayed there because they liked it.

Everything that will make you a charming, haunting little tune instead of a discord is this business of type. (We could talk about types till the end of the world and probably go chattering about them right into the next one. They mean harmony!) Get your type. Build a lovely illusion around it. And *hold to it!*

A man, they say, is known by the dilemmas he keeps. So is a woman. Be sure you keep interesting ones, not the kind that come from shoddiness or pale, washed-out personality.

As we go to and fro upon the earth seeking who is beautiful and what makes her so and who could be beautiful and what could make her so, we observe that the woman who puts her little thumb down into the pie of life and pulls out a plumb every time is the woman who has beauty inside. Her features may be just anyhow, but what are a few features between friends! And the first note that we hear from that woman who has beauty inside is friendliness—faith in people, belief in their inner beauty, goodness and charm, and ability to amuse. She *opens* to them and the big, old, lonesome, shut-up-in-itself world comes and sits in a circle around her and says, "Here, choose me."

And the second note we get from her is harmony. She understands herself and what she's for and what life's for and she has beautifully blended it all into coherence, a coordinated whole; she's not wasting herself and life by scattering, and so you get from her a feeling of the beauty of living, of release.

Sometimes this woman has a body as lithe and swift-flowing as quicksilver, a mind and heart as alive as a flame, a face that is like a star and yet as reassuring as a mother's; and she talks with a disarming gaiety even when she is profound. (You see, she knows that men must never have it driven home to them that she is profound. They must always discover it, each one amazingly for himself.) But sometimes she doesn't look like that at all: her face has a star behind it, but it's sort of hard to see because of features; and her body may be a bit lumpy (and that shows that she has at least one weakness: she's lazy or indifferent about that lovely, winged thing that a body can be). But there are three things you can bank on: she has imagination about herself as well as about life and other people, and she uses it; she knows the value of idealism and illusion; she knows how to listen—and learn—as profoundly and charmingly as she talks; and never, never for a moment is she to her husband or her children or her lover or her father or to any man—or, for that matter, woman—on the face of the earth just a neat 'n' clean, good, dependable, human woman whom nobody could ever write poetry around.

WE'VE given ourself a present in this Christmas article. We didn't intend to, but we have. We've talked about nothing but the beauty that's inside. All that "rubbing-on" advice is important, awfully important, but it's nothing in comparison with that inner beauty—and besides, we can send it to you in leaflets.

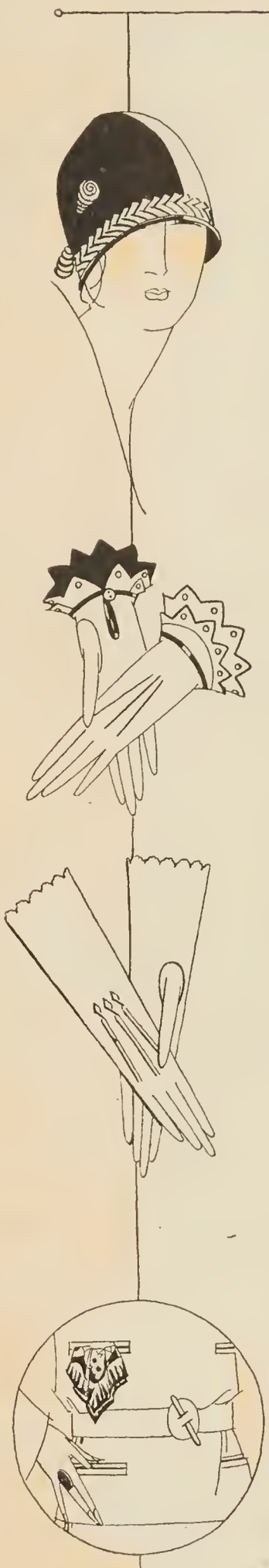
Please give yourself a Christmas present: a beautiful illusion that you'll use every day, founded on the you that you are and reaching up to that wonderful you that you could be, that quite private inside you that will redeem life for you from commonplaceness and lack of courage and give you the wit to take out of life that which is your birthright—happiness, that steel-and-velvet power which will send you forth to choose, instead of meekly waiting for life to choose you.

Merry Christmas!

THE NEW IN NEW YORK

BY EVELYN DODGE





NEW YORK, like Paris, loves its little hat. The less there is of it the better it likes it whether it is a pull-on with the narrowest of turned-up brims, the tiny mushroom *cloche*, the draped turban, or the new falling-from-the-face *bèret* or tam.

THE hatpin has become a two-headed pointless thing, purely ornamental but absolutely essential to the success of the small hat, which has practically no other trimming save a bit of plaited ribbon, a ribbon cocarde, or a brush-like feather. The pin, *à double tête*, is usually of marcasite or rhinestones alone or with jet, or of gray or white pearls.

THE new gloves worn with the long close sleeve or the practically sleeveless frock are delicious. They are usually of beige or nude shades of suède matching the stockings, but one occasionally sees them in pale gray with quaint perforated cuffs faced with almond green or of white trimmed with black. The little beige gloves are much given to delicately pinked and scalloped edges and decorative stitchings in a slightly deeper color than the gloves. They are quaint and extraordinarily dainty.

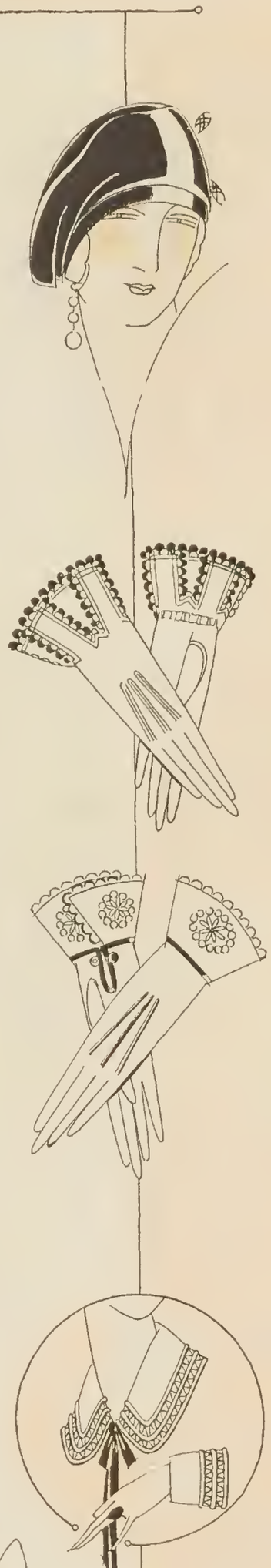
HANDKERCHIEFS of crêpe de Chine in batik designs, of gay foulards or printed Georgette are the one note of color which the Parisienne permits herself in daytime costumes of universal black or brown. She wears one always, half hanging from the bound pocket of her jacket, blouse or dress.

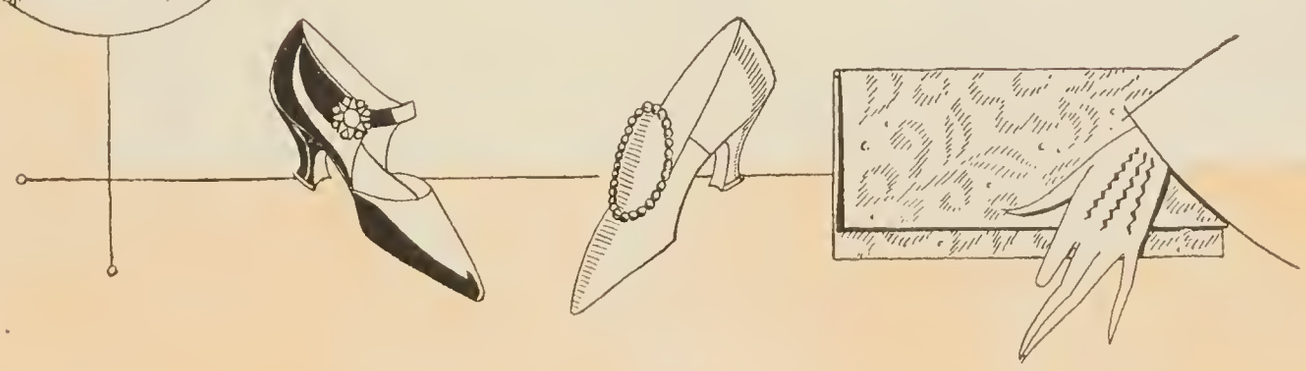
DAYTIME dress shoes, even in Winter, are the pump, the strap slipper or the sandal in patent leather or cinnamon-brown suède worn with miraculously thin nude-colored stockings. If your feet have feelings and your pride won't let you take to spats, you protect yourself with flesh-colored wool stockings, very thin but quite warm, worn under the silk.

THE strap button is hidden with a sliding ornament of steel or enamel, cut-steel buckles are used on pumps, and rosettes of grosgrain ribbon, tasseled ornaments or beads are sometimes worn on the sandal. Shoe styles are simpler than last year, though interlaced straps, narrow trimmings of kid on suède, or white kid pipings on patent leather are used.

THERE is no strap, string or handle of any kind to the new envelope bags. They are quite large and are carried under the arm. Some are made of finely plaited silk set inside an inch-wide border of the plain silk. Others are braided in vermicelli designs. One also sees them in moire and heavy satin-striped silk in tapestry effects and in Chinese embroideries.

ON THE original French model of a little dress that is being shown in every smart shop in New York the collar and cuffs on the straight boyish blouse are made very exquisitely of white linen bordered with organdy or net and with rows of soutache on the transparent edge.









WINTER SPORTS REVELS DEMAND WARM COATS, STURDY KNICKERS, SWEATER SETS AND WOOLLY HOSE

Sweater, Tam and Scarf—**4552**—Make the sweater, etc., of heavy Yale blue yarn with a gay border in yellow, orange, black and lavender. One wears it over separate knickers and a middy blouse of serge, or a white jean middy and separate corduroy knickers. Added directions for making such a set will be furnished upon request to Marie Ashley, Butterick Building.

12 years requires 1¾ yard 36-inch drill for middy and 1½ yard 36-inch corduroy for knickers.

The sweater, tam and scarf are for misses and girls 8 to 16, the middy and knickers 6 to 18 years.

Baby Bunting Suit—Coasting is great sport indeed if one is clad in this attractive outfit of heavy wool with lamb's wool for the collar, band about the sweater and as trimming for the cap. It is lovely in white or one may make it of blue or rose trimmed with gray lamb's wool or colored wools trimmed with black lamb's wool. The leggings come up quite high on a child. Added directions for its making will be furnished upon request to Marie Ashley, Butterick Building.

The Baby-Bunting suit is warm for children 2 to 6 years.

4854—3496—3181—For skiing, tobogganing, etc., a warm costume is a coat of fabric fur, soft pile fabrics like velours, etc., a tam with gored crown, and knickers of tweeds, heather mixtures, homespun, heavy wool jersey, etc. The knickers have a reinforced seat and may have wider bands.

36 bust, 38 hip and 22 inches head measure require 2⅞ yards 50-inch fur cloth and 1⅝ yard 44-inch plaid wool.

The coat and knickers are for ladies 33 to 44 bust and 35 to 47½ hip (coat also for misses). The tam for ladies, misses, girls and children.

Hat and Scarf—**4240—4147**—She wears a becoming outfit with coat and knickers of tweeds, homespun, etc., and a scarf and hat with rolled brim of heather yarn with a tan and brick border. The coat has straps applied in Norfolk effect and the knickers have a reinforced seat. Added directions for hat, etc., will be furnished upon request to Marie Ashley, Butterick Building.

36 bust and 38 hip require 3⅝ yards 54-inch homespun.

The outfit is for ladies 33 to 46 bust and 34 to 47½ hip, also misses. The knickers are also for girls 8 to 12 years.

4810—4114—3157—Use fabric fur, soft pile fabrics on the velours order, duvetyn, novelty velours, etc., for the box-coat, prunella, stripes, wool jersey, etc., for the side-plaited straight skirt, which measures 5½ inches between the folds of plaits and has a 1¼-inch inside belt. The tam is appropriate.

36 bust, 38 hip and 22 inches head measure require 2⅝ yards 50-inch fur cloth for coat and tam, 2⅛ yards 54-inch striped wool (about 5½-inch stripe) for skirt.

The coat and skirt are for ladies 33 to 44 bust and 35 to 49½ hip (coat also for misses), the tam for ladies, misses, girls, children.

3354—3294—4068—No boy who loves the out-of-doors should be without a double-breasted coat of checks, mixtures, chinchilla, etc., and knickerbockers of serge, mixture, etc. For polo cap use chinchilla, plush, corduroy or material to match the coat.

12 years and a 7 cap measure require 1⅞ yard 44-inch novelty wool and 1¾ yard 44-inch plain wool (including cap).

The coat is for boys 2 to 16 years, the knickerbockers for boys 4 to 16 and the polo cap for children 2 to 12 years.

CHRISTMAS PACKAGES REVEAL NEW BOUDOIR CAPS, EXQUISITE LINGERIE, AN APRON WITH A SHOULDER-BOW, A HOUSE COAT FOR FATHER AND SHIRT FOR BROTHER, WITH EVEN A THOUGHT FOR THE BABY

Boudoir Caps 4830 Embroidery design 10978

Dressing Sacque 4644

Combination 4195 Embroidery design 10627

Nightgown 4646 Embroidery design 10900

Aprons 4116 Embroidery design 10978

House Coat 4836

Negligée Shirt 3529

Apron 4820

Bathrobe and Slippers 4088

Sleeping-Bag 4035

Pajamas 4590

Dress 4895
Embroidery design 10204

Dress 4881

Dress 4859
Hat
4886

Dress 4903
Embroidery design
10197

Dress 4914
Embroidery
design 10207

Dress 4901
Embroidery
design 10178

Dress 4866

Other views and descriptions of these costumes are on page 84

Evening wrap 4864

Dress and slip 4887
Embroidery design 10204

Tunic blouse and slip 4878

Dress 4889
Embroidery design 10970

Dress 4897
Embroidery design 10207

Other views and descriptions of these costumes are on page 84

Dress 4876
Embroidery design 10945

Dress 4884

French dolls
10201

Rag doll
10192

Dress and
pantees 4844

Dress and
guimpe 4869

Dress 4871

Dress 4865

Dress 4862

Coat 4861
Hat 4894
Leggings 4038

Dress and bloomers 4879
Embroidery design 10823

Other views and descriptions of these garments are on page 85

Dress and
bloomers 4850

Coat dress 4877

Dress 4893

Dress 4866

Dress 4873
Embroidery design 10115

Tunic blouse and slip 4855

Other views and descriptions of these costumes are on page 86

Dress 4883

Dress 4851

Dress 4899

Blouse 4882
Slip 4533
Turban 4748

Blouse 4902
Skirt 4753
Embroidery design 10155

Coat dress 4845

Dress 4885
Embroidery
design 10118

Coat 4858—Dress 4706
Hat 4886
Embroidery design 10199

Other views and descriptions of these costumes are on page 87

Dress 4891
Embroidery design 10912



Jacquette blouse
4904
Skirt 4251
Embroidery
design 10138



Dress 4905
Monogram
design 10858



Jacquette blouse
4910
Skirt 4585
Embroidery
design 10132



Blouse 4872





Blouse 4900
Skirt 4743

Blouse 4908

Blouse 4868
Embroidery design 10204



Dress sleeves
4890

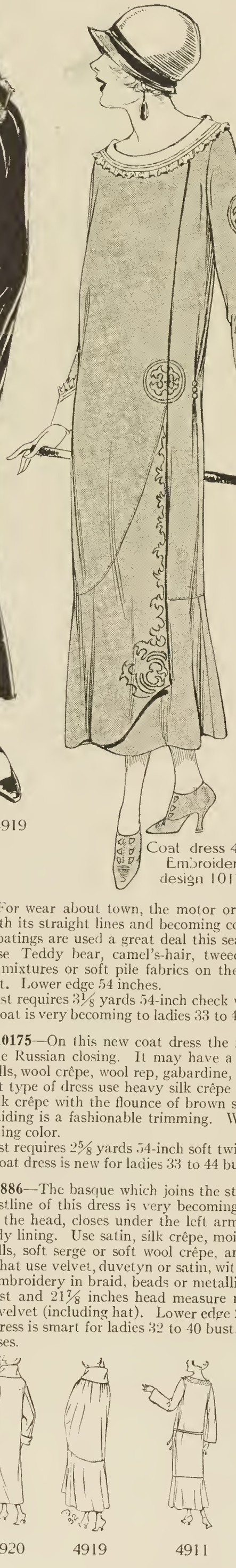
Other views and descriptions of these costumes are on page 87

WITH HER THREE-QUARTER COAT, HER FLOUNCED CAPE, FLOUNCED OR BASQUE DRESS AND TOP-COAT, THE PARISIENNE WEARS A SMART *BERET*



Coat 4920

Cape 4919



Coat dress 4911
Embroidery design 10175



Dress 4921
Hat 4886



Coat 4923
Dress 4633

Coat 4922
Dress 4789
Embroidery design 10132

4920—For wear about town, the motor or hacking this top-coat with its straight lines and becoming collar is very smart. Plaid coatings are used a great deal this season, although one may use Teddy bear, camel's-hair, tweeds, basket-weaves, fleeces, mixtures or soft pile fabrics on the velours order for this coat. Lower edge 54 inches.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 54-inch check wool.

The coat is very becoming to ladies 33 to 48 bust, also misses.

4911—10175—On this new coat dress the flounce goes up to meet the Russian closing. It may have a body lining. Use soft twills, wool crêpe, wool rep, gabardine, soft serge; or for a different type of dress use heavy silk crêpe or velvet. Tan or beige silk crêpe with the flounce of brown silk crêpe is smart. The braiding is a fashionable trimming. Work it in self or a contrasting color.

36 bust requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch soft twill.

The coat dress is new for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4921—4886—The basque which joins the straight skirt at the low waistline of this dress is very becoming. The dress slips on over the head, closes under the left arm and may have a long body lining. Use satin, silk crêpe, moire, taffeta, velvet, soft twills, soft serge or soft wool crêpe, and for the tam-o'-shanter hat use velvet, duvetyn or satin, with a double-headed pin or embroidery in braid, beads or metallic thread.

36 bust and 21⅞ inches head measure require 4⅛ yards 36-inch velvet (including hat). Lower edge 2 yards.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 40 bust, the hat for ladies and misses.

4919—A cape of soft pile fabrics, duvetyn, broadcloth, wool rep, soft twills, plush, velvet or fabric fur has a straight upper part plaited to a small yoke. The circular flounce makes it longer. There may be a plain short interlining. For evening one may use fabric furs or velvet, broadcloth or duvetyn in American Beauty, raspberry red, etc. Lower edge 2⅞ yards.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 54-inch duvetyn, with front facing.

The cape is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also misses.

4923—4633—This is the very new three-quarter length for a straight-line coat and extremely smart when worn with a dress. It is worn over a one-piece dress as a three-piece costume. The slip-over dress has a casing and elastic at a low waistline at each side and a choice of circular flounce and body lining. Lower edge of dress 1¾ yard.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 54-inch wool and 2½ yards of 39-inch heavy silk crêpe for the upper part of the dress.

The coat and dress are for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4922—4789—10132—The three-quarter coat is worn with a dress to complete the three-piece costume. Use velvet with the body of the dress of plain metallic fabric embroidered, or use broadcloth with body in crêpe satin, etc. An embroidery decorates the coat. Work in outline, couching, etc. The slip-over dress has a two-piece skirt joined to a long body in a decorative way. Lower edge 49 inches.

36 bust requires 5¾ yards 36-inch velvet and 1⅞ yard 39-inch silk crêpe.

The coat is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; the dress for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



4920 4919 4911 4921



4923 4633 4922 4789



Dress and slip 4887
Embroidery design 10963

4887



Dress 4907



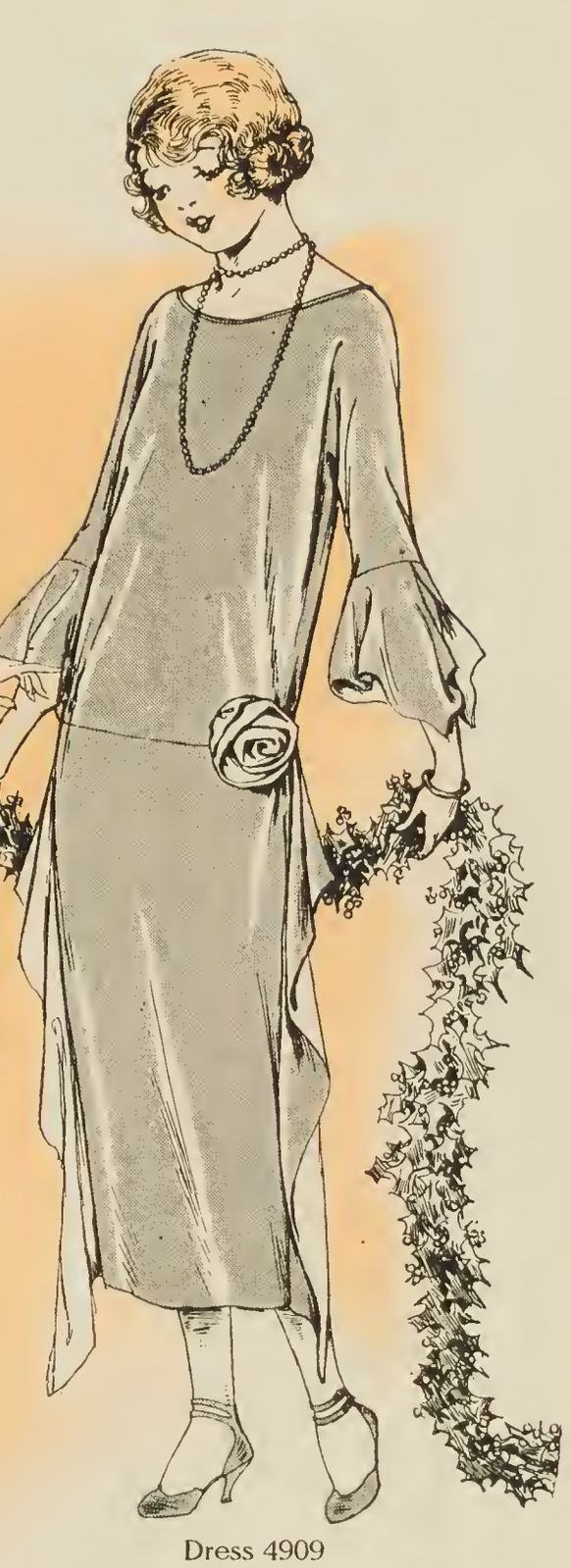
4907



Dress 4839



4909



Dress 4909

SCHOOLGIRLS OR DÉBUTANTES CHOOSE PLAITED FLOUNCES, HIP RUFFLES AND BEADED FROCKS

4887—10963—Only soft materials, as crêpe Roma, Georgette, chiffon or crêpe de Chine, should be used for this one-piece slip-over dress which has a separate one-piece slip and elastic and a casing at the low waistline and may have a straight or scalloped lower edge. The beading is extremely fashionable for evening dresses. Crystal or rhinestone beads are used on white or flesh color.

17 years or 34 bust requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch Georgette. Lower edge of dress 50 inches.

The dress is attractive for misses 16 to 18 years or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

4907—One will be the envy of her classmates when she takes this frock with hip ruffles and button trimming back to school after vacation. It slips over the head, closes under the left arm and the two-piece skirt is joined at a low waistline. There may be a long body lining. Use soft twills, wool crêpe, satin, heavy silk crêpe or taffeta. Lower edge 45 inches.

16 years requires 2½ yards 54-inch soft twill.

The dress is smart for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

4839—A one-piece dress with the new accordion or side plaitings slips on over the head. Use satin crêpe, plain or printed silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine, novelty crêpe de Chine, printed silks, foulard, etc., all one material, printed with plain or in two shades of one color. There may be an elastic and casing at the low waistline or a body lining.

16 years or 33 bust requires 4¼ yards 40-inch satin crêpe.

The dress is lovely for misses 16 to 18 years or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.



Dress 4859
Tam-o'-shanter 3596

4839



Straight-line coat 4856
Hat 4886
Embroidery design 10889



View A Hat 4886



4859 4856



View B
Hat 4886
Embroidery design 10166

4856—4886—10889—A smart coat, suitable for wear into town is this wrap-around straight-line coat with a plaited or gathered collar and becoming in soft pile fabrics on the velours order, novelty woolens, duvetyn, broadcloth, plush, velvet or fabric fur. The tam-o'-shanter hat is described below. The embroidery on this hat is effective. Work in one-stitch, bugle beads, etc.

17 years or 34 bust and 21½ inches head measure require 3¼ yards 54-inch duvetyn (including hat).

The coat is for misses 16 to 18 years or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies; the hat for misses and ladies.

4886—10166—For schoolgirls or any other girl this is a becoming hat in tam-o'-shanter effect. One may wear a double-headed pin stuck into it at a smart angle or embroider a motif in front in braid, beads or metal thread. This motif is effective. Work it in vivid colors of red, bronze, etc.

The hat for misses of 21½ inches head measure requires ⅝ yard 35 or 39 inch material for either view.

The hat is attractive for misses and ladies.

SNOW-TIME STYLES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS AND BROTHER-AND-SISTER COSTUMES

Suit 4912

Blouse 4637
Trousers 4880

Suit 4896

4896

Shirt-waist 4414
Knickerbockers 4875

4414

4875

Brother-and Sister Costume

Ripple coat 4874
Hat 4761
Leggings 4076

Coat 4906
Cap 4068
Leggings 4038

Coat 4906
Hat 4834
Leggings 4038

Wrap-around coat 4916
Hat 4894

4896—For this suit with a blouse with vest front and buttoned to straight trousers at a normal waistline, use pongee, silk-and-cotton jersey, poplin, chambray, linen-finished cottons, rep, madras, wool jersey or serge.

5 years requires 1 yard 54-inch serge and ½ yard 32-inch flannel.

The suit is quaint for little boys 3 to 6 years.

4912—A smart suit for a difficult in-between age has straight trousers and a coat with straps applied on it in Norfolk effect. Use tweeds, mixtures, homespun, worsted, cheviot, serge, corduroy, or for a wash suit use crash, linen suitings, beach cloth, shantung or pongee. The collar may be changed as necessary.

10 years requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch serge for this suit.

The suit is very practical for junior boys 6 to 10 years.

4637—4880—With a blouse which may have a permanent one-piece collar or a low turndown collar or neckband and attached cuffs he wears straight trousers which may have a fly and an underwaist. Use madras, galatea, percale, cotton shirtings, etc., for blouse and tweeds, flannel, serge, mixtures, corduroy, etc., for trousers, with muslin or cambric underwaist.

9 years requires 1⅝ yard 32-inch madras and 1 yard 36-inch corduroy.

The blouse is for boys 4 to 16, the trousers for boys 3 to 12 years.

4414—4875—This shirt-waist of pongee, silk broadcloth, crêpe de Chine, poplin, madras, dimity or linen has an attached or removable collar, or a neckband to wear with separate collars, and it is worn with knickerbockers of tweed, serge, mixture, flannel, corduroy, etc., which may have leg-bands or elastic at the knee and an underwaist of muslin or cambric. For wash knickerbockers use crash, duck, linen or chambray.

5 years requires 1¼ yard 36-inch poplin and ⅝ yard 44-inch tweed.

The shirt-waist is for little boys 3 to 7, the knickerbockers for boys 3 to 8 years.

4874 — 4761 — 4076 — With a square-yoked ripple coat of soft-pile fabrics, broadcloth, velvet, etc., she wears a hat and leggings to match the coat.

4 years and 19¾ inches head measure require 2¾ yards 54-inch broadcloth for coat, hat and leggings.

The coat is for little girls 1 to 6, the hat for girls 2 to 14, the leggings for children 2 to 8.

4916—4894—A wrap-around coat and a shirred hat of velvet make a decidedly elegant costume for the younger girl. The coat has a deep square armhole. One may use soft-pile fabrics, duvetyn, broadcloth, soft twills or wool rep for the coat and crêpe de Chine, taffeta, etc., for hat.

12 years and 21¼ inches head measure require 4¼ yards 36-inch velvet (including hat).

The coat is for juniors and girls 8 to 15, the hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

4906—4834—4068—4038—It is very fashionable to dress brother and sister in costumes of the same cut, color and material. On Fifth Avenue, in Hyde Park and the Bois one sees the entire little family group of children dressed alike from head to heels. Camel's-hair is smart for this coat with a one-piece sleeve and which buttons on the right for a boy and on the left for a girl, for the girl's hat which has a gored crown and may omit ear-laps, for the boy's polo cap and wool jersey for the leggings. Or use chinchilla, etc., and wool jersey leggings.

4 years and a 6 cap measure requires 1⅜ yard 54-inch chinchilla and ⅜ yard 54-inch wool jersey for the boy's outfit. 4 years and 19¾ inches head measure require 1½ yard 54-inch chinchilla and ½ yard 54-inch wool jersey for girls' outfit.

The coat is for girls and small boys 1 to 6, the hat for girls and tiny boys and the polo cap for children 2 to 12, the leggings for children 2 to 14 years.

4898—10120—Tam-o'-shanters or *berets* are smart this season in velvet, duvetyn or satin. This tam-o'-shanter has satin pipings and it may have an embroidery in braid, beads or metal threads. Work this design in Oriental colors in outline, etc.

The tam for a girl or 21 inches head measure require ½ yard 35 or 39 inch material for either view.

The tam-o'-shanter is for girls, misses, ladies.

4906

View A

Tam-o'-Shanter 4898

4912

4637

4880

View B

Embroidery design 10120

4916

4874



Dress 4892



Dress 4867
Tam-o'-shanter
3157
Embroidery
design 10889



Dress and
Bloomers 4852
Embroidery
design 10934

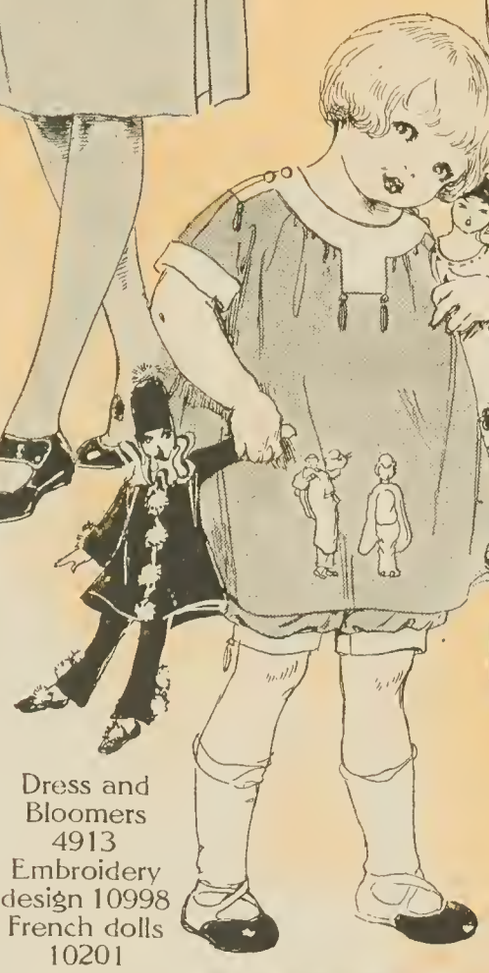


Dress 4888



Dress 3920
Embroidery design 10199

CHARMING FROCKS IN RUSSIAN EFFECT WITH DRAPERY AND HATS AND A COAT FOR JUNIORS



Dress and
Bloomers
4913
Embroidery
design 10998
French dolls
10201



Wrap-around
coat 4918
Tam-o'-shanter
4898



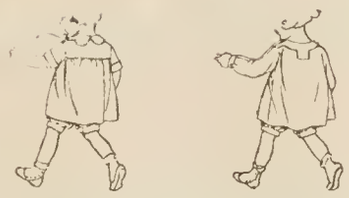
View A

Hat 4894

View B



View C



4852

4913

4892—Hand-made ruching is an effective trimming for this slip-over dress with the loose front and back panels and the two-piece circular skirt of velveteen and the side-body and sleeves of wool crêpe, plain crêpe de Chine in contrasting color, contrasting plain silk crêpe, printed crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe, silk jersey. Use silk crêpe, wool crêpe, soft twills or serge with plain silk crêpe, printed silk crêpe or a contrasting color—navy blue with scarlet, brown with gold, etc.

12 years requires 1¾ yard 36-inch velvet and 1⅛ yard 39-inch silk crêpe.

The dress is becoming to juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

4867—3157—10889—Embroidery gives the Russian effect to this one-piece slip-over dress with an inverted plait at each side to give more fulness to the skirt. Work the design in bugle beads and one-stitch. Use wool crêpe, soft twills, serge or pongee or for a wash school dress use linen, linen-finished cottons, gingham or chambray. It may have a square neck. For school a tam of velvet, duvetyn, velours, broadcloth, corduroy or flannel is serviceable.

12 years and 21 inches head measure require 2⅛ yards 42-inch wool crêpe and ½ yard 32-inch or wider velvet for tam.

The dress is attractive for juniors and girls 6 to 15, the tam for children, girls, misses and ladies.

4888—Cascade drapery and hand-made flowers give an individual air to this one-piece dress for the junior. It slips on over the head and may have a longer sleeve slashed up the arm. Make the dress of plain or printed silk crêpe, plain or printed crêpe de Chine, satin crêpe, printed silks or velveteen.

13 years requires 2¼ yards 39-inch velvet.

The dress is graceful for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

3920—10199—For school this one-piece dress with a Russian closing is attractive in wool crêpe, homespun, tweeds, serge or wool jersey, and for Sundays in crêpe de Chine, taffeta, silk crêpe, pongee or velvet. The embroidery is an effective trimming. Work it in color. For a wash frock use cotton ratine, cotton eponge, gingham, chambray, linen or linen-finished cottons.

11 years requires 1½ yard 44-inch wool crêpe.

The dress is suitable for juniors and girls 6 to 15 years.

4852—10934—A smart little dress with square yoke, straight lower edge and separate bloomers is easy for a child to get into. Use jersey tubing, pongee, taffeta, crêpe de Chine, pin-check gingham, chambray, cotton prints, cotton crêpe, pin-dot swiss or dimity. The pocket motifs on this dress are quaint. They are done in appliqué.

4 years requires 2⅜ yards 32-inch chambray.

The dress and bloomers are for little girls 2 to 6 years.

4913—10998—10201—For this dress with separate bloomers and straight lower edge use crêpe de Chine with bands of velvet or the same material in contrasting color; or use gingham or light-weight cotton prints with chambray bands, pin-dot swiss or pin-dot cotton voile with bands in a plain color to match the dot, etc. It slips on over the head. The appliqué is gay. Work it in color. The French dolls she carries are easy to make. They are described on page 40.

4 years requires 1⅝ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine and ⅜ yard 39-inch contrasting material.

The dress and bloomers are for little girls 2 to 6 years.

4918—4898—One is prepared for the Christmas family reunion with this wrap-around coat of wool pile fabrics, duvetyn, broadcloth, plaid coatings, cheviot, soft twills, velvet or fabric fur, and a tam-o'-shanter of velvet, duvetyn or satin with satin pipings. The tam may be embroidered in braid, beads or metal thread.

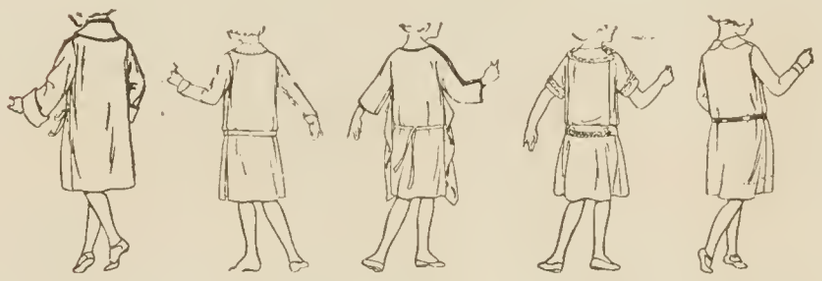
11 years and 21 inches head measure require 2 yards 54-inch novelty wool and ½ yard 35-inch velvet for tam.

The coat is smart for juniors and girls 8 to 15, the tam-o'-shanter for girls, misses and ladies.

4894—Hand-made buds on the ribbon streamers are very decorative on this shirred velvet hat. (View A.) In crêpe de Chine or taffeta (Views B and C), buds and shirring make it a charming little hat for wear with her "best" coat.

The hat for 4 years or 19¾ inches head measure requires ⅝ yard 35 or 39 inch material for any view.

The hat is adorable for girls 2 to 12 years.



4918 4867 4888 4892 3920





423





4915

6525—10933—A jovial Santa Claus wears jingling bells on his coat and cap. Underneath the coat he may wear breeches or knickerbockers and leggings are leatherette. The stuffed animal toys are easy to make.

38 breast requires 5¼ yards 36-inch flannel.

The suit is for men 34 to 46 breast.

4917—"Ethel" will get a delightful thrill when she opens her box to a new pair of bloomers. And service will be theirs since they have a gusset and both the seat and leg or the seat only may be reinforced. Use silk jersey, crêpe de Chine, wash satin, China silk, etc.

38 hip requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch silk jersey.

The bloomers are for ladies 35 to 52 hip.

422—Not only has this doll a dress and hat of pin-dot cotton voile or lawn, but a coat of flannel, albatross or cashmere, and a combination and night-gown of nainsook, lawn, etc.

A 22-inch doll requires ⅞ yard 36-inch material for dress and hat.

The doll's set is for a girl doll 14 to 30 inches high.

4860—10187—"Bella" draws this apron of unbleached muslin, black sateen, chambray or linen-finished cotton with an appliqué and binding in bright color or embroidery, or use cretonne, chintz, etc. The embroidery goes quickly. Work it in outline, etc.

36 bust requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch unbleached muslin.

The apron is for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

4863—Cold Winter nights one sleeps snug and warm in this sack nightgown of outing flannel or flannelet. One may use muslin, nainsook or long-cloth. It may open in back and may omit the applied yoke if desired.

8 years requires 3⅜ yards 27-inch flannelet.

The sack nightgown is for girls or children 1 to 12 years.

423—When this girl doll goes out she wears a cape of flannel, albatross or cashmere with her dress and hat of lawn or pin-dot cotton voile. Use nainsook, lawn or batiste for her nightgown, slip and combination.

A 22-inch doll requires ⅞ yard 36-inch material for dress and hat.

The set is for girl dolls 12 to 26 inches high.

4870—Boudoir caps, both the round and the one with a bandeau front, are made of point d'esprit with lace edging, ribbon and hand-made flowers. The caps are in cream with light-blue ribbon, pink flowers and green leaves, etc.

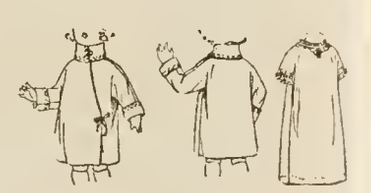
Each of the caps requires ½ yard 36-inch point d'esprit.

The boudoir caps are new.

4915—10900—A complete outfit of short clothes includes a yoke dress of nainsook, lawn or batiste, a cap, a coat of cashmere, washable corduroy or silk poplin, and slip and drawers of nainsook, cambric or muslin. The embroidery is dainty. Work in satin-stitch, etc.

2 years requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch batiste for dress.

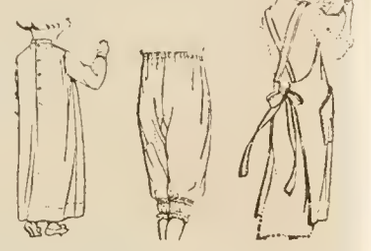
The set is for children ½, 1 and 2 years.



422



422



4863 4917 4860

SOUP MAKES THE WHOLE MEAL TASTE BETTER

Good old-fashioned Vegetable Soup!

In this dainty masquerade
See the Campbell's youth and maid!
Partners both in health and mirth
Proving what good food is worth!



—but they never tasted it as good as Campbell's

For our grandmothers could not search the whole world over to get the very finest ingredients, as Campbell's do. They could not give a life-time to soup-making, as Campbell's chefs do. Fifteen delicious vegetables—substantial cereals—beef broth with its appetizing vigor! Thirty-two different ingredients in Campbell's Vegetable Soup—a real meal!

Soup for health—
every day!

21 kinds
12 cents a can



Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

MOTIFS EXPRESS THEMSELVES IN BEADS, OUTLINE OR ONE-STITCH, AND INITIALS ADAPT THEIR LINES TO PERSONAL OR HOUSEHOLD USE



10206—When outline or satin-stitch and one-stitch combine for this new design they offer an effective trimming for blouses, dresses, coats or hats, etc., and one which can be worked very quickly. It may be done in satin-stitch and beads or one-stitch. The design can be adapted to 3⅜ yards of banding 3¾ inches wide, 4⅞ yards of banding ½ inch wide, four motifs 4⅜ by 14½ inches, ten motifs 3½ by 7½ inches, six motifs 3½ by 4½ inches and four corners 4⅜ by 11 inches.

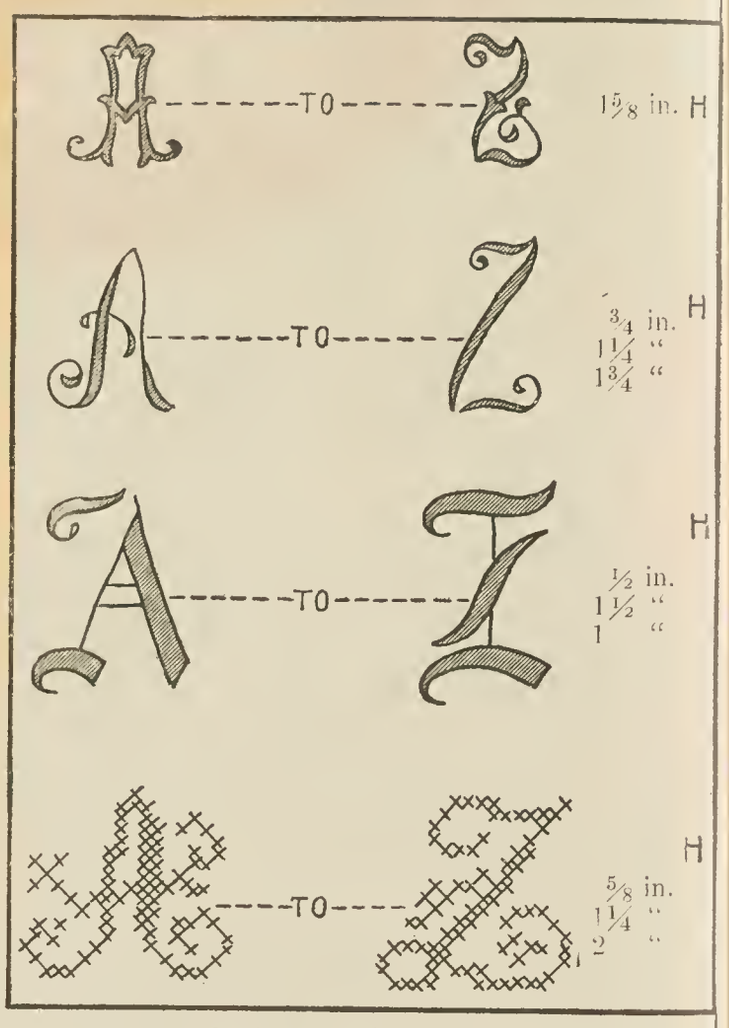


Embroidery design 10206



Embroidery design 10204

10204—Some of the new dresses this season seem especially designed for beading and evening dresses in particular are resplendent with beads. This new design is suitable for dresses, panels, skirts or blouses. It has a very wide banding which can be cut apart and used for a panel if desired. The design can be adapted to 1¾ yard of banding 25 inches wide which can be cut apart if desired, 1¾ yard of banding 2¾ inches wide, 3⅜ yards of banding 1 inch wide and 21 motifs in two assorted styles.

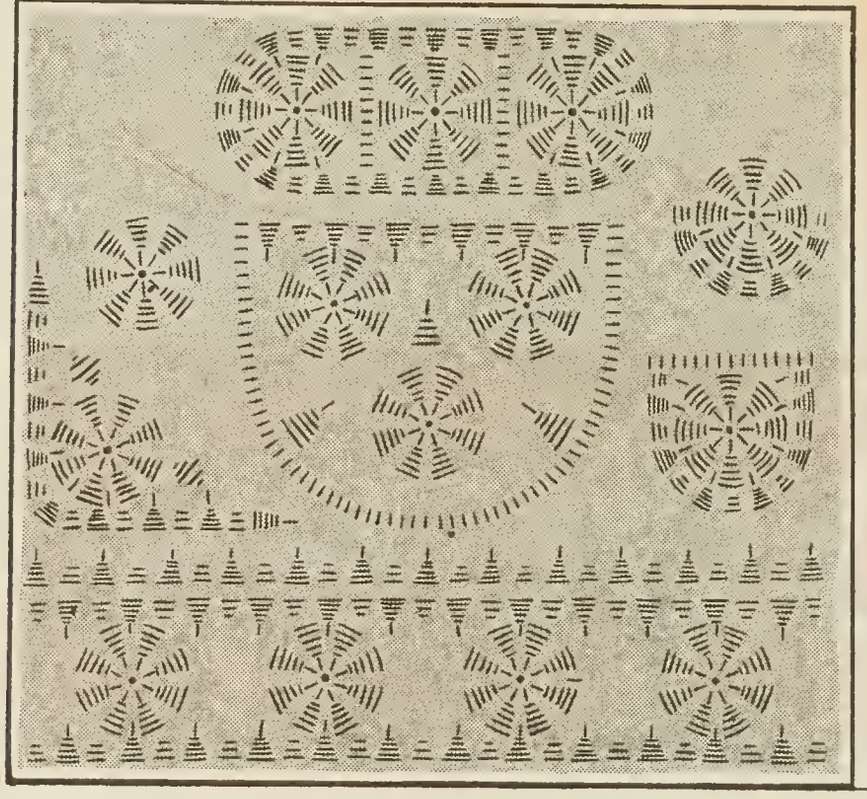


Embroidery design 10203



Embroidery design 10207







10203—From A to Z every belonging—blouses, frocks, lingerie and even purses are marked with initials these days. The letters of this design are especially suitable for personal linens. They should be worked in satin-stitch or outline. The cross-stitch alphabet is an attractive one for towels, kitchenette sets, bags and other household linens. As illustrated above each style comes in assorted sizes. This design can be adapted to ten alphabets in four assorted styles and nine assorted sizes.

10207—One-stitch embroidered in various colors in silk or wool makes the effective bandings and motifs of this new design. As a trimming for Winter coats, suits or hats or the new dresses and blouses, it is most attractive. And since it works up very rapidly it is ideal for decorating children's clothes or household linens. It can be adapted to 5¼ yards of banding 3⅛ inches wide, 5¼ yards of edging ¾ inch wide, four motifs 3¼ by 8⅞ inches, two motifs 6 by 7⅞ inches, two motifs 2¼ inches in diameter, four motifs 3⅛ by 3⅜ inches, four motifs 2¾ by 3¼ inches and four corners 3 by 7¼ inches.



A girl's skin can be a constant humiliation to her—or it can be one of the loveliest things about her, so fresh and sweet that no one can see it and not admire it.

If you want to be attractive to other people—begin with your skin! Overcome its defects—learn to care for it in the way that will keep it flawlessly clear and smooth, with a fresh natural color. The satisfaction you will feel in having a beautiful complexion will more than repay you for the few minutes of regular care that you spend on it every day. . . .

Your skin can be as lovely as any woman's

—if you give it the right care

DON'T be a fatalist about your skin!

Don't say to yourself that you have a naturally poor complexion, just as some women have a naturally good complexion.

A poor complexion is never natural to anyone.

If there is something about your skin that keeps it from being attractive—if it is pale and sallow, or excessively oily, or disfigured with blackheads—with blemishes—then you can be sure that you are not giving your skin the right kind of care.

Begin now to overcome this condition! You *can* make your skin what you will, for each day it is changing; old skin dies and new takes its place. Give this *new skin* the special treatment it should have, and see how smooth and lovely you can keep it—how quickly the defects in it will disappear.

The following treatments have helped thousands of women to overcome two very common skin troubles—blackheads and blemishes.

A special treatment for blemishes

Just before retiring, wash your face with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

To keep your skin free from blackheads

Every night before retiring, apply hot cloths to your face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough wash cloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward motion. Rinse with clear hot water, then with cold. If possible rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

To remove blackheads already formed substitute a flesh brush for the wash cloth in this treatment. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads.

The first time you use a Woodbury treatment it will leave your skin with a slightly *drawn, tight* feeling. This means that your skin is responding in the right way to a more thorough and stimulating form of cleansing. After you have used the treatment once or twice, this drawn feeling will disappear, and you will begin to notice how much clearer and smoother your skin is becoming.

The treatments given on this page are only two of the famous skin treatments contained in the booklet, *"A Skin You Love to Touch"* which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. In this booklet you will find a special treatment for each different type of skin and its needs.

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and begin to-night the right treatment for your skin! Within a week or ten days you will see a marked improvement.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks for regular use, including any of the special treatments. The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles make it ideal for regular toilet use. You can also get Woodbury's in convenient 3-cake boxes.

Three Woodbury skin preparations—guest size —for 10 cents

Send 10 cents today for a miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:

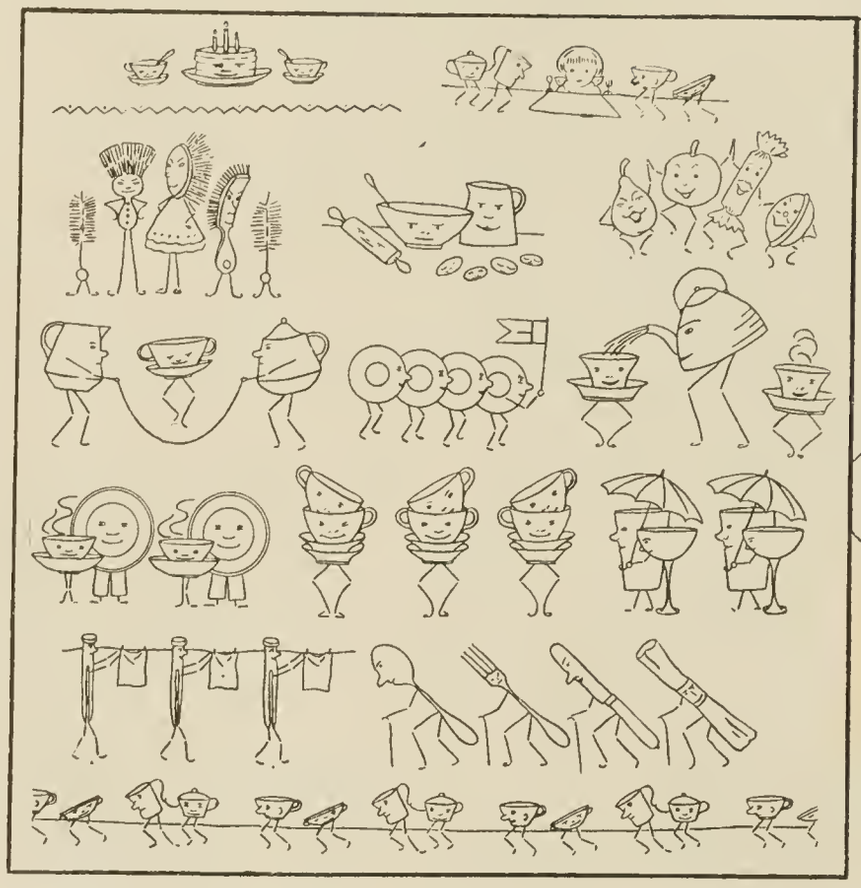
A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch"

Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1912 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1912 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario. English Agents: H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, W. C. 4.

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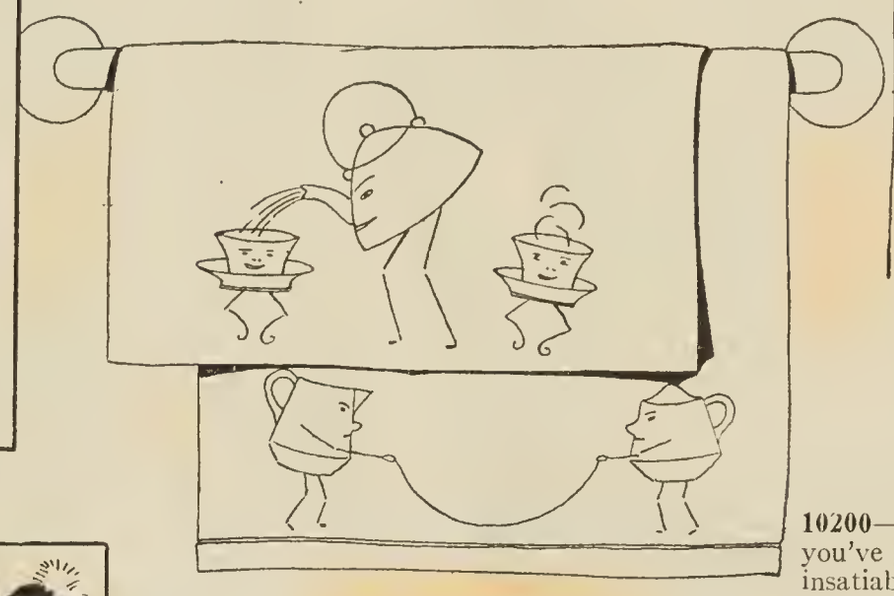
THE WEEK BEFORE CHRISTMAS EVERY ONE IN THE HOUSE IS FULL OF PLANS FOR MAKING FRENCH DOLLS, ANIMAL TOYS AND USEFUL LINENS



Embroidery design 10202

10202—Mutiny on the kitchen shelves! The cups and saucers do their daily dozen, the teakettle gives the cups a lesson in balance, the clothes-pins practise their signal service and the brush family declare that nothing shall keep them down. Caught in the act of such levity they are quaint decorations for the kitchen shelving, kitchen towels and clothes-pin bags. Since these motifs and bandings are worked in outline, which travels fast, they are ideal for Christmas gifts. Children will cry for their bibs if they are decorated so gaily with these funny figures. This design can be adapted to 3 yards of shelving 2 inches wide and 30 assorted motifs.





10200—"Needles and pins, needles and pins, when you've got children your trouble begins"—for their insatiable cry is for something to do. Why not make them toys which they can bang around as they please without injury to the furniture, the toy or your own nerves? The elephant and Puss-in-Boots may be made of oilcloth, broadcloth or cotton flannel. Very simple stitches denote features and all in all these toys are quite easy to make. The design can be adapted to one toy elephant 10 inches high and one Puss-in-Boots 15 inches high.



Also shown in color on page 28

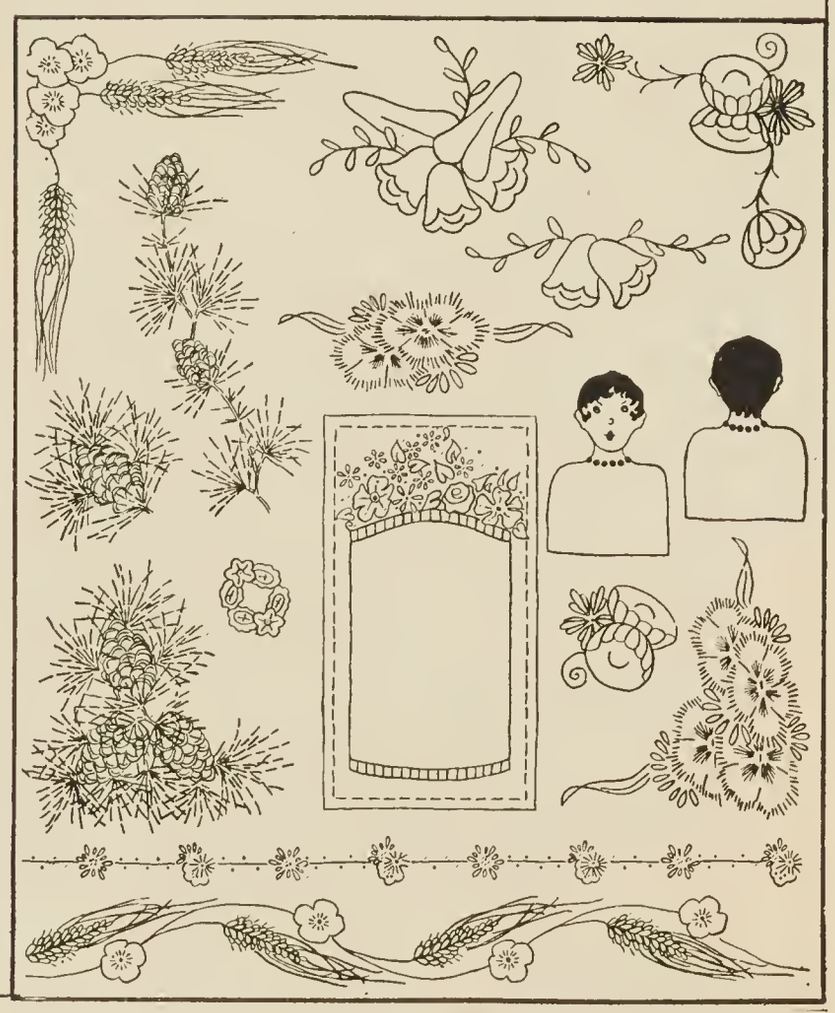
French dolls 10201



Animal toys 10200

10205—Hands are busy, needles fly, time is short with Christmas near and a dozen gifts on your list as yet unsolved. A new embroidery design which offers any number of hints for gifts is welcome indeed. It contains motifs and bandings which can be worked in satin-stitch, outline, appliqué, one-stitch and lazy-daisy embroidery on household linens—tea-sets, towels, bags, etc. The frame and the doll's head may be painted. The design can be adapted to 1¾ yard of banding 2¼ inches wide, 1¾ yard of banding 1½ inch wide and 42 motifs in 14 assorted styles.

Embroidery design 10205





10201—Make a French doll for a unique Christmas gift! French dolls are as fascinating to grown-ups as to little girls. Those shown in the shops are quite expensive and these four dolls with their chic clothes are very easy to make. Use only the best silks, taffetas and laces for these elegant ladies and lord, since so little is necessary for their Parisian clothes. As gifts to a little girl, a young girl or for a lady's boudoir they are attractive, and they are likewise used for church fairs or bazaars, for prizes at bridge parties and as decorations in shop-windows. No French hat-shop should be without its doll draped carelessly on its satin cushion in the display-window. This design can be adapted to one doll's body with four head designs and clothes.

Changing the Ideas of a Nation

Advertisement No. 6



Copyright 1923
The Selby Shoe Co.

No. 103

After waiting hundreds of years

FOR many hundreds of years the candle, with its pitiful little flame, strained the eyes and retarded the energies. Likewise, for centuries and centuries, wrongly designed shoes made woman a suffering martyr to Fashion and discouraged her from the activities that mean health and pleasure.

But just as the electric light brought forth a new world of brightness and clear vision, so has the Arch Preserver Shoe given women a new idea of comfort and foot health.

The Arch Preserver Shoe is a style shoe, smarter than most shoes that have nothing but modish looks to commend them; but it goes much further. It supports the foot arch where it is raised from the ground by the stylish heel, the place where support is needed most; and it bends freely at the ball, the only place the foot bends. It thus provides the perfect walking base that Nature intended the foot to have.

An ingeniously built-in arch-bridge gives the Arch Preserver Shoe permanent strength in that part which is weakest in ordinary shoes. And the sole of the shoe is so modeled, and the fitting from heel to ball so exact, that the arch of the shoe comes at just the right position in relation to the arch of the foot. Thus every ligament, every bone, every muscle, every nerve, stays in its natural position and does its normal share of the work of bearing the weight of the body without a suggestion of cramping or strain.

You realize at once a sensation of foot energy. You feel like walking. You enjoy being active and want to stay on your feet. And the exclusive Arch Preserver Shoe construction that puts new vigor into your feet, also enables the shoe to retain its original exquisite trimness and grace during its entire life. Arch Preserver Shoes and the feet that wear them *never* break down—always look attractive.

THE
ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

Supports where support is needed—
bends where the foot bends

ARCH PRESERVER SHOE
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

"KEEPS THE FOOT WELL"

Sold by 2000 dealers. Look for this Trade-Mark on the sole and lining. Styles for all occasions. All widths, AAAA to E. There are seven patents embodied in Arch Preserver Shoe construction. These are vested solely with The Selby Shoe Company, Portsmouth, Ohio, for the making of women's and misses' shoes, and with E. T. Wright & Company, Inc., Rockland, Massachusetts, for the making of men's and boys' shoes.

THE SELBY SHOE CO.
127 Seventh St.
Portsmouth, Ohio

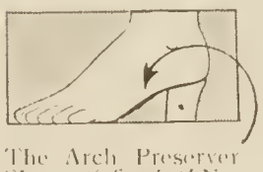
Makers of women's fine shoes for more than forty years



Nature plans that the foot rest on heel, ball and outside *arch*.



Civilization demands that heel and arch be *raised*.



The Arch Preserver Shoe satisfies *both* Nature and Civilization.



No. 78

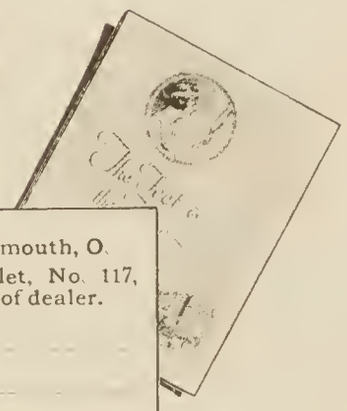


No. 104



No. 101

Send for this Booklet—

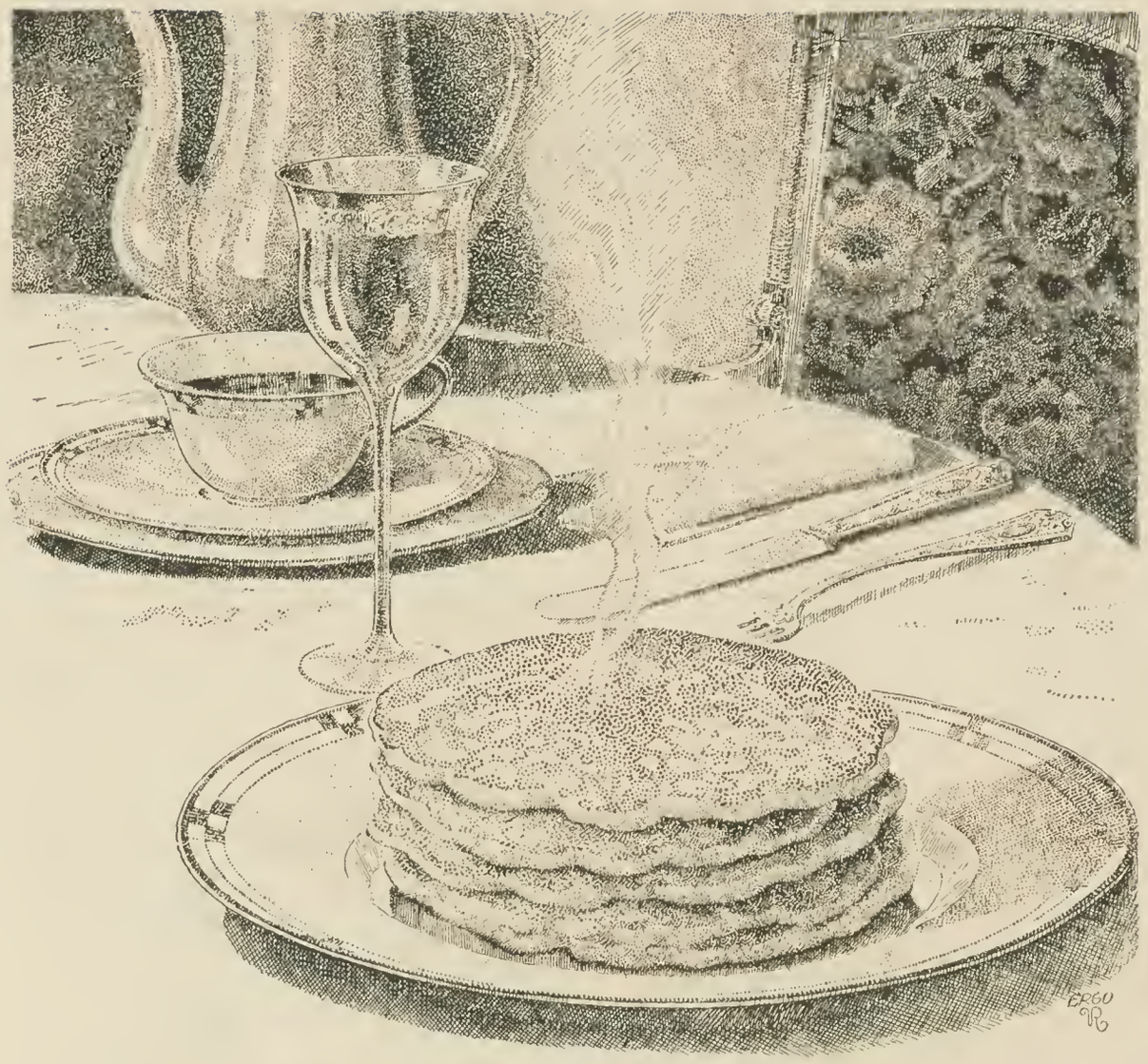


The Selby Shoe Co., 127 7th St., Portsmouth, O.
Please send postpaid your booklet, No. 117, "The Feet and the Face", and name of dealer.

Name _____

Street and No. _____

P. O. _____ State _____



The Six Minute Breakfast

A delicious, digestible breakfast in six minutes . . . with Pillsbury's Pancake Flour.

First put on your pan or griddle. While it heats, just add water or milk to Pillsbury's Pancake Flour . . . and your batter is done. Grease your hot pan a bit, and pour it in.

Even in the little time they take to bake, these delicate pancakes are cooked thoroughly and become easily digestible. Pillsbury's Pancake Flour is made only of high-grade flours, mixed and sifted with scrupulous care.

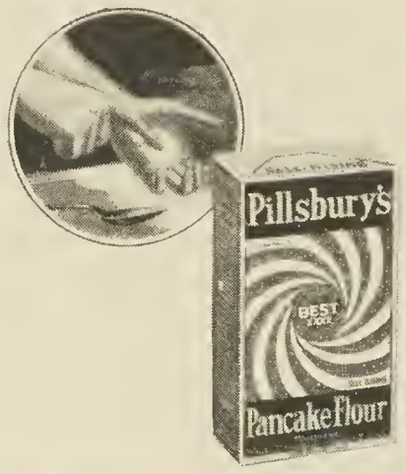
Have these fluffy, golden-brown cakes for breakfast tomorrow. The delicious fragrance that precedes their arrival on the table will bring back to memory the pancakes of your childhood . . . the tempting wheat flavor of Pillsbury's will give you the same pancake hunger . . . their substantial goodness will satisfy you just as those pancakes of your mother's used to.

Just a postcard request will bring "Better Pancakes and How to Make Them," a little book of helpful recipes.

Eat More Wheat

Make This Test Yourself
Pour a little Pillsbury's Pancake Flour into your hand. Note the creamy-white color due to Pillsbury's high-grade flours. Rub it with your finger—see how smooth it is—its fine, velvety texture. Now you know why Pillsbury's makes such perfect pancakes.

Pillsbury's Buckwheat Pancake Flour makes equally delicious cakes with a real old-fashioned buckwheat flavor.



PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY
MINNEAPOLIS, U. S. A.

Pillsbury's Family of Foods
Pillsbury's Best Flour Pancake Flour
Buckwheat Pancake Flour Health Bran Wheat Cereal
Rye Flour Graham Flour Farina

Pillsbury's Pancake Flour

One of the family

FOUR CHRISTMAS MENUS

By Winifred Moses

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

TIME was when the Christmas dinner meant a superabundance of rich and indigestible food, accompanied by an overtired housewife and followed by a collapse of the overworked digestive organs of the whole family. Time is—let us hope—when the Christmas dinner means a well-planned, easily prepared, but still most attractive menu, presided over by a fresh, happy and gay hostess and followed by no unpleasant aftermaths of "upset stomachs" and doctor's visits.

In carrying out the dinners suggested here, the soup or other beginnings of the meal may be omitted if desired, one stuffing substituted for another or one sauce for another. In fact, many combinations may be made.

Suitable garnishes are most important in that they add to the attractiveness of even a simple dish, but in placing the garnish care should be taken to observe two things: First, it should not extend beyond the rim of the platter. The whole should present a picture. The rim of the dish forms the frame, the garnish makes the background and the *pièce de résistance* in this case should represent the foreground. Second, the garnish should be placed so that it does not interfere with facility in carving.

Light desserts after a substantial meal are more desirable dietetically than rich ones. If one has the moral courage, it would be wise to forego at this time the plum puddings and mince pie designated and substitute lighter desserts of fruit—fresh or frozen or in the form of a molded gelatin—keeping the heavy desserts for a time when the rest of the dinner is less substantial.

MENU I—In this menu the croquettes, the fruit puddings, the hard sauce, salted nuts and bonbons may be prepared days before. If fresh tomatoes are not to be procured or are too expensive, a tomato-jelly salad may be used instead. If desired, the orange and celery garnish may be omitted, the sweet-potato croquettes and baked apples being placed on the platter around the duck instead. The fruit puddings are made from your favorite plum-pudding recipe and steamed in star molds. They need only to be reheated on the day of the feast.

MENU II—In this dinner surround the capon with the rice croquettes and sprays of watercress or parsley arranged alternately.

MENU I

Suprême of Grapefruit
Roast Duck *Onion Stuffing*
garnished with
Sliced Oranges and Celery Hearts
Olive Sauce *Baked Apples*
Sweet-Potato Croquettes
Buttered Cauliflower
Tomato Salad
Fruit Pudding *Hard Sauce*
Salted Nuts *Bonbons*
Caf' Noir *Crackers and Cheese*

MENU II

Shrimp Cocktail
Roast Capon or Chicken, Potato Stuffing
Cream Gravy
Rice Croquettes *Braised Celery*
Currant Jelly
Salted Almonds *Olives*
Lettuce Salad Chiffonade
Plum Pudding, Sterling Sauce
Nuts *Figs* *Raisins* *Bonbons*
Coffee *Cheese and Crackers*

MENU III

Tomato Soup
Roast Turkey *Oyster Stuffing*
garnished with Sausage Meat and Watercress
Celery Sauce
Browned Potatoes
Mashed or Baked Squash
Cranberry Sauce
Romaine or Endive Salad, Russian Dressing
Ice-Cream Croquettes
Grapes *Nuts* *Figs*
Coffee

MENU IV

Chicken Soup
Roast Goose *Apple or Potato Stuffing*
Giblet Gravy
Mashed Potatoes *Buttered Onions*
Celery *Apple Sauce* *Olives*
Hearts of Lettuce and Malaga-Grape Salad
Mince Pie
Figs *Nuts* *Bonbons*
Café Noir

MENU III—The soup may be omitted. A clear tomato soup is more suitable for this meal, but cream of tomato in cups, with a garnish of salted whipped cream and a dash of paprika, is attractive-looking. Instead of oyster stuffing a sausage, chestnut or plain stuffing may be used. The mashed squash may be put into a buttered baking-dish, covered with bits of butter and browned in the oven before serving. The cranberry sauce looks appetizing if prepared in tiny individual molds. If the ice-cream croquettes are considered too difficult, plain ice-cream, with or without a sauce, may be used. For the Russian dressing add one-third cup of thick chilli sauce to a pint of mayonnaise just before serving.

MENU IV—If you prefer, substitute asparagus tips and green peas for the onions. Heat the asparagus and peas separately, taking care not to break up the asparagus. A little sugar added to the peas improves the flavor. Drain the peas, add the asparagus, two tablespoons of butter and season to taste with pepper and salt and toss lightly in the saucepan until the butter is melted and almost brown.

A nice roast of pork may be used instead of goose and the dinner still be fit for a king. In this case use brown gravy. For the salad make a nest of the crisp leaves of the hearts of lettuce. In the center pile malaga grapes that have been cut in half and the seeds removed. Garnish with red maraschino cherries and mayonnaise. A section of grapefruit may also be added if desired.

NOTE—These menus are offered as suggestions to homemakers in planning their Christmas dinners. Miss Moses has written special directions for preparing the following items in these menus: Suprême of Grapefruit, Onion Stuffing, Apple Stuffing, Potato Stuffing, Oyster Stuffing, Olive Sauce, Cream Sauce, Celery Sauce, Tomato Salad, Star Salad, Sweet-Potato Croquettes and Ice-Cream Croquettes.

For these Christmas Menu Recipes, and for any additional help required in connection with the Christmas dinner or other holiday food problems, write to Miss Moses, in care of the Home-Makers' Department, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York City, enclosing a stamped and self-addressed envelope for her reply.



Michigan Boulevard, Chicago





Fountain Square, Cincinnati

"Main Street" too chooses Morton's

"When it rains it pours"

Demanding and getting the best, the people on "Main Street" no longer are behind the times.

Just as city folks abandoned bag salt, so have they; their choice, like city people's, is Morton's, distinguished by its blue package, the way it pours and its brisk unusual flavor.

No matter where people live they must eat; they welcome anything that improves their food; if it saves them trouble and proves economical at the same time, so much the better.

Morton's does both. You'll know the minute you use it that there is life and zest in the flavor it adds to foods; bound to be —the salt's so pure, so clean, so vigorous.

And you'll like its pleasant convenience—the way it pours in any weather without sticking or caking in salt cellar or packages. Many a woman has thanked us for that.



MORTON SALT COMPANY
CHICAGO



Science Finds Health in Plain Gelatine

SCIENCE has recently made some very remarkable discoveries about the important health value of plain, edible gelatine in the daily diet.

Tests extending over a period of years clearly prove that it has a most effective colloidal action in softening and emulsifying other foods in the stomach—which means that dishes prepared with Knox Sparkling Gelatine—the purest form of plain, edible gelatine—are a positive aid in the digestion of other foods. This is of great importance to those troubled with indigestion.

To Make Children Sturdy

Sherman, the noted authority on nutrition, in his book, "Chemistry of Food and Nutrition," shows that plain, edible gelatine is rich in Lysine, nature's growth-promoting element. Knox Sparkling Gelatine is therefore highly beneficial in the diet of children, and especially so for children who do not properly respond to nourishment. This is of particular interest to mothers who want their children to grow rosy-cheeked and sturdy.

In the Diet of Invalids and Convalescents

These discoveries about gelatine are of incalculable value in the diet of invalids and convalescents, not only because of the health-giving properties of the gelatine itself but because, as a purveyor of milk, eggs, fruit juices, vegetables, and other wholesome foods, it adds variety and palatability to what would otherwise be a monotonous diet.

When it is remembered that the almost endless dishes easily prepared with

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

are so good that the mere sight of them tempts the appetite, these scientific discoveries become of the utmost importance to everyone, not only for their value in regulating the ordinary diet, but in infant feeding, indigestion, acid stomach, malnutrition, and a host of other disorders.

FREE—To Every Reader

A digest of the Scientific Investigation on the Health Value of Knox Gelatine together with Mrs. Knox's recipe books, "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy," will be mailed free upon receipt of grocer's name and 4c for postage. *Address:*

Health Dept.,
Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co., Inc.
166 Knox Avenue Johnstown, N. Y.



SWEETS FOR CHILDREN

Toothsome novelties to make at home

NOTE—The Home-Makers' Department has prepared a leaflet containing full directions for making these attractive little figures, as well as some additional suggestions for easily made Christmas sweets that will please the children. If you would like a copy of this leaflet, write for it and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address the Home-Makers' Department, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York City



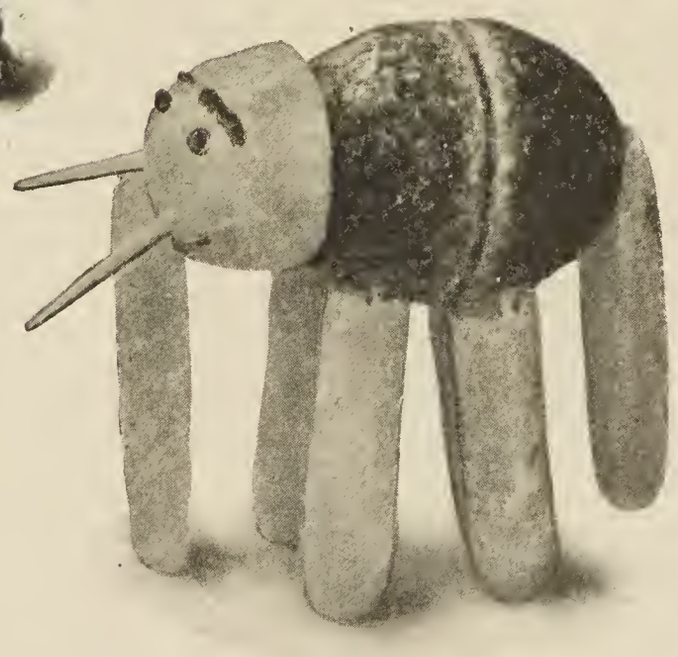
A fragile-looking flower with petals of any desired color that may be used as a table favor or a Christmas-tree decoration. If the children are old enough to share in the Christmas preparations, they will easily learn to make these blossoms



All made of good things. A fig and some nuts and raisins combine to make this sturdy chap, with his manly stride and waving arms. The task of painting the face may be assigned to the artistic member of the family, if there is one; but no one need be afraid to attempt it



A funnier little animal could hardly be imagined. Followed by a line of his fellows, he would lead an amusing procession around the Christmas table. He's eatable, but any one who prefers to keep him will find that he is good for quite a long time



This elephant has such an intelligent expression that one almost expects him to put up his trunk for a peanut, but he is only a gum-drop elephant and guaranteed to give no trouble either in the making or afterward



A tin box filled with a menagerie of decorated animal-crackers is a gift that may be depended upon to please a small child. Good to eat or to decorate the Christmas tree, these little animals will furnish a variety of entertainment

A wonderful Christmas Plum Pudding and Candy

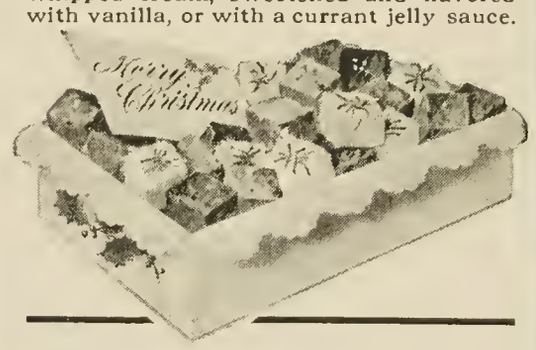


THEY are easily and quickly made and a delicious ending to the hearty Christmas dinner. Other SPECIAL recipes for Christmas Desserts and Candies will be sent upon request.

Chocolate Plum Pudding

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1 cup cold water — 1 cup seeded raisins
1 pint milk — ¾ cup dates
1 cup sugar — ½ cup nuts
1½ squares chocolate — ½ cup currants
½ teaspoon vanilla — 3 egg whites — salt

Soften gelatine in cold water 10 minutes. Melt chocolate with part of the sugar; add a little milk, making a smooth paste. Put milk in double boiler. When hot, add melted chocolate, sugar, salt and soaked gelatine. Remove from fire; when mixture begins to thicken, add vanilla, fruit and nut meats, chopped, and lastly fold in beaten egg whites. Turn into wet mold decorated with whole nut meats and raisins. Chill. Remove to serving dish and garnish with holly. Serve with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored with vanilla, or with a currant jelly sauce.



THIS Knox Gelatine Candy, placed in an attractive box, tied with the Christmas colors and decorated with a bit of holly makes a most acceptable gift for your friends.

Christmas Candy Supreme

1 level tablespoon Knox Sparkling Gelatine
2 squares chocolate
3 cups sugar — ½ cup Sultana raisins
1 cup sour cream — ½ cup candied cherries
¼ cup chopped English walnut meats
¼ teaspoonful cinnamon — Pinch salt

Soak gelatine in 2 tablespoons cold water 10 minutes. Melt chocolate in saucepan placed in larger saucepan containing boiling water. Add sugar and sour cream alternately while stirring constantly. Bring to boiling point and let boil until mixture forms a soft ball when tried in cold water. Remove from fire, add gelatine, and when dissolved, add cinnamon, raisins, cherries (cut small) and nut meats. When partially cool, beat until creamy and turn into buttered tins, having mixture about $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches deep. Cool, remove from pan; cut in slices for serving.

Note: If sour cream is not available, use 1 cup of milk and $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoonful butter.

Recipe Books Free

Our books, "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy," will be sent for your grocer's name and 4c in postage.

Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co., Inc.
166 Knox Avenue Johnstown, N. Y.





For permanence and beauty

NEW — INDISPENSABLE!

This Household Guide enables you to select the right Paint, Varnish, Stain or Enamel for a given purpose. Don't take chances.

Save this Page *for reference with your family, your painter and the Sherwin-Williams dealer.*



To enrich hard wood



To protect its beauty

HOUSEHOLD GUIDE

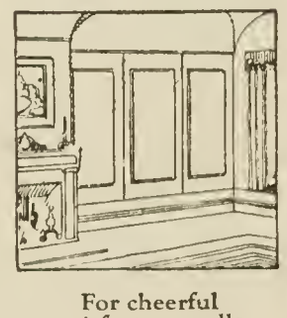
For Painting, Varnishing, Staining and Enameling

IMPORTANT: Each of the products specified below bears our name and trade mark

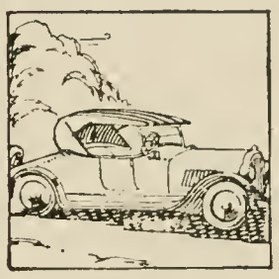
TRADE MARK



To "insure" your roof



For cheerful satisfactory walls

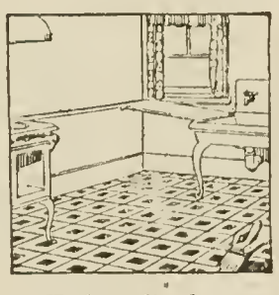


To "renew" your car

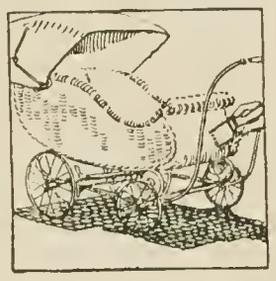
	TO PAINT *Use product named below*	TO VARNISH *Use product named below*	TO STAIN *Use product named below*	TO ENAMEL *Use product named below*
AUTOMOBILES	*S-W Auto Enamel:* for the man who paints his own car	*S-W Auto Enamel Clear:* a colorless varnish		*S-W Auto Enamel:* assorted colors
AUTOMOBILE TOPS AND SEATS	*S-W Auto Top and S-W Auto Seat Dressing*			
BRICK	*SWP House Paint:* a full oil gloss *S-W Concrete Wall Finish:* dull finish			*Old Dutch Enamel:* full gloss for outside exposure
CEILINGS, Interior	*Flat-Tone:* the washable, flat oil paint	*Scar-Not Varnish:* for woodwork only	*S-W Handcraft Stain:* Penetrating spirit stain for new hard wood *Floorlac:* varnish and stain combined, new or old wood	*Enameloid:* assorted colors
Exterior	*SWP House Paint:*	*Rexpar Varnish:* weather resisting	*S-W Oil Stain:* for new wood	*Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory, gloss or rubbed effect
CONCRETE	*S-W Concrete Wall Finish:* a paint, resists weather			
DOORS, Interior	*SWP House Paint:*	*Scar-Not Varnish:* gloss *Velvet Finish Varnish No. 1044:* dries to a dull finish without rubbing	*Floorlac:* a varnish and stain combined *S-W Handcraft Stain:* penetrating spirit stain for new wood only	*Enameloid:* assorted colors
Exterior	*SWP House Paint:*	*Rexpar Varnish:* weather resisting spar varnish	*S-W Oil Stain:* for new wood	*Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory For interior and exterior use
FENCES	*SWP House Paint:* *Metalastic* (iron or wire only) *S-W Roof and Bridge Paint:* for rough work		*S-W Preservative Shingle Stain*	
FLOORS, Interior (wood)	*S-W Inside Floor Paint:* stands repeated scrubbing	*Mar-Not Varnish:* water resisting, heel-proof	*Floorlac:* a varnish and stain combined	*S-W Inside Floor Paint:* the enamel-like finish
Concrete	*S-W Concrete Floor Finish:* wears well; washes well			*S-W Concrete Floor Finish:* high-gloss; durable
Porch	*S-W Porch and Deck Paint:*			
FURNITURE, Indoors	*Enameloid:* the decorative enamel	*Scar-Not Varnish:* stands hard usage	*Floorlac:* a varnish and stain combined	*Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory, gloss or rubbed effect *Enameloid:* assorted colors
Porch	*Enameloid:* assorted colors	*Rexpar Varnish:* weather resisting	*S-W Oil Stain:* for new wood	
HOUSE OR GARAGE Exterior	*SWP House Paint:*	*Rexpar Varnish:* weather resisting	*S-W Preservative Shingle Stain:*	*Old Dutch Enamel:* enduring gloss
LINOLEUM	*S-W Inside Floor Paint:* stands repeated scrubbing	*Mar-Not Varnish:* protects the pattern		*S-W Inside Floor Paint:* the enamel-like finish
RADIATORS	*Flat-Tone:* flat oil paint *S-W Aluminum* or *Gold Paint*			*Enameloid:* assorted colors
ROOFS, Shingle Metal Composition	*S-W Roof and Bridge Paint:* *Metalastic:* *Ebonol:* black coal tar paint		*S-W Preservative Shingle Stain:*	
SCREENS	*S-W Screen Enamel:*			*S-W Screen Enamel*
TOYS	*S-W Family Paint:* assorted color	*Rexpar Varnish:*	*Floorlac:* (inside use) a varnish and stain combined	*Enameloid:* assorted colors
WALLS, Interior (Plaster or Wallboard)	*Flat-Tone:* the washable, flat oil paint *SWP House Paint:* a full oil gloss			*Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory; gloss or rubbed effect *Enameloid:* assorted colors
WOODWORK, Interior	*SWP House Paint:* gloss *Flat-Tone:* flat oil paint	*Scar-Not Varnish:* high gloss but can be rubbed to a dull finish *Velvet Finish Varnish No. 1044:* dries dull without rubbing	*S-W Handcraft Stain:* penetrating spirit stain for new hardwood *S-W Oil Stain:* for new soft wood *Floorlac:* for new or old wood; a varnish and stain combined	*Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory; dull or gloss, aristocrat of enamels, specified by leading architects *Enameloid:* assorted colors

NOTE: *Best results can only be had by following the carefully prepared directions on labels.*

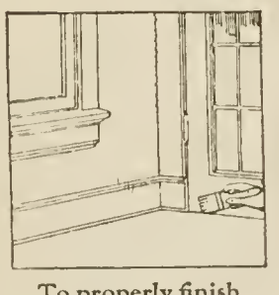
Copyright, 1923, by The Sherwin-Williams Co.



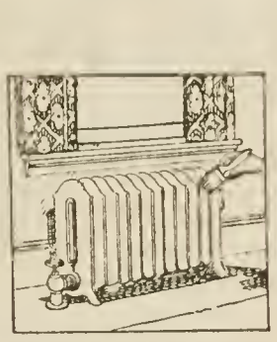
To keep linoleum like new



To make it "new"



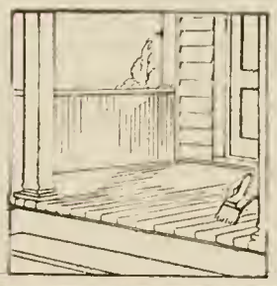
To properly finish woodwork



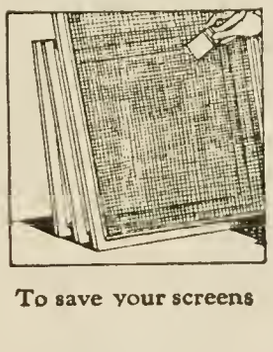
For better-looking radiators



For lasting attractiveness

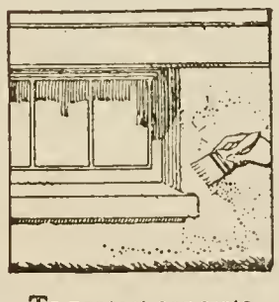


To resist wear

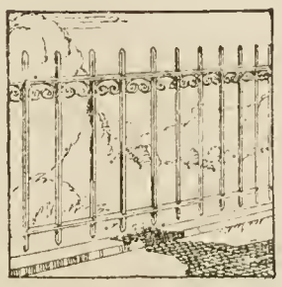


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Mark on the "Household Guide" the particular surface or article you have in mind to finish. The Guide covers the more common problems. If you have some painting, varnishing, enameling or staining problems in your home, not covered by the Guide, write us. A more extensive Guide will be found at the store of your Sherwin-Williams dealer—prominently displayed—a part of his service.

Write for free booklet B 450 with complete Household Guide and helpful information on all painting, varnishing, staining and enameling. Valuable whether you do the work yourself or employ a master painter.

Send 50c (65c in Canada) for Home Painting Manual, 177 pages, handsome full color plates. Most complete book on the subject ever published. Address Dept. B. 435.

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To renew furniture



To keep attractive



Prunes have more to do with her smile than you think

Children's smiles *start* in the stomach. A good digestive tract means good humor. Hence *laxative* foods are doubly important in the diet of your child.

So essential are prunes to the well-being of every child that a famous health writer recently said: "For the health of your children it is important to know that they should eat prunes the year 'round and at least once every day."

Sunsweet Prunes, the finest California produces, are nature's sweetmeat treat for children. Rich in fruit sugar—that's nature's way of serving "candy." Rich in mineral and vitamine elements also! You'll find many children love to eat prunes raw. Good! Let them eat Sunsweet Prunes to their fill! They mean unspoiled teeth and unspoiled stomachs and better health, too!

Ask your grocer for these fine full-flavored prunes either in bulk or in the 2-lb. Sunsweet carton. Lower priced than ever this year. And send for our special children's recipe folder—there's a handy coupon below

A sure-smile dish for children

Sunsweet Stewed Prunes Mashed [with or without cereal]: Wash and soak Sunsweet Prunes over night in warm water to cover. Cook under boiling point until fruit is tender. Sugar to taste, cool, drain, pit and rub through a coarse sieve. Serve plain or with cream. For cereal use 1 tablespoon mashed prunes for each service, stirring into the cereal before serving or placed on top of each bowl of mush. Add sugar, cream or whole milk.



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CALIFORNIA'S NATURE-FLAVORED
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Mail this coupon for children's recipe folder

California Prune and Apricot Growers' Association, 2512 Market Street, San Jose, California
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Please send me, without cost, your children's recipe folder

Name _____ Address _____

PRESENTS FROM THE WOODS

And gifts from the home kitchen

By Elsie M. Hubachek

I MET my neighbor one November day when the wind was sharp enough to suggest Winter. She had a basket over her arm and a tin botany-box strapped over her shoulder. "I've been Christmas-shopping," she said, as we went down the hill together. "Since we live in the country, I always do my last-minute shopping in the woods, and I've been out all day gathering enough material for a number of presents." Her eyes were bright and her cheeks rosy from the sharp air. She seemed the incarnation of the Christmas spirit. "If you'll promise to help, you can come home with me and see what I have in my box and basket," she suggested, to my delight. Of course I went.



When we were ready for work, she emptied her basket, a half-bushel one, of pine cones. "We'll sort them carefully," she said, "and brush the best ones free of earth and dried leaves and pack them into a grain-bag that I dyed a dark green. These are going to an old lady who loves her fireplace," she explained as we worked. When the bag was filled to the top with the sweet-smelling cones, we tied it together with a wide red ribbon and in a loop of the bow tucked a card with a Christmas greeting.

"And this," she said, after we finished with the cones, "is a clove apple for a bride to put between her linens. They are simple to make," she explained as I admired it, "but be sure to choose a medium-size apple that has no blemishes or bruised spots. Stick whole cloves into it (it will take three to four ounces), so closely together that the clove-buds will meet and completely cover the apple's surface. Tie a red-ribbon bow on the stem and put the apple away in a closely covered box for a few days. As it ages it will have a delicate fragrance just right for a linen-closet.

"What about these?" I asked as I picked branches of alder, bright with berries, out of her botany-box. She took them from me and branched them with twigs of pine which she had also brought from the woods.

"These are going to city friends who love the country," she explained. She had covered a florist's-box with chintzlike wall-paper, pasting it smoothly over box and cover, and into it she packed the alder and pine.

"But after all," she said as she put the box aside, "a berry-bowl is always one of the most attractive gifts."

"Yours are, I know," I admitted, "and I wish you would let me watch you fill one."

So as she collected the necessary roots from her box, I washed and then polished dry the bowl she was going to fill. First she put a layer of damp moss at the bottom. Into this she stuck a tiny rock-fern, snake-root and a grape-fern with bronze leaves, all with unbroken roots. Finally she half-filled the bowl with partridge-berry vines without roots, keeping the bright berries toward the glass. She sprinkled the whole slightly with water and tied a glass top securely in place with a narrow red ribbon.

"It will stay bright and fresh for months," she said as we admired its gay beauty, "provided it is kept in the sunlight so that the moisture from the moss can be drawn out to water it."

WHILE she was busy packing the bowl into a shipping-box, she showed me how to make another gift that the woods can provide—a wreath. She had brought in twigs of mountain laurel, the freshest, greenest leaves she could find, and handed them to me, with a twelve-inch wire hoop from a butter-tub (a tinsmith can supply the same heavy wire). To this hoop, then, she showed me how to tie bunches of the laurel with milliner's tie-wire so that each bunch overlapped the other and so arranged them that the wreath was of even thickness all around and on both sides. It is simple enough once one gets the knack of it.

"Now, at the top a splashy bow of red ribbon makes it a thing of beauty for a friend's window or front door and then I'll send it on its way with a rime," said my neighbor, writing this verse on a card:

My gift is in a circle,
My wishes, too,
For tho' they come on Christmas,
They last the whole year through.

"That is all I have shopped in the woods this year," she said, when I asked for more to do, "but if you'll come into the kitchen, you'll see how mother does her shopping there."

MOTHER was very busy. Her kitchen-table looked like a Christmas-gift shop. "I'm sending plum puddings to friends who board," she said in an explanation, "and if you want to help me do them up ready for the final wrapping, I'll be glad. I put each pudding into waxed paper, tie it with red ribbon and stick a sprig of holly on the top."

As we worked, she gave me the simple and inexpensive recipe:

- 1 cup suet, chopped fine
- 1 cup sweet milk
- 2 cups seeded raisins
- 1 cup molasses
- 2 cups flour
- 1 cup currants
- ¼ cup each of citron, orange, lemon peel
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- ½ teaspoon each of cloves and nutmeg

"Steam it two hours," she said, "and serve it with hard sauce. Perhaps you'd like the recipe for these cookies, too," she added. "They are Danish Christmas cakes that I send each year instead of candy. They are simple to make."

- 1¼ pounds brown sugar
- 2 eggs
- Flour
- 1 teaspoon cardamom seeds
- 2 tablespoons cinnamon
- 1 tablespoon cloves
- 1 teaspoon baking-powder

"Work in as much flour as possible. Roll out, but not thin, cut into pieces the size of a quarter or roll into small balls between the hands. Bake slowly in a cool oven. The cardamom seeds you can buy at most drug-stores. They must be shelled and ground fine. The cakes can be used without them, but they are much better and more unusual with the added flavor. We call the cakes "Spice Nuts," but the real name is "*Pfeffernüsse.*" I must show you how well they look in real Christmas baskets."

The Christmas baskets were charming and yet they were only quart berry-baskets dyed a dark green.

"When the baskets are dry," mother said, "weave one-inch red ribbon through the sides and tie a bow in front. Line the baskets with waxed paper and fill with cookies. Then when the paper has been folded over the top, hide the paper with pieces of hemlock tied down with narrow red ribbon. That is all there is to it."

"But, mother, show us your jelly-jars," said my neighbor enthusiastically, and her mother, proud of her handiwork, brought out at least a dozen glasses of jelly, the tin covers of which were painted with conventional designs suggesting the fruit inside.

"These are for my far-away friends, but if the jelly is not to be sent by mail, I make the glass into a Christmas rose. Several rows of red crape-paper petals should be tied with wire around the top of the jar. Then stand the glass in the center of a square of green crape-paper that is large enough to be drawn up over the jar and tied just where the petals have been fastened. The four points of the square will be the calyx of the rose."

"After all," said my neighbor when, after enthusiastic praise of it all, I started for home, "it's not the gift but the giver that counts with most of my friends, and I know they like the things I get in the woods and the kitchen better than some I could buy in a shop."

Pork offers timely variety

Pork is among the most tender of meats, delicious in the sweetness of its flavor. Let your family have it frequently now.

Dealers, as this chart shows, can supply a great variety of cuts.

Some of the cuts, you will notice, are adaptable to similar uses such as roasts or steaks. By choosing the less generally known pieces, the skinned shoulder for instance, you can of course buy more economically.

In publishing this chart and others on different kinds of meats, Swift & Company is but adding a further step in its service to the American public—the service of supplying good meat foods and doing it so economically that its profit, from all sources, averages only a fraction of a cent a pound.

Swift & Company's meats are Government inspected. When you buy meats look for the legend "U. S. Inspected and Passed."

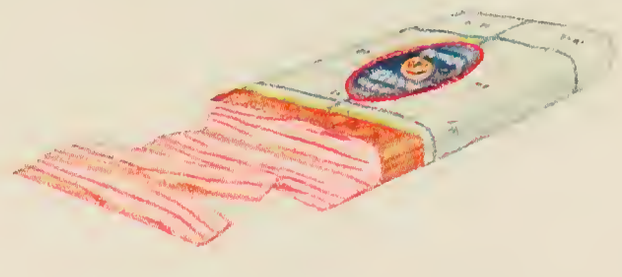


Ham; so mildly cured that it is not necessary to parboil

Standard Pork Cuts

(*Chicago Style*)

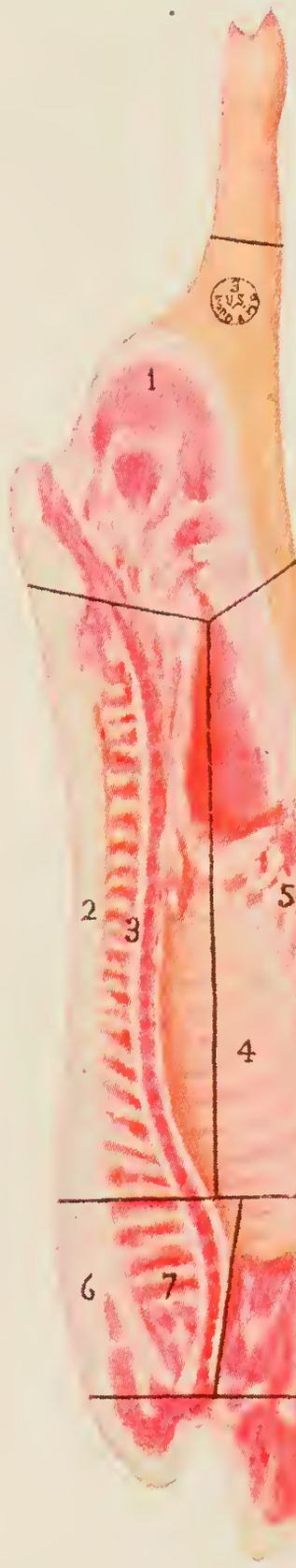
1 Ham
2 Fat Back
3 Loin
4 Spare Ribs
5 Bacon
6 Clear Plate
7 Shoulder Butt
8 Picnic Shoulder
7, 8, Skinned Shoulder



Bacon; dry cured with salt and sugar, and smoked, giving it a sweet delicate flavor



Fresh Ham; desirable for steaks and roasts





Ham; cured and smoked



Fat Back; used for salt pork and paprika bacon



Loin; usually sold as pork chops or pork roasts



Spare Ribs; sold fresh, pickled or in dry salt



Bacon; trimmed to shape, cured and smoked



Skinned Shoulder; may be sliced into pork steaks or used as roasts



Clear Plate; used for salt pork

Recipes upon request

Some unusual recipes, on filing cards, for preparing fresh pork cuts and smoked meats will be sent upon request. Address Swift & Company, Home Economics Department, Chicago



Picnic Shoulder; cured and smoked



Shoulder Butt; used for steaks and roasts

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Makers of Premium Hams and Bacon, "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard, Premium Frankfurts, etc.

The *that put more*



THIS buffet supper was prepared from the recipes of Mrs. L. R., a young New York hostess whose dinner parties possess marked charm. Mrs. R's pie crust recipe is given just below:

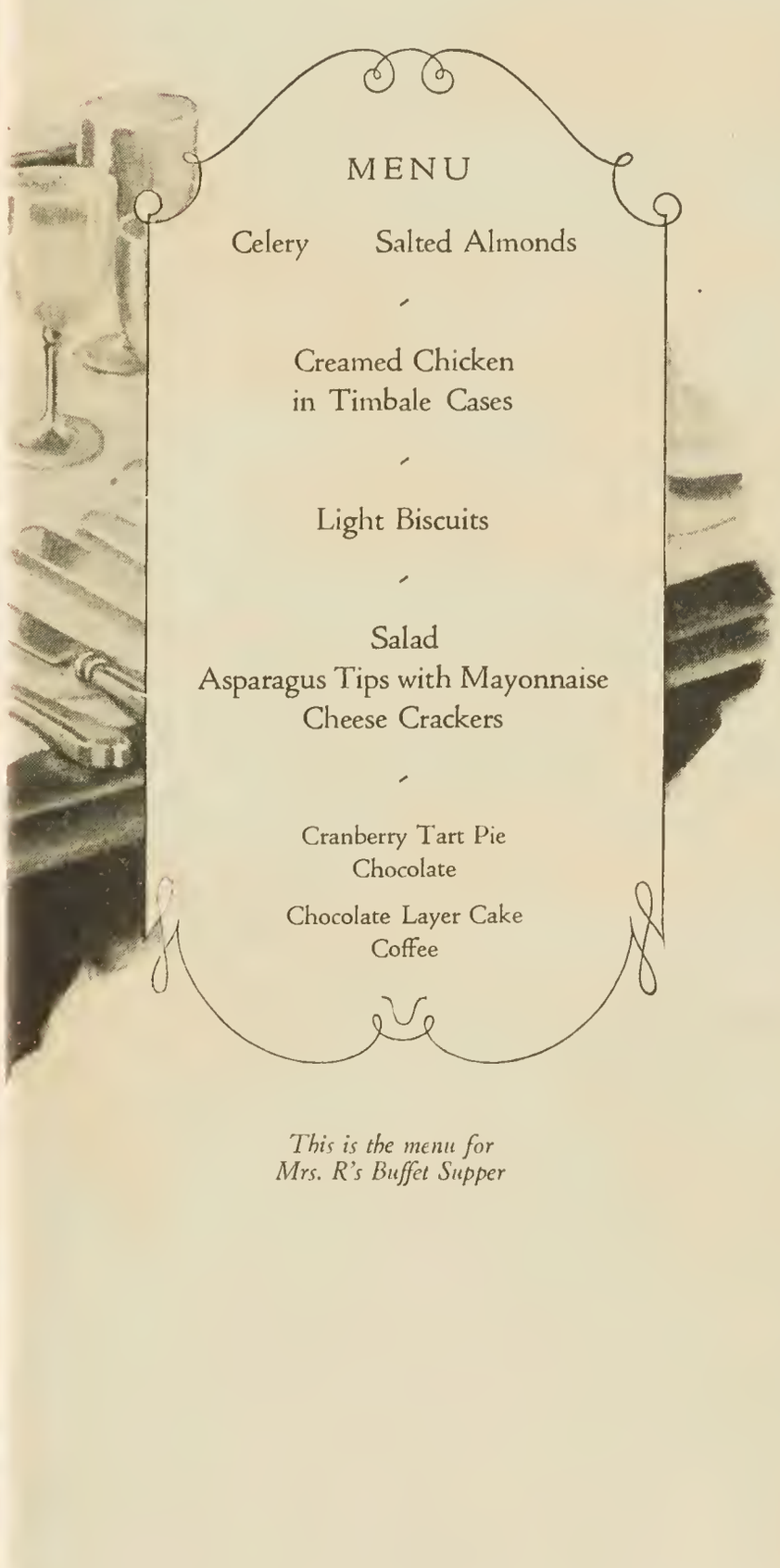
Mrs. R's Pie Crust Recipe

1½ cupfuls flour **½ teaspoon salt**
½ cup or 4 ounces of Crisco

Sift the flour and salt together. Cut the Crisco in with a knife until it is about the consistency of corn meal. Add enough ice water—about four to six tablespoonfuls—to make a paste which will clear the bowl. Cover a pie tin, add the filling and moisten edges. Cut strips of pastry about ¾ inch wide, place crisscross over top of pie and bake 45 minutes in moderate oven.

Mysterious Letter

appetizing foods on 2,000,000 tables



This is the menu for Mrs. R's Buffet Supper

ONE morning some years ago the postman brought us a puzzling letter. It came from a scientist in Warrington, England, who said, in effect: "I have a method in which you will be interested." That was all—he gave no real clue to his meaning. However, we replied: "If you are ever in the United States come to see us."

Some months later he did come and explained the idea whose full development by us was to effect sweeping changes in cooking methods. We employed him and through several long years we perfected, by more than 1000 experiments, the method which gave to the world a new, remarkable, cooking ingredient.

This ingredient was a rich, creamy shortening made from the pure sweet oils of growing plants. Here, for the first time, was a single shortening which not only filled every shortening need – every cake making, baking and frying purpose; but actually improved the cooking results.

Crisco, as we called the new shortening, was quickly adopted by chefs, by domestic science schools and by millions of women who sought perfection in their food.

New delicate flavors from food

In every state experienced cooks welcomed Crisco as a new aid to their skill because it instantly revealed new delights in food flavors. They discovered that with Crisco the fine, natural flavors of foods asserted themselves, undisguised, as formerly, by the flavor of the shortening. Egg plant, for example, has a very subtle, almost elusive flavor easily destroyed in the cooking, yet women found that egg plant fried in Crisco retained to the full the piquant taste that Nature gave it.

For you, as for a multitude of other women, Crisco deep frying will retain all the delicate, natural flavors just as if these flavors were imprisoned in air tight cases. Crisco puts such a quick brown seal on fried foods that the flavors can't get out and neither can the Crisco soak in.

To your muffins, to your biscuits and hot breads, Crisco will lend the same delicious flavors achieved by many of our most noted cooks—the rich, natural flavors of the ingredients.

Friends by the million and what they say

To keep sympathetically in touch with home cooking we often send out women who chat with housekeepers about culinary problems. Among the most thoughtful housekeepers these investigators find an almost universal preference for Crisco. Some of the following varied and interesting reasons for this preference may be new to you:

"Because it is a pure, wholesome, vegetable shortening, not an animal fat," say many women.

"Because it stays sweet and fresh indefinitely; need not be kept in the ice-box," say others.

"I prefer Crisco because, after straining, you can use it again and again. Why, you can fry onions, then fish and then potatoes in Crisco and the potatoes will not even hint of the onions or fish!" is one comment often heard.

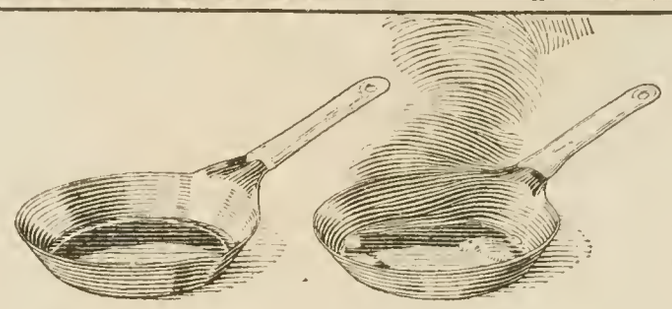
And careful hostesses find that Crisco frying makes none of the smoke and unpleasant odor that so often detracts from the charm of hospitality.

In cooking with Crisco you may originate some new, delightful recipe. If you do we would like to have it, for many of our best recipes come from our friends in the home—the women whose friendly allegiance has made Crisco the largest selling single shortening in America.

Without a doubt you can achieve in your own home the same delicious cooking results that husbands and children are enjoying in 2,000,000 other homes. Ask your grocer for a can of Crisco to-day; try it in the recipe given here or use it in any of your own favorite recipes without any bothersome change of method.

Special "Cooking Secrets" and Sample Offer

In return for 20c (in stamps or coin) we will send you a special sample can of Crisco (containing full half pound) together with Mrs. Neil's Cooking Secrets —a cook book containing scores of helpful cooking hints and 250 tested recipes. Address Section F, Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.



Avoid Smoke and Unpleasant Odor!

FRY with this fat and keep your whole house fresh, and charmingly free from odor. Tests made at the University of Vermont showed that this fat could be heated to 446 degrees without smoking, while the most commonly used animal fat smoked at 374 degrees.



Teeth Like Pearls

Don't leave that film-coat on them

Wherever dainty people meet, you see prettier teeth today.

In old days most teeth were film-coated. Now millions use a new-type tooth paste which fights film.

Make this free test, if only for beauty's sake. Ten days will show you what it means to you.

Those cloudy coats

Your teeth are coated with a viscous film. You can feel it. Much of it clings and stays under old-way methods.

Soon that film discolors, then forms dingy coats. That's how teeth lose luster.

Film also causes most tooth troubles, and very few escape them. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

The new-day method

Dental science has found two effective ways to daily fight that film. One acts to disintegrate the film at all stages of formation. The other removes it without harmful scouring.

After many careful tests these methods were embodied in a new-type tooth paste. The name is Pepsodent. Leading dentists the world over began to advise it. Now careful people of some 50 nations employ it every day. And to millions of homes it is bringing a new dental situation.

Other discoveries

A way was also found to multiply the alkalinity of the saliva as well as its starch digestant. Those are Nature's agents for neutralizing acid and digesting starch deposits. Pepsodent with every use gives them manifold effect.

These discoveries are everywhere changing the old methods of teeth cleaning. They have brought a new conception of what clean teeth mean.

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

A delightful test

We offer here a delightful test which will be a revelation.

Send coupon for the 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

What you see and feel will very soon convince you. You will learn the way to benefits you want. Cut out coupon now.

1268

10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 365, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

.....

.....

Only one tube to a family.

PAT. OFF
Pepsodent
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific tooth paste based on modern research, now advised by leading dentists the world over.

Canadian Office and Laboratories:
191 George St., Toronto, Canada

CHRISTMAS AND THE INVALID

Gift suggestions for the sick and convalescent

By a "Shut-In"

SELECTING suitable Christmas gifts for the invalid or for the practically helpless shut-in is almost as easy for some persons as solving a Chinese puzzle, judging from remarks which I have heard made. Having been the involuntary cause of such remarks myself, I will pass on some of my experiences as a "receiver" with the hope that it will be helpful to some of Santa's puzzled assistants who have invalid or shut-in friends.

The surest way to choose suitable gifts for this class of people is to consider the physical and financial condition and the intellectual capacity of the individual. For instance, some physical handicaps may make the wearing of slip-over garments impossible; some persons may be actually in need of every-day necessaries, while others may be able to provide the necessaries for themselves; and some may be capable of enjoying the finest literature, art, etc., while to others it would be as pleasing and intelligible as a book in an unknown language.

Of course, useful gifts are most desirable. Many useful gifts may be pretty, and, likewise, pretty gifts, such as plants, pictures, etc., are also useful, since they beautify one's surroundings and inspire cheerfulness.

The variety of suitable gifts is surprising. Sick folks, like well ones, can use bath and toilet accessories, writing materials usually, bedroom wearing-apparel, room and bedfurnishings, dainties to eat and something to read.

If the invalid is able to do some line of fancy-work, painting or other handicraft for pastime, equipment for doing this work is suitable to give.

Among the following list of gifts which I have received at various seasons of the year are many which will be found suitable for the invalid's Christmas:

A flash-light for night use—a great convenience when electric lights are lacking.

A half-dozen radiolite markers—three styles to mark medicine or other articles which are needed at night.

A semi-sweater, a knitted scarf with ends finished like sweater wrists and with a narrow collar.

A painting done by a friend, appropriately framed.

A window-shelf upon which potted plants may be kept.

A box of stationery with sufficient stamps to use with it.

A can of good talcum-powder and one of zinc stearate daintily wrapped.

A pair of little Turkish face and hand towels.

A small white wool shawl—a very useful article, a vacuum pitcher, a reed flower-basket, an aluminum hot-water bottle, a vase, a small clock, a footstool, potted plants, a fountain pen, tray-cloths, monogrammed teaspoons, a pretty brooch, a Japanese china-set for the invalid-tray, bureau scarfs, nut-meats, felt slippers, a warm house-jacket, a heavy bed-blanket, post-cards and stamps and an address-book.

A useful gift for an invalid is a pretty blank note-book and a pencil attached with cord to be hung on a hook near the bed or chair to jot down any little idea that comes to the lonely one when there is no one near to whom he may make known his wish or request. The pencil may be as expensive or as simple as purse and circumstances render appropriate.

Last Christmas one friend wrote a note saying that she thought there would be a box of "s'prises" coming later, when I was all rested from the Christmas rush and when the long, lonely shut-in days came. The "s'prises" came in time for St. Valentine's Day and I was to choose a package a day. There were candles, candy, handkerchiefs and articles for the tray, the bath, writing, etc. Personally, I think this is an excellent idea, to spread out the Christmas pleasure of the invalid, although no one would want *all* friends to do it the same year. A little anticipation is a good monotony-breaker for those who are destined to live a shut-in's life, the breaker being especially beneficial to many country invalids.

Among the gifts listed above there are many which are equally suitable for both sexes and a perusal of the list will doubtless suggest other articles of a similar character. It is not always the value of the gift that makes it pleasing. The spirit which prompts the deed, the thought and love back of it often make a humble gift a cherished possession.

Due to my physical afflictions, there is not much that I can do in the line of Christmas gift-making. However, I have learned that by studying tastes, the likes and dislikes of one's friends, it is often possible to make something that will carry real enjoyment.

For example, I learned that certain friends were fond of home-made candy. Thereafter, when health permitted, this item was on my Christmas list. One year, for a friend who was as fond of roses as of home-made candy, I filled a pretty pound candy-box half-full of fudge and pinoche, put the cardboard tray in place, lined this part with white tissue-paper and placed therein a hand-made rose, folding the tissue-paper over this and wrapping the box in Christmas fashion.

To make the rose, I selected a faded artificial one with good foliage, removed the old rose and built a new one in its place. I cut squares of dark-red satin—some about two inches square, others slightly smaller—for the center. Folding each piece diagonally, I gathered it along the straight edges and sewed it in place on the wire, continuing this until the rose was the desired size. The green calyx was then glued in place at the back and rose perfume administered to the heart of the rose.

For one who has been a "tried and true" friend I selected a gift-book on friendship and marked with the friend's initials in small letters each passage appropriate for her or suggestive of our own friendship.

Another simple gift which pleased was a bluebird handkerchief which I sent with Christmas letter-paper, having a tinted picture on the front page, while inside I wrote this verse:

I have told these harbingers of happiness
To stay with you the whole year through
And fill each day with happy service,
Health and prosperity for you.

MAKING greeting-cards by hand is fascinating work and I am surprised that more persons do not make at least part of their greetings. I make pen-and-ink sketches of Winter scenes in black ink, with sometimes a bit of red ink to brighten it. The lettering may be done in gilt or with the ink. I have used gilt-edged correspondence-cards, note-paper with the sketches at the top of the front page and the verse or greeting below, and letter-paper made into booklets which were tied with ribbon. These have been greatly appreciated. There is an endless variety which could be originated, and one who paints could make most beautiful greeting-cards.

It is not always possible, however, to make a suitable gift for every friend and I have found a way to make money with which additional gifts can be bought.

One day, chancing to run across a small catalog of cards to be hand-colored for all occasions—valentines, Easter cards, Christmas cards, tally-cards, menu-cards, cards for the sick and others—I conceived the idea that I might be able to do this. The work was easy, pleasant and profitable. I purchased a few of the cards as an experiment and the necessary outfit of paints and brushes.

I found I could paint from twenty to forty cards in a morning of four hours, according to the design to be colored. The elaborate ones of course bring a higher price. There is a quick sale for them. The first sold among my friends, and they in turn did their bit by showing them to others.

The Home-Makers' Department has gathered some further information about methods by which invalids have been able to find profitable ways of employing their time. If you are interested in this subject, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for the leaflet "What the Invalid Can Do" to the Home-Makers' Department, THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York City.*



"TO THE QUEEN'S TASTE"

© C. OF W. 1923

Your "English" Walnuts
do not come from England

When you want "English" Walnuts, here's the way to get the best:

Ask for *Diamond Walnuts.* These Walnuts come from California, as do *two thirds* of all the "English" Walnuts that this country uses.

All the other "English" Walnuts that you see are overflow supplies—shipped in to the United States from China, Chile, Italy, and France.

Our Only Crop

But we growers in California specialize on "English" Walnuts. There are 4,074 of us. And most of us grow nothing else.

All our time and effort, all our thought and care are concentrated on producing Walnuts only—of the so-called *"English" type.*

The natural result is that we grow the finest "English" Walnuts in the world.

California's soil and climate themselves make for better quality in nuts.

Then the whole 4,074 of us have joined in one association to standardize, *select the best nuts* from this already better Crop, and pack *one brand* of uniform superiority throughout which you may identify in your store.

We employ expert, trained help for this selection—mainly women for they are naturally more particular than men.

Then a patented machine automatically lifts out all nuts that are even slightly under weight. Many of these would "look good" to you yet we discard, through this machine, about 5,000,000 pounds a year.

More Meats Per Pound

Finally several hundred nuts from every shipment are cracked, as you would crack them, and examined to make doubly sure.

That's why you buy *more meats per pound* in Diamond Walnuts—more full-meated, full-grown, tender, crisp, whole nuts.

As the price of Diamond Walnuts is usually about the same as for other Walnuts—surely it's worth your while insisting that the grocer take yours from the famous Diamond bag, illustrated below.

CALIFORNIA WALNUT GROWERS ASSOCIATION
A Purely Cooperative, Non-profit Organization of 4,074 Growers
Our Yearly Production 50,000,000 Pounds
DEPT. A-2. LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA



SPECIAL OFFER (while they last): The handiest loose-leaf receipt book ever designed. Includes strong, flexible cover, complete set index cards, and 50 blank sheets for your favorite receipt. Size 6 x 8 inches. Lies flat, stays open. Would cost $2.00 in any retail store, but you send less than *actual cost to us*—only $1.00—to get one prepaid to your door. Includes a few of our choicest Walnut receipts *but no advertising* in or on the book. Act now if you want to be sure of a copy. Just enclose a $1.00 bill with your request.

MOST DIAMOND Walnuts—about 50,000,000 pounds a year are sold in shells. But you can also buy these same delicious Walnuts *shelled*—just the kernels alone. Selected halves for table use and fancy dishes *in glass jars;* halves for topping mixed with pieces for filler and salads *in tins.* Both "Vacuum Packed" so they come to you with the incomparable DIAMOND flavor and freshness intact.





DIAMOND *California's finest* WALNUTS

Crackin' Good Walnuts

PERSONAL GREETING-CARDS

However charming the printed and engraved cards may be, one sometimes likes to send a personal message. Directions for making the ivy-leaf card and for securing the silhouette effects with your camera are yours for the asking. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Home-Makers' Department, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York City



A home fireside scene suggests a lively expectation of joys to come



"Prospects for the Christmas dinner," this card reads, and the family is posed with the raw materials for a feast



The family in silhouette, caught by the camera, carry greetings on this card, which has space for a personal message



Ivy leaves and red ribbon are fastened to the card with gilt sealing-wax



Peace and deep contentment breathe from this seasonable fireside snapshot



Any one would welcome a greeting brought by such a messenger



People Are Proud to Give Mirro

The gift is the portrait of the giver. Thoughtful people give thoughtful things—and thoughtfulness can find no truer picture of itself than a Christmas gift which links beauty to utility.

Thoughtful people are proud to give *Mirro,* The Finest Aluminum. They take pleasure in giving what it would be a pleasure to receive. And a pardonable human vanity is gratified by the knowledge that the Mirro stamp will tell the recipient that only the best was sought for her.

Mirro Aluminum has a beauty comparable to that of sterling silver. It has silver's *sincerity,* for it is pure, true metal, through and through.

Mirro utensils have the beauty of gracious form, shaped by the need they serve—a native beauty more often found in useful things than in objects which strive merely to please the eye.

They have the durability which comes only from hard, thick metal, toughened by repeated rollings under prodigious pressure. It is the durability of *quality,* which flimsy wares can't match.

A visit to a store where Mirro is sold solves in a twinkling a dozen vexing Christmas problems. The fascinating completeness and variety of the Mirro line makes selection easy. There are delightful Mirro gifts at most reasonable prices.

The *Colonial* patterns in Mirro are deservedly popular at Christmas time. Of this pattern is the percolator shown above.

Nursery Rhyme Toy Sets, made by the makers of Mirro (the world's largest manufacturers of aluminum goods), are delighting new thousands of little girls each Christmastide. These beautifully fashioned sets of miniature dishes and cooking utensils are packed in brightly colored Mother Goose boxes which are a joy in themselves.

A post card will bring you our Miniature Catalog No. A-14 to help you plan your Christmas selections.

Aluminum Goods Manufacturing Company
General Offices: Manitowoc, Wis., U. S. A.
Makers of Everything in Aluminum

MIRRO
The Finest Aluminum

Four out of Five is *Pyorrhea's Toll*



Nature warns with bleeding gums

When Pyorrhea comes, the teeth loosen, and drop out or must be extracted. Pus-pockets form at the roots and poison spreads throughout the system.

Comparatively few persons are immune. Statistics show that four out of every five past forty, and thousands younger, are subject to this sinister disease.

Heed Nature's Warning

At the first sign of Pyorrhea, Nature gives her danger signal —tender gums which bleed easily when the teeth are brushed. Fortunate is he who heeds that friendly warning; his teeth may be spared, while he who neglects that admonition may pay the extreme penalty.

At the first sign of tender, bleeding gums, go to your dentist for teeth and gum inspection and start using Forhan's For the Gums at once.

Forhan's For the Gums is the scientific formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. If used consistently and used in time, it will prevent Pyorrhea or check its course.

In addition to its efficacy in the treatment of Pyorrhea, Forhan's For the Gums is an excellent dentifrice. It contains nothing but the most beneficial ingredients that keep teeth white and clean and the gums firm and healthy.

Remember, statistics are all against you. Science proves that four out of every five are doomed after forty. For that reason it is good health insurance to start using Forhan's For the Gums today.

Forhan's For the Gums is sold by druggists everywhere. Start a good habit today, the habit of strict oral hygiene. Go regularly to your dentist and brush your teeth twice a day with Forhan's. 35c and 60c in tubes.



Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste —it checks Pyorrhea

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York
Forhan's, Limited, Montreal



OUR CAROL SERVICE

EDITOR'S NOTE—In THE DELINEATOR *of January, 1923, a prize of fifty dollars was offered for the most helpful article of not more than five hundred words on the subject "Our Carol Service," with the promise that space rates would be paid for available contributions. We hope* DELINEATOR *readers may secure some helpful suggestions from these accounts.*

THE PRIZE-WINNER

By EDGAR FRANK, White Haven, Pennsylvania

INCENSE of evergreens, a Christmas tree raising a "Te Deum" of color, a jubilant processional led by the costumed players, Bible prophecies and stories of Bethlehem, memory-laden carols, the central scenes of the magic night dramatized—our carol service was a mosaic of these.

At half-past seven on our snow-clad Christmas night all the lights in the church were turned out excepting those on the tree. The processional began, singing "We Three Kings of Orient Are," and a bright star flashed on as they sang, "following yonder star."

A bearded prophet stepped into the spotlight to recite the prophecy of what was to be in Bethlehem; the prophet retired and the assembly sang "Come, Thou Long-Expected Jesus." Then a hidden reader recounted how Mary and Joseph went to Bethlehem to be taxed, whereupon "Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem" was sung.

As the story of the shepherds was read, the tree was darkened and the curtain rose, showing the shepherds seated around a fire. All sang "While Shepherds Watched." Then came the angel to tell the good news and the multitude of angels, singing "Joy to the World." As the angels disappeared, all sang "Hark! the Herald Angels Sing." The shepherds left to search for the child and the congregation caroled "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear."

The story of the birth in the stable was then told. The curtain parted slowly as the organ played "Silent Night." There were Mary and Joseph in a cattle-shed with straw roof, a light beaming into their faces from a manger.

Being deeply moved, we were hardly aware of the reader's voice and the "coming with haste" of the shepherds, but there they were, kneeling before the Light of the World, and the little folk of the primary department were singing "Away in a Manger." The shepherds "departed to make known abroad the saying that was told them concerning this child," and all sang "Oh, Come, All Ye Faithful."

The story of the Wise Men was heard and they appeared on the stage as the star flashed on at the words, "And lo, the star. . . went before them till it came and stood over where the young child was." They approached the Nativity group and presented their gifts, while all caroled "As with gladness."

The Wise Men are leaving; the curtain falls; there is the prophet again in the oval of light. He is summing it all up: "In the beginning was the Word. . .and the Word became flesh and dwelt among us." He startles us as he commands: "Arise, shine, for thy Light is come. . ."

The lights are on; the prophet is leading the recessional and all are singing "I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day. . ."

We all leave. Our old carols are new to us—living pictures of light and shade—and distant, mystery-flavored scripture-reading have given them a tighter grip on all of us.

A COMMUNITY CHRISTMAS

By MRS. R. C. BASSETT, Bayard, Nebraska

LAST year our town held its first community Christmas festivities. The town, situated in the heart of the sugar-beet country, is made up of people of many nationalities and classes.

The Christmas tree, a native evergreen some twenty feet in height, was procured, set up in the public square and decorated with colored lights and various other decorations.

So well had the publicity committee done its work that at half-past four in the afternoon on Christmas Day an immense crowd of children and older folk gathered about the tree, overflowing into the intersecting streets.

The program consisted of the singing of the much-loved Christmas carols, in which all were invited to join, prayer by a minister of the town and music by the Boy Scout band. Santa Claus then took charge of affairs and with his helpers distributed nuts, apples and candy to the children.

At the close of the day the bright stars looking down from the Winter sky saw our community homeward bound, the ranchers back to the hills, the Russians to the beet-farms, the Mexicans to their shacks, one and all to his own fireside, but each went with the spirit of Christmas in his heart and each had caught a new vision of the One who came to bring peace upon earth and good-will among men.

OUR CAROL SINGS

By MISS M. FENNER, Great Falls, Montana

OUR carol sings began a week before Christmas and lasted until the eve of the new year.

The children of the public schools were taught ten carols. The words of the carols were published in one of the daily papers, one carol each day, with the suggestion that the public learn the lines.

On Christmas eve the fifth grades of the city schools sang at the railroad station while the evening trains were arriving and leaving. The rest of the evening was given to the singing of carols at the high school.

On Christmas night the Salvation Army orchestra went from house to house serenading with Christmas music until after midnight.

OUR CHRISTMAS-CAROL GROUPS

By S. LOUISE MARSH, Webster Groves, Missouri

A FEW days before Christmas the papers of Webster Groves and Kirkwood, Missouri, announced that groups of carolers would go through the streets and sing carols in front of every home that showed a candle in a window, and such homes were to give a donation for poor and sick children.

A real Christmas spirit was felt as the different groups, each with a leader, went through the streets entertaining others and doing a service to unfortunate children, as many dollars were secured in this way. The joyous carols, ringing out on a clear, cold midnight, and the candles in the windows of those well supplied with this world's goods and freely bestowing it on the less fortunate made a lasting impression on every one who heard them. It was the spirit that makes for a better world.



A Kodak for Christmas

Hardly is it out the package when it's out the door in happy hands, "clicking" the holiday story.

Kodak is a gift that everyone wants.

Autographic Kodaks *$6.50 up*

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y. *The Kodak City*



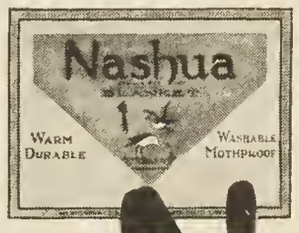
Beauty without Expense
Warmth without Weight

WHY envy the inviting appearance of blankets in other homes? In many cases these are Nashua Blankets—their delicate, harmonious color tones and handsome patterns combine with weightless warmth to form the ideal blanket. And because of their economical cost no woman need deny herself the pleasure of owning them.

Their soft, deep, heat-retaining nap, that is undisturbed by washing, is the result of a priceless secret process. Thrust your hand between the folds of a Nashua Blanket and feel the heat urged back upon itself.

Nashua Blankets are generous in size—for example, 72"x84" for double beds. Thus they tuck in at the foot and come well up around the neck. See them at your retailer's.

Amory, Browne & Co.
Dept. 606, Box 1206, BOSTON, MASS.



A toy blanket for Dolly brings delight to the junior housewife and her friends. A doll's pink or blue plaid Nashua Blanket, 16 x 20 inches, will be sent for 25 cents (coin or money order). Please specify color.

Nashua
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Blankets
Warmth without Weight

NEW GIFTS FOR CHRISTMAS

Upon request THE DELINEATOR will furnish full directions for making any article on this page. Address all communications to Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders, Editor, Department of House Decoration, THE DELINEATOR, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for a reply

CHRISTMAS comes but once a year, and when it comes it brings good cheer"—by giving so far as we are able things of use and beauty. It is not always the value of the gift that brings happiness and cheer, but the thought that prompted the selection—and if made, the labor involved in making it. The secret of successful giving is not to give what you yourself would like to have or what you think the person ought to have, but to make what you think they want, and in the most attractive and painstaking manner.

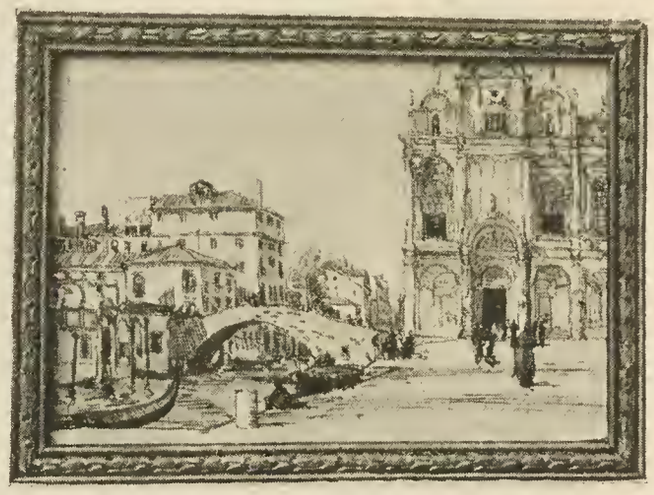
The four Christmas-gift suggestions illustrated have been selected so that those without knowledge of sewing or painting may follow the directions and produce artistic, useful gifts at the cost of but little time and money. These particular gifts may be given to the home-maker for her pretty house, or for the boy or girl at school.

The materials needed to make the wall-paper lamp-shade are a wire frame, some flowered wall-paper, a bottle of white shellac, linseed-oil, powdered pumice and a tube of pale-green or rose oil-paint. To make the lamp-shade, take a piece of the wall-paper a little larger than the shade pattern is long and pin it to a drawing-board or table with thumb-tacks. Place the pattern over this and draw around it with a sharp lead pencil. Thin some shellac with denatured alcohol and apply with a wide thin brush over the entire shade surface. Allow this to dry thoroughly and repeat until five or six thin coats have been brushed on. Then, with powdered pumice and linseed-oil, rub down with a muslin cloth, give it another coat of shellac, rubbing it down with pumice and oil when dry. Repeat with shellac and rub down until desired amount of lacquer is obtained. Turn the shade on the under side, give it a coat of linseed-oil, rubbing it well into the paper with a piece of coarse muslin to open the pores of the paper, thus making it transparent. After allowing this to dry at least overnight, use tube oil-colors thinned with turpentine for the inside lining. Saturate a rag with the paint and rub it into the under side of the shade to give warmth to the shade when it is lighted. Cut out the shade carefully on the pencil line and with paper-clips to hold the flap in correct position for top and bottom rings try to fit the rings in place, as paper sometimes expands in process of treatment and it is best to adjust the pattern before cementing the flap. If the size of flap is correct, cement together with liquid cement or strong paste or glue and press this flap with books. When dry, slip the shade over the frame and hold it in position by attaching it with paper-clips to the top and bottom rings of the frame.

As wall-paper is brittle, care is advised in this part of the process. The lacquer should counteract this, but it depends entirely upon the selection of wall-paper. Sew the braid to the top and bottom rings with a short stitch in front and a long stitch on under side over the wire frame as a finish.



A commerical book-end made suitable for a living-room by attaching a print



Two small frames from the bargain basement, painted in tones of blue black, yellow and lavender, hold interesting prints of gray





The artistic book-cover with its tassel book-marker and the unusual flowered lamp-shade are both made of wall-paper

Armstrong's Linoleum

for Every Floor in the House

THE living-room floor is Armstrong's Gray Jaspé Linoleum. Effective contrast is secured by the use of a bright marble tile linoleum in the sun room.



The living-room of a salaried man

THIS is a modest room, and yet unusually attractive!

It is not expensively furnished The effect is gained by taste in the selection and arrangement and by the fact that the floor of the room is part of the decoration and color of the room.

Rooms like this are found in homes where linoleum has been laid. For linoleum offers opportunities for color and design that are not to be secured with wood alone.

If you are building, or if your floors need renewing or refinishing, ask to see some modern linoleum and consider how it will look in your home.

In good stores you can find Armstrong's Linoleum in plain colors, gray, green, brown or blue, the delicate two-toned Jaspés, artistic carpet inlaid patterns, parquetry and tile effects, printed designs, also linoleum rugs, printed and inlaid—something suitable for any room in your house.

Advantages of linoleum that this illustration cannot show are that it is a permanent floor when properly laid; it is the easiest of all floors to clean; and it is warm, smooth, and quiet. Occasional waxing and polishing is all the care or refinishing it ordinarily requires.

When you go to buy linoleum you can be sure of getting genuine linoleum of highest quality by looking for the Armstrong trademark, a Circle "A" on the burlap back.

Write to our Bureau of Interior Decoration for ideas as to proper patterns and colors for use in your scheme of home decoration. No charge for this service.

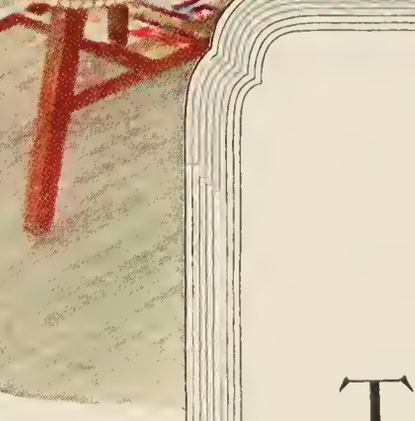
"The Art of Home Furnishing and Decoration"

(Second Edition)

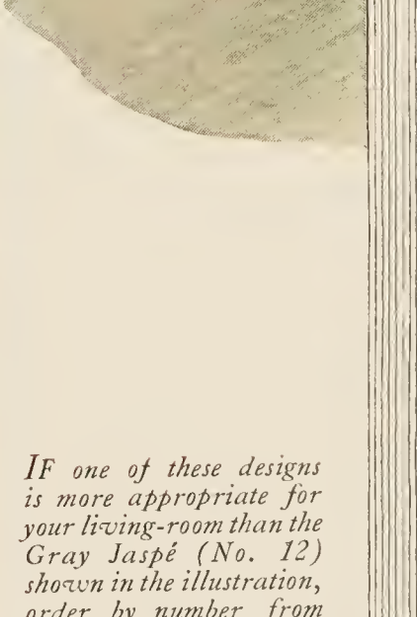
By Frank Alvah Parsons, President of the New York School of Fine and Applied Art. Sent, with de luxe colorplates of home interiors, on receipt of twenty cents.

IF one of these designs is more appropriate for your living-room than the Gray Jaspé (No. 12) shown in the illustration, order by number from your linoleum merchant.

Carpet Inlaid No. 721B

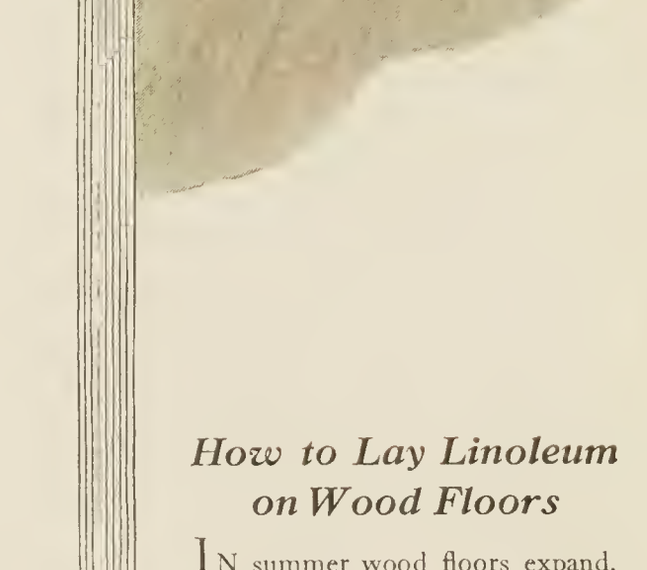


Carpet Inlaid No. 783



How to Lay Linoleum on Wood Floors

IN summer wood floors expand. In winter they dry out and contract, with a tendency to open up the cracks between the boards. Your linoleum floor, therefore, should be cemented (not tacked) over a lining of builder's deadening felt which has been previously glued to the bare floor boards. The felt takes up expansion and contraction and gives you a permanent, waterproof, good-looking floor. The added service and wear this method gives are well worth the extra cost.



ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY, LINOLEUM DIVISION

805 West Walnut Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Look for the CIRCLE "A" *trademark on the burlap back*

COLGATE'S

Gifts that are sure to please



R

T

M



F



H



S

R Ribbon Dental Cream. Here is a gift that is appropriate for young and old alike. Colgate's is the *safe* dentifrice. This gift will be useful for many weeks after the holiday.

F Florient Toilet Water. Flowers of the Orient blended in a delicate perfume that will please the most fastidious taste.

S Special Florient Combination. Florient Extract, rouge and powder compacts. These necessary articles for the dressing table are a delight to the eye and pleasing in use. Put this gift on your list.

O Orchis Extract. A unique French bottle holds this delicate Colgate blend—a perfume that will be received with delight.

C Cashmere Bouquet Soap—three cakes. An old-time favorite that never loses its charm. In an attractive holiday wrapping that will be appreciated by any member of the family.

D Delightful Compact in black enamel. You may have initials engraved on it at small extra cost. Exquisite powder and mirror are offered here in convenient form.

T Toilet Water—Monad Violet, in chill winter weather brings to you the fragrance of fresh spring violets in its attractive Colgate package.

M Men's Gift Box. Rapid-Shave Cream, Coleo (a popular Colgate soap) and Lilac Imperial Toilet Water in a Christmas box. An ideal gift for men.

H Handy-Grip Shaving Stick. This gift with two refill sticks to fit the grip will be very welcome. It is especially appropriate for a man who travels.

B Box especially for children. Miniature bottles of La France Rose and Violet Perfumes, and Cashmere Bouquet Soap, sure to please the little folks.

V Vanity Combination. Lip stick, rouge and powder compacts, in either black enamel or golden box. Any young woman will thank you for this gift.

P Perfume that is "different." Cha Ming Extract, suggesting the scent of many blossoms from the "flowery kingdom." A gift that she will surely enjoy.

E Extract of Cashmere Bouquet. The fragrance of the Vale of Cashmere is imprisoned in this well-chosen gift. It is the same perfume that has been popular for years in Cashmere Bouquet Soap.



B



V

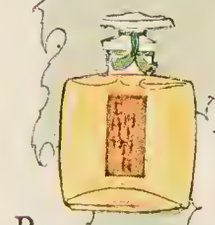


O

C

D





P



E

Choose a Colgate gift for every one on your Christmas list. Mother and Sister will be delighted with Colgate's Perfumes, Talc, Toilet Waters, and Compacts. Father and the Boys will be glad to get gift boxes with Colgate's Shaving Preparations, Soaps, Toilet Waters, and Ribbon Dental Cream.

COLGATE & CO. *Established 1806* NEW YORK



J. HARDIN & SON

Continued from page 13

"I know," she said instantly. "Just a minute, Joshua."

She was back in a moment with her Oxford Bible, and, sitting beside him, she carefully adjusted her spectacles and turned over the thin leaves of the book.

"It's his favorite chapter—Matthew tenth."

She began reading in a voice that was tremulous and betrayed the slight hoarseness of age, while J. Hardin, with solemn, open eyes, listened to the Master's words of command to his apostles when He sent them forth. J. Hardin listened eagerly and his attention seemed to be strained on some supreme, expected verse, and at last Paul knew by the light in his father's eyes that it had come.

"But he that endureth to the end," his mother was reading, "shall be saved."

His head moved in ever so slight a nod of satisfaction; he stretched forth his hand and took that of his wife. His lips moved:

"He—that—endureth—" He tried to repeat the words. "En-dureth," he whispered, as though with his last waning strength, and then he lay still. Mrs. Hardin, holding his hand, read on, but if J. Hardin heard he gave no further sign. Before she had read to the end of the chapter the light had gone out of his eyes. And Paul, listening to his mother's tremulous voice, listening to the stately, solemn words, went to the window and looked out into the darkness, biting his lips, his throat contracted by pain, his eyes blurred with tears.

Doctor Staybolt came and looked and shook his head. He sat on the edge of the bed, his fingers on J. Hardin's pulse. Mrs. Hardin knelt beside the bed. J. Hardin's great chest heaved slowly and more slowly; finally it ceased and he lay still. Mrs. Hardin raised her head and looked at him.

"Joshua!" she called. "Joshua!"

Half an hour later Paul stood in the window of his old room inhaling the moist night air; a fine mist was falling. Suddenly he heard shouting in the town; he listened. The shouts grew louder, more jubilant, and he knew that the drys were celebrating their victory. The day, then, that J. Hardin had hoped for, prayed for, worked for, sacrificed for, endured for had come at last. But J. Hardin lay in his little room up-stairs in the august indifference of death.

TROUBLE suffered Paul, like the man in the Gospel, first to go and bury his father, and then it closed in on him again.

Winona waited a week, and then one evening she said: "Paul!"

And he knew that it had come. He could hear his own heart throb with apprehension.

"Yes?"

"Paul," she said, raising her dark eyes to his, "I have decided to go away."

"But I thought the other night you——"

"I know," she said, and she blushed. "It was just that which decided me."

"Just what, may I ask?"

"You must know. Don't, please, make it any harder for me—don't ask me to explain. I thought for a moment that there was a chance of an understanding. But when I saw how you felt toward—her—of course you must understand that I can remain no longer."

He had an impulse to protest, to explain his highly complicated emotions. She was looking at him narrowly, and as the moment when perhaps once more reconciliation might have been possible passed without his speaking, Winona's face became ashen gray and hard.

"I have decided—" she said.

"You mean—you are going to leave me?"

"I—am going away for a while."

"For a while? Then you don't mean to stay——"

"That may depend."

"On what?"

"On—well, on time. I want to rest, first, and think. Oh, Paul, you don't know what I have suffered!"

The cry touched him. "I'm awfully sorry, Winona, really I am. I wish you wouldn't go just now."

"But how can I do otherwise, after all that has happened?"

"May I ask," he began hesitatingly, "may I ask if you contemplate divorce?"

She winced at the word. "You know how we regard divorce in our church," she said. "I have, perhaps, the grounds, but—no, I shall not apply for divorce, unless——"

"Unless what?"

"Unless I am compelled."

He leaned forward, his elbows on his knees, and gazed at the floor between his feet. They were silent for a long time.

"Where will you go?"

"I shall go to Cincinnati first," she said, "to be with my friends, the Emersons."

"And the house?"

"Would you like to stay on here?"

He thought a moment. He remembered that the house was hers. "Perhaps I could stay with mother," he said.

"You can keep the house open, if you wish."

"For the looks of things, I should like to," he said.

Then there was another long silence.

"I wish you would think it all over once more, Winona."

Slowly, decidedly, she shook her head. "I have thought it all over, Paul," she replied.

They sat and looked at each other.

"It's awfully hard, you know, Winona—this."

"Have you suffered, too?" she asked.

"Suffered!"

"Poor boy," she commented.

And they sat in silence and looked at each other.

A FEW days later, in that column in *The Republican* headed "Personals," there was an item which read:

> Mrs. Paul Hardin left on Southbound No. 5 this morning for Cincinnati to make an extended visit with friends in the Queen City.

It was succinct but all sufficient. Paul had a vision of all the people in Macochee who were reading that item in that same moment, and for an instant he envied Winona the anonymity she would find in Cincinnati. If, alas, it were only Winona's absence that they would be eagerly discussing on the morrow! But they were to have other morsels to roll under their tongues.

He had had, indeed, a hard day, ending with a letter from Sturrock, acting as attorney for Laurie. The hideous, sordid words seemed still to parade before his eyes: "suit for damages" and "alienation of affections" and the hypocrisy of Sturrock's phrase about "avoiding notoriety and litigation." He went home to the house that was so void, so lonely and still, and all evening, as he sat and thought, the silence seemed to resound like a sea conch held to the ear.

He was glad when morning came. He got up animated by an angry determination: he must dispose of this repulsive business of Sturrock and Evelyn's brute of a husband—with his wounded affections, indeed!

It was too early to hope to find Wade Powell at his lawyer's chambers, and after going to his own office he went to the bank. It was always a pleasure, consoling to his pride, merely to enter in his capacity of vice-president of the Second National Bank. He would not show it, but the sensation was renewed each time that he walked into the bank and entered into that sacred space shut off by the walnut railing where stood the imposing desk of Mr. Cowan, the president of the bank, and so on behind the brass screen of the cages to receive the deference of the clerks.

Mr. Cowan had not yet come down and Paul went behind the grill to speak to Capt. Lem Hermitage. The captain had gone into the vaults.

"He'll be back in a minute," said Dearing, the clerk, without raising his eyes from the heavy ledger over which he was bent. Munson, the teller, was in his cage, arranging stacks of money, and at Paul's entrance he looked up and nodded, but Paul thought there was some indefinable nonchalance in the greeting. And, come to think of it, Dearing had not said "Mr. Hardin," which was odd. In fact, there was a strange air in the bank that morning to which he was not accustomed.

Captain Hermitage entered in his brisk, alert way. Paul, scanning the face closely, saw there the old unfailing kindness. But

Continued on page 60



"She felt so miserably out of things . . . . . "

She wanted to get off in a corner

SHE knew there must be some reason why people didn't seem to take to her. But what it was, remained an enigma in her mind.

True, no one was ever bluntly rude to her. Yet she was not sought after as she and her mother thought a beautiful girl should be.

At parties she felt so miserably out of things that often she simply wanted to get off in a corner and just cry it out.

This particular night she did steal away. And the more she puzzled over the thing, the more of a mystery it became to her troubled mind.

* * * *

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle.

It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant. It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. So the systematic use of Listerine puts you on the safe and polite side. You know your breath is right. Fastidious people everywhere are making it a regular part of their daily routine.

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antiseptic and has been trusted as such for half a century. Read the interesting little booklet that comes with every bottle. — *Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

For **HALITOSIS** *use* **LISTERINE**





Here, Madam

is where you and the expert agree on whole grains steam explodea

The utmost in food, yet confections

You want your people to eat whole-grain foods. Not young folks only, but grown-ups too.

There are 16 elements which all folks need, and the whole-grain foods supply them.

Professor A. P. Anderson has made whole grains enticing. He has made them food confections.

He also breaks the food cells, by creating in each kernel over 125 million steam explosions.

Thus every food element is fitted to feed.

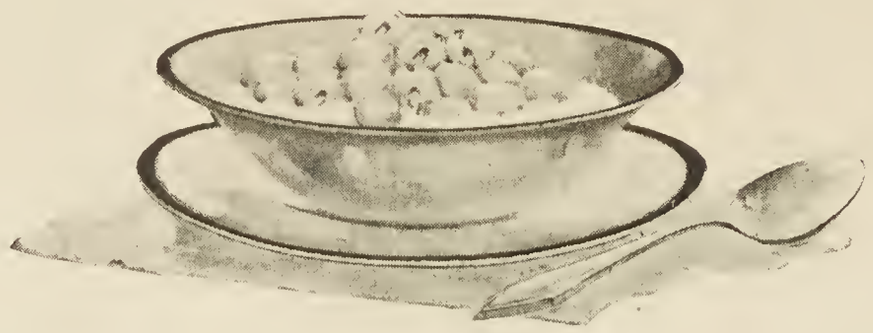
Quaker Puffed Rice and Quaker Puffed Wheat are whole grains steam exploded. The food cells are broken for easy digestion. The grains are puffed to airy morsels, 8 times normal size. They are made thin, airy, flaky, and the flavor is like toasted nuts.

These are scientific foods. Under this process, every food element is fitted to feed.

But they also make whole grains tempting. People love Puffed Grains —toasted crisp and flavory. In this form they revel in them.

If you believe in whole-grain diet, serve it in this delightful form. Serve it morning, noon and night. You know of no cereal food that compares. And no whole-grain foods were ever made which people like so well.

Quaker **Puffed Rice** Quaker **Puffed Wheat**



In every bowl of milk

Serve Quaker Puffed Wheat. It is crisp and flavory. Everybody likes it. And no other food in all the world excels it in nutrition.

The Quaker Oats Company



J. HARDIN & SON

Continued from page 59

there was a moment's constraint, an embarrassment.

"Did you wish to see Mr. Cowan?" asked Captain Hermitage.

"Oh, no; not specially. I just dropped in."

The captain arranged a little more meticulously the articles that were already set out in such nice order on his desk.

Just then Mr. Cowan came in. He removed his overcoat and hat, hung them up in the corner and stood now rubbing his thin hands. He saw Paul and started, ever so slightly. Paul got up and went into his sanctum, and when he had entered Mr. Cowan closed the door and pulled the broad inverted blind up at the window. Under the thin silvery hair that still straggled over his brow he looked at Paul with blue eyes that had always beamed for him with a certain affection. But now his brows were contracting.

"I see Mrs. Hardin has gone to Cincinnati."

"Yes," said Paul.

"Expect to be gone long?"

"No. She has gone to visit some friends, the Emersons."

"Ah, yes, indeed," observed Mr. Cowan. He was not looking at Paul. "There's no truth, then, in the story that there's a misunderstanding?"

Paul felt a sudden resentment, but remembered that Mr. Cowan was a bank president and so had a right to put impertinent questions and pry into people's affairs.

"No, there's no truth in that story. Why do you ask?"

"Paul," said Mr. Cowan, growing very solemn and paternal, "you know that I look upon you as a son. I have something rather unpleasant to say. You know that there has been a good deal of talk lately. I won't enter into that, but some of our directors and stockholders, and indeed some of our depositors, have shown a certain restiveness— But first I should say that our financial institutions are very sensitive to public opinion. The least doubt, the least breath of suspicion may affect them——"

"Yes, I know. But what are you driving at, Mr. Cowan?"

"You occupy a post of high responsibility in the bank," said Mr. Cowan, pronouncing the word bank in an impressive tone, "and the suggestion has been made that, in view of recent events, you might esteem it your duty to retire."

"Retire!" exclaimed Paul. "Retire from what? The bank?"

"From your position as vice-president. Voluntarily, Paul, quite voluntarily!" said Mr. Cowan, raising a thin, conciliatory hand. "And temporarily, that is—temporarily."

The full significance of what Mr. Cowan was proposing was slowly penetrating Paul's consciousness and he suddenly felt his world rocking under him. "Who suggests this?" he demanded.

"Oh, it has been broached by some of our directors; but knowing you as I do, I have tried to calm, to reassure, to quiet them. But, as I said, they are restive."

"Is there any criticism of the manner in which I have discharged my duties to the bank?"

"Oh, not at all, not at all. But the rumors——"

"What rumors?"

"Well, of domestic difficulties, and threatened litigation, and financial involvements. Such things might react unfavorably on the bank."

"Are those who make these suggestions ready to buy my stock?"

"Oh, Paul—" Mr. Cowan raised a hand to protest—"it is not proposed that you should dispose of your interests; not at all. But, you see, we occupy positions of peculiar, delicate responsibility and must be like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion. And it has been thought that if the bank could be wholly dissociated for a time from any remote connection with those unfortunate rumors, it would be for the benefit of the bank."

Mr. Cowan leaned forward and laid a persuasive hand on Paul's knee. "We all have one end in view—you in common with the rest of us—and that is the good of the bank. It is the cause we all serve and wish to advance."

Mr. Cowan talked on in his low, secretive voice in the silence of the little room. And as he talked, Paul, the first flame of indignation dying down, felt himself borne down by a conviction that he would have to yield. He sank lower in his chair and pressing his arm to his side, he felt Sturrock's letter crackle in his pocket.

"You will consider it," said Mr. Cowan, "will you not, in the spirit in which I have spoken and let me know your decision in a day or two?"

PAUL stood on the steps of the bank as though loath to go, as though to go then would be to take a final and irrevocable step. He had a feeling of dissatisfaction with himself; he had been too acquiescent, too easily impressed by Cowan's age and position. He had an impulse to rush back and tell Cowan that he would not consent thus tamely to be put down and disciplined. But he could not do that now with any dignity; he would have to wait and do it another day, when he should have thought out and set in order the exact, appropriate, convincing arguments and things to say. For he was not to yield thus weakly; he was not going to resign—so he assured and reassured himself. And there was that wretched business of Sturrock's letter; it was more than ever imperative now that he forestall that desperate action. He struck one hand despairingly into the other, then, turning up the collar of his overcoat, started off with Sturrock's letter to see Wade Powell.

In the end, after much hesitation and pain, Paul wrote out and sent to Cowan his resignation as vice-president of the bank. He trusted that this propitiatory sacrifice would be held sufficient by the fates and waited hopefully on Powell's effort to settle the distressing business with Sturrock. Finally he went to see Powell, but he was not in his office. He sent him a note, but received no answer. Then one day he met the old lawyer in the street. Powell said that he had taken the matter up with Sturrock, but had reached no conclusion; Sturrock was holding out for too high a figure.

When at last an agreement had been come to, some three weeks afterward, Powell assured Paul that he was getting off lightly. Paul screwed up his face at the figure, but he was relieved at last to have the matter over and done with and gave Powell the money in cash; he would have no check going through the bank for Cowan and the rest to see!

AFTER Winona's departure, Paul had lived on a while in the Dyer house alone. But it was strange and lonely there; he spent much time with his mother and gradually he fell into the way of living for the most part there with her. He devoted himself to her, spent with her every hour he could spare and, when she was strong enough, took her with him for drives in his buggy; sometimes, if the journey was not too long, she went with him to the farms. And afterward he was glad that he had this memory of her, sitting by his side in bland repose, her face placid with the joy of being with him. If she was aware of any problem, of any complication in his life, of any anomalousness in his position in the community, she gave no sign. And as far as he knew, her own innocence had protected her from the gossip of the town; or if any of it had been revealed to her, the childlike purity of her guileless mind had an antiseptic quality which cured it of all evil suggestion. He remembered with a poignant emotion that when his father lay in death she, standing beside him and looking down into the face that had grown majestic in the consecration of death, had said with a simple, touching faith: "It won't be long, Joshua."

And she was right. She was never quite the same again. She had long been frail, and she gradually declined and in the Autumn died peacefully—"fell on sleep," as the archaic phrase of the pastor expressed it.

Paul wrote to Winona informing her of his mother's death, and in reply she wrote to express her sympathy, rather stiffly, rather formally, and that was all. He had heard from her at long intervals, but she never

Continued on page 63

Your Holiday Desserts are ready





HEINZ Plum Pudding

The ingredients are as perfect as the recipe, and the skill in preparation is the result of long experience. If you already know it, this will remind you of its goodness. If you have never tried it, there is a treat in store for you.

HEINZ Fig Pudding

This pudding is so light, wholesome and digestible that the children and those with delicate appetites can have "more"—it won't hurt them. You taste the figs in every morsel. Always use with it the special sauce, originated by our experts, recipe for which comes on every can.

HEINZ Mince Meat

57

Distant lands, as well as our own, contribute their best to make the name Heinz stand for the most delicious Mince Meat. Fragrant spices from the Orient, selected black, fruity currants from Greece, the world's best candied fruits and raisins, America's selected beef, choice suet and apples—all cooked, blended and seasoned by skilled cooks in the Heinz Kitchens.

Perfect Mince Meat! *In glass jars and tins.*

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

© 1923, H. J. H. Co.



MRS. BOYD makes the best pies we ever tasted. She sends us this recipe for pie crust, with the comment that she never knew it to fail.

Sift into a mixing bowl one and one-half cups of flour and one-half teaspoon of baking powder (made one-third soda, two-thirds cream of tartar). Make a depression in the centre. Into this pour a half cup of Wesson Oil and one-half cup of very cold (or ice) water. Add a pinch of salt. Mix quickly with a fork and divide in two portions. Do not knead, but roll on a *well-floured* board, spread on pans, fill and bake at once in a quick oven.

The ingredients should be cold, and do not knead or re-roll. The dough must not stand, but the whole process be completed as rapidly as possible.



J. HARDIN & SON

Continued from page 60

touched on their broken relations or revealed her intentions. He buried his mother beside J. Hardin with the sense of having closed an epoch, as though life as he had known it had come to an end.

The old house in Mad River Street was filled with an appalling silence; a sense of vast loneliness overwhelmed him—he could remain there no longer. Nor would he return to the house in Winter Street, for that was Winona's. He furnished a vacant room in the Ogle Block and there he slept, going for his meals to the McBrier House.

The room in the Ogle Block, however lonely, was not pervaded by that glacial atmosphere which had filled the old house in Mad River Street. He tried to forget it and to fix his mind on the problem of what disposition he would now make of the property. He remembered how he had urged his father to sell the shop and how stubborn J. Hardin had been. Now, at last, it could be disposed of; he could do with it as he pleased.

And at this thought, suddenly, almost with a gasp, he realized that he was free. He stopped and took a long, deep breath. The incredible thought stealing into his mind gradually grew, acquired assurance and spread out all its illusions before him. Free for the first time in his life to do what he pleased! Old long-forgotten dreams came back; he thought of travel, of seeing the world, allowed his fancy to riot in wild and extravagant prospects.

And then there came a thought sweeter, more alluring than all the rest, a thought that he had hardly dared to think—the thought of Evelyn.

The thought had been there all along, of course, in the back of his mind, and now it emerged and possessed him. He had not heard from Evelyn since she went away; no sign had come to apprise him of her whereabouts, no word to tell him of her plans. Where was she and how was he to find her?

He asked himself the question, but he cautiously delayed to seek her out; the old wariness, and something of the old superstition, too, held him back. The town was already beginning to forget the scandal, and he feared that even to think of her would mysteriously have the effect of reviving it. He was content merely to wait on events and not to risk complications by attempts to influence them.

AND then one afternoon he had a call from Wade Powell. The old lawyer was somewhat in liquor, as he had been ever since the town had gone dry, but he wore his most solemn and important manner and evidently was bursting with news.

"Paul," he said, as he came in with the cool air of the sharp December morning, "Paul, I've got some news. I've heard from our friend—the little lady."

"Ah!" said Paul, trying to appear indifferent.

"Yes, sir," Powell went on; "I've heard from her. She writes to say that she has abandoned her intention to prosecute her suit for divorce and that I may dismiss it."

"Oh!" said Paul. "She's with her husband, then?"

"I should hope not!" said Powell. "Her husband's dead."

"Dead?"

"Died suddenly—rather tragically, I should imagine, from the way she refers to it. He led a fast sort of life. Some row, I suppose, though she doesn't say. I reckon the main thing with her is that he's dead. She writes to say that she wants me to get all her affairs in order, any bills she owes and so forth, for she thinks she'll come on here again to see me and to close up her shop. I'm to have things in shape for her by that time. But maybe you'd like to see the letter." Plunging his hand into an inner pocket, Powell drew forth a packet of worn, soiled letters and took out the latest of the collection, a large square envelope.

Paul unfolded the letter and turning away toward the light, as though to see the better, he closed his eyes a moment and tried to subdue the quickened pulsing of his heart. What he read was what Powell had already told him. That was all; there was no mention of him, and Paul felt a kind of jealousy at the thought that she must have relations with others, do a thousand things, without thinking of him. He gave the letter back.

"Any message for her?" asked Powell.

"No," said Paul, "thank you. You see, she doesn't mention me; do you want her to know that you showed me her letter?"

Powell laughed. "Why, man," he said, "that's the very thing she intended me to do; that's the principal reason she wrote it! Don't you know the first thing about woman's nature?"

PAUL wondered afterward if he had not been mistaken in not sending some word to her; he had half a mind to get her address from Powell and write to her himself, but drifting on in the old habit, he did not. And then, one morning a week later, he had a letter from her. It was brief and to the point; she said that she was to arrive in Macochee on Saturday and had reserved the whole of that afternoon for her business with Wade Powell. She was to stay with Mrs. Simpson, and on Sunday afternoon would make an excuse to leave Mrs. Simpson's and meet him at a point on the Logan Road.

The end of the week would bring her back—and though a week was a long time to wait, Paul at times could be surprised at the calm, tranquil patience with which he went on from day to day. He made no plans—he felt that none were needed now; he was being borne along toward a fate that he could no longer doubt, now that so many circumstances had conspired to make it inevitable. The old questions, the old doubts plagued him no more; he had only to wait for the fulfilment that Evelyn was bringing. He lived through the week of happy anticipations, aloof from the men among whom he dwelt.

And at last Saturday came; there was but one more day to wait. He pottered about his office that morning and in the afternoon went up-town to draw some money from the bank, a large sum, to be ready for a certain emergency of which it thrilled him to think. Main Street as usual on Saturday was filled with the farmers in town for the market. He knew most of them. Strange that he was no more to meet them there every week and do business with them! His relations henceforth would be through an agent, to whom he could write from that embowered and endless Summer of California—he rather thought it would be California in the end.

Paul sat in the drowsy heat of Mr. Cowan's office, the shifting of feet over the tile floor outside, the clink of coins in the teller's cage, the regular clatter of the adding-machines, the rattle of a typewriter, all the varied sounds of the bank's activities coming to his ears. He was surprised to feel that suddenly all this busy effort had lost its interest, had grown indifferent to him, as though he were already far from the scene. He found it difficult even to follow what Mr. Cowan was saying and was glad when some one entered the room: it would distract Mr. Cowan's attention and he would be left free. But it was only the boy, Gene, who was going to the post-office, come to see if Mr. Cowan had any errands for him.

"And is there anything I can do for you, Mr. Hardin?" asked Gene. "Want me to get your mail?"

"Might as well," said Paul, and fumbling in his pocket, he gave Gene his bunch of keys, picking out the key to his post-office box for him.

Mr. Cowan swung round in his chair again. "Paul," he said, "such ability as yours must not be wasted; it must be made available for the bank."

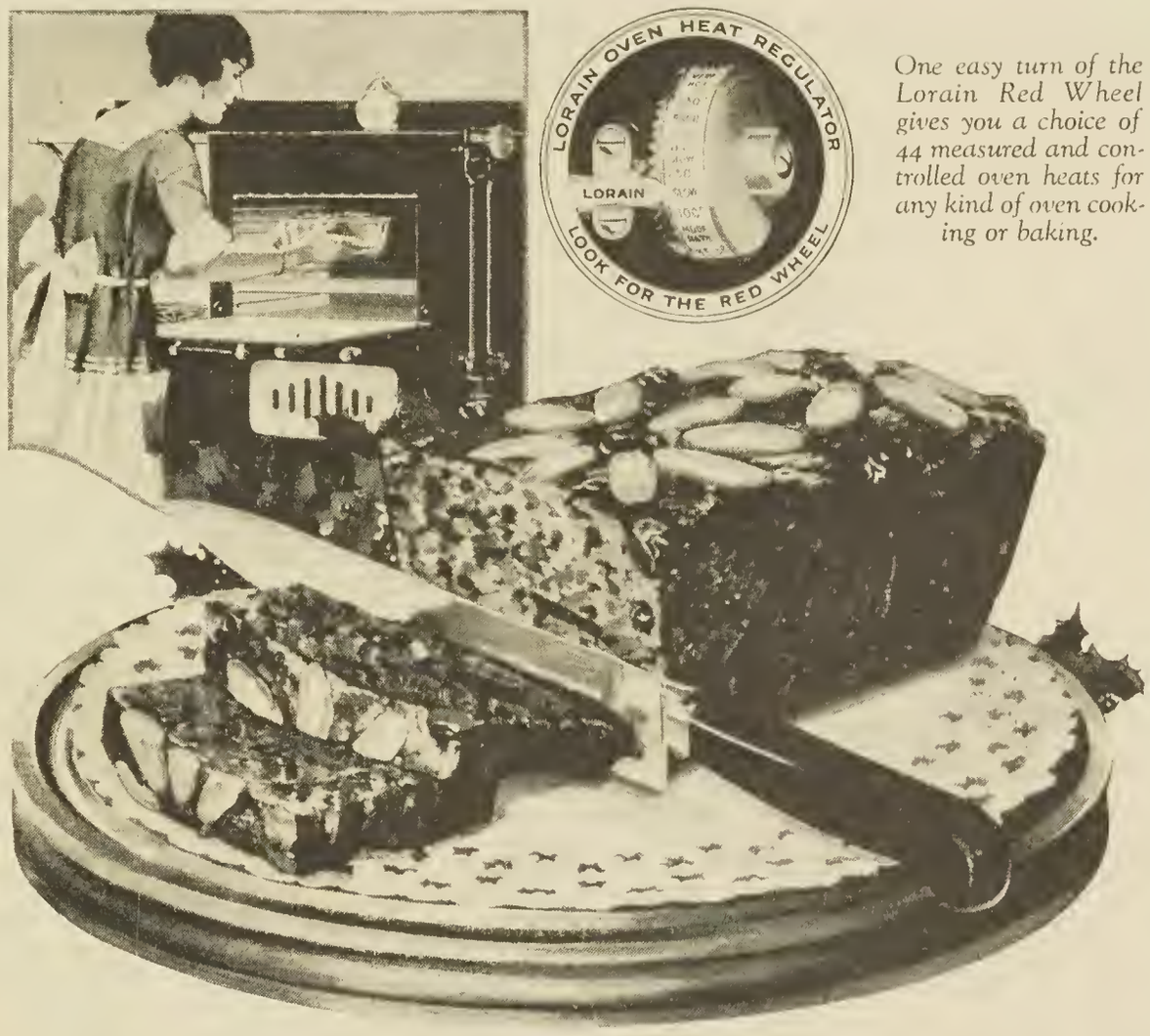
Paul turned sharply and looked at Mr. Cowan, his attention for the first time fixed on what the old man was saying.

"You must be pretty well fixed by this time; your affairs are in good shape and they won't require your whole attention. Business is picking up; I'm looking for a long period of prosperity; the town's booming; prohibition is going to be a good thing for business."

What on earth was he driving at?

"And," Mr. Cowan went on, speaking in the still more serious tone of an acute personal interest, "I'm getting old." He shook

Continued on page 64



One easy turn of the Lorain Red Wheel gives you a choice of 44 measured and controlled oven heats for any kind of oven cooking or baking.

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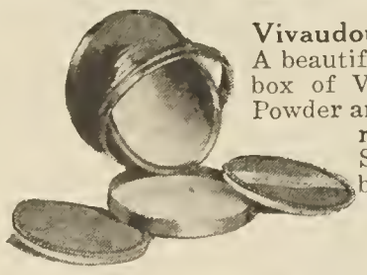
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1923



Vivaudou Double Compact. A beautifully embossed jeweler's box of Vivaudou's Complexion Powder and Rouge, a swivel mirror, and special puff. Spring push-button opener. $1.50

What she likes most-

something intimately personal showing your thought of her

WHAT pleases a girl (and what are women but girls grown up?) more than a gift that shows you know her likes and dislikes—chosen because you know it is something of which she is particularly fond?

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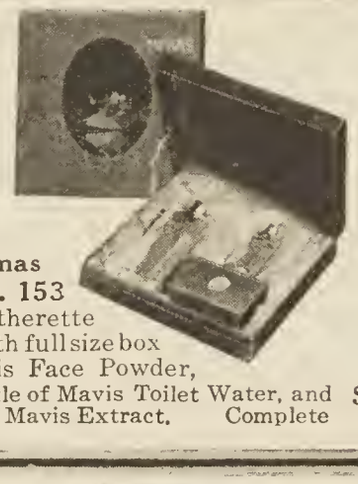
Christmas Set No. 152
Red leatherette case, with full size box of Mavis Face Powder, a full size tin of Mavis Tale, and new bottle Mavis Toilet Water. Complete $2



Vivaudou Boudoir Pattie
Real leather case, gold embossed, satin lined, containing gold or silver-plated metal box with large pattie of Vivaudou's Complexion Powder, and special powder puff. . . $5



Mavis Manicure Set
Contains Emery Boards, Nail Cream, Cuticle Solvent, Orangewood Stick, Nail Whitener, Mavis Nail Polishes, (three) Nail Powder, and Nail Enamel—with full directions for using. Set, complete $2



Christmas Set No. 153
Red leatherette case, with full size box of Mavis Face Powder, new bottle of Mavis Toilet Water, and bottle of Mavis Extract. Complete $3



La Boheme Christmas Set
An oblong dressing case, with fancy metal Box of La Boheme Talc, box of La Boheme Face Powder, and bottle of La Boheme Extract. Complete $5



Mai d'or Christmas Set
Decorated case with box of Mai d'or Face Powder, pattie of Mai d'or Rouge, a full size tin of Mai d'or Talc, and bottle of Mai d'or Toilet Water. Complete $5

PARIS VIVAUDOU NEW YORK



J. HARDIN & SON

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his head in solemn acceptance of an indubitable and disagreeable fact. "Getting old. I want—I want you to succeed me as president. I've decided to resign at the next annual meeting and to put you in. I'm going to go away and take a rest. I'm going out to California."

"But, Mr. Cowan," Paul stammered, "it's of course awfully good of you, but I'm thinking of taking a rest myself. You see, I've just got my affairs in shape so that I can leave them for a while. I've never seen anything of the country. I was thinking, well, planning—to go to California myself."

"Oh, you've got plenty of time to see California," pursued Mr. Cowan, "and you're far too young to think of retiring. There's too much to do; you haven't earned your rest yet. The bank needs you—so does the town. And another thing, Paul—listen to my advice: No one will ever watch your interests for you very well. You must look after them yourself, or they will vanish—you won't know how or where. A fortune is hard to get, but it's harder to keep. You have to nurse it, nurse it, like a puny child."

AS THE old banker talked, Paul had a sensation of being suddenly plunged again into those complications that had so long annoyed and perplexed him.

"I see what you mean, Mr. Cowan," he began, and he would have gone on had not Gene just then returned with the post. Paul glanced at his mail—*The Ohio Farmer* and his father's copy of *The Western Christian Advocate*, which continued to come, and a letter, which, he saw, by glancing at the familiar handwriting, was from Winona. He was on the point of opening it, but Mr. Cowan had laid his own mail on his desk and was swinging round in his swivel chair again.

"Of course I'm right," he went on, "and you know it. I don't see what you hesitate for." The old banker's face clouded with a slight disappointment.

"Oh, Mr. Cowan," said Paul, "it's because I'm quite overcome. It is rather sudden, startling. But then there's plenty of time to talk of it—we can't spare you yet."

But the old head was shaking with a profounder wisdom, perhaps, than any he had yet expressed, and he said: "No, no. I'm going to resign at the end of the fiscal year and you're going to succeed me. That's settled. Of course we won't say anything about it just yet."

"Oh, of course not!" Paul could not bear to disappoint the old man; he felt a gratitude and appreciation, and if Mr. Cowan's words had had no other effect, they would have consoled and comforted him. But now he wished for the interview to end; all that Mr. Cowan had said was true, no doubt—but Evelyn was worth more than all that. And then, he was curious to know what was in Winona's letter.

Just then Captain Hermitage came in and spoke to Mr. Cowan, who stepped out with him into the bank. Paul hastily tore open the envelope, snatched out the sheet and running his eye down the lines read that Winona had changed her mind; she couldn't bring herself, after all, to apply for divorce and so was coming home. Unless—unless, she said, he sent her word not to come, which she would understand as meaning that all hope of reconciliation, even such a reconciliation as would permit them to live on as before, was gone. But she hoped——

He stood and stared out of the window into Main Street. That buoyant sense of liberty, that jaunty feeling of adventure, that freedom from care, that happy, light anticipation with which he had entered the bank an hour before had oozed away and the old familiar burden of responsibility and care settled down once more heavy upon him; there was the old pain, the old gnawing question. He must get away, out of this stuffy room, out into the open air, and think and find again that lost conclusion on which he had dwelt so serene and sure. He heard Mr. Cowan's soft, aged tread behind him. He came near and laid his hand on Paul's shoulder.

"It's a go, eh, Paul?"

And Paul turned and seized the old man's hand and wrung it, unable to speak.

PAUL stood on the steps of the bank, in the waning light of the December afternoon. He looked up and down Main Street, sprawling there in its dreary desolation, too wide for the low buildings that reared their paltry façades on either side. It was swept by a raw wind that whirled its filth and litter endlessly back and forth, up and down its bleak expanse. The sky, lowering with an unbroken mass of gray clouds, still diffused a crude, cold light that pitilessly sharpened all the ugly details of the scene, the weather-beaten fronts of shops, the confusion of signs.

As he stood there while the low sky seemed to descend lower and lower and the gray clouds grew more gray as the light slowly faded from them, his glance fell upon an old buggy standing across the street. And as he idly looked at it he was suddenly aware of a familiarity in its aspect. He crossed the road and walked round it, inspecting all of its details, its curved body and the small top, which had the odd look of anything long out of style; the wheels with the heavy hubs, the high, stiff diamond-shaped springs—he examined them all attentively. Then he went behind the buggy, and, stooping down, he looked for the little plate of soft white metal in the now rapidly declining light. He bent closer—yes, there it was in the light that remained; he could just make out the letters: "J. Hardin, maker, Macochee, Ohio."

He stood and gazed. He remembered a gesture of his father, a way he had of testing a buggy. Paul took hold of a spoke, gripped it firmly and shook it as hard as he could. The buggy stood firm, immovable, resisting all his force, all his efforts. And in that firm, wholesome resistance, Paul felt within him a thrill of pride.

He stood there in the now swiftly descending gloom of twilight and gazed at the old Hardin buggy, his reflections colored more and more by the melancholy charm of old remembered things. The owner of the buggy, an aged farmer, his peaked visage grinning out from the enveloping fur of an old beaver collar, came out of Ball's grocery-store laden with his purchases. He peered at Paul and then his wrinkled face broke into a grin as he said:

"Oh, it's you, is it? Looking at the old Hardin buggy, heh?"

He stowed his bundles under the seat and then taking his stand beside Paul on the curb, pulled his thin beard out of the fur collar and said: "Yes, sir; bought her of your father forty years ago come Spring, the same year as I settled in Blue Jacket township. I've more'n had my money's worth; she's done me good service. Sound as a dollar." And he seized one of the spokes and shook the buggy. "She's like the man that made her, Mr. Hardin. He got his character into everything he done, whether it was making buggies or making teetotalers, it was all the same. No unseasoned timber in work, nor in his character, either. If you can make as good a man as your father, Mr. Hardin——"

"Well, I can't," Paul said abruptly. He did not wish to become the subject of the conversation, and they stood and talked about buggies until the old farmer drove away.

PAUL went on down the street, thinking of the old Hardin buggy. Forty years, and there it was, moving along in the darkness over the Blue Jacket turnpike. It had outlasted the National buggy and all the others, spanning an epoch of transformation and rolling soberly on into the new era when buggies all were to disappear before the horseless carriage. No wonder it had had such a reputation, making the name of Hardin stand for solidity. "The name's not for sale, Mr. Parton!" he could hear his father say.

He went to his room, high on the third floor of the Ogle Building, its windows looking out over the town toward the southwest. He sat down in the one easy-chair and stared at the bare wall—thinking about his father. He had always thought of his father's life, or at least of its latter phase, as unsuccessful; but now he began to wonder. Of course his father had been wrong about prohibition; but, all the same, he could begin to discern at last a harmony in his life. J. Hardin had

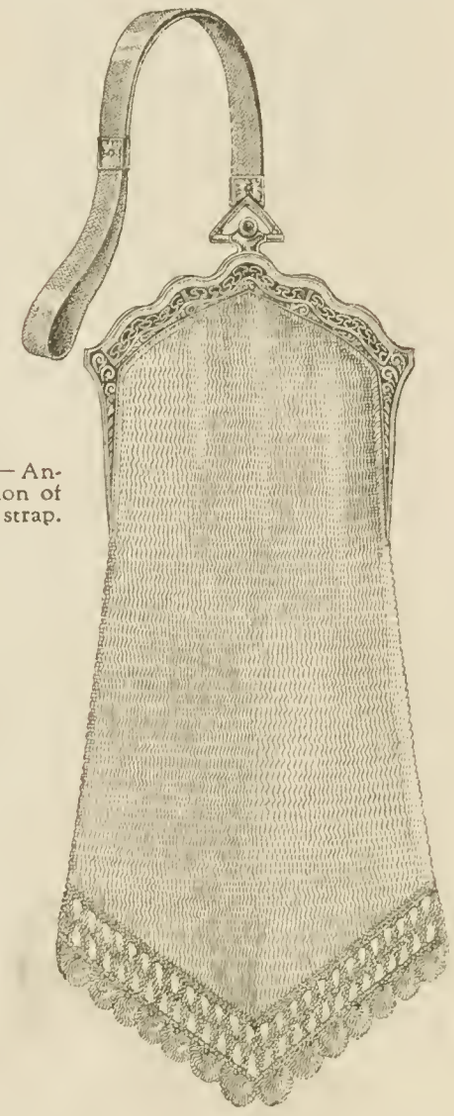
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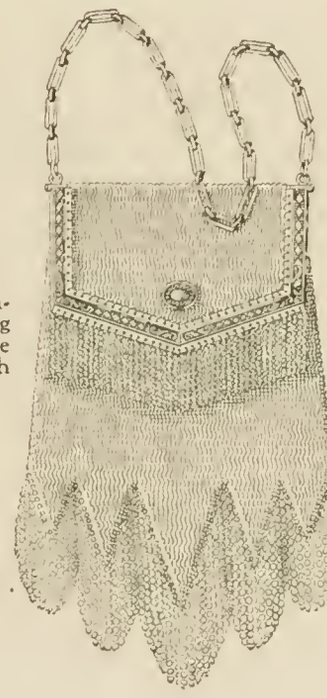
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The right way to relieve pain

It doesn't just deaden the nerves—This treatment rouses the natural bodily forces to drive out the cause of the pain

PAIN — whether sharp and acute or dull and insistent—it seems as if you couldn't stand it a minute longer. You'd give anything to be rid of it—but it's so deep down, nothing seems to reach it.

And yet relief is easily at hand. Right among your own neighbors are people who can tell you about it.

Ask your next-door neighbor, or the woman across the street, if she has ever found anything of the kind. About one out of three will tell you of Sloan's Liniment—easily the foremost household remedy in America, as widely used as the telephone, recommended by doctors everywhere.

No matter where the pain is, no matter how deep-down in joints and muscles, it *can be reached* if the natural curative powers *inside* the body are only roused.

When you use Sloan's, it first stimulates the nerves on the skin. They arouse the brain, which in turn causes the blood vessels to expand throughout the painful area, *under* the place where the Liniment has been applied. Rich new blood rushes in.

This new blood coming, freshly purified, from heart and lungs, with all its marvelous germ-destroying, up-building powers brings to sick, pain-ridden tissues just what they need to heal them.

If the pain is rheumatic,* it indicates the presence of disease germs. The fresh blood that Sloan's sends to the affected spot carries the very elements that alone have the power to destroy germs. If the pain is due to over-exertion, to a sprain, or a bruise—it means that muscle fibres have been injured. The fresh blood supplies the materials that alone can repair the damage.

This is the scientifically correct way to relieve pain. It doesn't just deaden the nerves. It gives your own natural bodily defenses the aid they need to drive out the cause of pain. It rouses and reinforces all the natural curative powers of your own body.

Don't wait until you are in actual need. Get a bottle of Sloan's this very day, and have it on hand—35c at all druggists.

Spread it on gently—you don't have to rub it in. It will not stain the clothing. Immediately you will feel a gentle warmth—then a pleasant tingling of the skin—then freedom from pain. There is no burning, no blistering—only quick, lasting relief.

(*) If after one attack has been cured, another comes on, it may be that there is in your body some obscure breeding-place of rheumatism germs—possibly a decayed tooth—which the blood cannot reach in sufficient quantities. In this case, see your doctor.

SLOAN'S Liniment—*Kills pain*



J. HARDIN & SON

Continued from page 64

followed an ideal and had toiled and struggled and sacrificed for it. Then he thought of what Mr. Cowan had said about building up a fortune; but J. Hardin had built up a character. The old Hardin buggy there in the twilight had conjured his father in a strange, revealing transfiguration. The harsh exterior was smoothed, the dour spirit was softened; the differences and disputes that he used to have with his father seemed trivial, and that he so often had felt resentment and even hatred, had found his father hard and exasperating, seemed now to have been due to some flaw, some lack of understanding in himself which he would like to extenuate and explain. As he sat there in his loneliness, his head bowed in his hands, the influences of childhood returned on the tide of memories and the rude, indomitable nature of his father stood revealed in a new and almost endearing light, claiming his allegiance and affection. The old buggy, at once J. Hardin's handiwork and avatar, with a persuasion that Mr. Cowan's logic and common sense had not possessed, a potency that Winona's conventionality and propriety could not achieve, touched an old chord deep down within him and it assumed in his imagination the significance of a portent and a symbol.

ALL that night on his bed in that small room in the Ogle Building he wrestled, as Jacob wrestled with the angel at Peniel. When he fell into a troubled sleep, it was to be visited by terrible fantastic dreams through which Evelyn, J. Hardin, Mr. Cowan and Winona moved darkly in perplexing combinations. He would wake, exhausted and appalled, wake and remember, and then be afraid to go to sleep again. He would determine to think it all out logically, and then in his weariness and exhaustion his body would sink into dull, heavy slumber while his mind would toil on stubbornly.

And then finally, deep in the night, as though by a supreme and conscious effort, as though he had said to himself that since there was no solution to the problem of this endless nightmare, he would wake and so end it, he roused himself, got up, went to his window and looked out over the huddle of dark, vague roofs glistening in the fine drizzle that was falling. He drew his robe about him against the chill of the night and stood looking out, weighed down by a feeling of intolerable depression, a sense of mortal weariness; he was exhausted, but he feared to lie down lest he dream again. He tried to put the problem from him, but he could not; his mind still worried it, worried it. Only a few hours hence Evelyn would be there; at that very moment the train was plunging on through the darkness, bearing her on to their tryst. Should he let her go away again, out of his life forever? For what? To remain on in Macochee, be bored by Mr. Cowan's jokes, sit there in his chair at the bank day after day, resume the life with Winona, with its friction and lack of harmony, and grow old and respectable and rich? He opened his window and looked out across the roofs, glistening with the fine mist in the faint glow of light that hung in the thick darkness above the town. The cool air blew in upon him, with its rainy odor; and suddenly something in the air, in the mysterious hour of the night, brought to his memory the night that his father had died. He saw the whole scene again—his mother, and his father lying there—and he heard his father say:

"He that endureth——"

He that endureth! Was that the secret? Was that the answer? The wet air cooled his brow; his mind became clear; something like order was reestablished in his thoughts. And out of the past, out of his youth, out of the life of his father, out of the remoter past of unknown ancestors, stern pilgrims to whom life had been one long unending calvary—non-comformists, dissenters, chapel folk, who had crossed the seas and the mountains and the plains, fleeing from the vain pomp and glory of the world, from the lust and temptation of the flesh, abjuring joy and beauty as evil, renouncing civilization and refinement as devices of the devil—the austere faith of the Puritans laid its hand upon him and reasserted its ineluctable claim. Endure—yes, that was the only way; that was the faith of his fathers, the one philosophy of life that he could understand. He felt his strength return, his will mount. He went back to bed and dreamed no more, but slept until morning.

THE Logan Road, along which Paul had come up out of the Marmon Valley, stretched lonely and deserted before him under a sullen sky that seemed ready at any instant to dissolve in rain. The place fixed upon for his rendezvous with Evelyn lay about three miles from town if one went by the high road, but Paul had availed himself of a short-cut through the woods. He had gone on foot, as being less conspicuous. The air was soft and humid in the woods and in the valley, but when he had breasted the hill there were cold currents in the air that chilled him. The road was already cut up by the Winter teaming, and its ruts, half-thawed, made the walking rough and difficult. But he was insensible to this discomfort; indeed, he was doing his best that afternoon to cultivate an insensibility to everything; he had tried not to think during his walk, and he had purposely walked fast, because when one walked fast it was harder to think. He had had one more struggle that morning, one more conflict with his own weakness, one more temptation to hammer out on the anvil, and that was an impulse not to go at all, but to let Evelyn understand without explanation; it would have been the easiest way—and hence, the wrong way, and he loathed himself for having ever thought of it. He had not tried to think of what he would say to her, of how he would explain; he trudged along in a kind of spiritual numbness, his head low, his chin sunk in the collar of his coat.

He had a quarter of a mile to go before he could reach the spot, but suddenly raising his eyes from the rough, muddy road he saw, a furlong off, a figure, and he recognized it at once as Evelyn. She was coming toward him slowly, swinging gently from side to side on her leisurely way. And at the sight of her his heart was wrung and all that numb insensibility was shot through and through with the pain of his passion for her. She had not seen him, or else in some coquetry she was pretending not to have seen him. She came lightly sauntering on, with the not quite unconscious attitude of a woman who goes to meet the man who loves her. She came nearer; her slender figure, in a long ulster, seemed taller. And then she raised her head and saw him and stopped; he could see her lips part, as in glad surprise, showing her white teeth, and then, with a radiant smile, she fluttered her hand at him and a moment later she was in his arms.

THEY stood in the middle of the bleak road, there on those wind-swept heights, in the midst of those Winter-brown fields, under that cold, sullen sky. She lay passive in his arms, her face against his shoulder, her eyes closed, their lashes wet with tears, her veil clinging to her wet lashes.

"Oh, Paul!" she sighed at last. "How I have waited for this moment!"

He pressed her to him, as if to make the moment stay.

"I was there long before the time," she said, "and I came on to meet you. And I had a dreadful scare: I thought that I wasn't going to get out at all. Mrs. Simpson was going to the meeting over at the Deer Lick schoolhouse, and then she was sure it was going to rain and wouldn't venture out. I was afraid that I was caught; but she ran out and had another look at the weather and decided to go. She wanted me to go. A pagan like me going to meeting! Ugh!" And she shrugged her shoulders as if with an added chill and seizing Paul's arm she drew close and snuggled up to him and forced him on to a brisk pace, taking long strides. She was excited, exuberant.

"Strange," she said, "but I can never get over being half-afraid of her! I had visions of your waiting here all afternoon. Wouldn't it have been terrible! It has always been that way with us—we've always been slaves to some one, something. But now, at last, we're free! Isn't it marvelous!"

She suddenly released her hold on his arm

and wheeled about in a little pirouette, gaily, there in the lonely road.

"Oh," she said, as if she had suddenly recalled something of unusual importance, "but you haven't told me how you like my new coat!" She thrust her hands deep into the large side-pockets of that heavy garment, bent over, balancing on her toes on the edge of a heavy rut, and then looked up with a smile, her face all ruddy. And he recalled with a pang that day just before his marriage when he had seen her at the railway-station.

"It's very pretty," said Paul. It was almost the first thing he had said.

"To think," she cried, "that it has come at last!" She swept the whole wide valley with her glance, as though its expanse and the spaces of the sky alone could suffice to hold her feeling. Then she seized his arm again and tugged him onward, as if he were delaying their progress.

"Do you know," she said, her head close to his shoulder, "I have been so afraid that something would happen. When I was free, it seemed too good to be true. Then I thought of you; and then at last when I was here I had superstitious fears that something would happen." He felt a slight tremor pass along her arm into his own. "I was afraid that you might not come—that at the last moment something—I don't know what—would prevent your coming. I hardly dared look a second time when I saw you. And now I have you, I have you! And it's all true, and I won't let you go!" She clutched his arm vigorously and squeezed it. And then, as suddenly, she released it.

"Why, look here, old sobersides," she said, "you aren't saying a word! Aren't you happy? What on earth are you doing?"

"I was thinking—" Paul began.

"Thinking of what?"

"Well, of lots of things. Of the future, of my duty."

"Future!" she cried. "Future! Don't talk of the future now! Let's be happy in this moment! Now that I am here, and you are here, and nothing has happened——"

HE CLOSED his eyes in pain for an instant, intensely aware of a sudden silence, a sudden chill, falling on her gaiety, her spontaneous childish spirits.

"Paul!" she cried in a startled voice.

He looked at her. She was standing before him, quite rigid, her face white.

"Has something happened?" she whispered. She looked at him intently, her brows contracted, and then suddenly she said: "Oh, there has, there has!"

She was looking at him with those intense eyes in which a cloud of trouble had gathered.

"You love me?"

"Yes," he said.

"Then, what is it?"

"Oh, Evelyn!"

They stood in the middle of the lonely road, the only creatures in all the wide, bleak expanse of wintry waste and desolation—all around them on every hand the Winter fields, marked by the zigzag boundaries of gray rail fences; the bushes in their angles sere and dead; far off beyond the valley the black Winter woods, and overhead that wide, sullen sky, the masses of cloud in the west turning a deep bluish, slaty color that threw the upper strata into a lighter steely hue. They looked at each other, and what he had feared and dreaded to tell, what he had not known how to tell, was revealed to her by her own intuition and by the despair that had changed the expression of Paul's face into something old and gray and hard. And in that instant she seemed suddenly to have been broken, smitten to the earth like a bird struck down to its inevitable, tragic end. Paul thought that she was about to fall and stepped forward to seize her. But she shook her head.

"I'm all right," she said. "Let's walk on."

They continued on down the road, unfolding its ocherish length across the brown fields. The wind was growing harsh and chill; it swept along the road and rustled in the dead clusters of sumac and elder and bent the brown mullen stalks that grew along its stony sides. Evelyn walked slowly now, her head down; she had begun to walk alone, but Paul had taken her hand and drawn it into his arm as he tried to tell her what had happened to him there in the night.

"Poor dear!" she said, when he had told her, or tried to tell her. "I understand. I might have known. I knew it down in my heart all the time. I often told you." And then after another little pause, she added: "Don't think I—blame you."

They walked on in silence. He was biting his lip, and glancing up she saw him and her face was suddenly decomposed.

"Don't," she said. "I can't bear it!"

The tears overflowed her eyes and ran down her face. She took out her handkerchief, lifted up her veil and tried to wipe them away, and Paul felt as though he were slaying her as she stood there. He put his arm about her and she covered her face with her two hands, put her head down on his shoulder and wept. He tried to console her in his awkward way.

"If," he said finally, "if we were only free——"

SHE stopped crying and with a quick, defiant movement she drew herself up and looking at him said: "What then?"

"Why, we could go away—as we intended."

"Well," she said, and she threw back her head and spread wide her hands, "I'm ready."

They stood and gazed in each other's eyes, almost as though some strange conflict were engaged between them, a sudden confrontation of the Pagan and the Puritan worlds. And presently he was coming toward her to take her in his arms again. "Evelyn!" he cried. "Come—we'll go!"

A radiant light suffused her face and her lips parted in her old smile, but it was only for a second. It faded quite away again, almost immediately, and she shook her head sadly and with an air of wisdom.

"No, Paul," she said. "No. Do you think I don't know you? Haven't I often told you? You are right; that vision you had in the night—that's your way. In a little while you would realize it again, as you realized it a little way back in the road. No, no!" and she shook her head.

They walked on and came to the point where the Logan Road merges into the North Clarksburg turnpike.

"You must go no farther," she said.

"But I'll walk on with you——"

"No," she said simply.

The light was falling; the bluish clouds from the west were slowly covering the whole sky.

She looked up into his face. "Paul"—she said, and then hesitated. She laid her hands on his shoulders and looked into his face and with a faint, pathetic shadow of her smile, she said: "Paul, tell me—do you love me?"

"Evelyn," he said, "you know that anyway."

"Say it!"

And he caught her in his arms again and held her close and told her. Slowly and with a sigh she drew herself out of his embrace and stood irresolutely a moment, trying to smile.

"Now you must go, dear!"

He had plodded down the North Clarksburg turnpike a little way, when he turned and looked back. She was still standing there, a slender, drooping little figure at the fork of the road, but dim and indistinct now in the dusk that was rapidly enfolding the world. She waved her hand.

Paul trudged on down that well-known road. Half an hour later he paused on the top of the Hogback and looked down into the valley and the dark plains that rolled away toward the west. The light was almost all out of the sky; only a thin faint band of steely gray showed along the horizon. In the darkness below he could see the black mass of Macochee. A pale glow hovered above it; on the edge of the town two or three street-lamps twinkled in the darkness. The sound of church bells came faintly to his ears. He stood and listened a moment and then went down the long hill into the town.

THE END

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ROSE *of* THE WORLD

Continued from page 9

end of Old Mill Lane, skirt the raw cliffs of the old quarry, above which lay respectable Vernon Heights and the old Bainbridge house among its trees, and follow the sagging Dover Street bridge for some hundred yards to be at her employer's office. The Terry mills, great white-painted roofs and walls, were but a quarter-mile beyond. Everything concerning the Terrys was as white as everything touching the iron-works was black, and it was a source of continual grievance at the iron-works that their best clerks and hands were continually finding the bigness and modernness and cleanliness of the flour-mills attractive.

"You can't keep an iron-foundry looking like a toy bakery!" old J. Wittinger would growl, scrubbing and sousing himself in the spotless bathroom next to his airy big bedroom in the Upper River Street house.

"I think these all-glass factories are ridiculous!" his wife would declare soothingly. Mrs. Talbot never went near the iron-works; she had no time for it. She was a woman who loved her own home, her wardrobe, her beautifully appointed table. She enjoyed the reputation of being the most fastidious housekeeper in town. She was leader in her club, in her circle, and she liked the rôle.

BORN and bred in a small town, with no standard by which to judge except the small-town standards, Rosalind had always found Harrison Street and Upper River Street a fairyland without whose portals all but the most blessed of human beings must stop. There was a sleepy peace about it all—in Summer, a peace only accentuated by the click of horses' hoofs or the shouts of youngsters on the tennis-ground; and in late October, when thinning foliage everywhere showed unexpected vistas, Rosalind sometimes walked home three blocks out of her way to come by the Harrison Street bridge and see the lights go up in Judge Raymond's old white wooden mansion, with its columns and porches, and to see Amy Rogers drive in to visit her mother in the big, shingled, brown Pearsall house, and to hear the four Terry children shouting as they drove their pony-cart up the big chain-guarded roadway between the geraniums and the hydrangeas.

Now, nervous and pale and resolutely composed, she was calling here in Upper River Street as Jack Talbot's promised wife; sitting on the side porch with her employer and with Jack's mother, daintily dressed, superficially merry Mrs. Talbot, who *would* keep the conversation general and unimportant, and Mrs. Rogers, fat and homely, with the smaller Rogers girl and boy with her.

"Ev' been to New York?" Mrs. Rogers asked her suddenly.

"Oh, no. I'm a strictly local product, like the famous 'Centipede,'" Rosalind answered, with a little laugh. But nobody else laughed. Jack's kind mouth twitched with a sympathetic grin, but she knew he felt nervous and constrained.

"My daughter, Edie—she's just finished at Benchley's School," Mrs. Rogers continued. "She looks real grown up in her pictures."

"She's a little duchess," Mrs. Talbot said affectionately. "Mr. Talbot and I made a special run out to the school. And she's a perfect little darling! Do you remember buying her the Easter egg with the cunning little bunny and the carrots inside, Jackie?"

"I was about eight," Jack responded gruffly, with a glance at Rosalind, "and she was just born!"

"I didn't say how old you were, dear—what a tone to use to your mother! But you were fifteen when you told me that you thought if *I* asked Edith to go with you to Amy's party, she'd go——"

"She was seven, then, and a darned cute kid—cuter than you'll ever be, Dorothy," Jack said to Edith's little sister. Dorothy made a hideous face; she was hot and resentful and bored.

"You're going to have tea, Eva?" said Jack's mother to Mrs. Rogers. "And how do you have yours, Miss Kirby? Jackie—Jackie, what a mouthful! I hope you scold my boy for his terrible manners, Miss Kirby—I know you have a great influence over him. Poor Jack; ever since he was in long trousers, some wonderful girl—the most wonderful girl in the world, of course!—has had a great deal more influence with him than his mother. But he does love her, too, doesn't he?" finished Mrs. Talbot, throwing her pretty head back so that it rested against his chest as he bent over from behind her with the plate of sandwiches. "Kiss me, you naughty boy!"

Jack kissed her. She had always been a spoiled child, always admired and happy and satisfied and praised and courted; she had been a Miss Beebe, of Sacramento, a belle, an heiress—everything. Sometimes when Rosalind tried with youthful philosophy to establish a law of averages, to convince herself that everybody had some sorrow and everybody some joy, she found it hard to reconcile her theory to the forty-five cloudless years of Lila Beebe Talbot's life.

PRESENTLY the call was over and she and Jack were sauntering through the wide leafy streets toward Old Mill Lane. They struck in behind the Rodriguez barn and walked up a crooked little lane that was almost roofed with sweet old overgrown garden bushes, lilacs and pussy-willows and roses. Toppling old wooden fences supporting honeysuckle and Dorothy Perkins and smothered in fuchsias and yellow flowering broom turned this lane into a tunnel of greenness and fragrance. There was a broken gate presently that gave upon the Kirby back yard, but before they reached the gate Jack put his arm about the slim figure in the blue dimity and Rosalind leaned against his shoulder and their steps slackened—almost stopped.

"Do you love me, dear?" he said then, again.

She looked up at him earnestly, holding his eager arms at a little distance, her blue eyes traveling thoughtfully over his handsome face as if she were thinking only of his question and not at all of the living man who asked it.

"Ah, Jack—what else could I do!" she breathed then, half-smiling.

Across the warm apricot color of her smooth cheek a soft wandering breeze had driven a little straying feather of her burnt-gold hair; her eyes were darkened with the unusually serious emotions of the afternoon, and there was something new about her beautiful, sensitive mouth, something disciplined, womanly, something that did not seem quite to belong to the dancing, laughing, irresponsible village beauty he had won just a few months ago. Jack was oddly touched, suddenly impressed with the type of woman she was some day to be, earnest, sweet, impressionable—above all, touchingly, almost alarmingly, good.

He thought of that word for her as he took her into his arms, and in that moment there came to them both a strange feeling of surprise in themselves, and love, and life. Jack Talbot going to be married to the Kirby girl! Rose Kirby's flirting and speculating done—and Rose Mrs. Jack Talbot! Married!

"We'll—I guess we'll be married, Rose," Jack said awkwardly, with a sort of abashed amusement. "We didn't think of a house—and Sunday dinners with my people—and children and all that the night I cut in on Walt Porter, did we?"

"No," Rosalind said softly, sapphire eyes on his face.

"My wife—" he whispered into the rioting hair from which her rose-crowned hat had slipped.

She looked up at him, looked down, looked back again and he saw—and thrilled to see!—her quick breath move the white breast where the blue swiss opened with a snowy frill.

"My—husband!" she said, under her breath. And Jack saw the sudden mist of tears in the eyes she hid on his big shoulder. "I—I love you too much, dear!" she said, looking up with an April face. And in another second she was gone and the vine-wreathed old door into the fence had closed again in his face. Jack watched it for a few minutes, an expression almost reverent upon his face. But she did not come back.

"I do!" Rosalind had told herself again, running through the cluttered back yard to the supper table. "I love him too much!"

"Why didn't you bring Jack to supper?" her mother asked, in the odorous gloom of the dining-room.

"He had to go back," Rosalind answered, radiant, and falling upon cocoa and bakery coffee-cake and stewed tomatoes and crackers as if the delicate cucumber sandwiches and macaroons of the Talbot tea had never been made. It wasn't quite true, for she had not asked Jack to supper.

SOME people, Rosalind reflected, hanging out of her bedroom window and drinking in the quiet and coolness of the still Spring night a few hours later, some people could do that sort of thing. Some girls could drag laughing boys into Sunday-afternoon kitchens and scramble eggs and open jam and make coffee——

Well, it was delightful. It was the sort of hospitality she most desired to extend, the sort she felt herself best able to manage. But it simply couldn't be done in the Kirby household.

Her thoughts went pitifully back across the years to-night, and she felt for her struggling, bewildered, gallant little old self a tenderness almost maternal.

Love was her pass-key, her talisman, her secret. She would grow to be the gentlest, the truest, the best and kindest woman in the town; she would patiently, tenderly guide and hold Cecy; she would have dear old tumble-headed, impulsive Ned for her squire—help him to grow to be something like Jack——

Jack! Her thoughts wandered at the name and she thought of the long day, of the tea-hour in the sacred precincts of Upper River Street, of that farewell in the lane. Somehow to-day had marked a new mile-stone in their relationship; there in the lane the great thought had come to them for the first time, after these months when they had so casually played with the words. Husband and wife. Husband and wife.

"I asked him how I could help loving him," Rosalind dreamed. "I wonder if he knows what he seems like—to a girl——"

He was handsome, big and clean and straight—but it was not that. He was clever, bewilderingly at home with dozens of things that merely dazzled Rosalind; plays and books, tennis and golf, swimming and bridge. He knew all these things, tossed off allusions to them in his talk. Then his big hands, his quick grin, the tones of his authoritative voice, the faint fragrance his fine linen diffused, his position as son and heir at the works—all these lent him personality and charm.

But there was more! He was generous and affectionate; he was just the right shade jealous; and there was something about the masterful glint in his gray eyes—something, for example, about the lordly way in which he had ordered luncheon up at Glen Springs that noonday——

And then, in conclusion, what tenderness, gaiety and charm he could show the woman he loved! She had an odd heartache, even now, remembering the very beginnings of it—the first murmured words and the first kiss.

He kissed her now whenever they met unobserved and often when they sat out on the steps in the warm Spring nights. Once or twice he had kissed her until he frightened her— And once or twice there had been words that frightened her a little, too. But after all, it was a happy sort of fear, with the knowledge behind it that no matter what the years ahead were to bring her, this dear, protecting figure would be by her side.

"Come—to—bed!" half-yawned and half-shouted Cecy, a roused figure in the dim shadowy oblong that was the bed.

"Cecy, dearest, I'm too happy to sleep!" she protested, sinking down on her knees automatically for a prayer that would be half a dream.

JACK had remembered the poignantly sweet ten minutes in the lane, too, as he walked homeward. But once there, he had found matters afoot to engage his attention. His mother had called him into her dressing-room as he leaped up three stairs at a stride.

"Jackie, boy! Mrs. Rogers had a telegram five minutes after you left, dear. And who do you suppose is coming home to-morrow?"

"Edith?" Jack guessed, polite and bored.

"Edith! Isn't that lovely? And you must go and see her at once, ducky, because she was your little girl sweetheart."

"Mama, for heaven's sake! How'd you like Rosalind this afternoon?"

Mrs. Talbot's expression slightly congealed and her bright brown eyes hardened.

"Why, my dear, I've seen her fifty times before! Why should I think her any different from what she's always been? Now you look cross at mama, but what can I say, Jack?" his mother broke off to ask appealingly. "All that Kirby and Tallifer crowd are pretty, and she's extremely pretty. I thought she seemed nervous——"

"I guess she was, poor kid," said Jack, with his heart warming suddenly at the mere thought of her.

"I thought it rather an odd thing to do," his mother said mildly, faintly stressing the last word.

"What?" Jack asked quickly, flushing.

"Why—come in here to tea uninvited."

"Well, but—my God, mama, I'm going to marry her! I told you that! I said——"

"Kindly don't swear, dear. In the first place, you said nothing of the kind. You said that you were engaged to her, or had an understanding with her. That's very different. You've been in love before and you've been engaged before——"

"Who to?" Jack demanded belligerently.

"Well, to Amy Pearsall——"

"Mama, for the Lord's sake! I had a case on Amy before I went to college—she was about fifteen and I was seventeen! That was ten years ago!"

"And what about that beautiful Honor Lucas whom all you boys were so mad about—in college——"

"Help!" Jack muttered, under his breath.

"Well, I know she wrote you, Jack, and said that you had come into her life, or something. I assure you that this affair will—or *may*—seem as unimportant as those in a few more years! All I ask of you is not to commit yourself until you are a little more sure——"

"Unfortunately, it's a little late for this sort of advice," Jack interrupted resentfully.

"—until you feel quite sure," his mother resumed smoothly, "that you are ready to shoulder the fearful responsibility of having not only your wife, but practically her entire family, upon your hands. I don't deny she's a nice girl—certainly she's exceptionally pretty. But prettiness isn't much in itself, Jack—almost all women are pretty—when they're young. And this girl—" his mother never dignified her by name—"this girl really hasn't had a fair education, dear. It hasn't been her fault—I know that—but I doubt if she even finished high school. The sister is a detestable little thing—a perfect hoyden. This one seems a very nice girl, only—only you're going to be the one, dear, who has to live with her. It's for you to decide whether she would keep step with you, whether the time mightn't come when you would wish she had been one of ourselves."

"*Rosalind!*" Jack exclaimed, loyal, amused, impatient, tender all at once. "You don't know my girl!"

THE next afternoon Rosalind was still busy with the old ledgers and files in the iron-works when Jack's father asked him to drive him home at half-past four.

Jack had hoped for some tennis with Bozzy Terry, but his mother, perhaps impressed by the youthful vigor and charm of the whole young person when he emerged from his room after a shower, in clean linen and with his yellow hair sleek and damp, had begged him please—just to please mama—to run over and see if Edith wasn't at home.

"She probably isn't, ducky. But if you don't go now, you ought to go to-night. They're all dining here to-morrow night, so it'll be awkward if you haven't made any move."

Edith wasn't at home. Or rather, she wasn't in the house. She had been out riding with Mrs. Fred, and the colored maid "'spected they was out wid the dawgs." Jack crossed a drive and cut down through orange-trees that were at once blossoming and bearing, skirted the familiar grape-arbor and so came upon the old stable, raked and swept and ordered, and the comparatively new garage, and a pony corral, where a girl in

Continued on page 70

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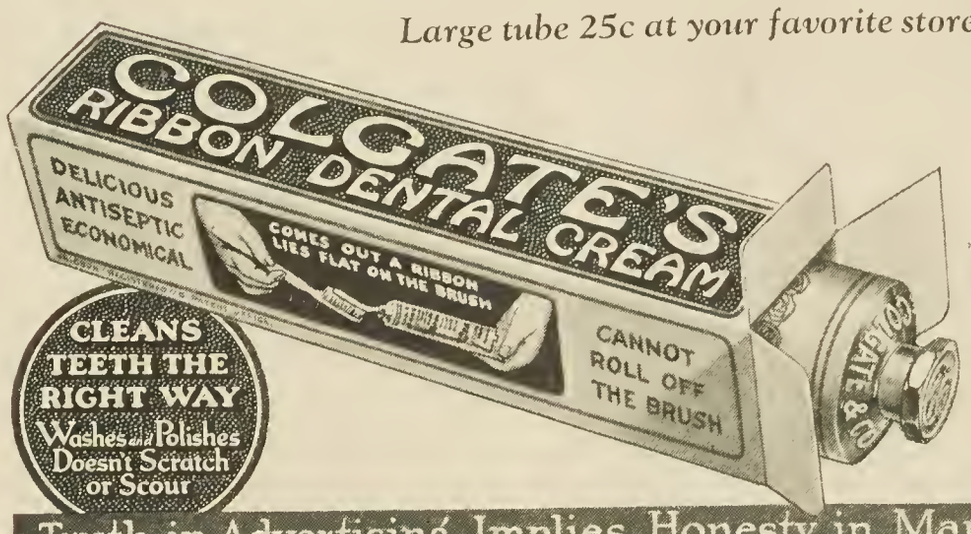
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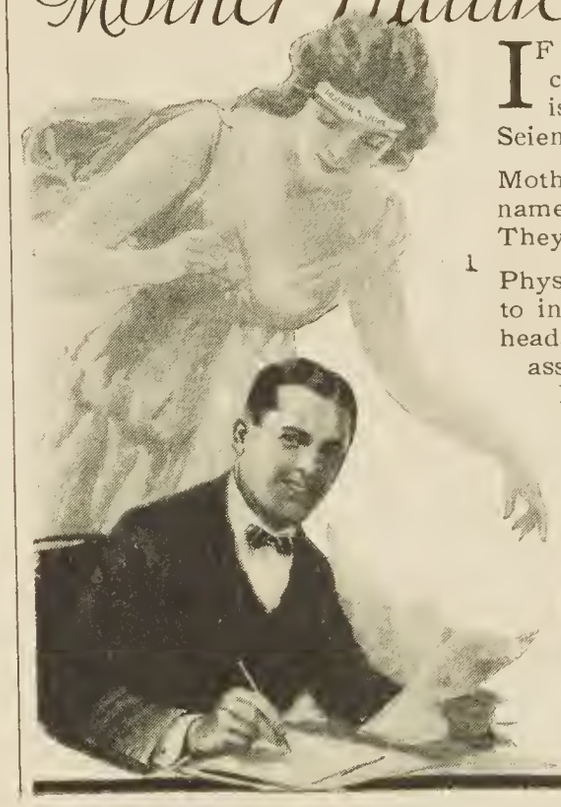


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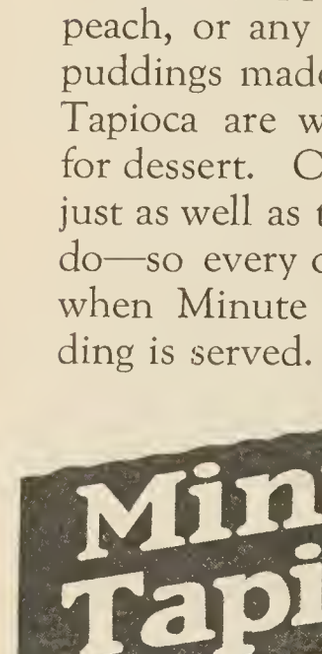
"Here's what I want—
Apple Tapioca"

THAT is the kind of dessert men order when they eat away from home. For the average man is still a boy and hankers after what is simple, toothsome, and substantial.

He likes pudding made of Minute Tapioca because it is good to eat. It is rich, yet not too heavy for the end of a meal.

Cream, apple, chocolate, peach, or any of a score of puddings made with Minute Tapioca are what men like for dessert. Children like it just as well as the grown-ups do—so every one is pleased when Minute Tapioca Pudding is served.

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It requires no soaking

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MINUTE TAPIOCA COMPANY

412 Monroe Street, Orange, Mass.

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ROSE *of* THE WORLD

Continued from page 69

white linen was feeding a bay horse something that he mouthed from her confidently upheld palm. A collie came leaping toward Jack, barked, curvetted and fawned upon him ingratiatingly.

"Well, Cæsar, you don't know me!" he reproached the animal, tumbling the beautiful feathered head between his big palms.

The girl turned quickly, gave him a frank look from mouse-gray eyes and said laughingly: "Cæsar does know you, apparently. But I confess I don't! Am I being horribly stupid? I've only got my left," she added easily, extending a friendly hand. "My other hand's all sugary."

"No, you're not being stupid," Jack answered, laughing himself. "And aren't all girl's sugary—sugar and spice and all that sort of thing?"

"Oh, look here!" she protested, puzzled eyes still smiling at his. "Oh, it's Jack Talbot!" she exclaimed in sudden relief. "Jack, how are you? And how nice of you! When I was so anxious to see you! But you've grown so big, and so hard, and so brown—and then I was such a little thing, you know, when we last saw each other! With a horrible gold band over my teeth! Do you remember saying I looked like a young wolverine? Oh, you laugh, but I cried myself to sleep over it!"

She did not look like a wolverine now, he assured her. She had a flat, boyish figure, well set off by the brown linen riding-suit, and the brim of her riding-hat was becomingly upturned. Her mouse-brown hair was fine and soft and straight and brushed frankly away from a small-featured, intelligent little face; she had nice, long, boyish hands and the big teeth had years ago fallen dutifully into a straight, shining alinement. She was easy to talk to, Jack told himself later. Her speech was charming, too. There was a sort of British crispness about it.

WHATEVER she said, it was of course in his language. She visited the Davenports in Maine last Summer, as he had three years ago. She played rotten bridge, she assured him, but her golf wasn't too awful—Bill Davenport had taken her on and taught her a lot.

"Isn't Bill a corker?" Jack had asked.

"Oh, Bill—" Her slender shoulders had shrugged eloquently and the fair, colorless skin had suddenly flushed.

They had loitered into the house, had dawdled at the piano. They talked of New York. while she fingered the keys.

"Mother, dear," she presently called casually, without stirring, as a footstep sounded in the hallway. "Just a family dinner? I'm asking Jack!" And her mouse-brown eyebrows, slightly and whimsically raised above the smiling eyes she turned toward him, fitted the action to the word. "Surely—surely—surely—" she conceded negligently, when he mentioned an eight-o'clock engagement, "we won't keep you! But I haven't had as nice a talk as this in *years!*"

And at quarter to eight she came to the doorway with him, her tiny coffee-cup in her hand.

"We go up to Fallen Leaf in a few days," she said thoughtfully. "Does your mother still come up every year?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Then you will, too?"

"Oh, sure!"

"Ah," said Edith contentedly, stirring with a tiny gold spoon, "that's all right, then." And suddenly, and in all-neighborly interest, she added: "Have you got a girl, Jack?"

"You know it!" he responded, grinning.

Afterward he remembered the nice look she gave him, the quick sisterly look of sympathy and pleasure.

"You'll tell me all about her? You know, I'm *family*, Jack. I've not forgotten that you gave me an Easter egg with a bunny in it when I was only six months old. I've got it yet—indeed I have! We'll have some wonderful talks at Fallen Leaf Lake."

Jack had to run for the roadster. He made Rosalind's house in something less than the record, six minutes.

"Jack, do you like Clyde Bainbridge?" Rosalind asked unexpectedly, when she and Jack were skimming through the sweet, open countryside straight into the face of an enormous slowly rising orange moon.

"I don't know." Jack thought of his father's manager at the works. "Pretty well," he said.

"I didn't think that you were crazy about him," Rosalind went on animatedly. "I've always thought he was a little old-maidy—had to have everything just *so*. He's terribly dignified, I think. But anyway, he's been sort of hanging round the office nights when I would be finishing up. I just wondered—He was awfully nice with grandpa, too, when grandpa came out to see your father and talked about the horse a few days ago. And you know Mr. Bainbridge isn't so friendly usually. I hope—I hope," Rosalind finished innocently, "he isn't getting a case on me. I feel sort of mean not telling him that you and I are engaged! I guess he'll have a fit when he finds it out!"

"Ha!" Jack said briefly, a sympathetic half-smile on his face, although she could not see it in the darkness. It was but a half-smile, because his mind was only half on her words and half wandering to other things. Was this quite the way she always talked? Slangy, rapid, careless—"hanging around," "terribly dignified" and "just *so?*" Jack was no purist, but he was a voracious and a fastidious reader. He had been quick to like Edith's chiseled speech this afternoon; he hated himself for finding Rosalind's something less to-night.

Poor little old Rose of the world! What else could she be, coming from that dreary and decadent household of non-competents? That affectionately inefficient, gossiping mother, that frankly demented old grandfather and those idle, impudent kids?

"You aren't listening to me, Jack!"

"I love you, woman. Do you love me?"

JACK TALBOT had gone to Elkhorn Lodge, above Fallen Leaf Lake, in the Tahoe district, for almost every year of his life. But this year he saw all the Tahoe neighborhood in a new light, and the reason for the change was Edith. For the first time in his life he began to appreciate what birth and breeding, wealth and the *bel air*—to use one of the girl's favorite expressions—might do for a man.

Edith lived hard; she was almost conscientious in her pursuit of pleasure. It was a delicious life, up among the sweet, sun-warmed pines on the lake shore, feeling healthily tired, healthily conquered or conquering at all sorts of sports, equally eager to get up in the dewy mountain mornings or to go to bed in the chilly, forest-scented evenings. Edith and Jack toasted their feet at many a roaring log fire; he took out splinters for her; she bandaged his cut thumb; she told him regretfully that if he were going with her to the hotel, he would have to change that shirt.

He had three weeks of it and returned reluctantly to wilted Gates Mill to saunter up and down River Street with Cecy and Dory Barker and Rose in the stifling evenings and eat melting "Varsity Specials" at Crosset's vanilla-scented, damp marble counter.

Then he had to go flying back, sobered and important, to Fallen Leaf. His mother—his little merry, laughing mother—was dangerously ill—too ill to move, perhaps too ill to reach. Old J. Wittinger was already there; Jack tore in at about twilight on the very day the wire had reached him.

He and Edith sat on the top steps of the log-cabin porch and stared down at the sapphire lake and into the gently whispering pines and talked in hushed tones in the days that followed. It had been a close call—it was genuine ptomaine, the doctor said. Jack's father went back to Gates Mill, leaving the boy in charge of the pitifully weak, pitifully helpless little invalid.

But Lida Tabot wouldn't be babied. She had books and kind Mrs. Rogers and everything she needed, she protested. If her big boy was just there at night, where she could put her hand out and touch him, that was all she wanted! He must run off and play golf, he must keep up his tennis, please—please—please!

One night, ten days after the crisis, she patted his big hard brown hand between her two ivory ones and with an adorable childish air of shyness asked him if he didn't

Continued on page 73



Eatmor Cranberries

Cranberries most delicious with all meats!

You don't need turkey to enjoy cranberries! Delicious cranberry jelly or cranberry sauce goes fine with all roast meats. Particularly appetizing with roast beef.

And cranberries are so easy to prepare. Little work—no peeling—no coring—no waste! And every part of the cranberry is wholesome and appetizing.

8 lbs. of cranberries and 2½ lbs. of sugar make 10 tumblers of beautiful jelly.

Try this recipe—

Cranberry Jelly

Cook until soft the desired quantity of cranberries with 1½ pints of water for each two quarts of berries. Strain the juice through a jelly bag. Measure the juice and heat it to the boiling point. Add one cup of sugar for every two cups of juice; stir until the sugar is dissolved; boil briskly for five minutes; skim, and pour into glass tumblers, porcelain or crockery molds.

When you have cranberry sauce or cranberry jelly in the pantry there isn't a day in the year that you can't enjoy cranberries in some form.

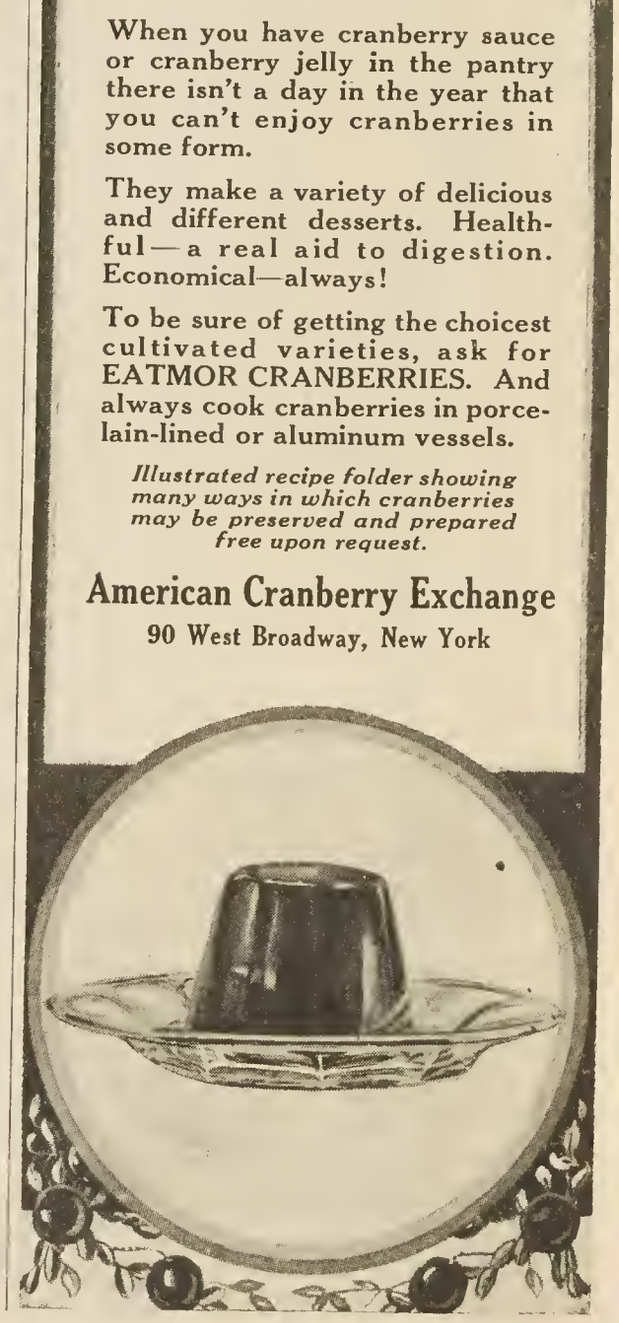
They make a variety of delicious and different desserts. Healthful—a real aid to digestion. Economical—always!

To be sure of getting the choicest cultivated varieties, ask for EATMOR CRANBERRIES. And always cook cranberries in porcelain-lined or aluminum vessels.

Illustrated recipe folder showing many ways in which cranberries may be preserved and prepared free upon request.

American Cranberry Exchange

90 West Broadway, New York







And the best loved delicacy of all was "RAISYNS"

HOW well they kept the glad feast days in the olden time!

The boar, there was, stuffed with chestnuts, and a bright red apple in his mouth. The roasted peacock with its tail spread like a gorgeous fan. The parti-colored pastries, the spiced and honeyed wines—

And then, the best loved delicacy of all—the "raisyns" in full, beautiful clusters, brought from sunny, far-off lands.

In an old time custom, we still pay tribute to their goodness

Like the lords and ladies of old, we still accord the festive bowl of clustered raisins an honored place at Christmas time.

But no longer is this delicate fruit a luxury from foreign lands—for feast days only and for the rich alone.

From golden California, where the vineyards reach away like endless gardens, it comes to us today abundantly in its perfection.

Here, in clusters of matchless beauty, the grapes grow to the fullness of their rich, ripe flavor. And here the clean, mellow California sunshine transforms the royal fruit, with all its stored up goodness, into Sun-Maid Raisins—large and plump and juicy.

They bring a Christmas richness to the foods of every day

Whether in your Christmas plum pudding or in the familiar foods of every day—how much of tempting goodness is added by this flavory fruit!

WHAT is Christmas without its plum pudding! The free book, "Recipes with Raisins," tells how to make it at its best.



To so many of the old, substantial foods—like good white bread, oatmeal, and puddings of bread or rice—you can give *new* goodness, a new appeal to your family's appetite, simply by adding raisins. You can so easily provide the variety that every family craves.

Use them lavishly, not only for their goodness, but because they carry health and extra nourishment. Sun-Maids are rich in elements the body needs. They help make laxatives unnecessary.

Send for free recipe book

Keep the Yule-tide bowl of nuts and raisins well filled in your home this Christmas time! And for the easiest and surest ways of preparing many tempting holiday dishes, old and new, send for the free book, "Recipes with Raisins."

It shows you, also, how you can delight your family the year around with foods of festive goodness, made with raisins. And inexpensively, for raisins are cheap this year. Fill in the coupon and send for this free book today.

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Sun-Maid Raisins

Seeded — Seedless — Clusters



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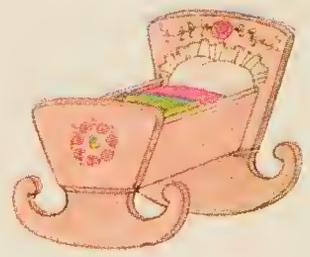
Please send me a copy of your free book, "Recipes with Raisins."

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Guarding Baby's health and yours

THE careful, intelligent nursing and the skilled medical attention which maternity cases receive today, have freed motherhood of its dangers. "In no other field of modern medicine, perhaps," writes a prominent physician, "is it so true that complications are so readily avoided through sound preventive measures."

One preventive and protective measure of the utmost consequence on the all-important day is strict antiseptic cleanliness. The expectant mother should have in readiness for the moment's need the antiseptic that is utilized by physicians and nurses in practically every obstetrical case —"Lysol" Disinfectant.

"Lysol" is the standard antiseptic for maternity cases in hospitals everywhere because of its *proven* effectiveness as a preventive against possible infection. It is always neutral, contains no free alkali nor free acid and is completely soluble in water. In proper proportions, it does not irritate even the most sensitive tissues.

If "Lysol" Disinfectant is in the house, ready for use, you are sure of having the antiseptic which your doctor and your nurse will unqualifiedly approve.

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Also valuable for feminine hygiene

THE first principle in the preservation of youth, is the preservation of health. Every illness leaves its mark of age. To keep young is to keep well. Most illnesses are the result of bacterial infection. For this reason one of the most important feminine hygiene measures is regular cleansing—not merely with soap-and-water but with an *effective antiseptic*. "Lysol" is the antiseptic recommended by physicians for feminine hygiene, because it is safe as well as thoroughly effective.

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Lysol
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. Disinfectant





ROSE of THE WORLD

Continued from page 70

think Edith was a pretty, sweet little girl?

"She's a very remarkable girl," Jack conceded shortly.

His mother made no answer. But presently, when Edith's "Jack!" sounded from the porch as a signal that she had emerged from the Rogers's wing of the cabin, dressed for the dance, Mrs. Talbot drew his head down against her white cheek and whispered in her favorite baby-talk into his ear:

"It would make your silly old mummy awful happy, Jackie!"

He had to pretend not to understand. He kissed her cheek, kissed her hand and rose to go.

"Because it would mean happiness for you, dear," Mrs. Talbot said in a mere breath of a tone. "*I* can see that, ducky boy—*you* can't. But the time is coming when you will!"

That night he told Edith about Rosalind, the girl in his father's office to whom he was virtually — well, yes, actually — engaged. He'd liked her for six—for eight months. Did Edith remember her?—she was beautiful.

Edith paled. "My dear!" she said, slender fingers at her cheek, breathless, her tone half-pitying, half-stunned. "I—didn't—but how should I guess? I'm glad you told me, Jack. Thank you!"

Later she confessed in turn that Billy Davenport last June, when she was in Maine— But she hadn't wanted to marry any one yet. His uncle was Senator Davenport; that made it rather fun. And the family had that marvelous house in Jamaica Plain and the Maine camp. Edith and his sister had been roommates in school.

THE next day, when he was helping her over a fallen log upon a steep trail that ran through woods humming with midsummer stillness and sweetness, there came a certain not-unpleasant constraint upon them both. There were to be more confidences, Jack was thrillingly aware. There were secrets between them, words freighted and significant. They could no longer be alone together without a delicious fear, a delicious hope. Now Edith suddenly drew him back behind the rest of the party and said quickly:

"Jack, I've been thinking about what you told me last night. I was a little wakeful, perhaps—I don't know why. It was a sweet thing for you to do, dear—" She paused and smiled up at him with weary eyes. "The 'dear' came naturally," she apologized. "Do you mind it from your little sister? This is what I was thinking: If you care for Rose Kirby—and of course you are the only person who can answer that—you mustn't let—you mustn't let—our old friendship, or what our mothers would like, or anything that has happened—has *seemed* to happen up here——"

She hesitated; they were standing close together now and Jack found his arms bracing the slender, boyish shoulders.

"Go on, little sister!" he said, a little huskily.

"Of course if you *don't* love her, and chivalry has something to do with it, then I think," Edith said steadily, "that you are too much a man not to realize that it is infinitely better to tell her so now than to face a lifetime without the—the real thing! If you would rather be free—not to marry anybody—just to be—be fair to her and to yourself, I don't have to tell you that making a clean breast of it is the only—well, the only kind and honest course!"

"I must marry her or nobody," Jack said, very low.

"You love her?" Edith questioned quickly.

"Yes, but that isn't all of it!"

She drew back, eyes wide with terror.

"You don't—you can't mean——"

"No, of course not!" he said sharply. "But she loves me and she trusts me. I couldn't go to her and say that I had changed."

"Not unless you *had*," Edith reasoned swiftly. "And if you *had*—well, I ask you, isn't she going to find it out, and perhaps too late? I see your point, Jack, that you can never marry, unless it is Rose Kirby. That's *noblesse oblige*. But you couldn't do a woman a greater wrong than to marry her not loving her, especially—especially if the circumstances weren't—weren't quite normal to begin with. And—" she freed herself, except the firm finger that caught his and made a motion as if she would turn again up the trail—"and you'll tell me whatever happens, dear?" she said. "I'm not good for much, I know that—you've got to settle it yourself. But we're always to be pals, whatever happens, aren't we?"

Not yet nineteen. She seemed to him sometimes as wise as a woman of forty; more balanced, more self-controlled, than any woman of forty he had ever known!

LESS than a week later there came to Gates Mill a broiling August Saturday. The iron-works was not a pleasant place to be to-day, and Rosalind was glad to get away at one o'clock. All the world was hot, but home would be at least freer and quieter than the shop, and she could wash her hair and perhaps, in the cool, early evening, wander down-town with Mary Weed.

Jack had been ten days gone, on this second visit to Fallen Leaf, and the total separation was getting to be something like five weeks. "Too long—too long for persons who loved each other!" Rosalind's heart said discouragedly. Life was pretty hot and grimy and monotonous with Jack away; she missed the gray car, the big, kind hand, the interested, sunburned face with the gray eyes all for her.

He had to go to his mother, of course, but he was bringing her home, on Monday probably, and then Rosalind would see him again. She drew a great breath. Ah, it would be good to see him! It would be so restful, so infinitely heartening, to see Jack again!

Her mother was out when she reached the warm, close house; she was "over to Renfrews," Audrey said. Audrey was moping about with a suddenly developed case of poison-oak; one eye was almost out of sight, there was more of it on her neck, one wrist was all puffed and under both her skinny little knees were patches of the white bubbles.

Rosalind took off her office dress, put on a loose, thin, faded kimono, washed her magnificent mane of burnt-gold curls and carried towels, a book, cotton and a bottle of ointment out under the willows. Here, while she tossed and sunned her wet head, she anointed her small sister thoroughly, bandaged her with strips of an almost transparent old linen sheet and reduced Audrey to a startlingly antiseptic aspect that delighted the eight-year-old.

"Now," said Rosalind triumphantly, "if you'll wait just about five minutes more, until my hair is dry, I'll give you some bread and sugar."

"Rose, I love you!" Audrey said, squirming over her affectionately.

"Darling, don't give me poison-oak—you know Jack is coming back Monday! Come on now and get your bread."

She was spreading apple sauce upon baker's bread ten minutes later when a shadow fell across the kitchen doorway and she looked up from the table and saw Jack standing there with an odd expression on his face.

"Jack!" she said, all ecstasy. And then in a quick frightened tone: "Jack?"

Her rich mane was hanging loose and under the thin kimono was only the camisole that met her white stockings. More than a bathing-suit, yes—more even than some evening dresses she had seen—but Rosalind couldn't go into his arms that way, and before Audrey——

So she only stood staring, breathing hard, half-smiling, a look of apprehension growing in her sapphire eyes.

"Hello, Rose," he said steadily, nodding sidewise toward Audrey as he sat down. Rosalind, not moving her eyes from his face, sent the child away with a gentle push.

"Your mother—?" she asked in a hushed voice, for it had come to her that he brought news of death.

"Mother's better. I'm going back to-night and we will come down next week. But I had something to say to you, Rose, and I wanted to come and say it," Jack said, a little heavily, avoiding her puzzled eyes. "You're one woman in a thousand, and I can say this to you! I've been thinking over—our plans while mother's been ill, and I've come to the conclusion—" The words halted, although for the whole nine-hour trip he had been steadily, steadily rehearsing them. It made him nervous to have them fail him, and he added quickly: "I've come to the conclusion that we—perhaps—made a mistake, you and

Continued on page 74



The initials of a friend

You will find these letters on many tools by which electricity works. They are on great generators used by electric light and power companies; and on lamps that light millions of homes.

They are on big motors that pull railway trains; and on tiny motors that make hard housework easy.

By such tools electricity dispels the dark and lifts heavy burdens from human shoulders. Hence the letters G-E are more than a trademark. They are an emblem of service—the initials of a friend.

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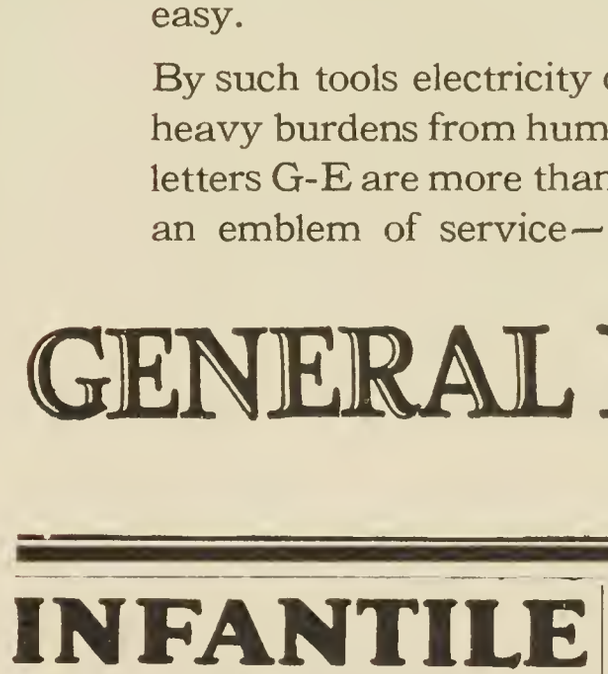
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Infantile Paralysis caused our daughter, Wanda, to walk on her toes. McLain Sanitarium corrected her deformity. She now walks with heels and bottom of feet flat on the floor. We are more than pleased with the result of her treatment and cheerfully recommend McLain's to all cripples.

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Write to Mr. Pawlak, or direct to McLain Sanitarium

For Crippled Children

Parents of crippled children should know about McLain Sanitarium, a thoroughly equipped private institution devoted exclusively to the treatment of Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Diseases and Deformities, Diseases of the Joints, Wry Neck, etc., especially in children and young adults. Write for these FREE books: "Deformities and Paralysis" and "Book of References."

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WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET
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and learn from the experience of hundreds of delighted members what the Woman's Institute can do for you. Mail the coupon or postal to-day.

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Without cost or obligation, please send me one of your booklets and tell me how I can learn the subject which I have marked below:

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☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

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(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

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Your dealer will gladly show you Pequot Sheets and Pillow Cases. Always to be identified by the Pequot Shield.

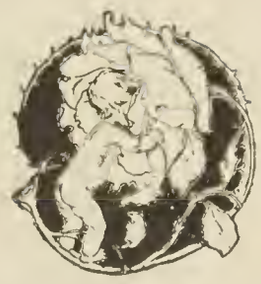
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PEQUOT WIDE COTTONS

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ROSE *of* THE WORLD

Continued from page 73

I—and that we—we acted too hastily last year! It's a pretty serious thing, and while it's not an easy thing for me to say——"

At this point in the feverish rehearsal of this speech the girl had always interrupted him proudly and quickly with an "Is it that you want to be free, Jack?"

It was disconcerting to have Rosalind interpose no such helpful phrase. She was still standing at the end of the kitchen table, automatically spreading and respreading the second slice of Audrey's bread with apple sauce.

Now that his voice halted, her hands stopped too. He noticed for the first time that her curly, burnished gold hair was hanging loose and that she looked not much older than Audrey in the cotton kimono, with her face so oddly white, as if the heat had stricken her.

"It isn't that I don't love you, Rose," he said, with a little thick laugh. "But—here's the thing: It wouldn't be honest, and it wouldn't be fair to you, not to say this, since I have felt it."

SOMEHOW these phrases had sounded differently up under the pines at Fallen Leaf, where he and Edith had exchanged them. There they had not fallen flat, as they did here, in the Kirbys' dingy kitchen, with the nickel alarm-clock ticking loudly on the shelf and some sort of berry jam simmering on the gas-plate. Rosalind was standing deathly still, her eyes fixed on him and only her breast moving.

"Better," said Jack, acutely wretched and feeling in a sort of panic that nothing in the conversation was going as he had foreseen, "better settle this sort of thing beforehand than have ours just one more of the thousands of marriages that don't find it out until too late—you see that? The thing is—and my mother feels this too—she said that broken engagements are nothing, but that an unhappy marriage, where, perhaps, children were involved, is a far greater tragedy! And I wanted to discuss it with you, Rose, and see if you didn't honestly think it is wiser——

"Of course," he presently went on, uncomfortably, after a pause in which she neither moved nor spoke, "of course if we decide that we will just be good friends, as if this had never been, I shall—I *do*—take all the blame. I'm not good enough for you, I know that, and if I've hurt you," Jack added, his eyes suddenly watering, "I shall never forgive myself! I'm only trying to do what is honest and to spare us both what may be years of misery——"

"Jack," Rosalind said suddenly, as if she were paying no attention to his words and seeming suddenly to awaken from a sort of stupor, "have you the audacity—have you the *insolence*—to come here and tell me that?"

Her voice as she spoke was terrible and the flash of her blue eyes was so stern as to be almost menacing. She did not take her eyes from his face.

Jack felt a second of something like panic. He half-rose from his chair at the other end of the kitchen table, and then he sat down again and said with a shocked and nervous half-laugh: "Don't talk like that, Rose! I—I only felt that it was right to explain it."

His mother had told him that it would be an extremely difficult, an actually painful interview. "Better write it, Jackie, boy," she had said, very gravely and tenderly and sympathetically, when he was flinging a few things into a bag for the brief visit to Gates Mill. "If you don't, you will come back deeper involved than ever and have it all—and more!—to do over again. She is a pretty girl, dear, and most unfortunate, and of course she has a real affection for you—and small blame to her! She'll be married to some one else one of these days and forget all about it. But meanwhile, I think I'd really try not to see her at all——"

But Jack would not listen to this. It satisfied some shamed, smothered and hidden feeling in his heart, some feeling that he would not face nor analyze, to force himself to this distasteful trip and this most ungrateful meeting. He had set himself, morally, mentally, almost physically, like a trap, and the springs could not loosen upon his determination to make this the end.

He wished now that he had written, prepared her in some way. There was a dreadful silence in the kitchen. Then he raised his eyes to see Rose still looking at him steadily, but with the fire and fury gone from her eyes.

"But Jack—Jack, dear, what *is* it?" she asked slowly. "What has happened? What have I done? Don't you—don't you like me any more?"

"I shall always like you!" Jack said quickly, glad to be able to speak so truly.

"Yes, yes, but Jack—" Rosalind began again, stammering suddenly and smiling through eyes that were brimming, "that isn't the way I expected you to come back to me." Her lips trembled and she came a step nearer him and half-extended her hands. "I don't understand you," she faltered, trying again to smile.

Jack got to his feet and shrugged his shoulders slightly, taking one of her hands, covering it with his other hand and giving it a firm and friendly pressure.

"I only want you to understand that you are free, Rose—free, I hope, to be some man's happy wife some day," he said determinedly. "These things happen this way sometimes. We hear," Jack went on, now quoting his mother, "we hear that people are engaged, and then it's off and some other engagement is on—and perhaps that doesn't work out either——"

Rosalind was closer to him now. She had forgotten the thin loose wrap and the hanging masses of hair, forgotten everything but that the world had suddenly turned bewildering and agonizing and dark.

"Yes, but things don't happen that way with *me!*" she interrupted him as he paused. "You told me you loved me, Jack. I promised to be your wife! My dear," Rose went on, laying one hand upon the big tweed shoulder where her burnt-gold head had so often rested, "isn't it time to tell me that you're just fooling—that this is one of your jokes? Please, dear, don't tease me. It's been so hot and dull this week without you and with Ned worrying us——"

"You make it very hard for me!" Jack said resolutely.

"Hard for you?" she echoed dazedly. "But—but what do you think it is for *me?*"

"I think it is hard for both of us," Jack conceded briefly.

Rose merely stared at him for a few seconds.

"IF I really thought you *meant* this—" she began then, and stopped. And he saw an odd ripple of shadow go over the dilating blue of her eyes, like a puff of wind over a lake. "Why, if I thought you meant this," she said in an undertone, as if to herself, "I—I couldn't— But you don't mean it! You can't mean that all we told each other—the letters—and our talks—why, you're all I *have!* I thought that God had sent this happiness to me—this love—to make up for all the hard things—for all the struggles and the trials that I've had to bear!"

"Rose, don't feel so! Don't talk so!" he said in a thickened voice.

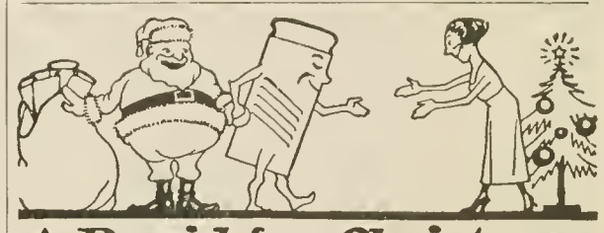
"H-h-how shall I feel?" she said, suddenly caught in a rush of tears. He saw her fight for self-control, saw her lips tremble against her most desperate effort for calm. "I—I have been so lonely," she sobbed suddenly, seated at the table now and with her bright loosened hair in a smother of gold all over the head she bowed against the stained, dark, uncovered wood. "You are the only man I ever loved—I trusted you—and you come here when I am so tired and so hot and break—break my heart!"

"I don't mean to break your heart, Rose. But wouldn't it break it a thousand times more to marry you and then let you discover this?" Jack said, daring to lay a hand upon her soft flowing hair.

"Oh, don't touch me!" she warned him furiously, instantly on her feet. "Don't touch me, you liar! You selfish, cruel beast—you! Coming down from the lakes in your high-powered car and in your linen suit to dare to come here and tell me that you were just playing! Do you suppose that I don't know that Edith Rogers is up there at Fallen Leaf? Do you suppose that I didn't understand what your mother was trying to arrange that Sunday—weeks ago!—when I had tea at your house? You—you coward! You let those women tell you what you ought

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A Rapid for Christmas

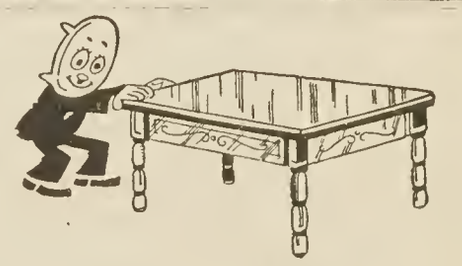
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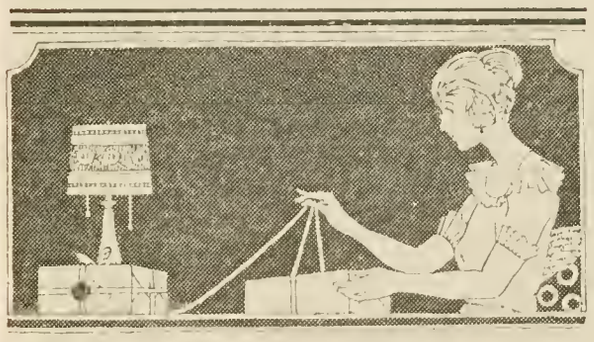
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ROSE of THE WORLD

Continued from page 74

to do—and you come down and do it, like an obedient puppy—like the man you are, who has always lived on his father's money and felt himself better than other men who have to struggle and fight for what they earn—felt himself better than a man like Clyde Bainbridge, who has to make his own way!

"I want to tell you something, Jack!" she rushed on, a veritable Fury now, with her blazing eyes and her breast rising and falling tumultuously. "I want to tell you something! You seem to have it all your way now—you have the money—you have nothing to lose, and I—have everything! You go upon your way and people will say that you had a flirtation with the girl in your father's office and that it's all over. But this is what I want you to remember! This is what I want you to remember: I am going on my knees every night to ask God to put it in my power to hurt you as you've hurt me—to shame you before your friends as you've shamed me! My hour is going to come, Jack—and remember, when it comes, this Saturday that you came all the way down from Fallen Leaf to tell me that all the love we had for each other was just—playing! Playing—why, do you think that I'm ashamed to admit that whatever *you* were doing *I* wasn't playing?" said Rosalind, getting to her feet to come close to him again. "Do you think I am afraid to say that I cared—that I care!—and that I was ready to give you what you may not find everywhere—though you may find position and money and your mother's approval! I'm young in years, but I'm not a child! I know what poverty is, and service—and I could have given you a love and a devotion that would have been worth twenty of Rogers's banks! You've thrown it all away——"

SHE paused for a brief half-minute, and in an agony of restlessness she began to pace the kitchen, her face turned from him and her feverish, brief words seemingly addressed only to herself. It touched him oddly to see her, with no consciousness of what she was doing, draw the cooking fruit from the fire.

"You'll pay for it!" she half-whispered. "It couldn't be that you would not! Some day—some day when there's something you want—something you are hungering—*hungering* for!" She walked toward the outer door, turned and, catching her thin garment tightly about her and staring blindly into space, went on: "Life isn't so short but that I shall have my hour—God won't refuse me that! Not—not for revenge—but just to show you that He's fair. Why, dearest," Rosalind said suddenly and disarmingly, in an almost laughing tone and with a complete change of manner, "I love you and you love me! Put your arms about me—tell me that you love me! Am I not your Rose of all the world?"

She was close enough to him to lay her hands upon his shoulders; now she flung back her head and shut her eyes. Her beautiful, slender young body and the rippling fall of her bright hair were almost in his arms.

"Kiss me, Jack!" she whispered. "I love you!"

Never in their most exquisite moments together had she so revealed her feeling. Jack, beset with a hundred jumbled and conflicting emotions, still had free self-conscious power with which to be amazed at her. Hitherto her kisses had been shy, she would take them, if she could, upon the nape of her neck or upon the smooth white cheek where the temple met it.

Instantly he caught her to him and bent her whole body backward so that his sudden crushing kisses fell upon a face from which the hair had fallen back like that of a playing child. Rose rested against him, her clasped hands against his breast, her breathing deep and exhausted, her eyes shut.

"Ah, Rose—Rose—Rose!" Jack murmured, his big arms tight about her shoulders. "Is there any one like you in the world?"

As abruptly as she had given herself to his embrace he felt her withdraw. She pushed him to arm's length and stood, still held, but visibly puzzled now and with something hostile, something menacing, beginning to dawn in her widely opened, almost frightened blue eyes.

"Kiss me!" Jack said, catching her close again. And this time he had her lips. The web of her glorious hair fell free, her eyes were closed again and against his heart he felt the beating of her own heart.

But after a moment she jerked herself free, retreated from him, still facing him, for half a dozen paces and stood looking at him through narrowed lids, her breath quick, her eyes blazing and her hands busy with the disordered masses of her hair.

Jack was breathing hard too. He looked at her for a few throbbing seconds in stupefaction.

"You wanted to be free!" Rose said, panting and in a dry, shaking voice. "Well, you are! I—I break our engagement. I never want to see you again!"

"Rose!" Jack said, and stopped, aghast at her violent change of mood. He was conscious only that he could not let her be angry with him, could not let the sweetness of the youth and beauty that he had held in his arms escape him. "Rose, please—!" he pleaded. "You know—you *know* that I love you! That's all that matters. Rose—don't talk that way——"

"*You—go—away!*" Rose said breathlessly, never moving the fire of her blue eyes from his face and guarding the space between them by the fury expressed in every line of her supple figure. "Don't come near me. Don't speak to me. I despise you!"

THERE was a silence. But no words could have said more than the pause said, when both man and woman remained facing each other, wrapped in the flame of distrust that had suddenly supplanted love, panting and staring at each other.

"No," Jack said dangerously, after a space, coming a step nearer her. "I'll be hanged if I'll go like this! A minute ago you said you loved me——"

Her blue eyes burned on him, narrowed with warning and something almost like fear. "You get out," she said menacingly. "And never speak to me again. Never come near me again. I'm done with you!"

"You don't mean that," Jack said hotly, "and I know you don't! I've made you angry, but I've said I'm sorry and ask you to—to be friends again," he added, youthfully and anxiously.

His hat was on the table. He picked it up, watching her closely. Rose did not move a muscle. The look of implacable anger did not soften upon her face. Jack went to the door and stood irresolute.

"I shall go," he said, puzzled and hurt, "but—but I know you won't be angry at me long!"

Silence. Silence. He put his hand on the door.

The gray car was waiting in Old Mill Lane for the last time. Audrey and a rabble of neighborhood children were playing prisoner's base in the yard. It was the hottest hour of a breathless, burning Summer afternoon.

"Will you say good-by, Rose?" he asked a little thickly.

She did not answer, but stood there with her head hanging a little, her blazing eyes fixed strangely, almost fearfully, upon his face, her color flushing and paling, flushing and paling, and her breath coming short.

"Good-by," Jack said.

She only stared at him. She did not stir; she made no sound. Only her eyes flickered once more with a shadow over their blue, like wind upon a lake.

Jack went softly through the open door and down the steps and to his car. The starter failed at a first attempt and he cursed it nervously. Then he was moving, under the big trees between the shabby fences, then he had turned, he was in River Street—he was out of Gates Mill, running smoothly along the burning highway, putting the miles behind him—behind him—behind him——

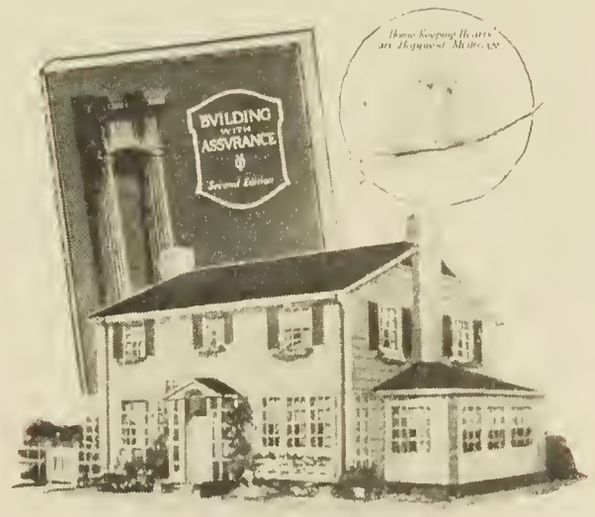
His face flamed under its tan. Well, it was over. He had hoped, traveling this same road in the cool early hours this morning, he had hoped for this moment, when he could say: "It is over."

He felt like a dog. He was a dog.

But it was over and he was heading back to the lake and—he hoped bitterly—back to his mother's approval! It would serve his mother damn well right after this if he married some woman who was an absolute rotter—his mother, who had criticized Rose's

Continued on page 76

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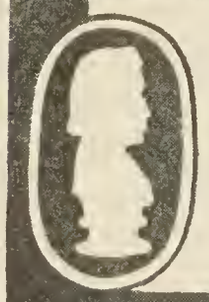
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ROSE *of* THE WORLD

Continued from page 75

position and Rose's family! It would serve his mother right if, when they came down to town next Wednesday or Thursday—for she had told him last night that she would like three or four days more of coolness before returning to Gates Mill—it would serve her right if, when they got back to Gates Mill, he simply resumed his affair with Rose, proved to his mother and Edith and all the rest of them that he loved Rose!

"I broke it off—it's over," he would say to them, "and now I'm going right back to my girl again!"

It was over, anyway. What a little spitfire Rose had been, and what a little sport! Or had she been a sport? Edith, discussing a purely hypothetical case in which a purely hypothetical man had implied to a lady that his feeling had cooled, had said more than once: "Of course the girl would drop him *instantly*. She would more than meet him half-way! Hold a man who admitted that he no longer loved her?" Edith had said. "Why, I don't care what type of girl she was, she'd be too proud for *that!*"

Rose hadn't taken that attitude exactly. She had raged and reproached him. And then so violently to dismiss him! She hated him now——

But at least she had understood him; he had had courage enough for that. He had not equivocated; he had made it extremely plain. And if they didn't love each other—*if* they didn't—this was the only honest way! Anyway, he could tell his mother that it was off. The difficult part of the matter was over!

His mother would tell Edith, and Edith would have to understand that Jack was in no mood for confidences, for philandering, for explanations. The rest of his stay at the lake would be merely a matter of duty to his mother.

He began to think of broken engagements. It was soothing to remember the attitude of the men he had known in college toward them.

Well, it was over. But he wished she had not been spreading that bread with apple sauce for Audrey——

He felt like a dog.

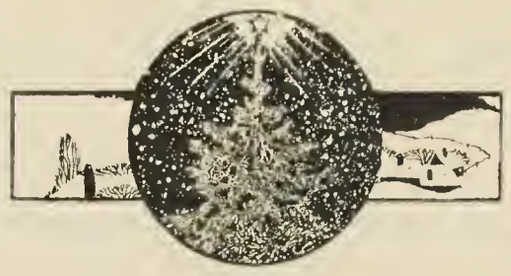
CECY came home about half an hour after Jack left and Audrey ran to meet her across the yard and whispered to her busily for almost five minutes. Cecy's young face grew grave, and even a little pale, as she listened; she glanced apprehensively toward the kitchen door and finally put the little girl aside and tiptoed cautiously over to the porch and mounted the steps and peeped timidly into the kitchen.

The sun's banners had fallen a little lower, they glinted upon worn woodwork, limp dish-toweling, battered tins. The alarm clock on the shelf above the sink tick-tocked, tick-tocked, punctual and loud.

Rosalind was standing with her back to the kitchen table, slightly resting against it, one arm dangling loose, the fingers of the other behind her and braced against the table's dark, split, unstained and unpainted wood. Her head was hanging a little, her somber eyes fixed curiously, almost fearfully, upon space. She looked like a little animal, desperate and at bay. Only her breast moved fitfully, and her color paled and flushed and paled again.

Cecy did not address her. She put in her head and watched her sister fearfully for a long minute. Then she retraced her steps, gave Audrey a frightened look and started running at full speed toward old Mrs. Renfrew's.

Continued in the January DELINEATOR



TO SPRINGVALE FOR CHRISTMAS

Continued from page 2

told. Therefore the parlor was lighted and heated, there was in the air of the passage an odor of brown gravy which, no butler's pantry ever having inhibited, seemed a permanent savory. By the happiest chance, Mrs. Tilton had not heard their arrival nor—the parlor angel being in her customary eclipse and the kitchen grandfather's clock wrong—had she begun to look for them. They slipped in, they followed Grace down the hall, they entered upon her in her gray gingham apron worn over her best blue serge, and they saw her first in profile, frosting a lemon pie. With some assistance from her, they all took her in their arms at once.

"Aren't you surprised?" cried Edward in amazement.

"I haven't got over being surprised," she said placidly, "since I first heard you were coming!"

She gazed at them tenderly, with flour on her chin, and then she said: "There's something you won't like. We're going to have the Christmas dinner to-night."

Their clamor that they would entirely like that did not change her look.

"Our church couldn't pay the minister this Winter," she said, "on account of the new church-building. So the minister and his wife are boarding around with the congregation. To-morrow's their day to come here for a week. It's a hard life and I didn't have the heart to change 'em."

Her family covered their regret as best they could and entered upon her little feast. At the head of her table, with her four "children" about her, and father's armchair left vacant, they perceived that she was not quite the figure they had been thinking her. In this interval they had grown to think of her as a pathetic figure. Not because their father had died, not because she insisted on Springvale as a residence, not because of her eyes. Just pathetic. Mothers of grown children, they might have given themselves the suggestion, were always pathetic. But here was mother, a definite person with poise and with ideas, who might be proud of her offspring, but who, in her heart, never forgot that they *were* her offspring and that she was the parent stock.

"I wouldn't eat two pieces of that pie," she said to President Tilton; "it's pretty rich." And he answered humbly: "Very well, mother." And she took with composure Ricky's light chant:

"Now, you must remember, wherever you are,
That you are the jam, but your mother's the jar."

"Certainly, my children," she said. "And I'm about to tell you when you may have your Christmas presents. Not to-night. Christmas eve is no proper time for presents. It's stealing a day outright. And you miss the fun of looking forward all night long. The only proper time for the presents is after breakfast on Christmas morning, *after* the dishes are washed. The minister and his wife may get here any time from nine on. That means we've got to get to bed early!"

PRESIDENT ARTHUR TILTON lay in his bed looking at the muslin curtain on which the street-lamp threw the shadow of a bare elm which he remembered. He thought:

"She's a pioneer spirit. She's the kind who used to go ahead any way, even if they had missed the emigrant party, and who used to cross the plains alone. She's the backbone of the world. I wish I could megaphone that to the students at Briarcliff who think their mothers 'try to boss' them!"

"Don't leave your windows open too far," he heard from the hall. "The wind's changed."

In the light of a snowy morning the home parlor showed the cluttered commonplace of a room whose furniture and ornaments were not believed to be beautiful and most of

them known not to be useful. Yet when—after the dishes were washed—these five came to the leather chair which bore the gifts, the moment was intensely satisfactory. This in spite of the sense of haste with which the parcels were attacked—lest the minister and his wife arrive in their midst.

"That's one reason," Mrs. Tilton said, "why I want to leave part of my Christmas for *you* until I take you to the train to-night. Do you care?"

"I'll leave a present I know about until then, too," said Ricky. "May I?"

"Come on now, though," said President Arthur Tilton. "I want to see mother get her dolls."

It was well that they were not of an age to look for exclamations of delight from mother. To every gift her reaction was one of startled rebuke.

"Grace! How could you? All that money! Oh, it's beautiful! But the old one would have done me all my life. . . . Why, Edward! You extravagant boy! I never had a watch in my life. You ought not to have gone to all that expense. Arthur Tilton! A silk dress! What a firm piece of goods! I don't know what to say to you—you're all too good to me!"

At Ricky's books she stared and said: "My dear boy, you've been very reckless. Here are more books than I can ever read—now. Why, that's almost more than they've got to start the new library with. And you spent all that money on me!"

It dampened their complacence, but they understood her concealed delight and they forgave her an honest regret at their modest prodigality. For, when they opened her gifts for them, they felt the same reluctance to take the hours and hours of patient knitting for which these stood.

"Hush, and hurry," was her comment, "or the minister'll get us!"

THE minister and his wife, however, were late. The second side of the turkey was ready and the mince pie hot when, toward noon, they came to the door—a faint little woman and a thin man with beautiful, exhausted eyes. They were both in some light glow of excitement and disregarded Mrs. Tilton's efforts to take their coats.

"No," said the minister's wife. "No. We do beg your pardon. But we find we have to go into the country this morning."

"It is absolutely necessary to us that we go into the country," said the minister earnestly. "This morning," he added impressively.

"Into the country! You're going to be here for dinner."

They were firm. They had to go into the country. They shook hands almost tenderly with these four guests. "We just heard about you in the post-office," they said. "Merry Christmas—oh, Merry Christmas! We'll be back about dark."

They left their two shabby suitcases on the hall floor and went away.

"All the clothes they've got between them would hardly fill these up," said Mrs. Tilton mournfully. "Why on earth do you suppose they'd turn their back on a dinner that smells so good and go off into the country at noon on Christmas Day? They wouldn't do that for another invitation. Likely somebody's sick," she ended, her puzzled look denying her tone of finality.

"Well, thank the Lord for the call to the country," said Ricky shamelessly. "It saved our day."

They had their Christmas dinner, they had their afternoon—safe and happy and uninterrupted. Five commonplace-looking folk in a commonplace-looking house, but the eye of love knew that this was not all. In the wide sea of their routine they had found and taken for their own this island day, unforgetable.

"I thought it was going to be a gay day," said Ricky at its close, "but it hasn't. It's been heavenly! Mother, shall we give them the rest of their presents now, you and I?"

"Not yet," she told them. "Ricky, I want to whisper to you."

She looked so guilty that they all laughed at her. Ricky was laughing when he came back from that brief privacy. He was still laughing mysteriously when his mother turned from a telephone call.

"What do you think!" she cried. "That was the woman that brought me my turkey. She knew the minister and his wife were to be with me to-day. She wants to know why they've been eating a lunch in a cutter out that way. Do you suppose——"

They all looked at one another doubtfully, then in abrupt conviction. "They went because they wanted us to have the day to ourselves!"

"Arthur," said Mrs. Tilton with immense determination, "let me whisper to you, too." And from that moment's privacy he also returned smiling, but a bit ruefully.

"Mother ought to be the president of a university," he said.

"Mother ought to be the head of a law firm," said Edward.

"Mother ought to write a book about herself," said Ricky.

"Mother's mother," said Grace, "and that's enough. But you're all so mysterious, except me."

"Grace," said Mrs. Tilton, "you remind me that I want to whisper to you."

THEIR train left in the late afternoon. Through the white streets they walked to the station, the somber little woman, the buoyant, capable daughter, the three big sons. She drew them to seclusion down by the baggage-room and gave them four envelopes.

"Here's the rest of my Christmas for you," she said. "I'd rather you'd open it on the train. Now, Ricky, what's yours?"

She was firm to their protests. The train was whistling when Ricky owned up that the rest of his Christmas present for mother was a brand-new daughter, to be acquired as soon as his new book was off the press. "We're going to marry on the advance royalty," he said importantly, "and live on—" The rest was lost in the roar of the express.

"Edward!" shouted Mrs. Tilton. "Come here. I want to whisper——"

She was obliged to shout it, whatever it was. But Edward heard, and nodded, and kissed her. There was time for her to slip something in Ricky's pocket and for the other good-bys, and then the train drew out. From the platform they saw her brave, calm face against the background of the little town. A mother of "grown children" pathetic? She seemed to them at that moment the one supremely triumphant figure in life.

They opened their envelopes soberly and sat soberly over the contents. The note, scribbled to Grace, explained: Mother wanted to divide up now what she had had for them in her will. She would keep one house and live on the rent from the other one, and "here's all the rest." They laughed at her postscript:

"Don't argue. I ought to give the most—I'm the mother."

"And look at her," said Edward solemnly. "As soon as she heard about Ricky, there at the station, she whispered to me that she wanted to send Ricky's sweetheart the watch I'd just given her. Took it off her wrist then and there."

"That must be what she slipped in my pocket," said Ricky.

It was.

"She asked me," he said, "if I minded if she gave those books to the new Springvale public library."

"She asked me," said Grace, "if I cared if she gave the new rug to the new church that can't pay its minister."

President Arthur Tilton shouted with laughter.

"When we heard where the minister and his wife ate their Christmas dinner," he said, "she whispered to ask me whether she might give the silk dress to her when they get back to-night."

All this they knew by the time the train reached the crossing where they could look back on Springvale. On the slope of the hill lay the little cemetery, and Ricky said:

"And she told me that if my flowers got there before dark, she'd take them up to the cemetery for Christmas for father. By night she won't have even a flower left to tell her we've been there."

"Not even the second side of the turkey," said Grace, "and yet I think——"

"So do I," her brothers said.

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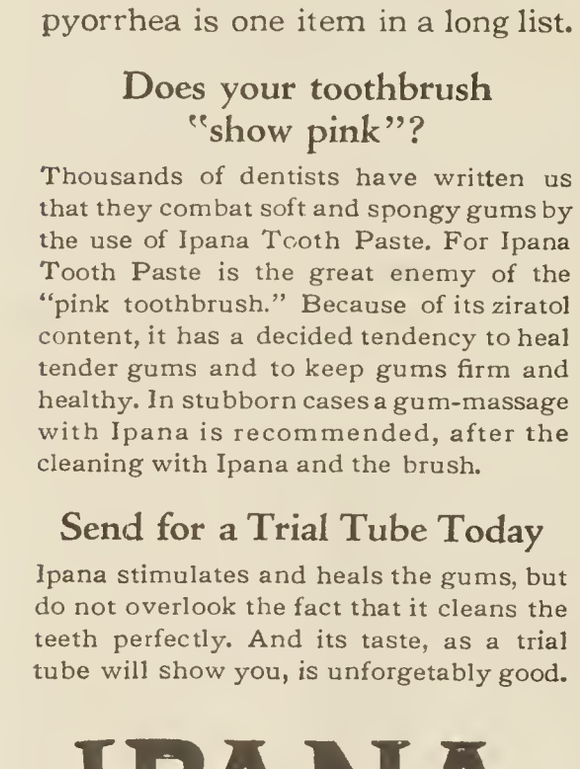
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"AND HEAR—THE ANGELS—SING!"

Continued from page 6

The neighbor's eyes turned in quick pity. "All right, old man. If you're tired, I can take it up. Better let me try now." The frontiersman's far-carrying "Coo-ee! Coo-ee!" beat through the muffling flakes along the hard-fought miles.

Gray light was struggling through the east when they both cried out at sight of a lighted window. It was Copley's shack. The man was over the wheel, had the door open and stood staring around an empty room.

Granger laid an arm across his shoulders. "It would have been facing the storm to come back here—no one could make it. Some one's happened along the trail and taken her in with them; they can't let you know till after the storm." He was rustling a fire in the tiny stove and turned at the door. "I'll unhitch and feed the mules before Clark comes."

SLOWLY Aaron turned to stove and cupboard to get breakfast for the men. The small table was set for last night's supper. The man lurched against the wall, eyes closed.

At a far-away, repeated "Coo-ee! Coo-ee!" he ran out into the storm and toward a lunging sled. Clark hailed him cheerfully. "Smith is sure somebody's picked Nancy up. He thinks she may have run clear on to the north crossing, over the top of the hill."

He followed Aaron into the shack as Smith drove toward the shed. The men breakfasted silently. Clark nodded toward the window. "This is no squall; more like a snowing-in storm. Can you men get back home over the roads we've just traveled?"

Smith and Granger nodded.

"The road up-hill has been drifting in for twelve hours. Copley will have to come with me, I guess, to help break it; we may have to do some shoveling—" with a glance that signaled his neighbors—"and besides, he'll want to be where the boy is."

Aaron stirred. "If—she should—come back here——"

Smith, the old-time frontiersman, shook his head. "She couldn't have lasted. She's been picked up before this, son. We'll have to get home where they need us and break out to the stage road when the storm's over. Then we can get word around." He got up from the table and reached for his coat. "Leave one wagon here, Clark? It'll be hard enough with a four-mule team."

Hurriedly they made ready in the unceasing snowfall, tied the cow behind Clark's wagon and scattered three days' food in the coops. Encouragingly the neighbors called good-by, branched out in three directions and vanished through the heavy curtain.

The road over the hill had drifted badly. Again and again the four-mule team stalled and the men climbed out with shovels. All day they struggled to open a road, and night had come when Clark's guide-light showed them the way in. Alice opened the door to greet them. The silence that followed was both question and answer.

When they entered the shack, Alice was waiting with the baby. As soon as their coats were off, she laid the child in Aaron Copley's arms and turned to her cooking. The man stood staring down at the sleeping rosy face until a quiver broke the storm-locked eyes and his head dropped to the soft bundle.

Four days and nights the snow fell and drifted. On the fifth the frontiersmen faced the clear, bitter cold with teams and shovels, digging their way out of exile and into touch with the world again.

From three points the news radiated that Nancy Copley was missing. It reached the post-office and stage-line and traveled the hundred long miles up and down the Strip, from Haney on the railway to LeBeau, the Indian trading-post, without answer. The snowfall was over three feet on the level and old frontiersmen shook their heads. Nancy Copley had been out four days; only the Spring thaw could finish the story.

Ceaselessly up and down the road Aaron traveled, questioning every one. When he finally drove home, his neighbors begged him to stop with them, but he went on to his own shack.

Again it stormed, and when the roads were cleared, Clark crossed the great white desert to Aaron Copley's house with Alice and the baby. Long before they reached the hill they heard the man's cry. As they crossed the top, a figure plunged from drift to drift beside the road digging frantically, flinging the snow up in the air and calling wildly: "Nancy! Nancy? Nancy!"

Alice Clark climbed out of the sled with Nancy's baby and crossed the snow stretch. She faced the gaunt, haggard man, reached up and laid the baby in his arms.

Aaron Copley stared down at the child. Slowly the wild glare softened and he staggered against the drift, racked with sobs. Quietly she led him to the sled and they drove back home. Clark came over another day and closed the small sod house.

The weather grew colder and more tempestuous, as if the late coming of Winter had cumulated in ferocity. Storm after storm blocked the roads and the settlers broke through each fresh fall until packed roadways crossed the white desert as definitely as railroad-tracks. They established switches a signaling distance apart, and woe betide the reckless tenderfoot who tried to pass another team elsewhere and drove out on the treacherous crust. They might laugh at the absurd warning of drowning in snow, but they laughed no longer after one experience in the dangerously long exposure to bitter cold—cutting loose frightened horses, salvaging team and overturned sled and load from under six feet of feathery flakes up on the high grade again.

Not until the first week of December were the roads clear so that Sunday-school could meet in the general store and post-office. In their reunion after exile the religious gathering proved as hilarious as old-home week for the young people. The older ones could not forget their missing neighbor.

A general shout of welcome greeted each newcomer, but the hail turned to a gasp when Aaron Copley followed the Clarks through the doorway. The men standing nearest shook hands heartily and the mothers in the postmistress's tiny bedroom made space for Nancy Copley's child.

A neighbor bent close. "He looks like Nancy. Poor baby. I wonder——"

The postmistress drew a quick breath. "I think Aaron's the bravest man I ever knew, but if he just wouldn't—smile! It's sadder than any tears!"

The woman turned away. "It's the—not knowing! Do you think we ought to have a Christmas tree? It doesn't seem right, somehow."

ALICE CLARK spoke quickly. "He was afraid you might think that; it's the reason he came to-day. And he's learned to know—" her own lips were none too steady—"to know we're neighbors, all of us. He'll speak and he'll help—you'll see!"

The Sunday-school was called to order, a little later than usual, and followed the routine course. Before the last hymn the superintendent rose. "It's three weeks until Christmas. I—some of us have thought——"

Aaron Copley stood up. "I would like to offer my services, if you care to have me help with the Christmas carols. The singing-school could be used for rehearsals. If you—" He sat down quickly.

The superintendent looked about the room. "We didn't know. That was why——"

In a low voice, without looking up, the man spoke. "She wanted me to come. It is the only thing I can—do."

The superintendent's voice was also low. "It is our duty to go on with the plans. It is all—we can do!"

Quietly he gave out the hymn and the school was dismissed. The older people agreed together that for the sake of the children the holiday spirit must rule.

In common with the rest of the frontier strip the little settlement plunged into Christmas preparations. The men drove fifty frozen miles to the trading-post at LeBeau, where the Indians from the reservation brought over moccasins of snow-white doeskin embroidered with scarlet beads.

The children brought out their hoard of buffalo-horns, picked up on the prairie through Summer days, soaked them and

Continued on page 79



Erman Farina,
Reading, Penna.

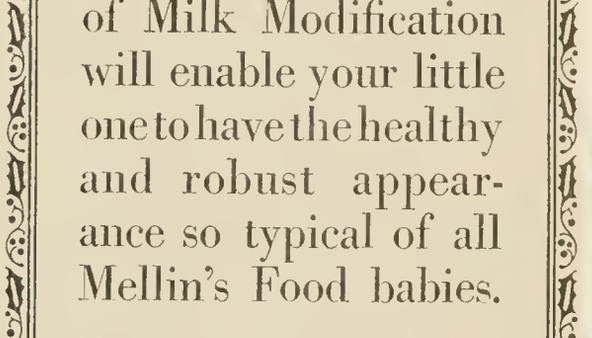
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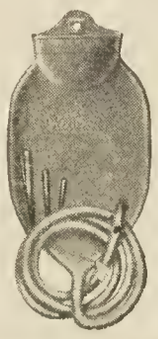
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"AND HEAR—THE ANGELS—SING!"

Continued from page 78

cleaned them and made the days hideous in two-room shacks with the ear-splitting scrape of an edge of broken glass along the horn's curve. This process had been vouched for to reveal beauties of grain and induce a polish obtainable in no other way.

Secretly the artists met, ignoring the noise of betrayal, screened behind the kitchen stove to compare high lights of finish on ivory or ebony masterpiece and discuss preferred mountings into hat-racks or bouquet-holders.

The mail-order catalog was worn to tatters with frequent consultations and the stage driver given every possible commission that even his good nature could fill in Haney. Boxes came from families and friends back home and were opened, laughed and cried over. In them were generous contributions of trimmings and candles for the tree.

THE final week was storm-filled and again the tired frontiersmen had to break roads. The tree was brought in the day before Christmas and set up in the post-office. The nearby committee decorated the room with evergreen prunings, fastened strings of pop-corn across the most obvious gaps in the branches and awaited the general contributions of Christmas night.

Carols and choir were ready and waiting; some attuning spirit in Aaron's helpfulness and quiet bravery had wrought magic with the untrained voices and the old songs rang harmoniously.

At last came Christmas night—Christmas on the frontier. Neighbors doubled up for the celebration, the end man on the road calling for the settlers living nearer the general store. Singing, shouting and jingling, the bob-sleds drove along the arms of the great cross of frontier roads to its center at the post-office.

They crowded into the small room until the postmistress held up her hands. "What will we do with the children? They can't see the tree! Where——"

"The children?" Smith caught up Olafson's tow-headed boy. "Put 'em up on the counter. All the kids on the counter! Up ye go—south, east, Norway and Sweden! How'll that do, ma'am?"

"Splendid! Front seats on the balcony—also out from under foot! Where's Kate?" The harried postmistress turned to her sister. "Kate, are you sure there's something on for every one? Have you kept track? The new Norwegian family over east has just come in."

"Yes, yes—every one. There's the choir! Sh-sh, they're going to begin."

A hush fell over the little room of frontier men and women, self-exiled from comfort and safety and beloved custom, as the choir stood. Aaron's brave eyes held them and his clear tenor rose like a guiding flute:

"Hark, the herald angels sing,
Glory to the newborn King——"

The prairie audience drew a long reminiscent breath and their eyes filmed with memories. Only for a moment, then the round-eyed balcony broke the hush with demands for fruit from the tree. A homemade Santa Claus entered to a salvo of embarrassing shouts and flung them back in pertinent boomerangs as he distributed the gifts.

The postmistress was beaming. "Kate, look at the Olafson twins; they're speechless with joy!"

"I wish the rest were! Oh, look what's coming!"

With an impressive air, Santa Claus announced, "Miss Arnold, our postmistress!"

A well-scraped buffalo-horn, swinging by festive ribbon tied through jagged holes on opposite sides of the rim, was presented with an adult look of sympathy.

"I'm so glad your nephew gave it to you, Mary. It's your turn to struggle with the recording angel!"

Another name was called. The postmistress handed on the package to her sister and watched her open it. A small box held a long rope of pink pearl beads packed between layers of blue cotton.

"What in the world——"

"Careful, Kate! My nephew and your son presents this: his wholly indifferent manner betrays him. You can wear them to the opera, you know!"

"Opera! There's no such word! I'll put them on when I plant peas and beans next Spring. Pink pearls are especially fetching over Dakota tan. Bless the child!"

The remaining collection of buffalo-horns and moccasins was distributed to politely grateful recipients, the mail-order gifts evoking a genuine enthusiasm. Once again the spell of silence held them as carol after carol filled the frontier room with beautiful harmonies until the balcony row began to nod like drowsy cherubs.

The superintendent rose. "There is one more favor we would like to ask. If—" The superintendent paused and then went on: "Mr. Copley has been more than kind in training the choir. If we might ask one more favor—that he would sing the last carol, 'It Came Upon the Midnight Clear,' alone?"

Aaron winced as if some one had struck him. A gray film blotted out the people before him, and against a setting sun Nancy stood listening to that hymn with misty eyes. He thrust out his hand in a gesture of protest.

Swiftly across the waiting silence a whisper beat. "Can't live on the frontier without neighbors. . . . having them and being one. . . ."

Aaron's white face lifted as at a summons; he rose and stood before his neighbors, thin, gaunt and without the heartbreaking smile. Every whisper stilled as they watched him spellbound.

The tiny melodeon sounded the opening chords and softened into the merest breath of an accompaniment. Like a triumphant flute, his voice rose and filled the silent room and floated through the opening door out into the white stretch beyond:

"It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold.
Peace on the earth, good-will to men
From Heaven's all-gracious King.
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing!"

Hungrily a border people listened to golden voice and treasured memories and the overtones of courage that reach across from pioneer to pioneer. Breathless they sat with blurring eyes as the melody soared and softened.

"—with peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary——"

The music died away in silence. Wide, strange eyes stared over the people sitting before him and like a sleep-walker Aaron Copley moved toward the door.

Swiftly one by one they turned. In the open doorway stood a woman clad in white doeskin, her bare head covered with snow. Slowly she lifted a pale face and stretched out her arms to the man before her.

THE people drew back, making a pathway before those hurrying steps. Again the hoarse cry of a prairie call, "Nancy? Nancy!" and Aaron caught her in his arms.

Unbelievingly the frontiersmen stared at each other. Alice Clark slipped into the tiny room and caught up Nancy's baby. Quietly she waited until the woman swayed weakly, then touched Aaron Copley on the arm and held out the child. But it was Nancy who caught it from her, laughing and crying in one breath.

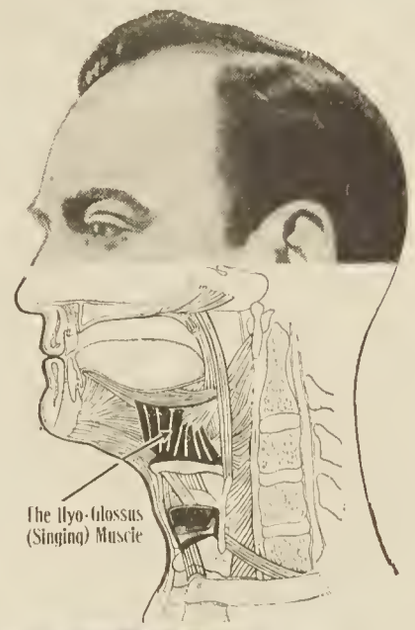
Straining through tears, she looked about her at the circle of wide-eyed, loving neighbors. Nancy's free arm went out as if to embrace them all. "I—heard—Aaron! Oh, I can't believe it yet—that I'm here!" She laughed as tears fell unheeded. Again she swayed heavily. Some one pulled a chair forward and Aaron lowered her gently and knelt beside her.

"Don't try to talk, dear. Wait until——"

She shook her head, brushing away the tears. "I want you to know what saved—I—oh, it was when I couldn't get back down the hill against the wind after that foolish race and I tried to run on to Clark's. I got so cold and tired and I fell down so many times, and that's the last I remember, excepting a bad dream of being shaken to

Concluded on page 80

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"AND HEAR—THE ANGELS—SING!"

Concluded from page 79

pieces on a long, rough journey. When I woke up, I was in an Indian teepee over in the reservation!"

Aaron's breath caught as he stared at Clark.

"The old squaw was more than kind to me—they all were. Some white person had befriended them once and they were paying her debt to me; that much I was able to understand before I came away. I was badly frozen"—she held up a bandaged arm—"but they worked magic with their herbs and oils, and as soon as I could travel they dressed me in this ceremonial robe they had ready." Again she held out her arm with its wide sleeve of snowy doeskin, deeply fringed, soft as velvet, embroidered with palest blue and scarlet beads, but rumpled and streaked with melting snow.

"For days they've been testing the ice. They were afraid to carry word of my safety for fear of being punished because they were off the reservation that night. I learned to understand their sign language, for I was mad to get home."

AGAIN the tears rained down her face. "They brought me as far as the river yesterday, and as soon as it was dark to-night we crossed with sleds and ponies. The Indians drove very quietly along the west road from the river until we saw McCallum's guide-light, then they let me out and waited till I walked to the shack. When nobody came to the door, I called and tried to open it, but it was locked."

Mrs. McCallum cried out in pity. "It was because of prowling coyotes—one of them got in last time!"

Nancy nodded and smiled shakily. "When I turned round to tell the Indians, they were gone. They may have thought I was calling out 'all right' to them, and they were still afraid. So I walked on toward Bevans'. I wasn't very strong yet, and I thought I'd never get there, and then——"

Bevans groaned. "And my shack was locked too! I'll never lock it again as long as I live!"

The girl's laugh caught on a sob. Aaron pleaded: "Don't try, Nancy—don't, dear. We understand——"

She put out her hand. "There is something I must tell you: I walked and walked and I was so tired and cold and then I got—sleepy. I knew what that meant, but I didn't know where I was, and I thought I heard a great throng singing—and I was frightened more! I started to run and—and—" her breath caught sobbingly— "I staggered off the roadbed down into the—deep snow!"

Aaron's tortured face turned to marble. Smith gripped Clark's arm. "We'd a never found her, going home! She'd a been covered—and it's snowing——"

THE girl hurried on. "I tried to climb up on the road, but it was so high and I kept slipping down again and my arms hurt so where they'd been frozen, and at last—I stopped trying! I was so tired I couldn't care any more and I tumbled down in the snow and—quit fighting the sleep! Then—it was like a dream—then—" the girl struggled to her feet and her voice lifted and thrilled through the room—"then I heard *Aaron—singing!*"

She turned to the man; over the wide eyes crept a film of terror. "If you hadn't been—*here*—*singing*—" With a cry she buried her face in his arms.

Openly and unashamed the frontier people wiped their eyes. The superintendent turned to the temporary platform. "Friends—friends——"

With face transfigured, Aaron Copley drew the woman and child with him and stood again before the people of the border. Without accompaniment the golden notes rose:

"O ye beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow——"

The man's head lifted and a smile beyond earth lighted his face.

"Look, now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh rest beside the weary road
And hear—the angels—sing!"

Softly the border people slipped from the room of the miracle. The postmistress nodded to Aaron as she followed her sister through the doorway. North, east, south, west the neighbors traveled along the silent roads of the frontier, too happy for speech.

Within the room Aaron knelt, adoring mother and child, and Nancy rocked the baby to sleep, humming over and over:

"And hear—the angels—sing!"



MY REMINISCENCES

Continued from page 15

When I got back to London, I found Anthony Hope, who had been a friend of mine for years, engaged to Betty Sheldon, who was a sister of Susanne Sheldon. She was a beautiful creature with red hair, and looked just like *Princess Flavia*, Anthony's heroine in "The Prisoner of Zenda." She was the most divine bride I have ever seen. I was her maid-of-honor at the wedding. This was the second time I was bridesmaid to the wife of one of my old friends. The first time was when Richard Harding Davis married Cecil Clark in Marion, Massachusetts. Dick had been a friend of mine for many years, as had Anthony, in spite of which fact both of their wives liked me!

I think the most characteristic thing about Anthony Hope is his spirit of kindness and gentleness toward life. He possesses a delightful sense of humor and has a tremendously romantic side to him, as was shown in "The Prisoner of Zenda," which started a new kind of literature. People all began to write about kings in golf-suits, when before it was impossible to write about kings unless they were in armor or seated on thrones. No one ever equaled "The Prisoner of Zenda," but Anthony had an enormous number of imitators.

The Anthony Hopes gave me a supper-party after "Cynthia," at which were many of my intimate friends, none of whom spoke very much about the evening's entertainment. The play was not a success. The papers were all very nice to me, but London was not interested in the proceedings. So, after playing about six weeks, I went to Scotland, made some visits and then, with Mr. and Mrs. Ben Webster, Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Esmond, Gerald Du Maurier, Anthony Hope and Cecelia Loftus I went for a Summer holiday to a small place in County Kerry, Ireland. There was nothing there at all except an inn and a few little huts—real huts, with pigs and old women with pipes. The young Irish girls we met with were most amazingly beautiful; as you passed them they would look up with eyelashes that seemed to sweep the dust, blue eyes and oval faces. Terrific poverty but terrific beauty!

One of our party, Cecelia Loftus, was a real genius as a mimic. There was something very touching about that poignant personality—no one else has ever been like her. She was most kind and generous and would give anybody anything she had.

We occupied the entire inn, it was so small, just as if it were our own country house. We had a marvelous time fishing and swimming. It was in the bicycle days, and we used to ride along a beautiful road at the edge of a cliff right above the sea just as the

Continued on page 81



Cleaning Windows Without Soap

Just add a few drops of 3-in-One to the wash water.

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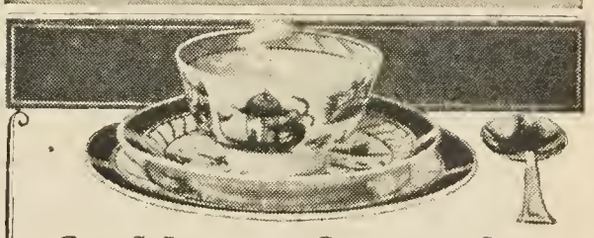
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MY REMINISCENCES

Continued from page 80

sun was setting back of beautiful mountains. One day I was bicycling along this road alone when suddenly I heard the most unearthly sounds that seemed to come from the mountains just above me. Finally I saw figures covered with shawls and bent over moving along above me. They were on their way to a wake, and, as they walked over the mountains, they kept up a continual "keening." It was most unearthly.

They told me at the little post-office that if it were not for the mail that came from America every Christmas, the poverty would be appalling. As it was, they were living almost entirely on potatoes.

A great many of them talked only Gaelic. I got lost one day when I was out walking on the moors, and asked a man the way back to the inn. He could not understand me and I could not understand him. He could not speak a word of English.

WHEN I came back to America to begin another season, Mr. Frohman had not been able to find a suitable play for me, so we had a season of revivals at the Empire Theater—"His Excellency, the Governor" and "Captain Jinks." It was then that I produced the first Galsworthy play we had in America, "The Silver Box," in which I played the part of *Mrs. Jones*—a tragic figure, a beautiful part and a magnificent play. What I suppose I may call my public was aghast at my appearing as a charwoman in rags. It did not succeed financially, although it gave me the return of great happiness and pleasure to play that part and to know that the few people who cared seriously for the theater and for my work were sincerely enthusiastic.

This brought us to early Spring, when I was sent on tour as far as California, playing well into the Summer in "Captain Jinks" again. My brother Lionel and his wife were still living in Paris, and that Summer I went over to see them. We had a delightful apartment in the Avenue Marceau, where Lionel and Doris's first baby was born. During that Summer I went on a divine motor trip with Milly Sutherland through France. We went directly from Paris to Normandy and stopped at that beautiful famous inn, *Guillaume le Conquérant*. We used to motor over to play golf at Deauville from there and we would go to shop and see the sights at Trouville. Sometimes we went to the theater in the evening or watched the gambling. I left Milly at the *Guillaume le Conquérant* and went back to Paris by train to await the arrival of Lionel's baby. After it was born, I went to England to sail from there and to see the play I was to do the next season, called "Lady Frederick," by W. Somerset Maugham.

I REMEMBER a very amusing incident that happened when Milly Sutherland later came to America on a visit with her husband, the Duke, their son, Alcstair, and Rosemary, their daughter. We took them to the ball-game; the Yankees and Detroits were playing. The crowd was very interested in our party, but didn't know who my friends were. Milly looks like somebody important, and the camera-men just came and stood in front of our box, which infuriated me, but that didn't seem to worry them—they took pictures of us as much as they liked. I remember Ty Cobb came over to meet us.

The grand-stand was close to the boxes in the old stadium, and I could hear the people saying, "Royalty, I suppose." They were not unpleasant, but it made me sort of nervous. When somebody muffed a ball out in center field, Rosemary, who was then about nineteen, a lovely-looking girl with a high English voice, turned around and said: "Jolly bad fielders, aren't they?" The whole crowd simply roared when they heard her. She didn't know anything about the game. But she knew he should not have missed the ball. She said it was like an English game called "Rounders."

We produced "Lady Frederick" in September in New York, where it ran for several months and then went on tour. It was during the run of this play that I became engaged and was married to Russel Colt in Boston. We were married from my friends' house, the John Fairchilds, and our honeymoon was the rest of the tour of "Lady Frederick," which took us as far as the Coast and back. When we came back, we took a house at Greenwich, Connecticut, and Lionel, Doris and the baby came and spent the rest of the Summer with us. I didn't play again until January, because in the meantime I was occupied in having my first baby, Sammy, who was born in New York in November.

Mr. Frohman had sent me the first two acts of a wonderful play by Pinero, called "Mid-Channel." It was different from anything I had ever done—a play and a part of great power and tragedy. I was tremendously excited about it and knew that, if I succeeded in it, it would be the turning-point of my career, which it was. It was practically the first time that the critics of New York had treated me seriously and with that faint degree of respect which is so pleasing to an artist, even from the smallest of critics.

I MUST say a little more about my baby. He created a great stir in the world when he appeared. I had cables from every country and the announcement was printed in papers all over the civilized world. No royal prince ever had such a welcome. I have never understood why he caused such a tremendous commotion. He was a tiny atom, weighing only four pounds when he was born, and very nearly didn't stay here at all. But he did, and now he is a big, strong boy, and if he ever reads this it will be the first time he will know what excitement his entering this vale of tears caused. I had a very enthusiastic, executive trained nurse who, from the moment of Sammy's arrival, took me and the household in hand and managed us with a rod of iron. It was her idea that a photograph should be taken of the baby and me immediately, so a photographer was summoned and I was propped up in bed with pillows, a lace cap put on my head and, I suppose, registered maternity under the stern orders of Mrs. Frings, my nurse, and the small son was placed in my arms. That picture also went all over the world. I received copies of it from China, Japan and India.

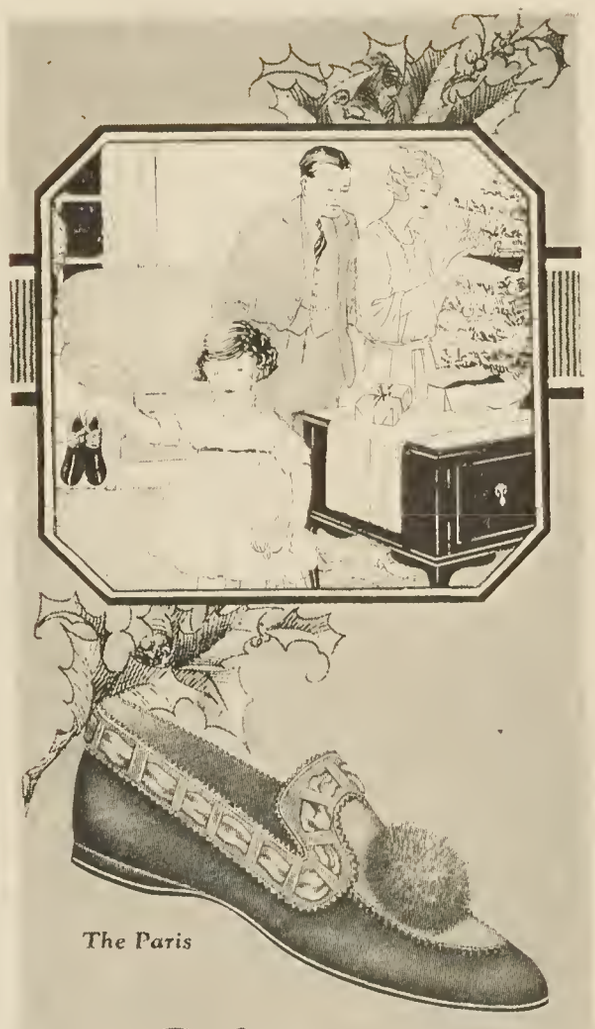
Therefore, 1910 was a wonderful year for me because I was given two gifts—one, a much coveted gift, success as a serious actress; and the other, the greatest of all gifts, a son.

The next play I did with Mr. Frohman was "The Witness for the Defense." I never cared very much for it. It was a moderate success, and we played it from September to the early Spring. I came into New York to the Empire Theater then, and did the revival of "Cousin Kate," followed by a little burlesque on the drama, written by Barrie, and called "The Slice of Life." Jack came back to me for this play. He and I and Hattie Williams were in it. Jack was the husband, I was the wife and Hattie Williams the maid. It was frightfully funny, and the audience simply loved it. We played it for four weeks at the Empire Theater and did an enormous business. At the end of March we stopped; I went to the country, to Mamaroneck, which had become our home, and there, on the thirtieth of April, my little girl was born. It had been rather a strenuous year for me.

Continued in the January DELINEATOR

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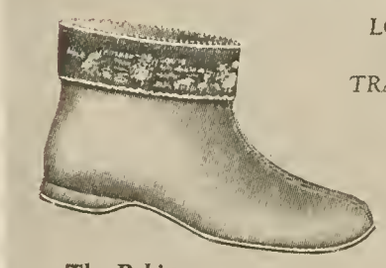
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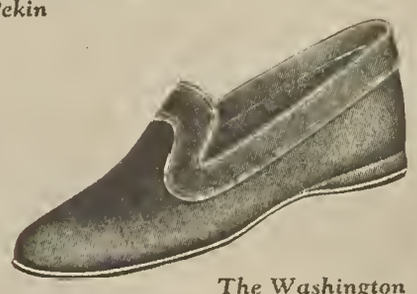
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Capitol Slippers

For All the Family



For all the family

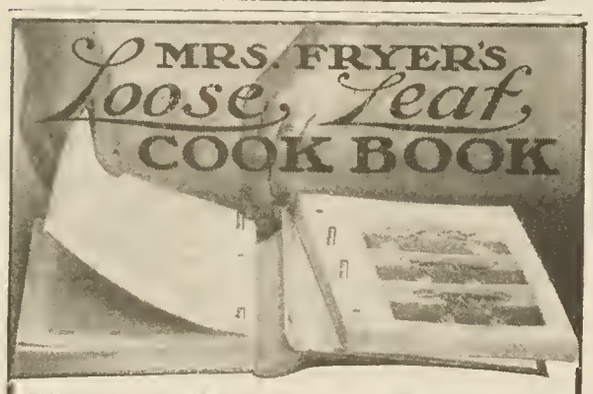
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THE HAPPY CHILD

Continued from page 16

subjected to physical inconveniences that are a disgrace to the sanitary standards of the State, that they come from long distances, having been recruited from fourteen States; and that the compensation for beet culture is so low that it is difficult for a contract laborer and his wife to earn enough to support a family in decency without the aid of child labor. These are facts which have not been denied and can not be denied. The report of the National Child Labor Committee is corroborated by a more recent report of an earlier investigation just issued by the Children's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor.

Social Significance of Child Labor—The effects of child labor give the system its social significance. No motives of pity or commiseration can put an end to this system, but if society can be convinced that child labor is a menace to social health and well-being, a motive will exist powerful enough to combat the special interests that promote or defend it. Child labor depresses wages and breaks down the standard of living. Evidence of this fact is gathered not only from a century of English and other European history, but from the investigations conducted by students of industrial life in America. The wage-earner who has to compete with his own children for a job feels the force of that economic law which for years has been recognized in financial circles: that an inferior medium of exchange can drive the superior medium from the field. In America it is a well-known fact that the industries in which men, women and children work side by side maintain scales of wages so low that the income of an entire family rarely exceeds, and often does not equal, the wages of the man of the family in other industries where he competes only with his peers. Charity and relief workers everywhere recognize that finding jobs for children is no solution of the problem of family prosperity; on the other hand, child labor produces poverty and aggravates the evil. Tenement homes in which child labor prevails suffer the evils of congestion and excessive rents.

Child Labor and Education—Child labor is a menace to education. Obviously children who are at work all day every day are not in school. The records of school attendance show everywhere that the point at which school attendance drops off corresponds exactly with the point at which child-labor restrictions are removed. If children can be legally employed at fourteen years, they leave school almost without exception. On the other hand, if they are forbidden to work until fifteen or until they have passed the eighth grade, they will stay in school until that time. There are many forms of child employment that are educational, that teach useful trades and other occupations, that develop deftness in handiwork and that stimulate the mind—but the kind of child labor against which we protest is devoid of creative significance and, by fastening the child to the same machine or the same process for long periods, tends to deaden the mind and make it unfit for alert, constructive thinking. The homes of many families in which child labor prevails become little more than the rendezvous at night for tired bodies and little minds drunk for sleep.

Child Labor and Health—Child labor is inimical to health. Physicians have long insisted that work and exercise are not identical. Exercise, to be helpful to the physique, must be varied, calling all parts of the body into action and stimulating to the well-planned use of all its organs. Despite this fact, our States have been peculiarly slow to recognize the possible physical injuries of child labor. Records have been published from time to time to show that accidents to working children are from two hundred to three hundred per cent. higher than to adults in the same industries, that tuberculosis and similar diseases are in much higher percentage among working children than among children at play and in school. Physical examinations by the Draft Exemption Board in the late war showed that industrial centers which had promoted child labor during the past generation had a marked tendency to turn out young men of inferior physical standards. Nevertheless there is not a single State in the Union that has developed a thorough system of examination of the physical conditions of working children after they have gone to work. In several States children are physically examined in order to secure employment certificates, but for the most part after this has happened children are left to shift for themselves and no one ever knows to what hazards they are exposed, what injuries they suffer, how early they die or at what age they are thrown crippled, deformed or exhausted on the industrial scrap-heap. In only a few commonwealths have the people expressed enough industrial curiosity to even attempt to tabulate the ages at which employed children are injured or killed. It is against this abuse and its disastrous effects on the health of society that the National Child Labor Committee is arrayed.

The Remedy—In whatever State you reside you may engage in a direct warfare against child labor. No two States agree in standards of protection, and our child-labor laws have been aptly called an "American patchwork." The following suggestions are offered:

1. Promote the pending Child Labor Constitutional Amendment which seeks to remove the disability the United States Supreme Court says exists and which would give Congress power, concurrent with the several States, to limit or prohibit child labor. Your senator or congressman will want to know your opinion before he returns to Washington in December.

2. In your own State, work for improvements in your laws and administration: (*a*) The actual enforcement of your compulsory school-attendance law. (*b*) A school for every child, with trained teachers and adequate equipment. (*c*) A schoolhouse true to the principles of modern sanitary engineering and a curriculum including health education. (*d*) A child-labor law covering all occupations and with no exemptions during school-term or because of poverty. (*e*) Thorough physical examination of every child entering employment and at regular intervals thereafter, and withdrawal of work-permit in every case where the work appears to harm the child physically. (*f*) Provide "double compensation" for industrial injuries to children employed illegally in States having industrial compensation laws.

3. Send to the National Child Labor Committee (1230 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.) or to your own State Department of Labor for a summary of all laws governing child labor or school attendance so that you may become familiar with the protection your own State offers and may compare with standards in other States. The National Child Labor Committee is equipped with a staff of special investigators, with educational, legal and health advisers, with specialists in drafting appropriate legislative measures, and is closely correlated with other national health agencies to give special attention to the health aspects of child labor.

A tender of service is hereby made to the readers of THE DELINEATOR in the study of local child-labor conditions and the development of a remedy.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Requests for advice or information about baby care should be accompanied by a two-cent stamp for return postage and be directed to the Editor, Department of Infant Hygiene.

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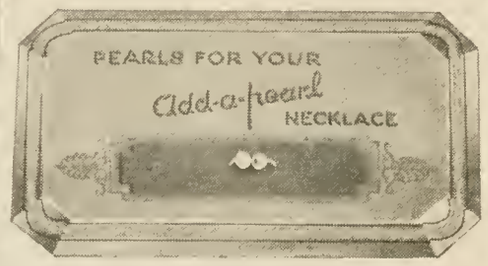


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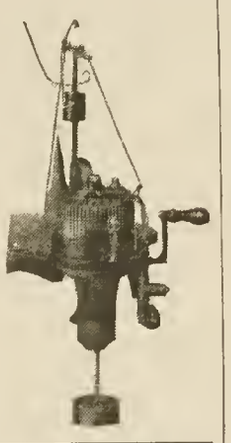
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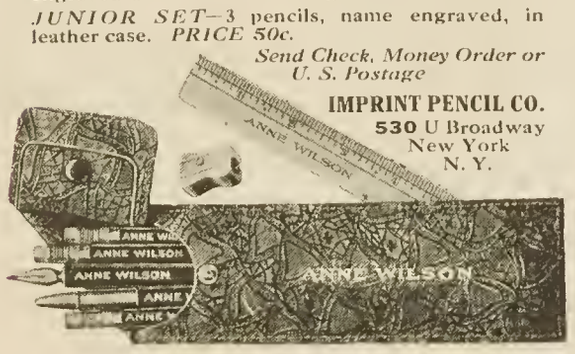
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BABIES

The Happy Child is the healthy, properly brought-up one. Give your child the benefits of the expert advice of the greatest child specialists in America. Dr. L. Emmett Holt is the Chief Adviser of THE DELINEATOR'S campaign for healthier children. Any one of nine pamphlets may be obtained for ten cents in stamps: "The Expectant Mother and the New Baby," by Dr. Ralph Lobenstine, "The General Care of the Baby," "Maternal Nursing," "Artificial Feeding," and 'Diet Problems of Childhood," all by Dr. L. Emmett Holt, "Early Childhood," by Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw, "The School Child," by Dr. William Palmer Lucas,, 'Mental Health," by Dr. Thomas W. Salmon, and "Good Posture," by Dr. Alan De ForestSmith. "The Baby's Record Book," by Dr. Bird T. Baldwin, in cloth binding, is one dollar, including postage.

BETTER HOMES

THE DELINEATOR is the General Headquarters and Bureau of Information of the "Better Homes in America" movement. A plan book, telling the scope of this work, how to organize a local campaign, conduct a Demonstration Week and outfit a demonstration house, will be sent for ten cents.

HOUSEKEEPING

The Home-Economics Department has prepared, under the direction of Miss Martha Van Rensselaer, some leaflets that the homemaker will find helpful in the management of her household. New subjects are added from time to time. If you are interested, send a self-addressed envelope for a list of subjects.

HOUSE DECORATION

Make Your Problems Clear by listing your questions and by giving dimensions, exposure and full description of the rooms you wish to decorate. Four printed bulletins, entitled "Good Floors," "Curtains and Draperies," "Walls, Woodwork and Ceilings" and "Furnishing the Home," price twenty-five cents each, fully cover decoration problems in their respective fields. Any *one* letter addressed to Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders, Editor, Department of House Decoration, should ask not more than five questions or advice about the furnishing and decoration of not more than two rooms.

CHILDREN

The Story Hour: The Children's Department has prepared lists of books for children of all ages, which will assist in forming good reading habits. Ask, too, for a Page of Prayers for children to learn.

BEAUTY

You Can Improve Your Complexion with a little time and careful study. The Beauty Editor will answer special questions and will send folders prepared by experts on the care of the hair, skin and hands, lotions and cosmetics. Tell us what subjects interest you most.

ETIQUETTE

Are You Uncertain about the ways of the social world? Mrs. John Cabot Kimberley will send you a number of useful leaflets on manners and form, covering every social quandary. "Weddings," "Calls and the Use of Cards," "Letter-Writing," "Etiquette at the Table" are some of the titles. She will answer any puzzled inquirer.

ENTERTAINMENT

The Entertainment Department has a new Christmas Party that will make old Santa feel young again. THE DELINEATORS containing the pageant "The Making of America" are available at twenty cents each in stamps. Directions for music and costumes are included. Teachers like this pageant for seventh and eighth grades. Tell us about the party or dinner or dance or shower or church entertainment you are planning and let us help you out.



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Both are hungry—chilly, too.
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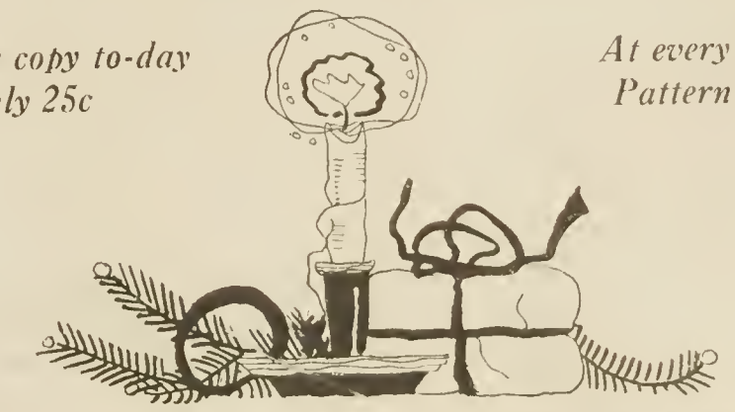
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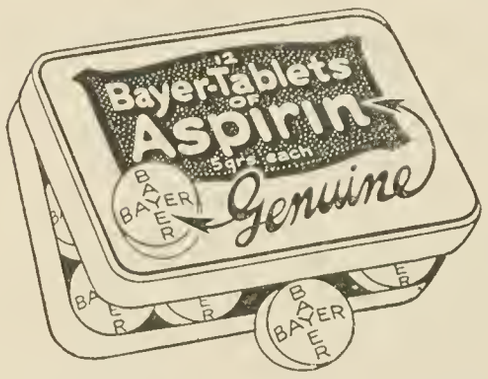
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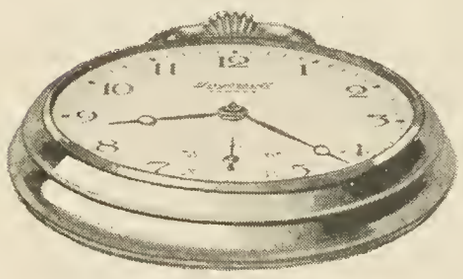
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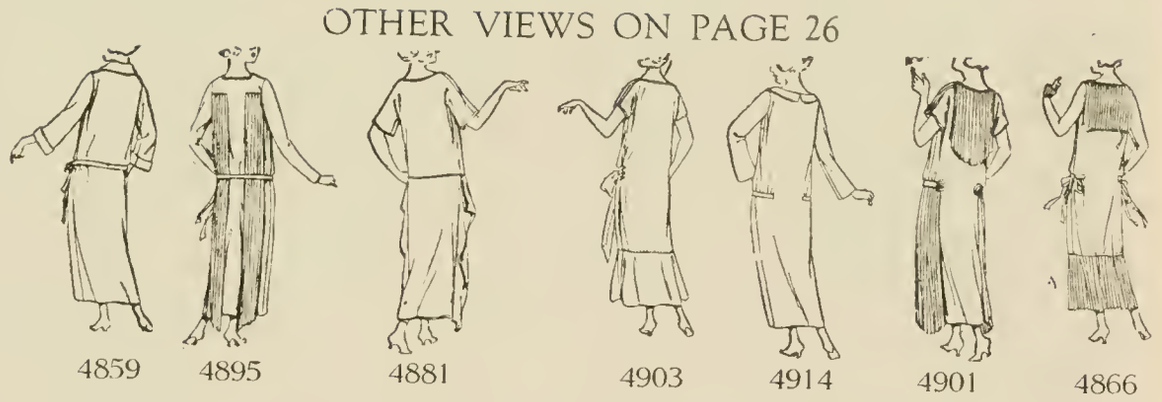
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OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 26



4859 4895 4881 4903 4914 4901 4866

4859—4886—For this one-piece slip-over dress with a straight lower edge use wool crêpe, soft twills, wool cashmere, soft serge, gabardine, sports flannel, plaids. stripes, borders or jersey tubing, etc.; for the tam-o'-shanter hat use velvet, duvetyn, or satin.

36 bust and 21⅞ inches head measure requires 2¼ yards 54-inch novelty wool and ⅝ yard 35-inch velvet. Lower edge 1½ yard.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 50 bust, also misses; the hat for ladies and misses.

4881—The hand-made chou and drapery make this an attractive slip-over dress with a two-piece straight skirt joined to a long body. Use plain or printed silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine, satin crêpe, crêpe satin, printed silks, chiffon velvet or lace. Lower edge 48 inches.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards 40-inch velvet.

The dress is good style for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4914—10207—Soft twills, wool crêpe, gabardine, soft serge, heavy silk crêpe or velvet make a new one-piece straight-line dress with a choice of body lining. The embroidery is a smart trimming. Work it in a harmonious color. Lower edge 48 inches.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch velvet.

The dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4895—10204—In satin crêpe, plain or broché silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine this one-piece slip-over dress is very lovely. One may use Georgette for the loose side-plaited panels and sleeves with satin, plain or broché silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine for dress. The beading is lovely. Work it in a harmonious color.

35 bust requires 5⅝ yards 40-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 49 inches.

The dress is very attractive for ladies 36 to 52 bust.

4903—10197—For this one-piece slip-over dress use soft twills, soft wool crêpe, heavy silk crêpe or chiffon velvet, a novelty with a plain wool, tan with brown, light with dark green, etc. The embroidery is effective. Work in a one-stitch, outline and beads, etc.

36 bust requires 2½ yards 54-inch soft twill. Lower edge 2⅛ yards.

The dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust. also misses.

4901—10178—One may add a side or accordion plaited cape collar to this one-piece dress on the slip-over order. Use satin crêpe, plain or printed silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine, or crêpe satin. Motifs trim the sleeves. Work them in one-stitch, etc.

36 bust requires 5⅞ yards 39-inch satin crêpe. Lower edge 53 inches.

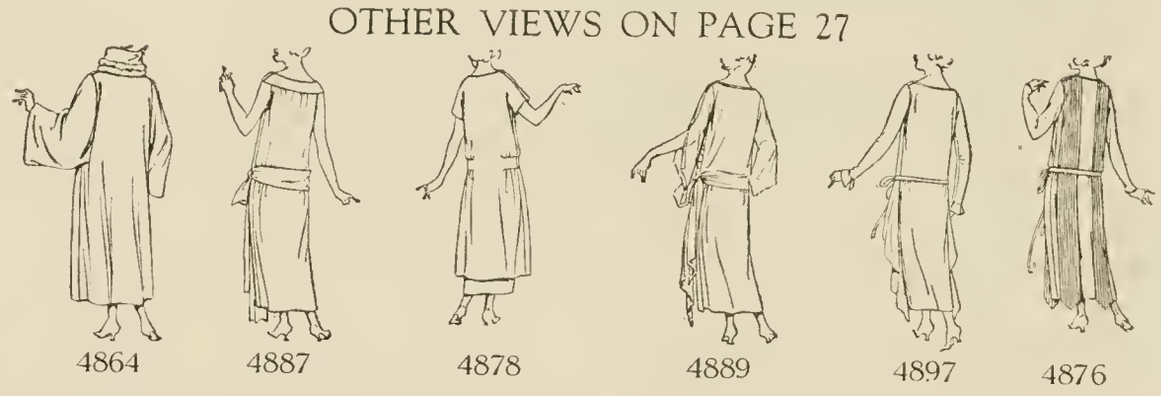
The dress is for ladies 34 to 48 bust.

4866—Accordion or side plaitings trim this one-piece slip-over dress with a straight lower edge. Use satin crêpe, plain or printed silk crêpe, plain or printed crêpe de Chine, novelty crêpe de Chine, printed silks, foulard, etc., all one material, printed with plain or in two shades of the same color.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 39-inch novelty and 2½ yards 39-inch plain silk crêpe. Lower edge, plaits out. 2⅞ yards.

The dress is attractive for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 27



4864 4887 4878 4889 4897 4876

4864—This evening wrap worn wrapped closely about the figure or hanging straight is lovely in black or vivid-colored velvet with fur, metal embroidery or stuffed tubings, with crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe or satin to match embroidery; in metal brocades, etc., lined with plain silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine or satin, in vivid-colored broadcloth or wool pile fabric.

36 bust requires 5¾ yards 36-inch brocaded metallic cloth. Lower edge 1⅞ yard.

The evening wrap is elegant for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4878—The long tunic blouse on Russian lines slips on over the head, has a straight lower edge and is worn over a separate two-piece slip. Use velvet and tinsel brocades on sheer grounds such as Georgette or silk voile or use crêpe de Chine beaded or embroidered with a satin slip, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards chenille-brocaded metallic gauze and 2⅝ yards 35-inch satin for slip. Lower edge of slip 48 inches.

The tunic blouse and slip are smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4897—10207—For this one-piece slip-over dress with tiered front use satin crêpe, plain silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine or crêpe satin. One may use printed silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine. The embroidery is smart. Work it in harmonious colors. The dress has a straight lower edge.

36 bust requires 4 yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 45½ inches.

The dress is very new for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4887—10204—Beaded evening gowns are smart this season. This beading design is especially suited to this one-piece slip-over dress with yoke, a straight or scalloped lower edge and decorative girdle. It has a casing and elastic at the low waistline and a separate one-piece slip. Use crêpe Roma, Georgette, chiffon or crêpe de Chine.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards 39-inch Georgette. Lower edge of dress 54 inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4889—10970—The draped waist with its bias front and which ties at the left side and the wrap-around skirt make this dress suitable for crêpe satin, plain or printed silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine, or lace. It has a straight lower edge, slips on over the head, and should be worn over a slip. The motifs are effective. Work in one-stitch, etc.

36 bust requires 4⅛ yards 40-inch satin crêpe. Lower edge 62 inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4876—10945—Women with fuller or more mature figures will like this one-piece slip-over dress with loose side-plaited panels. It has a straight lower edge and may have a body lining. Use satin crêpe, plain or broché silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine for the entire dress or satin with Georgette panels etc. The embroidery is smart. Work in colors.

36 bust requires 6⅝ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 1⅜ yard.

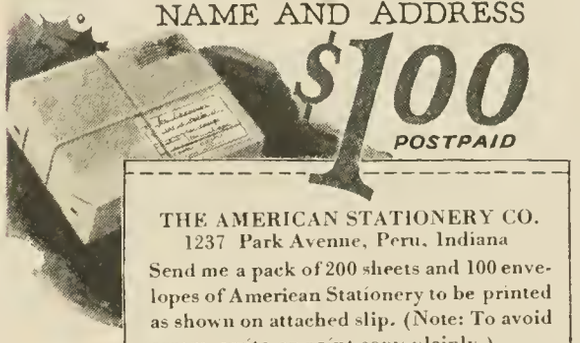
The dress is for ladies 36 to 52 bust.

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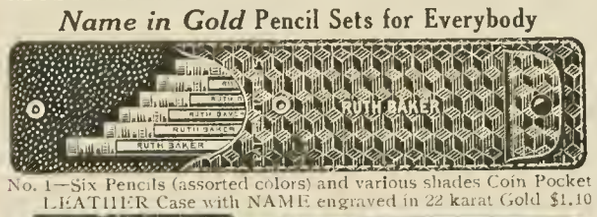
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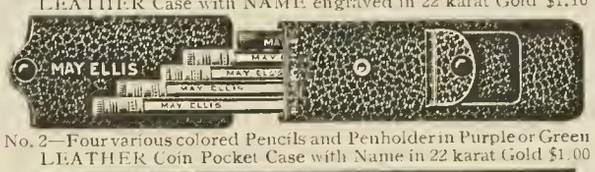
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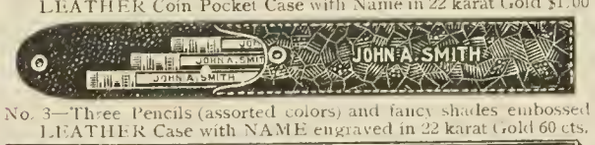
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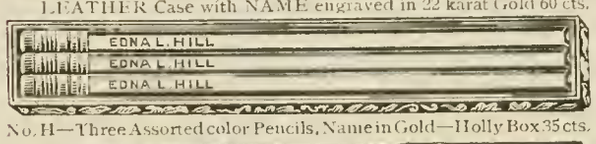
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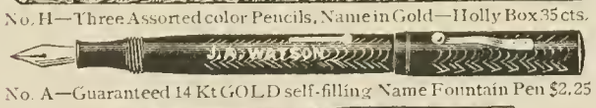
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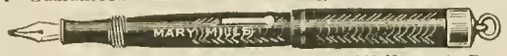
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OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 28

4844—For this slip-over plaited dress with separate pantees use crêpe de Chine or taffeta, or without the hand-made flowers, these materials or pongee.

6 years requires 2⅜ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 8 years.

4884—For a slip-over dress with draped basque and a straight skirt and pinafore front which is joined at a low waistline to an underbody, use taffeta, gros de Londres, plain crêpe de Chine, printed crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe, etc.

12 years requires 3⅜ yards 35-inch taffeta.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

4869—A one-piece slip-over dress with a separate guimpe with set-in sleeves is quaint in wool crêpe, wool eponge, soft twills or serge, etc., with light-weight soft pongee or crêpe de Chine, black or navy blue velvet with holly berry red, etc.

11 years requires 2 yards 36-inch velvet and ⅝ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine for vestee and sleeves of the guimpe.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

4871—Accordion or side plaited tiers are new on the straight skirt joining a long underbody on this slip-over dress with draped waist. Use satin crêpe, silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, printed silk crêpe with ribbon, etc.

13 years requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch silk crêpe.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

4865—Trimming in Russian effect is smart on this one-piece slip-over dress of velveteen or taffeta with frills of écru Val lace edging, or without frills, of wool crêpe, wool eponge, soft twills, serge, etc.

10 years requires 2⅛ yards 35-inch velvet.

The dress is for juniors and girls 6 to 15.

4862—A two-piece circular skirt joins a long body on this slip-over dress. Use velveteen with printed crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe, plain silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine in contrasting color; or use silk crêpe, wool crêpe, soft twills or serge with printed or contrasting color silk crêpe.

12 years requires 1¼ yard 39-inch figured silk crêpe and 1⅛ yard 36-inch velvet.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

4879—10823—For this dress use velveteen in black or navy blue with satin or crêpe de Chine bloomers in holly berry, yellow or Copenhagen, etc. The embroidery is effective. Work in colors.

4 years requires 1⅜ yard 35-inch velvet and ⅞ yard 39-inch silk crêpe.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

4861—4894—4038—With a wrap-around coat and leggings of broadcloth, soft-pile fabrics, duvetyn, soft twills, etc., she wears a velvet shirred hat. One may use velvet or fabric fur for coat with kimono sleeve.

4 years and 19¾ inches head measure requires 1¾ yard 54-inch broadcloth for coat and leggings and ⅝ yard 35-inch velvet for hat.

The coat is for little girls 1 to 6, the hat for girls 2 to 12, leggings for children 2 to 14.

4850—Blue velvet with beige crêpe de Chine for separate bloomers and frills, etc., brown velvet with tan or orange crêpe de Chine, etc., makes a new slip-over dress.

5 years requires 1½ yard 36-inch velvet and 1 yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

10201—Make a French doll to give for Christmas! For a more complete description of these dolls see page 40. This design can be adapted to one doll's body, four heads and clothes.

10192—This rag doll is easily made. The design can be adapted to one body and two heads for a doll 13 inches high, a dress and bloomers.



4844



4884 4869 4871 4865



4862 4879 4861 4850





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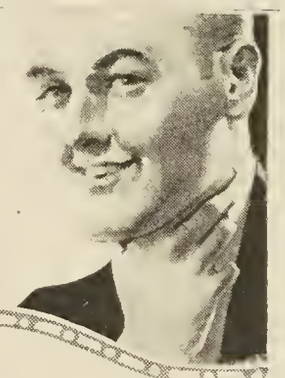
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OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 29

4873—10115—The schoolgirl finds this slip-over one-piece dress with clusters of plaits at each side of the front and back useful in soft wool crêpe or cashmere for classroom or day wear, and in taffeta or plain or printed crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe for informal engagements. The embroidery is gay. Work it in cross-stitch.

16 years requires 3⅞ yards 40-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge, plaits out, 2 yards.

The dress is attractive for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

4877—This coat dress on the wrap-around order is attractive in wool rep, wool poplin, soft twills, wool crêpe, wool cashmere, gabardine, serge or heavy silk crêpe. It has elastic and a casing at the sides at a low waistline.

16 years requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch wool rep.

The coat dress is smart for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

4866—Accordion or side plaits trim a one-piece slip-over dress with a straight lower edge and set-in sleeves. Use satin crêpe, plain or printed silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine, novelty crêpe de Chine, printed silks, foulard, etc. Lower edge, plaits out, 2⅝ yards.

16 years or 33 bust requires 4⅛ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is graceful for misses 16 to 18 years or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

4893—The young girl chooses the new silhouette in this slip-over dress of satin, silk crêpe, moire, taffeta, velvet, soft twills, soft serge or soft wool crêpe. It closes under the left arm and the straight full skirt joins a basque at a low waistline. There may be a body lining. Lower edge 2 yards.

17 years requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch velvet.

The dress is becoming to misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

4855—A long tunic blouse in Russian effect is worn over a separate two-piece slip. Use velvet, duvetyn, wool crêpe, wool rep, wool poplin, etc., for entire costume or with lower part of slip of satin or use heavy silk faille or heavy satin. Lower edge of slip 42 inches.

17 years or 34 bust requires 3¼ yards 36-inch novelty velvet and ⅝ yard 36-inch satin crêpe for lower part of slip.

The costume is becoming to misses 16 to 18 years or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

4883—For holiday dances this slip-over dress which drapes around the figure and is held in front by a hand-made chou is lovely in moire, crêpe satin, plain crêpes, satin crêpe, lace, etc. The straight skirt is joined at a low waistline. Lower edge 2⅜ yards.

17 years requires 4 yards 35-inch moire.

The dress is becoming to misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

4851—A slip-over dress of chiffon velvet, crêpe satin, satin crêpe, plain or printed silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine, printed silks or lace has a two-tiered straight skirt with drapery and joined at a low waistline. It closes under the left arm and the long body lining has a camisole top. Lower edge 48 inches.

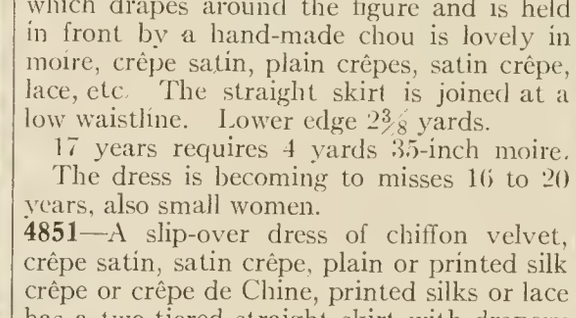
17 years requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch velvet.

The dress is lovely for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

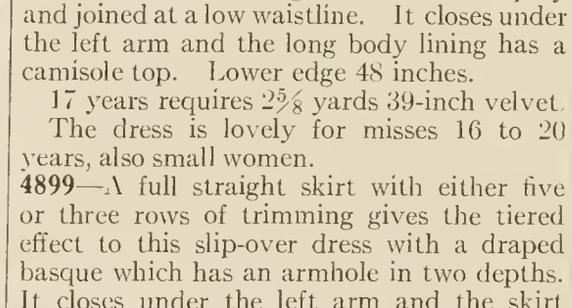
4899—A full straight skirt with either five or three rows of trimming gives the tiered effect to this slip-over dress with a draped basque which has an armhole in two depths. It closes under the left arm and the skirt joins a slightly long underbody with a camisole top. There may be a straight drop skirt. Use moire or taffeta with lace edging frills and a hand-made ribbon bow and flowers, etc. Lower edge of skirt 3 yards.

17 years requires 4¼ yards 36-inch taffeta.

The dress is lovely for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.



4873 4877 4866 4893



4855 4883 4851 4899

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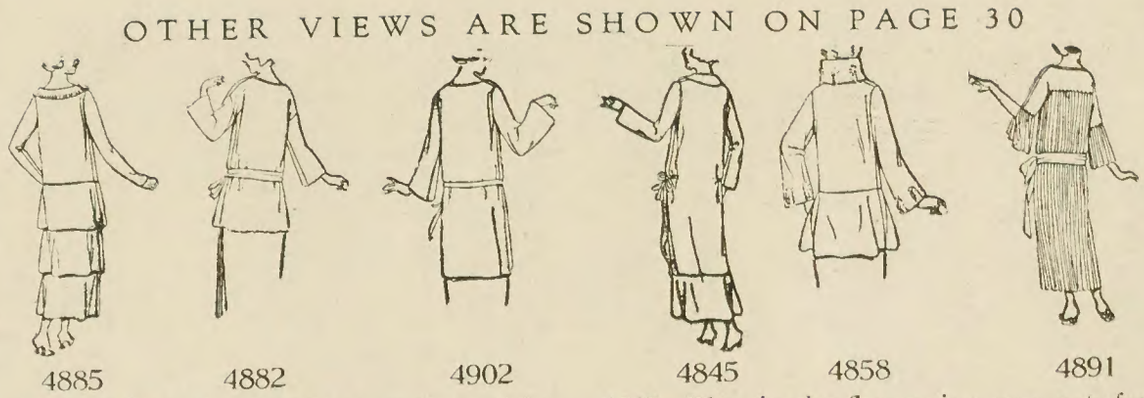
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OTHER VIEWS ARE SHOWN ON PAGE 30



4885 4882 4902 4845 4858 4891

4885—10118—For this slip-over dress with a tiered skirt use crêpe satin, silk crêpe, satin crêpe, satin or moire or the body of metal brocades with a satin skirt. The all-over embroidery is smart. Work in metallic thread, in outline, running stitch, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 47 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 40 bust.

4882—4533—4748—A hand-made tassel and fur trim this slip-over blouse in Russian effect of metal brocades, velvet and tinsel brocades on Georgette, etc. One wears it over a slip. The wrap-around turban with its hand-made ornament is smart.

36 bust requires 3½ yards of 36-inch metallic cloth for blouse and turban and 2¾ yards 39-inch satin crêpe for slip. Lower edge of slip 1½ yard.

The blouse is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; the slip for ladies 32 to 48 bust, also misses; and the turban for ladies and misses.

4902 — 4753 — 10155 — The three-quarter length slip-over blouse is trimmed in Russian effect and has an inside pocket. Use crêpe satin, silk crêpe, heavy crêpe de Chine, novelty silk crêpes or silks, chiffon velvet, brocaded chiffon velvet or duvetyn with a two-piece skirt. Work the embroidered bandings in color. Lower edge 49½ inches.

36 bust and 38 hip require 4 yards 39-inch silk crêpe (skirt attached to camisole body).

The blouse is for ladies 33 to 42 bust, also misses; the skirt for ladies 35 to 52 hip.

4845—The circular flounce is a new note for the wrap-around coat dress. Make it of wool rep, wool poplin, soft twills, wool crêpe, wool cashmere, gabardine, serge or heavy silk crêpe.

36 bust requires 3 yards 54-inch wool rep (including front facing) and ⅜ yard 36-inch contrasting material.

The coat dress is for ladies 34 to 46 bust.

4858 — 4706 — 4886 — 10199 — In a smart three-piece costume the coat has the new circular flounce, the dress a straight skirt joined to a long body with a Russian closing, and the tam-o'-shanter hat is French. Embroidery trims the coat. Work in color.

36 bust and 21⅞ inches head measure require 5½ yards 36-inch velvet for suit and hat and 1⅞ yard 35-inch gold cloth for body of dress. Lower edge 54 inches.

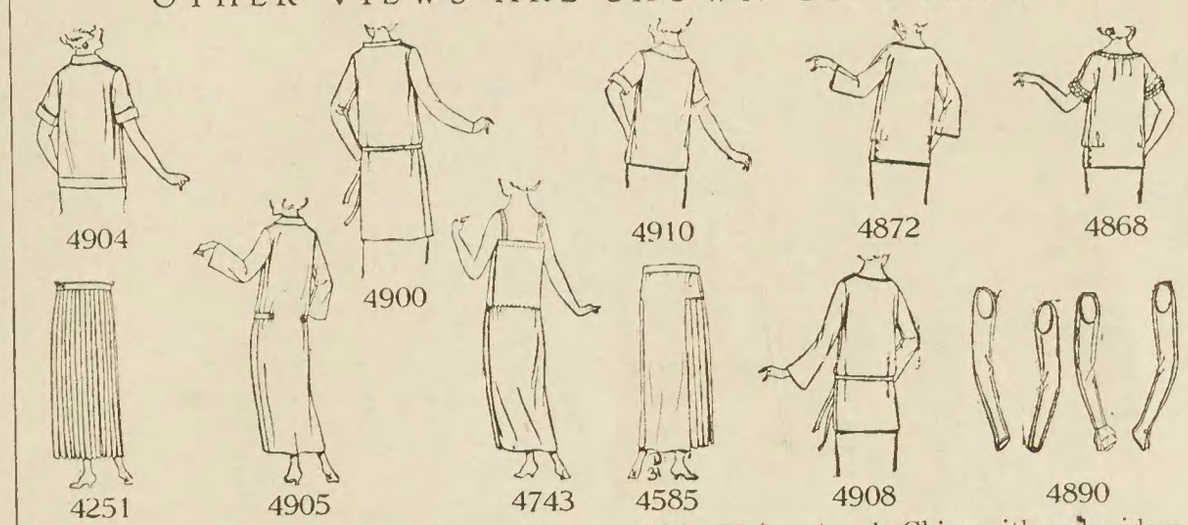
The coat is for ladies 33 to 40 bust, also misses; the dress for ladies 32 to 44 bust; the hat for ladies and misses.

4891—10912—A one-piece slip-over dress, composed of side or accordion plaits and a square yoke in one with the sleeves, has a straight lower edge and is worn over a slip. The beading design may be adapted to the yoke and sleeve of this dress. Beads in self or contrasting color or crystal beads are smart trimming.

36 bust requires 5⅛ yards 39-inch satin crêpe. Lower edge, plaits out, 2⅝ yards.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 42 bust, also misses.

OTHER VIEWS ARE SHOWN ON PAGE 31



4904 4900 4910 4872 4868

4251 4905 4743 4585 4908 4890

4904—4251—10138—A jacquette or blouse in silk crêpe, velvet or duvetyn with silk crêpe bands may be worn as a jacquette over an accordion or side plaited straight skirt. The embroidery is effective. Work in colors.

36 bust and 38 hip require 1¾ yards 39-inch silk crêpe and ¾ yard 36-inch contrasting material and 1⅞ yard 54-inch cloth for skirt joined to camisole body. Lower edge of skirt, plaits out, 2⅞ yards.

The jacquette blouse and skirt are for ladies 32 to 48 bust and 35 to 42½ hip.

4905—10858—This one-piece slip-over dress is attractive in soft twills, wool rep, wool crêpe, serge or gabardine. It has elastic and a casing across the sides at a low waistline and may have a body lining. The slit pocket boasts a monogram. Work the initials in satin-stitch, etc.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 54-inch soft twill. Lower edge 48 inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4900—4743—This three-quarter length slip-over blouse is very lovely in crêpe satin, silk crêpe, heavy crêpe de Chine, novelty silk crêpe or silks, chiffon velvet. The two-piece skirt joins a camisole body or a 1¼-inch inside belt. Lower edge of skirt 51 inches.

36 bust and 38 hip require 3 yards 39-inch novelty velvet and 1⅞ yard 39-inch heavy silk crêpe for skirt joined to camisole body.

The blouse is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; the skirt for ladies 35 to 47½ hip.

4868—10204—For this slip-over blouse use plain crêpe de Chine or Georgette with beading or embroidery, crêpe satin with metallic embroidery, etc. The beading is an appropriate trimming. Work the motifs in color.

36 bust requires 2½ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine (with narrow hem).

The blouse is new for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4872—Plain crêpe de Chine with embroidery or beading, crêpe-back satin or plain chiffon velvet with metallic embroidery, plain silk crêpe or taffeta embroidered, or printed crêpe de Chine, printed silk crêpe, novelty silk crêpe, printed silks, moire, brocaded chiffon velvet, etc., are excellent materials for this blouse of the slip-over type.

36 bust requires 1⅝ yard 35 or 39 inch metallic cloth.

The blouse is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4908—The straight line, double pockets and a new collar-and-cuff set are smart features of a slip-over blouse. Make it of crêpe satin, silk crêpe, heavy crêpe de Chine, novelty silk crêpe, novelty silks, chiffon velvet, brocaded chiffon velvet or duvetyn. If one does not want to wear it hanging straight, there is a string belt.

36 bust requires 2 yards 39-inch velvet.

The blouse is becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4910—4585—10132—One wears this either as a jacquette or blouse in velvet or duvetyn or as a blouse in plain silk crêpe, plain heavy crêpe de Chine or crêpe satin, embroidered, etc., with a two-piece skirt with a straight plaited section inserted at each side. The braiding is a seasonable trimming. Work in self-color.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2¼ yards 39-inch satin crêpe and 1¾ yard 44-inch cloth for skirt joined to camisole body. Lower edge, plaits out, 2 yards.

The jacquette blouse and skirt are for ladies 32 to 44 bust and 35 to 47½ hip.

4890—For any wool, silk or cotton dress materials these dress sleeves are new. They will fit into a normal size armhole.

The sleeves are suitable for ladies 11 to 15 inches in arm measure.



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THE LAST WORD

A Page of Shop-Talk, Gossip, and Comment

Two Letters About Short Stories

Within the past few months we have told on this page how Mrs. Frances Gilchrist Wood gets the authentic frontier color and atmosphere in such stories as "And Hear—the Angels—Sing!" in this issue. The fascination that she finds in the cycle of discovery, exploration and development that marks the progress of every pioneer settlement has brought her to some of the most inaccessible communities on both American continents—places where hardy spirits still contend with dangers unknown in more effete civilization. Twice before in the past year Mrs. Wood has contributed stories of this kind to THE DELINEATOR. Two of the comments that followed their publication are worth your reading because they offer exceptional evidence of Mrs. Wood's ability to tell a dramatic story about the kind of life she knows so well.

The first is from Mr. C. L. Durkee, of Colville, Washington. He writes: "I have just finished reading 'The Courage of a Quitter.' Though I never lived in 'The Dakotas,' I spent many a year on the frontier of Wyoming (Black Hills) and know something of the hardships and sacrifices incident to frontier life. Though my pioneer days may be over, with me the days of chivalry are not past, and my hat is off to Frances Gilchrist Wood and any and all the brave women who knew frontier life and had a hand in the 'winning of the West.' To me they are immortal. May their fame, which is surely worth saving, travel to the four corners of the earth and the glory which is due them be handed down among the coming generations till every child in the land will consider them as important as those who fought for this country in the beginning."

The other, from Miss Mary Elizabeth Saal, of Akron, Ohio, reads as follows: "On April sixth the sophomore speaking contest took place at Akron University. As sophomore I entered—and incidentally I won first prize of forty dollars. Do you know what I read? 'Four O'Clocks,' by Frances Gilchrist Wood, published in the February DELINEATOR. Many people said that it was the dramatic intensity of the story rather than the way it was read that won the prize."

Good Christmas stories are rare finds in magazine offices. If you missed either Mrs. Wood's or Miss Gale's in this issue, you will thank us for asking you to turn back to them.

A Specialist in Stories of Youth

The creator of those memorable schoolboys, *The Tennessee Shad*, *Brian Born Finnegan*, the *Triumphant Egg-head* and all the rest of the mischief-making company that filled the pages of "The Varmint" has turned back to the kind of story that once made him famous as a humorist, specializing in the youth of prep-school age. Owen Johnson has not been idle since those days—now nearly fifteen years gone—but after writing "Stover at Yale," his interest turned to other themes, such as he elaborated in "The Salamander" and "The Wasted Generation." Now, in a group of short stories which he has written for THE DELINEATOR, Mr. Johnson has returned to the type he knows so well—the young undergraduate, with his inevitable concern about social and athletic affairs, with what's what in clothes and who's who in fraternity circles, with his ingenious solutions of pressing financial problems, and most particularly with his relations to the fair sex. The first of the series, "Romance," will appear in THE DELINEATOR for January. It will introduce you to engaging young people of both sexes and give you a glimpse of "puppy love" in some of its most amusing aspects.

When You Need More Information

Many of the most helpful articles in this issue have to do with gifts, recipes, decoration and similar matters of special interest to the homemaker at the holiday season. There is such an abundance of auxiliary material in the form of detailed directions and suggestions to be had for the asking from department editors that we invite special attention this month to THE DELINEATOR'S correspondence service. In addition to the list in the adjoining columns, editorial notes accompany articles on subjects that are treated in supplementary printed matter or correspondence, with more specific reference to individual needs. When writing, please don't overlook the return postage requirement, and for a prompt reply to your request *always* direct inquiries to the main offices of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York City, not to branch offices in other cities.

AT YOUR SERVICE

The following is a selection of seasonable books, booklets, leaflets and other service material prepared for the use of readers of THE DELINEATOR. Unless otherwise indicated, there is no charge, but your request for anything in this list should be accompanied by a stamp for return postage. Not over three items can be posted for a two-cent stamp. Prices include postage.

BABIES AND CHILDREN

Material for Home Confinement and Layette for the Baby
Average Weight and Height Measurements
The Expectant Mother and the New Baby (10 cents) (Dr. Lobenstine)
The General Care of the Baby (10 cents) (Dr. Holt)
Maternal Nursing (10 cents) (Dr. Holt)
Artificial Feeding (10 cents) (Dr. Holt)
Early Childhood, Feeding and Other Problems (10 cents) Dr. Shaw)
The School Child (10 cents) (Dr. Lucas)
The Mental Health of the Child (10 cents) (Dr. Salmon)
Diet Problems of Childhood (10 cents) (Dr. Holt)
The Baby's Record Book (cloth $1.00)
Binders for "The Little Delineator" (25 cts.)

BEAUTY AND HEALTH

Rules for Maintaining Health
Exercises for Healthy Women
Care of the Normal Complexion
Oily Skins
Care of the Neck
Blackheads and Acne
Rules for Make-up
List of Books on Expression
Care of the Hair and Scalp
Gray Hair
Care of the Hands
Bust Reduction or Development
Sunburn and Tan
Facial Blemishes
Superfluous Hair
How to Practise Deep Breathing
Reducing in Spots
Don't You Want to be Thinner?
Don't You Want to be Fatter?
Care of the Mouth
Care of the Eyes
Types and Personality in Dress and Perfumes
Rhythmics
Keeping Cool
Keeping Fit at Home (10 cents)

GOOD MANNERS AND FORM

Introductions, Invitations and Replies
Calls and the Use of Cards
Courtesies of To-day Between Men and Women
At the Table
Weddings
Travel
Entertaining
Home Weddings (in 3 parts)
Letter-Writing
Afternoon Teas
Table Service
Laying the Table and Serving a Home Dinner Without a Maid
Condolence
Mourning
Inexperienced Women Visiting Hotels
Wedding Anniversaries

HOUSE BUILDING AND DECORATION

Good Floors (25 cents)
Curtains and Draperies (25 cents)
House Building Plans ($1.00 and $2.00 a set. Descriptive list on request)
Walls, Woodwork and Ceilings (25 cents)
Furnishing the Home (25 cents)
The "Better Homes" Plan Book (10 cents)
List of Books for the Home Library

HOME ECONOMICS

Laying the Table
Menus for Those Who Wish to Increase Their Weight
Menus for Those Who Wish to Decrease Their Weight
Ten Cakes from One Recipe
Ten Desserts from One Recipe
Ten Dishes from One Baking-Powder Recipe
Ten Breads from One Dough
Ten Candies from One Fondant
Chart of Correct Weights and Heights for Men, Women and Children
Service Without a Maid
You Can Live More Cheaply
Points in Selecting Meals
A Time-Table for Canning Foods
A Guide for Determining the Amounts of Raw Fruits and Vegetables to Make a Given Amount When Canned
How to Make the Pectin Test in Jelly-Making

ENTERTAINMENT

Special entertainments include seasonable parties for notable birthdays, Christmas, Easter, St. Valentine's Day, patriotic occasions, St. Patrick's Day, Shakespeare celebrations, May Day, Thanksgiving, Hallowe'en, New Year's, operettas, children's parties, lists of plays and pagents. Among recent parties are "Electrical," "Patent," "Enchanted Garden," "Nonsense Musical," "Poverty Party," "Prehistoric," "Stop, Eat and Laugh Luncheon," "Scarecrow," "Hallowe'en Ghostlets," and many other attractive entertainments

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MIX *and* SERVE

Edited with Willing Hands and a Mean Pencil by the Only Mere Man on the Staff

LIFE becomes more and more difficult for women ◈◈◈ *Dr. W. D. Bates*, for instance, of *New York City*, has invented a retinoscope which detects liars by recording the shadows that appear in the eyes of a fibber, and a *Los Angeles* inventor has perfected a serum that will make even a woman tell the truth once it is injected into her blood ◈◈◈ However, the ingenuity of an *Indianapolis*, *Indiana*, girl indicates that there is still a glimmer of hope for the never-sufficiently-praised sex ◈◈◈ This young lady got a job as soda-dispenser in a drug-store and was immediately annoyed by the local mashers, but she soon rid herself of their attentions by putting a liberal dose of castor-oil in the beverages they ordered ◈◈◈ A *California* judge sentenced a woman bootlegger to five hundred days at home caring for her three children. Her counsel appealed on the ground that it was cruel and unusual punishment ◈◈◈ In *Detroit*, *Michigan*, the commissioner of public works discharged a scrubwoman because she regularly came to work in an automobile ◈◈◈ An ancient marriage contract, dating from 590 B.C., has been brought to light in *Egypt*. The terms of the pact, as drawn by the husband, were as follows: "Since God willeth that we should unite one with the other in righteous wedlock, therefore I have given thee four dollars in gold as a bridal gift. And for my part, I will not neglect thee more than as it were my own body. Neither shall I be able to put thee forth without a cause, having legal ground. But should I wish to put thee forth, I will pay seventeen dollars for the matter." ◈◈◈ The fact that *President Coolidge* selects his wife's hats was first reported exclusively in our favorite woman's magazine ◈◈◈ An important industry in *Norway* is the raising of swans for the down that makes the best grade of powder-puffs ◈◈◈ One of the ten great songs that THE DELINEATOR discovered by a poll of thousands of music-lovers to be American favorites is "Silver Threads Among the Gold." A lawsuit involving the composer's heirs brings to light the fact that over two million copies have been sold in forty-nine years. It was written in 1874 by *Hart P. Danks* ◈◈◈ *Mrs. Hannah Flynn*, chief stewardess of the *Leviathan*, has one of the world's biggest housekeeping jobs. One of her most exacting duties is keeping track of three hundred thousand pieces of linen, six and a half miles of blankets and twenty-four thousand towels ◈◈◈ *Mrs. Flynn* says the hardest thing about her job is the passengers. "The new ones are the worst," she explains. "They are so afraid to show their newness that they take refuge in being exacting, but it always comes out" ◈◈◈ When five-months-old *Betty Ann Crawford*, of *Omaha*, *Nebraska*, recently embarked on a long automobile tour with her parents, a crated nanny goat was fastened to the rear of the car so *Betty Ann* could always have a supply of fresh milk ◈◈◈ In a debate before the British House of Lords, *Lord Birkenhead* said that if there is to be equality between the sexes, the new English divorce bill should provide alimony for injured husbands as well as wives ◈◈◈ A spirited *Santa Monica*, *California*, woman celebrated her sixty-third birthday by swimming ten miles in the ocean. Just before finishing, she sang a verse of the "Star-Spangled Banner" to show she was not exhausted. She was in the water nine hours and ten minutes. ◈◈◈ This month we celebrate the anniversary of *Felix Geschwindt*, inventor of the snap-fastener ◈◈◈ *Felix* figured out that his wife and two daughters spent three thousand six hundred and fifty working hours each year hooking one another up. His device enables them to save most of that time, which they now devote to playing bridge and attending the movies ◈◈◈ *Dr. F. E. Hayden*, former president of the National Association of Chiropodists, says that a woman's feet are sure indications of character. "The high-heeled, pointed shoe," he says, "is worn by shallow-minded women who care more for amusements than they do for the serious things of life. Beware of them. The girl with low arches is cruel and exacting, but the sensible girl has normal feet, good health, high character and intelligence" ◈◈◈ If all the angelic women who mention THE DELINEATOR when writing to advertisers were placed side by side, their wings would stretch across Heaven from pole to pole and their radiance would turn night into day.



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